



## **Disclaimer**

Please read all the way through.

This story is told from the point of view of a drug and sex addicted minor who is forced to become an adult far too soon. It is an outcry of his considerable despair, powerlessness, desire for revenge and anger. The main character is largely based on his own experiences, but also on narratives of other victims, junkies, dealers and criminals who are given the opportunity to be mentioned in this story as well, as an addition to Tommy's life.

Tommy in some ways embodies everything a minor is never meant to become. A youth who is neglected, sexually exploited and maltreated by his own parents and guardians. He is attracted to other young people who use drugs, deal, and participate in gangs. Some of them inevitably become perpetrators themselves. They all have one thing in common. Survival in an unforgiving world. Tommy's everyday life is soon marked by sexual exploitation, drug abuse, and day to day violence.

Even today, in many corners of the world, it is still common for children to deal drugs. Pubescent girls and boys are forced by violence or poverty to sell their bodies. These topics are still taboo in the general population. Our complacency as a society, inevitably fuels this suffering. It is easy to look the other way. It's easy to view a drug addict or a prostitute as scum. That is because they are the very visible outcome of the dark world they live in. Of human trafficking, drug lords and pedophiles, that prefer lurking in the shadows, trusting that their victims will never rise up against them for fear of retribution and even death. In this sense, Tommy as the main character, is a tribute to all those who never got a chance at a normal life since childhood.

Many depictions of the main character's childhood are taken entirely from personal experiences or based on urban legends from that time period, as well as the memories of to the author known third persons. Places, names, and incidents are, as always, heavily altered to avoid identifying or putting real people in danger. The one exception is my stepfather Stefan Thomas Seibel. This rapist and child molester is the reason for this book. He is therefore referred to by his real name. All of his crimes that take place in the story are one hundred percent based on true memories of the author and other victims. I hope he burns in hell.

The stories and characters in this book are based on true events. The protection of the writer and other characters takes precedence. No questions about events in the book will be answered by the author that have the intention of finding out where this or that might have actually happened.

The statements about religion, as well as sexual experiences and representations mentioned in the book are from the perspective of the victim. They may be perceived as hostile to religion and are therefore not necessarily the personal opinion of the author. In order for the story to retain a certain authenticity, the author had to delve deep into his dark past. What happened back then, and the experiences Tommy goes through in this story, can therefore only be viewed from this perspective. Be warned. Much of what occurs in this story can be perceived by normal people as sick, repulsive and disgusting. Nevertheless, at that time such experiences were routine for the victims. They knew it as normal. They never knew anything different. It is by no means the author's intention to

arouse pedophiles or in any way trivialize their preferences. I tell the stories as truth orientated as possible and try to explain the circumstances of why these things happened. Just because something at that time was normal for me as a child, does not mean that I think it is ok or even condone it!

My intention is to present the sick crimes that I and other victims had to live through in the most disgusting detail. The reader is thus given the chance to witness from uncanny proximity and to understand how it was for us victims at that time. I simply tell what happened at that time. No more and no less!

Again, I am aware that many aspects of this book can make the reader considerably disturbed, angry and aggressive. That is my intention. It is time for the public to be pilloried for this widespread disease of child abuse. The legislatures of the world must finally unanimously say yes! That such crimes against children such as slavery, rape, denial of human rights, and deprivation of liberty, are no longer subject to the statute of limitations. And also retroactively! Too many victims suffer from alcoholism, drug addiction, prostitution, and suicidal tendencies. Meanwhile, their tormentors get off scot-free. We need these changes in the law and we need them yesterday.

At this point I would like to give special attention to homosexual youth. Often homosexuals who grow up in strictly religious circles are even more severely punished. There was an event here in Switzerland two years ago that sickened me. A devoutly religious father tried to cut the throat of his own 17-year-old child while he was sleeping. This because, the father accidentally found out that his son was a homosexual. Such attacks are unfortunately still commonplace all around the world.

This fact fills me with incredible rage but also sadness and pain. Didn't God create all people in His own image? No human being in the world is entitled to impose his personal opinion of God's will on another human being. Every man and woman in the world has the fundamental right to satisfy their innate needs for love and tenderness. If you have a problem with homosexuality, then maybe it is better you close this book and learn to be a more tolerant person.

The author therefore feels it is important that homosexuality has its place in this story. It is precisely during adolescence that homosexuals have to overcome fears and prejudices of the general population much more than heterosexuals. Especially in strictly religious circles. I knew a homosexual who took his own life because he felt dirty and outcast. No human being should have to die because of such prejudice. It just can't be true! Yet sadly, it is.

Continue reading at your own risk. The author refuses any claims or liabilities. For legal reasons I want to make this very clear that all of the characters in this book are fictional. Any and all correlations with real persons is purely coincidental even if based on true events.

Your activist against the statute of limitations on serious child abuse offenses.

## Foreword

Most parents around the world love their children. They feed and clothe them, teach them how to walk, talk forgive them for their mistakes, and bad behavior. They hope that one day their offspring will have a good life, maybe even a better life than they had. A life of success, love and fulfillment, so that they may one day continue their legacy.

They may not be the best parents, might even be mean or hurtful at times but they learn from their mistakes. Loving parents listen to their children and take their inquisitiveness, needs and wishes seriously, putting the happiness of their offspring above their own. They learn to cherish the quirks, silliness and clumsy adorableness; ever watchful and protective against those who would seek to harm.

But...

There are parents to this day who control their children by any means necessary, brainwash them into their beliefs and doctrines. They punish their children, sometimes severely, if they have a different opinion, belief or sexuality than the one desired and demanded by the parents.

Some parents go as far as to physically harm their own children so that their sick sexual practices, traditions and values may be upheld over generations. They mutilate their children's genitals under the pretext that God or tradition demands it, force them under pain of death to not get an education, to not mingle with the opposite sex, to hide their bodies under thick veils or god forbid be attracted to or worse yet, have sex with people of their own gender.

These people use coercion, violence and even murder to uphold their doctrines. They misconstrue values of chastity, honor, and purity because their life on earth needs to meet certain requirements for the afterlife that supposedly awaits. Afraid of the supposed god in heaven that will exact vengeance and brimstone upon all not worthy.

So many parents believe that what they are doing is justified, insisting that their children adhere to the same beliefs that they were born and raised with In other cases, maybe they converted to an extreme ideology after falling in love with someone who is already a fundamentalist. Some people can become exceedingly self-righteous after experiencing great loss, failure or suffering. Countless children that are unlucky enough to be born to such people, are powerless to have any say in the matter. They are subjugated to the newfound doctrines, regardless of their wishes or wellbeing.

These people coerce their children to be what their parents want, at all costs, no matter what the price. No matter if the child even commits suicide because it cannot cope with the fear of being shunned and anxiety of the grim consequences for daring to think or act differently. Children instinctively wish to not disappoint their parents, whom they love and adore above all. Some parents will even demand of their children that they murder a cousin, a sibling or relative in the name of family honor and religious devotion. Those were my parents:

The monsters that kissed me goodnight.

I want to tell you a story about when I was a little boy. I grew up with parents who did not want me to have a normal life. I grew up constantly frightened of demons and monsters that lurked in the darkness.

I grew up believing that I was going to go to a golden city when I died, that I would participate in a great war as a soldier of Jesus against the Antichrist.

I believed that people who didn't pray to Jesus were damned to go to hell. I believed that all the people that lived outside "The Family" I was born and raised in, were lost, hopelessly doomed to die and go to hell, and even outright evil.

That I would be tempted with toys, idols and fancy distractions to get me to veer off the straight and narrow path.

As the Bible in Matthew 7:14 says:

"Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

King James Bible

I believed that these "Systemites" as we called them, had succumbed to Satan's temptations and that it was my mission, the only mission of any and every true believer to rescue these Systemites from the Devil's clutches so that they too may get to live in paradise.

I believed that my body didn't belong to me but to the Lord and to my family. Therefore, I was required to share my body at the whim of those seeking love and affection.

Even if it meant being sodomized by a grown man while I was a very young boy, and being forcibly masturbated by my mother. Being whipped completely naked in front of a congregation of over two hundred people at the tender age of five. Public beatings were commonplace my entire childhood. I was confined in dark rooms, being force fed so called holistic concoctions when I was sick and watching other little children suffer and even die of abuse, neglect and malnutrition.

My parents believed that demons, Satan and forces of evil were as real as a red ball, a thunderstorm or a combustion engine. As real as the people in the streets and the shoes on their feet.

They taught me that if I did not believe in Jesus and pray to him for salvation, the evil forces would drag me to hell and devour my soul.

As I grew older it became clear to me that these monsters my parents believed in were not real. There would be no Second Coming of Christ. There is no Golden City hidden in the moon. I became aware that my opinions and questions are not heresy or treason.

I too have a right to exist and succeed as a human being. I too, have a right to be happy and not live in the premise that salvation through death is my ticket to the make believe reward in the afterlife for all my earthly sacrifices.

Nonetheless, they were right that monsters exist. Real monsters, made of flesh and blood. The ones that kissed me goodnight. The monsters who told me that all the horrible things they did to me, my siblings and other children, were done out of love.

That I needed to suffer in order to be a good Christian soldier, to stand up to the Antichrist at the end of the world.

I was, after all, destined to fight in Christ's glorious battle against the Prince of Darkness. Any physical pain or suffering would be meaningless once I went to heaven. Once I lived in my golden mansion all the beatings, speech restriction (Known in the cult as Silence Restriction), forced labor and humiliation will have been worth it.

As the Bible says in Acts 14:22:

Strengthening the souls of the disciples, encouraging them to continue in the faith, and saying that through many tribulations we must enter the kingdom of God.

The real demons were the ones that smiled at you on the street and asked if you had a minute to talk about Jesus. The same demons that were singing praises unto the Lord while their kids were at home were locked in solitary confinement.

We were the lost children who were forbidden to have contact with the outside world, denied an education, a future, and were malnourished, beaten and coerced into sexual relations against our will.

If we dared complain or murmur we would be forced to wear a heavy wooden yoke around our neck reading, "I am on SILENCE RESTRICTION do not talk to me".

All this was done in the name of God and in the name of Love.

May I properly introduce myself?

My full name is Thomas Luca Engel, everyone just calls me Tommy.

I am a boy, sexually abused, beaten, subjected to inhumane treatment and isolated from the "System" throughout my childhood.

I am a boy that lives in constant fear of retribution, public humiliation, corporal punishment and the end of the world.

I am a boy, I don't want to touch my step-father's penis, I don't want to lick my mother's vagina. But I feel obliged to, yes even to smile and say please and thank you after being forced to do things against my will that are confusing and weird to me.

I wanted to be a normal boy. But, how could I ever be? I was exposed to pedophiles and predators at far too young an age. I was repeatedly raped by my stepfather until the age of six and coerced to have sex with my mother as well. This was done to me under the pretext of "Sharing" (showing and making love to one another), just as the cult leader demanded from all disciples of all ages.

One day I realized I had become a young man. It was time to defend myself against all this oppression and violence. I decided that instead of taking my life and letting those bastards win, I would take my life into my own hands. Enough was enough. I was not going to be a slave anymore! At the age of thirteen I took a gamble and ran away into the outside world. Having never watched TV, listened to the radio or done anything normal for thirteen years I had no idea what the outside world was like or what to expect.

Let us now re-take that jump together, follow me as we slip out of the hell that is the so-called light and glory of God into even greater angst and darkness

## Chapter 1

### A Fall Into Darkness

Bingen am Rhein, Germany September 30, 1995.

Thud! That unmistakable smack of a body hitting the asphalt after falling from the seventh floor. It sounds like a belly flop from a five-meter diving board.

Someone screams from the balcony

Sven runs panicked into the living room. "Hey guys! GUYS!!!"

"Wolfgang and I were talking and suddenly, he just fell backwards over the edge and plummeted to the ground!"

The music is still blaring and most people in the living room are yet unaware of the events outside.

Sven screams.

"Hey, you damn fucking assholes listen to me!!!"

The drone of Goa music stops, lights turn on. The room is so full of the smoke from bongos and joints, it's hard to see who is who. With tears in his eyes Sven continues screaming

"Wolfgang fell from the balcony!"

"Hey dude", someone else remarks, "don't say shit like that, it's not funny."

Two others have realized that this is no joke and are already dashing through the apartment down the stairs, their stampede rings through the stairwell. The main door is thrown open so violently, you can hear glass shattering amidst the groaning and screaming of the first two arriving below to find Wolfgang dead.

Wolfgang, the eternal daredevil. Wolfgang, whom the girls called "Der Gehirnlose" (The brainless), now very aptly fit his own description. Luckily for Wolfgang, his death was probably instantaneous. Unluckily for everyone else, they see that his head hit the edge of a concrete boulder meant to keep cars from driving onto the premises. Half of his head hangs open, pieces of his brain lying in the dirt, there is blood everywhere. As more people rush outside, some go to the balcony to try and see what happened, still in disbelief or in a drunken stupor, thinking it to be a prank. The girl Wolfgang was making out with earlier sees his body below and starts vomiting over the balcony. The spew almost hits Wolfgang's corpse below.

"Shit shit shit!"



She faints, almost falling over the concrete balustrade, her friend frantically pulls her back and lays her gently on the floor.  
Another party girl screams from the balcony.

“Is he dead?”

Someone screams up a simple and chilling

“Yes”

By now most the party guests are disappearing in a hurry. Almost everyone is on drugs and unwilling to be at the scene when the police show up.

I was at that party, Ollie’s party.

As parties go, without exception, I was high on a cocktail of acid, ecstasy, plenty of joints and had throughout the night, drunken copious amounts of beer. At the age of near fifteen, I already had a drug and alcohol tolerance that would kill some grown men.

Ollie is high as a kite as well. Weed, hashish, joints and bong, pipes of all shapes and sizes are scattered around the room in abundance, the air thick with smoke and the smell of stale bong water. Typical of a drug consumer/dealer’s apartment in the early 90’s

Most of you may know or have known someone like Wolfgang when you were growing up. Someone who could walk along the edge of tall buildings or ride a skateboard recklessly close to oncoming traffic. A guy who by the age of eighteen had already broken every extremity possible and had several close calls with death. A guy who didn’t care about tomorrow.

He sang the loudest at every campfire, slid around in the mud at rainy festivals, and had a “bring it on” attitude for every bar fight, brawl or police check. He was also exceptionally good looking. His blue eyes, blond curly hair, high cheek bones and upper body were to die for. This adrenalin junkie now lies dead, in the most stupid way imaginable: falling backwards off the balcony ledge while high and drunk.

I muster all my courage and go onto the balcony and peer carefully over the edge. I can’t help but stare and involuntarily grip my face with my hands. Some girls down below are hugging each other in disbelief. The guys standing around the corpse are in shock. Completely overwhelmed as to what they should do. Our host has no landline (paranoid dope dealer) and the nearest payphone is a block away. Everyone is arguing over who should call the ambulance

Slowly the lights in the adjacent apartments go on. I decide to run downstairs to get a better idea of what is happening. Some of the neighbors are already watching in horror from their windows. A neighbor gets run after and beat up by one of Wolfgang’s friends after he tried to take pictures of the dead body from a distance.

Another of Wolfgang’s friends catches up, grabs the camera away from him and smashes it on the floor.

“You are really sick in the head, do you know that!?”

I can hear the photographer gurgling through a broken nose as he eats the pavement.

“Hey man, why are you doing that? The tabloids will probably pay really well for these kinds of pictures!”

The creepy photographer gets himself back on his feet and scuffles off before he gets his ass kicked even more.

A teenage girl whispers to me,

“Good he broke that asshole’s camera. I bet you he also takes pictures of little girls with it, judging by his looks. Shit Pedophile”

It is 5 a.m. on a Saturday morning. Just minutes have passed since Wolfgang decided to exit this party, quickly and permanently. Most of the people from the party have left by now. All cowards, dazed, confused and traumatized, reeking of vomit and smoke, alcohol and sex. The death of a fellow party animal hangs in the sky like a garish nightmare. Fittingly, the air pressure is low. Black clouds loom overhead, lightly drizzling rain onto the ground, turning the sunrise bleak and solemn.

Realizing that I am of no use, I run upstairs as fast as my legs can carry me. Its better I help Ollie. I find him in his bedroom muttering to himself. He’s frantically collecting all our drugs to flush down the toilet.

Jesus Christ, I think to myself. We have a shit load of gear. The police will show up at any moment and there are hundreds of ecstasy pills, Indoor, hashish in different qualities... I grab his arm,

“It is way too much stuff to flush. It will probably clog the toilet.”

Instead, I suggest that I take all the drugs into the forest and bury them somewhere. Ollie nods in agreement and we start stuffing everything into a backpack.

Ollie is pouring with sweat, shaking and crying, visibly pale as a ghost. I am in shock and just trying to be helpful. He yells at me to hurry up and help him scratch out hundreds of LSD blotters that are wrapped in cellophane, frozen stuck inside the freezer. They are so unmistakably identifiable with little orange suns, smileys and Rolling Stones tongue imprints on every ticket. He is trying to use a hair dryer to defrost the ice while I frantically scrape at it with a wooden spatula. I managed to break free a little 10 mg vial from the ice. Ollie’s eyes open wide, he exclaims,

“Fuck! Be very careful with that! You do not want to break and spill that on your skin or you’ll be tripping for the rest of your life!”

I nod responsively. I was extremely lucky I hadn’t broken it with all the excessive force that I used to pull the vial free from the ice.

We grab the rest of the stuff and toss everything hastily into my little Nike backpack. Ollie runs off somewhere and comes back holding a tightly wrapped cylinder with a

condom pulled over it, throwing it into the bag. It contains around 50 grams of whitish powder which I'm guessing is maybe methamphetamine? Cocaine? No idea, no time to ask. With Ollie, it could be a number of things.

"Come Tommy, we need to clear every single room in the house." We dash around like nervous rats trying to spot any and all drugs the guests may have also abandoned in panic.

## Chapter 2

### The World is my Home

Let me explain how I ended up here.

I met Ollie at the Open Air Werden music festival in Essen, Germany. A pasty stoner, with something on his face that I guess you could mistake for a beard, he was overweight and definitely not much of a ladies' man. A dirty black t-shirt with an aging Scorpions print bereft of its sleeves covered most of his belly and ass, yet unflatteringly too short to hide his large buttocks overlapping his beige cargo shorts. A Rastafarian woven bracelet adorned his left hand which had turned mostly shades of brown from never taking it off, and he sported a cigarette stuck behind his ear and long, dirty blonde, thinly spaced hair. He definitely looked much older than he was and my look of surprise was real when he told me in conversation he was just 27 years old.

His eyes were another story entirely: an eerie piercing sky blue. They seemed to have been spray painted on in ultra-high gloss, not unlike a haunted porcelain doll. So vivid in color in fact, that I at first wondered if I was tripping. It was hard to not stare at them and was probably by far his most attractive, if not also slightly creepy feature.

I first noticed Ollie because he was selling gear. It was instantly recognizable to a veteran small time dealer such as myself. I approached him wanting to buy something, anything really. Just whatever he had available to shut off my brain. He was sitting on the grass picking at an old beat up black plywood western guitar covered in Nine Inch Nails, H-Blockx, and Korn stickers. I watched for quite a while. Once in a while someone would come up to him and ask him if he had anything fun. He'd lift up his little blanket and show them some molly pills and little dime bags of weed. After the buyer left, he'd stuff the money into his pants pocket and continue picking away at his guitar. I was already quite a proficient player at the age of fourteen and was keen to show him my guitar playing skills. First things first. Tommy needs drugs. It is early afternoon, and there are not many dealers around. I sat down near him and we made eye contact.

I asked him in German

"You got acid?"

He scoffed, "What, are you a cop? Ha, just kidding! How old are you, kid? Go home to mommy!"

Huh! The dealer spoke English, which is cool, but fuck him! He's just plain rude.

"If you must know, I have a condition. It's called Kallmann Syndrome, I'm actually 20 years old."

Ollie laughs "You are such a liar!"

He was insulting me again, but I knew he had drugs, better just stay friendly.

“How could you tell I speak English from just three words?” I ask.

“Seriously?” Ollie continues, “Here in Germany we call acid ‘eine Reise’ (a Trip) or ‘Fahrkarte’ (a Ticket), no one says acid. That’s way too obvious. If you were an American spy, ze Nazis would have shot you already.”

“Ok. Well thanks for the info, where did your English get so good?”

“I lived in Canada as an exchange Student years ago. I love British comedy, black humor and all this... Do you like Monty Python? I have all of their VHS tapes at home.”

I nodded and shrugged.

„Sure why not. “

There is another reason for me to talk to Ollie. A girl sitting near him. Stunningly gorgeous but very quiet and un-talkative. I learned that this beautiful girl's name was Angela. I couldn't help but wonder how two so entirely different human beings came to hang out together. Angela looked street-wise, yet seemed to be at least a decade younger than Ollie, and their dynamic was more of a brother-sister relationship than that of friends or lovers.

“Listen,” Ollie said.

„You can hang out with me if you promise to only speak English. That way I can practice my English and in return I will pay for drinks, food and you can get high with me if you want. I won't give you any acid though... Deal?”

I nodded, “Sure, why not?” and thought to myself “JACKPOT!!!”

He gave me a piece of hashish which I expertly rolled “Swiss Style” into a long and fabulous joint. Ollie was impressed by my joint rolling skills and dubbed me his official joint roller of the evening.

The friendly hippie who drove me all the way from Frankfurt came over and introduced himself to Ollie.

“Hi, I'm Roland.” He stretched his hand out to greet him and Ollie asked if he wanted to join us. The four of us unwound as Barbie's Killing Ken began to play. We mingled with the crowd, and embraced the sounds, vibes and smells of the night air.

I knew better though than to pry Ollie with too many questions about his friendship with Angela. I admired her quietly and kept my thoughts about her beauty to myself. She seemed to be way out of my league.

Both Ollie and Angela were happy to hang out with us. Subsequently, hours of getting high and drinking commenced. The blur of night turned into day, and at some point around sunrise I fell into a sleep which was so intermittent and fitful that I became

extremely uncomfortable and sat up in reluctance, resigning myself to being awake again.

I realized my companions were still out cold, so I staggered over to some bushes to relieve myself and then aimlessly walked around the festival area waiting for the others to wake up. After having bummed cigarettes off some other drunken festival goers, I returned to my group and sat back up against the tree and began picking on Ollie's old guitar. One after another, random strangers sat in my proximity and listened to me play Lady in Red, Come as You Are and other popular songs of my generation. Hours flew by and I passed the guitar around to whomever cared to play.

Roland got his little cooler box from the van and handed me a cold beer which was followed up by a joint. We continued to get high and drink under the tree. The four of us eventually roused ourselves and walked to the nearest gas station for some hangover food, as well as copious amounts of red bull, cheap vodka and coffee that would have killed a grown horse. Most of the rest of that day is a blur to my memory

Somehow that evening, I woke up again in the back of Roland's van. Angela is sitting on the bed next to me as we travel down south along the Rhine. I must have fallen asleep after we left the festival but like I said, it was a blur. I was sure I would remember at some point. Time to get high! I dug around in my clothes for any remnants of hashish and sighed in relief when I found all my stuff exactly where I had put it. I felt for my wad of cash--still there! Whew! Ollie was playing his guitar in the seat next to the driver and singing rather badly, but the mood was great and everyone was singing along. What the hell, I sang along too. Miss American Pie was a favorite, as well as Country Roads, House of the Rising Sun and whatever else came to mind.

And so the two of us would sit on the bed in the back of Roland's beat-up van, smoking one joint after another and occasionally passing some vodka and joints to our groovy musician, who benevolently helped Roland keep his buzz going as we tuckered along. At some point Ollie asked me if I wanted a go. He handed me the guitar and I hit up Long Train Running from the Doobie Brothers and the obligatory Bob Marley. I exhausted every song I could possibly think of before letting the guitar have a well-deserved break to let Roland play his favorite band, Jethro Tull, on the tape player.

I can't recall what time it was when we arrived at Ollie's house but it must have been in the dead of night. Everything was lit up and completely silent. The kind of silence that allows you to hear the flutter of a bat as it hurries by the street lamps, snapping up insects with its amazing echolocation. I drank until morning and watched my companions succumb one by one to the sandman's realm wherever they happened to lie, comatose. Soon, I too was fast asleep.

A few days had passed, and Roland was feeling restless and bored. Soon after, he decided it was time for him to go back home to Canada and rekindle his music career. He asked if Ollie would be interested in buying his van from him. Ollie agreed to purchase his van for two thousand Deutsche Marks. We drove Roland in his ex-van to the train station and said our goodbyes.

As he boarded the train to the airport, I thought to myself, "At least he's got a plan, he knows where he's going. I agreed to stay in contact and write to him, so he jotted down

his home phone and address for me. Sadly, like so many other people I met, I didn't bother to write or call him. I was and still am terrible at keeping up with correspondence. I will always remember Roland the fabulous flute player though, even if I never did write him. Our paths that were joined together in fate are now separated again. He will continue his discovery channel through life as must I as well. I hope he finds the meaning to his existence.

Having nowhere to go, I decided to stay on with Ollie and try to figure out what the hell I was going to do. I was in a bad situation and Ollie was a cool guy. It seemed he liked me and I liked him, so I ended up living with Ollie off and on indefinitely. Sometimes when I needed space from him or he had a lady friend over, I retreated to my tent which I had hidden in a beautiful area of the forest up on a hill overlooking the town, about an hour's walk from his apartment block.

Years ago Ollie was in a two year student exchange program in Canada. He had learned English very quickly. He was happy to have me around since he was a total Anglophile. I learned to love Monty Python, British TV and black humor. Meeting Ollie was fortunate for me because although I had a German passport, I spoke barely any German as a result of growing up locked away from the outside world, in a cult that only spoke English.

When Ollie was drunk, everybody was his friend. This also led him to get ripped off on several occasions. I told him to at least lock his bedroom when he threw parties in his apartment, but he never listened. Coming from a rich family and being a university drop out meant that he didn't freaking care.

"It's just stuff, dude. You can't take it with you when you are dead."

He was not very interested in the world of the living and I suspected him to be a bit manic depressed or at least, on the spectrum. Not that I cared, we would often spend weeks hardly leaving his apartment. Since he had all the cool shit of the time, it wasn't surprising. His list of gadgets was pretty impressive. An LP collection of nearly a thousand records, a bad ass Bang and Olufsen sound system, a huge TV, Super Nintendo, computer, Atari.

Plenty of drugs and friends would come and go in Ollie's life. Some of them are more than willing to do things for said drugs and cash. He never had to cook, clean or even go shopping because he always had people to do that stuff for him. People like myself for example.

Drug dealing seemed to be more of a hobby than anything else for Ollie since he didn't need the money. Ollie, a typical "Polytoxikoman" (multi-drug-user) kept his wits about him just enough to function at the edge of society. His parents, from what he told me on several occasions, were unimaginably rich and felt bad about not being there for him as a child. Therefore, they let him get away with anything he wanted. Ollie was raised mostly by nannies, traveled a lot and was rather restless. His attention span was short and he got bored rather quickly in conversations. If the topic wasn't of interest to him, he would just simply walk away. He listened more than he talked, and loved a good story. That is, if you managed to hold his attention for long enough.

He told me that he used to just get on a train and travel aimlessly to all the big metropolises of Europe when he was bored. When he got to whatever destination he

ended up in, he hung out in the search of cool people, a party or anything with music and drugs. Ollie always had good stuff on him so he got in with the local crowd rather quickly. Since his family was politically influential, the local police would tend to look the other way when he got caught with narcotics. A slap on the wrist and a generous donation to the municipality and everything went back to normal.

However, Ollie's constant abuse of drugs was having a bad influence on me. For my own self-preservation I realized that it was better for me to occasionally hang out on my own in my tent in the forest. Since I had no ID, I could not rent a spot at the local campsite. Even if I would have had one, it would have been no use as I was still a minor. I was on the run from the law as well as being on Interpol's missing child list ever since I had run away. That meant being very, very careful.

I learned to be a master of disguise, altering how I walked and talked. Since Interpol was probably looking for a dark haired, German speaking teenager, I could simply transform myself into a loud and blonde American tourist. I used Ray bans to conceal my dark brown eyes.

The accent and deception came easy for me, having grown up surrounded by English speakers from every corner of the globe in a cult known as the Children of God. Deception was bred into me from a very young age. We were taught to lie and conceal our true identities from the outside world, so being a con-artist and a professional liar came as natural to me as drinking beer.

The safest bet was to leave as little evidence of my existence as possible. Camping out in the middle of nowhere in a forest was always a safe bet. Totally off the grid, away from hiking trails and frequented areas was good, while not going too deep into the forest lest I be mistaken for a wild animal and shot during hunting season. At first I was scared to camp out in nature, but I soon found that my fears of the dark were unfounded. Slowly, I genuinely started to like camping out under the stars. It was peaceful. Away from the noise, selfishness and narcissistic behavior of the average human being. During the day I could write poetry, draw sketches from memory of people I saw in town or read books from the local library. At night I would listen to music on my Walkman or read a book with my flashlight, smoke hashish and drink vodka.

It was simple and befitting for me.

Ollie had hooked me up with some dealers. I could score weed, hashish and molly to sell. He had good connections and I desperately needed an income. On weekends I would hang out in the areas of town where young people would gather, or go to student parties and hustle. Ecstasy was dirt cheap back in the day and you could get pills wholesale for as little as 4 to 5 Deutsche Marks a piece, provided you bought several hundred. They sold like hot cakes and I was often sold out within a couple hours. I ended up with quite a tidy income. As long as I changed locations often and lay low, I could make plenty of money to buy myself some clothes, food, art supplies and basic necessities for living as well as for eating and drinking out. I was so low-key and innocent-looking that the one time I was actually stopped by police at a train station, they didn't even search me. I had just arrived in the town where I lived from a city nearby, where I met up with one of our dealers for the purpose of scoring some "supplies". I had on my person no less than 200 grams of black Moroccan and several hundred molly pills shoved into my shoes and underwear. As I got off the train and headed down the underground passageway, I was



approached by two civil police officers. Their off-white and blue perfectly ironed shirts, the hint of a gun belt bulge under the left chest of their sports jackets, the walkie-talkies on their belt buckles screamed danger even from far away. It was evident that they had singled me out and were headed speedily towards me, so I went on the counter-offensive. Smiling, I stepped up my pace and approached them. I asked in an American accent,

“Excuse me, do you speak English?”

The police men were thrown off their guard.

“Ach, ja, yes a little” one of them grinned, in a heavy German accent.

I continued, smiling as bright as the sunny sky.

“So sorry to bother you but I’m supposed to meet up with my bible group in the town square. We’re supposed to gather in front the reformed church but I’m running late so I wanted to make sure I’m exiting on the correct side of the train station”

The German police man responded in broken English,

“Oh yes, you are correct. You don’t miss zis. You go straight, when you see ze next road you go left and keep going until you see it”

I genuinely looked relieved and put my hand on my heart and exhaled, feigning to be slightly out of breath. “Thank you so much, God bless you, I’m late, gotta run.”

The policemen looked slightly bewildered but also happy to help and simply said, “No problem, have a nice day”

I smiled while pacing a few steps backwards, folded my hands in front of my chest and bowed to them like a good little Christian before turning around and hurriedly scampering out of the train station.

I kept expecting them to shout “Halt!” or “Stop!” It never happened.

## Chapter 3

### A Romance in the Woods

I snap out of my daydreaming back to the reality at hand.

Fuck! The drugs! We got to do something about all these drugs!

“Listen Ollie, Ollie! I’m going to leave now and return when it’s safe. If the police catch me here, you’ll probably be charged with harboring a fugitive from justice, and a missing minor.”

“Fuck, man, I always forget you’re only fifteen, it’s so weird. I’ve never met a fifteen-year old like you, ever. When I first saw you, I thought you...” he pauses, thinking of how to express the right words, “You acted like an adult in a kid’s body! Shit, man, but it all made sense when you told me your age.”

He smiles at me, almost lovingly, like an older brother might.

“Sometimes you are super developed, way past your age, and other times just a plain goofy kid. Yup, it totally makes sense now!”

I nod.

“Yeah, fuck, I get that a lot. I’m going to fuck off now and bury this crap in the forest. See you in a couple days.”

Ollie shrugs, “If I don’t answer the door...”

His voice trails off into a stammer.

“Fuck man what do you think will happen?”

I shrug my shoulders and look at him, tears welling in my eyes as I mumble,

“Fuck, man, I don’t know, let’s just try and stay calm. I’ll come back, I promise.”

As I pass the door, he flicks his cigarette onto the kitchen tile and crushes it with his bare foot, struggling to find some last parting words.

“This really sucks. Take care of yourself, ok?”

I nod and start trampling frantically down the stairwell but find composure once outside so as to not attract any attention to myself. The sound of sirens approaching is my last cue to get the hell away from Ollie’s neighborhood. I pass the people surrounding Wolfgang’s body and head out of town up to the woods where I hope my tent still is, well hidden within the forest. After walking a few hundred meters I see a girl who I recognize from the party, sitting and crying at the side of the road. She seems to have been smoking one cigarette after another. A small pile of cigarette butts lie in front of her feet. She sees me and looks up, the heavily applied mascara leaving tear stains on her face.

“Hey man, you got a cigarette?” She pauses, “You were there too, no?”

She cocks her head in the direction of Wolfgang's dead body. I nod affirmatively, kneeling down next to her on the sidewalk. A cocktail of LSD, molly and weed courses through my veins and I'm carrying enough drugs in a backpack to get an entire campus high.

I handed her a West cigarette, my favorite brand, cheap and strong.

"You can't stay here too long." I told her.

"The neighbors might call the police. They'll want to see your ID, and ask questions."

I sit next to her and light up her cigarette, she cups her hands around my lighter as I flick several times before the flame ignites the now rain splotched tip. She takes a long drag, her hands quivering.

She mutters to herself quietly, almost whimpering.

"Fffuck, ffuck, fuck fuck fuck"

She flicks the cigarette away almost in disgust. It extinguishes itself in a sidewalk puddle.

"Every other option sucks!"

She looks at me, her eyes ripped open wide as if in shell shock, streaming with tears.

"I don't... I don't know what I should do! I can't go home in this condition. My mom will kill me. If I stay out all weekend and go to school like this, my teacher will report me to my mom."

Her trembling hand pulls the cigarette out of my mouth, and as she takes a long wet drag, she mumbles while smoking.

"Mom forbade me to go to Ollie's party because she's so afraid I'll do drugs. Now she'll know I lied to her if I show up like this." She points to her dilated pupils.

She buries her face in her palms, still holding the scrunched cigarette and I awkwardly put my arm around her.

"She will see immediately that I'm all high on Ecstasy. She will be so paranoid, so disappointed ... he just fell."

She buries her head and hands in my chest. The cigarette goes out on my hoodie, leaving a burnt hole.

"I keep thinking... I think that I had something to do with it, I blame myself for that guy... him falling from the balcony, and I wasn't even near him all night."

"Shit, fuck! I just wanted to have a little fun, then all of a sudden some drunk guy starts yelling that Wolfgang is dead. I couldn't handle it, I just ran off. Damn it! I'm only sixteen! How is it my problem? I feel so guilty running away, but he's dead, what could have I possibly done to help him Shit, Shit, Shit!"

She whimpers again.

"Mom thinks I'm staying over at Angela's house but she's gone to her boyfriend's villa in the suburbs this weekend and she has no clue that I used her as my alibi."

I put my other arm around her and she continues rambling and crying uncontrollably into my hoodie. I know I have to somehow persuade her to leave the curb with me

before the police come over to ask questions. After all, they are probably already in Ollie's apartment questioning him, and have most likely cornered off the road a few hundred meters away. The sky seems to be on fire with the flashing of red, orange and blue lights

I whisper nervously,

"Hey, no worries, I know Angela, she comes by quite often to buy weed and stuff. Listen, normally I don't do this and please don't think I'm hitting on you but if you want to, why not hang out with me for a while and wait for everything to calm down? I could use some company myself. Any friend of Ollie or Angela's is a friend of mine. You can hang out with me until you come down off the drugs and then we'll see from there."

I bite my tongue. I should not have said that. I'm carrying enough drugs to put me well past my eighteenth birthday in a home for delinquents, hanging out with a drunken girl seems like a really stupid idea. My drugged, naïve and slightly horny brain convinces myself to stay with her, however. She is very pretty and very sad. It's a seductive combination and my teenage male instincts to help and protect her are drowning out all reason. She pulls her head away from me and looks at me like she's trying to assess if I'm a threat or not. I put her at ease.

"Hey, I'm only fifteen, I ain't no threat to nobody."

She reacts shocked.

"So young, fuck, what kind of shit are you up to out here running around?"

"I was chilling with Ollie, but I can't stay there now, so I'm going back to my place."

"Whatever. I guess I'll come with you. Where is it?"

"At the moment, in a tent in the forest."

„Are you fucking kidding me? “

"No, I'm not joking. I ran away from home. My parents are really horrible. They beat me up and did all kinds of terrible things. I was staying with Ollie from time to time, but when I want some peace and quiet, I go up there in the forest. Ollie can be quite exhausting, he's always throwing parties, listening to loud music. Everyday people come over. Sometimes it's too much for me. I definitely can't stay at Ollie's anymore for obvious reasons, so I'm heading to my tent until things quiet down."

I look at her and sigh.

"...also, the police might be looking for me."

"Why are the police looking for you?" She giggles through her tears sarcastically. "Are you a terrorist? Bank robber? Did you murder someone?"

I exhale timidly.

“No, No and Yes, maybe, I think so. But it wasn’t like, you know...that! Murder, what should I tell you? I was trying to help someone. There was this son of a bitch in this youth center I used to go to. One day he suspected his ex-girlfriend was cheating on him with someone else and he wasn’t having it. He dragged her off to a toilet stall by her hair. He was raping and beating her so violently you could hear the punches and the screams through the brick wall. No one was helping her, everyone was very scared of him. I was shaking in fear and anger and I don’t know what the hell possessed me, but I found the courage, and went to try and help her. It was truly awful what I saw, him strangling the girl up against the toilet stall grunting away, her bleeding and crying, he really fucked her up. He was so busy choking her, you know, that he didn’t notice his pistol fell out of his pants. It was just lying there on the floor. I ran over to grab it and he noticed. He almost got the better of me, and as I was struggling with him the gun fired into his chest. It wasn’t on purpose, at first, I’m not sure, but before I realized what I had done, he collapsed and I ran off with the gun in my pocket. I threw it in the river Main and kept running. I didn’t think to stick around and wait for the ambulance and police to show up. I don’t think he survived... but, it was an accident. I left town that same night and since then I’ve been on the run. Better safe than sorry.”

She looks at me intensely.

“Man, you sound like you are really unlucky, but you don’t look like a bad person or like someone who will hurt a defenseless young girl.”

I look at her with sadness and remorse in my eyes.

“I hate monsters that hurt or take advantage of others. Either way, I need to leave this area. You should too!”

She’s finally convinced, I take hold of her cold hands and help her get to her feet. Soon we are walking past the outskirts of the town in the morning drizzle headed towards my tent. We see a gas station and both look at each other. A mutual nod of agreement says we need some supplies. For drug related reasons I choose to stay on the other side of the road. I give her some cash and send her alone to buy some vodka, cigarettes, snacks etc. She shows me a fake student ID she uses to get cigarettes and alcohol. I chuckle and both our spirits are somewhat lifted.

It seems like forever until I see her coming back. I have to resist my paranoia and flight instinct to just get the hell away from there. I start thinking that the girl has panicked and used the gas station as an excuse to get rid of me. It doesn’t help that I am already super paranoid carrying so much illicit material on me. Being stationary for more than a couple minutes makes me very nervous. Have you ever been so high that you are sure that everyone else is staring at you? Even though, probably no one is actually staring at you, and you know it’s all in your head? Voila! That was me that Saturday morning.

I was wrong though, and just as I start walking away, I see her approaching, smiling even a little as we make eye contact. I join her and we continue up the hill and into the forest. We get to my tent and as promised to Ollie, I plan to bury the drugs. The problem is that I have company. The girl. Guess I’ll worry about the drugs later. It’s nice to have a girl around. She is good at keeping the conversation going. We keep smoking and drinking

generous amounts of vodka and Fanta. She is so hyper, it was already more likely that I would fall asleep before she did. I am already going on two days of very little sleep whilst high on acid and various other chemicals.

Luckily, I had pocketed a big piece of hash that had been lying on the living room table at Ollie's when I left, so I decided to try to get her to smoke some with me. I couldn't tell if she was just a poser or actually a drug fiend like myself. My first impression is, she seems to be the type that likes the look of the outcast and the rebel, but not necessarily being either of these. She sits next to me at the edge of my tent and stares into the distance as I roll a joint. Her piercings, her black and red dyed hair and all of her accessories scream run-of-the-mill 90's bad girl. Nonetheless, I can't take my eyes off her, she is simply beautiful. Underneath the bad girl outfit, she's probably just your standard, innocent, white trash teenager. Maybe she got drunk a few times, had a little puff off a joint or tried some ecstasy, but that wasn't anything unusual in my book.

Altogether she seems to be a good girl who wants to make her mom proud and cannot bear to disappoint.

I light up and inquisitively, hand her the joint.

"Is it laced with something?"

I think to myself. "Ok, not that innocent." I shake my head.

"No, I wouldn't hand someone a joint with something in it without informing them."

"Good. You know, once I was hanging out with someone, a somewhat older affair of mine at the time as well as some of his friends, and we were all chilling in his living room. He passed me this joint to light up and I, trusting him, just lit it up and took a huge drag from it. Minutes later, I don't know what the fuck was in it, but I could hardly breathe and was having severe paranoia. My eyes got so heavy I couldn't keep them open and my arms and legs felt like rubber. I couldn't even whisper. I passed out and woke up hours later, alone on the couch. My panties and jeans didn't feel right and my belt wasn't buckled properly. I reached down inside and felt all this smear between my legs, wet goopy and smelling like latex. At least those assholes wore condoms, or so I hope. They just left me there, locked in his apartment, and went out drinking. I had to climb out a window to escape before I went to the police, but they didn't take me seriously when I didn't want some stranger to examine me. I gave up and went home. I showered and then cried on my bed for hours after that. That asshole just figured he could do whatever he wanted. Now I cross the street when I see him and his friends. They still smile and wave as if nothing happened."

"Oh my God, I don't even know what to say, I'm so sorry to hear. Something like that happened to one of my friends at the beginning of this year. Why are men such disgusting pigs? This joint? It's just hashish and tobacco, nothing more."

She takes a huge drag, and holds it in for what seems to be a whole minute, turns to me, and placing her lips firmly against mine, exhales the lot into my lungs. Giggling at my somewhat confused reaction, she looks at me.

"Hey, it was quite a while ago, and I'm not scared of you. You seem nice, cute even."

"And if you wanted to drug me, well now we're both drugged."

I laugh uncomfortably. "Really, it's ok, I'll smoke it by myself otherwise."

She looks at the joint and grins

"Now it's my turn!"

I take a huge drag off the joint and place my lips firmly on hers, exhaling all the smoke into her much smaller upper body.

We sit in silence, and start kissing and alternatively breathing the joint into each other's bodies. It's a wonderful feeling and she is delicious.

As I put the joint out, I see her rummaging through her purse, and she pulls out a condom.

She licks her lips while looking at me seductively, as she rips open the packet and hands me the pink, strawberry-perfumed contents.

"Put this on."

I give her a puzzled look, but it's unmistakable that my pants are bursting with anticipation. She moves her face right up to mine and whispers into my ear.

"Do you want to fuck me? I can't turn my brain off right now, it would be a nice distraction."

She playfully bites my ear, and before I can respond, she pushes me to the ground and begins to kiss me all over my face and neck as she whispers,

"I want to get all these horrible images and memories out of my head."

I nervously push myself back into the tent with her lying on top of me, shoving the bag containing the drugs into the corner. I hastily unbuckle my belt and she clumsily pulls down my pants. My penis is so hard I am afraid that her just touching it will make me come.

My paranoid brain whispers,

"What if she ridicules it? What if I can't control myself, I wonder if she thinks I smell...?"

She notices me struggling to put on the condom,

"Have you never done this before? Are you a virgin?"

I awkwardly tell her I'm almost done. I'm so nervous I almost ripped the condom in half trying to pull it on.

“Hey relax, slow down, you need to roll it down not pull, you’ll break it.”

She laughs, making me feel awkward. She smiles and looks at me like I’m some sort of prize.

“You really are a virgin aren’t you?” I shake my head “no, I’m just nervous”, she laughs in disbelief.

“Well, it’s your lucky day, little boy.”

She finishes pulling the condom down, it felt so tight that I was afraid it would burst if my erection got any bigger.

She slips out of her jeans, and then it all happens very quickly. She gets on top of me, and I am already inside her. I gasp in ecstasy while struggling not to immediately lose control and disappoint her.

“Please don’t come, please don’t come.” I repeat over and over to myself.

I sit up awkwardly and pull her down towards me as I kiss her neck, her ears. I press my lips firmly against hers trying to do anything to avoid ruining the moment with a premature ejaculation.

I feel it pumping, I try so hard to stop it but the inevitable happens, I come violently with so much pressure that there was no way I could have controlled that. Lucky for me, being so high on different substances and so horny, God sent luck, my erection remains firm and hard. This is my lucky day after all, I whisper to myself.

It doesn’t take long for another proper erection to reemerge and she is grinding and moaning with such exertion she hasn’t noticed my temporary “at ease.”

As she grinds, I sit myself up towards her and wrap my hands firmly around the back of her head. I dig my nails into the nape of her neck and kiss the edges of her lips, her breath hot in rhythmic pulsing. We are now sitting in complete embrace.

She never stops staring right at me. Her eyes look at me with love and curiosity. As if she is staring right through me. I see all the details in her eyes up close and intricate. Blue and gray and little flashes of green like a pool of water with water lilies floating in it. I am a transcendent spirit floating over a lagoon island. I close my eyes and dive into the crystal waters below. Fish and coral decorate the beautiful soft sand and rolling movement of water in rhythm to her undulating hips.

She moans quietly and urgently. Her hot breath is just a hair’s width from my lips. Her chin piercing rips open my skin and she licks the blood off my face. She digs her long black nails under my hoodie and into my back. She tears at my skin. The moisture is a perceived mixture of sweat and a trickle of blood. Each rip she makes in my flesh fills me with pleasure and adrenaline. Fully enveloped with each other, we tear off our upper clothes, after lots of struggle, giggling and slipping, finally in naked embrace.

Our violent passion turns to lovemaking, we kiss slowly, strongly and passionately. I stroke her back as she puts her arms around me kissing my neck and licking my ears. I shiver in pleasure.



She smells divine, I think to myself. A mixture of stale cigarettes, smoke, vodka, bong water, hashish, wet forest, some sort of perfume of cherry blossom and cinnamon. I close my eyes again. All the fragrances combine themselves into an unholy effigy of an anarchistic goddess in my darkness. I embrace the arousal in my olfactory senses. I wish what I am feeling at this moment will last for the rest of my life.

I push her gently on her back and admire her full-frontal view. Her breasts firm, dark nipples standing very erect, I lick her breasts, her stomach and she gently pushes me between her legs. I am not very experienced satisfying a woman orally but I give it my best try and she seems to be enjoying it. She arches her back and liquid comes gushing all over my face. I grab my t-shirt from the tent floor and dry my face grinning at her.

I bend her legs back as far as she will let me and I put myself in her, deeper than ever before. Her whole body pulsing and shivering.

Nice and slow, I tell myself. Just keep the rhythm going, don't rush it, and enjoy the moment. I kiss her legs, her feet, and stroke her soft pale bottom until her legs get tired and motions me to put them down. I pause, dripping with sweat, she pulls me towards her and bites my ear

"Fuck me as hard as you can"

I wrap my left arm around the back of her head and grab her ass with my other hand pushing it hard towards my pelvis.

I start moving in short and rapid hammering movements, softer at first and then harder and harder until I am pummeling her pelvis as hard and as fast as I possibly can.

She screams out in ecstasy, her moaning turns to high pitched and fast pasting whines directly on to my ear drums. The sound of her moans makes me even more erect and animalistic. Soon I am a carnivorous beast grunting and pounding away until she can take no more and with a jolt pushes me off of her, gasping for air. She arches her back, legs shaking, and claws at my hand squeezing it over and over again.

I lie there panting in sheer bliss. My body is floating and my mouth is all dry like cotton.

Soon I recover, and I turn her over on the side and gently enter her again. This time it's my turn, and it all happens quite quickly. I press my palm down on her belly, feeling myself inside her. I want to enjoy every moment and burn this memory into my consciousness forever and ever.

Soon I cannot hold back anymore and the spasms from my orgasm and its welcome release ripples vibrations through her body. I eject and roll over onto my back. She rolls over and strokes my chest and my legs, kissing me gently.

"That was really fun."

"Um, thank you, I guess."

We both giggle like children.

She puts on her t-shirt and fumbles around for her panties. She takes my arm and folds it over her like a blanket

“Sleep well.”

I kiss her gently on the cheek.

“Goodnight princess.”

We both laugh. I spoon with her until she is fast asleep. Finally! I carefully extract myself from cuddling, cover her in my sleeping bag and roll my jacket lovingly under her head. Still butt naked and barefoot, I exit the tent into the forest outside.

Slowly I come to my senses again. I notice the condom is still hanging off me like an ugly, naked, wrinkled mole. I pull it off myself as if it were a leech trying to suck the life out of me and throw it, almost violently into the bushes. The smell of sex envelops my entire being.

Throwing my hands to the sky I stretch all the way to my tip toes.

I feel alive, I feel frightened, and I feel sad but happy that I fell in love with this perfect stranger. I am anxious. I don't deserve her!

Feelings that make me ill and wretched yet warm, fuzzy and alive. All at once and overpowering my every instinct.

I have a small camping shovel, but also a problem. It's underneath my tent in the safe-hole I dug covered with some planks of wood and dirt. I had originally planned to be alone and had not thought this far. I resign myself to bury the drugs in the ground, digging angrily using nothing but my bare hands and a rock I found.

After clawing and ripping my way through the roots, leaves and rocks I am bleeding all over my hands. I hadn't noticed all the small shards of broken bottle glass that were scattered everywhere, and it seems like hours before I dig deep enough to achieve my purpose. I have dug the hole under some bushes so that the disturbance of dirt would hopefully remain unnoticed.

Finally, the hole is deep enough. I take the drugs from my backpack and carefully wrap them up in a plastic bag which I took from Ollie's house. Once the drugs are well buried, I collapse on the spot in relief. Covered in blood, sweat, and dirt, I sit naked on the forest floor. I lit up a cigarette and burst out crying. My tears are flowing fast and hot against the breeze on my face. I wipe the snot from my nose with the bloodied back of my hand. Tears that scream of my loneliness, my struggle to survive, my hate, my sorrow.

My childhood memories rear their ugly presence as they often do when I'm exhausted and emotional. The images flash before me as real as if I was reliving them. Over and over again.

I want to retch but my throat clenches tight.

I close my eyes and try to relax, I tell myself to think of the wonderful girl I just had sex with, picture her beautiful eyes, her lips, her beautiful body. I trail off, the awful images keep drowning out the nice ones.

My mind loses the struggle, and once again I am that three year old toddler lying on my back, naked and helpless, tears streaming down my face as I find myself staring up at my step-father's naked body, trapped in the awful memories of my past.

## Chapter 4

### Flies and Cheap Booze

Somewhere in Bombay, India in the spring of 1984, strange things are happening to a three year old boy.

I must be lying on some kind of table, on my back, my legs are being held by a firm grip in the air. What a strange feeling this is. It feels as if the feces I had just evacuated seem to be getting pushed back in again. Again and again.

A naked man stands before me. Smiling lovingly down at me. I am naked. I feel strange and whatever it is that he's doing is very uncomfortable. He is smiling at me as I feel a part of him enter my body. He is holding talcum powder in his other hand and is sprinkling it all over my bottom. I can't see exactly what it is he is doing to me, and I do not understand what is happening. I am merely curious because it feels weird to me. I try to lift my head up to get a better look, but I can't really move. I try to push him away to signal I'm uncomfortable. I can't really do much and he gently pushes my hands away and continues smiling while making something go in and out of me.

At the present time I know exactly what happened. I was being raped, one of many times that this would happen.

My mother comes into our bedroom. She walks behind my naked step-father looking horrified, my stepdad's expression is awkward, he wasn't expecting her to see him doing that. She exclaims in German,

“That is disgusting! “

My stepfather replies in German,

“Why? I am making love to my son. Just like the prophet taught us.”

My mother stares at me visibly distressed. I look up at her confused and scared for reassurance.

She looks at Stefan in anger, and continues in German,

“I don't think that the prophet meant for you to be doing that, when he said that we should make love with our children”

I feel the thing that was inside me, exit my body one last time. Stefan wraps his towel around his waist, and follows my mother in a condescending, angry demeanor.

He grabs her by her hair, forces her to stop walking away and putting his face directly next to hers, berating her in German,

“What do you know about our prophet? Do you think you are more spiritual than me? “

My mother is scared of him, and rows back on her initial reaction, continuing to talk to Stefan in German, believing that I won't understand.

"Ok fine, I...I don't know anything, I just mean that, I personally, don't think you should be doing that, but maybe you are right."

Stefan comes back to me, picks me up and kisses me on the cheek. He puts me down on the cool, white tiled floor and helps me put my clothes on. He strokes my hair and smiling at me, says in German,

"You are so beautiful my little doll."

It was completely normal for me to see my parents shower naked, for them (us) to have sex and cuddle. After all, this was endorsed and encouraged by what the media would later label "sex cult", the self-proclaimed "Children of God." I was involved in all kinds of sex with both my parents, from as early as I could remember. I didn't like it or enjoy it much, but I just assumed it was normal, that all children did this with their parents.

Often as a toddler, I remember my mother would try to stimulate my penis by pulling back my foreskin. I remember the pain it caused, and I would try to push her hand away.

"Does it hurt, honey?"

I would tear up and nod.

"Don't worry, that's normal. You'll grow to like it:"

She would then proceed to put my penis in her mouth, and stimulate me orally. Sometimes it would hurt, later it was more pleasurable. All the same, I wished to myself she would just leave my penis alone. It didn't feel right.

In the evenings, my stepfather and I would often read the "Scripture" or other comics of our leader, who called himself "Moses David".

My stepfather would often stimulate himself in my presence. He would often expect me to join in the "cuddle time". It was normal for me. I never really even considered myself abused at the time. It was against my will, but I felt like I had to, indebted even to show gratitude. As any child of that age I would have done anything to please my parents. Even putting up with the gross tasting, salty sticky mess in my mouth, on my hands and his blonde, hairy belly.

This kind of abuse and other so-called child raising techniques were taken mainly from a book called "The Book of Davidito", published by the openly pedophilic Moses David. The Prophet and founder of the children of God. He openly admitted to fucking his own children and grandchildren. He claimed children should be sexualized as young as possible. Since it was all done "in love" there was no harm with the exception of the "Systemites' finding out.

The derogatory term "Systemites" referred to anyone that didn't belong to the inner circle of the so-called "Family of Love", "Children of God" or any other of their ever changing pseudonyms.

By the age of five I was already actively having sex with other children my own age, and was highly likely already infected with herpes and had already first experiences with other STDS like gonorrhoea which gave you a burning sensation when you peed. Being so young I just thought I was sick and that my 'penis is broken'. The concept of STDS would dawn on me much, much later. I vividly remember having nightmares at the age of six years old, dreaming of my penis falling off because it became so festered and rotten.

Later on as an adult, I had to relearn to enjoy sex. To learn the difference between falling in love and just being lonely. As a mentally broken teenager, having sex for money, favors and a place to sleep was nothing more than a monotonous routine. If someone did something nice for me I felt obliged to have sex with them, even if I wasn't attracted to them physically. This caused me to break many hearts, caused people to turn extremely violent against me and I even received death threats.

The jilted lovers couldn't or refused to understand that to me, sex with them was meaningless. Mechanical, unemotional and lust-less. A bargaining chip, nothing more. I was so good at covering my true feelings and intentions that to them that I probably seemed sincerely reciprocal of their feelings

Naturally I also fell in love and had sex with people I was genuinely in love with. I too had my heart broken. The problem was that I just couldn't refuse someone even when I wasn't attracted to them.

Such was the overwhelming power of the brain-washing I endured my entire childhood.

Other than that, I was a very inquisitive, happy little boy. At least if you met me back then, you would have thought the same. I was and probably in some ways still am a total fawn, a people-pleaser and happy to help. I wanted to share my love with others and I was proud to be one of the chosen.

As any intelligent boy would, I had many questions, sometimes asking the wrong ones that made the adults and my parents uncomfortable and aggressive towards me. I would often be rebuked for being a "doubting Thomas". Consequently from an early age on I learned that some topics were off limits.

As soon as I could read, I was reading anything I could get my hands on, drawing, painting, building huge robots out of Lego bricks. I collected bugs in glass jars and always lovingly put leaves and twigs in the glass for the bugs to eat and poked pinholes in the lids for air.

When the bugs died (of starvation since I didn't put the right leaves or smaller insects in their confinements for the carnivorous bugs to eat) I would bury them in matchbox coffins with little crosses sticking out of the dirt in the corner of our garden.

I was always getting into trouble for reasons I never could quite understand. . It seemed to me that I was learning at a much faster pace than the other children. I was hyperactive and fidgety, constantly bored during home-schooling, often spacing out and daydreaming which sadly merited me many, many spankings.

There was a reason for my boredom. I would read a lot, practically anything I could get my hands on. By the time we would have these same topics in homeschooling class, I already knew everything the teacher was going to say and even corrected them if I was

convinced that they were making a mistake. This you can imagine, irony on, made me very popular as a little boy, irony off.

I started to read the bible at the age of five and completed it by the age of six. I didn't understand a lot of what was written, it seemed counter-intuitive, and a lot of things didn't make sense to me. Over the years I learned that questioning things written in the Bible were especially taboo, as the Bible was written directly by God and not to be questioned. (This actually bothered me the most, more on that later.)

Like all children, most of my reading at first was clumsy and redundant, mostly concentrating on the phonetics of the word and my pronunciation of it, rather than what the sentence actually meant. Unlike other children of my age however, I always asked if I didn't understand what a sentence meant, much to the exasperation of my mother as it sometimes took forever to complete a page because of all my questions. It was clear that I sometimes worried her, I was too inquisitive for my own good, not really brain-washing material.

Over time, the world of literature did open itself to me, and I was able to understand what was written all on my own. This presented a new dilemma, and more complex questions. I remember asking my parents at the age of seven years old, why did God command the annihilation of every man, woman and child in the Promised Land? Or, why did so and so murder that guy in the name of God? Why did God test Job's faith by murdering his entire family, servants and cattle just because he had a bet with the devil but at the same time it clearly states in the Ten Commandments "Thou shalt not kill"? My parents gave me the run-around that all religious people do when confronted about their blatant and not well thought through effrontery. It seemed to me from a very young age that God had a lot of double standards and was rather petty and vengeful.

It was slowly becoming clear to me that Moses David kept his prophecies vague and mysterious. The predictions from our leader kept getting postponed and us, his followers kept in the dark over just when exactly, would be the rapture and the second coming of Jesus. Meanwhile we slaved away, and paid our heavy tributes to the leaders of the cult.

Our leaders were leading the ritzy lavish lives of jet-setters around the world. Staying in villas with servants and cooks. They lived in what was for us, unimaginable comfort. They even had armed guards patrolling the premises to make sure no one suspicious could get in, or out. It was the real Hotel California.

Comparatively, we foot soldiers lived in squalor under totalitarian, autocratic rule. Constantly in fear of being singled out as unproductive and unworthy. Anyone could become a backslider and thus God's vomit, doomed for excommunication from the family. We feared to lose our mansion in the golden city and be damned to spend eternity as second class citizens of God's brave new world, simply for not "Harvesting the Wheat" and witnessing every day. No matter how sick, tired or hungry you are. 7 days a week, 365 days a year, work, work, and work! On the brink of destituteness, sickness and constant hunger.

This is an unedited, first-hand testimony from one of the thousands of victims that suffered egregious abuse and punishment within the Children of God

"My Mom was battling brain cancer, and leadership decided she was demon possessed because of seizures and pained outbursts.

They would perform 'exorcisms' on her while she'd be in a thrall. She had no pain meds. Anyone entering the final stage of brain cancer without pain management would look possessed.

They worked her to the bone. Once she went blind for about a half hour while we were doing laundry. I helped her to her room and got her some water in secret. She was so afraid that an adult would find out. As soon as her sight came back, she got right back to work like nothing.

When she finally found out what her issue was she went to the USA for treatment, and they wouldn't let her take me with her. I never saw her again.

The day they informed me of her death, they handed me a stack of all the letters I wrote her. They were never sent.

I could go on about my personal abuses, of which there were many.

But none of the physical abuses I went through cut me as deep or hit me as hard as the way I watched my Mother suffer.

I personally don't want her story to be covered up, everyone should know what they did to her."

After all, if your whole cult relies heavily on believing in "God's will" and that no human being can enter the mind of the lord, it's quite easy to pull the wool over gullible eyes and demand unequivocal loyalty without questioning the logic behind the otherwise blatant scam.

The older I got, getting more and more disillusioned about the so-called divine word of God. These beliefs that governed my entire life as a child, I now know to be incredulous, demiurgic garbage. Patting me on the head condescendingly my parents and other adults would tell me, "If the lord wants you to understand his words, he will reveal himself to you"

I vividly remember getting that large, big lettered bible for my fifth birthday. It was a green hardback with gold trim and a golden cross on the front. The most beautiful book I'd ever seen. An extraordinary feeling. My parents told me it was very expensive, and I felt great pride in owning such a fabulous book.

My chest swelled with pride as the other children and adults were gathered around the table singing bible songs over candles and terrible, homemade chocolate cake. I was a very special little boy indeed. The wonderful feeling of initiation, a feeling of being one of the few very lucky ones. I was chosen to escape the horrors of the End Time, the Antichrist and of course I was willing to die for the heavenly cause since my home is in heaven and not on earth.

Most of my days as a child were otherwise not very special at all, in fact most days I felt more like I was surviving one day to the next in an endless blur. Those days were filled with cooking and cleaning. Non-stop prayer and praising Jesus. So much singing and talking in tongues, and more prayer and more singing... Then off to continue the cleaning of toilets, scrubbing floors, peeling potatoes, washing rice, lentils, sorting rotten vegetables and getting constantly beaten if I complained or "murmured". When I wasn't being worked to the bone I got to go outside to help spread our doctrines by witnessing



and distributing pamphlets and posters. I can truly say I was utterly robbed of my childhood, virginity and any sort of healthy normality regarding sex.

In the 1980s, Moses David made up a prophecy that the entire northern hemisphere would be wiped out in nuclear warfare between Russia and the USA. He urged all "Family members" to flee south in a movement referred to as "The Great Escape"

My parents, like many other hippies and outcasts of society, thought it would be super original to go to India. Since after all we needed to flee the impending nuclear war that would wipe out all of Russia, Europe and North America.

India, the country whose roots in civilization date back thousands of years. , the most fabulous smells and spices, colors and music of every frequency known to man. Many beautiful, incredible sights and architecture  
Yet, its unparalleled lack of humanity includes unimaginable sickness and poverty, untouchables, mass lynching, the burning alive of spouses, child slavery, rape, abhorrent sanitary conditions and whole villages living in literal slavery to some vast land owner.

Let's rewind to when we first flew to India in 1982. I was close to two years old. My mother was already pregnant with my half-brother at the time.

My first memories of India were that it was very uncomfortable, sweltering humid heat, noise 24 hours a day, cheap hotels and being constantly hungry, thirsty and sick.

My parents were too poor to buy bottled water and too paranoid about drinking from the tap so they boiled all the drinking water. Since in most of the cruddy accommodations there was no fridge we drank the water as soon as it was barely cooled enough to be drinkable. I remember rarely getting a cold drink in that heat for quite some time. Finally, my parents got accepted into one of the communes that were sprouting up all over India. I remember one funny incident that got my step-father Stefan furious.

Stefan went to buy some cold bottled water from the local shop. He did this on special occasions when there was some extra money or my grandparents were visiting. He was bringing back the empty bottles and the shop owner wasn't around so he went to look for him in the courtyard. He discovered that the "bottled water" was nothing more than local tap water that the shop owner was filling up from a hose in his garden and then using a small co2 machine to pump the gas inside before putting the little tin caps back on. We were basically drinking glorified tap water with bubbles.

I remember that every escapade into the outdoors was filled with the stench of black, car and truck exhaust fumes, sewage and all manner of human and animal excrement on the side of the road. On every street corner men would pinch my cheeks and be very inquisitive towards my mother if she was travelling alone with me. Many men would grab ahold of her wrist and try to pull her this way or that. Offers of marriage were as about a daily occurrence as someone squatting next to you to defecate. We almost got kidnapped by a taxi driver once and only after the taxi driver was forced to come to a complete stop in the middle of the road because a cow was blocking the path, she took her chance to escape, grabbed me and sprang from the vehicle. Our shopping bags were

still in the taxi as the driver floored the gas pedal almost hitting me with the back wheel before taking off in a cloud of dust. We would go hungry that night. Many stories of unaccompanied women being kidnapped, raped and even murdered had correlation to reality. Soon my mother refused to leave the house without a male accompanying her.

Flies were in such abundance that if you breathed with your mouth open you were sure to inhale at least half a dozen. The only thing that was some relief from our daily drudgery of service to god is if my mom managed to "Provision" a meal in a restaurant.

The act of Provisioning meant begging for free food or stuff under the pretext of being a humanitarian worker.

So, occasionally I was getting some proper food and oh what luxury an ice cold soda! This was however more a rarity than the norm. Usually it was drinking hot or piss warm water and eating rice every fucking day morning, noon and night. Sometimes this was supplemented with milk powder, dal or fried oats. Very rare, some cheap gristly and barely edible meat, and bland, unsalted vegetables boiled in water. My mom, like most dirt hippies, was a horrible cook. In short, I hated India.

Since my parents were without a job we lived by "Faith" a common term used throughout the cult to justify not holding a job, taking responsibility for one's own children and behaving like a normal human being.

What this meant in reality was resorting to grifting, begging from relatives and in my mother's case, prostitution. My mother would put makeup on the weekends and leave us children at the mercy of Stefan or other sadistic adult men. She and some other female cult members would be chaperoned off to the local five star hotels where she would have sex for money.

My stepfather was luckier, his parents were upper middle class rich. His father was a banker who loved to travel the world. My grandparents came to visit us about once a year. I always wanted to cry when they left for Germany again. My hopes and dreams of escaping this hellhole flew away with them. They, as all grandparents, always had the nicest of clothes and perfume. My grandmother was a very kind and gentle spoken woman.

Nonetheless, she chose to ignore the fact that my stepfather, her son, was raising her grandchildren in the most atrocious way possible. Yet again, how could she know? Stefan was extremely good at hiding things. He always made sure we had at least one immaculately clean outfit, showered and presented as a pristine and smiling showbiz to his grandparents.

We kids were terrified of Stefan. We knew that if we said or did anything to make him look bad we would be severely punished. So we smiled in public, and were genuinely happy! Happy to not get beaten behind closed doors! Stefan was very choleric yet publicly passive in his aggression. He was able to tell you in public, just by his looks that you were in for a beating later on in private. This all under the nose of our sponsors, friends and relatives who had no idea about the sadist that sat with them laughing and smiling, comfortably drinking their wine and gorging himself on fine foods in restaurants while us kids at home endured with less than the most minimalistic of bare necessities.

Stefan lived his entire life from the pockets of his parents ensuring that he would leave nothing for all the children he irresponsibly helped to raise and/or put into the world. So many bastard children of his that he abandoned, lucky for them...

Since we lived by Faith, meals were scarce and I dared not complain. If I dared even at the age of two or three years old I would get beaten severely by my stepfather. I always loved him as a child but was always genuinely afraid of him. He could snap at the tiniest of remarks, disobedience or even just having a different opinion was enough at times to get welted across the face, beaten with a electric cable, belt or bamboo stick, I was lucky if I was just denied food and water. Almost every day he would knuckle me over the head. I often had to stand in the corner for hours over the tiniest misdemeanors.

Basically acting like a kid always got me into trouble. Half of the time I was baffled as to why I was being punished. When I got screamed at I just hoped he wouldn't hurt me too much. I was beaten so often as a kid that I actually counted the days when I wasn't. Imagine that.

Stefan always made sure the little money we could scrounge would be enough to buy himself some alcohol. Second came the most basic food (Rice and Dal), sometimes some milk powder if the begging went well.

Even the draconian punishments that included denial of food and other atrocities were considered an Act of Love.

I learned that my stepfather and other adults were emissaries of the self-proclaimed prophet Moses David who in turn was an emissary of Jesus Christ and every word out of their mouths was just and true. If I had a different opinion I was selfish and rebellious and to show me that they loved me they would beat me to correct my sinful nature and to help me become pure in the eyes of our true father, the lord and savior Jesus Christ.

Long days were spent in the Indian heat. Soon my mother gave birth to my half-brother. We had a mattress on the floor, a rudimentary kitchen with two gas burners and one table with two chairs. I had scarcely anything to bide the time or play with so I drew and sweated a lot. One of my favorite games was to lie perfectly still and imagine that I was dead. We would wait all day for Stefan to come home. If he was in a good mood (probably when the monthly check from his parents arrived) he would bring home some good food from a cheap take away restaurant and wine but most days he would come through the door and go straight to sleep late in the evening. If I dared make noise while he was sleeping ... you guessed it, a belting.

Even my baby brother was not spared. At not even a year old for such horrendous crimes as spitting out food or crying too loud my little baby brother would get beaten. Stefan would even rip him out of my mother's arms when she tried to defend him.

She would cry in German. "He's just a baby! "

Stefan would raise his hand to strike my mother and then usually she would give up, cry and let my little brother get a spanking for just being a fucking baby. This was how we were raised. We learned to never question authority, never voice our own opinion. We even got beaten if we were caught muttering to ourselves. Even not hearing a command or asking questions that we should know the answer to resulted in beatings. I was beaten, publicly humiliated, on average at least three to four times a week for almost 14

years. The insult to add to injury was after every beating we were required to thank our abuser for beating us. You would have to say something like this.

“Thank you Uncle or Auntie so and so for disciplining me. I will try to do better next time.”

## Chapter 5

### Munchhausen by Proxy, Witch's Cocktails and a White Furry Demon

Another sweaty night without air conditioning. Yet again the electricity has shut down in the middle of the night. Stefan and Annette are noisily grunting away at each other's genitals moaning "thank you Jesus, praise the lord, oh lord I'm coming... "

The moon is bright in the sky and bats fly by the window. With every cloud that passes in front of the bright full moon, scary monsters appear on the wall. I am paralyzed in my bed. I can just barely turn my head. I often had sleep paralysis until around the age of seven.

The white furry demon starts crawling up my bunk bed. I could see its huge white eyes with pin point, black irises, sharp teeth and flowing white long furry face like some yeti out of hell crawling towards my feet. It maintains eye contact with me throughout the whole ordeal. Now I can feel its weight on top of my legs as it pulls its way forward to my waist. As always it buries its head in my groin which at first just tickles a lot but soon follows the searing hot agony as it begins making a meal out of my genitals and lower intestines. It maintains eye contact with me throughout the entire ordeal. The pain is searing hot, I feel liquid gushing from different punctures in my skin as its moist tongue and teeth mangle my little body. The sounds of tearing flesh make me want to vomit. I try to scream but only the faintest whisper escapes. My parents who are still fucking on the bed below don't even realize their son is being eaten alive just a few feet above them. I see my blood gushing over the mattress onto my brother's bunk below.

Normally I wake up after the demon has consumed my entire body up to my neck in a puddle of sweat and often piss. This time however I pull on the bunk bed rails as hard as I can and throw myself to the floor in desperation. For the first time I overcome my paralysis and start screaming as I look upon my half eaten torso. The lights go on, it's morning. I start crying. Stefan rushes over yelling in German.  
„What a stupid child, fell off the bed again did we? “

My Mom pushes him away and comforts me.

“Oh you wet yourself again honey”

I cry even harder.

“Let's get you changed and showered alright?”

I mumble something while my mom undresses me and washes my body with a wet washcloth and some water in a bucket.

Water was scarce so we almost never had proper showers growing up.

I start shivering, my muscles start to hurt. As my mother finishes washing me. I must be getting sick again, I thought to myself.

A lot of food we had was “provisioned” which usually meant spoiled, half rotten or just bad quality. It was quite common to be sick. I had every conceivable disease and form of worms, diarrhea, measles, chickenpox and all the rest.

According to my mother I even had tuberculosis in 1985 while stationed in Kolkata, of which I was miraculously healed in coincidence with a visit to the hospital. My mom said that the doctor yelled at Stefan after he told him that I was already in that state for over two weeks. He screamed at him.

“Do you like your child to die?! What is wrong with you?! Why don’t you give the child antibiotics?” Stefan said to the doctor that Jesus will heal me. Jesus did heal me, with help of the antibiotics... I cannot roll my eyes far enough to the back of my head to express my opinion to Stefan’s moronic behavior.

The fever sets in quickly and soon I am even unable to breathe normally. Within hours of lying down I start drifting in and out of consciousness. At least the white furry demon must feel sorry for me or it doesn’t like to eat sick little boys.

Every so often the dirtiest, smelliest and most spiritual hippie adult would show up with concoctions that she brewed. She was always super happy when a child was sick. She claimed to have been a nurse before joining the cult. However her rudimentary potions and concoctions would have suggested otherwise.

The so-called Children of God didn’t believe in fancy doctors, medicine or any of that Devilishness.

They were convinced that the Devil invented medicine to destroy humanity’s faith and trust in God. Their ill logic was that everything happens for a reason and if you get sick it’s because God is punishing you for not being close to him or straying from his path. Being sick meant you had to write an essay about why you think God is punishing you or testing your faith. As I was rather intelligent even at the age of five I usually wrote that I like Job from the Old Testament, and was having my faith tested. That usually meant that the adult dirt hippies would for the most part leave me alone and stop trying to get confessions out of me. Other children weren’t quite so lucky.

In fact one very unlucky girl died of exposure and mistreatment after not being allowed to lie in bed while sick and being forced to swallow the horrible concoctions made by the witch, as I shall call her.

The witch was probably in her late thirties early forties. She was a very early member of the children of god and already around since the COG was founded in California. As such she had an almost unquestionable and untouchable status within the commune. Her word was if the “prophet himself” had spoken. She often boasted about all her sexual encounters with the prophet Moses David.

Since Moses David preferred adolescent girls however and she was a putrefying f-ugly older woman, we children made lots of jokes about her behind her back. One joke we made is that the only reason Moses David would fuck her, would be, to impregnate her. When she then gave birth to a baby girl, he could then... you get the idea.

The witch had long toilet paper roll shaped breasts that sagged all the way down to her belly button and hair on her nipples. A red head originally from the Netherlands, she spoke English with a very strange accent. Her teeth were violently crooked and she frothed, spit a lot and stuttered when she was mad.

Standing at almost two meters tall however, she was almost skeletal in her body shape. Since her back was not straight and none of the women ever wore bras in the commune we often ended up having to look at the long, sweat dripping armpit hair and red, hairy, freckled nipples that showed through the very revealing cheap buttoned flower prints that she always wore.

She, like most adult females, would often walk to and from the sanitary facilities butt naked. Her pubic hair dripped in abundance. Some of the hairs almost went down to her knees. Her legs were very x shaped and although her feet were wide apart her knotted knees would be still banging against each other with every step. The witch was a gigantic bad joke waiting to happen. However if we dared make fun of her appearance and she found out, the punishments were savage and draconian.

This witch reported the little girl of about four as being rebellious and defiant. She claimed that she willfully spat out the medication that the witch had lovingly made for her. For this heinous crime the little girl was forced to stand in the corner of a room shivering, with a silence restriction or speech restriction as they called it. A cardboard sign hung around her little neck and of course a belting on the backside from one of the shepherds.

After some ordeal, the little girl collapsed.

An adult was screaming at her to get up and stop being rebellious but it was too late. The witch's concoctions, exposure and beatings had already done its damage. The little girl's heart stopped beating. Jesus had taken her to be with the Lord.

Of course I was sad that the little girl died. My faith however was so sure that all these things happened for a reason I dared not even question my own belief or faith. I was convinced the little girl was now safe in the loving arms of Jesus as we sang hymns and buried her little earthly remains in our backyard as thieving monkeys overlooked us from broad trees covering our gathering on the balding, patchy, badly mown lawn below from the sweltering sun.

Meanwhile I continued to be sexually raped and abused by both my parents until about the age of six. Later on the cult officially discontinued their child sex practices. Behind closed doors however, rape and sexual abuse, mostly of under aged girls by adult men continued to rampage, all the way up to when I ran away in 1994. It probably continues behind closed doors to this very day.

By the time my youngest brother was born in 1986 things had changed quite a bit regarding sexual misconduct. Everything was hushed and documents that encouraged pedophilia were burned, purged and destroyed. Luckily the thousands of testimonies of other victims like me paint a very different picture. Mind you I was born in 1980 so I was one of the youngest children of the first generation of cult members at that time. Children who were a few years older or pre-teenagers at the time had it even worse.

They were being raped and abused by all the men in the multiple communes all over the globe.

Australia, south-east Asia, India, Japan and of course in Latin America, Europe and the USA. Passed around as objects of gratification. They had no choice, remember? Their bodies belonged to Christ! They didn't even have the right to decide over their own bodies. Total sex slaves! One girl in South America was even impregnated by her own father at the age of 12! One of the few that actually admitted it and documented it. How many others bore children as a result of incest and rape? The unknown numbers are high.

(Excerpt victim's testimony

"The jumbo was the worst in so many ways. The only good thing about it from my perspective was the (new) no sex for teenagers rule. It was the first place I lived where I WASN'T on the adult sharing schedule. I was aged twelve to fourteen and I didn't miss (sharing) one bit. But other than that, it was horrid. Cruel and unusual punishments were a daily occurrence for sure!")

Many documents that prove that pedophilia was actively encouraged and practiced by all adults in the cult can still be found online thanks to the bravery of the few that stood up to the cult leaders and left the cult, taking with them many damning books, documents and proof that these things that happened to myself and others are not just the vengeful figments of imagination of disgruntled ex-members.

Sadly it has divided families and even siblings, my own brother to this day, believes that I am lying about the rape, molestation and all the other atrocities I had to endure at whim from both my parents, and other adults. My brother even demanded of me to publicly recant my accusations and apologize.

Imagine that. After everything I went through, honestly, not being believed, hurts more than the actual abuse!

My youngest brother wasn't even born when my stepfather was molesting me. How the fuck would he know that I'm supposedly lying? He wasn't there! Fact is, I am not Stefan Seibel's only victim either.



## Chapter 6

### Supper and a Denial

The Children of God have morphed and rebranded countless times. To this day there are thousands of people who actively deny any wrongdoing even with overwhelming evidence that says otherwise.

My step-father, Stefan, like thousands of other adult men including ex-Fleetwood Mac guitarist, Jeremy Spencer, coerced, molested and raped many under aged girls and boys. The youngest person that I personally know was barely 8 years old when Stefan molested and forced them into sexual acts against their will. He even claimed to me later that some of them were his “spiritual wives” and in so, was permitted and even obliged to consummate his spiritual wedding duties! This man lives in freedom to this day. Unremorseful and unpunished!

Sadly, many of the girls that were abused were daughters of mothers that were firm in their beliefs and endorsement of this patriarchal subjugation, so-called worship of God. They spent their whole lives thinking that this was normal or at the very least to be endured and ignored. If the daughters dared complain to their own mothers about the molestation, they were often not believed or taken seriously.

This gave experienced predators and con artists like Stefan an open field and an easy time to coerce girls at leisure into acts of sexual nature against their will. After all, we should all give our bodies to Christ.

The shame and anger that follows these victims for the rest of their lives is insurmountable. Statistics show ten to twenty percent of ex-cult members like myself, are already dead due to drug overdose, murder or suicide!

Let that sink in for a second! Imagine one out of every ten people you know have either killed themselves been murdered or died of an overdose!

The shame and mental torture was even worse for those that were forced to bear children as a result of the rape, incest and abuse committed against them, which happened more than you would want to believe. I was lucky at least to never have to experience that!

Understandably, many are not willing to speak out against Stefan and all the other vicious predators that scorned Jesus’s name to commit unspeakable atrocities. They would rather be silent and try to ignore the past and rather focus on the life and struggles that lie in front of them. Many of them live on the edge of poverty and sanity, barely making ends meet, and often suffering from severe post-traumas, borderline and even psychotic neurological disabilities.

This is the evil gift that keeps on giving, decades and decades later until both abuser and victim pass the shackles of mortality

This is why the statute of limitations is an evil thing and needs to be destroyed, worldwide. It protects the guilty and harms the innocent more often than the other way around.

I was not able to speak out for over three decades. I learned from stories of many other victims that it is often not even worth it to speak out. Often the very society that alleges justice for all, as well as human rights and equality, punishes the very people that it alleges to protect!

How often do families, relatives, friends, justices and police try to turn a victim into a perpetrator by accusing them of lying, seeking revenge, or just being an attention whore? I had to experience this myself over and over again since the first time I dared to speak out against my abusers!

The first time I went to the police in 2015 to report the crimes committed against me by my parents and many others I was shocked and in utter disbelief to hear the reprimand by a male police officer in Bern Switzerland. This is an actual quotation from a real police officer that was present when I went to report the horrific child abuse, rape and torture that I suffered at the hands of my parents.

Comments from a Police Officer, 2015, Bern, Switzerland (German)

“You kind of people always come in here crying about your past. You think society owes you something because you were allegedly treated badly in your childhood instead of taking your life into your own hands and doing something with it. Of course it’s easier to demand compensation at the cost of the taxpayers instead of working for your own money like everybody else. It makes me sick.”

Yes, I made him sick. Me, the human piece of dirt who worked as a slave cooking, cleaning, begging for donations on the street and as a reward getting locked up, raped, denied food and basic human dignity.

The one who, when he finally ran away, demanded nothing from anybody for almost two decades. Who rather lived off of drug dealing, prostitution and street music, hard labor on precarious construction sites, night shifts unloading trucks to put the food in the shops that that arrogant son of a bitch policeman does his shopping in, serving beer until five in the morning to assholes like him who think that all foreigners should be expelled from Switzerland and people living off the social should be spied on and jailed.

I did all that because I had no choice!

I was never given one!

I did all that rather than take one penny from a taxpayer for over twenty years. I was suffering from massive burnouts, depression and constant suicidal thoughts on a daily basis. When I finally had the courage to go to a police station and file a lawsuit against my parents, I basically hear how much of a scumbag I am for letting myself get raped and how dare I complain about my past.

Imagine hearing that from the person who is by law supposed to represent and defend you. If I was a blonde bimbo I’m sure the police officer would have never said that to my face.

Luckily for both of us, the second, female officer that was taking my statement was appalled at his remarks and ordered him to leave the room immediately. Lucky for that police officer because I think I would have ripped his face off with my bare hands, and would have probably beaten him to death right then and there.

It was good that he left the room because I would probably either be dead as a direct result from assaulting an armed officer of the law or be in solitary confinement, sentenced to years in prison. Handwriting this book with prison stationary and wondering if my message will ever leave the prison walls. Lucky for me that I am still alive in my home surrounded by the people I love and the belongings that I have painstakingly accrued over decades of blood, sweat, and tears.

In 2015, shortly before I went to the police as I aforementioned, I invited Stefan and my mother for a few days at my apartment.

I was ambivalent about how I would react, and the thought had crossed my mind to erase them from this earth. However, I had decided to first meet them before making the call.

After all, it had been over a decade of cutting off contact with them. I was curious if they had come to their senses, maybe they would even apologize for their horrendous mistreatment of myself and other children.

I welcomed them warmly at the train station in Bern and drove them to my house. All the time wondering just how I would dispose of their bodies if I decided to go ahead with my plan.

They never suspected my true intentions or just how lucky they were to be able to leave my apartment alive days later. I fed them well, got them both very drunk and at some point late in the evening I confronted Stefan about all the sexual crimes he committed, after supper and three bottles of wine and many shots of grappa.

I wasn't scared anymore. The tables had turned. It was time for him to be very scared of me. Of course, he was too dumb to realize it.

Just the three of us, my mother, him and myself in the privacy of my own home. He looked me dead in the eye.

"I don't know what you are talking about. That never happened!"

It was as if he were speaking to a judge. He must have practiced those lines in front of a mirror over and over. To others this might seem like conviction of his own innocence. I, however, knew better.

I apologized to him, "Yeah, it's ok," I said, "it was so long ago I might be getting things mixed up."

Inside I was seething with rage and struggling to not let it show.

It was at that moment, having my stepfather looking me dead in the eye while drinking my wine and eating my food that I knew he would never be punished. He would get away scot-free for all the abuse, physical torture and psychological terror.

Even my own half-siblings were starting to meet up with him and mom to make their own peace with their past. To forgive and to forget. Even going so far as to let my parents meet their own children. "Wretch, vomit!" I thought to myself. I would never let Stefan ever be in the same room as my children.

It was then as he looked me dead in the eye, denying the rape, the beatings, the isolation and forced labor, the denial of a childhood, an education, proper food, the right to an opinion, the right of free speech– I knew now that I had truly made up my mind.

I was going to kill him.

It was not a question of if but a question of when and how. That same night I continued making plans in my head in great detail how I would overcome, subdue, dismember and destroy. Wipe him from the surface of the earth with not one cell of his body joined to another ever again.

After a lifetime of committing atrocities against countless minors, this man still walked free. Living off my grandparents' hard work in their house and spending their money. My grandparents would roll over in their graves if they knew.

I had to be the one to kill him, something close up and personal. I wanted my body to take the life from his body. I wanted to kill him and my horrible pedophile mother. She confessed to me after copious amounts of alcohol that she still thought I was very attractive and offered to have sex with me: her own grown son, in his own home. Imagine that!

I remember my mother often asking me if I thought she was pretty. Often I would go on "witnessing" trips with her, which meant travelling across Switzerland and staying in nice 4 or 5 star hotels that were "provisioned". The owners must have thought we were a charity NGO. Nothing was farther from the truth. We often went out with just the two of us in the evenings. On many, many occasions she would hint to me that she "wouldn't mind having some fun with me", especially as I was becoming a pubescent teenager.

I always changed the subject and ignored her. It didn't stop her from leaving the bathroom door open when she was showering. Later on I just outright told her it made me feel uncomfortable and started to decline the invitations to go on these so-called outreach trips with her.

It seemed my mother was hell-bent not just to rob my virginity as a little boy but to continue to abuse me sexually right up until I ran away. At the same time it was really frowned upon for pre-teen and teens to have sex because they were scared of the teenage girls getting pregnant. That didn't stop the adults from forcing the teenage girls (condoms were only allowed to prevent preteen girls from getting pregnant) to have sex with them, what a fucked up logic! Then again, they believed that we would all live forever in a golden city hidden in the moon.

You can't argue with such gargantuan stupidity.

Every time I had a crush on another girl around my age, I had to endure seeing them being paired off with adult men in the so-called "sharing nights". It disgusted me that these girls that I pined for were being passed around, over and over again. Some of the girls didn't like having sex with men old enough to be their father and on many occasions, the morning after those sharing nights I would find girls as young as twelve and thirteen years old shivering and crying in some corner of the basement or garage. I couldn't even comfort them, touch them, or hug them. The very fact that I was male was already enough to be repulsive to them, which I had a hard time understanding.

We children were just there to be servants, slaves to the adults. We had no rights, no freedom of speech and certainly no future other than to be mindless, soul-saving robots that would inevitably sacrifice their bodies and lives for the cause of an alcoholic child-abusing madman.

## Chapter 7

### The Day-to-Day Psychological Terror of Living as a Child in the Children of God

A common occurrence when I was growing up was the “Antichrist Escape Drill”.

It went something like this: An adult would come and quietly but very urgently wake you up in the middle of the night, telling you we were about to be captured and most likely executed by the secret Antichrist police. We were instructed to get dressed without making a sound, and get our survival bags and then meet at the back of the house in the pitch dark. Sometimes they would have adults dressed up as police with fake or sometimes real guns, who would pretend to patrol the rooms so that we were forced to hide under the beds or anywhere possible. I believed I was surely about to die, and after such drills I often had nightmares of being thrown to lions or being burned at the stake. I was a brave little Christian boy ready to die (while shitting his pants) for the beliefs of his parents. I would have given my life to protect my siblings and parents. Once I even darted out of the room and ran across the hall because my younger siblings were crying and I thought I needed to draw attention away from them. I remember running down the hall, cringing. I was sure at any moment it would be pop, pop, pop, and then sweet silence as Jesus would come down from heaven to carry me home. I had no doubt in my mind that this is exactly what would happen should I die.

If you were a child in the Children of God, and if you managed to sleep through the night without being sexually molested or terrorized into thinking you were about to die, your daily life would have been similar to this.

First of all, all children were often not permitted to live in the same room as their parents and sometimes not even in the same house. Often kids were separated from their parents either willingly or by force in order to disassociate them and raise them as future brainwashed members of the cult

At the age of five, I too was separated from my parents and my two younger siblings and forced to go to another house, a so-called “boarding school”.

Children were grouped in the following age groups: (variations possible)

Toddlers	0 - 3
YCs	4 - 6
MCs	7 - 8
OCs	9 - 11
JETTS	12 - 14
Teens	16 - 18
YAs	18 - 21

It was not permitted for individual parents to raise their own children. Any adult could discipline or punish any child at whim. Because of this, the more sadistically inclined adults used these freedoms to inflict pain and humiliation on children at their behest. In fact, a child reporting on an abusive adult usually meant getting beaten on top of being

labelled a liar. Often this caused even further suffering and emotional scarring by becoming an outcast with the other children, as they would be scared to be associated with someone who was labeled as a liar or tattle-tale. This kind of treatment could last for months or until you moved to a different commune, where your reputation often followed you.

I was once labeled as a liar for something I supposedly denied doing when I was five years old. I was still being called Tommy the liar at the age of nine, four years later. This also meant the predisposition towards me was tainted from the start: even if I was telling the truth, I would still not be believed

This is a quick example of the militant, daily routine that I, along with thousands of other children endured:

05:30 Wake up time	Reveille
05:45 Wash face, comb hair, make bed	(Without a single wrinkle, otherwise entire bedding would be thrown on the floor and told to be made again during breakfast.)
05:55 Stand in Line	Body inspection, nails, hair, clothing must be perfect and clean
06:00 Breakfast and Word-time	You must eat your breakfast in complete silence while listening to an adult "Shepherd" read the writings of the cult leader Moses David. If you talked or didn't "pay attention", you could be beaten publicly and/or demanded to wash the dishes of hundreds of people by hand, which would take several hours.
6:30 – 12:00 Group A	Kitchen duty, childcare, cleaning toilets, mopping floors, laundry and all kinds of menial labor
6:30 – 12:00 Group B	Leaving the commune for witnessing, singing, dance practice, outreach, busking and begging for donations
12:00 – 12:30	Lunch and Word-time (Disciplinary Meetings) See breakfast
12:30 – 13:00	Word Time or Kitchen duty      Kitchen duty:

Wash dishes for the whole commune by hand, usually in a group of three children supervised by one teenager or adult. I hated kitchen duty because when the adults weren't around, the older teens and stronger "Jetts" would torture and bully the younger children, like me. They would whip me with a wet kitchen towel and make bets on who could hurt me or other children the most, give wet willies, punch me in the stomach as I walked past them, threaten to pour boiling water over my head with a ladle or even throw boiling water in my direction. One of their favorite torture methods was to repeatedly push my head under the dirty slop wash when I was washing dishes. Once they held my head under water so long that I almost drowned in a sink filled with all manner of disgusting food waste and they would shove the wet left over food down the back of my neck, into my clothes, and many other unusual and creative forms of torture. I didn't dare to say who did it to the adults because the retribution would be even worse than the torture and I was a scared little boy at the age of ten through twelve. One morning I was removing fish sticks from the oven and an older kid named Tom slammed the hot oven door on both my arms. My skin melted on both sides in long strips that smelled a bit like barbecued chicken. It was so painful I started screaming out in pain. The heat melted the skin all the way through and as you can imagine I neither reported who did it to me nor did I receive any first aid for the wounds other than some cold water. I was not even permitted to leave my place of work. I threw up from the pain and was forced to clean the mess myself. Tom never got punished because he claimed I lied. He said I accidentally closed the door on myself. None of the adults believed me and because I refused to tell who did it, once the scars healed a bit a few days later I received a beating for lying on top of it.

Word Time: Lie on your bunk and either sleep or read scripture, not permitted to leave the room or use the toilet, If you didn't manage to use a toilet before Word Time, you had to hold it in. This was also true after bedtime in the evening. Either you tried to sneak to the toilet and risk getting whipped, or hold it in as long as you could. I often experienced excruciating pain because I held it until my bladder eventually went limp resulting in me peeing all over myself and was then whipped adding injury to insult. I have bladder problems to this day because of abuse like this.

13:00 – 14:00 Snack time	Fruit or sometimes sandwiches etc.
14:00 – 16:00 PE	Physical Education, sports, capture the flag, tag, baseball, hiking etc.
16:00 – 16:30 Shower time	a great time to be molested and even raped in the shower
16:30 – 18:00 Dinner prep	Cooking and getting beat up by the teenagers that were in charge. I was purposely burned, as well as scalded multiple times at the age of nine to ten by older children and adults
18:00 – 18:30 Dinner and Word time	see above



18:30 – 19:00

Kitchen Duty (Those who didn't have lunch duties)

After Dinner there was either group activities known as Prayer Vigils, Game Night, Dance Night, Sharing Night, and Video Night or "Free Time".

"Free Time" lasted one hour and was my favorite time of the day. I often built things out of cardboard, wrote poetry, played guitar, read the heavily censored encyclopedias and history almanacs, and taught myself how to draw people and skeletons.

I would often draw my roommates, especially the pretty girls and sometimes I even was good enough that I got a compliment here and there. Other times I was asked to stop as said recipient of my affection deemed me to be a creep and occasionally I was made fun of and ridiculed for my "mauvais efforts".

Generally I flew under the radar for the most part and I tried to keep it that way as I was already bullied and beaten enough as it was.

The many dangers to life and limb didn't only come from within our hallowed walls of evil. The cult often travelled to developing countries and set up "missionary homes" in places that were under-developed, ridden with civil-war, and ripe with poverty and political instability. That meant often stories were whispered in the dark about auntie and uncle so-and-so getting robbed, or raped, and even murdered. There were even Mo-letters coming out rated adults only that went into gory detail of these kinds of atrocities being committed against "Family Members".

However, God would reward our suffering, wouldn't he?

The risk was worth such heavenly reward.

On occasion as a child, I accidentally got my hands on some of these publications. The sickening fact was that the cult leader almost always blamed the victims for not being careful enough or loving enough to handle the horror of the moment.

After one adult female got raped and murdered, Moses David the cult leader personally blamed her for not letting the men willingly rape her and for not showing God's love to them. In my own interpretation of how I understood what he wrote, it was her own damn fault for getting murdered because she didn't trust God's will! Imagine that.

These occurrences are still well documented and can be found online with a little research.

Growing up in India in the 80s was dangerous. Civil unrest between different religious and ethnic groups was constantly present, and the kettle was set to boil over at any point.

Looking back I realize just how lucky I was to survive my childhood in India.

## Chapter 8

### Will I meet Jesus on a Rooftop?

While I was busy being a little four year old boy, other cataclysmic events were unfolding.

In 1984 the militant leader Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale was ordered removed from the Harmandir Sahib complex in Amritsar, Punjab by the Prime Minister, Indira Gandhi.

Bhindranwale's militants had murdered Hindus, Nirankaris and even devout Sikhs that were opposed to his violent beliefs and doctrines. Bhindranwale challenged the Indian authority with violence and thus was considered a threat to the government and population of India.

After a long siege in June 1984 where hundreds of people including innocent civilians lost their lives, Bhindranwale was killed and his mostly dead militants removed from the temple complex.

Regarded by some Sikhs as a martyr and a hero, it was evident to all that the Sikhs would retaliate.

On 31.10.1984 Indira Gandhi was murdered by two of her Sikh bodyguards.

I was just four years old at the time. My mother very quietly and urgently woke me up in the middle of the night, telling me to not make a sound. We, with other commune members, all fled onto the roof of the complex we were living in. Most roofs in Dehli are flat and often used as playgrounds, for social gatherings and even have gardens planted on them. You would also find giant water distribution tanks and the exterior parts of the air conditioning units. Some would even have small pools or other fancy stuff like a tennis court etc.

My mother said I should start praying to Jesus that he will spare us, and told me there is the possibility that we might go to heaven any minute.

"Evil men are roaming the streets killing people", She quietly said. I could see the fear in her eyes.

"It's ok, Mommy." I reassured her, "Jesus will protect us, won't he?"

I could hear the screams and blood-curdling cries of hate and agony from the streets below, or the occasional burst of bullets being fired. We were instructed to not look over the roof walls and keep all the lights off. Not so much as a flashlight should give away our presence.

The mob that was incited against the Sikhs by the Hindus for assassinating Indira Gandhi had now turned into a murder fest. Even women and children were not spared. Some were hacked to death with machetes or burnt alive while others were dragged behind cars, crushed by trucks or just simply beaten and kicked to death. Hindu men raped Sikh women and slashed their babies.

Fathers were beheaded in front of their children. So many untold atrocities committed that night and the days that followed were covered up for decades following.

More than three thousand Sikhs and other minorities were butchered across Dehli. Twenty thousand civilians fled Dehli, and in total, an estimated seventeen thousand Sikh men, women and children lost their lives.

My Parents and other cult members in the community feared for their lives. Hindus, we were told, are known to be particularly hateful towards us white “demons” and our “Christianity”.

The Indians had been oppressed by “Christians” for many centuries. First the Dutch, and then the British. In any case, an attack on our commune seemed highly likely.

The adults feared that if the mob found a group of “white demons” hiding on the roof of their commune they might decide to indiscriminately rape, pillage and rid themselves of us as well.

Considering the scale of violence, the fear of death was real and noticeable amongst all the adults. Some were babbling to themselves in a corner while others were weeping, clutching their children as if waiting for the inevitable to happen.

We could hear the pounding of doors and the smashing of glass windows. I resigned myself to death. I hoped that I would not cry as I visualized the machete slicing through my skull or severing my little neck from my body. Once again I was convinced that I was going to be a martyr for Jesus at the ripe old age of four.

Lucky for us however, a local friend of the commune was a high ranking military officer in Dehli. After many hours of being trapped on the roof, the officer and his men pushed their way through the mob's mayhem and slaughter in the streets below and had several cars and army vehicles ready to escort us out of the danger zone. As we all hurried to get into one of the cars, my mother tried to cover my eyes so I wouldn't see the horrors on the street below. I was so scared however, I did not want to die without seeing anything! I resisted violently and managed to free myself of her grasp, only to see the horrors firsthand.

There was fire and smoke coming from all directions. People screaming and crying in untold agony. An old man lay dead in the road, his chest cavity still burning like a fire pit. A head lay by the side of the road, his eyes still wide open, the body nowhere to be seen. A river of blood was flowing into an open drain.

As we drove away from our home, we passed bodies burnt to complete disfiguration, dead children that were hacked to death in the most vicious way imaginable, a barely alive man stumbling down the road with a machete hacked clean into the middle of his face, moments away from death.

Men were hanging by their necks from trees and telephone poles. My mother kept trying to cover my eyes. I gave in, I had seen enough. The drive out of Delhi was long and uncomfortable. I woke up the following morning in a strange room on a strange bed. My mommy was sleeping next to me and my baby brother. Daddy was sleeping soundly on the balcony floor with a machete under his arm.

After the ordeal in New Delhi, we travelled from hotel to hotel for months on end. Finally our family got clearance from the cult's global leadership, to join a commune in Kolkata. In the summer of 1985 we took the long train journey headed south-east to our new home. I vividly remember that train journey. It was hot as hell, humid, and I was constantly hungry and thirsty. My parents were very stingy with food and water, and as a small boy there was only one expression for it: living hell.

To top it all off, my mother was once again pregnant and almost due to give birth. Her being pregnant meant that Stefan had to look after my brother and me even more. He didn't really enjoy looking after kids, so he would often scream at us and beat us for the tiniest misdemeanors. Never in public, always in private. And he never forgot a threat, even once. If he said "I am going to show you the wrath of God!" boy, you knew you would not be sitting down for a few days afterwards. Often I would faint from the overwhelming pain, especially if the belt hit my testicles, or my lower legs and ankles.

Sometimes Stefan would beat me so mercilessly and violently he would get an erection. He would hold my mouth shut with his hand so that no one could hear me screaming. After he whipped me to his satisfaction, he would touch my penis lovingly while pulling up my underwear and trousers. He would wipe the tears from my eyes and say "You know I'm doing this because I love you." He would expect me to reciprocate "Daddy I love you too." He would then hug me and then tell me to "go back to the others, I need to finish up." Later it became clear to me that he masturbated after I was gone.

At long last we had arrived at Kolkata train station and piled into one of those Hindustan Ambassador taxis. Many hours later we finally arrived at a villa in the middle of the countryside. It was already occupied by a few other cult members from the US who had settled there some time ago.

A high walled garden topped with jagged glass and metal spikes loomed in every direction of the property. A large and foreboding rust-colored iron gate denied entry to all that would seek to harm its occupants.

I felt safe.

That was a good thing. I was suffering enough as it was from nightmares and the white furry demon that came plaguing me in the night. It was in that condo that the nightmares started which were to haunt me for many following years.

During my free time however, I mostly played in the garden, watched the chipmunks and monkeys climb around in the trees and played with all the insects and bugs I got my hands on, even eating one here and there only to realize that bugs were bitter, crunchy yet mushy, and not quite to my liking. I was after all only four years old.

Inside, the condo was made up of very simple white washed plastered walls, and it looked better on the inside than you would expect it to be from the outside. In fact, it was rather clean and intact. As all the rooms were on the ground floor, each room had a sliding glass door that connected it to the garden which was circumjacent to the house. A large living-dining area was connected to the kitchen by a wall with a large, plastered opening and wooden buffet surface. Shutters were mounted on either side that you could open to serve food. The rickety bamboo shutters had rusty hinges and hung rather askew. We children were instructed to always leave them open and secured to the wall and to not play with them lest the landlord charge us for the damage.

The living-dining area and kitchen took up the entire left side of the house. The right side had four bedrooms along the hallway which then made a right turn and two rooms followed

on the right side. Behind that was a very large shower facility and a separate room with toilet stalls in it.

Behind the kitchen there was a shed for cleaning pots and pans, chicken wire fence and garbage disposal and lots of laundry lines. It was messy back there and we didn't like going into that part of the outside perimeter, especially after dark as it was known that leopards sometimes managed to find a way onto compounds to maul goats, chickens, or even children.

Other dangers were close at hand. Cobras and other poisonous snakes were common in the area, and the back of our house was separated from dense jungle only by the aforementioned brick and mortar wall topped with glass shards. There were circles of barbed wire attached to metal poles embedded into the brick that added extra protection.

Protection aside, we kids were still scared to go into the garden alone, especially after dark. We had all heard the scary story of a leopard jumping onto an overhanging tree near the perimeter walls and sneaking into some poor family's garden at night. A door or window left open would give opportunity for the beast to enter the unsuspecting children's bedroom, killing one of them in its sleep and then dragging it back up the tree and off into the jungle, never to be seen again.

These stories were very real to us and our parents as well, so there were precautions. For example, it was absolutely forbidden for us children to use the small metal gate in the backyard that led into the jungle. Not that I would have ever dared, to be honest. The windows on the ground floor all had wire mesh on them so you could leave them open after dusk to cool off the house, and as long as the sliding glass doors were closed at night, there wasn't too much to be afraid of. One of the other kids claimed he saw a leopard walking around the garden at night, but I cannot verify his story.

Once there was a justifiably big commotion in the house, and people were running around frantically. I just kept hearing the words "very dangerous", "oh my god", "Jesus help us", and "cobra in the garden".

I ran to the living room window and wanted to open it. Immediately I was reprimanded by one of the Aunties that there was a venomous snake, and that no one should go outside or open any doors or windows. Then I saw it. In the middle of our garden grew a short and stubby tree. A dark tangled shadow was wrapped around one of its lower tree branches.

I gasped. I'd never seen a wild animal this close. I was intrigued whilst very frightened.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Three gunshots echoed from a window close by. The snake unwillingly unraveled itself and fell dead to the ground. An adult male dressed in rubber boots, heavy jeans and a leather jacket cautiously approached the dead snake with the rifle still in hand. Him and another adult male used forked sticks to push the snake into a cardboard box and then pushed it towards the forbidden backyard gate. One adult opened the door, and both of them disappeared into the jungle for a while. Some of the girls started to cry in panic. At last both returned, unharmed.

“Poor snake,” I thought to myself, “It wasn’t hurting anyone”. Maybe I had even secretly hoped it would rise from the dead to bite and kill one of the horrible adults

There were other children there too, I especially remember two other girls around my age. The three of us really liked each other. One was my age and the other one about a year and a half older than I. As so often at the time we were encouraged to bathe and shower together, have sleepovers and well, you get the picture. I hate to admit it, but I didn’t know better at the time, and I found it to be one of the few enjoyable activities as we could usually play as long as we wanted, build tents on our beds for privacy and the adults left us alone for the most part.

Unfortunately my parents, as aforementioned, were also very keen on showing and teaching me how to sexually gratify them as well. They often invited me to bed for cuddle time. I usually just “got it over with” when I was asked to “help out” my step-dad or “join in” with both him and my mother. Of course I obliged. I loved my parents and I was convinced that they truly believed they were doing something nice for me.

I mostly hated my step-father for having sex with me because it made me feel like a girl, which I wasn’t. I didn’t have a vagina I kept thinking to myself, so why is he always trying to put his appendage inside me or rub it between my cheeks?

Of course I preferred “doing it” with other girls my own age, and so I looked forward to the children’s Sharing Nights as a welcome escape from my parents’ bedroom. Adult Sharing Nights were worse. Often my mother made a bed for me on the floor, and then after putting me to bed, would scamper off to get drunk with the other adults before returning late at night with another random adult male and would then noisily grunt away, moaning and speaking in tongues. They made no effort to be considerate or quiet. Often I saw the adult male climb over me, sleeping at the foot of the bed after walking out into the corridor down the hall with his dripping pee-pee fully visible, going to urinate and then wash himself before commencing anew. Sometimes different men would take turns and my mother would willingly let anyone enter her that wanted to. The noise would keep me up for hours, yet I dared not seem awake for fear that I might be asked to join them. Even my mother’s being eight months pregnant didn’t stop her from sleeping with every male that came through the commune, pun intended. Putain de bordel de merde!

One of the few nice memories of that condo was the most amazing food that a local Indian cook prepared. He was super chill and nice to us kids. Sadly it only lasted a few short weeks after we arrived.

One of the American women got severe diarrhea, as was very common in India, and blamed it on poor Rajesh. She claimed he always cooked with way too much oil and spices and it was not supportable for her stupid American stomach. She decided it was only logical that she would take over the cooking duties and reduced Rajesh to being just the help in the kitchen washing dishes, cutting vegetables and so on. This was an utter insult to the man who stormed out. Thanks to the idiotic American woman, we now ate unflavored dahl, rice, bland porridge and vegetables that were boiled to death in brackish water. It was truly god-awful.

Witnessing with my mother was a welcome break from the tyranny of Stefan and the other adults. When I was on the road with my mother and other cult members as a young boy, my mother and I would sometimes sneak off from the group and get ice cream or cookies. That was quite brave of my mother as she was still scared of being on her own in public after the taxi incident.

Sugar and alcohol were considered vices in the Children of God, but a lot of adults still sneakily ate sweets and drank alcohol so long as the “Spiritual Leaders” weren’t present.

I was always very happy when my mom or other aunties took me into town.

What never ceased to sadden me were all the lepers and diseased beggars I saw everywhere. They were a common sight, especially in Kolkata. You saw them begging everywhere. Especially at the traffic lights they would knock on the windows with their gnarly disfigured stumps, and if you were stupid enough to have the windows down they would thrust their stumps into your face, demanding money.

Beggars of every age came up to me at every possible opportunity. With their rotting fingers, wrist stumps and filthy clothes, begging for anything: food, rice, money.

I am but a small boy, I want to help but I have nothing, I tried telling them. My mother, who claimed to be a missionary, was in India behaving as a self-righteous emissary of God. She would proclaim loudly and proudly that she is there to spread the love of Jesus. However when she saw the sick and rotting beggars, she was visibly repulsed and horrified by them. Not as compassionate like Jesus, were you, Mommy?

She would push them away aggressively when they came too close to her or me and my little brother in the buggy. Not at all like Jesus who cleansed the lepers, healed the sick and raised the dead.

She mostly preferred to witness to white, male tourists. Really, Mommy? You horny racist!

We stayed in Kolkata for quite a while, and soon I was 5 years old. My days were spent being bored, hot and restless so I was happy to go on outings, shopping and witnessing trips.

At home I often looked after my younger brother and now also baby sister as well. It was required of children from a young age to also help with the cooking and cleaning. It was an unfulfilling and meaningless, mundane existence.

Reading the Word of God was strongly encouraged so it was natural to me to read rather well at quite a young age. I actually enjoyed reading because I loved stories. Albeit they were mostly bible stories and stuff written by the cult-leader. But if you’ve never had good literature, you wouldn’t know what you are missing, right? I mean the flood was a pretty good story, wasn’t it? Cain killing his brother? Wow, so intense. Oh, and mothers eating their own children in the book of Kings? Joshua murdering innocent mothers and children after taking over the “promised Land? I mean come on, aren’t those very nice murder porn stories? How exciting can the Bible truly be?

One trip I vividly remember happened in the summer of 1986. We were going into the slums of Kolkata, India to preach the word of God and some of us kids would pass out pamphlets while the adults would distribute some food and clothing to the people living in the slums.

We all piled into some rickshaws and headed for our destination. My mother and I ended up together along with one of the other adult men. We disembarked into this very poor neighborhood and my mother immediately bee-lined for the only other white people walking around. She began talking to them about Jesus. Her face lit up as she switched to German. "Aw great" I thought to myself, "Mommy's found herself some German speaking people. Good for her."

I uninterestedly watched her ranting about Jesus and other anti-establishment, sectarian jargon. For the most part I was not listening to a word she said, my mind preferred to wander elsewhere, with my eyes soaking in all the sights, sounds and smells that surrounded me, as inquisitive yet fearful as a young boy would naturally be.

I noticed a small brown boy about my age, smiling at me. He was missing one leg below the knee. The amputation wound was festering, full of maggots, and yellow ooze seeped through his bandages. It looked utterly revolting, yet I felt drawn towards him. He had a Y shaped stick under his arm acting as a crutch for his missing leg. "He will be dead soon," I thought to myself.

The boy shook his head and smiled in a friendly manner through rotting, crooked teeth at me.

"Please, Please, Please" he said.

He kept smiling. He approached me and suddenly grabbed my arm with his still healthy left hand as if he wanted me to follow him. I noticed that most of his right fingers were bandaged stumps or completely missing. Probably from leprosy.

I looked helplessly at my mother who was now completely immersed in showing the pasty Germans her literature, quoting passages of her bible and trying to proselytize them. I tried to get her attention but all I received in response was,

"Shush! The adults are talking"

"Fine I guess no 'no' is a 'yes'", I thought to myself. I looked at the boy who was still smiling bigger than life.

"How can he be so happy?" I thought to myself.

"I'm so miserable in this heat, and he's about to die. He must be in so much pain, yet he smiles like the richest man on earth."

I followed him about 10 paces, always looking back to keep my mom in eyesight.



He led me to a ditch at the side of some railway tracks. There was a bundle of rags in the festering slime, shit and dirty water. Then I saw it. A child's tiny, pudgy hand and lower arm. Some animal had already made a meal of its lower legs. Its head is mercifully covered by rags and garbage so I can't see its face.

The little boy muttered something I couldn't understand but I think I got what he meant.

"Brother? Sister!?" I stammer, completely out of my league emotionally. Tears well up in my eyes.

"Yes", he shook his head tearfully, "Sister". "Dogs", he makes a signing motion with his hands and mouth.

"Dogs killed your sister?"

He shakes his head again. Wild dogs and leopards were known to snatch small children left alone unattended. Especially at dusk or after darkness fell.

By now the sight of death was not new to me. Trains just run through the slums and markets and people coexist with them. Busses and trucks, rickshaws hurry by during the day. At night tigers, wild dogs, leopards and even tigers roam looking for their next meal.

The constant fear of catching leprosy, tuberculosis, dysentery is present everywhere like the open sewage and feces covering the ground and filling the atmosphere with the smell of rampant sickness and suffering.

It was normal to see a rotting animal corpse on the side of the road, a dog with its entire back side crushed by a passing bus or freight train, sometimes still alive and whimpering loudly in pain. It didn't seem to faze the people passing by.

Later on I saw a mother and her adolescent daughter get killed by a speeding truck in Agra as they crossed a 6 lane road.

Ironically, the truck was swerving to avoid crashing into a cow.

The daughter was hit straight on and thrown for quite a few meters and was hopefully killed instantly. The mother could not jump out of the way as she had one of those enormous head baskets filled with fruit, if I remember correctly. Subsequently she was dragged under the left front wheel, instantly severing her in half. The double rear tires finished off her lower body, grinding it into a bloody mixture of cloth and mincemeat, her intestines stretched and flattened for meters down the road.

She was still alive, watching helplessly as her dead daughter's body also was crushed under the wheels of the still speeding truck. Body remnants dragged on for meters, severed limbs and torso spread all over the asphalt. The driver didn't even stop. He sped off, leaving only the bloody tire marks behind in the road and seemed to either not to notice he had just murdered two human beings in broad daylight, or he just didn't care. A few people looked mildly interested and went about their day.

There was nothing to do for them anymore. The mother mercifully, went limp and died. I was in such shock that I froze. My mother was busy haggling over something or other at one of the fruit and vegetable markets, completely oblivious to what was happening.

The following traffic sometimes made an effort to swerve around them, others just drove right over the mashed remains, spreading the gore further and further up the road. The wild dogs and other predators would make a meal of them that night and undoubtedly the heavy rains would wash away the rest.

My mother, having finished her purchase, grabbed my hand and pulled me along the sidewalk up the road to wherever we were headed. It was so crowded that my mother was focused on navigating through the throng of people. I just stared at that road in shock as I too, was pulled back into the seething mass of people bustling about.

No tears, just a blank expression on my face, no nothing. Just awe and sadness.

I dreamed of it over and over again. Sometimes it was me being run over by the truck and then falling into darkness only then to be jolted awake.

Human life means nothing here. You are here today and then suddenly you die. Horribly and painfully. It makes sense to believe in an afterlife because this life here. It really is terrifyingly awful, I remember thinking to myself.

If you think that things have changed for the better in India since then, sadly you are wrong. In fact the average death toll in India over the last five years still exceeds 130,000 people a year. That means one out of every ten people that get killed on the road worldwide, die in India. To put this into perspective it would be the entire population of Bern, Switzerland being wiped out year after year.

I look at the boy, do you have a mother? Father? He nods his head, then shakes it. In India head gestures are opposite to western culture. I understood that he realized he said yes when he meant to say no. He makes a sleeping gesture.

“Your parents are dead?”

Yes.

He looks at his sores, holding up his rotting hand. I am now guessing them too, died of leprosy, his sister lying dead in a ditch, her body eaten by dogs. And yet he smiles.

I understand for the first time in my life. His smile is not happiness, it is hope. In my pocket I have a tiny Lego figure from the mail and packages my grandmother sent us every month. I want to be a good Christian and share the little that I have. After all, Jesus is watching me and will be proud. I give it to him and shrug my shoulders. It's literally my only possession, I tell him.

An adult Indian comes over to us and rips the boy up from where he is standing and yells in his face in what I assume is Bengali. I can't understand the words but his body language and expression make it very clear.

“What did I tell you about stealing, I will beat you if I catch you again. Dalit! Don't talk to shada boy” I only understood “shada” but I assume he means me. I am now as furious as a near-six year old boy could possibly be.

He looks at me saying,  
"Sorry, Sorry"

He thinks the boy stole the Lego from me, so he angrily rips it out of his hand and pushes it back into my hand. I yell,

"NO! I GAVE IT TO HIM"

The Indian man looks perplexed, I angrily push the man to let the boy down and demonstratively push the Lego figure back into the boy's one healthy hand.

The boy is no longer smiling but weeping great big tears out of his large brown eyes. My mother, hearing all the commotion, runs over to me with a look of fear in her eyes. She grabs me up under the arm and painfully hurries me a few meters away before putting me down. She pulls at my arm so hard I fear she might rip my arm off, as she yells at me,

"Don't run off from your mother like that! Someone could kidnap you!"

I keep eye contact with the boy as he sadly waves to me, as he is held back from following us by the grumpy Indian man.

My mother is visibly distraught and seeing me cry, relaxes a little.

"I'm sorry honey, you scared me." She strokes my hair. "How about we get you some cookies?"

I nod, whimpering as I follow her down the unpaved street and out of sight of my new-found friend. After I get my cookies I insist on going back to find the boy but either we are disorientated, or the man and the boy have gone somewhere else. Every street looks so much the same that I resign myself to never seeing him again.

I hoped that he would always remember me when he played with my little Lego racing driver.

Weeks went by and I kept asking my mother if we could go back to the slum market where I saw the boy. The Lego man I gave him had a little racing car that went with it. I remember that I received it soon after the birth of my baby sister. My brother and I each got one. A very simple Lego racing car and driver with a helmet. It seemed to me that the two belonged together and I was determined to find him and complete my gift.

To me it was logical that if we took a rickshaw again to the same area and got out at the same place, I might just have a chance to find him.

A few weeks later we were in the same area and I was overcome with joy to recognize the grumpy Indian man. He recognized me and gave me the faintest of nods with his head. I pulled away from my mother and ran over to him, smiling. I looked up hopefully at him. He looked at me sadly and pulled from his pocket the bright red and yellow Lego man. The white helmet still on its head

He handed it to me, shrugging his shoulders, his mouth pouting and tears forming in his eyes. I put my hand over the little Lego man in his hand, immediately understanding what he was trying to tell me.

I told him,

“Keep it”

It was clear. The little boy had left his horrible existence of sickness, starvation and pain. I put the car in the man’s hand that belonged to the race driver. The man tried to refuse, tears now dripping down his cheeks.

“They belong together, they belong to him now. Or maybe, maybe you can give it to someone else”, I mutter on the verge of tears

I pushed his hands closed and away from me to sign that I did not want to have the toy back.

The Indian man closed his hand with the little Lego man and car inside. He put his hands together and bowed towards me.

“Thank you, thank you.” He tried to smile.

I turned and walked away, all the while looking back. As if somehow hoping I misunderstood the man. That the boy with the biggest eyes and the brightest smile on earth would suddenly show up in the crowd and wave to me. He doesn’t. Reality hits me and I start to cry.

The memory of that boy and that Lego racer would follow me for many years.

Below is the exact Lego car I had, my only possession at the time.



## Chapter 9

### Triangle of Desire

The memories of demons' past fade into the shadows of the forest trees. I was so exhausted, I had fallen asleep sitting on the forest floor, and woke up again, still bare and naked. With a jolt I come back to my senses and in a confused yet slightly more sober stupor, I rise to my feet and realize that my bladder is bursting. Wearily I put one foot in front of the other, supporting my gait by leaning against this and that tree, until I keel over and rest my forehead against the bark of a mighty coniferous. The tree hopefully won't mind me feeding it all the liquid, minerals and drugs my body no longer has use for.

The stream comes painful and slow. My bladder muscles have been holding on so long that it is truly agonizing to finally let go.

"Wouldn't it be nice to be able to do the same to these awful memories?" I ask myself. "To just pee them all away?"

"Then again, if I forget them, how will I ever remember to avenge myself against those who tortured me?"

Exhausted and shivering, I stumbled into the tent in search of my clothes and hurriedly put them on. I must have sat naked outside for quite a few hours and I am severely undercooled. As my body heat slowly returns, I look outside through the screen mesh of the tent and see the summer sun already disappearing over the horizon. The clouds have lifted and the sunset paints a beautiful picture above the ugliness of the industrial area below and the concrete block housing. Mankind's scars on the earth.

"It must be way past nine pm" I thought to myself. "How long was I out for?"

"Lucky no one saw me like this. I hope..."

A tall highway bridge breaches the gap between two forest hills with the sun setting just behind its massive arches. They cast long looming shadows over the ravine and river flowing beneath it. The valley below echoes the trains passing overhead. The industrial concrete buildings at its feet, graffiti-stained and tagged with local racist slogans, beautiful artwork and of course the predictable and almost obligatory FTP. Proudly and artistically sprayed on by the dredges of society.

The buildings reflect the orange hue of the sun's beauty. Its reflection remains forever unreachable and untouchable by the novice anarchists spray painting cops = pigs. Wherever belligerent belching drunkards gather, they will celebrate their own ignorance and willful destruction of their brain cells and inner organs.

I look down lovingly at the beautiful girl sleeping soundly. Not a whimper from her lips. She's so beautiful to me that I want to capture this moment. Who knows what will happen when she wakes up. Maybe she won't remember anything and be very confused or even regretful. Maybe she'll even decide she wants nothing to do with the lonely vagrant at the top of this hill.

I pull out my sketch pad and pencil and draw her as best as I can, in this beautiful side profile pose. Just well enough that I will always be able to think back on the beautiful events that brought us here, together, even if only for a glimpse in time.

The sunlight slowly fades, replaced by the moon and stars illuminating the curvature of the sky. I struggle to keep my eyes open. Having drunk all of the vodka and smoked every last cigarette, my lungs and body can take no more abuse for now. I put my sketch pad safely back into my bag and awkwardly clothe myself, trying not to wake her up while not caring about the dried blood and dirt sticking to every part of my body.

With the last of my strength I huddle for warmth next to the perfect stranger still fast asleep beside me. I never did ask her name, I think to myself as I open my sleeping bag and with the last of my strength push it lazily over my body and I, the dirty homeless urchin drift off, diving into a dizzying kaleidoscope of hallucinogenic beauty slowly fading to darkness.

She awakens from the sun's light irradiating the tent early Sunday morning. The tent is hot, sticky, and as unromantic as can possibly be. Malodorous body scents, flatulence, and stale smoke permeate the confined air.

As I lie unconscious, in an unflattering pose on the tent's floor, borborygmus noises exude embarrassingly from my belly. A morning wood bulge visibly protruding in my jeans. My body, it seems, was quite unaware of the beautiful girl next to me and had made no effort to masquerade its nastiness.

She is audibly pissed off that I had finished all the liquid and cigarettes as she rudely wakes me up.

"Hey you, get up... dick!" She nudges me incessantly until I begrudgingly open my eyes.

In a very hoarse voice she says irritably.

"Please tell me you didn't finish all the drinks? I'm so thirsty, my mouth feels like cotton and my head is throbbing!"

"Hold on," I tell her. I bolt awkwardly upright and crawl out of the tent to a nearby bush, where I had a hidden stash of a few water bottles. I pull one out and give it to her.

She snatches the water bottle from my hand as eagerly as an alcoholic shaking from withdrawal would grab a bottle of vodka. She drinks half of it in hasty gulping before relaxing her demeanor a bit.

I smile at her, she's all dirty, smudged make up everywhere. Her face is pale as translucent porcelain and I can see blue veins shimmering beneath. Dark rings outline her intricately beautiful eyes. She looks at me like a pouty toddler in disoriented bewilderment.

She sighs at me. "What did we do last night? How long have I been asleep?"

“You slept through most of Saturday all the way up to now. Judging by the position of the sun over the trees, it’s probably early morning Sunday.”

I think to myself “Please darling, please remember what happened, it was so beautiful, at least to me. It would have broken my heart if she’d forgotten.”

She looks at me intently again, trying to make sense of what is going on. At last she smiles, “She remembers what happened!” I think to myself and exhale in happy reassurance.

She boops me on the nose jokingly and says, “I need to use the bathroom.”

I help her out of the tent and fumble for some toilet paper in my backpack. I hand it to her and she hurries off crossing her legs as she walks.

A sigh of relief followed by various other sounds come from behind a nearby tree. I chuckle to myself and she tells me to stop laughing.

As she returns, still only wearing a t-shirt and underwear, I help her wash her hands and face. A simple soap bar, water bottle and washcloth are part of my day to day kit, and she seems relieved that this bum has sense for personal hygiene. I hand her the jeans that were lying near the tent’s flap and hold her gently around the waist as she puts them back on.

She leans back towards me and I kiss her on the nape of her neck while gently stroking her belly and whispering in her ear.

“You are so beautiful... To me.”

After buckling her belt, she turns to me and looks up, touching my lips with her finger and giggles,

“You aren’t bad looking yourself”

I laugh and she pecks me a kiss on the cheek.

“Are you hungry?” I ask her. She nods and I motion her to the back of the tent

I tell her, “You have to help me with this.”

I remove the tent pegs from the rear and ask her to lift the back of the tent up. We pull out a small flat wooden board that is covering a hole in the ground. In the hole is a plastic bag. It’s tightly wrapped around an emergency reserve of vodka, pumpernickel bread, dried meat, hashish, rolling papers, a pack of cigarettes, matches, as well as a few candy bars.

She is visibly relieved and even slightly impressed at my rudimentary homemaking skills. We take turns nipping alternately at the vodka bottle and soda water. She tucks into the Twix candy bars, famished for sustenance. I opt for bread and dried meat. We finish our breakfast and Melanie still wants to know more about this young hobo she slept with in the forest.

We sit near the front of the tent on a fallen, old tree that was stripped of most of its branches. I roll a joint and light it up while telling to her in great detail the story of how I met Ollie at a festival in Essen.

"...I travelled with Roland, Ollie and Angela back to his apartment. He let me stay with him since then and now, well you know, you were there..." My voice trails off. "That horrible thing that happened early Saturday morning".

"Lucky for me, well for us, I already had this tent set up here as I do like to sleep in the forest from time to time, read a book or do some sketches in peace and quiet without the constant drone of loud music or TV blaring away."

She responds,

"Yeah I get that, sometimes I wish I had a place of my own where I could escape my parents, and all their bickering and shouting."

"Are you an only child?"

"Yes"

I get my sketch pad from the tent and show her the picture of her sleeping.

"Don't worry, I'm not a creep or anything, I just... really liked the way that you were lying there asleep. Like a little goth princess."

She looks at the picture and makes me feel very nervous. I hope she doesn't think I'm creepy.

"It's beautiful"

"Thank you"

"Can I keep it? "

Slightly unwilling yet unable to say no, the words "sure, if you want" slip from my lips.

She looks at me slightly embarrassed.

"I don't even remember your name."

"I don't think either of us bothered with that last night, don't worry. I don't know yours either, ha. We talked so much last night that we completely forgot to ask each other, I guess. Everyone calls me Tommy, what's yours? "

"Melanie."

I look at her in disbelief



“Melanie?”

She laughs and slaps me on the shoulder, “Hey! It’s not my fault my mother named me that!”

I shake my head, “No, no, I didn’t mean it like that, I just wasn’t expecting your name to be Melanie!”

“Why?”

I shrug, “It’s just,” I pause for thought “I’ve never met a smart Melanie. At least until now.”

She slaps me on the shoulder again.

“Nice save! Now what kind of dumb name is...? Ah, you’re like Tommy Lee, the drummer for Mötley Crüe.”

“Don’t know their band.”

“Ah, it doesn’t matter, they suck, and if anything I prefer Mötörhead, Black Flag, Sex Pistols or even Black Sabbath.”

Most of those names mean nothing to me. I nod my head and pretend to know what she’s on about.

“You can call me Luca if you prefer, that’s my middle name.”

She shakes her head laughing, “My name is Luka! Ha what are you? A Lemonheads guy? No Tommy Lee, you said your name is Tommy so I will call you Tommy, at least now we both have stupid names.”

We both laugh.

Melanie looks at me intensely with concern.

“Tommy, I’m being serious. You can’t live out here indefinitely. There are crazy people who like to harm the homeless. Did you read about the bum who was doused in petrol and set on fire? He died screaming in agony and by the time the police showed up he was burnt beyond identification. I’ve heard other stories too of drunken teenagers, kicking and beating the shit out of the homeless people sleeping in the old town, bus stops and outside the train station. Plenty of sickos out there and knowing you’re this young guy living out here all alone worries me.”

I shrugged my shoulders and told her that I knew about those stories.

“That’s why I hid my tent as far as possible into the forest away from the hiking paths.”

Yet the spot I had chosen was still vulnerable. The beautiful view compromised the location somewhat, it could easily happen that some drunken teenagers would veer off the hiking path and accidentally stumble upon me sleeping out here. I have been lucky so far but for how much longer?

“Tommy, I have an idea if you are willing to listen.”

I nod.

“Well you know Angela right?” I nod. “She is my best friend and she lives alone and almost never at home. Basically, because most nights she’s with her boyfriend at his house and more or less only uses her apartment as a walk-in wardrobe. The last time I had a huge fight with my parents, I spent the night on Angela’s couch and she said that I’m always welcome back if I need somewhere to stay. When you saw me crying on the side of the road it was mostly because of my bad luck. The one fucking time I needed her, she didn’t answer her phone and I don’t have a key to her place. I knew she wasn’t at home and I was freaking out about where to go. People don’t really talk to me at school and I don’t have any friends really aside from her. In a way it was lucky that you came by when you did. We could go over there and see if she’s home. You know, ask if you could stay at her place until we figure out what is going on with Ollie.”

She is right. I am totally vulnerable against any drunken assholes that might accidentally stumble across my campsite and I would be utterly defenseless against such a group. The thought of burning alive while sleeping in my tent sends shivers down my spine. It’s saddening that in so-called civilized Western Europe the only thing you have to be afraid of in a nice and peaceful forest are other humans!

Angela, like myself, was horrifically abused as a child. As a teenager, she had fled her home town to get away from everything. Apparently Ollie owns the building where she lives and was not too beat up about it if she couldn’t pay the rent on time or at all. I am intrigued by Melanie’s proposal, after all it’s a better idea than what I had come up with. Melanie suggests I bring my stash of vodka and hashish as a gift to Angela. I nod in agreement as I walk over to the bushes hiding my water supply and get another bottle out. I use it to wash my face and rinse out my mouth. I get my toothbrush and toothpaste from my backpack. Since I bought a pair I still had an unused one that I offered to Melanie.

We soon realize it’s still way too early for both of us to consider making the walk of shame back into town so we put the stuff away and climb back into the tent to relax. Soon both of us are fast asleep, curled back up in each other’s arms once more.

Around noon, I slowly came back to my senses. The effects of the drugs and alcohol still linger ever so slightly but for the most part I feel human again. As I cuddle her, other feelings rouse me and she too is stirring in her sleep about to wake up. I unbutton Melanie’s jeans, gently moving my hand between her legs while kissing her on her neck. She starts softly moaning, spreading her legs in anticipation. Soon her whole lower body spasms in pleasure. I pull her pants down below the knee and continue to stroke her gently and rhythmically. I pull her T-shirt up and suck on her nipples. She pulls my head towards her and we kiss

passionately. She tears violently at my hair and surprisingly quickly, her whole body is shivering in ecstasy.

She squirts all over my hand making her panties soaking wet. I hastily pull her jeans off while my erection stands firmly at impatient attention. I gently move her legs apart and put her feet up on my shoulders. I must control myself to not enter her violently like the pulsating animal that I am. Gently and easily I slip inside her while caressing her legs all the way up to her feet. She pulls me towards her by my hair and I push her legs all the way to her breasts, pinning her down with my shoulders.

I caress her neck and ear lobes gently with my lips as she breathes strongly into my ear. I pump slowly and vigorously. She moans in much higher pitch than her talking voice. It's melodic and beautiful to listen to. I want to savor every push, every stroke inside her. I stare into her beautiful eyes and embrace her lips, entering her mouth with my tongue slowly and calmly. I lick the inside of her full bright red lips and cherry tongue. She tastes like a mix of mint toothpaste, tobacco and chocolate. She's so tasty, I think to myself. I continue sucking on her lips, licking and kissing her neck and chest. I circle my tongue around her dark, erect nipples. I bite and suck them playfully causing her legs to shiver and her belly muscles move in sine wave motion

"Much nicer now that I'm sober", I think to myself.

As Melanie and I slowly find each other's perfect rhythm, Melanie looks at me distraught, she whispers in my ear,

"Damn we forgot to use a condom, I hope you aren't sick"

I shake my head, "Don't worry about it, I'm clean. Shall I stop?"

She shakes her head smiling "Try to pull out? Maybe? I haven't taken the pill since Friday morning."

I nod.

I wasn't actually that clean, in fact, thanks to my mother and other adult women trying to coerce me to have sex with them, I probably had herpes by the age of five. I learned to recognize the outbreaks far in advance. Usually the lymph nodes swelled up and hurt in my groin followed by itching and a burning sensation.

Fortunately I hadn't had an outbreak for many years after hitting puberty, since I was terribly nonchalant about using condoms.

Melanie wasn't the first girl I had unprotected sex with by far.

I was sure I didn't have anything bad probably and besides, I was young and healthy. The fear of things like Aids or hepatitis, well let's just say I was quite ignorant at that age.

She pushes my stomach back a little and winces. I seem to cause her discomfort at first, so I take my time and hold back. Waiting for her body to feel completely comfortable with me inside her. Slowly and carefully I go deeper and deeper. Her eyes roll to the back of her head as I can feel her hands gently guide my rhythm and pull me in all the way. Our hips join

together. I pause and hold her tight, feeling her cervix pulsing on the tip of my shaft. Our bodies pressed as tight as can ever be.

We lie there just holding each other, kissing, enjoying the sensations of seemingly miraculous design. My whole body trembles in sheer ecstasy as I pump in a strong rhythm. With every stroke I now almost violently go all the way in and out. Melanie's hips move upwards as I hold her hips, supporting her legs between my broad shoulders and shivering triceps. We mirror each other's movement, a biological machine synchronized to perfection.

Every muscle in my body has one purpose. The achievement of absolute pleasure. I'm trying to single handedly hold back this levee of mine about to burst. Melanie screams out in pleasure. I cannot hold back any longer and before I can even think to evict myself, the levee bursts deep inside and floods her belly as she lets her exhausted legs drop to the ground. I collapse on top of her chest, panting and gasping for air.

She digs her nails into my naked back, ripping at my skin, it feels as if she's tearing me open, again.

I don't mind, in fact I really like it.

This carnivorous, gorgeous beast writhing underneath me in pleasure, her breath hot in my ear. She gives my pelvis a faster rhythm and I struggle to keep up at first but soon again we reach a unison of movement. Her orgasm is still going, deep and intense.

In rapid pace, her whole body shudders in vibrant euphoria.

Melanie screams in ecstasy so loudly that I am sure she has permanently damaged my right eardrum. For certain everyone down in the valley can hear her. Her fast breath on my neck aroused me so vigorously that I ejaculated a second time. As she claws at my back she sprays all over my pelvis and collapses, letting her hands flop down from my back onto the plastic tent floor. My gluteus maximus shudders as we remain locked in embrace and our bodies continue to pulsate and shiver. I slowly roll to the side and holding her left leg over my hip, I roll on my back and let her lie on top of me, our bodies still locked together.

Bodily liquids run down my legs and drip on the plastic floor of the tent.

We lie breathlessly, sniggering at the sounds that it makes.

She lies her head on my gasping chest, my heart pounding deeply and rhythmically. We remain quite motionless for a long time breathing rapidly until slowly regaining energy. I can feel her breath flow over my nipples and down my arm. She falls asleep on my chest and I let her, stroking her back and legs. I have never felt such euphoria before. I am floating up towards the sky. Melanie's weight feels as light as a feather. I too briefly fall asleep again and soon wake to the sound of my grumbling stomach.

Melanie laughs,

"We should feed you"

I laugh too, neither of us can stand lying in our own bodily fluids any more. We awkwardly begin getting up and getting dressed. I give Melanie my used t-shirt to wipe herself off and some body spray. I hand her a fresh t-shirt and some underwear as hers are completely soaked through. I was very skinny at that age so they fit her just nicely.

We emerge from the tent half naked helping each other get dressed. I pack my small backpack with some fresh clothes, the last sealed bottle of vodka, water, the remaining hashish and of course my Walkman and the few cassettes I owned. For the long walk into town I plug a double plug adapter into my Walkman and give Melanie the second crappy pair of headphones to listen to.

I love listening to music as I walk and I am more than happy to share my love of music with her. She's never heard of this band before and asks me what their name is.

I tell her it's Ednaswap.

She says she likes their music and that makes me happy as they are one of my favorite bands. We light a joint and begin our descent back into town arm in arm. Melanie is squinting in the sunlight so I let her wear my sunglasses.

They are way too big for her face but she looks cute wearing them nonetheless.

Arriving back in the center of the old town, we stop at a Kebab diner. The "Istanbul". White lettering outlined in red against a luminescent yellow background with a golden Minaret logo on either side. Inside it's rather poorly lit and at first glance seems to be more of a watering hole for ethanol junkies than a diner.

We have to walk through a small, dimly lit and dirty corridor to actually enter the premises. The corridor continues to an elevator shaft and a stairwell which leads to the dilapidated apartments above it. We are both voraciously hungry since neither of us had eaten anything warm since Friday, and so we decide to ignore our hesitations and step inside.

By contrast to the slightly foreboding exterior, the pastries and food presentation on display at the far side of the establishment look fresh and smell delicious. The woman at the counter is friendly and keen to explain all the different dishes they offer. She looks slightly disappointed when we still order the usual run of the mill Kebab and fries. I see her expression and feel bad. I let her convince me to try the savory, homemade pastries and baklava. An extremely sweet dessert.

I order some of the different pastries she has and she happily obliges, piling them onto two brown plastic trays, taking great care to not damage the baklava.

I am sure the two of us will never finish it all in one go.

We carry the pastries over to a corner table well away from the coming and going of other customers. She and I spread out our bounty on a table for four while we wait for the Kebabs and fries we ordered. The TV hanging from the wall on the opposite side near the entrance offers blaring Oriental music video entertainment to those bereft of conversation.

We happily dig into the still warm and wonderfully aromatic delicacies, noticing that we are also the only ones in the establishment other than the cook who keeps looking at us through the kitchen window and the lady at the counter busily talking on the phone.

We quietly joke about the creepy entrance and brash interior design. The quiet ambience is soon interrupted by four loud beer-bellied granddads ordering beer and Schnapps. They ask the owner to switch the TV channel to the live tennis match. One of the men is over two meters tall with a giant handlebar mustache. He either has very muscular or very fat upper arms. Either way he looks like he could eat my scrawny ass alive and still have room for Melanie if he wanted to.

He keeps glancing over at us. It feels like he's trying to make eye contact so he can either crack wise or perhaps start a fight. Maybe he's friendly but all the same, I ignore him as best

as I can. I really was in no mood for either conversation or confrontation. This drunkard was noticeably bored and could be trouble.

Eventually they seat themselves at a table in the middle of the room, in-between the bar and the TV. As if to make a statement. "This is our spot, we call the shots here".

Thankfully the woman brings over the eagerly awaited food. I don't feel comfortable with these fascist wannabe policemen staring us down. Watching Melanie wolfing down the now dripping Kebab is entertaining and has not gone lost on the drunkards either. Its accouterments and chili dripping is falling over her fingers. They are loudly making fun of her in between racist and misogynistic jokes while discussing the tennis match in rude ebullient pseudo-intellect.

I don't consider myself to be the bravest of men, and honestly, I feel quite intimidated. I can't help but notice Melanie is being belligerently oblivious to them. Confrontational in a fuck-you-manner without looking up or saying one word. This helps me be less anxious and makes it all the funnier to me.

I realized I barely ate half of my food by the time she finished her kebab and inhaled every last French fry on her plate, before helping herself to the fries on my plate as well. Not like I care, we did quite the marathon on that hill in my tent and I like to see a woman that can eat well.

I smile. I feel sorry for those assholes sitting over there. They have no sex appeal, and probably haven't slept with a beautiful woman since before I was born.

As though she can hear my thoughts, Melanie looks up from her food rage, grinning at me like a happy little lioness, her lips dripping with chili and cocktail sauce like she's buried her face in the blood of a fresh kill. I wipe her lips with my finger and clean it with my mouth. Amazingly we managed to devour every last bite of the Kebabs, fries, baklava and pastries we ordered. We exchange in giggles the amazement of our capabilities to sheer gluttony. I rest to digest while looking bemused at the painfully purple plastic chandeliers that are haphazardly installed overhead, the gaudy and far too glossy deco and surrounding kitsch. I look at Melanie.

"Wow, who put all this horrible stuff in here and then thought to themselves, yup, this looks fantastic? This is how I want to represent Oriental culture in my diner!" I couldn't imagine that diners in Istanbul actually looked like this. She laughs.

Two food coma zombies breathe heavily, remaining inept of movement until somehow, I finally find the energy to pull myself out of the baby poop green, pleather chair and drag my carcass over to the bar to fetch us some strong Turkish coffee.

An hour later the sugary syrup exuding baklava and coffee does its job and wakes us up again and we saunter past the drunkards. By now they have gathered an impressive amount of beer and schnapps glasses at their table. We stumble outside into the cool late afternoon breeze and continue our journey to Angela's home.

We stop at a nearby pay phone. Melanie continues the lie to her mother about being with Angela over the weekend. Lots of heated discussion. From what I can understand, Melanie is

fervently denying to her Mother of having any idea of the tragic event that spread like wildfire through the city over the weekend. Her mother is audibly worried through the phone and Melanie promises to be home before 10 pm.

After the heated conversation with Melanie's mother, she calls Angela. Angela finally picks up the phone at her boyfriend's house to Melanie's relief. She is told she can let herself in with the key hidden under the doormat.

We arrive at Angela's small and cozy apartment. It's unoccupied and messy. The lingering perfume in the corridor suggests expensive taste. One bedroom on the left and the second door on the right leads into a chaotic living room with a pull out sofa for guests. There are some rather well done paintings on the walls with beautiful, intricate and interesting themes. I study them closely, such a work of art must take hours if not days to complete. They are all signed "Grrr".

"Hmmm, now that artist has humor." I think to myself.

I walk into the kitchen and begin to make coffee when I hear footsteps from the stairwell and the rustle of keys. I'm uneasy for a moment and feel quite uneasy about standing in the kitchen unannounced. Melanie yells "the door's open" and happily goes over to greet her. They hug and dance around in the hallway shrieking each other's names, Melanie grabs Angela's hand and pulls her towards the kitchen.

"Tommy is here too, he's making coffee, do you want one?"  
She looks at me with the brightest of smiles.

"Sure..."

I already knew Angela somewhat from living at Ollie's place. She would come by a lot after school to chill out and get high, score some dope and what have you. Later on, she started taking her boyfriend along, I was jealous of him. Still, that didn't stop my insatiable longing. Never would have I ever imagined that I would one day share an apartment with her. What would her boyfriend think now if he found me living in her apartment?!

Ollie would often jokingly tell me to ask her out and get it over with so she can finally say no and that we could all move on! One of the few topics that Ollie could rile me up with.

I stubbornly preferred to live in my imagination. The infinitesimal small chance of wooing her in my dreams was kinder on my nerves than my soul being crushed once and for all under the harsh reality of ridicule I would receive should I make my feelings known in clumsy effort. Also, or so I thought at first, there was the risk of getting smacked upside the head by said boyfriend, the affluent, much older, muscular gorilla named Lars. Because of him, when I encountered Angela, I kept myself aloof from her presence and any conversation was brief and shallow.

I soon realized that Lars, unlike Angela, was to my surprise, exuberantly friendly and talkative. However, his physique was frightening to me and I felt nervous in his presence. I would never have guessed at first that behind the chiseled face, immaculate black hair,

bulging pecs that are decorated with a massive solid gold necklace, tattooed tribal rings around his upper arm muscles that maxed out the Calvin Klein t-shirt and a two thousand dollar automatic Omega watch decorating his massive veiny wrist, was in fact, at first, a kind, loving and intelligent human being. Lars had a doctorate in medicine and ran his own practice. It was unbelievable to see such a clash of clichés on the same human being.

He loved a good conversation over a good whiskey and cigar and so did I. From German politics to the hubbub of this new thing at the time called the internet, rock music and culture, history, guns, religion, you name it. No topic was taboo and really, he wasn't a bad dude. Just very intimidating. We hit it off despite my predicament. Angela surely could have done worse for herself and by god was he good looking for his age.

Lars looks like he's on the other end of thirty and probably dyes his hair already. Surely nearing mid-life crisis. I reckon he's easily twice as old as Angela. It's understandable that he might get nervous when they are going out in clubs and much younger, good looking men try to flirt with her. He never shows his insecurities to Angela. I like that about him. On the contrary, whether in private or out in public, he treats her like the princess that she is and fulfills every wish from her lips. He is generous to her friends as well.

When he visits us together with Angela, he always brings a bottle of good whiskey and superb quality cigars and a dash of cocaine. Just enough to get a bit high but never wasted. The four of us would go out almost every weekend. First we'd usually hit up the arcade and play games like house of the dead, table hockey or maybe a few rounds of pool before hitting the clubs. Lars is such a big goofy child at times. He yells and shrieks in excitement when he's gaming and is super intense in anything he does. It's quite amusing to watch. He also would insist on paying everything no questions asked. Often this led to him and Ollie fighting over who got to pay since Ollie liked to flex his money too. Even though Ollie dressed like Cheech, he knew all the bouncers and club owners so he could get away with dressing like a total clochard.

The first time we all hang out together, I accidentally offend Lars by paying for my own beer at the bar. He walked over and pushed ten Deutschmarks into my hand. Way more than the drink cost. I tried to give it back to him and he asked irritably. "Do you think I'm fucking broke?" He laughed. "I'm a fucking doctor with my own house, swimming pool, Porsche collection and no kids or child support to pay for. When I said all drinks are on me what do you think I meant?" I rolled my eyes and sarcastically imitated Pee-Wee Herman saying "I'm sorry, I'm not sorry" making him laugh. Angela needlessly came to my rescue and admonished him to stop showing off.

At some point I dare say Lars actually grew to like me and I started to like him too. I was the young kid in the group that he could show off to. Other than that, he liked that I spoke fluent English and could play and sing all his favorite rock tunes on Ollie's guitar. From "The Scorpions" and "Die Toten Hosen" to "Iggy Pop" and "Sex Pistols". I could easily pick up a tune by ear from listening to it a few times on the cassette player and play it from memory including the lyrics. He found that impressive. When he was hanging out with us at home, he insisted on me playing song after song until well into the night and often just slipped me a few hundred Deutsch Marks for my efforts. If nothing else I was definitely his pet project.



Also he didn't just look it, he was actually fucking tough as hell. He had years of kickboxing behind him and had no trouble putting someone in their place if necessary. That was welcome to me since I was anything but muscular or brave. It also made me aware that I should think twice before pissing him off. I don't think he would have hurt me though, he didn't regard me as a threat.

Angela looks deep into my eyes and throws me off my guard a little.

"Yes, Tommy, no milk and two sugars please."

Before I can turn around to pour her a cup, she stretches out her arms and offers me a hug. I eagerly reciprocate. She's never ever hugged me before, and close up she smells even more amazing. Her perfume must cost a small fortune and is unfortunately quite arousing. After we embrace she grabs hold of my upper arms and looks at me in a sad, wistful way.

"I heard what happened, I'm so sorry!"

"Really? What did you hear?"

In a soft voice she says, "Yeah, poor Wolfgang, he was such a nice guy, how horrible to just get killed like that. Poor Ollie must be so traumatized that something like that could happen at his place. Ollie's lawyer called me on my mobile. He said the police are holding him because of the drugs and paraphernalia they found. Also they want to be sure that Wolfgang's death was really an accident so they sealed off his apartment for investigation. He will go before the judge tomorrow morning but honestly, I don't think he'll be going home soon."

"Can we bring him anything? Do anything?"

"No, for now he's only allowed contact with his lawyer."

Tears come to my eyes and Angela pulls me back towards her, this time hugging me even firmer and a little weep bursts from my chest.

I regain composure quickly. Can't have too many feelings at the moment.

I ponder on how lucky Ollie was, how lucky I was, I ran off with thousands of Deutsche Marks worth of drugs and cash right under the nose of the authorities and had gotten away with it. My fingerprints aren't registered anywhere so I'm not too worried.

I am still sad though, disappointed with myself.

I had been so sure that I had done a really good job getting rid of all the contraband, so sure that the police would question Ollie, find nothing and leave him alone. In such a small window of time, under those circumstances, things were missed and now I blame myself for Ollie being in jail.

I pour three strong black coffees from the large percolator, mix sugar into all of them and follow the girls into the living room. I hand the girls each a mug at random as they sit cross-legged on the pull out sofa-bed talking energetically about what happened over the weekend. I sit on the bean bag opposite them on the ground and slowly sip at my coffee. Angela grins at me while she strokes Melanie's short and scruffy hair.

“So tell me, how did you meet this gorgeous girlfriend of mine?”

I give a shy smile mid slurp and Melanie laughs. I struggle to find words, but all I can hear myself doing is making noises into the mug.

“Ummm, hmmm ahhh well.”

I’m flustered and relieved when Melanie takes over and goes into great detail of how we met. She really paints a nice picture of me except to my concern, completely omitting that we’ve had sex or were even romantically involved. This worries me a little but after all, we’ve only been together just a mere 48 hours and perhaps, Melanie just doesn’t see me as boyfriend material. Understandably. I stare into my coffee wistfully and feel its heat condensate on my cheeks.

Melanie and Angela continue chatting in German. My German isn’t that fluent but I understand enough to know that they are talking about her spending the night with me in the tent. Angela’s eyes brighten and she grins at me naughtily. Melanie slaps her leg and vocally reiterates my silent fear.

“No, nothing like that, we just slept in the tent, and he was a perfect gentleman.” She winks at me laughing.

Melanie continues to explain how I am on the run from my abusive step-father. Angela looks at me reassuringly about what Melanie is saying since I already explained my situation to both her and Ollie many weeks ago. It feels awkward having Melanie narrate my life in front of me, and Angela is only listening to Melanie because she doesn’t want to be rude and tell her she already knows everything.

I interrupt Melanie politely and say I would prefer not to talk about that just now. The promise of a freshly rolled joint lifts the awkwardness in the room as I change the conversation by asking Angela about all her paintings on the wall.

She is more than happy to show me her artwork and to talk about all her favorite artists. I ask her why she signs them “Grrr” and her reply? She folds her arms like a T-Rex and yells “Grrr, you know? Like a dinosaur. Imagine a T-Rex who could paint with those tiny arms.” I think it’s funny.

I break out in laughter and bite my lips, damn she’s hot.

As we fill the small hallway with joint smoke, she informs me that she wants to study art after hopefully finishing high school next summer. I really like her painfully detailed charcoal and pencil artwork and the photo collages are very pop art style by contrast. I tell her that I too am an avid aspiring artist. She is excited to have a fellow artist in her home. I promise to bring and show to her my sketch book that is still back in the tent. I’m glad that we are bonding as friends and that she feels comfortable in my presence.

She interrupts the conversation to the point at hand. She may not know me that well but she knows Ollie and Melanie. They are both her closest friends.

“I am lucky to have such wonderful references,” I say half-jokingly and we all laugh.

More hugging seals the deal. I look at Melanie nervously.

“Oh don’t worry” she says. “Angela is only a hugger if she really likes you.”

I think. “Yes, Melanie, that’s exactly what I’m worried about. This gorgeous friend of yours and I are totally hitting it off and you are not fazed by it even in the least. You didn’t even tell your supposed best friend that we slept together! My God, I am still exuding your pheromones after we spent hours, a night and a day even having copious and arguably the best sex of my entire life. Neither of us are showered and still reek of coitus, literally covered in each other’s evaporated bodily fluid residue. How can you be so factually distant?”

Melanie has not a hint of jealousy about her.

Was that all that I was? A one night stand?

Was Melanie just too cool about everything?

I resign myself to confront Melanie later in private while Angela is showing me around the apartment. The main door opens to a small bathroom on the right, with a bathtub, toilet and sink crammed into as tiny a space as possible. In fact, you would have to close the bathroom door to sit on the toilet as the door is badly designed and opens to the left, partially blocking the toilet bowl.

The sink is crammed in between the toilet and the old enameled bathtub. The bathtub is deep on one side and rises to a seat on the other. “A very weird thing,” I think to myself. Not really big enough to actually use as a bathtub and why would you want to sit while you shower? It made no sense to me.

A flimsy white curtain rod suspends a, white cloth shower curtain, rather spotted with black mold covered in cartoon cats, hearts, and hearts saying I heart cats.

Angela informs me that there is an old laundry washing machine in the basement to use included in the rent. The corridor is barely a meter wide. Two people could not pass each other without one of them turning sideways.

Angela’s bedroom door is diagonally opposite to the bathroom, and the bedroom is smaller than her living room, which is rather spacious for such a small flat.

Still, easily on the generous size of nine square meters, her bedroom is big enough for a queen size bed. Opaque white silk ornamental curtains drape down its sides. Her red satin sheets and matching pillow and duvet cases beg for many passionate hours of romance. The bed for the most part seems to be occupied by dozens of pillows and stuffed animals of all shapes and sizes leaving barely enough room for one let alone two people to lie down.

A dark, rather creepy looking, three-tiered old wooden drawer cabinet stretches between the wall to the hallway and the bed. Other than functionality, it looks totally out of place and way too tall to function as a night stand. It’s something that should be in a kitchen or hallway. I’m guessing she dragged it in from the street by the looks of it. It supports a small, crooked copper green lamp. Its cylindrical brass metal frame spans the beige cloth shade that is covering the probably dysfunctional, sooty light bulb. Behind it, a large white, oval vanity mirror in a carved wooden frame. It balances on two metal pins that connect it to a beautifully carved wooden stand. It curves around half of the oval mirror like outstretched hands holding it in place. The carved shapes flow like molten wax to its base. In the cabinet’s open drawers lie undergarments, lipstick, makeup, jewelry, perfume and what I

believe to be condom packets of various colors and features. All tossed around without much thought as to order of any kind.

A simple, ugly brown wardrobe stands opposite the foot of the bed at the right wall. Its contents are mostly all over the floor. The crooked shelves have no real purpose. The once functional sliding door mirror now broken off and leaning haphazardly up against the far wall of the room next to the open window. The dark brown shutters are closed for privacy for lack of curtains. In fact so many clothes, random objects and shoes cover the floor, I don't even notice at first the black and sparkly, long haired carpet spread out across most of the room on all sides of the bed.

"What a health hazard," I chuckle to myself, "She really should air out that room."

Angela notices my curiosity to detail and embarrassingly closes the bedroom door. She smiles awkwardly.

"Yeah I'm not so tidy, sorry you had to see that."

I roll my eyes, "Yeah I'm not great in that department either and I honestly don't care." She puts her hand on my shoulder and we exchange a rather intense yet pleasant stare into each other's eyes.

She breaks eye contact by shuffling her feet.

"Well you already saw the kitchen and you can sleep on the pull out sofa bed in the living room. I can offer you an old sleeping bag but I'm not sure how clean it is. That's what I can offer".

"That's great, thank you so, so much." I grin, "It's definitely better than my smelly tent."

As long as I clean up after myself, maybe do some shopping once in a while, I am welcome to stay. We continue talking in the living room and she explains to me in broken English that she also had trouble at home and has also run away, here to this town, to start a new life and finally finish high school, away from her horrible family.

Melanie motions to me to open my backpack and give her the hashish and vodka we brought along. She accepts and thanks me for the gift and immediately starts rolling a second joint. I go look for shot glasses in the kitchen so we can all enjoy a taste.

All I see in her kitchen cabinet, however, are coffee mugs of all shapes and sizes. I go through both shelves, yet don't find anything other than some unmatching plates and sparse silverware lying around.

"She's definitely not expecting a lot of visitors any time soon" I think to myself.

Since I don't really care how I get alcohol inside my body, I resign the search, bringing three empty coffee mugs to the table. Melanie and Angela look at the coffee mugs, then each other and break out laughing.

Angela grins at me,

"Don't worry we are not laughing at you. We just remembered this funny, well it was scarier than funny incident that happened a few months ago. One Sunday morning after partying we brought this guy home with us who claimed he had grass on him. We were out of smoke but still had alcohol. He wanted to continue drinking so we all were like, fair trade right?" I uncomfortably shrug my shoulders and think to myself, "Please don't let this story get weird."

She continues.

"We get back here and start rolling some joints with this guy's weed. He eagerly opens the bottle of vodka, places it right there on the little table, and then stumbles off into the kitchen to find some shot glasses. Poor guy was looking everywhere in the kitchen and we were so high we didn't realize what he was up to. We were chatting, listening to music and finished the first joint without him. He must have been in there half an hour. We start to worry so we hurry over to the kitchen wondering what the hell he was doing.

"He was bent over kneeling on the ground in front of the open trash cupboard, his ass-crack very unflatteringly visible and was searching behind the garbage can. He was so high, he was mumbling to himself.

"You gotta hand it to him, he really did a thorough job searching the kitchen. He also washed all the dirty dishes, swept the floor and cleaned the counter. Also all of the cabinet doors were wide open. We were very amused by what we saw. We got him up on his feet, almost having to carry him over to the bean bag chair. I rolled a second joint and as I passed it to him, we saw he was already comatose. He never got to drink one sip of the vodka."

"We somehow didn't realize how fucked up he already was. He must have been on something else too. As he sat there, sleeping on that bean bag, Melanie realized his breathing was really shallow but his heart was racing so hard and fast, you could see it pumping through his shirt. It was deadly clear that he was not ok. Melanie tried to wake him up in panic and finally we got a response from him. We both helped him to his feet and told him that he needs to go to the hospital. I mean, please don't think we're assholes, but we thought we were way too drunk and high to deal with someone who might be OD'ing. The guy kept insisting that he was ok and that he does this all the time, but he could barely walk."

"Melanie and I helped him down the stairs. I called Azad, a Kurdish friend of mine who drives a taxi. By the time he arrived, it was a matter of urgency. This guy needed to go to the ER. He looked really white and sweaty and his pupils were dilated. He insisted that all he needed was some more vodka to wake him up again but we refused to give him any which made him a bit angry but he was too out of it to be aggressive. We finally persuaded him to get into the taxi and off they went. Fifteen minutes later Azad called and told us that they had arrived at the hospital. He accompanied the guy into the ER and made sure he got medical attention. Azad also told us that he had left his contact information with the hospital and told the staff to call him when he recovers so that he could drive him back home. Azad is such a sweetheart!"

“We later found out that that guy was indeed OD’ing on amphetamines. Coming home with us probably saved his life. It was still funny though how clean our kitchen was, and yes, when he recovered Azad picked him up and brought him home. They became friends apparently.”

They both continue laughing. “That’s good, I think?”

Why would these seeming sociopaths find that story funny?

Well, I guess I wasn’t there and I shouldn’t judge. I’ve done way worse myself.

Ignoring the story I just heard, I pour each of us a big gulp of Vodka. Somberly I think to myself, “I’ll probably die before I turn eighteen.”

We sit there and chat for a long time. Around nine thirty in the evening as the sun begins to set, Angela says she’s leaving to go spend the night at her boyfriend’s house. Melanie gets up and hands me the apartment key she still has in her pocket. After all, she did promise her mother to be home by ten p.m. and she doesn’t want her parents to be worried.

Melanie conveniently leaves with Angela.

I want to talk but she’s avoiding the elephant in the room.

I am miffed but hey, I got a free place to stay and Melanie is Angela’s best friend. I’m bound to see her again. Right?

I try to not reveal my disappointment and politely hug both of them goodbye. I can’t help the stare I give to Melanie as I hug her. I am honestly confused and bewildered.

In my mind I’m screaming, please don’t leave me like this, it’s killing me. Melanie finally puts my paranoid mind at ease by grabbing the back of my neck before tip toeing up to my lips. She softly and fervently kisses me on the mouth. I let her tongue roll around mine. As I suck on her full soft lips, my existence feels justifiable again.

Angela slaps the outside wall of the apartment block grinning in triumph.

“I fucking knew it! You both reek of sex and latex like a god damn brothel.”

I smile in relief as Melanie strokes my cheek goodbye. She pulls herself away before my erection gets too awkward. God damn it, why the fuck am I so horny all the fucking time? I stand at the entrance to the building and watch them walk into the distance, as they turn the corner they wave a last time.

Alone again, I consider making the journey back to get the rest of my stuff from my tent. It would be a disaster to lose the last few, indispensable belongings that were stored there. All my clothes and stuff I kept at Ollie’s place were now inaccessible.

Probably permanently!

Unfortunately for me, I unintentionally buried the wad of cash together with the drugs. I was a total idiot.

Why did I have to be so high and paranoid?

Fuck! It’s going to be too dark by the time I get there to do anything about it. I don’t have a flashlight on me and I’d probably miss half the stuff in the dark. I still have 10 Deutsche Marks on me though. Enough for some beers, but not cigarettes from the gas station.

I didn’t want to kill the vodka I had given Angela. That would just be rude.

The girls were nice enough to leave me half a packet of Marlboro Menthols.

“Yuck!” I think to myself but hey, nicotine is nicotine. I’m sure if I mix it with some hashish it’ll be smokable.

I drink well into the night, killing the time watching some of the VHS cassettes on the tiny TV in Angela's living-room.

Unbeknownst to everybody, everybody except Ollie and me, was the other horrible detail of that party during which Wolfgang accidentally killed himself.

It was the weekend of my 15<sup>th</sup> birthday. I didn't want anyone else to know.

I didn't really dig birthday celebrations but Ollie wanted me to at least have some fun so he threw a party whether I wanted one or not.

I reluctantly resigned myself to fate, and helped shop for the snacks and drinks that we would serve. The plan was to party from Friday the 29<sup>th</sup> right into Saturday the 30<sup>th</sup> of September. My actual birthday. What a horrible, shitty and simultaneously lucky birthday, I think to myself.

"You old dog, you got yourself laid, got high, found a gorgeous girl to live with, you could be doing worse."

Am I a complete sociopath for thinking that? I feel utterly miserable and heartbroken. I liked Wolfgang and it slowly dawns on me that I'll never see him again. The reality of the situation sets in and as I sip at my beer I start to cry.

I think to myself, "Wolfgang you fucking twat! Why of all days, did you choose my birthday to fucking kill yourself!?"

Tearful hours fly by and I'm still awake by the crack of dawn. I'm too lazy to make coffee so I chew on some coffee beans and wash them down with a half cup of vodka to energize myself for the long walk back to my tent. Along the way, paranoia floods my thoughts and I fear that someone may have discovered the small fortune I had buried, that I may just be completely broke with no drugs to sell or money to spend.

That would really be fucked up!

As soon as I am in the forest on the hiking trail I run as fast as my legs will allow up the hill, my smoker's lungs burning with fire. Something indeed smells of burnt plastic and I see something smoldering up ahead.

"NO, NO, NO NO!!!" I yell inwardly.

I arrive to see the remnants of my tent charred and black. A putrefying smell! I cover my mouth and nose with my hoodie. I frantically kick the burnt remains to the side and sigh in relief. Some pyromaniac idiots only burnt down the tent. The assholes hadn't noticed my backpack and belongings that I had buried underneath the tent, and somehow they were miraculously spared as the fire didn't completely burn through the wooden planks covering them.

"Another birthday miracle" I chuckle sarcastically to myself.

The fire had eaten through some of the wood but the contents below buried deep in the ground remained unscathed.

A white spray painted graffiti on a tree nearby read in German

"Drecksvolk!" (Dirt people!)

Another tree has a swastika sprayed on it and on the fallen log I had sat earlier reads

"Deutschland über alles" (Germany above all)

Melanie was right. Horrible people exist everywhere in the world. Even here in this unremarkable, medium sized German town.

My sleeping bag and a few clothing items had been destroyed. I stare at the damage, hoping that the fuckers that destroyed my stuff were long gone. Melanie may just have saved my life. Who knows what would have happened had I been sleeping there alone, or God forbid with her. What crimes would those assholes have committed had they found a vulnerable young boy and girl sleeping in a tent? My imagination runs wild. Would they have raped her? Beat me to death? Burnt us alive? It seemed to me that lady luck was being kind after all.

I frantically dig up the plastic bag using some misappropriated cooking utensils from Angela's home.

Now I have a problem.

I am once again carrying drugs and money. Way too fucking much!

I have to get back to the apartment without being caught. It's Monday morning and the city is bustling with traffic and people. This could work to my advantage, I tell myself. I hope at least I won't stand out.

As I head back to perceived safety, I start to analyze the moral dilemma I am faced with.

If I bring all this stuff to the apartment, I am kind of obliged to tell Angela!

If I don't, that would be a gross breach of trust. Yet again, if I am honest with her, maybe she will get angry with me for bringing all that stuff near her home, and might just throw me out on the spot.

She likes drugs alright, that's not the problem. I just don't know how she feels about having an amount like that in her flat, equivalent to years in prison.

I kid you not! In the black Nike bag are hundreds of ecstasy pills, LSD blotters, and a little 10mg vial contains the equivalent of roughly a hundred hits. Roughly 200 grams of tightly wrapped and vacuum packed weed, a hundred grams of Moroccan pollen, and another 150 grams or so of red Lebanese.

Oh, and around eight thousand Deutschmarks in fifty and twenty Mark bills. It's indisputably a dealer's arsenal and no lawyer in the world could explain that away as being "for private consumption."

I will need to play this by ear, and by ear I mean, Tommy, shut the fuck up.



## Chapter 10

### Damage Control

Angela has enough problems as is. I really shouldn't add any more complications to her life. Before she left yesterday, she did tell me in quite some detail about the contact prohibition issued against her father, who is currently in jail for reasons as yet unknown. What I do know is that he is to not to come within 500 meters of her, call or write to her. I can only imagine what he did to her but immediately eschew those thoughts from my head. All I know is that she seems to be genuinely scared of the man. So much, in fact, that she moved hundreds of kilometers down south without telling anybody except the social worker responsible for her since she was fifteen.

As I walk back to her apartment I can't help but relive the sight of this perfect being in my mind. Staring into those beautiful eyes of hers as we talked in her hallway. Oh, she is so absolutely, fucking gorgeous. Oh my god! Blonde hair that flows all the way past her shoulders, straight as a goddamn ruler, green brownish eyes and legs that go all the way up to my belly button. Mind you, I stand at nearly a meter and ninety cm tall, yet the top of her head reaches way past my shoulders. She's barely ten centimeters shorter! Her almost dainty complexion, tiny button nose, elfish-like ears and comically large eyes look like the offspring of a Barbie doll and a Walt Disney prince. Her body is neither super athletic nor too skinny. Everything is precisely the right proportion. It's goddamn fucking perfect in every way!

Jeez, Melanie!

You are so tiny, cute and absolutely gorgeous, but my stupid teenage brain is still head over heels in love with Angela. I cannot just stop being in love, o woe is me.

Why did she have to bring me to Angela's apartment of all people? I would rather live with a decrepit and diseased alcoholic. Fuck.

"She's crawled beneath my veins and now I don't care, I have no luck! I'm wide awake and I can see the perfect sky is torn."

Why must I be so head over heels in love with Angela? I can't turn it off, "there's just so many things that I can't touch, nothing's right I'm torn..."

...Why do I have to be so god dam attracted to Melanie's best friend? Fuck!

Nathalie Imbruglia would eventually cover that song two years later in 1997. It wasn't as good though, and it always confused me as to why that boring girl became famous.

Hold on. She's pretty, that's why.

I know I'm a dick, but it's my story, my opinions, so leave me alone.

I constantly lied to people about my age. At the time I also looked much older than I was, and could get away with it effortlessly. It was routine by then. Angela, and now also Melanie were the only ones beside Ollie that knew my real age, by now he knew me in greater detail than Angela or Melanie. I told him about all the shit that happened to me growing up.

He knows I was raped and abused. Worked to the bone as a slave in the cult. How I ran away at the age of thirteen living off unripe apples and pears and sleeping rough in the Valais

region of Switzerland. How I was eventually found by the police and upon forceful return, confined in a boarded up room with a bucket to piss and shit in for months on end. Like a tiger in a small cage, I did not get to leave that room before I was smuggled out by the so-called shepherds in the middle of the night. I was tossed out like trash from the cult. I still hold the record for youngest ever member to be excommunicated because I refused to accept I had done anything wrong. I didn't even get to say goodbye to my younger brothers and sister. The true story of woe is me didn't stop there did it?

After months of living in a trailer, I was finally sent to a boarding school. The town and school grounds were full of drug dealers, violent bullies and criminals. I was constantly beaten up and ridiculed for not having any pocket money and wearing cheap clothes that were mostly too big for me.

My parents really wanted me to suffer and realize that they were right and I was wrong. Because of this I fell into the drug milieu running errands, which eventually led to the problems I have now.

In an altercation I shot and killed one of the local drug lords in Würzburg, I was just trying to rescue a girl who was being raped. The consequence? I'm on the run, looking for a fresh start away from my horrible parents, my relatives, the police and those who might kill me if they figured out who or where I was.

When I met Ollie, my instinct knew somehow that he would help me.

I dare say, instinct is the only thing I trust anymore these days.

Ollie recognized that deep down I was no threat to him. Just a lost and angry boy in need of salvation. In a weird way he became my savior and a really good friend. We came up with an official story to explain who I was to everyone who came by. I was an estranged cousin of his that grew up in India. Son of his mother's sister. She had recently come to Germany, to check out how life in Germany was. I had wealthy parents and grew up on a huge fruit plantation in India with servants, cooks and maids and wanted for nothing. I actually grew up in India so I could pull off this half-truth rather effortlessly.

After getting divorced, my mother returned with me to Germany. I was bored living with her and told my mom that I wanted to get to know my older cousin, Ollie. We got along so well that we started hanging out indefinitely until I decided what I wanted to do.

Since most of our friends and frequenters didn't speak much English, I could just dummy up and pretend to not understand them if they got too inquisitive. For the most part, if I just kept quiet, people weren't that interested. Word spread fast and by now, most people simply referred to me as Mr. Bean because I spoke English and was a bit of a klutz. That was good. Better for me that they didn't know my real name.

I still can't believe it! I am actually living with Angela now. What god sent luck!

Ironic luck since I'm now with Melanie, and Angela has a boyfriend. That's that.

I roll my eyes over the irony of my predicament. I am allowed to live with this beautiful girl, adore and admire her, yet still, I will probably never get to caress her body, or taste her lips.

Upon arriving at my new home, I hide the drugs underneath the garbage bag in the garbage can. The whole apartment smells of old bong smoke, so the smell of hundreds of grams of weed shouldn't be a problem. As long as I am always the one emptying the trash, the girls will have no reason to look closer.

Everything would be fine, I told myself.

After all, it didn't seem to me that either Melanie or Angela were worried about hygiene too much. I planned to sell everything as soon as possible and keep Ollie's share of the money separate once I sold everything.

My only question was, where would I find more clients?

It didn't seem right to me to go knocking on the doors of Ollie's contacts without his approval. This means I have to make the money I have left, and need to wait until he gets out. I have a stash of around eight thousand D-Marks, so not a problem as long as I don't behave like a complete moron.

The worst thing was, aside from the drugs, Ollie couldn't hurt a fly.

Literally the only way Ollie could kill you was if you tried to keep up with his drug intake. In that case, yes, you would most certainly die!

As I find out later, he had been treated by the German State Justice system like some criminal monster. They even shackled his feet when they brought him before the judge after spending 48 hours in a poop-smearred holding cell with nothing but a cigarette burnt blanket and awful jail food.

The judge presiding over his case deemed him a risk of tampering with evidence and potential witnesses. He denied Ollie to be released pre-trial and instead, kept him cuffed and shackled like a serial killer. He was pushed into the back of a transfer van and hauled off to jail. He remained there until the police had concluded their investigation. All in all, Ollie would spend two weeks in prison.

I remember thinking what good lawyers Ollie must have. Two weeks to get a hearing, wow, that's fast! In comparison, if others would get caught with quite a few grams of cocaine and heroin they could spend months in prison before even getting close to seeing a judge.

The arresting officers argued that he was a dealer, that the drugs found lying around were evidence of his dealing. His defense argued that he was just a victim and his only offense was being a drug addict who was throwing a party.

The prosecution had a hard time pinning Ollie with an actual crime other than the drug abuse. There were no minors present by the time the police showed up, the drugs could have belonged to anyone at that party, and it was not provable that Wolfgang's death was caused by anything other than an accident.

Two weeks of sobriety had surely done him some good. His parents told him that this was the last time they got him out of trouble, enough was enough. One more incident like this, game over. Drug abuse was one thing but having someone die in a freak accident on their property! That was just the last straw.

The incident would ruin the property value for years to come. They threatened to cut him off from all financial support, and even kick him out of the building he lived in. We knew this was bad. Part of the deal made with the prosecution, the Judge and Ollie's parents to get out of prison was that Ollie had to commit himself to a drug rehab. After successful completion of therapy he was required to provide weekly urine samples and go to psychiatric consultation. This was written into his probation requirements.

Worst case scenario, Ollie owns the dilapidated building I now live in. He bought it with his own money so no way that his parents could confiscate it or evict him. Technically he would have a place to stay and I imagine he has money saved up, hopefully. The other problem is that he never bothers to pursue the rent from Angela, let alone actually rent out the other apartments in the building. The building itself is in dire need of repair. Not sure if any of the other apartments are actually livable.

I have this suspicion that he, or someone is growing weed on one of the higher floors. Every so often there is a faint whiff of fresh weed in the stairwell. Weed that is still growing has a very distinct odor to it and smells rather pleasant. Maybe Ollie would be ok, so long as no one ever found out. Plants would need watering and care. I wonder, who is looking after whatever is growing above us if Ollie is in Rehab? Whoever it is, is awfully slick. I never noticed anyone coming in or out, but then again, I mostly sleep until noon, I wouldn't be the best judge of that.

Late December, Ollie was finally released from the clinic. Before that, he was allowed to leave during the day as long as he checked back in by ten pm. Once the doctor gave him clearance, he was even able to go home on the weekends. The first time Ollie was able to return home, he broke down and cried when he saw how the police mistreated his belongings. After every return to Rehab, he had to provide a urine sample. If he tested positive he would be prohibited from leaving the premises for a week or longer depending on the offence. I dare say Ollie wanted to get out of that hell hole as quickly as possible and so he changed night and day. He completely quit using. Knowing what kinda drugs he was used to, that must have been a very painful experience.

During that time, every so often, I would take the long train ride to go visit him and keep him updated on what was going on. The first time I saw him I even teared up a little. I barely knew the man but to me he was my best friend in the whole world. I kept him updated about everything that had happened since that fateful morning of September 30, 1995. I told him about Melanie, how I was living with Angela and that I had begun to slowly sell off the hashish and other stuff that I took with me that evening.

In fact I had already sold some hundreds of Marks worth and wanted to give him the money. He reacted insulted and his eyes filled with glaring indignation. He grabbed my wrist and silently yet violently pushed my hand with the money in it forcefully into my hoodie pocket. His grip on my wrist was terrifyingly strong. "Ollie you are hurting me!" I whimpered.

We started to argue very heatedly in a hushed tone about the whole drugs issue. He insisted that I throw everything away, and that if I needed money, he would take care of it. He felt responsible for me and after he had seen the inside of the criminal justice system, he feared that I was going to throw my life away.

I argued that I didn't want to be dependent on his money. I was careful when dealing and wanted to prove to myself that I indeed was capable of looking after myself. I was always headstrong and stubborn like that. You need to be, to escape brainwashing and abusive cults. He eventually told me that if I kept dealing and didn't throw the drugs away, I

shouldn't come visit him anymore. I sadly looked at his piercing blue eyes and told him I couldn't promise him that but I was going to think about it.

"Yes you think about it, Tommy. What's more important to you? The drugs or our friendship?"

"It's not as simple as that."

"I know Tommy, I'm a stubborn guy too."

We both smiled a little.

I hugged him as hard and long as I could and made the cold and windy walk back towards the train station.

As the rain started beating against the window pane of the rolling train I looked out at the bleak countryside rolling by. It mirrored my soul.

The following times I visited him it was awkward. I didn't want to lie to him so I told him I had indeed disposed of all the material. Literally, it was at the bottom of a garbage can so I was technically telling the truth. It felt wrong though and I dared not think of the consequences to our friendship should Ollie find out I had been lying to him.

Our relationship suffered greatly during that time. I really missed him but visiting him worsened our relationship. By November I gave up going altogether but still kept in contact via phone.

That November the winter frost and snow came early. Grey and white skies, frozen, icy streets and up to 10 cm of fresh snow in one night. It sucked to be outside but I was desperate to get rid of everything before Ollie found out. I even opted to go by train to other cities to try dealing because I was afraid local customers might accidentally rat me out to Ollie. Eventually I couldn't handle the paranoia and guilt of lying to my best friend but I needed to save money, to earn money. Eight thousand Marks would only last so long and once I had used it up, what was I going to do? Prostitution?

I decided to call Lars. He told me that if I ever was having a problem I should call him.

Until now I only met up with Lars together with Ollie and Angela. One evening, as the four of us were drinking, he asked me if I wanted to play snooker. I had never played snooker before, but soon discovered that I liked it and that I was rather good at it. Angela and Ollie watched us for a few minutes before deciding that they would rather play 8 ball, and wandered off, bored of watching us.

I know if I ask Lars to come hang out and play snooker, Angela will probably not want to come along. I could talk to him about my predicament in private.

With purpose I make my way down the snowy streets to a phone booth and call Lars at his office. I talk with his secretary and manage to make an appointment with him that same afternoon. The place I have in mind is just a short walk from his practice, and he often hangs out there after work. It will be easier to ask him for a favor if I disrupt his day to day as little as possible, or so I think.

I haven't seen him in quite a few weeks. He is alone as predicted and already nursing a whiskey as I walk in the door, just ten past five o'clock in the afternoon. That is my intention. The billiard hall opens at five pm during the week and usually nobody is there at that hour. That means privacy.

I have some trepidation about meeting him because Angela had informed him that I was living with her. To my relief, he seems to be completely unfazed by that.

He looks up and smiles through perfectly whitened teeth.

"How's that cute girlfriend of yours?"

"Melanie?"

"Yes. Oh she's so cute, are you still together?"

"Yes"

"Good, (sips whisky) don't lose her, I can tell she's a really good person, not like you."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh just kidding, Tommy. Relax, I don't mind that you are living with Angela. I mean, you could have asked me if you needed a place to stay but it's ok, I won't hold it against you."

"Lars, it's not like that, Melanie suggested it and Angela practically lives with you. I wouldn't want to intrude."

"Tommy, it's fine, I was just teasing you. You wouldn't want to live with me, having to see Angela and me walking around the house completely naked"

"Yes, yes, ok, enough." I laugh nervously.

Lars motions to the bar keeper to pour me a whisky as well. I ask him for the snooker table in the furthest corner away from the bar. I don't want some bored bartender snooping our conversation. Lars grabs my whisky and I take the snooker balls, we walk over to the table.

Lars asks me,

"So Tommy, what brings me this honor?"

"Nothing really, I just fancied playing some snooker again and you're the only one I know that can play."

"Is that so? I guess you had no choice then, huh?"

"Come on Lars, I actually like hanging out with you"

We exchange a friendly glance. Lars walks back to the bar and talks to the bar owner for a bit. Soon he returns with two Snooker cue cases. He opens both of them and we each assemble one of them. I had never seen such exquisite design. They look expensive. Lars puts his cue on the table and motions me to do the same.

“Pick one.”

I look at both of them, they are equally stunning to look at. I choose one at random. Lars grabs the other one and begins chalking his cue.

“Let’s play a few rounds. If you don’t like the stick we can return or exchange them.”

“Did you buy them?”

“Not yet, but I will if I like mine, I’ll pay for yours as well if you want to play regularly with me. I could use a partner and I don’t always want to ask strangers if they want to play with me.”

“Fair enough. I’m just not sure I’m good enough to play against you”

“Don’t worry, you’ll learn right? First step is to like the game. If you like playing you’ll get better, right?”

I nod.

Lars has an intensity about himself when playing snooker. Previously I hadn’t noticed just how seriously he takes this sport. When it was the four of us he was laughing, joking and making fun of Ollie and Angela after they walked off, but now, jeez, he sinks a red ball right off the break shot and pockets black straight after the first red. After that twice blue, pink and twice black again. He racks up 42 points before I even get to the table. I feel way out of my league, but luckily I at least sink a red and a blue before accidentally snookering myself behind the brown and ruining my chances of a direct shot on the next red. With gusto I play off the long wall and manage to strafe a red at the other end of the table, barely avoiding giving Lars the penalty points for missing a shot.

As we continue to play I warm up to the game and although I eventually lose 3 – 1. I did manage to win one game. That was good enough for me. If I had lost all of them I would have seriously doubted that Lars would ever want to play with me again.

“Lars, there is something I wanted to ask you and I’m quite uneasy about it but it’s important.”

He looks at me a bit surprised.

“Ok sure, do we need another drink for this?”

“Yes, why not.”

“Is your cue any good? Are you happy with it?”

“Yes, but really Lars, I’m happy to come play with you, you don’t need to buy me a stick.”

“Nonsense, of course I will. Otherwise it’s not fair if I win against you because you have to play with the shitty house cues that are bent and dirty.”

We walk over to the bar and Lars hands the Barkeeper what looks like around a thousand D-Marks in cash. I reel at the sight, I thought maybe the two will cost a couple hundred at most, but I should have known. As always, Lars only buys the best of the best. Nothing else is good enough for him.

He looks at me, “If ever you decide you don’t like the stick or something is wrong with it, you can exchange it here for free no questions asked.”

“Thanks Lars, that’s pretty cool.”

“Don’t mention it.”

We order two Whisky neat and walk back over to our table and finally get down to the real business of why I wanted to meet. Lars looks at me intensely.

“So tell me Tommy, what’s in that little head of yours?”

“Where to begin? Ok, I’ll tell you everything from the beginning.”

The next twenty minutes I explain to him in great detail about everything that happened since that fateful night at Ollie’s apartment. Lars and Angela had been invited but had opted to stay at home and have a romantic weekend. I hadn’t told them it was my birthday otherwise they might have come. As it turned out, it was the right decision.

I cautiously tell him about my predicament with the drugs and how I had them buried in the forest. I omitted the fact that I took them to Angela’s home, I was sure he would have been angry to hear that. In any case I needed to get rid of them as I had no other income and it seemed a waste to just dispose of the only thing I could make a living with. I knew Lars took cocaine once in a while and my idea was that maybe he knew someone other than Ollie that was dealing. We could sell the stuff at wholesale price and split the money.

Ollie makes it very clear he wants nothing to do with any of it and I make Lars promise whether he helps me or not, to never tell Angela, Melanie or Ollie of our little conversation. Lars listens to me intently and I’m still not sure if talking to him about this is a good idea. He interrupts me, agitated and slightly bewildered at the situation.

“Damn, Tommy, it’s really fucking stupid. I mean, you’re fucking stupid, you know that? If you need money or some work I could help you. You shouldn’t be selling drugs, you are throwing your life away for what? A few thousand Marks? That’s Ollie’s problem, Ollie is a grown man, and you’re just a kid. Why are you involving yourself with a grown man’s shit?”



Damn, how stupid are you? I don't mean to offend you, but jeez, Tommy, think about the danger you are putting yourself in when you barely know the guy. Listen to me, ok? Bring everything you have to an associate of mine. I will tell him you're coming and he will take everything off of you. Whatever he gives you, don't argue with him, you take it understood? If it's not enough I will pay the difference. After that you and I will meet up and we will talk about helping you find some sort of income ok?"

I nod almost in shame like a little puppy who chewed his owner's shoe. It was that Lars was angry with me but trying not to show it. He writes me down an address and tells me to go by tomorrow before noon. The evening seems ruined and I try to lighten the mood by offering another round of snooker and whiskey. Lars politely declines saying he has to go home for dinner. I know that he's pissed off and just wants to end the conversation. He shakes my hand almost formally and after paying the tab heads back home to Angela, leaving me there to sulk in my stupidity. I really hope that he doesn't rat me out to her.

I irrationally decide to drink away my paranoia. Many beers later, I can bring myself to get up and leave the bar of the still half empty pool hall. It's almost midnight and eerily dark outside. The streetlights in this area appear to be broken and the overclouded sky covers the moon and the stars rendering the street almost pitch black. I drudge home, my All Stars soak up the fresh snow on the sidewalk. I get home to an empty apartment feeling like a complete moron. I risked my friendship with Lars, Angela even and for what? Maybe the Bible has a point. "The love of money is the root of all evil". I rationalize in my mind. "I don't love money, I fucking need it. All these people have homes, lives, jobs, and families. I don't! If these people decided to be rid of me tomorrow I would have literally nowhere to go. Of course I wanted to have as much money as possible. That was my only barrier between life and death.

I fell asleep sitting on the sofa in Angela's living room. I woke up still holding the now emptied beer bottle in my hand. I rose to pee and realized it was already around nine in the morning! Shit! I got to go see that guy. I eat some toothpaste, rinse my face and after stuffing the drugs from under the trash bin into my Nike backpack I head for the door thinking to myself. "Lars is right. Maybe I am really stupid. This is the third time I'm walking around with Ollie's stuff and for what? Just to end up getting robbed or arrested?"

I take the train to Mannheim. From there, I board a bus out to a rundown suburb. The pissed up, graffiti smeared bus stations and old style row block houses painted beige and piss yellow, are decorated with copious racist slogans and graffiti. They tell me this is the kind of neighborhood where most people will be born, live and die without ever leaving, without a future, without making an iota of difference or change for the better to themselves or others. The sidewalks smell of beer and urine. I can see kids, perhaps as young as twelve years old on a dilapidated playground. They are unsupervised and instead of doing normal kid stuff, prefer to smoke pot out of a bucket bomb using a cleaning bucket and a Coca-Cola bottle with its bottom cut off. The typical way for young kids to get high. Let me explain to those of you who don't know what I'm talking about.

How to make a bucket bomb

Step one: Find any deep bucket and fill it with water

- Step two: Find any large plastic pet bottle, the bigger the better
- Step three: Cut the bottom off the bottle with a razorblade
- Step four: Make a little "hat" out of some tin foil and poke some holes in it
- Step five: Put some wire mesh into your hat
- Step six: Put the hat on top of the bottle and immerse as low as possible
- Step seven: Put whatever your drug mix is in the hat. Pretty much anything that you can burn will do. Hashish, weed, opium, cocaine, meth or heroin etc. Once you made your mix, ignite it and slowly pull the bottle out of the water. It will fill with smoke. Use some tobacco if it doesn't burn well
- Step eight: Remove the hat and place your lips on the top of the now smoke filled bottle and with one fell swoop inhale as you push the bottle towards the water again
- Step nine: Be very fucking high

I think to myself sarcastically. "The bright future of Germany's youth."

The name on the doorbell is as described in Lars' note. As instructed, 4 short and quick buzzes followed by a pause and then 2 quick ones again. The door clicks and I enter.

Inside the smell of rotting flesh, stale smoke and urine makes me almost vomit. What looks like dried blood and other biological matter is splattered all over the floor and the right corridor wall up to my shoulder. It looks like someone was killed. No one had bothered to clean up the mess properly and now the inhabitants of the building and their offspring walked aloofly past the brownish black stains and sticky residue left in-between the ugly green tiled floor.

The instruction is to climb the five flights of old wooden stairs to the top floor. I get there slightly out of breath, and an older gentleman is already waiting for me, standing in the door frame. His looks are on the far side of fifty, long, straight salt and pepper oily hair with a large bald spot. A single gold ring on his right ear His face is boney, marked with a chiseled, perfectly shaven jaw line and exaggerated cheekbones. He is slightly shorter than me but carries himself taller than he is. His clothes are expensive and his smell is that of an unhygienic man that thinks expensive perfume can cover body odor. Designer jeans are tightened around his emaciated waist with a Gucci belt in a way that says this man prefers methamphetamine to proper food. Long, white chest hair peeks over his white designer T-shirt. A crocodile brown leather, biker style jacket completes the outfit

He greets me with a nose up smirk through gold framed blue tinted Ray Bans and I gingerly shake his clammy hand. On each of his fingers sit expensive, white gold rings, some studded with diamonds. His hands look strong and muscular and his grip is surprisingly strong. I make a mental note to thoroughly wash my hands after leaving. He walks in front of me into the kitchen and with his back to the windowed wall, motions for me to sit at the tiny table on an old stool. The air is pungent with the smell of ammonia and feces. Perhaps a cat lives or has lived here? I don't want to sit down and let him feel bigger than me in this tiny claustrophobic kitchen. He could pull a knife or gun on me. How should I know? I remain standing.

Realizing my tension he sits down, opposite me behind the table with his back to the dirty window. The brown shutters are closed and an ugly flicker of the neon light above renders his face a sickly blueish white. He looks up indifferently at me still standing there.

“Relax dude, I ain’t gonna rob you”

He pulls out a tiny letter scale from his brown crocodile leather jacket and informs me nonchalantly that it is accurate. The waft of the leather is welcomingly potent enough to almost cover the other smells for a few seconds. It must be brand fucking new and probably costs several thousand Marks. My instruction from Lars is to take whatever he’ll give me and I already know just looking at this outrageously dressed creep that I am going to get properly fucked over. I’m starting to think that Lars has a fucking dark side too and that his wealth is not just from working as a doctor.

I sigh inwardly “Let’s get this over with, he’s probably packing and lord knows who’s lurking around outside the building to rob me once I leave.”

I move towards him as I take the bag off my shoulders. Watching him with my every move I unzip the largest compartment and start taking the stuff out. Like a trinket merchant, I lay the different drugs in orderly fashion on the table. His attention turns immediately to the 10 mg vial of acid.

“This LSD?”

I nod affirmative”

“Wow dude” that’s a lot of hits, I’ll give you one hundred for it.”

“C’mon man! That’s easily a hundred hits. Two hundred if you only make 50 microgram doses. If you microdose at 25 per blotter, that’s at least two grand on the street at ten Marks a hit, you gotta be joking!”

“Ok, fine I’ll be nice, 200. - take or leave it! I don’t know if this is the real deal before I try it. It could be water for all I know, or lost all its potency already. I’ll tell you what. If it’s any good I’ll give you another 100 next week.”

I sigh reluctantly. I know in any kind of street business, a deal is a deal. Money in the hand is the only money you’ll ever see. Never give drugs on credit, never loan money ever. You might as well throw it directly in the garbage.

He pulls out a post-it and pen from his inside pocket and writes down 200. He then starts counting the ecstasy pills one by one grouping them into piles of ten.

“I’ll give you 2 Marks per piece.” I roll my eyes, each pill can fetch me between 10 and 20 Marks depending on where I sell them and I usually paid 4 to 5 each for a hundred of them at wholesale price depending on the type and quality.

He counts 295 pieces x 2 = 590. Way, way less than I had paid for them. I start to cringe inwardly.

I see where this is going! Maybe at least I'll get a better price for the powder. The package containing it is wrapped tightly and it takes some serious cutting to pry it open. The dealer takes a pinch and rubs it first on his gums. He smiles at me knowingly with joy.

He puts some on his finger tip and snorts it. "Wow! That's good stuff, where did you get it?"

"I honestly don't know what it is, it belonged to a friend of mine and I'm selling it as it is unopened, I really have no clue. I mostly just sell X and hashish"

"For this I'm prepared to give you 50 a G. So if you really don't know what it is I'll tell you, it's fish scale cocaine. The best fucking quality you can get and it's super rare here in Germany! So! How did a scrawny asshole like you get his hands on this?"

"Like I said, I didn't know what it was. If you say 50, I figure 50K is the kilo price?"

He looks at me unfriendly

"A lot more actually but for you, Yes." He unpacks the lot and dumps it onto a plastic bowl that had already been tared to zero. The scale reads 47.2 grams

He does the math.  $47.2 \times 50 = 2360$ . He shows me to confirm. I nod.

"Ok fine, but once I leave here I don't want you or your friends hassling me, I'm doing this for a friend who got arrested and is now in rehab."

"You mean Ollie? (I nod uncomfortably) I know Ollie, (he looks at me grinning,) I sold this very dope to him. I just wanted to hear if you would make up some bullshit story about how you got it because then I'd know you're a liar Tommy! I'm the only one probably in the whole country that can get this high grade quality."

I roll my eyes and sigh, just what I fucking need! Of course he knows Ollie! Fucking everyone knows Ollie! What was I thinking!?

"Oh. Don't tell him I was here then, it's complicated at the moment."

He looks at me piercingly

"Why shouldn't I tell him you were here? Not that I care, really, but, (he holds up the empty plastic that had the coke in it) did you steal this from him?"

I glare at him and start babbling nervously to prove my innocence.

"NO! How can you say that! I was trying to help him get all the incriminating shit out before the police showed up. Ollie and I stuffed all the narcotics we could find in a bag and I legged it outta town and buried it in the forest that morning you know?" I'm sure he knows the story and he looks at me affirmative "Wolfgang fell and killed his stupid ass, fucked both of us. We had a good thing going and it's fucked now! I try to calm my heightened tone. It's a

long story. Ollie threw that lump into my bag as we were both panicking, trying to get rid of all the gear in the apartment. I didn't even know it was coke, ok? I went through a lot of trouble hiding this fucking contraband since then. A month ago, when I went to visit him to talk about liquidation, he was all difficult and emotional. Since then every time I visit him, he's blabbing to me about me throwing my life away and wants me to get clean, he wants me to destroy all this stuff! Fuck, it's a small fortune so of course I can't do that. Ollie may be rich and can afford to destroy more than 10k worth of gear but I sure am not."

My tone of voice almost quivers in frustration and anger.

"I haven't told him that I'm still trying to sell this stuff because I don't want to ruin our friendship. I don't really have anywhere to live and I can't run around with all this shit. That's why I'm here. To be done with it so I don't have to lie to him anymore but you know what, we can also just forget it ok? I didn't come here to get insulted!"

I start picking up the stuff from the table. He grabs at my wrist forcefully but more in an apologetic than dominating manner.

"Hey, it's ok, I believe you. Sit down, relax. You know Ollie and I go way back? Almost ten years. He's been a loyal customer and one of my best associates since he dropped out of high-school. He's made me a fortune over the years so I don't mind helping now." He smiles at me. "You're that cousin Tommy of his aren't you? From India or something like that?"

I think to myself, "He knows who I am, fuck."

I stare him right in the eyes as I pull out the stool and take a seat. He lets go of my arm and my demeanor relaxes slightly.

"Something like that. Listen, really! I'm not joking! When I went to visit Ollie at the clinic I had money for him with me from selling some of the hashish. Ollie was insulted and refused to take the money." I pull out the crumpled hundred Mark notes that were still in my hoodie to show him I'm being honest. "See?"

"I see, since you didn't ask, my name is Rolf. Everyone calls me Digger though."

"I'm sorry I didn't mean to be rude... I was assuming it best if we didn't know each other's names."

Digger leans back into the window sill crossing his hands in his lap.

"Yeah but I already know who you are, it's only fair you now know who I am."

I mock, wave my hand at him and crack the slightest of peeved grins. "Ok Digger"

He draws an imaginary circle with his index finger and then taps on the table while staring at me.

“Ok, I’m convinced you are telling the truth. That you are trying to help my friend Ollie so I’ll tell you what. I’ll give you a better price once we calculate everything and a hundred more for the acid.”

Now I’m just irritated

“If you knew who I was, why didn’t you say so at the beginning?”

He cocks his head to the side as if he’s studying a monkey.

“I was feeling you out man. Seeing who I was dealing with. I thought that you might have ripped him off after he got arrested and were trying to profit off of his bad luck. That would have been despicable you understand? I wanted to talk to you first, before I decided to have my associates take care of you. He pauses and gesticulates with his hands. “Don't worry, it's all good. I see now you're a correct dude. You understand me man? I gave you the benefit of the doubt because it was Lars that contacted me.”

“If you had just gone around in my town to my people, trying to sell drugs that don’t belong to you, you would have gotten fucked up. Anyone would have known immediately,” he snaps his fingers, “that a guy like you could never get his hands on powder like this without knowing my name. You know, people disappear, a lot more than you think. If you dragged the river bed you’d be surprised what you would find. Sometimes the bodies are hacked to pieces by boat propellers, or that’s what it’s supposed to look like. Torsos, arms, legs, bloated and decayed beyond recognition sometimes bubble back up to the river banks. Now, how many of them do you think are actual drowning victims? I don’t look dangerous but I have very dangerous friends so in other words, that makes me dangerous. People that fuck with me or fuck my friends disappear around here, catch my drift Tommy?”

I stare into his eyes trying to assess whether he’s a bull-shitter or not. Nonetheless his demeanor and the confidence in his voice is sobering. He calmly gets up and walks past me to the entrance of the apartment. From the other side of the door, in the stairwell I hear a man talking to Digger. The hair on my neck stands up and I get goosebumps all over. The guy standing outside was waiting for me! On Diggers orders. He must have followed me up here after I entered the apartment. Digger finishes the conversation... “You can go now, he’s ok. I’ll see you later.”

I can hear de-cock click of a pistol through the wafer thin door. Steps slowly echo down the stairs. I think to myself, fuck, how did I not hear that guy sneak up here? If I would have left in anger I could have gotten killed today. Digger comes back into the kitchen and sits down as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening. He had just decided to not have me murdered in the same effortless demeanor a normal person would choose between an espresso and a coffee at a café. Absolutely nonchalant.

“Tommy, listen to me, it’s not the first time Ollie’s been raided by the police, ok? It’s not the first time he’s in rehab. Like I said, I know Ollie a long fucking time! You’ve been with him this tiny amount of time and here you are trying to help. Either you are naïve or stupid. Which is it, Tommy?”

"I honestly think it's just desperation and trying to survive"

"I respect that Tommy, a man's gotta eat right? You've got balls coming here. Had I thought you ripped off my friend, I was going to have you hurting bad, even if you are Ollie's cousin which by the way, I'm not buying, you look nothing like each other. Ollie insists that you are cousins so whatever, that bullshit, is between you and him. You fuckers really don't have anything in common but like I said, Ollie seems to like you so if you hurt him or fuck him over in the future, I'm still gonna come for you ok!?"

"Hey, just to be clear, some of the stuff is mine! The molly is mine. The hashish is mine too. I bought it from a Dutch guy."

"Yeah but it's the principle. The coke does not belong to you. Neither does the indoor. I recognize the smell. That's White Widow from my production, see again, if you would have lied to me I would have known instantly. I'm the only producer of this particular strain in this whole region. The X dealer of yours, is the dealer's name Xavi by any chance?"

"I'm not saying anything, I don't know you but yeah if you assume that, that's anyone's guess."

"Don't buy from him. He makes weak ass pills. I have a much better, pure MDMA source. Have you ever seen pure MDMA Tommy?"

I shake my head and Digger pulls out a little dime bag with some light beige, sugary looking substance in it and throws it on the table.

"This is Molly, 100 percent pure MDMA, you just need a fingertip of it so be careful ok?" It's made in the Netherlands and believe me it's fucking potent.

I look at the bag having no intention to keep it or use it. The guy's basically admitted to be a fucking murderer. As if he senses what I'm thinking he laughs

"Relax Tommy, you're so distrusting, that's actually a good thing, but I didn't poison it, I'm giving you some of my personal stash as a token of trust, see?"

He demonstratively licks the tip of his little finger and dips it in the bag. A small amount sticks to his finger and he puts it in his mouth.

"Now you try"

I think to myself, "Fuck, if I don't, he'll be suspicious or at the very least insulted." I resign myself to my fate, lick my finger and dip as well. It tastes extremely bitter and I rush over to the sink and put my head under the faucet to wash the bitter taste down.

Digger laughs

"Pussy! I know every dealer from here all the way to Duisburg and Frankfurt ok? Trust me, you have a good friend here now. Anything you want, guns, drugs, cigarettes, you like girls

Tommy? You ain't one of those cock slurping faggots that are forcing their sicko perversions on everyone with their pride parades and shit are you now? I fucking hate those salad tossing, cum guzzling felchers. You seem like a boy who flies straight so I'll be glad to hook you up. Tell you what, you ever wanna good fuck I'll tell Lars the first one is on me, any bitch you want, he'll take you to one of my establishments. If you ever need work, just tell him ok? You don't get the privilege to call me directly just yet but you could earn it if you want"

I wipe the water from my mouth with my hoodie sleeve.

"Thanks for the offer Digger but I'm just trying to get rid of this stuff and give Ollie his share of the money and then be done with it. Ollie is right, I'm throwing my life away. If Ollie doesn't want the money I'll hold it indefinitely until he comes to his senses. I mean no offence but for the moment at least I really don't want to get involved."

"None taken. In any case, if you ever change your mind, talk to Lars, I'll inform him you are to be trusted. No one walks around with this much gear that doesn't have a massive fucking set of balls. I could see you working for me."

"Again thanks for the offer, Digger, I'll think about it."

I only say that to be rid of the topic. I have no intention of working for a drug lord. Been there, done that. Digger blathers on.

"I think it's a good idea if you want to hold Ollie's money Tommy. Maybe he doesn't want it now but it's my humble opinion that inevitably his parents will cut him off. He'll need that money sooner than he thinks. I give him a month, two tops. Then he'll be drinking and smoking pot again and it'll be the same old same old. I tell you Tommy, mark my words. Ollie is a nice guy but he can't stay clean. It's not who he is and honestly, plenty of us use gear and it's ok. I mean look at me. I can't remember the last time I ate some actual food but here I am. I make good money and I have a good life, who knows? Maybe one day the three of us will become business partners."

I look at him in blatant disgust.

"Digger no offence but this?! Your apartment is disgusting, it reeks! There's blood in the corridor downstairs, it smells like a cat peed all over your apartment and then died in here, how can you call this a good life?"

Digger starts laughing, I notice his gold front teeth. The ones in the back are a mix of rotten black and yellow stumps. Probably rotted away from meth abuse.

"Oh sweet innocent child you are, (continues laughing) this isn't my apartment, I own a goddamn house in the country! There's a Mercedes with my driver waiting for me out back. The guy who lived here is dead... He was a junkie. You saw his dried blood in the hallway no? I was using him as one of my outlets. He was using too much and first skimming money and then began to outright steal my product so I had to send him to heaven. You understand? I'm just coincidentally here this morning since I own the building. I wanted to do another check to see if I would find the missing money or heroin he stole but I'm guessing he junked



it away or perhaps someone else robbed him. So, since Lars knew I had to come here, he sent you here to meet me and then called me to tell me you were coming with some interesting gear. Happy coincidences.”

I look at him earnest and intrigued.

“So how did you kill him?”

Digger leans forward and says in a hushed voice.

Officially, he died of a drug overdose. I just helped a little, you know? I sent a pretty little thing to visit him and make sure he got some fentanyl mixed into his usual speedball. I assure you, I didn’t force his hand and I wasn’t here when it happened.” I’m guessing it must have been a spectacular show.” He winks at me and claps his hands laughing.

“To watch him hemorrhaging blood in the hallway like that while gasping for breath. I’m surprised he made it all the way down the stairs before he died.”

Digger leans back into his chair.

“Do you even know what fentanyl is Tommy?”

I shake my head.

“It’s an opioid, basically synthetic heroin. They use it for operating on people and for patients in severe pain, dying of cancer and what have you. I’ve got a friend who has a medical license. He’s found some loophole in the medical system of sorts to import it directly from the country of origin...”

I think to myself.

“That has to be fucking Lars! I mean how many corrupt doctors can some asshole dealer know right? So by default Lars just helped to kill a man. Nice!”

“...It’s one hundred times more powerful than morphine and easily 50 times as strong as the shit heroin you get here. Two milligrams of it and you go to fucking heaven. So by the time the ambulance showed up the thief that lived here was DOA. The police did their report and left. Just another Junkie O’D. They couldn’t even be bothered to search the apartment. As the owner of the building I was of course notified of the situation by the groundskeeper.”

“So let’s weigh the rest shall we?”

I am in no mood to haggle anymore. I’m sitting in a dead man’s apartment across from his killer. The effects of the MDMA are kicking in and my empty stomach hurts. I wonder to myself if I shouldn’t maybe just kill this man right here and now. No one actually saw my face coming here, I was wearing my hoodie over my head and sunglasses. I could rob him of all his money and then flee Germany. Head down to Switzerland. I’ve killed before. I wonder if I

could take him with my bare hands, maybe beat his skull in with the huge glass ashtray on the table and then strangle him.

Digger is busy weighing and scribbling down numbers. I'm gonna get fucked over and so I don't give a shit anymore. I watch on in feigned interest. I think to myself "Just bash this guy's head and kill him. He's fair game, he was gonna have me fucked up or even killed. Plus, he might be carrying enough money to last me a year or more. Maybe he ain't carrying any money at all and is still planning to have me robbed for all I know."

"Physically, I have the advantage of age on this guy. It seems to me he's too arrogant or smart to be packing. He's the kind of scumbag that lets others get their hands dirty at his behest. But, he knows who I am. That means by default, probably other dangerous people know who I am. Perhaps Angela and Melanie will be in danger if I kill this son of a bitch. "

"Lars is the only one that for sure can identify me at this meeting. He also knows that I'm living with Angela. I can't trust him anymore either. Even if I killed Digger and miraculously none of his gang figured out who I was, what's stopping Lars from killing me just out of principle? That means I'd have to kill Lars first. But how? I have no gun and that guy is too strong. Anyway, that would be too many bodies. I would start a gang war! Melanie and Angela would not be spared either."

"If Diggers people were on to me after I killed him, they'd probably kill Ollie. They'd kill Lars on principle just for introducing me. I have no chance to be sure I can do this anonymously. If I killed him now, it would hurt everyone that helped me. A fucking bloodbath could likely follow, not to mention the kinda torture and execution I'd face even if I got found out, even ten years down the road. Nothing is ever forgiven and nothing forgotten."

I smile at Digger, wondering if he can feel me. I'd love to murder this piece of shit right here and now. How many mothers grieved for their lost sons because of this human piece of excrement? I knew right then, if I left here killing this guy, I would have a target on my back throughout all of the Rhine province and beyond. I would never be safe. I could never score from any dealer again without constantly fearing to be found out. Digger would haunt my every move from the grave for years to come. I'd need to scope out where he lives and kill him when no one suspects me and I'm sure no one is tracking my movements. First things first, get out of here alive and hopefully with the money I so desperately need.

I think to myself.

"Lars is a fucking idiot. If Lars is the fentanyl connection, is he not aware of the gravity of what he's probably involved in? Is he involved in the cocaine smuggling too? I mean, I only saw him using that kind of high grade coke out of all the people I know. Did he set up this meeting knowing I could get fucked up? Or was he just naïve and trying to be nice?"

"Or rather, did he want to show me who is boss? To educate me? I need to give Lars the benefit of doubt for now. After all I did get rid of everything right? Even if seriously under the street value, it's over and done with. I should just walk away and never involve myself with Digger again. I won't ask Lars for any money. That will just put me in his debt. Last thing I want is to be indebted to a corrupt doctor that could demand I run errands for him. That

pig! That's probably what he meant with helping me with an income! If I refuse to do his bidding further on down the road, or he gets paranoid for whatever reason, who's to say he won't kill me by slipping me something lethal in a drink or in a line of coke. Just like that poor sod that lived here. Better Lars has no idea I'm on to him. He probably thinks all I know is that he buys cocaine off of Digger. Information is power and now I have the advantage over Lars because stupid Digger accidentally indirectly ratted him out as being a corrupt doctor. It fucking has to be Lars right?"

"Angela may be in serious danger. If Lars is a heavy weight dealer, how to warn her without causing suspicion? Fuck! Maybe Angela is in on all this too? How will I ever know? Look at all us supposed friends just blatantly lying to each other. Except Melanie, I seriously doubt she knows about any of this. Poor thing. She's so innocent, she doesn't deserve to be caught up in a drug dispute. I would never forgive myself if Digger or his associates ever did something to that beautiful, sweet child."

Once he's finished, he looks up from his scribbling. I'm eager to leave and ask him.

"So what's your final offer for everything? I'm kinda hungry and I'd like to wrap this up if you don't mind"

Digger looks at me and sucks his teeth.

"In a rare show of kindness I'm going to help you get back on your feet Tommy! Ten thousand. But you are going to give Ollie half! That's fair no? I'm being very, very generous with that offer. I'm also going to tell Ollie that you sold his drugs back to me so he knows how much to expect from you. If he doesn't want it, I'm holding you responsible to keep it for him until he does. That's what you said right? I'm holding you to your own word Tommy."

"Digger! I told you I don't want Ollie to know, I don't want to fight with him. You can trust me but please leave Ollie out of this."

"Don't worry I'll handle Ollie. If everything you said is true it'll all be fine. If you lied to me Tommy, once you leave this place you better run and pray to god I will never find you!"

"What's there to lie about Digger? Everything I told you was the truth"

"Well then, (he smiles) you have nothing to worry about then, don't call Ollie, I will deal with him!"

I nod my head, I just want to get out of here now. My hands are all clammy and my mouth is dry.

Digger pulls five blue rolls of hundreds from a leather backpack and shoves it on the table towards me. I just really hope they're not counterfeit. I start opening a roll to count it. He looks at me

"Are you really going to insult me? It's all there you don't need to count it"

“Ok”

I grab the money and throw it loosely into my backpack, shake his hand and look him dead in the eye trying not to show animosity.

“I’ll be seeing you around Tommy”

“Same here Digger”

He points an imaginary finger gun at me and pulls the trigger as I exit the smelly dead junkie’s apartment. As I walk the first steps down Digger says something in a barely audible voice that sends chills through my spine

“Hey, about Wolfgang? Yeah he was a dumbass, watch your back Tommy.”

I slowly walk down the stairs totally convinced I will get jumped any second. After all I have loose 10K in my backpack. I halt in the stairwell to retract my hidden butterfly knife. It’s ready in my clenched fist inside my jacket pocket. Anyone tries something stupid will get their throat slit. Regardless, I still feel like an easy target. My heart is still racing long after I’m on the first bus out of there. It’s headed in a completely wrong direction but I don’t care. It’s a good precaution in case I’m being followed. I need a bigger fucking weapon I think to myself. A gun. As I change the bus and head back towards Mannheim, main train station. My thoughts race.

“Fuck, who was at that party that could have killed Wolfgang? Fuck! I knew it didn’t make any sense for Wolfgang to just fall like that. He was a fucking skater for Christ’s sake. If anyone had a good sense of equilibrium it had to be him. That means someone pushed Wolfgang off the ledge. But that would have had to be more of a chance kill than planned. Or, Wolfgang was also poisoned with fentanyl! Lars!!! But that would mean he has more than one victim on his conscious already. It’s too early to point the finger. Fact remains. The murderer knows Ollie, and so by default also Angela, Melanie, and me. Fuck! Maybe it’s time I went back to Würzburg and dug up that gun I buried. If I find out who that was I might send a few people to heaven myself. Digger is definitely now on my kill list since his matter of fact just told me he ordered Wolfgang’s death or was at least complicit in it. No one deserves to get killed over some drugs or money. Beat up, sure, why not but you don’t just fucking murder someone because they rip you off. Maybe Wolfgang was a nark? Regardless of what he did with Digger, I liked Wolfgang. That meant Digger just made his first big mistake with Tommy. He gave me too much information, what a grandiloquent dumbass!”

My suspicions aside, I call Lars from a pay phone and tell him that everything went fine. He tells me Digger called him already. Apparently he complimented my balls copiously and holds me in high regards. Digger said I reminded him of himself when he was a teenager apparently. Lars mentions that the three of us should have some drinks at some point. My instincts were right. Lars is a big fish too. Fuck. Such a shame, I really wanted to like the guy. Now, I know I can’t. Lars is someone who willingly takes the death, suffering and addiction of other people into account to enrich himself. He’s a doctor, he signed the Declaration of Geneva for fucks sake. Sure I was dealing harmful substances too but, a very important but! I

was doing it because I didn't have a fucking choice. I was selling soft stuff, fun stuff. Hashish, weed, and molly in small quantities. Party stuff for party people. Not hardcore junkie level, drug abuse gear like heroin, cocaine, ice and meth. At least that's what I told myself. Also I was barely surviving. I didn't have houses or villas like these guys bought themselves off of the backs of murdered dealers and overdose victims. Despicable I think to myself.

The full rush of MDMA hits me as I board a train headed to Koblenz. Luckily I have sunglasses that are as dark as the night itself. I buy myself a fuck ton of chewing gum and some water at a kiosk so that I'm not constantly grinding my teeth. Arriving in Koblenz, I changed trains to Bonn. Something still doesn't feel right and I know to trust my instincts. I spent the rest of the day loitering about the old town trying to lose whatever tail Digger sicked on me. I couldn't see anyone following me for sure but my sixth sense told me not to go home. Angela's safety is more important and so, I walked around aimlessly until the worst of the MDMA flash was gone and replaced with hunger. I stop to eat at a Kebab shop and buy some red bull and vodka at a corner shop to offset the horrible come down. No one ever asks me for an ID oddly enough. My face looks weathered beyond my years. That's a good thing.

## Chapter 11

### Vomitus in Prae Dolore

As the darkness falls I'm overcome with cold. I realize just how wet and miserable I am after walking around high as a kite in the cold all afternoon. What's good is I don't feel followed anymore. I hang around the train station until I'm absolutely sure no one is following me and then take the 21.29 back home. With frozen feet I walk the half hour from the station back to Angela's apartment. All my desire is set on sitting in silence, drinking some vodka and smoke a big, fat, fucking joint. As I walk up to the building I notice the lights are on inside our flat. Fuck! I hope nothing bad awaits me there.

I cautiously ring the bell figuring that if someone broke in and is waiting to jump me they won't answer the door. I'll run off then and hopefully find a hotel that won't ask too many questions.

Audible footsteps walking down the stairs and the figure of a slender woman is visible through the opaque glass. Angela opens the door to my relief.

"Silly boy, did you forget to take the key?"

I nod in feigned embarrassment.

"You're lucky I'm home otherwise you would have frozen to death out here."

"Thanks Angela"

She's still holding the door open so I and hurry inside and immediately rush over to the living room stripping off my shoes, socks and wet pants. Shivering, I hide my naked legs under the blanket.

Angela calls out from the hallway.

"Shall I make you some tea?"

"Yes please"

"What do you like?"

"Anything"

Is black ok?"

"Yes"

The TV is running the RTL channel. Some old spaghetti western with Terrence Hill and Bud Spencer. Cool! I bury myself under the blankets, rubbing my legs with my hands until I feel a bit more human again.

She enters the living room. It's only now I notice she's wearing just a silk, flower print bathrobe and apparently nothing underneath. She sits across from me on the pullout bed and hands me a big mug of tea.

She's sitting at an angle where I can see her small, perky breasts. Very pretty small delicate pink nipples.

"God, she's so beautiful!"

I almost blurt out loud my thoughts. It's better I sip at my tea, and be happy that my lower body is still too cold for arousal. Maybe I should distract my thoughts and engage her in some conversation.

"What brings you here Angela? Why aren't you with Lars?"

She looks at me, her eyes water slightly and breaks gaze.

"I don't really want to talk about it Tommy"

She sighs and I shrug my shoulders as if to say we don't have to talk, we can just sit here in silence.

I continue to slurp my tea. Warmth slowly creeps back through my lower extremities. Oh I really wish Angela would close her bathrobe better.

She fumbles with the TV remote and then reaches over and grabs her packet of tobacco and asks me to roll her a cigarette. I oblige. Every time she bends over a little I get a front row view of her delicate upper body.

She bites her lips.

"I guess I should tell you that Lars and I aren't doing so well at the moment. He doesn't take me seriously Tommy. There are things that are really important to me but every time I try to tell him he gets uncomfortable. He doesn't like it when I talk about my past. He avoids my problems by always buying me stuff or tries to get me high and have sex with him. But I don't want that. I want him to actually for once listen to me. We argued today and I told him I'm not just his little trophy for decorating his house. If he can't accept my past, how can he accept who I am Tommy?"

"Finally I got fed up after months of this and told Lars that we should take a break, that he should bring me back to my apartment. Then he started getting paranoid, angry even. Questioning whether the reason I was breaking up was because I allegedly fancied you Tommy. I told him he's not making any sense. Of course not! How dare he say that? I don't really want to break up with him, I care for him, love him even but he needs to love me for who I am otherwise it won't work in the long run"

"I think Lars likes you Tommy. He told me he really enjoyed playing snooker with you. I think he's scared that if I actually break up with him he'll lose you too." I just wanted a break

because I feel like he's not taking me seriously and wants to ignore all the trauma I went through, he doesn't let me talk about it, he constantly changes the topic. I want him to realize that if he wants me he's going to have to deal with the uncomfortable side of me as well."

This was surprising news to me. Good news in a way. That meant maybe Lars was actually ok in his own way. That he made the appointment with Digger because he genuinely wanted to help me albeit without much thought but still, it was a kind gesture. Let's face the facts. Lars is a criminal but I mean so am I, let's be fair, I mean I knowingly killed someone with intent so that technically makes me the worse person so no judging here. I just wish I could tell Angela about my angst, my worries. Poor thing doesn't know that I hid enough drugs in her kitchen equal to years in prison and that her difficult lover is quite surely a dealer. Maybe she instinctively knows but chooses to ignore it. I feel really shitty about keeping the truth from her but just how am I going to tell this crying sweetheart that I just sold 10 K worth of drugs under her nose. Courtesy of Lars' connection to a sociopathic murderer and that I just found out today that Lars is probably a heavy weight dealer himself.

I finish my tea and light the cigarette, handing it to her. She leans back on the pull out bed and puts the little black plastic lucky strike ashtray between us. We pass the cigarette back and forth while watching Bud Spencer clobber some baddies on TV. I really need some alcohol and a joint. I fumble under the bed for my private stash and pull out some black afghan from a little tin pill box and begin to roll one. I get up and light it as I walk over to the kitchen in just my boxer shorts and T-shirt. I grab two mugs and the bottle of vodka from the freezer.

I pour us both a huge gulp and enter back into the living room, handing one to Angela.

"Drink this, alcohol is medicine for the heart and soul"

She laughs

We sit there in silence sipping vodka, she continues talking about Ollie and her thoughts on her relationship with Lars and so on. I am happy to listen to the beautiful girl pouring her heart out while the TV blares on in the background. She mutters something about having cold feet so I innocently move towards her while putting the ashtray between us on the little black table. I cover both our legs with my blanket.

Early Sunday morning we are still high as a kite lying next to each other on the pull out sofa in the living room

We both couldn't really fall asleep all night so I brought out some speed, made us a few lines each and Angela opened another bottle of Vodka. I rifle through her collection of film tapes and insert Twins with Danny de Vito and Arnold Schwarzenegger.

We sit there chattering away, half watching the movie and being silly. Angela goes very quiet and her face starts cramping up. I watch with concern as she starts moaning and crying out in pain. Soon she is convulsing, dry heaving, she grabs my hand, squeezing it in sheer agony!

"Tommy help me, it hurts so bad!"



„What’s hurting? Where?”

She continues through clenched teeth.

“I sometimes get these horrific cramps in my belly because of that son of a bitch. They are getting more and more frequent. Every time it happens Lars gets all worried and gives me strong pain meds to calm it down. I keep trying to tell him about what happened to me but he doesn’t want to know. He knows my step-father molested me but he’s afraid to hear the whole story. That’s why I came home. I can’t be with someone who doesn’t want to deal with my past. He always changes the subject and says if I want to deal with my problems I should see a psychiatrist and that he’s not able to help me. He says the less he knows the better it is for us. But it’s the opposite!”

“I’m not making that mistake again. Every time I get with a guy it’s wonderful... Until these fucking cramps show up again.”

Gasping for air, her face now beading with sweat. She’s writhing on the sofa in agony. She clutches a pillow to her face and screams into it. Her screams are so visceral you would think someone hung her upside down and began sawing her vertically in half. She forces herself to keep talking, I imagine she’s trying to distract herself from the pain. Tears roll down her cheeks. She grabs my wrist and as she crouches over dry heaving, she pulls my hand towards her belly and cries out

“I wish you could feel my pain. “

My hand makes contact with her belly.

Her pain explodes inside me. It feels as though someone is doing an autopsy on my intestines. The pain is a cutting and ripping sensation. Almost as though someone is lighting me on fire and kicking my stomach from underneath. As if my bowels are liquidizing and hemorrhaging. It feels sticky, wet, like a gut wound from a shotgun pellet. The insurmountable pressure from the inside as if an alien would burst through my skin at any moment.

I cringe in sheer agony and my mouth tears wide open, I want to scream but all that comes out is a soft whimper. It reminds me of when I suffered from that horrible sleep paralysis as a child. I rise up clutching my stomach and with vomit spraying out of my mouth I barely make it to the toilet. It was at that hour mostly beer and vodka so nothing too horrifying. I spent quite some time dry heaving until the gag reflex mercifully subsided and I was able to stand up again. Still worried about her more than about myself I rinse and shove some toothpaste in my mouth. I hurried back to her.

I get to the living room and she is lying on her back peacefully with her eyes closed. One frail curved hand above her head. A stark contrast to not even a minute ago. Her naked upper body exposed through the open bathrobe. I look at her waist, that spot just over her naval that I had just touched. She opened some strange passageway into my body. All her pain

came bursting through me like a freight train at full running speed. I gingerly stroke her belly again with the tips of my fingers expecting another explosion of pain but nothing happens. She clutches a pillow against her face but her grip has relaxed... Almost as if she has lost consciousness.

I pull the pillow away from her. She doesn't move. I nudge her arm... nothing.

Angela I whisper, Angela.... ANGELA! Nothing...

I check her chest and mouth for breathing... good she's alive... Better let her sleep. She has been looking all but well since I came home. Some rest will do her good. I leave the living room and get myself yet another beer to replace the one I had expelled. The pain, as sudden as it came, as quickly did it disappear together with my beer down the toilet. As though somehow it was a demon that needed a vessel to travel with in order to leave my body. The experience leaves me hungry, sweating, shivering, horny, thirsty, angry, timid, happy, sad, wide awake and dead tired.... As if my brain cannot process what just happened and is misfiring all the neurons at once to figure out... WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED.

Since Angela was asleep on the pull out sofa (normally my bed) and I was full of adrenalin from what just happened, I figured I would cover her with a blanket and then go outside for some fresh air. As I stare out of the tilted living room window, the sun is already quite high in the overcast sky but its light is bleak and gray. I opt instead to go on the balcony where I'm slightly protected from the looming weather. As I open the balcony door, the autumn smell of wet, decaying leaves mingle with warm traffic exhaust fumes. The stale smoke of the living room swirls outside through the gap. It's good to let in some much needed fresh air.

The cold air stings at the few tear stains on my face. It's moist, piercing yet pleasant.

I close the balcony door behind me and sit outside, still not quite trusting the old brown wicker and iron framed chair. I lean my face against the cold and grimy metal balustrades in exhaustion and light a cigarette.

Dark nimbostratus clouds clash with cumulus, the smell of rain and sleet underlines the bellow of thunder in the distance and the rain falls heavily as predicted, from one moment to the other. It's melting the snow on the streets below and turning everything into a giant, rotten banana split. I think to myself, maybe we are all just part of a giant movie set. The producer has turned on the overhead sprinklers to their maximum capacity just to make all the actors miserable without serving any purpose to the plot of the script. A hue of light blue above this wretched globe paints a strip of hope in the distance, barely visible on the horizon. Above us, ominous swirling dark- grey creatures bellow. Behind them the sun lights dimly the morning sky. My happiness that the clear blue sky represents seems to be forever out of reach behind the miserable apartment blocks, on the other side of the main road.

Trucks grumble along and their low mechanical frequencies send unpleasant shivers down my spine. The tread of rolling car tires splash the sidewalk with arches of water like a pompous, exuberant fountain of mud and slush.

The arches of the unwanted fountain are sponsored by a passing delivery van. It soaks an early rising, health conscious jogger as the van speeds past him, impetuously close to the

curb. The jogger waves his fist in fury, wondering just why on god's green earth would the van driver do that. Surely, the van driver must have seen him. My money bets that it was definitely on purpose. I laugh out loud and yell at the driver.

"Asshole!!!"

He turns to see me out of reach on the second floor balcony. I mock him as well "need a shower?" he flips me the bird angrily before continuing his miserable health expedition.

Half asleep, I chain smoked cigarettes, almost dropping one in my boxer shorts where it immediately burns a hole and almost singeing my shaft. I pat the glowing ash away and decide enough is enough.

It is time to go to sleep.

Tip toeing back into the living room I try to pass Angela undisturbed to go sleep in her room. It would be a very bad idea to sleep next to her.

She rouses at the sound of me passing, turns sleepily towards me, and opens her eyes.

"What did you do to me?"

I look at her puzzled in defense

"You are magic Tommy, are you?"

"Am I what?"

"An angel."

I shake my head laughing.

"It's ok, I'll keep your secret", she smirks in a cheerful manner.

"No real angel would admit to being one"

I laugh.

"No, probably not, it would take away the fun of believing in something if it were real."

Literally I have no idea what the hell is going on, I sit on the edge of the sofa and smile tiredly at her. I really don't feel like talking anymore and I can barely keep my eyes open.

"Hold me Tommy, please? All these years I've been suffering so much and it just left me, just like that. I felt it. It left my body and went into you didn't it? It felt like you made a powerful vacuum and sucked it right out of me. It was incredible. You are really supernatural, do you know that? I don't think whatever was causing that pain will come back for me anymore. I think you took it away Tommy."

I lie down next to her and hug her at her request, I whisper to her gently.

“The pain, it’s gone?”

She looks at me crying in happiness

“The horrible pain left me for real, you healed me but you know that don’t you? “

I nod into her shoulder smelling the perfume on her neck and whisper.

“That pain was beyond doubt horrifying. I sincerely hope that it never returns.”

She turns and looks me dead in the eyes

„ I still can’t believe it! You just sucked it right out of me, I never felt something so unnatural before. I felt it going out of my body and into yours I saw how your face was torn with pain, I’m so sorry you had to feel that.”

“Hey, it’s ok Angela, that’s what friends are for, to share the pain and lighten the burden,”

She raises her eyebrows sadly making her green eyes comically large, and pouts her lip

„I really didn’t want you to have to feel that, I’m sorry. “

“That’s ok. I’m just happy if I can help you in any way.”

She turns her back towards me again, pulls me even tighter and wraps my arms around her again.

“I know for sure the pain will never come back. “

“Why?”

She makes wordplay with my surname Engel, German for Angel.

“Because you are an Engel“, she says, giggling.

I laugh and shake my head.

“I will be your Angel if you want“. I stroke the back of her neck with my face and kiss her on the top of her head.

I spoon my legs towards her. She holds my hands over her belly and caresses them with her fingers.

“I first had this pain when I was 9 years old. The first time my father raped me. “

"I will tell you my story tomorrow Tommy. Promise me you will never let me go and never leave me after you hear it. I am so afraid of losing you."

She clamps onto my upper arm and turns her face towards me and asks me to promise with tears in her eyes. I whisper.

"I will never ever leave you, I swear."

I hug her even tighter, I feel so sorry for her that now tears are rolling down my cheeks too. I had turned the TV off and radio on for some background noise after Angela momentarily fell asleep. Now, ironically the band All 4 One is playing. The song catches my attention slightly. It speaks to a hopeless romantic, trying beyond his wits to comfort the tortured soul lying in his embrace.

All of a sudden, she sits up alert and preppy in bed.

"No! No! It can't wait! You need to know now what happened to me! All of it! I, I can't sleep, my head is exploding, I don't want to carry my story all alone anymore!"

Ever so tired but wanting to help I mumble

"Sure, um ok, um, no problem but can I make some coffee? I'm afraid I will fall asleep otherwise. I'm crashing hard from the speed but I really don't want to take another hit."

"Ok"

She gets up, she walks to the bathroom, leaves the door wide open, and starts to pee.

I go towards the kitchen and proceed to fill the small Italian coffee maker with powder and click the spark button to ignite the gas stove. I can hear her saying something through the open door but the soft tinkle of piss against the ceramic and the bursting hiss of ignited gas make what she says inaudible.

"Please make me a coffee too", she says, this time louder.

As we sit at her small kitchen table clutching our big mugs of thick, black coffee, she proceeds to explain to me a horror story that blows me right out of the water.

A story she had told in that gruesome detail to no one before, a story that surpassed even my own abuse as a child by leaps and bounds.

"When I was about five years old I remember the first time my father put his hand between my legs. He was dressing me after I had a shower. I remember, clear as day. He was kneeling behind me to put my t-shirt on. He caresses my butt and inner thighs and puts one of his fingers... You know?" between my lips.

She spreads one of her legs away from the coffee table looking down at her exposed underwear.

I nod

“He tells me I am so pretty and gorgeous and that he loves me very, very much.

I think to myself, Daddy pets me because he loves me so it must be ok.

I don't fight back. His rough hands scratch at my skin, but it's not entirely unpleasant. In fact I did things like that to myself too because it felt good.

I counter:

“All children masturbate, or, I know I did when I was a kid. It still doesn't make it ok for an adult to touch you down there, I was molested too as a boy but I'm interrupting, please continue”.

“The fondling soon became regular and before I knew it almost on a daily basis he would find an excuse to take me to the basement or the garden shed, the attic, or once even in his and mom's bedroom. He didn't penetrate me yet but he would rub himself between my legs and make me, you know, put my mouth on his....”

“Jesus fucking Christ!”

I yell almost too loud and she is visibly frightened of me.

“I'm sorry I didn't mean to startle you”

The image of a little girl performing oral on her stepfather makes me physically nauseous. I get up and pace back to the living room.

“Do you want me to stop talking?”

“No, but I really need some hard alcohol if I'm going to keep listening.”

Next to the old dusty Grundig CRT, there is a little wooden crate that Angela keeps her hard alcohol in. It's mostly gin, vodka and some other yucky stuff that only a teenage girl would drink. The video cassette player is making loud knocking noises. It's terribly annoying and it is ruining the conversation. I had only turned off the TV in my absent mindedness and forgot that the VCR was still running. I can't get it to turn off with the buttons so I reach around behind the TV and unplug it. Finally! Peace and quiet! Back in the kitchen I open a vodka bottle and take two big gulps, I pour some in my coffee and hold out the bottle over Angela's cup. She covers it with her hand.

“No thanks, I'm good.”

“My mother suffers from co-dependency and substance abuse. She willfully ignored what was happening under the roof of our house.

Ulf is officially my father on paper but, I don't think he's my biological dad. I was about six months old when my mother and I moved in with him in his rather lavish house in the suburbs.

They met before my mother was pregnant. Ulf was sure the baby was his, but my mother was a prostitute so, it turned out, I wasn't his child. I am way too blond and Ulf has dark brown hair and brown eyes, my mother had brown hair and green eyes. I am pale, very blonde and already as a baby, I looked nothing like either of them.

Nonetheless, he was in love with her and persuaded her to move in with him. Ulf earned a lot of money doing construction all over Germany so my mother saw him as her shot at a normal life

As far as I was concerned at the time, he was genuinely my father... He treated me like his most prized possession in the whole world. Anything I wanted, any toy, any dress, any time. All I had to do was look at him with my big round green eyes and his big heart would melt. When he started touching me I didn't resist. I loved him. He gave me anything I wanted, why should I refuse to give him what he wanted."

Angela pauses, breathes in deeply and forcefully exhales. She gets up and walks across the ugly mint green tiled floor to the antique Hoosier style kitchen cabinet that she had painted pink two years ago.

The pink paint is now peeling off the counter. Angela had painted over the old varnish without first removing the old paint properly or using a primer.

Angela peels a leaf of pink paint off the surface and crumbles it between her fingers.

"At first it was nothing alarming. The occasional slip of his hand to my nether regions in the swimming pool, the fondling on the sofa when mommy was cooking and the caressing in bed when he came to say goodnight.

He would read stories to me and then kiss me goodnight, every night, on the mouth, with his stubbly face.

He would say,

'Good night my princess'

I would reply, "good night my daddy." I fucking worshipped that man when I was a little girl! Many women would complement him on his looks which drove my mother crazy. After all, he's big, muscular and handsome for a man his age. So handsome in fact he often forgot his wedding ring in the ashtray of his red Ford Bronco after being on the road for several weeks. Sometimes I would play in his truck. Once I found his wedding ring in the ashtray. I of course dutifully cleaned it off and brought it to him."

Angela quotes her father with a sarcastic, vicious and hateful undertone, almost snarling through her teeth

“Oh, I’m such an idiot, I’m so stupid, thank you my darling you are the best daughter in the whole wide world and I love you so very much! - THE FUCKING PIG SAID”

When I was about nine years old my mother was visiting her parents. She wanted to take me with her but Ulf insisted that she stay with him for the weekend. I believe my mother already suspected for a long time that something was wrong but Ulf was really good at emotional blackmail. If at any time he wanted to get his way all he had to do was threaten my mother that he would leave her. My mom was so afraid to be back on the streets that she accepted all of his demands, however cruel they were. Finally she let me stay with him. After she left, Ulf looked at me grinning and said: ‘We have the house all to ourselves, girl, you and I are going to really have some fun this weekend.’ I knew what he meant with “fun”.

Months before he had already raped me for the first time. My mother always used sleeping pills so she didn’t hear anything as usual. It hurt like hell and I was bleeding a lot. I cried and cried. As the ordeal was over, he stripped the bedsheets and gave me one of my mommy’s pads to put in my underwear so I wouldn’t bleed on the fresh sheets. He hid the soiled ones somewhere. He pretended to whole time as though I was actually enjoying it. He even said to me “Don’t worry darling. The first time always hurts but you will soon enjoy it.”

The next day I was in a lot of pain and didn’t want to go to school. I didn’t dare say anything to mommy. Ulf whispered to me in that night that if I said anything he would kill her. So, I told her I had a stomach bug.

Angela takes a huge drag off a freshly lit cigarette and continues as she exhales

Anyway, that fucking weekend, he and his friends were drinking in the garden, grilling, laughing. My pediatrician was there as well. We all were playing together and it was even kind of fun. I knew Ulf was probably going to rape me after his friends were gone but that was part of my life now.

Ulf was splashing water on my body with a garden hose. We had a pool in the garden. Ulf jumps in with me and we play catch. Once in a while he puts his fingers between my legs whenever his friends aren’t looking. He makes remarks about how he’s going to enjoy our cuddle time later. As the night falls we go inside to the living room. They sit there playing card games and smoking hashish. I am sitting on the thick Persian carpet reading a Bravo magazine. One by one his friends leave until only the pediatrician is still there. Ulf presses a remote control and thick, opaque white curtains start lowering down, covering the glass windows. He’s making sure no one can see inside.

That’s strange. I think to myself, he almost never uses the curtains in the living room.

The pediatrician picks me up and puts me on his lap grinning. His face is red from the sun and alcohol. He is visibly drunk.

‘You are so pretty.’ he says stroking my cheek

Ulf gets his video camera out and points it at me and the magazine in my hand.



'Show us your pretty little body.'

I shake my head

'Daddy will buy you whatever you want.'

I shake my head

'Be nice honey he is a guest. Do a little dance for us.'

The man pulls my dress over my head and now I'm sitting on his lap in just my underwear. I try to get away from him but he is too strong

Ulf looks at me angrily

"I do so much for you and your mother, I feed you, buy you toys and clothe you.

And when I want just a tiny favor in return you say no! You and your whore mother are so selfish!! Do you hear me! I should leave you and your whore mother on the streets he continues screaming. How would you like that? "

Tears now rolling down Angela's cheeks she struggles to utter the next words

"I, I, I was so frightened Tommy, I remember him... That pig Ulf was smiling, filming everything..."

She trails off, her head in her hands crying uncontrollably. Her back shaking in fear and sorrow. I walk over to her and hug her.

Stroking her back I tell her

"You are so strong to tell me all of this. I am so, so sorry that they did this to you, those bastards. We will get them I promise."

She sniffles as I wipe the snot from her nose and tears from her eyes.

She tosses her head back and draws breath

"You know what I can never forgive? The fact my mother must have known! She knew! Much, much earlier than she is willing to admit. She knew Ulf was fucking me!!! But she didn't want to risk going back to the streets and being a prostitute. She somehow thought that this, THIS, was better than anything else!!!

Over the years as I became pubescent and grew tits it got even worse, my mother's guilt turned to hatred towards me, Tommy!

She started to blame me for being abused. 'Of course he's touching you! You flirt with him and show him your pussy!!! You are such a slut! Ulf is a man with needs!!! If you show him your pussy what do you think is going to happen!!! ?'

She blamed me for everything that was wrong in their marriage. She blamed me for being prettier than her, younger than her, for stealing her man. She would lock me in my room when Ulf wasn't home on the weekend and refuse to give me food or water. She would beat me for no reason or throw me down the staircase. Ulf realized that my mother was attacking me and threatened her with violence. After that the attacks stopped for a while.

When I was thirteen, I was outside swimming in the pool. She came over to the edge of the pool and without a word, grabbed my head and held me underwater screaming insults at me until I almost drowned. Lucky for me Ulf heard the commotion and came running into the garden.

After seeing her try to kill me, Ulf gave her a gigantic bribe to keep quiet and she moved out. They still met from time to time but she never spoke to me again. I was now completely at the mercy of that pig.

Later that month Ulf announced

"I have great news for us. I had a paternity test done. Turns out, I'm not your biological father. As soon as you turn sixteen I will divorce your mother and you and I can be happy together. No secrecy anymore. We can move somewhere far away and start a new life. Just the two of us. Isn't that wonderful?"

He looks at me

„Doesn't that make you happy?"

I helplessly nicked my head in fear.

He got on his knees and smiled. He opens a box with a big diamond and white gold wedding ring. I was to be his bride. He took my hand and put the ring on it. "We are married now darling. Once you turn eighteen we will make it official." He kissed me and then got me drunk on vodka. Afterwards we consummated our "marriage" in the master bedroom.

I was only thirteen when Ulf "married" me! He constantly touched me everywhere I went in the house. I used to come home as late as possible just so he wouldn't. On the weekends I started making excuses. Telling him that my friends had invited me here or there and would get suspicious if I didn't show up. But no matter how late I got home he was there, waiting for me. I thought seriously of killing myself so many times, throwing myself in front of a train, of killing him but in the end I just went along with it. I knew that if I went to the police he would hunt me down and kill me for the betrayal as soon as he got out of prison. If at all he used to be gentle with me when I was small, but not anymore. He would tie me up, gag me, and beat me where he knew no one would see the marks.

The pig treated me like a fucking blow up sex doll my entire childhood! I would get cramps in my belly that would sometimes last for days.

I had my first period when I was around eleven. He was annoyed he couldn't have me whenever he wanted anymore. He didn't like condoms but my mother persuaded him to use them. She was afraid he would get me pregnant and someone would figure it out. He wasn't happy about that.

His little fuck doll was turning into a grown woman. I even hoped at some point he would just lose interest in me but he didn't. At some point it all became normal. When I was older, he would even send me to the pharmacy to buy the condoms he would use to fuck me!

Nonetheless he didn't always use a condom. Twice he impregnated me. The first time when I was twelve the second time when I was barely fourteen. The first time my own mother dutifully brought me to Ulf's corrupt pediatrician who scraped the fetus out of my body.

On the way back home in the car she didn't even look at me. She just said:

"I want you to know that I fucking hate you, you little whore! Your father doesn't fuck me anymore now that he is..."

I was crying

"Please mommy, I don't want him to... My mom screams at me and starts beating me while she is driving."

"Don't lie you dirty whore (Slap!) I see how you look at him, that he makes you horny (Slap!) Now you better not say anything that will make your father go to prison!"

"Once we arrived home, I ran up to my room screaming, I hate both of you!!! My mother and Ulf came up to my room and forced me down on the bed, tied my arms and legs and gagged me. Ulf stayed with me all night to make sure I didn't try to escape. The first abortion was hell on earth, I had cramps and bleeding for weeks after. I was locked in that room for most of the summer holidays until my friends from school started coming by and became suspicious as to just exactly why I was sick. Ulf finally agreed to let me out of the house again with a stiff warning that should I run away or say anything he would kill all of my friends."

"The second time at the age of fourteen, that pig impregnated me I didn't even realize it at first until I experienced the most severe cramps and bleeding. The cramps stopped and then suddenly appeared again. This went on for two months until finally, I went to the school's doctor and told him everything. I was so fed up. I couldn't take it anymore. I knew if I told Ulf he'd bring me to his doctor friend and try to cover everything up but now I just wanted out. If he killed me, killed my friends, that's better than this I thought. He can't kill all my friends if the police arrest him first. Worst case I'll slit my wrists and be done with it before he can hurt anyone else. If I'm dead there won't be any reason for vengeance right?"

I thought to myself.

“If those people are as psycho as she says, who knows what they’d do? They might just kill some people out of sheer fucking spite regardless if Angela deprived them of the satisfaction of killing her themselves.”

Angela wipes her eyes, blows her nose and continues.

“I finally took all the courage I had left and told the doctor that Ulf was raping me and that I might be pregnant. He immediately called the police and had me escorted to a hospital. A gynecologist immediately recognized a fetus inside me. I was put under police protection while in the hospital and they removed that horrid thing from my body. The police had my mother brought to the station for questioning. Everything went rather quickly. My mother tearfully confirmed my accusations, and Ulf was finally arrested at his workplace.”

“My mother was sentenced to a mental institution for aiding the severe sexual abuse of a minor. She still hated me and refused to talk to me or let me visit her. I was placed in protective custody under the watchful eye of social workers. Later my mother sliced her neck open from ear to ear in front of the staff and killed herself while she was on kitchen duty. The psychiatrists were baffled as they didn’t deem her to be a risk to herself or others...”

Angela trails off wistfully...

“My mother was psychotically good at hiding her true feelings until snap! (She breaks a pencil in half)”

“After I lived in the women’s shelter for three years, I managed to get the clearance to move into my own place. I knew Ollie by then, I had bumped into him outside a party a few months earlier and I don’t know why but we just hit it off. He wasn’t like the other guys always trying to just get in my pants. We got high together and became pen pals because he lived quite far away. I told my guardian that once I was 18 I wanted to move far away from it all. I always made sure I was clean on my drug tests, not a risk to myself, and went to school regularly. When I finally became of age, my social worker signed the necessary paperwork stating that I am able to live on my own without assistance. Once I told him my plans and where I was going, he wished me all the best and I finally moved out from that horrible institution. I have never gone back since then. Ollie previously offered me my own apartment in a building he owned. I took him up on his offer. He helped me organize everything. Such an angel that man. There were lots of checkups and visits from a local social worker here in town at first but they stopped coming once they were sure I was going regularly to high school and you know, just living a normal life. I’m still required to go once a month to a psychiatrist but the guy is a moron. He believes anything I tell him. Now I’m redoing my last year of high school I and I’ll hopefully be done by summer 96. Then I want to study art or something to do with human relations, psychiatry maybe.

“For sure, you’re a bloody good artist and a good listener. You will be very successful one day, I have no doubt.”

“Thanks Tommy.”

She steps up towards the living room sipping on her cold coffee and turns the TV on

I follow suit and sit, knees inward on the pull out sofa facing her. She is extraordinarily calm and composed. I watch her face as she watches the TV. The images flicker off of her teary eyes, they mirror like ghosts of memories past on her face. Still reeling from the story I cannot take my eyes off her. This beautiful, scarred forlorn woman that was robbed of her childhood same as I. A few tears drip down her cheeks and reflect my sorrow. I ask,

“So is your Dad still in prison?”

The tears now hot on Angela’s cheeks, her knees are quivering.

“I can’t believe it’s already been five years. That pig should have gotten sentenced to life in prison. My social worker called to inform me that Ulf may be getting out of prison soon. He’s heard rumors that Ulf has already begun asking people if anyone has seen me or knows where I live. Ulf has a lot of money and powerful connections in the underworld of sex trafficking.

There was this Belgian guy named Marc who used to come by frequently when I was still, you know, there. He and Ulf were like brothers. It’s almost sickening. He would come with his cameras to film me and sometimes he brought other preteen girls in his van to our basement...

They would duplicate the VHS cassettes on this machine in Ulf’s bedroom and watch the films together. He and Ulf would sometimes spend whole afternoons on the weekend just barbecuing in the garden, chit chatting and drinking scotch after they had their fun with me. Marc told me in his thick French accent, that his people would have no problem making me disappear if he thought I was a traitor. That there was nowhere I could run where I would be safe from them. That it would be a great pleasure for him to hack my body into pieces for some pedestrian to find under a bridge.

The horrible thing is that they are all running around, raping and probably killing children, enjoying their freedom, drinking wine and living well while I am scared every moment of every day that some white van will pull up and that’s it. I’m so scared. I’m really scared he will find me and I’m scared what he will do to me when he does. Marc is a very dangerous man. Ulf as well! He still thinks in his sick head that I’m his wife and that we belong together. He will kill anyone who takes me away from him. He told me this himself many times. I am his fuck puppet Tommy, His fuck puppet that betrayed him, he is going to kill me...”She breaks off crying again. The worst is that he had a very good lawyer. His lawyer destroyed a lot of my testimony in court. He made me look like a liar, a cheap whore. Ulf claimed that I constantly tried to get him horny and would come naked to him in the shower and practically beg him to fuck me. That’s the shit I had to listen to. At least the judge believed that it was Ulf that got me pregnant the second time when I was fourteen. Not some random lover like Ulf’s lawyer claimed.

**TOMMY! HE RAPED ME FOR YEARS AND THEN CLAIMS I AM A CHEAP FUCKING WHORE!!! HE SHOULD BE CASTRATED LIKE A PIG SOMEONE SHOULD FUCKING RIP HIS BALLS OFF!!!**

I tried to make him look like a monster, but Ulf and his lawyer made me look like a liar and a prick tease, the judge was a man. I had a shit lawyer. Tommy you tell me, who do you think the Judge believed more? Me or HIM? My mother retracted her statement about him molesting me when I was a kid, she said I made it all up. That it was my fault and that I wanted Ulf, that I flirted with him, that I wanted him to have sex with me... MY OWN MOTHER... She betrays me one last time and then goes and kills herself the very next day. In front of everybody in the kitchen. She cut the whole half of her neck clean through before collapsing in a fountain of blood.

You know what I think Tommy? I think Marc got to her. He scared her to death so she would change her testimony. I'd like to think that she killed herself because she couldn't live with her guilt of betraying her own daughter like that. What an asshole she was, making other people have to watch that selfish bitch end her life like that. You know what Tommy, its good she did. It saves me the work of killing her myself. God you have no idea how much I wanted to fuck her up. Bitch!!!

It doesn't matter now anymore. Ulf will be out soon, he will be back living in his luxury house in the suburbs, and trying to hunt me down. I will continue to live in fear of him finding me. I will live in fear while he gets drunk with his friends, fucks and tortures other women and children...

That's why I moved as far away as I could. I told Ollie I was sick of living at the home for abused women and constantly being paranoid and all that. I can stay here rent free until I finish school and can find a job. He even gives me some money for food every month and he helped me with furniture and all that when I moved in here. Everything you see in my apartment he paid for. He said that I could pay back whenever or never and really made sure that I was ok. He never even tried to sleep with me Tommy. It was out of the question. He didn't want me to think that he was helping me for physical favors. He proved to me not all men are fucking assholes."

I am boiling with anger inside at what these horrible monsters did to poor sweet Angela but I try to keep calm.

"Angela, look at me. He won't do anything to you, I promise. I will kill him. He will never hurt you again as long as I live I swear"

"Oh Tommy that's sweet but what are you going to possibly do? You're like fifteen and skinny. What are you possibly going to do to a mountain of muscle like Ulf?"

"I have a gun"

"What? You? Have a gun? A real one?"

She mock points her fingers in a gun shape at the door and yells playfully.

"Bang!!! And then? "

She clutches her chest and pretends to fall off the couch laughing

“Dead!!!”

“A real fucking gun?”

“Yes Angela I have a real fucking bang and you’re dead gun.”

“Where?”

“Buried in the forest.”

“Where, in what forest?”

“Not here, about two hundred kilometers east near Würzburg.”

With big eyes she looks at me.

“You’re joking, right?”

„No I’m serious!”

She looks at me super excitedly

“Let’s go get it Tommy! Let’s go fuck up that man and make sure he can never hurt me, you or any other child ever again!”

“I’ll do it.” But I have one condition.

“What?”

“Let’s get some fucking sleep first. Tomorrow we’ll take our time and plan it properly ok? I’m serious but something like this takes a lot of preparation if we don’t want to get caught or even killed.”

“Promise me you’ll help me kill him”

“I promise”

“Will you cuddle me? “

“I’ll cuddle you if you want.”

She turns over and pulls my arm around her. We drift off in to another world

## Chapter 12

### Triangle of Sorrow

As the sun sets we slowly wake from our day sleep. I knew, being a testosterone filled teenage boy, that sleeping next to a half-naked, gorgeous woman was a bad idea. Her pheromones are intoxicating and I am fully erect. My gentleman is protruding from between my boxer shorts. Apparently I had already been grinding up against Angela while I was asleep. Ashamed I try to pull myself away from her hoping she is still asleep and hasn't noticed...

She has but to my relief doesn't react badly. She starts fondling my hair gently with her fingertips. I am eager to reciprocate. I hold her cold hand in mine and massaging her amazingly smooth, perfectly manicured and delicate fingers. I never saw such pretty hands up close before. She turned closer to me, and her eyes locked in with mine. Soon we are fixated in anticipant, erotic expectation. I am fighting the urge to commit unforgivable betrayal. All of Melanie's love could be lost forever if I burn down this bridge. My inner self screams in denial of forbidden love. I should not be doing this but yet here we are. I lie next to her, desperately feigning obnoxiousness to her desire but I can't stop being fully overcome by her. I cannot ignore the feelings, she cannot deny to me that we are both experiencing arousal. It's betrayal of kindness is coursing through every sinew of mine, from me into her, and from her into me. Our souls desiring to transcend into one another. It feels dirty. We will inevitably cause incredible pain to the ones we love. It's too late. We are unwillingly falling in love with each other, becoming one. I am desperately fighting its illogicality. Our spirits beg for embrace, unison. I want to be with her. I want her to be with me. Uncompromising yet so complicated. Her demeanor begs satisfaction. I want nothing else but to give the ultimate experience of pleasure to her. She deserves it after all the egotistical torture she suffered at the hands of men who sought only their own release.

She is stunningly undeniable. I could not deny a single wish uttered from her damn lips. I would grant every whim and fulfill every goddamned dream. But, I can't, I shouldn't, I must fight my own lust in its own egotistical hideousness. I was raised Christian after all and not as a nihilist. To love others before myself. I could not allow myself to seek my own pleasure at the cost of pain and misfortune of others I loved. Fuck! Melanie, please forgive me! Why must I feel so guilty about this when it feels so right! Inappropriately, Angela turns her hips towards me in sinuous tension, her hot breath cascades over my neck as she floats her leg up and across my waist, her inner thighs gently over-caressing my insecure manhood. She reassures me by hugging me around the shoulder as her fingers brush my neck playfully. I can feel her lips dangerously close to my cheek. I turn towards her, shuddering in arousal. Her eyes look at me with desire. She sighs.

"Has anyone ever told you how pretty you are?"

I look at her bewildered, exhale sarcastically

"Uh no?"

I stare into her beautiful face.



“You are drop dead fucking gorgeous, but you know that don’t you.”

She snuggles into my neck but we are lying in an inopportune position on the bed. I try to get more comfortable and put a pillow under my head. Angela pushes herself up and lets her head rest on my chest.

“I can hear your heartbeat Tommy. It’s really slow, strong and rhythmic.”

I gently run my fingers down her back. Anxious minutes go by before she slowly lifts her head towards my face. I could cut the tension in the air with a knife.

Our heads move closer, I stroke her hair, her beautiful cheeks, and her lips. She touches my lips with her fingers. Oh god, this can’t be happening but I’ve been in love with her ever since I first saw her in Essen.

Our first kiss is unsure and superficial, shy, gentle. More touching than kissing. I start shivering with excitement.

We press our lips tighter and tighter together as pheromones overcome reason. She slides her tongue inside my mouth as I grab the back of her head and cup her neck. I push her bathrobe aside and her breasts touch my chest. I lift my t-shirt up so our bodies can feel each other. My hands gently slip under her bathrobe and move along her legs. As I stroke her she slides on top of me. My member has long escaped the confines of my boxer shorts and I can feel her. She’s wet, silky and smooth. I open her bathrobe and pull it gently down her back and arms letting it fall next to us on the bed. She pulls my t-shirt over my head. I take it and throw it on the floor. She lies on top of me, completely naked. I eagerly slid out of my boxers, oh god, what am I doing!?

Then it all happens very fast. My boxers are not even off before she lets me slip inside her. I’m nearly bursting, trying desperately to control myself. I pull her towards my lips, holding her gently at her waist, stroking her back. We kiss softly, passionately, just lying there, this dream girl and I locked in velvet touch. I look at her, deep into her eyes, unbelieving as to what is happening.

She puts her head on my chest not making much of an effort to move. I lie there enthralled with her body. My soul is filled with happiness and love. It’s almost as though we both know and choose to ignore the love crime we are committing. We keep kissing, stroking, intertwining with each other. Finally Angela comes to her senses. She lifts her head and looks at me.

She whispers. “Tommy, this is a really bad idea.”

“I know”

She kisses my neck. “Do you really like me Tommy?”

I hug her tight around the small of her back, then run my fingers slowly up and down her body still in disbelief. I whisper, millimeters away from her lips

“Like? Angela, I’ve been in love with you since the first time I laid my eyes on you. I never would have dreamed that this could ever happen.”

“I really like you too. I miss you when I don’t see you.” She laughs unsure “Maybe I’m in love too? I would have never thought I could be attracted to a younger guy.”

“Angela. Can we please keep this, you know to ourselves?” I’m still with Melanie and you’re technically, still with Lars. I mean this here, this shouldn’t be happening.”

“I know... But, it is,” she pushes herself up and puts her hand on my mouth, “oh god I’m a horrible person!”

I put my thumb on her mouth and stroke her lips, gently pulling her hand away.

“Hey no, you’re anything but a horrible person... I just want you to be happy... If you’re uncomfortable we can stop.”

She holds my hand and kisses it, pressing it into her face then running my hand over her neck, down onto her chest before resting it on her breast. She continues to hold my hand as I gently squeeze.

“No... It feels right.”

She squeezes me inside her.

“You feel right. I like you inside me”

She kisses me again. Whispering into my neck

“Can we just lie here? You know? Just cuddle, I want you to hold me Tommy... You can stay inside if you like.”

“Ok”.

I cover us with the blanket again and stroke her back gently. As we lie there on that uncomfortable pullout couch. The TV is still blaring away. Cars pass the window below pushing the sludge on the street around. I find the whooshing sounds calming, almost hypnotic as time flies by.

Another movie comes on and by the time the credits roll I’m slowly falling asleep. I notice that she’s starting to put more and more pressure on my pelvis in a fluid motion, her body starts to shudder with arousal and excitement. She grinds slowly, deeply. She kisses my neck, my cheek, and the corners of my lips. I was almost totally flaccid by then but soon felt myself growing harder, longer, wider. I can feel myself fill her completely, her soul and mine melting into one again. Her hips quiver as she presses against me as hard as she can. She wants all of me and I want to give it all to her. I push my hips up towards her and we can’t deny ourselves the arousal anymore, she arches her back all the way up and throws off the blanket and then falls on top of me again hugging me as tight as she can. She starts riding,

silently and quickly. I grab the nape of her neck as we lock in full embrace, kissing, panting, in intoxicated euphoria. She rides and rides. Her stamina is like that of an athlete. She sits up and grabs my hands towards her breasts. She rests her head on my shoulder, breathing hot and fast next to my ear. Faster and faster, moaning quietly and quickly. Her thighs move up and down in circular motion, her body shuddering as she climaxes before pausing from exhaustion. She's panting hard, her forehead dripping with sweat. We sit locked in embrace for a while, kissing, stroking, touching, and enjoying each other's bodies. I kiss her every inch of her neck, her ears, and her face.

We gently roll over, she wraps her legs tight around my waist. I lock my upper body with hers, shoulder to shoulder. I want to punish her for being too beautiful, for making me fall in love with her. I enter as deep as I can go and pound harder, faster, almost violently thrusting into her like a berserker going in for the kill. No "oh god" or screaming out of names. Save for the rapid breathing I fuck her intensely as hard and rapidly as I possibly can in complete silence. We say absolutely nothing to each other, it's not necessary. Our perfervid body language does far more than words could ever say. I am surprised at the stamina of my fully aroused being. I am no longer Tommy. I am an animal, a beastly primal roar bellows within the machine.

I press my lips hot against hers, our mouths open her tongue darting around in my mouth as she comes again, legs shaking, clawing at my back pressing her lips forcefully into mine and then pushing my head away as she gasps for air. She looks at me with passionate violence and lets out a loud sigh.

"Tommy, stop, stop, stop"

I stop

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing Tommy"

She gasps for air.

"Nothing, at all. I need a break." She laughs "Jeez Tommy you're a fucking jack rabbit you know that?"

I smile, pouring with sweat. My blonde dyed hair falling over my face, dripping copiously onto her heaving chest. I take one of her nipples in my mouth and arch my back jokingly push myself gently inside her again.

She taps my back panting.

"Time out"

I push myself to my feet at the foot of the pull out bed, still fully erect, well past the point of orgasm.

She reaches up towards me and I help her sit up. Her legs are shaking as I help her to her feet. She instinctively holds on to me, she's barely able to walk through the corridor to the bathroom. I first help her sit down on the toilet so she can relieve herself and then wander off into the kitchen to get the vodka from the freezer. I gulp at it straight from the bottle. I hold the frozen bottle against my rock hard penis to numb it a bit. Mercifully it starts to shrink a little. Much longer and I would have started to be in serious pain. As I stand there in awe of what just happened I search my mind for any thoughts but for once my mind is dead silent. Not a thought save my thirst for alcohol and a craving for nicotine. I grab a half smoked cigarette out from the ashtray and light it up.

She walks into the kitchen, beautiful, pristine, and naked. I stare at her body in awe and wonder. She's so fucking perfect. I drag the cigarette and she kisses my lips, inhaling my smoke into her lungs.

She touches my chest.

"Don't drink that all by yourself"

She laughs and grabs the bottle out of my hand. She drinks a gulp and kisses me again, letting the vodka flow back into my mouth. I do the same with her. We kill the quarter full bottle quickly and I put it on top of the stove. I kiss her fervently, lifting one of her legs up towards my waist. Immediately I am hard again. She puts me back inside her as I lift her up off her feet and onto the tiny square kitchen table. She wraps her legs around me as we kiss. Grabbing my buttocks, she pulls me deeper inside her. After a while it's uncomfortable and she looks up.

"Let's finish this in bed."

I helped her off the table. She guides me by the hand into her messy room. I stumble over all her clothes and mess on the floor. She lets go of my hand and let's herself flop face down onto the beautiful red satin sheets. She caresses the satin with her fingertips as I climb on top. I stroke her arms, kissing her shoulders, her neck, and her back. I want to touch every inch of her perfect body.

I lift up her pelvis and thrust a big teddy bear under her stomach as I enter her again. The sensation is amazing apparently. She cries out loudly for the first time, grabs and tears at the satin, grunting and breathing wildly. I pull her hips up towards me. Slowly and forcefully we move in unison as she claws at the many stuffed animals around us. My legs continue until they can no longer move and I'm shaking from exhaustion. I flip her on her back, kissing her breasts, her stomach, and her beautiful vagina. I lick her with delectation. Squeezing her lips around my tongue. She pulls at my hair moaning, arching her back as her feet twitch and her toes fan out in sheer bliss. I push her legs towards her and enter her again, strangling her neck with my left hand. I count to sixty, completely depriving her of the ability to breathe. She starts grabbing at my hand holding her neck begging release, trying to pull it away. That was the signal I was waiting for. I hold fast for a few seconds longer before I let go. As I release, her body jolts and twitches as she gasps for air, filling her body with adrenaline, her belly muscles contracting, her vagina twitching, her hips shuddering. She squirts all over my

legs and her sheets. Biting her lips she looks at me with incredulity in a mixture of agony and ecstasy, fear and utopic delight.

I go down on her and finish her off. She tears at my hair and squeezes my head so tight with her legs I think I may just suffocate. My face is soaking wet. She taps my head signaling I should stop and she releases her lock on my head. As I come up for air she looks at my sopping wet face and smiles.

“Come to me.”

I climb up towards her wiping my mouth with my hand. I kiss and hug her as we both gasp for breath. She looks at me completely exhausted.

“I’m on the pill so, you can come inside me if you like”

Oh heaven sent news. I was fighting that orgasm the entire night. So afraid to make things awkward.

I look down on this gorgeous, oscillating mess of nerves beneath me and slip inside her once more. I lift her waist up off the bed and put her legs over my shoulders. Then, it all happens very fast. Three, four, five strokes and the endurance marathon is over. Its rewarding unrestrained fountain of youth bursts from my trembling physique. I can feel the heat flow all around rushing down and deep inside her. My heart palpitates and my muscles twitch. So vigorous is the pulsing, that I experience muscle failure causing me to collapse on top of her. We roll over away from the wet patch with the last iota of strength. She slides back on top of me and I cover us both with the satin bedspread. In radiating paradise we drift off and are soon both fast asleep.

Late in the morning I woke up in her bed. She had long gone. Off to school I guessed. She had left a tiny scribbled note on both sides of two yellow Post-it Notes. They were stuck to the TV and broke my heart somewhat.

“Dear Tommy. Thank you for last night. It was magical. I want to be completely honest to you and not hurt you because I care too much for you as a friend. I am going back to Lars’ place, to spend some more time with him. I want to figure out if there is anything left between us. I still have strong feelings for him and just because I slept with you doesn’t mean I don’t love him anymore. I am not going to tell him about our little adventure and I beg you to keep this between us. I don’t know if you and I are meant to be but if we are, I want us to be together without me still having feelings for someone else and I want you to be sure about us too. If you love me like I know you do, you will understand. I don’t know when I’ll be back but I promise we’ll see each other. Please don’t feel bad, Melanie will come by later and keep you company. She’s a good girl, take care of her ok? XXX I love you \_  
Angela”

“P.S. Please destroy this once you read it, no need for anyone to find it.”

I don’t know if it was the tiredness, the hang-over, the after-shock of feeling Angela’s cramps bulldoze through my body but I have to admit, whatever it was, I sunk to the carpet

underneath that little TV and cried. I was crying because it felt oddly familiar. Circumstances forbidding my happiness. I wiped my tears and thought,

“Tommy! Get it together, god damn it what did you expect, you’re supposed to just be just living here and dating Melanie, not fucking your flat mate! Melanie would be crestfallen if she found out you slept with her best friend and I mean come on, you didn’t just sleep with her, you made love to her all fucking night! That wasn’t just cheap boinking now was it, you made love to her like you were totally in love with her. It wasn’t just meaningless jack hammering! So what do you have to say for yourself, you betrayer of hearts?!”

“Nothing! This very evening, you’re going to embrace Melanie with open arms, kiss her passionately and fuck her all night aren’t you? You’ll feel bad about what you did with Angela so you might even make the effort to rent a movie, buy flowers, order takeaway pizza and then make sure she comes a bunch right? You don’t want to face the consequences, you don’t want to hurt her, you love Melanie but you don’t really do you? If you loved her truly you’d be honest to her or not? But all you think about is yourself Tommy boy, avoiding difficult and awkward situations by not being honest yet you stick your dick in every girl that crosses paths with you, you little man whore! How do you know Angela is clean and doesn’t have an STD! You dumb shit. You porked her all night, you came inside her even! You just took her word for it that she’s on the pill. What if she lied to you? What if she really wants to get pregnant and Lars can’t make it happen and she just told you a sob story, made you all gooey for her so you would splurge all up inside her and give her what she wants you dumbass! I mean you and Lars barely look a bit alike. What if she’s gonna make a cuckoo child with you and then get Lars to believe it’s his? What if he gets suspicious, forces Angela to do a DNA test and then finds out it’s yours. He’ll fucking kill her and then you most likely!”

“Shut up! You’re just being paranoid! Read the letter, she fucking says she loves me! Right there in the last line! Of course she just wants to be correct with Lars, figure stuff out and then make up her mind. Grow up! Life and love ain’t black and white! It’s a whole lotta grey in-between so stop acting like a paranoid little bitch! Sheesh, she knows I’ll still be fucking Melanie right? She wants me to be sure of whatever this is! Jeez Tommy, what kind of little insecure fool are you? Relax, hang out with Melanie, have a nice time with her, use a condom if you’re worried but I’m sure Angela had herself tested and if she had something I’m sure she would have said something!”

“Yes. Tommy! Since meeting Digger you know Lars is running prostitution brothels. Who’s to say that he doesn’t fuck other bitches without protection and then bust all up in Angela without a rubber? She is for sure not using condoms with him. It was super risky for her to fuck me without a rubber too. I’ve been all up in different women without protection and never got myself tested. Damn, I really should go to a clinic and get myself tested. Maybe there’s an anonymous place I could get one. Ask Lars even? Now that would be fucking brazen wouldn’t it? Fuck Lars’s girl’s cooch and then ask him for a test to make sure I didn’t riddle her with viruses or god knows what, maybe I got something from him now too! You gotta get up in his shit Tommy and find out if Angela is basically dating the same kinda asshole as her father was. That wouldn’t surprise me! A lot of abused women end up with abusive spouses, didn’t I read that somewhere? I mean just look at Saskia, barely gets away from her abusive parents and ends up getting coerced into sex with the biggest asshole in

Marktbreit. Maybe there is a pattern here. Liesel is a sweet girl and she of course had to fall for a lying cheating scumbag like you. What does that say about any of us?"

"I don't know and honestly this thought pattern is too intense for me right now, Jeez Tommy, relax, smoke a joint drink some coffee and vodka and fucking chill out!"

I roll a strong joint and shut off the paranoid part of my brain. A few hours of watching TV and sipping vodka with coffee helps me feel normal again by the time I leave the house. I go by the local convenience store and buy some pre-made pizza, beer, cigarettes and more vodka for the evening, wondering if Melanie will show up or not.

She doesn't have one of those cell phones so all I can do is let myself be surprised. I don't even have the number of her parents' house. They'd ask too many questions and they are probably way too stuck up and status quo to be ok with a fifteen year old boy dating their daughter who's not even going to school, drug dealer and total loser.

"I don't even know if Melanie doesn't have a piece on the side other than me. For all I know she could be two timing me as well but I better not project my own faults on others. Maybe she just really fucking likes me and don't know how to deal with the situation. Why do these girls dig me so much? I got no future, no skills other than dealing drugs and killing people and I sure as shit ain't wealthy. It can't just be my boyish charm and I mean yeah ok I'm good looking, not model good looking but you know, not ugly, average at best good looking... So what is it? Maybe they like playing momma with me. Like I'm their practice baby. "

I worry all day about my conundrum, what and if I would tell Melanie when she would inevitably come by. After a long shower, more coffee, vodka and copious joints I decided to just shut the fuck up. There was no point hurting her. I should air out the place. The whole apartment reeks of sexual mischief, stale smoke and alcohol. I'm wondering if Angela has changed her mind and decided to come back to me. If she saw Melanie in the lunch break, did she accidentally spill and tell her anything? My fate is entirely in her hands.

Around 7 pm I hear voices and the door opens. Melanie excitedly runs over to me and tiptoes up to my face and gives me a long wet kiss. Angela stands behind her making eye contact with me. She gives me a subtle wink as if to say.

"Don't worry Tommy, I ain't gonna rat you out."

I am so confused. What happened to Lars?! I can't ask her now can I? Melanie is here. She's so happy to see me. She's constantly kissing me, cuddling up to me and making such an effort to prepare the frozen pizza, roll joints and be as affable as possible. Poor sweet child. I don't deserve her. We eat, drink and have a rather pleasant time together. Around 11 pm Angela abruptly announces in the most casual way that she's gonna head over to Lars' house and wishes us both a pleasant evening. Melanie hugs her on the sofa and I walk Angela over to the entrance door. Out of the eyeshot of Melanie, Angela suddenly grabs me and kisses me on the lips. She whispers in my ear.

"Have a really nice evening you two."

She lightly kisses me again

I open the door for her and follow her a few steps outside. In the hallway we kiss again but I'm paranoid that Melanie will be suspicious. I stroke Angela lovingly on her cheek and tear myself away from her, hurry back inside and close the door. I go to the bathroom and turn the water on, I wash my face and stare at myself, long and hard in the mirror. I ask myself.

"Tommy who are you?"

I wash my face some more, eat some toothpaste and return to Melanie. She looks up at me with pleasurable intent.

"Tommy, we're alone, did you lock the front door?"

I nod. She removes the thin blanket that she's been cuddling under to reveal her naked body. She had undressed while I was in the bathroom washing my face. Oh god, I bite my lip, she's so beautiful. She reaches out her hands towards me with a smile and beckons me to her. We embrace and start kissing each other all over. I make my way down her neck, her breasts, and her belly. I kiss her feet, her legs, her inner thighs, and her vagina. She smells so good. My tongue plays with her as she moans and writhes in pleasure. I want to make sure this will be a night she'll remember.

The next morning, Melanie left for school. I went back to my debauchery of self-harm and addiction. The rain and winter chills throughout November make being indoors truly magical. I spend my days in self-isolation painting and sketching on the little balcony. My poison, hot cocoa mixed with vodka combined with lots of dope and the occasional trip or molly for entertainment. I start a diary. Well, more a chronology, a recall of events from my childhood. As the days turn into weeks it is plain to see that Angela had decided to stay with Lars. I can't blame her. Her need to talk and get everything off her chest has been satisfied. Is that really her only problem with Lars? The fact that he didn't want to know all the horrible things that happened to her in the past?

He doesn't want to know about the rape and torture she went through at the hands of her father and maybe, in a way, Lars is right. Those are her problems. She surely needs a professional to help her deal with all that. Constantly dwelling on it with her boyfriend would surely only make their relationship in the long run difficult at best. No man wants to know that his girlfriend was copiously raped by her own father. It's an unnatural and horrible thing to imagine. It's not like I ever told any women I slept with that I was raped by my step-father. It's nobody's business because it's not their fault. My abuse has nothing to do with any present relationship.

It would be another 23 years before I opened up about any of the rape and molestation I experienced as a child and went public with what happened.

That's why I'm writing this book. It's a big fuck you to all those monsters that kissed us goodnight our entire fucking childhoods. Not just me but every single fucking adult on this planet who abuses children, beats them, rapes them and denies them a proper life and meaningful existence.



I feel a bit like a monster myself two timing Melanie. I abandoned Liesel and she killed herself, Saskia too. I'm so caught up in my own problems I feel I'm constantly stepping on the feelings and hearts of the people that care about me. It's quite selfish now that I think about it. I love Angela but I love Melanie too. I still feel that Angela choosing to stay with Lars is the coward's way out but I would do the same. Plus, I have nothing at least in a material sense to give her. If we were honest about our love affair, she would lose Melanie, her only female friend and I would get my face kicked in by Lars, and probably Digger's goons as well. Angela and I are both cowards out of necessity, we are living the lie and for now, it's ok. At least on the surface, Lars is a nice guy for being a criminal involved in prostitution, drug dealing and god knows what else. Despite all that, he treats Angela well, He looks after her.

Aside from that minor complication of my life I have too many other things to deal with at the moment. So many dreams, nightmares and horrible memories that threaten to suck me down, down, down into the oblivion of drugs and alcohol. I notice that I go on these horrible binges when I let my mind wander too much, especially at night. For my own sake it helps me to stop obsessing on these memories, living daydream horrors by banishing them into writing. It's as if all these memories and thoughts are then safely locked away between the thin covers of my notebook. In my mind the notebook is a fortress, a safe, a prison. A place I can hold the demons at bay when they rear their ugly voices. It also serves the purpose of keeping all the crimes my parents committed against me fresh and alive in writing lest I ever forget what monsters they once were and still are.

Often these thoughts come to me late at night. Especially after I make love with Melanie. It's almost as if sex triggers these horrible regurgitations of my past. I'll cuddle her until she's fast asleep while my mind starts to race. I never sleep most nights. After she's asleep I'll go into the little kitchen and begin drinking, smoking pot, snorting speed and doing everything I can to numb my mind. I write and draw all night. Lots of the content are thoughts of murder and torture. All the horrible things I want to do to my parents and people like them. I'll draw torture devices and explain in great detail how I will keep the monsters alive for days. I imagine myself inflicting on them the greatest pain they will ever experience until they beg me for death. I have a proper dark side in me. Not one of those Young Adult wannabe slasher killers waving knives around bullshit. No, I'm talking about a full on sociopathic serial killer that never gets caught, sort of darkness. The first time I watched *Silence of the Lambs* I adored Hannibal Lecter and knew that's who I wanted to become. I applauded his insane intelligence and cold calculative brutality.

I read all the books, over and over. I cry every time when I read the heartbreaking scene of him watching his sister being butchered and eaten. Just like I had to watch my toddler siblings get beaten with a belt. I can feel the anguish of being powerless to help or do anything except to be an involuntary spectator of the horrors being committed in front of my very eyes.

I never saw a little girl getting butchered and eaten but I did hear a baby screaming once in India. I was in the hallway going to the toilet in the early morning and through the ajar door of one of the bedrooms I saw a mother hurling her own baby girl by her foot against the wall because she wouldn't stop crying. I remember the dull sound of a breaking skull but the girl screamed even harder. The mother smashed that baby into the wall three fucking times

before the baby finally stopped crying and died. I remember seeing a badly washed bloodstain on the wall that was still visible days later. They eventually painted over the entire room to make it disappear. After I saw what happened, I ran back to my room to hide in my bed. I was so scared to even leave the room to go pee that I inevitably wet the bed. By then I was smart enough to secretly change my sheets and bedding so I wouldn't get caught. It took me a lot of courage to leave the room with my wet bedding but the fear of getting beaten to death for wetting my bed was just as real. The murderer was one of our caretakers and after seeing what she was capable of, I really thought any of us kids could get killed at any moment. Luckily, soon after, she was excommunicated. It was all hushed up of course and most kids never even knew she had murdered her own child. I for one had told no-one of what I saw. I considered my life in too great a peril to do otherwise. So many horrible deeds were hushed in secrecy. Most of us cult kids were born at home. Only god knows if any of us growing up in India even had a birth certificate back then. If one of us kids were murdered, there wouldn't have even been any paperwork proving we ever existed. I bet that little baby's bones are still buried somewhere in the corner of that courtyard.

I usually fall asleep shortly before Melanie rises from slumber and goes to school. Usually by then I'm comatose from pot smoking and glugging down vodka and beer all night. I usually never notice her leaving and often sleep until way past lunch time. By the time I'm awake and hungover, I make coffee and write a little in my journal. Maybe I draw some pictures or watch TV. All the while waiting for Melanie to return to me. Then rinse and repeat. Stay up all night and carry over into the next day with copious amounts of Molly and speed. Especially on the weekends when Melanie is with her parents. Once again I'll be left to my own self-destruction. Last weekend, high on drugs as usual, I wrote the following down.

I laud my demons	Unleash unmitigated wrath
They suit me well	Vengeful chilling thrill
Stitched to my soul	My reward is in death
By finest tailors in hell	Then I shall no longer be?
Each needle threads supreme	If eternal life would remain?
Beautiful woven patterns in my skin	What heartbreak might I see?
The story it does seam	That my sacrifice is a curse
Is glowing darkness within	For those who did not believe?
Dark powers grow within me	In sordid Bible verse
Ever since I was a boy	Its con-artistic deceit?
God's soldier ordained to be	Yet we will all live forever
A vassal, deictic toy	To praise a sadistic monster
My destiny obliged	Choose eternal retribution
Four horsemen come to kill	Over everlasting joyous fear
	We smile in bliss of sweet heaven above

Gloria hallelujah and our savior's genuine love  
To ask questions we should never dare  
Or this eternal fire we all shall share  
I backslid out of fathers favor  
For whispering doubt, but a whim  
His forgiveness, exculpatory magnitude  
Why must we be born with original sin?  
As the believers chant of God's love and woe  
Priests cast out devils, fighting imaginary foe  
Assaulting humanity, with fallacies,  
stupendous beliefs  
Replacing divine will, with deadlier disease  
The greatest demon, he laughs in the heavens

As soothsayers interpret sixes and sevens  
He has murdered god and taken her place  
Thus commencing to proselytize our very  
stupid race  
Because mankind is the fallen angel  
We warm our corpses in religious mirth  
The realization all too painful  
We already live in hell on earth  
I love my demons  
They suit me well  
My new skin now complete  
A deity of hell

## Chapter 13

### Dancing for the King, Talking in Tongues and Heavenly Horses

In June 1987 we moved from Kolkatta to New Dehli. This commune was situated in an old colonial complex. It was built in a square formation and had a great big courtyard in the middle. The courtyard was covered in do it yourself fashion with many opaque wave plastic roof sheets. Two by four wooden beams held it all together creating a gigantic support frame underneath.

When the sun shone directly on it, it was swelteringly hot underneath it. Often meal times, especially lunch, was a torturous experience and you just got it over with so you could retreat back under the shade of the arched hallways that circumvented the courtyard in colonial fashion.

The frequent thunderstorms and monsoon rain was deafening to the ear as it hit the plastic overhead. The roof bellowed and ached under the pounding of heavy rain. We kids would be frightened of the noise and would have preferred not to be under this badly constructed roof at all. These arcades in turn turned off into rooms, sanitary facilities and of course, a giant kitchen.

It is common in India to have servants for every detail of the household if one can afford their pittance, near slave-like salaries. The so-called Children of God were no different. The pasty Caucasian missionaries deemed it morally acceptable that the darker, local ethnicities be subservient to the white man for wages below survival minimum. Much like all the colonialists before, that had come to pillage the locals of their resources, rape their women and steal their lands under the thinly veiled guise of missionary work and spreading so-called civilization.

Naturally this Apartheidian commune had Indian servants to cook, wash dishes and clean the house. Servants were dirt cheap and even hippie scum like the COG could afford them.

The Indian servants were easily converted as most Hindus already worship a one true God and pray to the many effigies and facets of God's likeness and nature. (Contrary to what most people think about Hinduism.) Also accepting the white man's religion came with a bonus. Often it meant getting clothes, sanitary products, food and other items that were handed out by the condescendingly holy members of the community. It also meant at a later stage that if you became a "full time disciple" after a trial period of six months, you got to force the hippie women and adolescent girls to "share" their love with you.

For a while we had many Indian "uncles" casting their obese shadows, these brutes were darkening the door of my mom's bedroom. The Indian men were in general much fiercer meaner and often outright violent towards us children than even the most sadistic of the white adults. Getting welted across the face by a fat Indian became a daily occurrence. It was at the age of barely six that I realized I hated Indian men. Tommy the little racist with explicable reason.

It was perfectly normal that all we children were raised by any and all adults. Anything they said had to be followed with no questions asked. That meant that if an uncle or auntie took a shine to you (OH GROSS!!!) You might just end up doing things of a carnal nature with them. If an uncle or auntie was mad at you even unjustly you could get beaten by any of them. My record was getting beaten by four different adults on the same day!

At the time I was still a 6 years old boy. Most of the pedophiles were mostly interested in the little girls so I wasn't molested. Stefan had stopped raping me or forcing me to jerk him off soon after we arrived in Dehli. I think my mom actually intervened and asked one of the other shepherds if they thought it was ok that Stefan made love to me. Luckily the shepherd was a complete homophobe and made it very clear that Stefan should only "make love" to females and that any sort of love making between men was homosexual and therefore inspired by Satan. Definitely taboo and therefore not permitted. It was quite the liberating day for me. Stefan called me into the bedroom saying we needed to have a talk. I sat down with him assuming he wanted to have sex again but to my surprise he said.

"Tommy, you know that I love spending time with you. It's just that... his voice trails off... The prophet thinks it is not such a good idea if we men show each other love like we used to. They won't understand our love. They could even throw us out of this community or even put your daddy in prison if you tell them that we make love to each other. You don't want that to happen do you?"

I shake my little head. Inside I would have loved to see him be dragged off and thrown in prison. He beat me at every little excuse. He would jerk himself off after whipping me with a belt and fondling my genitals. It hurt a lot sometimes when he shoved himself into my little body. I hated him but I was so scared of him. All I could do was smile.

"So we can still hug and cuddle but no more you know..." I nod

"Ok it was nice sharing this with you, I love you Tommy!"

He gives me a hug and I leave the room elated. Was this it? Would he never touch me again? It seemed too good to be true but it was. Stefan went on as I later found out to molest other toddlers and preschoolers. Girls as young as seven and eight years old but he never raped me again after that. He continued to sexually satisfy himself by whipping me with his belt however and he would get a hard on doing so. After whipping me he would lock himself in the bathroom, bedroom or wherever it happened and masturbate. At least I didn't have to help out anymore!

Once a week there was a "sharing" night for the adults. This meant they gathered in the courtyard after us kids went to bed. They would drink self-made fruit wine and allocate each other sex partners for the evening. "Sharing" was officially mandatory but if you didn't you were more or less an outcast and deemed not spiritual or a true believer. One married couple even got excommunicated for refusing to participate...

As an adult you were supposed to sleep with whoever wanted to "share" with you. No matter how hideous or unhygienic they were. This applied to ALL "adults" over the age of 12!!! Moses David the cult leader claimed he took the ancient legal age of twelve for

marriage from the Bible. Basically as soon as a girl started her period she was to be considered an adult and consequently, copiously raped by all the other members.

This put a massive sexual strain on all the women, especially the young, pretty preteen girls since of course all the male adults wanted to share with them.

Of course outside the official sharing nights an adult man could demand sex from a 12 year old girl. An adult woman could demand sex with a preteen old boy. It was all hushed mostly and done under the pretext of "love" and was not supposed to be physically forced for the most part but...

If you refuse sexual advances you would be labeled as "unspiritual, selfish and hostile" This could also result in "silence restriction", denial of food and other atrocities.

Moses David was a firm advocate of rape. He believed that a woman only gets raped because she is selfish and refuses to share God's love with a man. Therefore God can punish her by allowing the man to be physically stronger and therefore take the rights that belong to him. The right to "be fruitful and multiply" This is actually written in his writings.

Sex was everywhere and all around us. It was as normal to walk into a room seeing people of all ages having sex as it was to take a shit.

No matter what ill treatment, terrible food and physical torture we children endured we all believed, sincerely, that our "trials and tribulations" would be over soon. My mother told me many times

"Don't worry honey, Jesus will be back probably by the time you are 13 so isn't that wonderful?" She would say with a psychotic shine in her eyes "You and I will rule the Systemites and teach them in the ways of heavenly love, and peace."

"We will fly to and from heaven on "heavenly horses" with great big wings"

The stupid dirt hippies actually believed that Heaven was hidden in the moon. According to Moses David Jesus hid the "Golden City" inside of the moon. This is an actual poster from the so called Children of God

This is the actual beliefs of the Family International to this day!

"Jesus has hidden the golden City from the devil and all the unbelievers so that it would be a big surprise to the "Devil and the Antichrist when we born again Christians would come charging out of the moon on heavenly white horses and slaughter all the antichrist's followers that were possessed by the devil and his evil forces"

The average normal human being would laugh at such ridiculous nonsense "What about air to breathe? What about gravity? What about the simple laws of physics?

If some deluded, borderline moron came up to you, cheerfully ejaculating their garbage and begging for donations to support their idiosyncratic, pedophile utopia of Idiocracy.

Wouldn't those be the first questions, going through your mind?

You would be surprised, amazed even at how many really, really stupid people share the air you breathe... Actually by now, probably not anymore.

The danger of the really, really stupid people however is if they have power over anyone. Especially over children. That they brainwash them to never question the really, really stupid ideas and beliefs that the spew forth from their feeble minds so that they don't actually have to study, work hard or be of any value in the great community we call humanity.

The blabbering kooks of Jesus's end time army would hold prayer meetings or vigils every morning and every evening. Most of us children hated them.

We would be forced to sit for what seemed like hours while the adults each tried to out-spiritualize one another. They affirmed their spiritual pecking order by "talking in tongues" or gobbling like I called it quietly in derision to myself and a few other rebels. Said practice was connoted to be just as modern as when the disciples of old did it after the death of Jesus. It was greatly encouraged by the prophet himself.

It seemed to us children that the more gibberish you gobbled, and the louder you did it, the more spiritual the other adults thought you were. It also helped if you screamed, cried, fell to the floor or started have spiritual spastic convulsions.

Wow! That meant you really had the Holy Ghost move within you.

Some children actually believed this to be real. However, by the age of 7, I was not convinced any more.

During prayer sessions I would open my eyes secretly and look around the room for other non-believing children. Once I established eye contact with another rebel such as myself we would make fun of the adults using mimic and eye contact. Later we would try to sit next together and whisper insults about the drooling and babbling adults to each other while they were being the idiots without borders.

After a prayer session the adults would hug, caress and ooze their slimy compliments to each other. Stefan would take great pride in being a big shouty man, sniveling, snot dripping, weeping, and so very spiritual alpha male. The hippie cows' ovaries would explode just watching him losing all his bodily fluids in holy possession. Stefan had done it again... He will be riding an earthly bovine tonight.

We children at the time were actively encouraged to have sex with each other. I remember one of my first sex partners when I was close to my seventh birthday. Her name was Stella. She was about half a year older, dark skinned with beautifully large brown eyes and thick black hair.

We would "make love" almost daily and it was one of the few things I looked forward to. Stella would come to my bunk bed and we would hang a few sheets around it to make a "tent" for privacy. We would "French kiss" passionately. She would insert me inside her body and ride me. That was her favorite position. We did everything we saw the adults do.

Even oral sex. I knew how to penetrate a vagina and I liked the missionary position, it was very pleasurable I have to admit. We would use spit for lube and go down on each other imitating in great detail what the adults did. When I look back I realize that I really did not have a childhood. I was doing adult things in a very adult way in the body of a second grader. I know most people would find that impossible to imagine but that's how it was back then. Sometimes my mother would involve herself in my love life and reprimand. Telling me that the other little girls might want to sleep with me too and not to be selfish... Or that maybe one of the other boys would also like to have a turn with Stella.

Stella and I were however very much in love. At least from my point of view. We always came up with excuses to not have to share with the others and my mother usually let us be.

Of course I was too young to ejaculate so "coming" hurt and was rather unpleasant. However the feeling before "ejaculation" was quite similar to sex as an adult. Just on a much, much smaller scale.

Stella had a sister who was a year older than her. Her sister looked almost exactly the same so that a lot of people thought they were twins or confused them with each other. Her name was Chastity and she was pruder than Stella. She refused the advances of other boys and loudly refused the advances of adult men so they left her alone and even avoided her outright. At some point Chastity's curiosity overwhelmed her and she came into our tent completely unannounced and said she would like to watch. She wants to know what all the fuss is about. She sat in our tent and watched us make love. At some point she then matter of fact told Stella that she wanted me to do it to her too and after some bickering Stella agreed. So it happened that I had my first threesome with two half Indian sisters at the age of 7.

At the time I felt like I was walking on clouds every day. Even the beatings, the bad food, being sick regularly and terrible living conditions didn't matter to me anymore. I was in love with them and boy, were they in love with me.

As time progressed we were inseparable. We did everything, I mean everything together. Even showering or going to the toilet. We slept the three of us often on one of our bunk beds and often one or more of us would end up on the floor in the morning laughing. At night we would sneak up onto the flat roof of the house and make love under the stars. If I was only perhaps ten years older it might have seemed more appropriate aside from the fact I was sleeping with two biological sisters.

Around Christmas time we would do Christmas pageants for old folks homes, schools etc.

Stefan was in charge of the children's play so I always got good parts. You might think after what he did to me I would have had a bad relationship with him but on the contrary. I got along just fine with him. Yes I hated him for what he did to me but he had stopped... When he didn't beat me he actually treated me rather well. The ambivalence was incredible. I was terrified of him but yet almost worshipped him in a weird way. Everyone was telling me how talented he was. He could play all these instruments and he could sing adequately in my opinion. Yes I loathed him at the same time but he was a popular guy with the adults and the children and that meant by default that I, the shy and bashful child was popular too. I knew



how to avoid Stefan's temperament. How to sooth the dictator before he exploded with the wrath of God so after a while even the beatings I got from him got less and less frequent. Of course I still got copiously beaten from other adults too so that put everything into perspective somewhat.

Autumn of 1987 I finally got my favorite part in the Christmas Pageant. Playing the angel Gabriel. As the angel Gabriel you got to wear a fabulous white gown outfit and lots of sparkles and glitter. A golden halo rested over my head. I always was a bit of a queen I suppose... even as a little boy I loved to be fabulous!

Playing the angel Gabriel meant that I would get to be alone with whoever played Mary for rehearsal. After much persuasion Stefan agreed to let Stella play Mary. I was so happy!!! Chastity had a brief tiff with her sister over who got to play Mary but I solved it elegantly. I got Stefan to give Chastity the role of Joseph.

Chastity was a bit insulted at first until I explained to her that being "Joseph" meant that the three of us would be practicing together for months before the play. We were often seen in full costume making out. Joseph made out with the fabulous and sparkly angel Gabriel who then in turn made out with Joseph's wife Mary. Some of the adults thought it was the raunchiest, cutest thing ever. Of course they did, those fucking perverts. I literally grew up in a pedophile community.

The other boys my age complained about not getting to be Joseph because they would have gotten to kiss Stella on stage but for reasons I can't quite explain, Stefan ignored them and even stood up for me and let me have my thing going. It was great. I was on top of the world... for now.

It was required by law in the COG to "forsake all" That's literally what it meant. You were required to relinquish all your earthly possessions to "Christ". In real life it meant relinquishing your inheritance, bank account savings and every last possession you had. All of your money was taken from you and redistributed to the global community. Those poor sods. Some family members lost their entire inheritance, fortune and even their lives because of their ill-fated decision to join the Children of God. Even when someone donated everything they had, if they later decided they wanted out, the Children of God wouldn't so much as give them any of their money back or so much as pay them a plane ticket back to their country of origin.

Some ex-members died in the streets of south East Asia after getting kicked out of the so-called Family. Penniless and ruined. A far cry from the posters and smiles that the Cult sold to them when they first joined.

This was the harsh reality of so-called actual visions of heaven from the prophet. Of course, you only got to go there after you gave them all your money and earthly possessions.

Moses David, the leader of the scum hippies allocated himself a "tithe" of 10% of all income and inheritances. He bled the cult communes dry. His insatiable lust for money meant we lived in poverty while David jetted around the world with his child brides and lavish lifestyle. Of course he had earned it. After all he was being so generous as to save us all from the antichrist, talk to Jesus for us on our behalf and of course sexually educate the helpless children through rape and physical torture. Their only crime? Being unlucky enough to be born into this festering abhorration of bible babbling dirt hippies.

Anyone that dared to question him was deemed an enemy of Jesus and was immediately excommunicated. Consequently children were kidnapped from their mothers, spouses separated from their partners, people disappeared and crime after crime against humanity was committed in the name of saving the world from the antichrist. This was the direct and very real result of this monster's influence and brain washing of the really, really stupid people that worshipped him and followed him. Just like my own parents. I am often amazed at my own IQ. It shouldn't be possible for me to be this intelligent having such dumb parents as I did. Maybe I got lucky I guess. I'm not bragging here and I don't consider myself hyper-intellectual or anything like that. But I ain't a dumb ass either.

The public humiliations, punishments and beatings happened mostly during or after meals in the courtyard.

We would gather for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day in the courtyard under the awful plastic roof. The adults would take turns reading from the "scriptures" or singing with a guitar, talking about how they met the COG and were "saved"... You get the picture?

This was all done into a crappy microphone and PA system that had lots of feedback, crackle and pop due to the crappy electricity and the many power outages that occurred daily.

If there was a punishment to be executed, the leader that was reading the scriptures would call the poor child or children that were to be beaten, to the front of the "stage". Up in front of the whole community, they "confessed what they did and why they were going to be punished into the microphone. After this the punishment commenced swiftly and without mercy.

A beating with a bamboo stick or a leather belt. On the bare back and bottom. In front of everyone. Up to twenty or more strikes were administered for something simple as talking back to an adult.

If a beating was deemed not enough, additional punishments as denial of food, washing dishes all by yourself for three hundred people or silence restriction (speech deprivation) were added to the beating. Silence restriction meant you walked around with an actual billboard hung around your neck that read the following.

"I'm on silence restriction do not talk to me"

Breaking the silence restriction as much as even sighing out in despair, pain or even coughing could result in the silence restriction being prolonged indefinitely. My record if I remember was being forbidden from talking for over a month!

Punishments were so severe I at some point just avoided talking to adults unless absolutely necessary. I obeyed every order, gave up my wishes and selfish desires altogether and truly

became a Lamb of God. I asked Jesus to forgive me for my wrong doing. I was, after all, a sinner. The adults were merely trying to save me from the devil. Anything that was asked of me or anything they said, I would smile and blindly go along with all of it. I obeyed. No questions asked.

My will was so broken that by the age of seven that I was no longer a rebel but a complete and utter slave of divine will. At least that's what I wanted the incumbent masters of cruelty to think.

One morning in after breakfast the adults make a special and life changing announcement.

Moses David had come up with another horrible scheme to sexually exploit all the female members of the COG. He called it, "Dancing for the King".

All girls of twelve years and older were required to strip in the courtyard and dance naked to music. This was then recorded to VHS and sent to the self-acclaimed prophet himself. Even preschoolers danced naked for the camera as well. The girls were told to stimulate themselves during the filming sessions.

I have no doubt in my mind that these videos were even sold on the black market to fellow pedophiles that shared affinities with Moses David, (David Brandt Berg). It seems possible that would have also helped to maintain Berg's lavish lifestyle and harem. Sadly all proof of such videos and pornographic photographs were later destroyed worldwide, as different official investigations were launched against these monsters. Searching for shreds of evidence is very difficult as you would have to search for images that are horrible and illegal. Thus making the job of bringing these people to justice nigh impossible.

Chastity and Stella tearfully discussed with me how to make excuses to avoid having to dance naked in front of the horny camera crew that were sent from a commune in Japan with the explicit intent of filming all the girls and women in the commune. It was clear however, this was not negotiable. ALL the females were required to participate! This was ordered by the King himself. The camera crew took quite an interest in Stella and Chastity as well. Chastity managed to get away from them by being her loud and boisterous self but Stella, well, let's just say was not so successful. On occasion while the filming crew was at our commune she would pretend to be sick just so that she would stay out of sight and not be molested on a daily basis. I feigned sick at the same time to keep her company. Just in case any of the adults decided to be a bit rapey.

Inevitably there was no way out. I told them to just dance really badly so that they would be finished as quickly as possible. It worked to some small degree. The camera crew were more interested in the girls and women who visibly made an effort and went for it during filming.

Some of us boys were watching as the "witch" started her dance on camera. It was undeniable that even the camera crew who by this time had seen hundreds of quite beautiful, naked hippie women across all of south-east Asia, were visibly sickened by her gnome gnarly appearance. In fact she was the only one that insisted on being fully nude even though the camera crew made it very clear to her that it really wasn't necessary. We boys were sniggering so hard that one of my friends burst out laughing uncontrollably. He was beaten mercilessly that same afternoon and sentenced to solitary confinement which

was by far the worst punishment possible. I once caught a glimpse of his naked back weeks later, full of welt marks all over. They must have beaten him nigh until death. He was seven years old.

The prettier adolescent teenagers and women were even coerced into full on masturbation and sex on camera for the "King". Intimate private sessions like these took place on the roof of the house or behind closed bedroom doors. One of the camera crew took a real liking to an eight year old girl named Davida. We were paired up one sharing night and were informed that someone would come and film us. Neither of us had really any say in the matter. During our session the camera man tried to molest Davida but she recoiled at his advances. This pissed him off. After insulting her and calling her a selfish whore he packed up his camera and left the bedroom.

Even back then many adults didn't approve of adult/child sexuality even though it was condoned, so we didn't suffer any retribution.

The next week at sharing night, another girl named Jennifer asked me if I wanted to share with her. I agreed. Although Stella and Chastity were a bit jealous they didn't mind since the filming crew was still lurking around and sometimes would barge in on us during the act. Stella and Chastity were happy to not have to "share" in front of a camera and often suddenly had a tummy ache or other ailments when sharing night came around.

As Jennifer and I are were having sex she looked into my eyes and said.

"I prefer having sex with you because you fit in my vagina. Daddy's penis is too big for me, it really hurts when he tries to put it in." The camera man breaks out laughing and falls over from where he is squatting. He wanders off to tell some other pervert about this seemingly priceless anecdote.

That sentence I will carry with me till the day I die.

Shortly after the camera crew finally finished filming "Dancing for the King", they packed up their equipment and left on-route to the next commune. After their departure, sexual misconduct rose up like a tidal wave. Its giant swell burst forth its seediness upon the helpless female offspring that were unlucky enough to get caught in its path.

I imagine that having all the girls in the house naked and dancing with make up on their little faces and sexy outfits for weeks on end, ensured many little girls had nightmares for years to come.

Soon it was decided that the sharing age restrictions between adults and children would be lifted altogether. This was horrific news for Stella, Chastity and myself. It was also announced that people of all ages were welcome to participate as long as it was loving and no one was forced to do something they really didn't want to.

We however, didn't want to share with anyone! We were very happy to be exclusive. Sadly it seemed as even that little joy in our lives was now to be taken away. Chastity had never slept with another boy aside from myself let alone an adult male, and was not intent on

doing so. She was convinced that the three of us will marry when we grow up and was already making plans for children, thinking up names for her future girls and boys that she would make exclusively with me. She thought, like myself, it was disgusting that the adult women would sleep with anyone that demanded sex of them. Stella on the other hand was more social in that aspect and outwardly less bothered about it all or at least if she was bothered she didn't show it quite as much.

Stella was bubbly and friendly to everybody. She was a friend to every animal, bird and living thing under heaven. She was in that way the complete opposite of chastity who like myself was more antisocial and kept mostly to herself.

I immediately noticed her when our family moved into the community. When the adults would be praying or talking in tongues she would let her eyes roll aimlessly around the room. At first she immediately closed them when she saw me looking at her. Some kids were tattletales and would scout the room for kids not participating in prayer. Also adults would sometimes scan the room during prayer sessions so keeping your eyes open could cost you a beating. Stella was beaten for exactly that on more than one occasion as was I.

Stella was brave, kind, free spirited and just a very lovely person to be around. I fell for her hard and quickly. I like to think that she was as in love with me as I was with her. We were kindred spirits finally united. She was very good at getting what she wanted. Especially with the adult men. She would bat her big beautiful eyes and show off her gorgeous smile and perfect teeth. She would toss her long black hair around in a sexy fashion just like the teenage girls in the house.

Stella managed to always get that little extra special treatment, an extra treat, stay up a little bit longer and the like. Whenever Chastity or I wanted something from the adults we asked Stella to be our messenger. Soon, she paid a heavy price for her innocent flirting and naivety.

Let me tell you about Patel. The fat, bar handle mustached Indian that worked in the kitchen. He first just worked for us but soon was converted and FF'ed (Flirty Fishing, Having sex with a stranger to convert them) by one of the adult women. Over time he became a full time member and in doing so had all the rights like any other member. Us kids liked him at first because he wasn't violent, never spanked anybody and would sneakily give us children cookies and sugary snacks that were forbidden. When he went shopping he would smuggle and hide the treats within the commune.

Since white sugar was completely forbidden, we kids loved Patel. He made sure he always had something with him. After a while I noticed that the girls would get more treats than us boys and I started spying on him. I noticed that sometimes he would disappear into the food storage room that was located in a separate hut, behind the house with one of the girls, under the pretext that she should help him get some vegetables. It always took Patel a suspiciously long time to get the vegetables. Patel would emerge sticky and sweaty, the girl would emerge with cookies.

Stella also emerged with cookies...

She told me that Patel would rub against her vagina with his penis but I shouldn't worry. I will be the only boy who gets to put "it" inside her.

I was furious at the thought of the fat Indian touching my beautiful Stella but it was her choice. We learned early on as kids that not even our bodies belonged to us but to the "Lord" and that we should share our bodies with others to show them "God's" love.

At some point Patel wasn't happy with just rubbing... Stella screamed and thrashed about in a desperate attempt to get away from Patel. I tremble in my very soul remembering hearing the cries of anguish all the way on the other side of the building. Sadly I made no association with what had happened at the time. Children screaming out in pain was normal as someone somewhere was always getting a beating and crying out in agony.

Patel tried to forcefully cover her mouth to keep her from screaming. Stella fought him with all her strength, biting down as hard as she could into his fleshy fingers. After much struggle and screaming she manages to escape Patel's grasp. She is crying uncontrollably, shaking from fear. She runs down the corridor, crawls into my bed and hides under the blankets.

I run after her and pull back the bedsheet to see blood dripping down her naked legs. Anger boils inside of me. I run to get her mother out of a prayer meeting and pull her towards my bunk bed. The trail of red splotches goes all the way down the hall. Back in my room Stella's mother sees what happened and starts crying and screaming

"Oh my God! Who did this!?"

"I'm scared mommy, he might hurt me if I tell you"

Mommy insists and Stella finally whimpers, "Patel"

Mommy storms off to the kitchen but Patel isn't there anymore. The oil in the big iron skillet on the stove has caught fire and the rice water is boiling over.

Some adults rush to the kitchen to put out the flames and others hurry to the streets to chase down Patel.

Patel was long gone.

In the days that followed Stella got very, very sick. She was in and out of consciousness and all the laying on of hands, prayers, speaking in tongues and witch's cocktails did nothing to help.

"God must be really angry with Stella." I overheard one teenage girl whisper to another. I screamed at them "Fuck God!!! Fuck Grandpa!!! God has nothing to do with this"!!! The girls told the adults I was swearing, yelling, acting crazy and taking the Lord's name in vain. For this heinous crime I was stripped naked the following morning and was forced as always to hug one of the courtyard columns. Then in front of two hundred men, women and children that looked on during breakfast I was publicly beaten with a bamboo stick. I collapsed several times before my mother intervened and told them it was enough.

After my beating I was sentenced to solitary confinement for two weeks. The first day I was not to receive any food, as the bible says in Job 23:12

“Neither have I gone back from the commandment of his lips. I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food.”

This quote was often used to deny children basic human rights, the beating would be my punishment and substitute for breakfast, lunch and dinner. As I lay there on my bed the pictures of what had happened appeared over and over again.

A violently angry shepherd with a thick bamboo stick rained blow after blow as hard as he possibly could on my small back. Children gasped and watched in horror, some adults grinned at me almost maniacally, basking in the pleasure of watching a blasphemer get his punishment for insulting God.

Everything goes dark. As I come to, I can hear one of the women crying and begging the “shepherd” to stop. My mother finally came to my rescue. Even for some of the other adults the severity of the beating I received for saying “fuck God” was too much to witness. They had gone too far. I remember to this day the name of the Shepherd who beat me. His name was Uncle David. I remember he was an American, had a cleft chin, long slightly crooked nose and short, dark brown hair. Since then I have sworn to myself to kill him if I ever should find out where he lives.

David was determined to inflict the “Wrath of God” upon me at any cost. So violently vicious was the beating he could have broken my back and crippled me for life. The wrath of god was a favorite saying by sadists like him. A saying that my step father Stefan was also fond of. Until my late teens I carried the scars from the beatings I received from Stefan, from uncle David from uncle Tony, from uncle Juan, from auntie Mercy, from uncle Dave from uncle Silas, from uncle John, from uncle Jean-Paul, from the Indian disciples and sadists, from uncle Timothy, uncle Arnie. The list just goes on and on and on.

I have no idea how many strikes I received that day. It didn’t matter, whatever my suffering was, all I wanted was to be at Stella’s side as she lay suffering and now even that was denied to me.

That night after everyone was sleeping I snuck out of the room. For some reason the adult that brought me the piss bucket had forgotten to lock me back inside. I crawled back to Stella’s bed whimpering like a little doggie. I sat and laid alternately next to her on the cool stone floor for hours. I was in so much pain but the worst part was staring at her pale, tortured and sweat drenched, sleeping face in dead silence unable to help. Unable to do fuck all.

For the first time in my life I knew I genuinely wanted to murder someone. It wasn’t a question of if anymore but a question of when. A desire, a longing to destroy these monsters that inflict such cruelty upon the weak and helpless. It grew inside me like a poisonous seed that would show its ugly fruits many years later when I would exact righteous retribution on those that tortured, raped and hurt the innocent and the defenseless.

I stayed with her all night, stroking her hair and crying my eyes out. I couldn't risk getting caught so around 4 am I kissed her on her lips and snuck back into the room before an adult realized what I had done.

The next day I didn't see her but I heard talking in the hallway that Stella was barely breathing and pale as death. I heard the massive fight and shouting that followed. Enough was enough. Stella's father finally stood up to the shepherds. He was infuriated that they could beat me so mercilessly and then lock me in a room without food. He was infuriated that Stella got raped and no one seemed to be willing to get her medical help or go to the police or do anything really other than pray for her. It sickened him to his core. The "Shepherds" of the community were furious at his demeanor. If Stella's parents took her to a hospital, it would seriously endanger their community. The community must be protected and the life of one member cannot surely be more important than keeping the community safe.

The Shepherds begged Stella's German father to reconsider. They wanted to cover up Stella's rape by any means necessary. However it was clear that prayer wouldn't be enough anymore. By now, Stella had an extremely high fever and was close to dying. Her Father wanted to take her to a hospital. Enough was enough! The shepherds refused to let him leave but this was a man desperate to keep his daughter alive. Mid-afternoon, Stella's mom went outside on a pretext and secretly called a taxi. Meanwhile, her daddy packed their bags. Once the taxi arrived the whole family ran to the main gate. Stella in her father's arms. There was a big commotion outside as the other adults tried to stop them from leaving the community. Even with violence if necessary. Stella's father fought them off while handing Stella to his wife. She piled the kids into the taxi. Chastity is yelling at her father to hurry. The fight caused people outside the big iron gate where the taxi was waiting to stop and watch. To avoid attracting attention the other adults gave up and let Stella's father go.

As to be expected, the doctors demanded to know how a little girl had gotten such devastating injuries that could only be the result of violent penetration and called the police. Stella's father made no hesitation to accuse the cult of covering up if not even condoning Stella's abuse and rape, of beating her and all the other children and all the other criminal things that they committed. I can only imagine that an investigation was immediately opened. Too late however. The commune leaders assumed correctly that the police might come by and as so often happened, the cult disbanded the commune of over two hundred people within a few hours. My parents moved with us children into a hotel and by the time the police showed up that same evening, the huge commune had vanished into thin air...

We were told by our parents should we ever get questioned by the authorities, to blatantly lie regarding our sex practices. Telling the truth would have been our one shot at salvation but... We were white kids in a foreign country. Our parents told us horror stories about Indian governments kidnapping children for selling as slaves to rich Indian land owners. About child abduction on the busy streets of metropolises, forced prostitution and even cannibalism of the abductees. We also believed that we would lose our right to go to heaven if we were traitors to the cause, if we told the truth. We were terrified of being puke in God's eyes. We were so terrified of everything that getting taken away from our parents seemed to us like a death sentence and so we did as we were told. Later on many raids were



done against the children of God. In London, Buenos Aires, Madrid, Sydney, Melbourne, Paris the list goes on and on. At the end of the day it was the very same children that were being abused that were pivotal in the exoneration of all the above mentioned cases. Thousands of children, all around the world believing that the sex, the rape, the forced labor was normal and to be hidden from the system. That we were going to heaven and that is all that mattered. No child wants to risk losing their immortal place in paradise for betraying their family and their heavenly cause. Thousands of children telling the police that our parents would never dream of abusing or hurting us. Even though nothing could be farther from the truth.

I know in my heart that if I should ever see this man ever again and many others like him, I will kill him without hesitation.

Stella and Chastity's parents left the Children of God after the incident. Stella's father, once Stella had recovered and they were back in Germany tried to press charges. The attorneys told him that German law has no jurisdiction against foreigners committing crimes on foreign soil. They would have to physically be in Germany to even have the slightest chance of a case and even then it would help if the rape had been committed on German soil which it hadn't. I would find this out later too. I was raped in India, by Germans. I could not prosecute them in Switzerland for crimes they did not commit in Switzerland. That's the harsh reality of being a survivor of, to bluntly put it, an international child sex cult organization.

...I cried myself to sleep for over a year. I hoped for years to see them again but I never saw Stella or Chastity ever again.

A couple weeks later thankfully, my family flew back to Germany. As the airplane took off, I thanked god for getting the chance to go back to Europe and never set foot in that hellhole of a country ever again. I literally kissed the ground in Frankfurt airport

## Chapter 14

### Losing my Religion

So just how did I get my hands on a bang-and-you're-dead kinda gun at the age of fourteen? It all started in the summer of 1994 when I was still thirteen years old. Long story short, I was officially excommunicated from the children of god in the October of 1993. After that I was forced to be on the road for many excruciating months with my psychotic step-father. We travelled all over Germany in search of the cheapest boarding school to dump me in. Often, we stayed either at friends of Stefan, his relatives or in shitty hotels. Stefan, having never worked a day in his life at a proper job, had no income. He was forced to beg my grandparents to pay for everything. This did not bode well with either him or them. My grandparents had no idea just how horrible life in the cult was, and thought I was just being an ungrateful spoiled brat.

The cult had by then rebranded themselves as "The Family" which changed little about what went on behind closed doors. Even as a thirteen year old, Stefan would still beat me with a belt for every little thing I supposedly did wrong while I was on the road with him. Even staying in a hotel room could not spare me a beating. During such whippings he would still touch me between my legs. He even insisted that I use the toilet with the door open so he could "talk to me" So much so, at one boarding school we were visiting, a housekeeper noticed some red stripes on my legs below my knee and reported it to the superintendent after he finished showing us all the facilities. As planned, Stefan and I sat in the foyer of the superintendent's office, waiting for our appointment. An out of breath, beer bellied short man in his late fifties opened the door and looked at me through old and smudgy black horn rimmed glasses. The man introduced himself as Mr. Schroeder. He shook both our hands and let us inside to his office. It smelled of smoke and cheap cologne.

We sat down and Stefan immediately began talking the man's ear off. Drivel and lies about me being a difficult aggressive child and a spoiled brat. He insulted me with every sentence that came out of his fucking mouth. At some point Mr. Schroeder had heard enough and asked my step-father to step out of the room so that he could talk to me alone. Stefan was perturbed to let me speak alone without being in the room and able to hear what I said. At first he refused. Mr. Schroeder calmly but firmly insisted. He said it was standard procedure. As soon as Stefan left Mr. Schroeder asked if Stefan beat me. I shrugged my shoulders. The superintendent told me that the housekeeper saw red stripes on my legs and asked me to lift my shirt and turn my back to him. I had no interest in protecting Stefan and readily complied. Tears welled in the old man's eyes as he saw the welts, scars and bruises from a lifetime of beatings, spankings and other cruel and inhuman punishments.

I begged him not to confront Stefan because I was so scared he would fucking kill me. Mr. Schroeder insisted that Stefan belonged in prison but I told him that once I'm in boarding school, I would be rid of Stefan. I had younger siblings at home in France. If Stefan were arrested and didn't call home or worse, did call home and warn my mother, she would flee the country with my siblings to God knows where and I'd never see my family again. I felt obliged to help my siblings further down the road, and any beatings I would get until then, that was the price I was willing to pay. The superintendent told me I was the bravest kid he'd even met. He wrote down his private number on a scrap of paper and told me to call him if I

ever changed my mind and needed his help. He assured me he would come and get me wherever I was and make sure Stefan went to prison. I thanked him. Mr. Schroeder called Stefan back into the office and told him that I would be accepted into their school should we so choose. In the end, I think Stefan was wary of Mr. Schroeder and for no reason other than that, decided instead that I should end up in the hellhole of Marktbreit. I kept Mr. Schroeder's number for many years but never called him. After all, I didn't really know the man and trust wasn't something I randomly handed out.

Marktbreit is located on the banks of the river Main. A tiny town of less than four thousand inhabitants. My parents liked that. A small town meant less possibilities for buying drugs, as well as more influence over what I got up to in my free-time. My parents honestly believed they would still have control over me from afar. They told the caretakers at the school lies upon lies: that I was violent, stubborn, willful, sneaking alcohol and smoking, at risk of doing drugs. They asked the caretakers to monitor my every move. It was discernible to the caretakers though, that their story was bullshit. I didn't look like a juvenile delinquent whatsoever and after my parents finally left, they made many horrible jokes to me about them. It clearly showed that they did not find my arrogant, Jesus-preaching hippie parents respectable, believable or sympathetic. In fact, they felt sorry for me. They were right to think so. At that point the hardest thing that had entered my body other than being raped was a non-alcoholic beer. Nonetheless, my parents intended to make my life outside of the cult as horrible as possible so that I would beg to be reinstated into the cult and its awfulness.

The fact that my parents tried to make my life a living hell, motivated me more than ever to truly cut my ties with them and be done once and for all.

First things first. Tommy needs to finish school and get a job. It would be a few excruciating years, but at some point I figured I would have my own little apartment, my own stupid job and I could move far away from them and their abusive behavior and Jesus drool. I would have probably run away again sooner but I had the strongest of motivations to carry on. As much as I hated my parents I felt bad for my younger siblings. The youngest of which was barely eight at the time. I missed him terribly. He was an energetic boy with a loud mouth and so naturally, he also got beaten a lot. I wanted to save my siblings, prove to them that life was indeed possible outside of the cult and that all the horror stories we heard about the so-called System simply weren't true.

I never knew my siblings that well. I was separated from them the first time at the age of five in India. After that for the most part of my life in the cult we were in different age groups so I never saw them really at all except on Sunday when we had Parents Day. This lasted from eight in the morning to six in the evening. This was the time I could bond with them and I always looked forward to it. I felt bad for leaving them behind but there was nothing I could do. I was absolutely powerless. That same powerlessness was also probably the reason I eventually did the things I did. So very strongly did I desire to finally be the master of my own fate that my inhibitions dropped off me faster than water off a duck's back.

I arrived in Marktbreit on a Sunday. It was the eleventh of September 1994. 19 days before my fourteenth birthday. The first day of boarding school, I was assigned to a dorm in the German North Wing.

That very first afternoon, I was introduced to my 15 year old xenophobic roommate named Marcus. Marcus was a large, overweight, blonde haired and blue eyed German "Fatherland" brute. He always carried a knuckle ring in his pocket and a butterfly knife stuffed into his Doc Martens. He showed me the school grounds and all the facilities before asking me if I wanted to get high.

It was a very eventful first day. I smoked hashish with Marcus and his two friends, for the very first time in my life. They had a makeshift bucket bomb hidden in some bushes in a graveyard situated behind the edge of town. It was adjacent to a forest that connected to the school campus via a little gravel path. I curiously watched the procedure as they, one after the other heated the hat, pulled the bottle up to create the smoke and then put their lips on the bottle and plunged it back into the water. Looked easy enough, I suppose. As soon as the three were finished, they all looked at me. Come on, Tommy, don't be a pussy. Marcus made a new mix of some brown stuff, sprinkled some white stuff on top and added a little tobacco. He stirred it with a twig in the hat and lit the mix on fire while pulling the bottle out of the water. The bottle was filled with smoke and it was now or never. If I didn't do it I would be ridiculed as a Mr. Goodie Two Shoes. I would never be cool for as long as I lived. Resigned to fate, I wrapped my lips around the coke bottle and down I went inhaling the fucking lot, which went well.

I'm kidding.

I immediately started coughing, wheezing and gagging. I thought I was going to die. My brain was spinning, pins and needles all over my face as if millions of ants were crawling all over my body. I spent the next hour struggling to talk, walk and breathe. I turned pale white and my fingertips turned blue. I was in a bad way and my three comrades helped me greatly by reassuring me that this only happened to beginners and then proceeded to laugh and make jokes at my expense. Weirdly enough that actually helped take my mind off the paranoia of dying.

I was relieved when we walked into town. Marcus bought me a cheap popsicle. He didn't want me dying on his watch I guess... The sugar and cold helped to feel a bit normal again, and after a few excruciating hours, I was feeling better. I was determined to be cool, which didn't stop me from trying to smoke a joint a couple hours later and by evening we were quite drunk and high. We headed to the Youth Center to score some more hashish.

This was also the first time I saw Smiley. Marcus went over to talk to him and make his purchase while I sat at the bar and ordered a coke for one Mark with the coins I had stolen from my parents here and there while we were traveling. I noticed this beautiful tiny girl sitting at the other end of the bar drinking a whisky on the rocks but I was way too shy to chat with her. I later learned her name was Saskia. She took no notice of me or if she did, she sure as hell didn't let me notice. From my part it was love at first sight. Neither Smiley nor Saskia would take notice of me until much later. I was just a scrawny dark haired quiet thirteen year old. I spoke German with a thick American accent. So much so that every time I opened my mouth, people were immediately curious and barraged me with questions as to where I came from. I was extremely shy and nervous about being out in the so-called System and so mostly, I kept my mouth shut. This proved to be my most desirable feature later on.

The first few weeks in boarding school turned into a living nightmare. I barely spoke German, I was socially awkward, I couldn't handle drugs very well and was generally just a creep, a

weirdo who liked to read Donald Duck, Asterix and Obelix and Lucky Luke comics. Alone, that was already reason enough for one of the other kids to smear shit in my bed, pee on me when I was sleeping, beat me with soap bars in socks when I walked down the hall after showering, smear shit in my comic books, take a shit in my school bag. The torture was relentless, every hour of the day. So much so, that life in the cult seemed harmless by comparison. My parents were succeeding.

My life revolved around one emotion. Fear. Every moment I was not in class I would get kicked, pushed into walls, thrown down stairwells, and beaten in the courtyard outside. The reason for this was me being considered a traitor to Marcus and his friends because I had ratted on the one from their group who I knew was smearing shit in my bed. I also had the bad luck of accidentally flirting with one of the girls Marcus had a crush on, and even worse was that she responded to my efforts. He challenged me to a fight in the courtyard and I declined. I was shaking with fear and avoiding eye contact. I told him that I won't talk to her anymore and that I didn't want to fight him. Christina, the girl Marcus fancied, looked on as Marcus grabbed me off of the metal fence I was sitting on and threw me to the ground. He started kicking me in the back, the ribs, and my head. He sat on my back, yanked my head up from the ground by my hair and began shoving dirt and gravel in my face trying to get me to eat it.

Christina thought I was pathetic after that for not standing up for myself and ended up dating Marcus after that. It seemed to me that being a bully and a brute was going to get you laid in this shit hole, and I vowed from that day forward to toughen myself up, somehow start beefing up and first of all, get myself a fucking weapon. The next person that tried to beat me up would get their fucking neck sliced open! That very same evening I stole one of the butter knives in the canteen and some sand paper from the arts and crafts room. At night over many hours in the dark I would sneak outside and work on my project. The next asshole to jump me in my sleep was going to fucking get it.

Mercifully, the superintendent and caretakers of the boarding facilities took notice that I was in a bad way. At the beginning, I wasn't standing up for myself when I got picked on. They would see me often, standing alone in a corner with my back to the wall and bruises on my face. I was generally just a heap of misery. Within the first week they called me to the office and told me I was being transferred to the West Wing dormitory where the foreigners were. It would be safer for me there. So much racism and hate was in the air that it was not safe to keep the Eastern European, Middle Eastern foreigners and people like myself who couldn't speak fluent German, in the same building as the local animals.

It worked. I was treated much better. At least no one smeared shit in my bed anymore. The worst prank by comparison was popcorn under my sheets. The next time Marcus tried to attack me, my knife was ready, and he was surprised to have a very sharp piece of metal poking into his neck. Some of my Russian dorm mates saw the commotion and ran to help me. While I was struggling with Marcus they made sure none of his friends could gang up on me. They were of the opinion that since I was living in their wing I was now part of their family. After that, German bullies left me alone, I was now part of the foreigner gang and thus protected.

It was inevitable that since my parents refused to give me any spending money, I would still have to find other means of income. Looking back, my parents were really the stupidest people on the planet. If you don't want your son to get involved in drugs, the last thing you should do is give him incentive to do exactly that. My parents however, were not logical people, which speaks a lot for them having joined a cult, I guess. They refused to give me any spending money to punish me for leaving them. They wanted nothing else than to make my horrible life on earth even more of a living hell by making sure I would be an outcast right from the very first day. After all, having no spending money at that age is socially a death sentence.

Of course, being a social outcast I did almost anything to fit in and be cool. That's why I ended up smoking my first drugs, drinking my first taste of vodka and doing ecstasy for the first time. All within two weeks of arriving. This town was ideal for all kinds of criminal activity and I got sucked into it all faster than a teenage boy's dick into a vacuum cleaner pipe.

All the factories and warehouses along the river on the outskirts of Marktbreit were empty, dilapidated and abandoned. One after another, for many kilometers, they situated between the main road and the river's edge and stretched on in the direction of Ochsenfurt. It was here just at the edge of this town's border that lots of sex, illegal parties, drug dealing etc. happened because the buildings were unfrequented, and at night they were unilluminated. Even during the day it was a good place to do things you didn't want to be seen doing.

Many families had moved away from this tiny town in search of jobs and a better life. The children of the remaining locals had no choice but to go to the only school that was still open. The hell on earth with the boarding facilities. The only other school building was shut down and barricaded a year before I arrived because of asbestos and condemned to be demolished.

That meant the remaining school buildings, the grounds and the class rooms were heavily overcrowded. We were over three hundred preteen and teenage children in a school originally designed and built for less than half of that. Fights, drugs and bullying were so commonplace it was almost impossible to get expelled. No one wanted to be called out as a snitch, and get their head kicked in.

February 1995, we had a new arrival in our class. He must have been around my age. A typical German kid with short blonde hair, dark brown eyebrows and blue eyes. Everyone asked him why he dyed his eyebrows, dumb kids. He lasted just one morning before landing in the hospital half dead. His face, chest and back pummeled and beaten beyond recognition during lunch break because he ratted some kids out to the class teacher for smoking a bong during morning recess. It had to have been him. No one else would have been that stupid.

The kid told me his parents were property investors. They were buying up cheap property in the area since it was under the market value. He was a bit of a show off and by then I was a drug peddling outcast. He looked like he'd be fucked without my company. The wolves were just waiting to feast on this little lamb. I thought I could at least protect him a little since now no one fucked with me. I was associated with the Russians and other Eastern Europeans in the West wing who fiercely protected their own. By then also I had acquired quite the

reputation that I was not to be fucked with. Of course if I would have wandered on my own into the North Wing or the part of the school grounds where the Germans were after dark I would have gotten my head kicked in. Many of the teenagers in the North Wing were Fatherland racists. To each his own, as they used to say. For them, I was not considered to be German because I didn't speak German fluently. I was not regarded as a German national in my own country by my own supposed people. That was how deep racism was at that school.

## Chapter 15

### Chewing glass can make you bleed

The Eastern Europeans students in the West Wing were all older than me, all of them into bodybuilding or at least Systema (a Russian martial art). Tough guys. Because I was living in their wing I was automatically under their protection. Upon arrival in their dormitory I had to chew a piece of broken glass and swallow it down with a shot of vodka. My first ever shot! That was the initiation ritual, I kid you not. Little tip, if you chew long enough to grind the glass into sand it will pass through you. If you don't do it properly, worst case you could seriously hurt your digestive system or even die of internal bleeding.

I chewed it well enough and lucky for me nothing happened. I was initiated. Immediately I was put on a muscle building and training regimen by my roommate Dimitri. He taught me how to throw a punch properly, Orthodox style. Every day we'd lift weights, do pushups, and practice hand to hand combat in the basement or outside on the football field. We would punch each other's stomach muscles repeatedly to harden them. To give you an idea of what a fucking behemoth he was, he was fifteen years old and could do one hundred pushups with me sitting on his back. I weighed nearly sixty five Kilos at the time. I am not fucking making this up.

I dare say by March 1995 after about 6 months of hard core training, I could handle quite some punishment for my age and my body although skinny, was nothing but pure muscle and sinew. He also gave me his second butterfly knife and taught me how to use it fluently. I practiced every day with that thing and within weeks it became an extension of my body. I could do all the tricks with eyes closed. My customized butter knife I kept under my pillow, just in case. It was rare but there were stories about the German Nazis storming our wing after curfew and attacking the foreigners in the north wing. Shortly before I arrived in Marktbreit they snuck into some Iraqi dude's room at 2 am and beat him half to death. I think that's also why the Russians on my floor started standing up for the other foreigners living in our wing so that the Germans would know that nobody in the West Wing is to be fucked with without serious retribution.

Anyway, this new kid wouldn't fucking listen to me when I told him to mind his own business. He even told me he was going to say something to the teacher and I was like:

“Do you want to get killed? Because that's how you get killed around here. “

He laughed and told me he's not scared of anybody...

...I wonder if he's still that fearless now. Like I said against common sense, he decided it would be a good thing to get along with the teachers rather than the students. Dumbass. Not like the teachers gave a fuck about a Mr. Goodie Two Shoes. His parents were horrified to hear their son had not been gone for six hours and had already landed in the hospital with severe head trauma. Over ten teenagers were involved in his beating. I saw it happen but those German kids were fucking animals. If I said anything or dared to help I would have suffered the same fate. Probably not even my Russian buddies would have helped me then because as I imagined, they would have thought I was a complete idiot and that I brought



that beating on myself. Other than that most of the German hooligans carried butterfly knives on them and would have probably stabbed me in a heartbeat if I had interfered. It was utterly hopeless.

The ambulance was called and the bloodied and battered Mr. Goodie Two Shoes was carried away. His blood drops stained the concrete ground for days afterwards. Police came by to inquire but fuck em. They ain't gonna protect no one from getting their asses kicked, even if they wanted to, how? Post a guard next to them 24/7? You would just know as soon as any guard left that snitch on his own he would have been dead ten minutes later. Also might I add...? Fucking pigs, you don't talk to pigs, non-negotiable. The teachers were no better either. I often saw them sneak up onto the roof of the school in the afternoon to smoke pot and drink from their flasks.

Often, in the first month of my Eastern Promises life I did errands like shopping, cooking and cleaning for my roommate and his friends. Thus I earned the privilege of free boozing and pot smoking. Sometimes they would take me along to go clubbing in Würzburg. When we did go out, I wouldn't pay for anything. They felt sorry for me having no money and honestly, the Eastern European boys were a hell lot nicer to me than my own countrymen ever were. I became a racist against my own nationality. Germans? Yuck!

Over the winter, like I said, I spent a lot of time steeling up my liver and muscles with my Russian roommate and his buddies. Plenty of vodka was involved and I was hooked. By early 1995 I was pretty much a veteran drinker and over the course of a night I could easily hold down a couple bottles of vodka on my own. I rapidly became a chain smoking pot head. From morning to evening, day in day out constantly getting high and willing to hang out with whomever would be of the same affiliation.

Thus began my descent into darkness. Into losing my religion. Dealing and becoming a thug and a criminal. During my stay in that hellhole I encountered two people that would be pivotal to completely turning my life upside down.

One of them was Dariusz aka Smiley.

Dariusz gave himself the nick-name Smiley when he started dealing as a young adult. It was years before my time. He was inspired from the ecstasy pills he first sold in the 80's and was probably one of the first ecstasy dealers ever. The pills had a smiley face stamped on the front. It wasn't a brilliant pseudonym but then again, he was a tattooed brute with the brain capacity of a radish. After a while the name just stuck and that became his alter ego. He was infamous in the underworld around Würzburg, well known for his bad temper and cruelties he would do to people that crossed him.

Smiley viciously protected his gang's portfolio that included makeshift illegal brothels in dilapidated apartments, speed, bootlegged cigarettes from East Europe, heroin, hashish, and of course ecstasy aka molly.

There was a Youth Center in Marktbreit where young people of all ages could go. It was down near the Main River located in an old factory building, in the industrial area just outside of town. The community had allocated its use for cultural purposes. It was poorly

funded at first and mostly staffed by volunteers, community members and pensioned teachers. They were all long gone by the time I arrived. Smiley and his crew had taken over the place and used money from drug dealing to fix it up. He had the building repainted on the inside, put new table foosball, billiard, pinball machines, jukebox, bar... everything state of the art. The local community leaders were naïve yet happy. In their eyes, this guy was charming, witty, good sense of humor and boy, he had money.

He had his friends manage the place and the mother of his first son, Nadja was regularly working there behind the bar. He paid income taxes and washed some of his drug money through the bar. He was a welcome sight, a second generation immigrant and a local. Born and raised in Marktbreit itself. He was an advocate for the youth in this small, bankrupt shithole of a town.

On the second floor of the youth center Smiley had built a little private room with a simple bed and an office table, equipped with a simple wooden door and a latch you could lock from the inside. The idea officially was that you could go upstairs and study, or for people who drank too much to sleep over etc. There were a few extra mattresses stacked near the far wall.

Officially it was a chill out but it was unspoken clear what the room was really used for. Dealing drugs, sex and all sorts of other debauchery. One Sunday morning I was at the youth center all fucked up. I had already been there at least for the past twelve hours. The toilet stalls downstairs had been vandalized and the entrance was full of vomit yet again. I turned around and decided to try my luck upstairs. Near the top of the staircase was a simple toilet, sink and shower. Oh god sent luck, it was unoccupied and relatively clean. I was taking a waz and generally mucking about when I heard this voice grunting from inside the room. The door was ajar so of course I did what any teenager did. I pushed the flimsy wooden door open, curious as to what I might see. My young and very blonde, blue eyed German teacher, who by the way was also our class teacher, had his pants around his ankles. The music was loud enough he didn't hear me climb the stairs. Maybe he thought he'd locked the door. He had not. Also, he was to my utter amusement, balls deep in a blonde ninth grader named Gertrude. She looked up in embarrassment and yelled at me to fuck off. My teacher was in shock and struggled to pull his pants over his dick still wearing the condom, he grabbed his shirt and jacket, pushed past me, muttered "Arschloch" and ran off down the stairs. Gertrude used to bully me at school. She even would try to get her male friends to beat me up, the illegitimate bastard, dark haired, Persian looking German. Seeing Gertrude's Aryan prided pussy on display like that was fucking priceless. I'm sure it was absolutely humiliating. I closed the door and let her wallow in her embarrassment. She quit making fun of me and avoided me all together from then on.

On the contrary, my teacher was exuberantly friendly after that. He made sure I got lots of help in his German class. It was my only failing grade due to lack of fluency so he upped my grades to a passing average. Some days I didn't even bother showing up if I knew he was teaching most of the day's classes. He wouldn't dare to report me absent. I literally had him by the balls. Even though I never actively blackmailed him, he was intelligent enough to know not to fuck with me.

The local authorities never bothered checking if Smiley had an alcohol license. Normally in a youth center, you would have to show ID for a beer or hard alcohol. Back then, legally, you

could drink beer at 16 and hard stuff at 18. At this youth center no one bothered to check. You could be much younger and still get wasted, throw up, get wasted some more, throw up again, do some speed or X have fuck ton of sex in the dilapidated, abandoned factory buildings by the riverside and get all this accomplished before you were even finished with the 8th grade. Almost every weekend I saw very young girls wander off with some older guy into the maze of abandoned buildings. Some of them would even disappear upstairs to the private room where I stumbled across Gertrude. It was generally left unlocked at discretion on a first cum first serve basis. I wasn't any better mind you and I took ample opportunity whenever a girl thought I was cute enough. Nothing was taboo for me except if a girl was way too drunk or comatose. I didn't approve of that. Sometimes I'd see someone slip something in a girl's drink and try to warn them. There was even a sign overhanging the bar warning people to not accept drinks from strangers or leave their drinks unattended. On the weekends, this place was teeming with life and often standing room only. There was a reason for this. This was the only place you could stay out way past dawn on a Friday or Saturday night in the whole region. Sometimes even the clubs in Würzburg would already be closed in the early morning, yet the youth center in Marktbreit was still jumping. The place could really get crowded all of a sudden around four am Saturday or Sunday morning. Fights in the parking lot were so common that we locals barely even took notice.

Early 1995 on a cold January Saturday night around 3 am in the morning I saw this guy Tom helping this dark haired girl up the stairs. I thought I recognized her from school but the air was so full of cigarette smoke, I couldn't make out exactly who she was. I figured I probably saw her from around town. She seemed quite wasted. Tom was giggling and totally with it but the girl was near to sleepy if not near unconscious. It was more like he was carrying her than she was walking on her own which seemed a bit odd.

Tom was a ladies magnet from Ochsenfurt and quite a bit older than me. He frequented the Youth Center often on weekends and profited off the endless supply of young girls that would hang out there. I played pool and foosball with him on various occasions which is why I knew who he was. He went upstairs a few times before with various girls so fair enough. So had I on various occasions. I was hanging out with my Russian dorm mate. We had snuck out after the midnight curfew to go party with two girls from Bulgaria. I thought it was a bit strange that the girl Tom was with was hardly moving but brushed it off at first. It was the following that happened afterwards that now definitely caught my attention. The guy eventually came back downstairs and was bragging to his clique. From the movement of his lips and body language it seemed like he was saying he had fucked her and that she was totally passed out.

My suspicion got stronger as shortly after one of his friends got up and discreetly went over to the winding metal staircase that led upstairs. Then another. Then Tom went upstairs again. The girl hadn't come back downstairs.

By then it was around 4 am and the Bulgarian girls wanted to go home. It was noticeable they were not going to let Dimitri get some just yet and so my dorm mate gave up trying, wrote his number down for the two girls, said goodbye to me and left. The girls came over after he had gone and kissed me goodbye on the cheek. One of them discreetly kissed the corners of my lips and slipped something into my pocket. She whispered in my ear that I

should give her a call soon. I walked outside with both of them and watched them walk down the driveway to the main road.

I couldn't shake this awful feeling that these three guys were up to something really heinous so I went back inside. Something didn't feel right. It took a moment before it clicked. Now the third guy was going upstairs again and the girl still hadn't come back down yet. Fuck! Now I knew exactly what was happening and in my defense I was quite high on ecstasy and pot so my brain function wasn't really sharp at that moment. I followed this guy from the bar to check what was going on before Tom blocked me at the foot of the stairs.

"Hey Tommy, stay back. It's a private thing going on."

It clicked what was happening.

"Fuck! That poor girl!" I thought to myself.

I stood near the staircase reluctantly wondering what to do. Should I go get Nadja who was working at the bar and make a scene? What if they are not doing anything? Maybe they are just taking drugs upstairs and she's just sleeping. But, I had to know for sure. His third friend came back down not even five minutes later still rearranging his junk. He pushed past me grinning. Tom walks over to me and shrugs his shoulders. He pulls my arm towards him and whispers in my ear reeking of vodka red bull

"I guess you can have a go too. Don't worry, we all did it a couple times already, she's totally zoned out, she won't realize a thing. But, I guess you better use a condom, you know, because of STDs and shit."

I was horrified but maybe it was time to stop being afraid of confrontation and stand up for myself and other victims like me. I was sure if I involved myself I'd have a problem. Either the girl would be in panic and think it was me trying to molest her or the other guys would beat me up for exposing their dirty secret. But! Rape is rape, especially if the victim isn't aware of what is happening. Tom was enabling his friends to rape her. Who says she willingly slept with Tom? Maybe she wasn't feeling well or just wanted to make out with him. Maybe he dragged her up the stairs and she didn't even realize what was happening just like I suspected to begin with! I push past Tom with a feigned interest and begin walking up the stairs. He follows a few steps and grins at me.

"Enjoy", he smirks and slaps me on my shoulder

I continue up the winding stairs. My first thought was to check if she's actually ok.

I opened the door to see her from behind in a much undignified position. She was completely out. I lifted her arm and dropped it. It fell like a piece of rubber. At least she was breathing steadily.

I walked on over and recognized her as I brushed her dark brown hair away from her face. Shit, it's Liesel of all people. Just fifteen years old! One of the nicest, friendliest, talkative and helpful girls in the entire world. An absolute darling! Fuck! Her classroom is across the hall

from mine and she lives in the girl's dormitory on the South Wing. I never imagined her to be the type to sneak out after curfew to go party. Fuck! Where is Saskia? She and Liesel are always hanging out after school so why isn't she with her? Why is she here all alone?

Liesel always helped me with homework, German studies and never made fun of my accent. I really liked her and felt horribly enraged. I had never seen her at this palace of degenerates before. It must have been her first time. Fucking Tom! She didn't deserve any of this. At school she always wore a little golden cross necklace placed over her blouse. She never wore low tops that showed off her cleavage like so many other girls did. Her legs are always covered with tights and never a skirt higher than the knee. A proper girl and a Christian on top of it.

I assume Tom roofied her as she didn't smoke or take drugs. It was impossible for her to be out cold like that from just a few beers which is all I can imagine she had from the smell on her breath. I was busy with Dimitri and the chicks from Bulgaria since midnight and felt bad that I didn't take much notice of her. In my defense, the place was packed and I knew a lot of people. Damn, she could have said hello to me or something, I knew she was the type that was saving herself for marriage and I would have kept an eye out for her at least.

Tom that pig felt like he had to fuck every girl in the Youth Center just because he was good looking and muscular. Tom was half Japanese half German and I could see why girls would be into him. Sadly he was also a drunk and a fucking violent asshole. He had already been warned several times about his behavior and touching girls inappropriately. He was willing to sabotage Liesel's life and her virginity for shits and giggles, what a fucking monster. For what? Ten seconds worth of so-called fun? Willing to ruin a girl's entire life for bragging rights. Liesel's life. I thought, if she realizes she has just been repeatedly raped by three different guys, she might just kill herself. Especially if those fuckers start bragging about it and word reaches our school. That shit travels fast. Liesel would be stamped as a whore, doomed to be forever an outcast with no fault of her own. Finding a guy cute and accepting a few drinks from him does not excuse or give him the right to sexual predation. What fucking animals!

She's lying on her belly, her skirt and panties pulled down and all her clothes messed up. I must confess I was quite high on ecstasy so it took a lot of will power to organize myself in the head. I pulled her panties back up, put her bra back on properly, buttoned and rearranged her clothes as best as I could. I hoped she wouldn't remember what had happened. The more detail I saw, the more enraged I became. What the fuck did those guys do to you poor Liesel?! At least she was still out cold. I check her pulse again. It's slow but steady. Once I made sure she wasn't dying, I covered her with a blanket and then calmly went back downstairs and made a beeline for Tom. He's holding the wall up on the other side of the lounge weaving back and forth in a drunken stupor. I grin at him and he gives me a stupid grin back.

"How was the little slut?"

I smile and without warning pushed his chin up with the palm of my left hand and punched him several times in the throat with my right as hard and as fast as I could. He was a lot bigger than me, I needed to fight dirty to get an advantage right off the bat. One wrong

move and it would be me coughing up blood. He still had that stupid grin on his face that turned to stupor as his larynx collapsed inwardly and he began to violently gag and choke. I grabbed his head and immediately kned him in the balls. As he collapsed forward I put his neck in a choke hold and began struggling with him. We both lurched around in to the middle of the room. All the while I'm smashing his fucking face in as best as I could.

He collapses forwards and I let him fall to the floor. I stomp his ass and balls and he croaks out in pain.

"You fucking asshole, what the fuck is wrong with you!"

I was viscerally screaming, not saying any words, just screaming. I trip over his legs and fall to my knees barely managing to grab on to the lounge table. I stared at the two rapey friends of his sitting across from me on the lounge couch. I scream

"All three of you! A bunch of fucking rapists."

I was momentarily distracted and somehow Tom managed to grab the side of my head by my hair and pull me towards him to get the better of me. Luckily as he pulled me down I was able to grab the ashtray from off the table. I smashed the flat side on his temple a few times and knocked him unconscious. His friends just sat there frozen like the little fucking piglets that they were. Some of the other teenagers that were in the other room ran over and had to pull me off of him to prevent me from killing him. I truly only saw total blackness in my rage. I am pretty sure I would have killed that man right there and then if no one had intervened.

Smiley's ex, Nadja, was working that morning. She runs over from the bar room asking what the fuck was going on so I told her. With utter disgust she spits on Toms bloodied face and screamed at his friends to get the fuck out. Nadja runs back to get the aluminum baseball bat from behind the bar in case his friends try to fight but ultimately they are cowards. I guess having to watch me severely beat Tom into a coma made them unwilling to get involved. Nadja yells that the bar is shut immediately and everyone should get the hell out. As the last people leave, she helps me drag Tom's unconscious body to the bar. We find some masking tape and bind his arms and legs before he regains consciousness. We ponder as to what to do with him. Nadja suggests we call the police.

I disagree, Liesel might not know what happened but she might figure it out later. We need to protect that girl at all costs. She can't know she was raped by all three of them; it will destroy her. We could just tell her that it was only Tom that molested her. The less the better. Nadja is shaking her head in disbelief that something like that could happen under her nose. I told her that in my opinion, if we involved the police there will be a huge shit show, they'll want to do a rape test, investigation etc. All that will destroy Liesel even more, especially if that shit leaks into the school. She'll be ridiculed and her life will be over.

Tearstained Nadja agrees with me and gets on the bar phone to call Smiley.

She tells him in a sobbing tone that there's been an incident and he should come immediately. I stay on the floor next to Tom smoking cigarettes, making sure he can't run

off. Smiley shows up not ten minutes later seething with rage. He walks past us without a word up the winding stairs and opens the door to check on Liesel. Amazingly, she's still sleeping. He comes back downstairs and walks over to Tom. He looks at me.

"He raped her?"

"Not just him but two of his friends too."

"Did you see them do it?"

"I didn't see them actually rape her but I saw them going up one by one. I got suspicious so I went to see what was happening. Tom matter of fact told me she's unconscious and that he and his friends fucked her already and that I can fuck her too if I want to. I went up to check on her and found her..."

My voice trails off, I ball my fists and tears well in my eyes.

"I found her all messed up so I thought I'd clean her at least and put her clothes back on.

I start shaking and look into Smiley's eyes.

"I was so angry I ran downstairs and attacked him. I fucked him up. I wanted to kill him."

Smiley grabs Tom by his hair and punches him in the stomach. You roofied and raped a girl with your friends! In my fucking bar! You piece of shit! I should kill you right here, right now!"

Liesel meanwhile starts to wake up. Disorientated, we can all hear her slowly make her way downstairs. Smiley goes over to her trying to be calm and not freak her out. In a soft voice he says.

"Hey, sleepy head, you've been out all night."

Nadja meanwhile has made coffee and brings it into the lounge. Smiley helped Liesel walk past a very bleeding, beaten, gagged and tied up Tom still struggling on the floor. We sat down in the adjacent room on the couch and Nadja brought Liesel a bottle of water from the fridge.

Liesel mumbled as she opened the water bottle.

"What happened? I can't remember a thing. I feel really weird and my head hurts."

We all looked at each other and I broke the silence.

"Um, well, do you remember going upstairs with Tom?"

She shook her head

“Well, I saw you go upstairs with Tom and uh, you didn’t look well so I followed you to make sure you were ok. You were unconscious and he was, you know, I don't know how to tell you this...”

Liesel starts to cry as she sips the water.

“...Don’t worry, I caught him...” my voice trails off. “I fucked him up.”

Liesel asked me. “Is that why he’s tied up like that?” She cried harder, “Tommy tell me the truth, did he...? Was he you know...inside me?” She looked at me begging for an answer, her eyes worried and her heart broken. I mumbled, breaking eye contact.

“What matters is, it’s over, Liesel. He got what he deserved.”

Nadja went over to the couch to hug Liesel who’s now sobbing her eyes out. She wrapped her arms around Nadja and continued to cry into her shoulder.

Smiley looked at Tom through the arch connecting the lounge with the bar room. “You hear that, you pig? This poor girl crying? What’s wrong with you man?”

Liesel looked at me shaking with tears rolling down her cheeks. “Fuck! What a fucking asshole, Tommy, thank you for helping me.”

I had no words in my head. Nothing I could have possibly said felt right. I was just so ashamed, so sorry I hadn’t reacted sooner. I should have been her friend instead of flirting with the Bulgarian chicks. I should have followed up on my instincts the moment I felt something was wrong. It is what it is. I couldn’t even bring myself to tell her she wasn’t just raped by Tom but by two other guys as well.

All I could do was just awkwardly try to hug her in response. Still shaking with anger I got up off the sofa and lit a cigarette. I went over to Tom, held him by his hair and pushed the lit cigarette onto his face above his cheekbone. Tom writhed in pain. I watched as the glow sizzled the fat in his skin. I sucked on the cigarette again to make it hotter. I put it back in the same spot over and over again until I burned a hole all the way into the muscle tissue underneath.

I told him, “Now every time you look in the mirror you’ll see my brand mark on your stupid face. You’ll remember what you did, and who you are for the rest of your life. You’re a fucking rapist.”

Nadja meanwhile, helped Liesel to her feet and accompanied her to the bar. They sat at the bar for a moment discussing something out of ear shot. Nadja reached over the front, picked the phone up and called a taxi. While they waited, Nadja offered Liesel a cigarette to calm her nerves. Liesel never smoked before, ever! She clumsily sucked and coughed on the cigarette while Nadja tried to convince Liesel to come home with her. She didn’t want Liesel to be all by herself in the dormitory over the weekend, who knows what she might have done to herself.



Eventually, Liesel accepted her offer. They say goodbye to Smiley and me, left the building and waited outside until the taxi arrived. Smiley gave me his keys and indicated I should lock the door after them. I did as instructed and then watched from the window until they both got in and rode off. I'm was still worried about Liesel but relieved that Nadja at least was there for her.

Smiley came over to me while I was still standing at the window, turned to me and said, "What about him?"

"Yeah, what, about, Tom!? I dunno, either we tell him to leave Marktbreit and never return?"

Smiley raised his eyebrows, "Or?"

"Um, throw him in the river and make him swim all the way back to Ochsenfurt?"

"Nah not good enough, he's a very violent asshole, I know him. He'll make himself the victim out of all this. Tomorrow he'll gather his friends and come back for you Tommy. Seriously though, he's big, just how the hell did you fuck him up?"

"I don't know man, I was full of rage, and I just saw black."

"I know what that's like Tommy, when you wanna just walk through someone and make them burst into a cloud of blood and guts."

"Yeah"

We both sat there mulling about what to do with Tom, Smiley looked at me.

"Tommy, there's an abandoned warehouse just behind this building. The roof is easily fifteen meters high and accessible. Let's take him over there."

"What about his friends? They know my face."

"We'll make it look like he had an accident."

Tom writhed around on the ground trying to scream for help. Smiley bashed his head on the ground several times until he was unconscious again.

"Tommy, watch this punk. I'm gonna bring the car around and we'll load him into the trunk."

Smiley came back a few minutes later and grabbed Tom by his bound feet and started dragging him off. Tom regained consciousness shortly afterwards and realized what we have in store for him. All he could do was cry. Good! He finally felt just as powerless as Liesel felt after he and his friends raped her.

Smiley and I pulled him out the back door which faced the Main River. No one could see us there at this hour. We both checked outside to make sure no one is around. Smiley then sent

me up to the driveway to be a look out. He pulled a black garbage bag over Tom's head and loaded him into the trunk. Moments later he pulled up next to me, rolled down the window. He said.

"Go home Tommy, you did well. That was a really good thing you did for that girl but you're done now. I'm gonna take care of this scumbag ok? Anything after this point if someone asks you have no idea what happened you got it? You got into a fight with him because he was molesting um ...?"

"Liesel"

"Right, Liesel, just say that you came to her rescue and then Nadja took her home. After that I came to throw everyone out and you went home Tommy! If the police ask you, tell them you saw Tom running towards that building over there after we chased him off. You saw me close the bar after that and drive home. Stick to that story ok?!"

He smiled and saluted me before speeding off. I watched his car drive a dozen meters up the road before it turned right. I never saw Tom, or his two friends ever again.

Days later I was called into the principal's office. Two police gentlemen were there to ask questions. Turns out, Tom's body was found on the ground next to the warehouse behind the Youth Center. It looked like he accidentally killed himself by falling off the roof. It was more of a formality, they were asking everybody in the school that might have been in the Youth Center that weekend to check if anyone saw anything relevant to his death. They didn't ask me about the fight I had with him because no one saw anything as usual. I guessed Tom's fall from the roof fucked him up so it wasn't obvious how he sustained his wounds. No one talks to cops in this town. I liked it. A kind of mutual fuck the police attitude. I said I had no idea about anything and they let me go. After all, I was just a fourteen year old boy.

The rumor was that while Tom was totally drunk, he climbed up a fire-escape ladder, slipped and fell to his death. The other two rapists were too scared to say anything, and denied they saw anything that night, for fear of being incriminated themselves or ending up like Tom. He did fall to his death, even if not quite like that. Was I an accomplice in Tom's murder? You bet. Did I care that he was dead. Not one bit, he fucking deserved it.

I saw Liesel that Monday. She was wearing some of Nadja's old Goth clothes, black nail polish, black mascara, and black lipstick. It looked like Nadja had given her a new look over the weekend. She had a Walkman with a Black Flag cassette in it. At morning recess she came over to me.

"You wanna listen to some music?"

"Yes"

We walked in silence over to the edge of the football field. She handed me an old second pair of headphones and plugged it in a double plug adapter. We sat there for 15 minutes listening and before class she looked at me. You wanna meet here after lunch again?

"Yes"

“Ok”

Liesel totally changed. She started drinking most evenings with me or her roomie when I was not available. She kept wearing dark makeup, black nail polish, added some skull rings and her golden cross disappeared. Everywhere she went after school her Walkman was blaring Dead Kennedys, Black Sabbath Black Flag, Nine Inch Nails, and Music for the jilted Generation from Prodigy. She started shutting out everyone and everything she wasn't absolutely forced to deal with. We developed affection for each other but in a companionship, cuddling, puppy love kind of way. We never spoke again about that night. Maybe we should have.

With Tom dead, there is one less monster in the world to worry about. I was elated. His autopsy however, had revealed a burn hole in his left cheek. Nonetheless, no incriminating evidence to point to a suspect. Smiley did a good fucking job, kudos! The cops were mighty fucking sure however, someone had helped him to die. They did another round of investigations, interrogating hundreds of locals and students but again. No one saw anything. No one was gonna be labeled a rat, least of all me who did have something to hide. I did beat the shit out of him and torture him with a cigarette. I helped load him into the car that whisked him away to his final destination. The fuck you think I'd open my bitch ass mouth? Hell Nah. I was however mighty impressed by Smiley's strength. He must have carried that son of a bitch up several flights of stairs. All the way up to the roof before throwing him off. That's some serious stamina for a guy with such a large gut.

By now there was no doubt in my mind just how dangerous Smiley was. I sure as fuck wasn't gonna be the one to rat him out. Eventually the pigs gave up asking around and fucked off back to Ochsenfurt where they belonged. Things calmed down over February and soon, Tom was forgotten about in the village. He wasn't a local after all. Following that incident, maybe every couple weeks, the pigs would show up at the Youth Center. They'd search people for drugs and check ID's, just to show us that we were still very much on their radar.

Smiley had his fingers and ears everywhere of course. So much so, we knew the precise hour the police would show up and of course had everything ready. So upon their arrival, the Youth Center would seem status quo, nothing to be found out of the ordinary. We even had a customized rain pipe that ran down the back of the building. We could use it to throw all the paraphernalia down into a large rusty iron bin hidden in some bushes on the ground outside. It was connected at a falling angle through the wall in a hidden location so you could throw stuff down. The stuff would then conveniently wait for its owner to pick it up once the police had gone. We made the so-called arm of the law look like a fucking joke and eventually they stopped harassing us.

No-one of importance in town cared if the place was open way past the lawful hours and a lot of affluent locals were hand in hand with Dariusz. Local social workers would look the other way when reports of under aged girls having sex for money in the Youth Center would reach them. It would be dismissed as hearsay and understandably so. Some of them were frequent customers. In the afternoon, you could see a girl disappear into the room upstairs with some older gentleman or get into an expensive car and be whisked away to some discreet location. You could immediately tell on campus which girls were for sale and which

weren't just by their clothing, make up and perfume. Once I even saw a girl as young as thirteen get into one of those cars. It drove a few hundred meters down the road and pulled right. Into another dilapidated part of the abandoned industrial zone. Not half an hour later she was dropped off in front of the youth center again.

One of those girls was Saskia. She was already a pro at 16 years old. Tiny, about 1.50 meters short, she had curly blonde hair and was neither very intellectual nor very sporty. Just a really sweet, soft spoken, beautiful girl with pouty lips, a button nose and blueish-green doll-like eyes. For some reason she took a shine to me as much as I did to her. I mostly blame pheromones, stupidity and my youthful age at that time for doing something as stupid as poking that hornets' nest.

Like myself, Saskia's parents were very abusive but she never wanted to talk about it. I just assumed it was horrible from things she let slip every so often. A couple years back, her teachers noticed something was up, and one thing led to another. She ended up in protective custody, and a local social worker was assigned to her to make sure she finished school. He also took care of her financial details etc. That how she ended up in Markt-fucking-Breit.

Saskia was physically well developed for her age, and had very large breasts for her size. Even though she was sweet and soft-spoken, she could quickly change to a tough, no-nonsense, fuck-you attitude, if you crossed her. I immediately fell for her the very first time I laid eyes on her. The first time I saw her, she made the whole room roar with laughter. Some German guy was yakking on about how all eastern Europeans look and sound the same, and that he can't tell any of the different Nationalities apart.

Saskia quietly turned to him and looked him straight in his eyes.

"I can't tell the difference between your face and your ass either. It seems shit comes out of both ends and dicks go in."

There was not a dry eye in the room when the laughter died down. The guy got up to menace her but was quickly stopped in his tracks by Smiley and forced to leave the premises.

Dariusz had noticed Saskia a couple years back through one of the older girls in the dorm when she was just thirteen. Back then, she was the new kid on the block, and an older girl was showing her the ropes which fatefully brought her to the Youth Center. The first time they met, the older girl scored some Hashish off of Smiley and he offered the two nice ladies a drink. The older one disappeared with him into the basement, leaving bright-eyed Saskia at the bar. After they came back, her friend's clothing noticeably askew, the three of them got high all evening until it was time for the two girls to return to the boarding house. Smiley, being a bit of a pedophile himself, had taken notice of this new beautiful and very young girl.

At first it was harmless. Saskia would go once in a while to score a bit of hashish but nothing too hard core. Her allowance was a pittance at best, and it became clear to Saskia that some of her girlfriends were doing very well for themselves. They had designer clothes, expensive perfume and make up, even though they were allotted the exact same amount of money

from Social Aid. By her fourteenth birthday, Smiley had taken over the Youth Center. Saskia was slowly falling for that gangsta life.

She started hanging out with the good looking and tattooed young criminals. Their tuned cars, expensive clothes and jewelry life were enticing to a poor little pretty doll like her. Smiley kept chatting her up and pursuing her, buying her drinks, taking her out to expensive meals, buying her jewelry and so on. Unsurprisingly, Smiley was Saskia's first customer. He supposedly purchased her virginity for five thousand Marks on her fifteenth birthday. I don't know whether that part is actually true, but Smiley definitely believed it and bragged about it all the time. When I asked Saskia once privately, she just rolled her eyes and said "Yeah, he can think that if he wants to, there's a reason I got placed in protective custody."

She was pretty enough that she could ask high prices after that. Starting in the range of 200 Marks for a half hour of her time. At the time you could get a blowjob for around 20 Marks and sex starting at around 50 Marks upwards, depending on how junked up the prostitute was. 200 Marks was definitely a small fortune to pay for pussy, but there were enough men that liked that exclusivity.

The men she had sex with were usually much, much older, mafia types that were high up in the drug world hierarchy. She got asked out all the time. It was usual for her to receive gifts of expensive gold jewelry, designer watches and the like. One guy even promised to buy her a fucking Rolls Royce and a holiday villa in Spain once she turned 18, if she would marry him and come live with him in Moscow. In just one evening with that fucking ugly oligarch, she could get thousands of Deutschmarks worth of cash and gifts.

The hideous ogre Smiley, on the other hand, was not willing to constantly pay. In fact, he figured he'd paid enough, and after a while began forcing himself on her regularly without payment. It's not like he would outright violently rape her, he just wouldn't pay for her services and informed her that refusal was not an option. How could little Saskia refuse or make him pay? No one in town would dare pick a fight with Smiley. By the time I met her, he was demanding sex from her a couple times a week. Mostly she went with him in his car to his safe house. No one except him and her knew where that was. He was not going to risk his reputation by fucking her in the youth center. Saskia was definitely his bottom bitch so to speak. When he would call her, he expected her to drop whatever she was doing and obligingly come and fulfil her duties. At least she wouldn't have to sleep overnight in the bed of that god awful man.

Luckily, she never had to spend the night with anyone because of the curfew policies at the boarding house. By ten p.m. during the week, and midnight on the weekends all residents were required to be in their dormitories. That always gave Saskia an excuse to leave whoever was drooling over her as she had to be back at the boarding house, no exceptions. The curfew really protected that girl.

It was also a good excuse to keep men like Smiley from completely taking over Saskia's life. The boarding house was her place of refuge, since non-resident adults that were not family to any of the students were not allowed in the building. Visitors in general had to leave after 8 pm. The caretakers and security guards made sure that criminals like Smiley couldn't darken the halls of the girl's dormitories.

The security guard of each wing had a little room on the top floor. They weren't required to stay up all night, just be present, respond in case of emergencies, and check that everyone was in their rooms after curfew. They were responsible to call the police in case violence broke out or there was an intruder. Their weapons were only batons and pepper spray but they weren't afraid to use them either.

Once the guard had done his or her curfew rounds and checked that everyone was in their room, they went back to their room as well. The coast was clear, and of course some of us rebels, we fucked off again didn't we? Saskia and I, like many other secret lovers, would often sneak out under cover of darkness. We'd smoke dope and drink vodka with our friends and roommates, or search for a secluded area and do the deed. The basement was a good place for that, or in the forest if it was warm enough. Once we noticed someone had forgotten to lock the mess hall, so you can imagine what we did there. That was quite daring. During the afternoons and weekends, however we had to play the charade at the Youth Center, keep up appearances and keep hustling. I would have to watch her disappear in Smiley's car, only for her to return an hour later in a rotten mood, knowing exactly what had taken place and be powerless to do anything about it.

By early 1995 He made it very clear that he would fuck her up if she stopped sleeping with him, and previously attacked other clients of hers out of jealousy. She was to be his and his alone, and he was truly vicious enough that even other Johns backed off. This was before her and I became a thing. It was a problem for little Saskia. She didn't mind sleeping with men for money, but not being forced to do it against her will. Now to add insult to injury, without compensation on top of that. What it meant for her, financially, was that Dariusz now had her in his pocket. She couldn't profit off her skills and so was degraded to mule heroin and cocaine for Dariusz in her pussy as far as Frankfurt and Munich, in order to continue making money. In my honest opinion that was still a better scam than letting many strange men have their way with her. If only Smiley would finally lose interest in fucking her, that would be even better.

At first, my relationship with Saskia was mostly school related and platonically friendly. She chatted me up on the school days before the Christmas holidays and said she noticed I spoke German with an American accent. She asked me if English was my mother tongue. I nodded. She wondered if I would mind helping her with her homework, and she would even pay me for my time. I told her I'd even do it for free, but she insisted on paying me 10 Deutschmarks an hour. From then on, she insisted I only speak in English to her. I was only to repeat myself in German if she really couldn't understand me. We started meeting up after lunch and dinner. I knew that Saskia was Smiley's so-called property by then, so hanging out was limited to school grounds. I would have never dared to make a pass at her. Smiley had some German customers on the north wing that wouldn't have hesitated to rat us out if they saw us hanging out too often or god forbid being affectionate. My desire for her could never outweigh her safety and wellbeing, however mutual the attraction. I guess she liked just having a normal friend around that wasn't drooling over her pussy and constantly trying to throw money at her. It was unmistakable that I was her catch, not the other way around.

Saskia lived in the girls' dorm of the boarding school on the same floor as Liesel, and they went to class together. Saskia told Liesel about me being good at English, and soon we were

three. At first I didn't want to hang out too much with Saskia because of Smiley. Liesel was a bit prude for my taste so we didn't click at first. Liesel didn't smoke or drink and would reprimand me for using the Lord's name in vain or using swear words in conversation. After studying with Liesel and minding my manners all afternoon I usually needed a break from her. Saskia and I would make some excuse or another to fuck off just the two of us so we could smoke a joint without Liesel telling us about how bad it was. As the weeks went on, Liesel got to know us better. She became less judgmental and complicated. She was often labeled as a stuck up nerd so she appreciated any company at all. If she had to look the other way when it came to swearing and pot smoking, that was a small price to pay for our friendship. She confided in us that a lot of other kids avoided her, because they thought she was arrogant, when in fact, she was just really lonely and insecure. Her parents were devout Christians. She was torn between religion and just being a normal, horny teenager that wanted to try new things. Something I understood very well.

The incident in January really broke Liesel's spirit and after that she had a very hard time talking to anyone anymore. All were shunned, except for Saskia and myself. We became her fortress of trust. It wasn't like I had many friends either except well, Dimitri, but he was constantly in his own little world constantly talking about steroids and body building and well, I didn't give a fuck about any of that. The three of us would often spend the evenings playing cards or board games, and I taught both of them how to play chess a little. I tried to invite Dimitri once but he said board games are for pussies. "Well, that attitude is never gonna get you laid my friend," I thought to myself.

The three of us would often hang out after dark during the week, get high and pass vodka back and forth in the graveyard. By now Liesel smoked pot and drank with us as well. Normally she went home on the weekends. Her mother was scared she might hook up with someone at a party and get pregnant. She was still suspicious as to what happened back in January as Liesel had been acting weird since then. Before she went home, she ditched the make-up, black nail polish, changed her clothes, and put her cross back on, but her demeanor had totally changed. She didn't look at people when she talked anymore, was disinterested, aloof and her grades started to noticeably drop.

It was meant to be such an innocent thing. Liesel later told me she had lied to her mother, and told her she was invited to a sleepover with some girlfriends. Seeming harmless enough, her mother allowed it. Instead, she had actually snuck down to the Youth Center all by herself to see what the big deal was. All she wanted was to be a normal teenage girl. To do something adventurous all by herself. She didn't think something could happen to her in a place called the Youth Center. She saw Tom flirting with her and she liked the attention. He offered to buy her a beer, her first beer ever, and she accepted.

One warm Friday night in the middle of March, Saskia invited us to a movie night. She had a little combo TV and VHS device in her bedroom. The plan was to rent some romantic comedy for the girls, an action film for me and a horror film for all of us. She and Liesel called Liesel's mother and she agreed on the condition that no boys were present. They of course promised that it would just be the two of them.

Once the mother had given her blessing, the girls set up the floor in Saskia's room with two mattresses, a bucket of ice with some beer and Vodka in it and snacks. I was to provide the

hashish. The plan was that once the curfew guard had passed, I would sneak up through Saskia's window and the three of us would spend the night together watching movies and having fun. We watched the first movie and started playing truth or dare. I dared them to make out with each other, and they did. Then Liesel told Saskia she wanted to watch her kiss me and Saskia happily obliged. I then crawled over to Liesel and told her I would like to try something, and kissed her as well. We cuddled together on the two mattresses on the floor kissing, cuddling and getting naked. It went on for a long time. Saskia started playing with Liesel's pretty body and Liesel was eager. I kissed Liesel on the lips and breasts while Saskia made her come. It was a beautiful sight. Saskia got naked and wrapped her body around Liesel. Their hips locked together. Liesel moaning, writhing and covering her mouth so she wouldn't scream out in pleasure and alert the other students. We almost had a threesome right there on the mattresses. Saskia and Liesel were now lying on their backs next to each other and I fondled them both, alternately kissing both of them.

Saskia whispered

"Liesel, do you want Tommy to fuck you?"

Liesel smiled and nodded. I climbed over to get my wallet and pulled out a condom. I continued kissing her pussy and getting her nice and wet. As I spread her legs to enter her, Liesel started crying all of a sudden and was visibly feeling very unwell. It got very awkward. Liesel closed her legs, turned over and asked me if we could stop, maybe do it another time.

Of course Saskia and I were worried about her so we obliged. Never had I struggled so hard in my life with disappointment, but it was the right thing to do. I let Saskia move over and comfort her while I went over to the little sink in the room and held my throbbing cock in the ice bucket until my erection had finally gone. I put my underwear back on and packed it away. I covered Liesel and Saskia's still naked bodies with a blanket. I didn't need to be any more aroused than I already was. We all cuddled together, Saskia and I reassured Liesel that no one was going to force her to do anything she didn't want to, and that we both really liked her. Everything was ok. I rolled another joint and we smoked it together while finishing the first bottle of vodka, Liesel eventually stopped crying and calmed down. After much more hugging, cuddling and reassuring that no one was angry at her, Liesel asked Saskia to accompany her back to her room which she did. Liesel kissed me goodnight and the two of them headed out the hallway. Saskia stayed with Liesel for over an hour, stroking her hair and her back until she fell asleep.

By the time Saskia returned, I was very drunk and inappropriately horny. I asked her if she wouldn't mind going outside for a walk, afraid that if we stayed in her room we'd end up having sex. I was really shook up over Liesel's reaction to me, and torn with my feelings for both of them. She agreed that it would be nice to go outside to get some fresh air. I climbed out her window, and we met up near the graveyard. We walked and talked and eventually found a secluded spot in a grassy corner behind the football field and the adjacent bushes under the stars. We got comfortable, continued smoking joints and drinking vodka. After much pseudo intellectual talking and drinking, one thing led to another and unavoidably, we started making out. I put my hoodie under Saskia's perfect little naked body and kissed her all over.



I searched all my pockets for another condom but as I feared, I had used the only one I had on me with Liesel.

“Do you have any condoms with you, Saskia?”

She shook her head.

“Just be careful Tommy ok? Don’t come inside me.”

I was so excited. I had barely put myself inside her and nearly came immediately. I had to grab my dick and squeeze it really hard to stop myself from coming and almost humiliated myself. Even after we started to get into it I had to pull out quite a few times and restrain myself. She thought it was entertaining even though I didn't have a lot of experience. I was after all still fifteen and hadn't much familiarity in controlling an ejaculation. Eventually the inevitable happened and as she rode me I couldn't stop her fast enough and exploded inside her. There was so much volume built up it was impossible to deny. She looked down at me slightly miffed but it was too late so what the hell I suppose. She continued riding me until she came as well before rolling over back onto the grass.

“Tommy, I really hope I don’t get pregnant, I’m not on the pill.”

“Well that’s not something we can do anything about right now is it?”

She laughed.

“Nope”

She turned to me and kissed me all over my body. God damn not twenty minutes had passed and I was up again.

Soon we were drunkenly having unprotected sex for the second time, shielded from view by the shrubbery and the darkness. It was magical. Unsurprisingly, Saskia really knew her way around a man’s body and I had a little more self-control. She was insatiably amazing and by the third round I was so overstimulated, I couldn’t come anymore so that seemed to solve that problem at least. We were completely exhausted and gave up. I let her lie on top of me and stroked and kissed her gently. I was still inside her as we both fell asleep, our lips pressed together in each other’s arms. I awoke not much later, shivering from the cold as it had begun to rain. I rolled over and covered Saskia’s cold body with my hoodie and her jacket, before searching for my underwear in the dark and clumsily redressing myself.

By now it was around four in the morning, and temperatures had sunken to around five degrees. I woke Saskia up. She was a bit disoriented as we searched in the darkness for her panties and other clothes. Once we were sure we found everything, and she was dressed, we hurried back, each to our respectable dormitory. I asked Saskia to please not tell Liesel anything and she said she thought that to be a good idea herself. I told Saskia I would check on Liesel as soon as I got up, and that maybe we can meet up tomorrow evening. Saskia said that tonight had been so intense for her that she needed a day or two to herself, and for me not to take it personally. We made out a little, and said goodbye a million times before we

were able to let each other go. I ran back to my dormitory lighter than air and threw myself under a very long and hot shower. I felt amazing and went to bed with butterflies in my stomach.

I woke up not even six hours later. I hadn't felt this good since I could remember, even with the strong hangover. I went to town to buy some croissants and sweets from the bakery as a romantic gesture. By the time I got back, my headache had somewhat subsided, and I eagerly knocked on Liesel's door in anticipation. She was really happy to see me. She apologized for it being weird the night before, and I reassured her that neither Saskia nor I thought any less of her. We sat on her little bed, ate breakfast and talked for hours. She kept saying she felt like she couldn't give me what I needed but really liked me. I really liked her too and I was in no rush. I wasn't used to having so much female attention and I was learning the ropes as well. She asked me if Saskia and I slept with each other after she left but I didn't want to hurt Liesel. If Smiley ever found out I fucked his girl he'd surely kill me and Saskia as well. To protect everyone involved, I omitted the drunken unprotected sex bit. My affair was on a need-to-know basis only.

Instead, I told Liesel that after we accompanied her back to her dorm, Saskia and I had continued to walk around the school grounds, smoked another joint and finished the vodka. After that, she went back to her room and so did I. I told Liesel that making out with Saskia was not as fun without her, which made her laugh. I told her I was in no rush. She told me she really liked me and I confessed I felt the same way for her. I was honest that I really liked Saskia too, but that we could just leave everything open for now. If Liesel wanted to see other people she was welcome to do so. She said she didn't like to be around anyone except for Saskia and I, whatever the two of us did without her was our business. She didn't mind this kind of love triangle, we seemingly developed. She pointed out, "If you like someone you have to accept them how they are and either be ok with it or leave it be."

She just wanted me to be honest to her that was it. I really, really liked her even more now. She wasn't making my life more complicated than it already was. We spent all afternoon and evening cuddling, kissing, petting and listening to music. She told me I could touch her but she didn't want to have penetrative sex. That was fine by me. Saskia had previously drained me of every milliliter of fluid and iota of stamina. I needed to recover.

Liesel, like Saskia, had a really pretty body. Yet she was completely the opposite of Saskia. Liesel was as tall as me, long legs, thin waist and arms, compact perky breasts with small tight areolas and brown nipples. Her face was very symmetrical and striking. Very distinct almost Middle Eastern nose yet her cheek bones, jawline and lips looked more eastern European/Russian.

She had dimples in her cheeks when she smiled which showed off an immaculate set of pearly teeth in her gorgeous smile. Her hazelnut brown eyes and very long straight dark brown hair flowed all the way past her breasts and complemented her beautiful body and delicate neck. Her skin color was quite tan for being German, but she insisted that was her natural color. In any case, she was drop dead gorgeous in every way. If you saw her during the day with her non-descriptive clothes and jeans hiding her body, and the John Lennon style glasses hiding her face, you might have not noticed her at all. Later when she went full Goth she still covered her entire body. Just way more black make-up and Nail polish etc. She

still hid her body all the same. I liked her regardless of what she wore because she was just a very beautiful and absolute darling of a human being.

Saskia was exuberant, in your face and chatty by comparison. She was always completely dolled up. Immaculately kept nails, expensive perfume, tight miniskirts and revealing tops that showed off her breasts that were slightly too large for her small and compact body size. Her naked body was pale by comparison with a light white fuzz covering her face and arms and no dark birthmarks or spots. Her breasts were very firm despite their size and had large pink areolas and matching nipples. Her face was much softer and rounder, almost a bit childlike in a way. Button of a nose, soft full lips and immensely cute, large blue-green eyes. She definitely caught my attention with that perfectly kept curly blonde hair. I was discovering as a horny teenager that beautiful women come in all shapes and sizes. Fun, fun, fun!

We enjoyed each other's bodies all afternoon and well into the late evening. She seemed to appreciate my tongue quite a lot. It made her shiver and writhe in pleasure. As midnight approached, my jaw muscles were sore, my face and lips totally raw, and red from kissing and going down on her all night. It was a very different experience to solely concentrate myself on pleasuring a woman without expecting anything in return. I didn't mind if Liesel was initially freaked out. After all, I was there when that shit happened. I truly loved that girl and I wanted to be that someone that was there for her. I was going to satisfy her needs first and with time, maybe she could open herself up again. I guess that's why she said she didn't mind my involvement with Saskia. I was doing my best to give Liesel what she needed and it was only fair that I could get satisfaction as well.

Curfew was minutes from now and I had to disappear. Once in a while the female guards would open the girls' rooms unannounced during the evening check just to make sure there was no guy sneaking around. If you locked the door they would stand there and wait until you opened it. Of course by then any dumb ass would have already climbed out the window. It was time to say goodnight, Liesel was tired and wanted to go to sleep. I kissed her goodbye and snuck out her window. I was in oxytocin heaven.

Around one a.m. I called Mamet and asked him if he was still at his party pad. He was. I told him I was on my way and was looking forward to playing a few rounds of chess with him. It would help take my mind off this mess.

As I walked along the main road I pondered about what had happened with our little clique. Over the course of not even twenty four hours the three of us had gone from friends to lovers. Liesel and I, well so much was clear. Saskia and I are involved for sure after last night too, no doubt about that. That kinda love making with her was way too incredible and intense to be just a one night stand. I came inside her, I felt I had a physical connection to her now. Liesel said she was ok with whatever Saskia and I did without her but I was still afraid to hurt her. I didn't want her to be the third wheel in this relationship. I mulled. The three of us almost made love together once, maybe we could pull it off again. I should try to get Saskia and Liesel to sleep with each other. Maybe it was just my imagination but I believe they are attracted to each other in some way. If Liesel had some one on one time with Saskia, she could slowly build up trust to be comfortable with the both of us in the same

room and in the same bed. Liesel, Saskia and I. It just seemed right, whatever the fuck you could call this.

I thought about what Saskia said last night as well. That she wanted to stand up to Smiley and tell him it was over. What was he going to do? Beat her? Right! She'd call the fucking cops on him and have him thrown in jail for sex with a minor, for extortion, dealing and so much more. She had so much dirt on the guy that it seemed plausible that he might even agree. Or he would just kill her on the spot. That was also a very real possibility. I made her realize how mortally dangerous that confrontation might just be and instead suggested to visit him less and less, to make excuses to not go to his apartment and hang out. I told her that Smiley had other girls. I knew this for a fact. He probably blackmailed them for sex as well, poor things.

For a few weeks after that wonderful night it worked, he didn't sound too bothered when she started making excuses. It was undeniable when I ran into him that he really still had a thing for little Saskia. He would ask me many questions about her, and it made me very fucking nervous. She wouldn't be able to avoid him forever. After she stopped showing up at the Youth Center there was only one logical thing to do. I started avoiding the Youth Center as well.

It was an innocently dangerous love affair for both of us.

I, more than Saskia, knew the bitter truth. I knew that Smiley prided himself in having his family or his fellowship as he called it. His mentality was that any girl that worked with or for him, belonged to him. I knew that it would be foolish for Saskia to confront him about him forcing her to have sex with him against her will. Hiding out on campus, out of his reach seemed to be a better solution if only a temporary one.

Smiley was vicious and had a very short temper. A few weeks back in February, a group of us were in a nightclub outside of Würzburg. He kicked off a massive brawl just because some guy blocked him from ordering drinks while he was standing at the bar. He didn't see Smiley and it wasn't provocative. After Smiley stood behind him for a few minutes he got angry. Instead of talking to the man he slapped him across the back of the head and told him to fuck off. The other guy who was likely Middle Eastern, immediately lunged at him and smashed his beer mug over Smiley's head. It all went south from there. Before I knew it, the whole place was one giant fight fest. Smiley was definitely outnumbered and at least five other Middle Eastern types joined in, kicking Smiley's ass. I hadn't even noticed the start of the fight as I was in the bathroom snorting coke. As I returned, I saw the brawl and instinctively ran over to Saskia to protect her. Luckily we had a booth that we could hide under as shots were fired and people started to stampede in panic for the exit.

Needless to say, the police showed up for once and arrested dozens of people. Smiley managed to get away from his ass whooping, jump behind the bar, escape down the hatch and out the basement exit. Lucky for Saskia and I, the police were so busy dealing with Smiley's idiots and the Middle Easterners still fighting, they took no notice of us minors. I stole a bottle of whisky from our neighboring booth during the brawl. The couple had panicked after shots were fired and fled the scene, abandoning an almost full bottle of Jack Daniels. I wouldn't even have had the balls to do it, but on Saskia's behest I braved from our

cover under the table, grabbed the bottle, and dashed back under our table again. I was handsomely rewarded for my bravery with a kiss on the cheek. We hurried straight out the front door once the stampede had thinned out amidst the other party goers exiting the scene. I was arm in arm with desire, and whisky in the booster pocket of my jacket. As if it were the most normal thing in the world. Saskia didn't seem the least perturbed by the gun fire. I on the other hand felt much less brave but damn if I let that be noticed by a girl almost two heads shorter.

We had made our own way home since Smiley had driven off in panic and abandoned Saskia and me. We took a taxi back to our village and ended up in the graveyard next to the boarding school, drinking the stolen whisky. I somehow knew that night that Saskia and I were going to be a thing, not if but when. Once we finished the bottle, I gallantly escorted her back to her building. This time she kissed me ever so shortly on the lips.

## Chapter 16

### Wallah Habibi's Party Pad

While I was slowly but surely getting in with Smiley, and the Youth Center crowd, I was also making acquaintances elsewhere too. One early October afternoon, shortly after my fourteenth birthday, I was hanging out with some classmates, after school was out. The reason for my unusual hanging out with kids from my class, was a kid by the name of Amir. He was half German, and half Algerian. He had recently moved here from Frankfurt, shortly after the school year had already begun. An ugly, scrawny looking guy with thick, black curly hair, glasses and a fuck ton of pimples. What made him interesting however, was that he had a friend of a cousin of another friend, a type of connection to a dealer who could get really good black Afghan Hashish. Cool! Of course we wanted to score something so we went with Amir to his friend's cousin's apartment.

We arrived at a conglomerate of five storied, concrete blocks. We walked all the way to the top floor of one of the buildings. The stairwell smelled of dank and mildew mixed with the potent odor of freshly washed laundry. I found it slightly nauseating and held my breath as I climbed, rendering me gasping for air at the top which made the other guys laugh. Once inside the cluttered yet fairly clean apartment Amir introduced us to his disinterested distant relative slash friend, Wallah Habibi, Sippy a Go-go. We sat in the living room and took turns smoking from a bong while the slightly annoyed dealer cut up little pieces of hashish that were not the kind of quantity he was used to selling.. One kid took ten Marks worth, another five Marks and so on and so forth. I was broke so just happy to get a hit of anything that came my way. At some point Mamet showed up. His short black and slightly grey receding hairline suggested he was around forty. Everything about him was immaculate. A perfectly shaven man dressed in a dark blue, raw silk well-tailored, tieless outfit. The whole room smelled like an expensive designer aftershave as he walked past us. An expensive yet unremarkable black leather band watch around his wrist. On his right hand a single silver ring with a large polished onyx rested on his little finger. Perfectly polished black Italian leather shoes completed the look. His aura was composed, calm yet unquestionably dominant, he moved and spoke with authority. Mamet was at that time, the only other real dealer around Würzburg worth mentioning. He and his friends mainly dealt in hashish and heroin but as I later found out, also sold stolen car parts, guns and industrial machinery. Mamet was half Afghan, half Iranian, and spoke fluent Arabic, Farsi, English, German, French, Hungarian and Russian. The man was a god damn walking language library. If you were in need of work and of humble spirit, quiet and off the radar you could get in with Mamet rather quickly. I myself have a darker complexion being rather curly brown haired, hairy arms and brown eyed myself. I look similar to other middle Easterners and I guessed, this made me somehow instinctively likable to him.

I had previously noticed a beautiful chess board on the shelf underneath the glass living room table and mustered up the courage to casually ask if anyone could play. My classmates laughed at me and told me that's a game for old people. Mamet however heard what I said and told my friends in crystal perfect British English that they are all idiots.

“Chess is a game for smart people, so I can understand why you chaps wouldn't play it.”

Oh burn! I thought to myself. This guy is fucking dope!

My classmates backed off and shut up.

“He looks at me and speaks

“What’s your name?”

“I’m Tommy.” He reaches over and shakes my hand with a firm grip.

“My name is Mamet, are you any good?”

“I’m not sure, it’s been awhile, so you’ll probably kick my ass.”

“He grins, don’t be so modest, come let’s leave these idiots and hang out in the kitchen. Bring the chess board with you.”

He walks off into the kitchen and I timidly grab the chess board out from in-between where my classmates are sitting on the couch and nervously follow his orders. He lights up a big fat joint as I commence taking the chess pieces out of the wooden box and placing them on the board. He inquisitively hands me the joint.

“You smoke Tommy?”

I take a huge drag and hold it in my lungs for many, many seconds before exhaling a huge billow of smoke into the little kitchen. We both start laughing loudly.

“Impressive” he says chuckling. “I was expecting you to cough your lungs out like a beginner.”

We hit it off after that, playing and talking. At some point one of my classmates came into the kitchen and informed me they were going to the youth center. I declined. It was ages since I played my last chess match in the cult and I really missed it, and so I stayed and hung out with him. We played match after match all afternoon, both of us with completely bloodshot eyes, high as kites, listening to Bob Marley and Peter Tosh play in the background over and over again.

At some point I sadly had to go back to the boarding school because I didn’t want to miss dinner. Over the course of the afternoon I had mentioned that I grew up in a cult and ran away a few times before finally getting sent to this institution I lived in now. I casually mentioned to Mamet that I was looking to make an extra buck during my stay on campus.

As we are packing up, He calls his dealer friend into the kitchen and formally introduces me to him. Then, he pulls from out of a hidden compartment of a kitchen drawer, a 50 gram block of black Afghan, flips out a butterfly knife and heats it with a lighter until it is glowing red. He cuts off a piece of roughly 10 grams and hands it to me while talking to his partner in Arabic. The gist of which is that I am to pay 80 Marks for the piece once I sell it and that I am allowed to have a small credit afterwards until I can build capital. Mamet writes me down his partner’s number to call when I need more. Once I sell it, I am to pay him 80 Deutschmarks within 48 hours at the latest or I have to return the piece in full. If I smoke any of it I have to pay the full single gram price of 10 per gram. A very good deal for me as back then even a

gram of the worst quality Moroccan hashish would set you back 20 Deutschmarks on the street. Either I returned the whole piece or I brought him the money, which seems fair enough. If I lost it or didn't pay him, I could only imagine that the switchblade might serve another purpose. Mamet smiles and shakes my hand vigorously

"I hope to play against you soon."

"Me too, it was really a pleasure."

After Mamet left, Sippy explained to me how to make further purchases. I was instructed to call from a pay phone. The code was "Are you at the ice cream shop?" Then wait for the guy to say if or what time he will be there before hanging up. The phone call should never last more than 30 seconds. Then at said time I could go back to the apartment where I could hand over the money and pick up some more material. I shoved the piece in my shoe and headed back to the mess hall.

After dinner I took the piece over to the dormitory and showed it to my roommate asking him if he knew someone who might be interested in buying it. He nibbles off a little and is visibly surprised.

"How do you get your hands on such good stuff? Respect!"

He heats a little corner and sniffs at it before excitedly leaving the room with the piece still in his fist. For a second I thought he just fucking nicked it and my heart sank to the floor. Five agonizing minutes later he walked back in with ten, twenty Mark bills. He peels me off 160 and tells me he sold the piece for 200 Marks and told me that 40 was his cut. Fine by me. He was selling at way over the market value. Its rarity and quality justified the steep price in the boarding school. Where else were you going to get some? The other kids that introduced me weren't dealers. They could barely afford their own habit and they didn't live in the dorm.

"Do you have more?"

"No but I can get some."

"He digs in his Adidas trainer pockets and pulls out another 100 Marks in small bills, handing me a total of 140.

"Here and buy me some too, How much did you pay?"

"I paid 12 per gram."

"Ok, I can sell for 20. We split the profit. Yes?"

"Sure."

Ecstatic, I almost ran to the next pay phone. Sippy picks up and says he's at the ice-cream shop all evening. Wonderful! I hurry over and first pay him what I owe. Then, I invested everything I had just made plus the hundred forty from my roommate. Sippy says he'd



rather just give me the 40 gram piece left over as cutting it would be too much hassle. He tells me I will still owe him 180 Marks. Normally he would never give anyone anything on credit but because he saw that the boss gave me credit the first time, he'll make just one exception but that's it. From then on, I would have to pay everything in cash before carrying. I thank him for his trust.

"Sippy, I am confident enough I can even get the difference back to you tonight."

Sippy shakes his head.

"No my friend, too many visits already in one day. Come back in two days. It's better for both of us."

He warns me to make sure I can pay by then. No returns, no refunds. I wrap up the piece and stuff it down my underwear. There is not even a police station left in this town so I ain't too worried about walking around with gear on me.

I got back to the dormitory as fast as I could walk without being suspicious. I took the back entrance, sneaking in and out through first the laundry and then the fitness room in the basement. I was afraid one of the caretakers may be patrolling the main entrance as they sometimes did. They would randomly ask kids to empty out their pockets and search them. If you ran away or refused, well, nothing much would happen immediately but you could be sure the caretaker would come back with the campus security to search your room. I saw it happen once and they were very thorough with no consideration to personal belongings getting broken in the process. That would probably mean getting beat up later by your roommate. If I got caught dealing on the campus the consequences would be brutal. It would mean straight into police custody and immediate expulsion on the spot. Those were the rules. Not that I think they ever really got enforced. I knew by then that much corruption was involved in all levels of the administration, but all the same, better not to find out.

My roommate and I immediately started cutting up the Hashish into 1 gram pieces. We split up, 20 grams each and blatantly went from room to room knocking on doors and asking the ones that were in whether they wanted to buy hashish as nonchalantly as asking to bum a cigarette. We knew who the marks were and so it was easy to avoid them. Not one person we asked said no. One of Dimitri's comrades couldn't buy anything because he had no cash on him. By the time he came back money in hand, Dimitri and I were already one floor above and were sold out. The comrade made me promise him that I would knock on his door first thing as soon as I had more stuff. I told him I will be ready again the day after tomorrow. He even gave me three cigarettes as a bribe so that I would remember him. The entire forty grams were sold in under thirty minutes. Simple as that. Our building in the West wing was populated with over eighty students. Making forty grams disappear was not even a drop on a hot stone in comparison with the potential demand.

My roommate, and I tally up. He takes back his hundred forty plus four Marks per gram salary as we negotiated. Dimitri doesn't know I paid much less actually but that is not his concern. He's lucky to be in on this scam.

I tell him that I can go back in two days to restock. The dealer is strict about not having too many people come and go every day. We also knew in two days' time all the stuff we sold would be up in smoke leaving people wanting to buy more.

Dimitri and I did exactly that. We went all in again twice over. Soon we were also selling other stuff like knockoff cigarettes and designer cologne etc... By the time a month had passed, I had saved my first thousand Deutschmarks and easily spent that again on clothes, drugs and lifestyle... We had found an excellent little hole in the market. Right here in the dormitory. The laziest scam ever. Most of the German kids on the North wing went to the youth center to buy the crappy Moroccan hashish that Smiley sold. We were isolated here in the west wing. As long as we were peddling on our own turf to our own people and kept our fucking mouths shut it wouldn't be a problem. We weren't stupid enough to sell outside of our own west wing let alone around the Youth Center. That was Smiley's turf and we didn't want to end up in the hospital.

Thinking back I am probably to blame for Mamet having that fateful meeting with Smiley. Sometimes things in life take on an energy of their own all by themselves. You were just in the wrong place at the right time, in this case I was the unlucky catalyst that accidentally started the whole shit show.

Over the period of about four months following our first encounter I got to know Mamet. I was the young teenage boy he could impress with his language and chess skills. He liked speaking English a lot and I could indulge him in that.

Soon I found out why he had stooped to drug dealing. After all he was an above intelligent man, not bad looking and had style. Surely he could do more with his life than peddling drugs and stolen goods. But, you see, Mamet also had a weakness. He had been sent by his father to study medicine in Europe and eventually fell out of favor with his very conservative family. It also didn't help that his weakness was drinking a lot of alcohol and liking white, blonde European girls. Very young European girls. He had a few brushes with the law for misdemeanors and a stint in prison for paid sex with a thirteen year old. That brought his education to a crashing halt. Since his Persian side of the family had German citizenship, he held a German passport as well as his Iranian and Afghani one. The latter two were carefully guarded secrets to anyone but his trusted inner circle of friends. The German authorities couldn't throw him out of the country but neither could he go home. His father said he will personally kill him for ruining the families' reputation if he ever darkens his father's doorstep.

His Afghan cousins were more than happy to do business with him. He had his foot in the door of Europe. He could open a store, run a business. They were more than happy to foot the bill as long as Mamet looked the other way on certain occasions. This is how it all started over a decade ago. It just disturbs Mehmet that his cousins are sympathetic towards the Taliban, Sharia and all that as he put it, backwards Islamic hog-wash but hey, money is money right? He finds it ironic that his cousins will come to Europe, fuck prostitutes, eat pork get drunk every day on German beer and then go back home and threaten to beat their wives or daughters for minor things like leaving the house without a male chaperone or listening to western music. He found it, as he put it, psychotic.

Mamet was a bit lonely. He had many, many acquaintances, relatives etc. but they were either blood related or worked for him. His cousins were psychos and so I became his one friend that he likes hanging out with aside from doing business. I didn't work for him really, just bought stuff and sold it but I always turned down his offers to work for him. It was

better for me to not let him have any power over me. I could buy my hashish and pay in full every time and that kept the playing field level. He was involved in various degrees of importing diverse wares, oriental spices and of course drugs from Afghanistan into Europe. His main business was a bit of a needful things shop in Würzburg. It was not that successful though in the selling of the high priced carpets, vases, and all sorts of other blankets, dining sets, chandeliers, kitchen and dining wares as well as the usual trinkets that middle easterners like to buy. In harsh times, the drug dealing of his cousins kept his business afloat and over the years the shop was little more than a laundering facility. Mamet by this stage did more business behind the shop than out front.

Smiley and Mamet probably crossed paths in the past. The night life in and around Würzburg was rather limited at the time. If you went out often enough, you would see the same faces at some point no matter where you went. A lot of the young prostitutes and apartments turned into illegal brothels in and around the area were organized through Smiley's gang and like I said. Mamet liked to fuck. The smaller and younger the better.

I don't think Mamet was ever really on Smiley's radar until Smiley figured out thanks to me just who he was. One of the biggest importers of hashish and heroin in the region. Mamet kept a very low profile and didn't go clubbing much. If he wanted to party he would invite people to his party pad as he called it. It was located near Marktbreit on the Ochsenfurter Street. He had bought and somewhat restored some parts of an old factory building. Somewhere on the grounds he stored large quantities of contraband. On the other side of the building facing the Main River, He had an apartment built on the second floor above the factory hall where he could chill out.

There was a pinball machine, karaoke, and a pool table, bar, dance floor surrounded by black lights, some plants and of course a sick sound system with two huge subwoofers. There was a whirlpool out on the concrete slab terrace that faced the river. It was for the place and time rather beautiful. I rather hung out with him than the horrible Youth Center with Smiley and his goons. I always wondered how the fuck he got the whirlpool up there. The whole thing was built and walled off in such a way that if you drove past from the main road you would see absolutely nothing. It was pretty smart, I'll give him that.

The man was nonetheless a proper creep. He was nearing forty years old yet always lying about his age. Still trying to fuck girls barely older than me. Not like the girls or I gave a shit, if they wanted to fuck him that was their problem. I wasn't their father. I mean come on, he had money. The prostitutes saw him as a welcome customer who always paid well over the asking price. Plus, he always had good drugs with him. He loved smoking basucos and fucking prostitutes. If he was feeling rich he'd usually hire more than one at a time. He showed me off of some girl's belly what crisscrossing is. When I was hanging out with him he'd be more than happy to share his dope and even paid for an extra girl to fool around with me on couple of occasions. That was the advantage to my youth. Older guys like Mamet liked showing off and playing the godfather role and I was happy to be on the receiving end of all this attention. I wasn't really proud of the things the two of us did in that Jacuzzi but hey, I was a kid and to me at the time, it was paradise. I was a slave all my life getting beaten and worked to the bone and now I was getting more pussy and using more drugs thanks to him than I could have ever imagined. For once in my life, money wasn't a problem.

I never really thought anything bad of it at the time. I was broke and he gave me a solution. Unlike my horrible parents, it wasn't like he was forcing me or anyone else against our will. I sometimes suspected that maybe his childhood was really fucked up and that's why at his age he still acts like a teenager who doesn't want to grow old.

All this partying and staying out late eventually didn't go unnoticed with my Russian room neighbors at the boarding school. Sometimes I'd sneak out during school nights and come directly from partying to school the next day without sleep. I'd reek of weed, vodka, red bull and latex. Ever since Saskia and I got together I was avoiding Smiley and his paranoid questions and so I was seen less and less at the Youth Center. My roommate Dimitri really wanted to know where the fuck I was hanging out. I simply told him, I was not allowed to say anything. He should just be happy that business is going well.

Eventually Smiley got wise that I was selling Afghan in the West Wing because someone was smoking some of the Afghan I had sold at the youth center. He didn't have to inquire long before all the roads led back to me. He decided to leave a message at my dorm that I should come to the Youth Center for a chat. I was super nervous but it was all very friendly. I walked in on Wednesday afternoon just wanting to get it over with. He grins from ear to ear with his arms open wide, walks over and bear-hugs the shit out of my back.

"Tommy! My friend! So good to see you." He begins hyping me to his friends.

"This is Tommy guys, he's a real tough son of a bitch. I saw him beat up a man twice his size back in January, Didn't you Tommy?"

"I shrug my shoulders, yeah, he wasn't that big, he got what he deserved."

"Damn right Tommy. It seems you've made a good little business for yourself and your gear is really good my friend. Where did you buy it?"

"Some Arab friend of mine but seriously, I just sell little one and two gram pieces, I don't know if I can get the kind of volume you'd want."

"Yeah Tommy but you know, drugs are like a pyramid Tommy. Now you might be all the way down here, at the bottom of the food chain but your supplier has a supplier and so on and so forth right Tommy?"

"I guess."

"So I want you to find out who this supplier of a supplier is and tell him I want some heavy weight. Can you do that for me?"

"I can't promise anything but I'll try Smiley."

"OK Tommy that's all I'm asking, you wanna drink?"

"I'll take a whiskey."

"With Redbull?"

“No, just straight, uncooled and no ice.”

“Damn Tommy, you drink like a real man. I like it.”

Dariusz goes over to the bar and pulls out a bottle of Jack Daniels and two shot glasses. We slammed three shots each and I declined the fourth. Dariusz has no drinking etiquette. What the hell. Whisky shots it is. It'll get me high alright and I ain't about to argue with Smiley over which glass I'm gonna get my free drink in since he could just as easily bash my face in. I know that the caretakers back at the boarding school are starting to be a bit suspicious of my drug and alcohol habit. During the day, I should be smart and at least not go back to the campus reeking of alcohol.

I put Smiley on hold for a whole week before telling Mamet about Smiley's request. The ogre would have to wait simply because I truly hated him. Not wanting to risk getting my ass kicked, I finally told Mamet about Smiley's interest in buying a large quantity. Mamet knew who Dariusz was and was not happy about the news. We stood on his terrace and lit up a basuco while contemplating the situation. Mamet told me outright that he doesn't like Smiley and his cave man friends. He thinks they are morons. Thugs running around in combat boots, bomber jackets with number 88 patches stitched on, generally very violent and thus easily noticed by the police. Aside from being a dealer, Mamet was almost a recluse. A quiet, correct business man with some version of ethics and morals at least, a gentleman. Not some hip-hop thug, racist parole screaming illiterate nut case like Smiley...

Albeit Mamet was not a good man by any definition. He's a drug dealer and sex addict but at least, he had a lot of class nonetheless. He didn't force himself on women, he didn't spike drinks and then rape girls behind the pool hall in Würzburg or in the basement of the youth center like Smiley's thugs did. He drove a standard edition Mercedes. Not some burbling tuned flamboyant monstrosity. He didn't wear outrageously flashy gold watches or gold chains. He despised idiots that flaunted their money and always said:

“Tommy, if you ever want to stay alive for many years in this business, have wealth but never flaunt it. Either the police will get you or some junkie will kill you for your 1000 dollar bling and for what? So that you'll just be another dead idiot.”

...Smiley on the other hand was a half-Polish half Russian, wannabe alpha male thug with a million tattoos, gold plated teeth, bling, gold chains, expensive white Gucci tank top white baggy hip-hop jeans, golden and bling encrusted skull belt buckle, platform shoes, Gucci cap and very, very fucking looked, smelled and acted like a drug dealer. He was without knowing as far as looks go the godfather of mumble-rappers. He also hated brown people, people with turbans, headscarves, long beards and other oriental accessories. He also made no opinion left unsaid and often would lovingly call people with ethnicities like Mamet sand niggers, goat fuckers, dune coons and other colorful and imaginative nick names. Mamet knew Smiley was dangerous but we felt that accommodating him would be smarter than refusing him an audience. If Mamet turned Smiley's request down, we could be headed for an all-out war and I might get seriously beat up or worse for supposedly infringing on Smiley's hashish trade. He made his point very friendly but crystal clear at the last meeting. I

was to immediately cease any selling unless I got the product from him. His prices were the same but at a much worse quality. I figured if I set Smiley up, maybe as a reward, he would leave me alone and let me have my little niche.

I explained my thoughts to Mamet and he finally agreed with me. I should have never made that fucking meeting happen. I will have to live with the consequences of my actions until the day I die.

Mamet instructs me to tell Smiley that he could have a minimum of 5 and maximum up to ten Kilos of Afghan at eight thousand Marks a piece. 1 Kilo for ten thousand. Brown Heroin was around 9k DM per half Kilo if I recall correctly

I related this info to Smiley at the Youth center along with the tiny envelope samples and he told me to arrange the meeting. He said to set him up for five Kilos of Hashish and one Kilo of brown sugar. Mamet and I were very suspicious that Smiley would try to rob us so we were armed and ready. Mamet even brought additional heavies that stood guard in key locations. We were somewhat surprised that when Smiley and his two companions showed up they behaved totally correct. They came to the appointment in an abandoned parking lot near the warehouse, Mamet disappeared into the office with Smiley to count the money.

He had brought clean 100 and 50 bills as instructed. Mamet signaled me that the money was complete so I got the gear from its hiding spot and handed it over. They inspected it quickly, loaded it up and left. No drama, no nothing. Almost too good to be true. Mamet called his guys nearby to stand down. If Smiley and his fatherland tattooed goons would have tried anything they would have been gunned down in a hail of Pakistani Kalashnikov gunfire. I guess Smiley wasn't that fucking stupid.

After they left, Mamet paid his guys a couple hundred each for security and they left. A courier came soon after for most of the money to bring it to his safe house wherever that was. Mamet pats me on the back.

"You just earned yourself 10 percent commission of my net profit did you know that?"

I looked at him in amazement

"Wow, I was just trying not to get beat up."

"Tommy, I'm a business man. You brought me business, I am correct, so here is your cut!"

He hands me an envelope with 2900 DM in it. I had never before ever in my life held that much money in my hand and I don't even know where to put it. I haphazardly just shove down into my underwear. Thinking to myself.

"I'm really a heavyweight dealer now aren't I? Fuck! I didn't really plan for anything like this to happen."

That night as I walked back to my dorm I circumvented the graveyard and the adjacent forest. Having this kind of money in the dorm would just get me beaten up and robbed. I already had a hiding spot for money I had previously saved. Near a stone wall on the forest side of the graveyard. I opt to create a second hole in case the first one gets discovered. I

found a new spot under some shrubbery. That should be nice and invisible and I'll be able to remember it easily.

I take a few hundred Deutschmarks out and bundle the rest into a doggie poop bag. Using a rock I dig a deep hole in the ground, taking great care so as to not be seen. It's dark by the time I feel safe enough to go back to my dorm. My days of dealing are over for now. I need to find out who ratted me out to fucking Smiley to make sure I tell everyone else that he is a rat. Now I am forced to go hang out at the Youth Center and negotiate terms with the self-proclaimed overlord asshole. What a fucking.

Smiley meanwhile had other plans. Purchasing the stuff was just a ruse. What I didn't see were all the guys circumventing the meeting. Each follows one of Mamet's guys discreetly from a distance. They figured out where he was hiding his money and some of the gear. That weekend, Saturday to Sunday, Mamet and I were partying all night. Drugs, girls, the usual. In the late afternoon he told me he will be going to Würzburg to meet up with Smiley for another K of H again. Fuck Smiley I said, I can't sell hashish anymore in my dorm, Dariusz more or less indirectly threatened to fuck me up. He claims Marktbreit is his turf and therefore my dormitory falls under his jurisdiction. Fucking cocksucker!

Mamet reassured me he'll talk to Smiley. If he wants to continue buying good Afghan, he will have to leave me alone. Also Mamet reminded me that I am under his protection. His friends have guns and are ready to go to war should Dariusz try to be stupid.

"Yes Mamet but there is no war without casualties. You know who are the casualties of war? The foot soldiers. People like me. I don't want to become a casualty in Markt-fucking-Breit."  
"Relax Tommy, you're in the big league now, we'll protect you and you will get ten percent commission off my profit every time that idiot buys something. You'll make 10 times more than you ever made before in one week, trust me, I'm your friend. He's going to buy another whole Kilo of H Tommy. That's almost another one thousand Marks commission for you so you don't even need to sell little grams of hashish anymore ok?"

He was right though I thought to myself. I wasn't seeing the bigger picture. I was so focused on surviving on a small scale that I thought my commission was just a one off deal. I never expected Mamet to genuinely pay me commission ever again for the introduction but I guess Mamet really liked me. I really liked him too, I mean fuck, we fucked a lot of girls together, we saw each other naked in the Jacuzzi, and drunkenly did a few other embarrassing things, you can imagine where this is going. After all, he wasn't a bad looking guy and had quite a beautiful physique.

Sippy, his driver eventually arrived and a very stoned Mamet got in the back of his low-key Mercedes. As they drove off I was genuinely happy. I had finally made a real friend, a really good friend. He was going to do business with Smiley and next time I'd see him, I'd be almost a thousand Marks richer. We'd hang out, play some chess, fuck some girls in the Jacuzzi and get high. A half year after I had arrived in Marktbreit, life was amazing. I had copious amounts of sex, money and nice clothes. Practically anything I wanted except for Saskia. I wanted this to last for the rest of my life but it was not meant to be.

## Chapter 17

### Killing an Arab

Life is good for little Tommy. I had brokered a good deal between Smiley and Mamet, now very well off financially, and the prospect of future riches to come excited me. I was smoking hashish, doing a little ecstasy, buying my friends some drinks and enjoying my new found wealth. It felt like I was in Smiley's good books now. Mamet had assured me as well of his protection. Why would I be suspicious that Smiley wasn't around all evening? I had other matters to attend to. The Bulgarian lady I met a while back who gave me her number. Well, I finally called Yordanka and hooked up with her that night.

I am not too worried about the girls back in the boarding school finding out. Saskia won't come to the Youth Center anymore, much less leave the compound for fear of running into Smiley. Liesel, well, she hardly even leaves her room at all after school except for meals or to go for walks around the campus with either Saskia or me. Liesel still goes back home to her parents most weekends. That means I can get away with a lot on Friday and Saturday nights. If Saskia is not to know what I am up to, I just have to tell her I'm planning to go out with Dimitri and his Russian friends. Saskia loathes them. They are loud, obscene, and vulgar, but a fucking laugh to hang out with. I don't want Saskia to be anywhere near me when I act like a total dickwad with these guys. This particular evening I have a reason to celebrate. I made a huge score. I am up and coming in the world of drugs and I need a break from my own problems. I love Saskia but she is a bit clingy since she stopped leaving the school grounds at night.

I have a really hard time dealing with the fact that Saskia used to prostitute herself if I am truly honest. I grew up in a cult, where women were forced into cult-condoned-prostitution. On most evenings, my mother would have a few glasses of wine, to "put her in the mood." Once she had imbibed enough alcohol, she would obediently make herself pretty, put on make-up and perfume, before kissing my little brother and me goodnight. Sometimes I wouldn't see her the next day, as she had spent the night, with some influential business man or politician. In the cult, wearing makeup for any other reason, or even shaving your arm-pits, was deemed worldly and frowned upon. According to the teachings of Moses David, we were all beautiful just as God hath made us. That standard however, didn't seem to apply to women, who were going out to lure unsuspecting men, into the entrapments of the Children of God. Being a little boy as I was at the time, I started associating women wearing perfume and make-up, as being whores. It wasn't surprising that when I grew up, I still automatically assumed that girls who wore heavy makeup and perfume, were sluts. Every single fucking one of them. It would be many years, before I was able to rid myself of so many of these prejudices, I had towards women in general.

I absolutely hated it, that my mother was going out to fuck other men. It seemed to me that literally any other activity, was more precious to her, than spending her evenings with us, her own children. I felt my whole life that I was always second place at anything when it came to women. There was always another man, that I was forced to share my love of a woman with. It all started with my own mother. That bitch coerced me to fuck her when I was five and six years old, but she hardly ever wanted to read to me a fucking bedtime story. It left a lasting scar, in my heart and soul. I don't believe I had an Oedipus complex. I never



desired to fuck my own mother. I just wanted what any kid wanted. For her to spend some time with me and read a book, play some games. Literally anything would have been better than her going out and fucking other men. Maybe I should mention that a lot of the molesting I experienced, that's right, it happened when mommy wasn't around!

It seems to me, that I am attracted to broken women. I am drawn to anyone who, like myself has had traumatic experiences. I feel this urge to show other women, that a man can also be kind, nurturing and empathetic, and not just a testosterone dripping, rapey steer. I overheard so many of my fellow male friends say shit like, "If a woman was abused by her father, I couldn't touch her, that's disgusting" or, "if my girlfriend ever got raped, I would break up with her, because I couldn't deal with the thought of another man, being inside her." I wondered if women would be disgusted by me, if they found out my step-father raped me. What would Saskia think, if I told her that my mother coerced me to put my penis inside her?

If I myself were a woman, I'd probably not want someone who's "damaged goods" either. That brings me to the reason, I wanted to meet up with Yordanka. It was simply because I didn't know about her past. I was clueless about anything bad she may have experienced, and therefore it wouldn't loom over my thoughts. Was it wrong of me to want to be a "normal" boy that fucks a "normal" girl? I constantly felt like I was a broken person, being around other broken souls, who were already psychologically damaged. For one evening I just wanted to know, is there any such thing as "normal"?

I'm not saying I don't love Saskia or Liesel. On the contrary, I would lay down my life for either of them. However, As much as I love both of them, it is emotionally exhausting to deal with them at times because of their past. I didn't force Saskia to sell her virginity. That was on her. What happened to Liesel was unimaginably horrible. Still, I wasn't the one who raped her. When I am around her, I still can't shake the sickening feeling of guilt or even passive participation. I fucking knew something was wrong the moment I saw Tom pulling her up the stairs. Regardless of whether I knew her or not I should have at least gone to check up on her.

I was horribly abused as well, but for now, I try to live in the moment. I truly hope one day Liesel will be capable of that too. Being around both of them makes me feel too responsible for stuff that is way out of my control. I just want a girl I can be out and about with, be silly, laugh, drink, fuck, and not think too much, about this depressing stuff and shit. It's not meant in a bad way, I just need a break. With that in mind I walk over to the girl's dorm and tell Saskia, that I am gonna hang with Dimitri, and some other Russians this evening. She doesn't mind. We kiss, and she tells me to be careful. I promise to hang out with her Sunday morning. She'll invite me for breakfast and if I'm lucky she winks, a round of hot sex in the shower stalls. Sunday is perfect for that. The girl's dorm hall is mostly a ghost town at that hour. All the girls will be either sleeping or at home with their parents. If we get started early, around 7 am, we can fuck all morning long, in the communal shower stalls, without being scared someone will walk in on us. The security guards usually never leave their own quarters that early. Lucky Saskia was on the first floor, far away from prying eyes and ears.

With my ass covered, I called Yordanka from a pay phone. I told her to get her friend to come along and meet Dimitri and I after midnight at the Youth Center. I hurried back to my

dorm and told Dimitri to get his best game on. Dimitri, like me, easily looked like he could be 18 or older from all the body building that he did. We met up with the girls, I bought us a few rounds of drinks and we all chatted for a while. Dimitri and I eventually took the girls walking along the river and showed them the surrounding area of dilapidated old warehouses along its edge. It was plain what we all wanted and it seemed they had the same thing in mind. We agreed to split up and meet back later at the bar. Yordanka and I found a secluded spot away from Dimitri and her friend. The entire area was overgrown and we were well hidden. Soon we were making out in seclusion. She had just the tiniest miniskirt on and a thong underneath. She stood almost as tall as me with her platform sneakers on and by god was she flexible. She lifted her leg up and let it rest on my hip. I pulled her thong to the side and slipped inside her. We stood there grinding and making out but it was not such an ideal position. She turned around and told me to fuck her from behind which I obliged.

Once that position became awkward I looked around for a more comfortable spot. There was a stack of concrete slabs nearby that looked perfect. I turned her to face me and lifted her off her feet and she wrapped her legs around my waist and held on with her arms around my neck. I put myself inside her again and it was quite the laugh but it required a lot of stamina. I thought to myself, "I should try this with Saskia, she's so tiny and lightweight, and it'll be fun". Still inside her, I walked us over to the slabs and laid her gently down so I could face her. It was the perfect height. I pulled her t-shirt up so I could get a good look at her naked body. The light from between the trees made her look almost fairy-like. She panics and asks me if I was wearing a condom. Fuck! I forgot. I pull out and hurriedly pull one on as quickly as I can to not ruin the moment. She looks at me relieved and lifts her hips up to let me go as deep inside her as I can. Soon she was yelling, moaning and grunting so loudly I am sure all of Marktbreit can hear us. It sounded amazing! Up till now I had to have sex in secret and the girls had to stifle their moans. Wow! So this is what it sounds like when a woman cries out in orgasm! Tommy likey. She told me I should tell her when I'm coming. Soon I was ready. She sat up and knelt in front of me. She pulled the condom off and began licking my balls and shaft. She takes my whole cock down her throat and the sensation was so powerful I came almost immediately. She washes it down with some vodka, and sat back on the concrete slabs. She spreads her legs wide open and parts her labia with her fingers.

"My turn"

I happily oblige.

Some people lose their virginity like they get into water: one little toe at a time. Tommy however, had tied a huge rock to his leg and jumped off the deep end of the pool. Yordanka and I lit a joint and drank some more vodka. After the sex it was difficult to talk to her. I realized we had absolutely nothing in common. She spoke even worse German than I did and no English. It was impossible to get a proper conversation going after the snogging and the fucking and I started to realize that dear Yordanka might be a bit older than I first realized. Probably mid-twenties even. I was totally bored and decided it was time to get her home. Other than her amazing body and great sex she had nothing to offer, and if I couldn't hold a conversation with her well what fucking good is that. Dimitri spoke some Bulgarian at least so he would at least have something to talk about with his date.

I accompanied Yordanka back to the bar, but our friends were nowhere to be seen. She wondered if her friend had already bugged off so she called home from a pay phone. Her friend was indeed home. She told her she had taken Dimitri back to their apartment. She didn't enjoy the sex outside that much and preferred to do it in her bed. Good for him, he finally got laid! Yordanka looked slightly miffed. It was obvious our date was crashing fast. We couldn't really understand each other and after downing a few shots, we decided to call it a night.

I asked the barkeeper to call Yordanka a taxi and accompanied her outside to wait. We kept making out since that was literally the only thing we could do. As the taxi showed up Yordanka asked me in broken German if I wanted to come home with her. I already promised Saskia I would show up Sunday morning and I still needed to shower and get a few hours sleep so I declined. She asked me when we'd see each other again. I told her that might be a problem since I'm only fourteen. She started laughing and didn't believe me. I showed her my ID card and after she realized I was born 1980 she angrily threw my ID on the ground and slapped me hard across the face. She called me some obscenity in Bulgarian before she angrily walked off. She got in the taxi and glared at me until the car drove off. To be frank, I might have deserved that but hey, she never asked me how old I was. From her shocked reaction, I must have been right about her age. Who cares, I had my fun, and she had hers. She was the one who gave me her number and I didn't hear her complain about my age when she was heaving in pleasure and yelling out obscenities as I made her come by the river side. I'm sure Liesel and Saskia would have smacked me upside the head as well if they had known I was porking around.

Once I realized women thought I was hot, I got a bit addicted to the attention. Trying out as many different ones as possible. Like ice cream in a way. You know, there's this one flavor you might really like but if the ice cream man comes to you and tells you, you can try the other flavors for free without any consequences, wouldn't you at least try a few other flavors? I tried them all. Back in the day if you were a decent looking girl and you offered me sex, I would never have said no unless I knew I would get caught or get into trouble. My appetite was only just getting warmed up. I had no family anymore. Any day everything good could change for the worse. Why would I say no to any pleasure that offered itself to me?

Further upstream, a few hundred meters away, Smiley was dealing with Mamet and his crew. I really wonder sometimes if there was a reason for the extreme violence. Maybe Mamet wasn't the good guy he pretended to be to me. It's possible. I mean maybe he did fuck one of Smiley's girls or someone died of a heroin overdose and he was blamed for it, god knows, some old beef may have been between them that I wasn't aware of. Maybe the Russian mafia that Smiley worked for had ordered Mamet's execution out of territorial dispute. I mulled over as to the why for many years. It was the sheer visceral brutality in which Mamet was executed that didn't leave me alone. Maybe Smiley was just a fucking sadistic murderer.

It was that same evening that I hooked up with Yordanka that Smiley's goons struck hard, mercilessly and overwhelmingly fast. I can only piece together the story from what Saskia told me, but it must have happened something like this:

Smiley had someone scout the location. He observed that Mamet was only accompanied by his two cousins inside the shop. They were waiting for Smiley to show up for the exchange. He lets Mamet and his two cousins wait over an hour until it's clear that he's a no show. As Mamet and his cousins left the safety of their building out the back entrance, eight guys jumped the three of them with savage force. With guns and baseball bats they brutalize the three into submission. In the struggle one cousin had his neck broken from a blow with a baseball bat, killing him in the process. After that, the point of no return had been crossed. The other cousin tried desperately to retaliate, but he was overpowered. They smashed his head with an iron rod and killed him as well.

Smiley never had the intention of letting Mamet go. It was too risky, he would retaliate and start a war. Smiley knew he had to put the fear of god into anyone who would even bat an eyelid at the thought of going to war with him. This brutality was gang strategy at its finest. Make the competition so fucking scared of you they would crawl back to their dens whimpering, with their tails between their legs. In the end Smiley's gang stole many kilos of hashish and heroin plus almost a quarter of a million Marks in cash from the different locations.

The thugs broke both of Mamet's legs in the van with a baseball bat before transporting him to an abandoned industrial location. There they chopped up the bodies and dipped them in fast drying concrete. Once dried, they threw the pieces into the river. The whole operation was covered in plastic sheeting. All of which was afterwards incinerated in an old oil barrel. From start to finish they were done in under an hour.

Mamet was tied to a chair and forced to watch the dismemberment of his two cousins. After which he suffered the same fate. My suspicion is that it all took place in an abandoned three-story warehouse just around the corner from the youth center. The building was right on the edge of the river and had a ramp going down to a large basement that would have been perfect for a murder like that.

At the end of April, I went there with a flashlight under cover of darkness to look for traces, anything, but they were impressively thorough. I believe the murders happened just five hundred meters away from Mamet's party pad. I have to live with the fact that on that fateful Sunday of April the 2, 1995, while I was living it up and partying, my friend was being murdered just around the corner.

All I knew before that was that Mamet wasn't taking my calls and no one had seen him. Mamet had disappeared. I would have never even begun to imagine that something that horrifying had happened to him but something felt really off. I couldn't concentrate at school anymore or on anything really, because my instinct screamed at me that something was very, very awry. The days slowly dragged on but still no response from him. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, nothing! I hadn't the faintest clue of what happened and desperately spam-called his phone dozens of times, I went by his party pad and even smashed a window, breaking in to search the place. I was worried that he might have overdosed or something, but I found nothing. I called Sippy's phone, went to his apartment but there was no answer. I went to his shop in Würzburg but no one was there. It was all dark and locked up in the middle of the day. Nothing I did brought me any closer to finding him. Anyone that had anything to do with Mamet had just disappeared off the face of the earth. I couldn't

understand any of it. I didn't want to believe that he had just ended our friendship like that and disappeared. It made no sense. I hadn't done anything that would have warranted a jilt like that, yet it was eerie. One day I was making a small fortune with him, and the same evening he vanishes off the face of the earth.

If he was murdered that meant either Smiley had to be involved or it had to be Afghan affairs, family business. Either way it meant that I could possibly be in danger too. After all I was around Mamet almost every fucking day right up to his disappearance. Smiley being the sociopath that he was, maintained his composure and was being very friendly with me. I had no reason to suspect anything, after all, the two of us just made a huge business deal together and it seemed more than likely to me at the time that our business relationship would continue. The next time I saw him after that weekend, he even told me that I could buy the same Afghan from him which I got from Mamet at the Kilo wholesale price because of the favor I did for him. I was also permitted to do business anywhere I wanted in Marktbreit. Of course that was good news to me. Now I know why. The fucking bastard murdered my friend and stole his gear, then he sold my dead friend's drugs back to me! What a piece of scum.

With Mamet gone I had no choice but to start hanging out at the youth center again. Of course I wasn't going to stop dealing. Why would I? Mamet had either abandoned me or he'd been murdered. Either way, even if he were alive, it was evident he wouldn't return to me and I sure as hell would have a hard time forgiving him even if he did. I hadn't the faintest idea that Smiley actually had something to do with his disappearance until much later. Smiley never officially told me what he had done. Until that fateful night in June, he was still pretending to be the best of chums with me. By the time I knew better I had no choice but to continue the farce as well.

No one else in the town even suspected Mamet had been murdered. Some unidentified fingers had shown up on the river banks of river Main a few kilometers past Karlstadt. Then the gossip started in relation to Sippy, Mamet and his cousins disappearing. Marktbreit is small, so rumors spread fast. I guess the fingers ended up on the river side because they were a bit sloppy with the disposal of Mamet's body. The press called it a freak accident, a John Doe who drowned in the river and his corpse got fucked up by a boat's propeller. The small corpse remnants were too damaged to identify. Gossip had it that he was murdered due to a family feud. There was a missing person's report on Mamet, but his two cousins were staying illegally in the country. The authorities weren't even aware of their existence.

Whatever Smiley had thought he'd accomplish by getting rid of Mamet, the opposite was proving true. A week after the murder the reckoning was due. On April the 9<sup>th</sup> around 4 a.m. Sunday morning, Smiley was alone at the bar, closing up. A single black Mercedes pulled up in the driveway, and two men got out and opened fire on him through the windows of the Youth Center, and hurriedly drove off again. Sadly, he wasn't killed and nothing vital was hit, but at least he took a bullet in his shoulder, his rib cage and one in his butt. A fourth bullet grazed the side of his head. Damn! So fucking close! He was lucky, one bullet was stopped by his rib and didn't pierce through into his heart. Damn crying shame. The police showed up to investigate and sealed off the Youth Center, until the beginning of May. He had single handedly ruined his lucrative cover business as well as tensing the mood all over town.

Dariusz got the bullets removed and boy was he in a bad mood. In correlation, a few arrests were made. As usual, no one said a word.

Even if there would have been an investigation it would have made little to no difference. Most people that were in the know, were all horrified by the rumors that had started to circulate and that I hoped to god weren't true. People were afraid. No one would have dared to say anything let alone testify or go to the police.

I'm afraid to say that not long after Smiley was almost killed, Saskia too was forced once again to meet up with him. After he was discharged from the hospital, he asked me to tell her that he wanted to give Saskia a bonus payment of sorts for all her efforts. He claimed he didn't want her to be scared of him, and to part ways with no hard feelings. I still had no reason to believe that Smiley was capable of murdering Mamet, and so I agreed to tell her. She decided to get it over with and went to, what she thought would be the last time, his safe house apartment. That's when he showed her the video.

It was a recording of Mamet's torture and murder. If she looked away Smiley threatened to kill her. She couldn't eat or sleep for days after. She was not talkative in public, and she was too scared to meet up with me even in private for a while. Smiley said she needed to see what happens to people that cross him.

Later on she only told me as much "Mamet's face was smashed beyond recognition. Smiley took relish in cutting Mamet's head off with a saw. She could hear Smiley say "I am a god damn artist, this is my masterpiece."

She trailed off shivering and sobbing, I held her as best as I could.

It was unsubtle why he showed it to her. She would never be allowed to leave him. The bonus was a ruse. She came back to the compound in tears, crying her eyes out under dark sunglasses. I followed her to her room and she told me everything. She knew she would have to take up her duties again or he would torture and kill her. She wanted to kill herself, that's how bad it got and I had to spend every minute after school with Saskia making sure she would survive from one day to the next. From then on the poor girl was picked up almost every day after school. Smiley would wait out front by the gate and she dutifully got in and they sped away. A couple hours later she would come back and cry all evening under the shower while scrubbing herself. Liesel and I both told her to just go and tell the police everything about the sexual extortion but she was so scared of him and kept her mouth shut for good reason, figuring that he would lose interest in her sooner or later. She never got that bonus either.

At the same time there was an escalation of violence between different rival gangs in the whole area. From Frankfurt to Mannheim to Nürnberg. In our town, every few weeks or so, sporadic gunfire could be heard in the industrial zone after dark and cars revving their engines as they screeched away in the direction of Ochsenfurt. I have no doubt in my mind that the remaining of Mamet's associates were certain by now that Smiley had something to do with it and were out for blood vengeance. You could often see black BMWs or Mercedes driving up and down the main road past the Youth Center in the evening. Rumors were

circulating that a massive showdown was going to happen at any time. This made us all very nervous and consequently most people, including me stopped going to the Youth Center after it reopened altogether. If I went it was only if I absolutely had to go to get more drugs. I didn't want Smiley to think I knew something. Every time we met up I tried to act normal but believe me, I was shaking with fear inside.

The walls and windows on the ground floor of the Youth Center were pock marked with bullet holes after it reopened. The incident in April didn't even make the news more than a fleeting mention in the "Tagesschau". (Local TV news broadcast.) It was proof to me that just like so many things in 90's Germany, things were swept under the rug and ignored as usual in an effort to make towns like Marktbreit look progressive, drug free and idyllic. By the beginning of May, the broken window panes were replaced and the Youth Center was opened again as if nothing had happened. There was one slap in your face difference however. Too many people were scared of Smiley by now, and business went to shit for him. The worse his business was, the more he wanted to see poor Saskia.

By the middle of May, most of us involved in the underworld knew that Smiley murdered Mamet. In private he even boasted about how he tortured him before killing him. He was very proud of himself and knew no one would dare to rat him out. If Smiley wanted people to utterly fear him it worked. He tortured and killed people and got away with it. He forced teenage girls into prostitution and got away with it. People died because of his dope, he got away with it.

## Chapter 18

### Welcome to the Dark Side

On Tuesday the 23rd of May 1995, Saskia was yet again being coerced. She couldn't take it anymore. Enough was enough and she refused to get naked. She had drunk up the courage to tell Smiley that she wasn't afraid of him. If he wanted to kill her, he should just get it over and done with. She was crying her eyes out, and inevitably made the mistake of telling him, that she had feelings for me. She said it wasn't fair that he got to fuck other women, but she wasn't allowed to have another guy. On top of that, he didn't even pay her for her services.

For once Smiley was surprisingly rational. He said that he understood her logic, she was right. He was having sex with other women, so it's only fair she could do what she wanted as well. If she really didn't have any feelings for him, he wouldn't force her to sleep with him. If she wanted money, he was still willing to pay her for sex but only if she actually wanted to. He then told her, how much he liked me that he thought I was a really good guy and that he had great plans in store for me. He meant nothing of what he said of course. That's not the way that sociopaths work. They say whatever is necessary to keep you on their good side, so they can keep on abusing and extorting you. His great plans for me were something very different.

After putting Saskia at ease, Smiley pulled out five hundred Mark bills and for once, actually paid her. She was here, they might as well you know, one last time for old times' sake. She begrudgingly agreed after he handed her the money, pulled down her panties and they did it doggie style. At least she wouldn't have to look at his ugly ogre face. For Smiley, sex was about dominance. A real shitty way to show Saskia what he thought of her. To him, she was just another dirty whore. Saskia may not have been able to avoid having sex with Smiley that day, but she did at least, finally stand up to him. His words seemed rational, believable even when he said he wouldn't force her anymore unless she wanted the money. Saskia went home, showered yet again, and cried all evening before finally coming tearstained over to my room. She told me she thinks she's finally off the hook with that horrible man. Little Saskia had no idea what his intentions truly were.

That fateful Friday the 2nd of June, all would be revealed. It had been a bit over a week since Saskia had quote and quote terminated her duties with the perfidious beast. She and I had never made public displays of affection. We weren't about to start now, for fear of reprisal but at least, we weren't nervous to be seen together in public anymore. I will remember that day until I die. After our dinner in the mess hall I told Saskia that I needed to score some more Black Afghan and so, I was going to head down at the Youth Center. Saskia decided to join me, as a show of confidence that she trusted Smiley's word. I told her I would quickly get my butterfly knife from my room, just in case something went wrong. That was the smartest decision I ever made in my life.

As we arrived, the place was empty. There was a young dude tending the bar that neither Saskia nor I had seen previously. We ordered some drinks and made ourselves comfortable in the lounge. We got high and waited for Smiley to show up. We were both surprised at how abandoned the place was at this hour, and the new guy agreed. Ever since the Arabs had emptied a load of bullets into the place, people were scared to come around and



business was really bad. I still assumed Smiley had no idea, that I was previously fucking Saskia behind his back for months already. Now that they had terminated their agreement, all I needed was, for that to never ever be found out. Saskia had fatefully omitted she had confessed her feelings for me to Smiley. That would have sounded many alarm bells in my head but alas, I was intrepidly unaware and thus mentally quite unprepared for the severity of what was about to happen.

After quite a few hours around nine pm, Smiley and two customers finally arrive at the center. One of them was a young prostitute I didn't recognize, she must have been about 16-17 years old. A fat pimp held her hand. By the look of him, he is old enough to be her father. By now seeing things like this were normal to me and I nonchalantly nodded my head in their general direction as they come over and sit with us in the lounge. As usual, I had my sunglasses on and my hoodie pulled way over my head. The teenager who served us at the bar, was now sitting and smoking with us due to lack of clientele. Altogether we are now only six people in total. Nearby business was going better. There was another squatted building some Middle Eastern locals had turned into an underground bar. Because of the turf war, they were getting all the business. They also were very adamant about not letting Smiley or any of his affiliates even near the place. Smiley first sells the pimp some heroin and the girl some black hashish. Smiley then turns his attention to me.

He asks me how much I want to buy. I tell him I'm good for 50 g's. As I make my purchase, he pours himself another vodka and then out of the blue starts making fun of me. He berates my physical appearance, that I am a loser. He mockingly asks Saskia, how could any girl have sex with me without vomiting? It is beyond his imagination etc. I feel the color draining from my face. "Fuck he knows!!!" Then he confirms that indeed, he knows about Saskia and me. Someone had seen us making out months ago and gossip had spread through the grapevine. Fuck! We thought we were so careful! He starts screaming that we are traitors that we are stabbing him in the back after everything he did for us. I know now I'm gonna get robbed. Sure enough, he grabs the wad of money I had placed on the table and shoves it in his pocket.

I look at Smiley, then at Saskia in terror, "Oh fuck" I think to myself. Smiley jumps up and proceeds to pull me up over the back of the sofa by my hoodie while punching me in the back of my head. Saskia jumps on his back and begs him to stop. Smiley effortlessly throws Saskia against the wall behind him. He turning to me and pulls his pistol out from behind his back.

He throws me to the ground, and uses the handle end of the pistol to beat the living daylight out of me. Blood is gushing from wounds near my eyes, cheekbones and nose, my face is covered in blood. He screams, frothing spit on to my mouth. I'm so shocked and frozen with fear I even momentarily forget, I have a knife on me.

"How dare you fuck my girl behind my back, and then pretend to be friends with me you son of a whore!!! "

He walks over to the entrance of the Youth Center and locks it. He puts the keys back in his pocket. My whole body is shaking in fear. This is it. I'm going to be murdered right here right now. I try to sit back up and pull myself over on to the couch but Smiley kicks me in the head

and everything goes black. As I come to, I can hear Saskia screaming. He is dragging her along the floor by only her hair, into one of the toilet stalls of the facilities. He commences to violently beat and rape her.

The more she cries and screams the more he beats her. The young bar tender gets up with a sigh and goes over to the bar and turns the music up really loud to drown out Smiley's shouting and Saskia's screaming. He sits at the bar after helping himself to a whiskey and nonchalantly watches the shit hit the fan. I can take it no more. "If I die I die", I think to myself, "But I will not lie here on the ground and accept her fate. If the last thing I do is to protect Saskia then I will die trying." Images of Patel with his greasy handlebar black mustache laughing dangle before my eyes. I see only darkness and death as I slowly pull myself up from the floor holding myself on the back rest of the couch and wipe the blood from my eyes.

The pimp cringes at me. His girl is scared to death of the situation and sickened by it. She buries her face in the fat pimp's neck begging him for them to leave. I make my way towards the toilet stalls. Like a machine programmed to move only forward, I cannot stop myself anymore, I know I am walking to my certain death but enough is enough!

The pimp shakes his head as I walk past him.

„Hey dude, don't go in there. Let it happen. You both need to accept your punishments and learn your lessons. What did you think was going to happen? It's your fault. That bitch is being beaten and raped because of you!"

I continue towards the open door of the facilities. He yells at me.

"Do you have a death wish son? What the fuck is wrong with you!!!"

The guy at the bar just shakes his head at me.

I pull my fly knife out from its strap around my ankle and ball my fist around it. I form the words with my lips at the pimp:

"Shut your god damn mouth!!!"

As soon as I enter the facilities I close the door behind me quietly. Knife in hand and shaking with rage I slowly walk over to the last toilet stall on the right. The screaming gets even louder. Saskia is whimpering and weeping, begging him to stop but he is now like an animal pounding away. I can see Dariusz punching the tiled walls behind her, he smashes them so hard that he is bleeding from his fist amidst the broken clay. He screams that she is a whore, that he is punishing her for being a traitor. That she belongs to him and only him.

It seems her cries for help and tears are getting him even more excited. He is so focused on raping Saskia that he is completely unaware of his surroundings, oblivious to me sneaking up on him. I swing my fly knife open. My first intention is to kill him as I see him raping Saskia inside the toilet stall, his pants dangling open. His blonde hairy ass is trying to force his way. Saskia is putting up one hell of a fight but he's too strong. He is violently pushing her up

against the back of the toilet flush box. Her nose and lips are smashed open and bleeding, blood pours from a cut across her left eyebrow and her clothes all ripped up.

Tears well in my eyes as I see her gasping for air, shivering uncontrollably, unsuccessfully trying to push him away.

An uncontrollable rage ignites within me. I jump on his back and while grabbing his hair with my left hand I stab the knife into his neck with my right hand. Unluckily I miss the jugular. I pull the knife out to try again. He's putting up a huge fight. Blood sprays everywhere. Nothing of what I just did seems to slow him down at all, he's so full of adrenaline.

He tries to push me off of him. I can't get the knife near his neck anymore. We both simultaneously reach for his gun that is on the floor near the bowl. Unlucky for him, Saskia pulls his head down towards the toilet by his greasy mushroom cut screaming "KILL HIM!!! KILL HIM!!!"

She holds him by his hair as tight as she can, disabling him from reaching it.

A huge struggle ensues. In panic I plunge my knife into Smiley's back fat as I reach for the gun between his dangling balls. Luckily I get it before he can grab it. He tears his hair free from Saskia who is clutching fistfuls of it. Huge ripped out bald patches decorate the front of his skull. As he turns, he trips because of his pants around his ankles and his dick smacks me in the face as I struggle to get to my feet. He is trying to grab at my neck in panic, and while I try to extract my knife from his lower back, I lose my balance. We fall to the ground together.

I land on my back, my head slams into the tiles, and I almost lose consciousness. Smiley, who is easily 40 Kilos heavier, is now half lying on top of me. I manage to get my left hand around my knife again and commence stabbing him wherever I can. The pistol somehow fires, hitting him in his stomach. He cries out in pain but he manages to get a choke hold on me. He's too heavy for me to get out from underneath him. I plunge the knife into his arms, his shoulders and then repeatedly stab him in his face in panic. I get him in the nose, eyes, and mouth, the knife slices his right cheek wide open. I wound him enough that he lets go and tries to stop all his blood spurting out. I push myself backwards with both legs and somehow I manage to get out from underneath him with my left hand still clenching the now blood soaked gun. He is now occupied with try to hold closed his torn open face and throat. It's no use, he's too weak from the blood loss from the gunshot and stab wounds.

I finally manage to get back on my feet.

The tiles are slippery from the blood and I have to support myself on one of the toilet stall walls to prevent myself from slipping back down. Smiley is writhing on the floor in a pool of his own blood yelling for someone to help him but the music drowns out his screams. He desperately tries to get back on his feet but he, like me is slipping around in his own blood. By now he's lost so much that his movements become weaker and weaker. Eventually to the point that I don't consider him to be a threat anymore. The music is so loud that either no one hears him or nobody actually is brave enough to intervene. Saskia is still slumped over on the toilet bowl bawling her eyes out. Her upper body is covered in Smiley's blood spray as

she holds her head in her hands. Her body shivers in shock, still completely exposed, her hands and legs are shaking. I stumble over towards her.

“Get up” I tell her. “We have to get the fuck out of here!”

She shakes her head crying even harder.

“Tommy I can’t, I can’t move!”

I hastily put the gun in my booster pocket and flip the knife closed so I can try to lift her up. I need to get her away from Smiley quickly as long as he is occupied, trying desperately to stop himself with his hands from bleeding to death. He makes a feeble attempt to grab my leg but blood immediately starts spurting out his neck again. He lets me go and clamps his hand over the spurting blood, sliding around still trying to get to his feet. I stomp his head as hard as I can. Lights out.

No time to lose I lift Saskia up and carry her out of the cubicle over his bloodied body. Once I get her standing on her own two feet, she hobbles over to the sink near the entrance, and begins washing herself. Blood is now everywhere, on the walls, tiles, toilet stalls, sinks and mirrors.

Sobbing and shaking she clutches a sink staring into its mirror as she washes all the blood off of her face, howling and moaning in deep sorrow and true agony.

Smiley regains consciousness somewhat he tries to speak through the gurgling.

“I will chop you up, I will kill you, I will stuff your balls down your throat, and you will beg me for death!”

These are Smiley’s pathetic last words. As he tries to breathe, gnarly pink foam bubbles from the open wounds in his throat.

I deride him.

“Just how are you going to do that you cock sucking motherfucker?”

Smiley’s face disappears, and I now see Patel looking up at me all frightened and scared. His big bushy face, and big brown eyes filled with fear and terror. I almost gently look back into his. As if I was bestowing upon him a last act of true kindness. I smile.

“You will never hurt anyone ever again”

I keep the gun trained on him as I kneel on his blood covered shoulders in triumph. Smiley has stopped struggling, he’s lost too much blood. I put the pistol away and pull out my knife. One last time I plunge it into his neck, cutting in a saw like fashion, across the entire front of his throat. I hit his larynx and I hear the air make weird hissing sounds as it makes more bloody bubbles. Blood pours into his wind pipe. I can feel the tip of my fly knife strike bone as I cut my way, all the way across his neck. I’m totally calm, as I stare at him with utter

despise in silence. He doesn't move, it's over. I maintains eye contact with him until his body goes limp. His pupils widen. Dariusz the ogre is dead.

The pimp and the teenager who was at the bar come bursting through the bathroom door, wondering what's going on. I aim the gun at them and shove the butterfly knife along the floor towards Saskia. We are both covered in blood. They see Smiley's mutilated body on the floor and put their hands up in defense. They look at each other in disbelief. The teenager puts his hand in front of his mouth and exclaims.

"Oh my god!"

Saskia points the fly knife and screams at them.

"Get in our way and you will fucking die!!! "

They back off. I hurriedly search for the keys to the entrance and take his wallet and phone, gold chains, watch, my money, and everything else of value off of him. Saskia and I make our way towards the exit, all the while keeping the gun pointed at the pimp, his girlfriend and the young idiot. They stare at us like Celestial Eyed Goldfish in disbelief. I fumble the keys out of my pocket and hand them to Saskia to unlock the door. As we hurry through the door I yank them out again and pocket them.

We run as fast as we can downstream through the abandoned industrial area, along the river Main. We had escaped the Youth Center beaten, bloody, broken but alive. Smiley is finally dead! Darkness is now our friend more than ever. We reach an old concrete landing where we are hidden from view, and have privacy. We strip completely naked, and commence to wash the blood off of ourselves and our clothing.

Saskia washes her nether regions over and over again crying. She fully immerses herself in the river, for a second, I think she is going to let herself be swept away by the current and drown. I grab her under her shoulders, pull her head up over the water, and hug her as hard as I can. She goes limp in my arms. I drag her out of the water, afraid she's lost consciousness but her eyes open. She's just in shock. I sit behind her back and cradle her in my arms on the dirty ground. I stroke her hair over and over and rock her gently like a baby.

I whisper.

"It's over, it's done, he'll never ever hurt you again, We will get through this, you and me, Saskia, I love you, it'll be ok."

I can feel her muscles moving again and she snaps out of it and starts weakly stroking my fingers with hers. My face is on fire from the beating and one of my eyes is swollen half shut. I can only imagine the pain she has to be in. At some point, Saskia manages to stop crying long enough for us to wring out our clothes and get dressed again. I smash Smiley's brand new Siemens into a dozens of pieces and toss them into the river.

The whole time I wonder why there are no sirens. It seems like nobody had seen Smiley's corpse yet or if someone did, they hadn't bothered to call the police. I knew that that could change in an instant. Any second someone could find Smiley's body lying. Then all hell would

surely break loose. Except, I wondered who would bother calling it in? No one I knew would bother to call in something like that. Everyone was dead scared of Smiley. No one would want to be implicated or questioned in relation to his death. Nonetheless, I am still convinced that by the end of the day, I will either be dead, or locked up in a holding cell. It's impossible for me to get away with this but, it doesn't matter. What matters is, I stopped Smiley from raping Saskia, and prevented him from killing both of us! If prison or death was my reward, I would accept it with my head held high. It doesn't mean I am going to make it easy for the police or Smiley's thugs to catch me. Hell no.

We walk as fast as our beaten bodies will allow us, back towards the boarding school. Our safe haven. We take a huge detour, on tiny paths through the forest, on the outskirts of the town. The forest leads us towards the grave yard adjacent to the football fields and sport facilities of the school. It is important that nobody sees us at all. We keep our heads down so no one can see how beaten up we are. We try to seem like just some stupid teenagers who accidentally fell into the river. We managed to sneak back into my dormitory room soaking wet. As we hurriedly enter my room, Dimitri is sitting on his bed lifting weights.

He looks up at us. We pretend like we are laughing because we fell into the river. He shakes his head at me laughing but then, he notices all the bruising and the bleeding in both our faces. His face turns worried and angry.

"Who did this to you?"

"Dimitri do you have a cigarette for me?"

He hands me an unopened Russian pack of smuggled Marlboros from our stash under the bed.

"Thank you" I give one to Saskia and go over to open the window of the dormitory and light both cigarettes. I hand one to Saskia and inhale half of the other in a single drag, trying to control my shaking hands.

"Tommy, I asked you a question. Who did these horrible things to you?"

"Dimitri I really don't want to talk about it."

"Tommy I am your friend are we not friends? How can you and Saskia come in here beaten half to death, and you don't want to tell me what happened."

"Dariusz raped Saskia! Ok?"

"He what!!!"

"Yes, he raped Saskia, and I tried to defend her so I got beaten."

Dimitri is already putting on his brass knuckles, putting a fly knife into his sock, and getting the baseball bat from behind the door.

“Ok Tommy you stay right here, all of us from this floor are going to go down there, and kill that son of a bitch. No one messes with family.”

I have to grab him as he is about to burst into the hallway, and rally everyone together.

“Dimitri stop! Wait!”

“Why should I wait? We need to go right now!”

“It’s too late Dimitri. He’s dead!”

“Who’s dead?”

“Smiley!”

“How?”

I killed him, he’s dead.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes Dimitri, he got what he deserved, I nearly sliced his fucking head off with my knife.”

“I pull his gun and my fly knife from my pocket and show him, some water mixed with blood oozes from its pivot pins.”

“You? You killed Smiley? Was that his gun? How? He was twice your size!”

“I got lucky.”

I light another cigarette, and Dimitri hands me some Vodka. I take three big gulps before handing it to Saskia.

“Dimitri looks at Saskia.

“Is this true?”

She sips the vodka, nods, and starts crying again.

I take the bottle away from Saskia before she drinks too much, and wipe her tears. I put the welcoming fluid to my lips and take another gulp.

“Dimitri, we need to keep this to ourselves. Smiley’s friends are crazy. They will come after Saskia and me for sure, they’ll want to avenge him. It’s not safe for us here in Marktbreit anymore.”

“Who else saw you?”

“Um some prostitute with an older man, and some other young dude who was working behind the bar.”

“No one else?”

“No.”

“Who was the bar guy?”

I dunno, not anyone I recognized, probably from Ochsenfurt or Würzburg. Same with the pimp, never saw them before.

“Would they recognize you?”

“Don’t think so, I had my hoodie over my head mostly, but they’d recognize Saskia maybe.”

“Yeah, Tommy, I don’t think anyone is going to talk unless forced to. I’m sure they all fucked off after you left, did you leave any fingerprints?”

“For sure Dimitri, there was blood everywhere, a huge struggle, I’m sure there’s going to be fingerprints.”

Ok, stay here, I will bring Saskia to her dormitory, and then I will go check what’s is going on. Don’t leave the room Tommy! In fact lock it after I leave. I will knock SOS in Morse code when I return so you know it’s me.” Don’t let anyone see you!

Saskia refuses to leave my room, but we talk some sense into her. It’s almost curfew time, and everything needs to look normal. If she locked herself in her room, and just answered through the door when the security guard did her rounds, that would be enough. The security guards are quite relaxed towards us teenagers. Usually they don’t even bother to open the doors. A simple call out of our names in the hallway and a yes yelled back through the door would suffice. I can fake Dimitri’s strong Russian accent just enough to make it sound like he is in the room with me. Saskia like Liesel, has her own room as we don’t have that many girls living on campus. That is a good thing. No need for some chatty bitch roommate to rat us out.

I give Saskia a dry T-shirt and my spare hoodie to change into. The oversize hoodie goes all the way down to her knees. Dimitri gives her his extra pair of ray-bans to cover the worst of her facial bruising. I kiss Saskia gently on her forehead and promise her I will come see her again this evening, once Dimitri has come back from casing the location.

They both leave and I lock the door and I immediately start packing. I’m not going to stay and wait for some gangsters to show up in the night and kill me or the police to arrest me. I sip at the vodka and chain smoke cigarettes until I’m a bit calmer. The alcohol relaxes me somewhat, and I wait nervously with the gun under my pillow, and my butterfly knife in my pocket. I pace and pace and pace. I smoke and pace some more. It seems like forever. The security guard comes and calls through the door. “Tommy?” “Ja Chef” “Dimitri?” “Da, Boss!” “Ok, have a good night.” The guard walks down the hall calling out other names before



fucking off to his room for the night. Not five minutes pass, and Dimitri knocks SOS on the door. I'm relieved to see him unaccompanied.

"Tommy give me a cigarette." I hand him one. "Someone is really protecting you Tommy you know that?"

"Really what did you see?"

"Just as I arrived, I see a young skinny guy leave the building. I approached him and he started to run. I ran after him, grabbed him as I caught up with him and pinned him against a wall. He started saying it wasn't me it wasn't me. I calmed him down and told him I'm not here to hurt him. I said, I just want to help my friend and the girl who was being raped, so the police don't find out anything. He nods at me. I ask him why there aren't any police here yet, and he said."

"After the two ran off, the Pimp and his bitch, told me that they didn't want any problems. As far as they are concerned, they were never here and didn't see anything. They got in their car and drove off. I thought it wouldn't be smart to leave all the bloody fingerprints everywhere. It was disgusting what Dariusz was doing, unjustifiable. I think it served Smiley right, he got what he deserved."

Dimitri lit a cigarette and continued as he exhaled.

"The guy said he felt really bad that he didn't help and wants you to know that Tommy. He was very scared at the time and didn't know how to react. It was unimaginable to him that it would escalate into something like that. After everyone was gone, he hung the "sorry we're closed" sign on the door. He found the fire-extinguishing hose and used the high pressure setting on the nozzle to wash everything down. The body, the mirrors, the floor, the door handles, doors, cubicles. He fucking flooded the place so the pigs hopefully won't find any evidence. He said he cleaned the fingerprints off of the toilet stalls and wiped down the bar and other surfaces he thought anyone may have touched. He said it's the least he could do. I'm supposed to tell you he's got mad respect for what you did. He also hopes that you and the girl will recover."

"I followed him into the toilet stalls and saw Dariusz lying there. Blood mixed with water, and half his neck was sliced through. Fuck Tommy, I've never seen a dead body before let alone something so fucked up and I almost had to vomit.

I found a wet packet of cigarettes on the tile floor. I assume they fell out of your pocket while you were fighting with Dariusz so I picked them up. There were still some bloody fingerprints on the walls that the guy missed. I looked for something I could use to wipe everything down again and fortunately I found some towels behind the bar. I gave one to the other guy and we hurriedly wiped down the lounge table, the bar, and all the other surfaces I could think of a second time, just to be sure. I really hope we got everything. It was a complete mess, fuck. Once we were done, we wiped down our own footprints and left. The other guy hurried towards the train station and I came back here. I rinsed the towels out in the basement, and then threw them into the laundry bag downstairs. I chucked your wet cigarettes into the school's trash can. At some point, someone will find Smiley's body and

call the police I guess but, I don't think they'll come looking for you, unless someone rats you out.

I look at him with admiration.

"Fuck, thank you so much! I hope no one saw you guys."

"How? It was pitch dark when I arrived. The only lights that were on were inside the toilet stalls. Otherwise, the place was like a ghost town."

"Yeah, ever since the Afghans came and shot up the place, people don't go there anymore, can you blame them for not wanting their drink with a slice of lead?"

We both chuckle, it makes my ribs hurt.

I sit down relieved on my bed, but still in fight or flight mode. I know shit could still hit the fan at any moment. With any luck, Smiley's guys will think the Arabs got to him, if no one rats me out. I hate not being in control. It's a horrible feeling! Worst case scenario, the pimp rats me out to the Russians in Ochsenfurt. It'll be around 30 minutes for them to get here and another 30 minutes before my body is also chopped up and sunk to the bottom of the Main. Maybe I'm lucky and he never got a good look at my face. Dariusz never mentioned me by name either as far as I can remember. So many loose ends that could yet unravel. Shortly before midnight, we hear sirens and see the blue lights flash in the distance.

"Fuck, they found him." I think. "How long until we hear the tread of police boots in these corridors asking questions searching for clues and asking everybody questions. I am too wounded and beat up to run much less go anywhere. Sometimes the best hiding spot is right next to the scene of the crime."

I tell Dimitri that Saskia must be frightened out of her wits and that I want to check on her. He tries to persuade me that it's a very bad idea to be seen all beat up like that, but I ignore him and head out into the darkness. Now that the adrenalin has worn off, the pain from my bashed up face and body lights up in my brain like the explosion of gasoline. Sudden, intense and very powerful. I try ignoring the pulsing waves of agony as much as possible and sneak across the school grounds towards Saskia's room, I knock and she whispers "Who is it?"

"It's me, Tommy."

She opens the door and hurriedly pulls me inside.

We stand there in almost pitch blackness hugging each other for the longest time, not saying a word. She takes me to her bed and lies me down.

"Hold me Tommy"

She spoons her back towards me and we lie in silence on her little bed. My ribcage is a pulsating hell from all the bruising.

I whisper

“They will kill me if I stay here, someone is gonna get wise sooner or later”

“Yes I know, you probably signed your own death warrant doing that.”

“Maybe not, the bar guy washed up the mess after we left, to throw the police off our trail. I still can’t be sure he won’t rat me out to Smiley’s associates. Dimitri knows that I killed Dariusz but he won’t rat me out. Then there’s the pimp and his girl. That’s four people who could open their mouths and tell the Russian mafia in Würzburg it was me that killed him. No matter what, they’ll want retribution, one of their top leaders has been killed. I killed him.

It doesn’t matter to those people if it was justified or whatever. My life and your life is meaningless to them, believe me. If they ordered Smiley to kill Mamet and his cousins just for being competition in the same area, imagine what they’ll do to me, to us! Risk wise it’s too great. We can’t stay here, we will always be looking over our shoulders. I really want to get the fuck out of here, will you come with me? “

She shakes her head and tears well up in her face.

“I can’t. That’s admission to guilt. If we both run away it’ll be glaring as daylight that we had something to do with it. If they ask, I’ll tell them Smiley got into a fight with some Middle Eastern looking guy. I saw what was happening and ran away while they were fighting and didn’t see what happened after that. I’m a girl, those imbecilic racists will believe that, but you, you should go. You’ll get killed for sure, even if only because you were associated with Mamet. They’ll surely suspect you.”

She turns to me and hugs me tightly. Tears well up in my eyes too. I stroke her cheek softly, as we lie on that bed and embrace for what seems like forever. I kiss her timidly on her neck. She slowly turns her mouth towards mine and we embrace our lips. Slowly. Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, and breathe out. I inhale the air from her lungs deeply into mine and breathe it back into hers. Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, and breathe out. All our sorrow is shared intimately with the air passing from her body into mine and back into her.

Silently almost eerily, we are surrounded by death. Husks of expired hopes and dreams. They now sleep forever, lost in a world, out of sight and out of reach. “I love you” I whisper. She keeps her lips pressed tightly against mine breathing in the air I exhale. Over and over. We are almost motionless. Like a statue depicting a Shakespearian tragedy, two lovers turned to stone by an evil sorceress.

Our hands are touching. Gently, slowly, I feel my blood coursing through my wounded flesh and my heart beat pounds in my ears. “She holds onto me and will not let me go. With tears in my eyes I start to pull myself away. She holds me back and bursts out crying “Don’t leave me, Tommy, I, love you”

“Come with me then, who cares about admission of guilt? You and I have plenty of money combined, we could leave the country.”

She whimpers

“And then what? Run away forever? Never finish school? What will we do for money when we eventually run out? How will we even rent a hotel or a place to live? We’re both minors, at some point the police will stop us. And then what? It’s a bad idea in the long run. I’d rather take my chances and stay here, finish school, get my life sorted out. I can’t. Tommy please don’t go, I’m sure we can figure something out with the Russians. Tell them the truth. Smiley deserved to die, maybe they’ll understand you had to do what was necessary. Think about Liesel, she’ll be heartbroken you’re leaving. What are you going to tell her?”

I shake my head. “The Russians will never let me live if they know what I did. You are just another whore to them Saskia. You know that. You’re life means nothing to them.

“Once I’m safely away from this place, I’ll call Liesel and tell her the truth. I’ll tell her I saved your god damn life and almost got killed in the process. That I killed that scum bag that was destroying your life, our life. Fuck, Saskia, it was him or us, he was going to kill both of us. It’s Liesel for fucks sake. She of all people will never rat us out. I’m going to bury Dariusz’ pistol behind the stone wall in the graveyard. It’ll be the wall adjacent to the forest. Three steps to the left of the little rusty gate and it’ll be marked with a rock under the shrubbery. Take a spoon or something for digging. In case you ever fear for your life you go and dig that fucker out and blow the head off whoever has the gall to come after you ok? It’s got five bullets left in the magazine, I counted them. Make sure the safety is off and hold it with both hands when you pull the trigger. Promise me you will fucking use it if you have to. I don’t want to hear about it in the news that you got killed or are missing. It would destroy me!”

“I hope I’ll never have to use it Tommy.”

I sit on the floor beside her and put my head in her lap. She strokes my hair still shivering with sadness. I look up at her poor sweet face.

“I will always write or call you, it’s really not safe for me here. Once I get somewhere safe I will tell you where I am. Then maybe you will reconsider and join me?”

She looks in my eyes.

“Promise it to me Tommy! You have to!”

I nod lighting a cigarette I give it to her. “I promise, I swear.” This seems to calm her somewhat as we smoke it together. Once the cigarette is extinguished, I slowly rise to my feet and open the window of her room. As I climb down the wall, I pause but I don’t look back up at her. I am afraid I will never leave her if I do. Tears are rolling down my cheeks and are washed away by the heavy rain as I make my way back to my room. I wait for Dimitri to fall asleep. It’s now Saturday the 3rd at 2 a.m. in the early morning. I finally rouse all the courage I can muster and finish packing my things in the pitch black. Dimitri is strong enough to prevent me from leaving, and I know he will try to if I wake him up. He’ll be heartbroken when he figures it out, but I have to protect myself first. A dead friend ain’t a friend anymore right? I leave him a note hoping he will forgive me.

“Dear Dimitri. Thank you for your loyalty and friendship. Take care of Saskia and Liesel for me please. Tell them both I love them very much. Thank you for being a good friend. Please destroy this note after you read it. I stick the note to the mirror over the little sink. Finally I remove the gun from under my pillow and shove it into the booster pocket of my black denim jacket. I tip toe out of our room and head towards the graveyard.

## Chapter 19

### The Lonely Drifter

My solo voyage into the great unknown world, begins in the early hours of Saturday under cover of darkness. First off, I need to dig up the remaining few thousand Deutschmarks from my hiding spot, then, put the gun in a plastic bag and place it in the hole. I use a spoon and a rock to compact the soil, and throw some gravel and dead leaves on top so no one sees that the ground was disturbed. Who knows? If Saskia is ever in mortal danger, hopefully she'll be able to make good use of it. I head west and follow the Ochsenfurter Street towards Ochsenfurt. I need to stay out of sight of prying eyes and so, I limit myself to backstreets, forest and field hiking trails as much as possible. I head direction north-west, first towards Sommerhausen, and then Würzburg.

While I was in the cult, I had learned how to navigate unknown territory with the aid of a compass and the night sky. As a boy, I really liked those Survivalist Training Sessions. This knowledge may come in handy, but for now my route is simple. I mostly just have to make sure I follow the river. As I walk through the darkness, The Pet Shop Boys sing to me in my head "Go west, life is peaceful there". I trudge on and on. I don't even know what I'm going to do when I'm in Würzburg. Call my grandparents and nonchalantly tell them I've just killed a man, and that I would like to pop by for a visit? How would that turn out? Not very well I suppose. I guess I can just walk on for now, all through the night. Freddie Mercury sings to me as well...

"Mama, just killed a man, put a gun against his head, pulled the trigger now he's dead, Mama, life had just begun, but now I've gone and thrown it all away..."

Darkness is my friend, my savior. As I trudge on, I take all that has happened and think on it over and over again. The how, the why, and the consequences. A half molly pill reduces my pain threshold. Once it kicks in, things don't seem so bad or sad anymore. I think over and over, about all the things that happened in the last months, and why I ended up making all those choices, that put me in this situation. It was like a chess game. I had made my opening move by leaving the cult. Move after move, I found myself facing a more and more complex game. The risks of every move grew higher and higher. In the end I wasn't so sure I had won the game. I suffered heartbreaking losses, and am now a fugitive. I am the last piece on the board, I have sacrificed everyone for self-preservation, but isn't that the point of chess? For the king to live, even if all others must die to protect him? Is that not what I have done? Left everyone behind to save myself?

I came to Marktbreit a frightened little boy, scared of everyone and everything. The circumstances, and dire consequences of my decisions, have caused this transformation of boyhood to manhood. In killing Dariusz, I also destroyed a part of myself. I killed the frail and weak push-over that groveled for approval at great cost to his own self-esteem. No longer will I be a fawn. I have baptized myself in the blood of my enemy. I have washed away my weaknesses and fears in the river Main, I purified myself of my angst. I am leaving Marktbreit, and my old self behind.

As I trudge on, I recall my arrival at the boarding school, I recall my step father Stefan refusing to give me pocket money when I asked him. He chose to abandon me with the German savages without a penny to my name. He literally even said:

“I’m not giving you a penny. You should be grateful we even allowed you to leave our fellowship. You really think I’m going to finance your lust for drugs and alcohol?”

Dude! At the time, I didn’t even think about any fucking drugs or alcohol! Oh, the irony was not lost on me. The only reason I asked for pocket money, is because I realized immediately that having no money as a kid, was socially speaking a death sentence. It meant I was going to be an outcast. It meant I would be subjected to bullying, beatings and ridicule. It meant never getting to socialize with people outside of the school. I would have to do things I didn’t want to do in order to gain social acceptance. How else would I have gotten involved with Smiley? It was simply out of desperation, of just wanting what everybody else had. It was Marcus who first introduced me to this parallel world existing within and without the dormitory walls. The underground life that slipped under the radar and regulations of the German educational and legal system. It was then Marcus again, who first made me realize how sick and depraved people can be, whether in the cult or not. I was so desperate to be accepted, and have a normal interaction with my co-inhabitants, that I was willing to put myself in great peril, in order to achieve what was normal for most children at the time.

All I wanted was some Adidas shoes, decent sports gear, and a couple bucks to spend at the ice cream café to not seem like a total loser. My pleas fell on deaf ears with Stefan. He first fucked me over by raping me, and ruining my childhood within the cult with all the beatings and malnutrition. As if that wasn’t already enough, he then figured he would ruin my adolescence as well, making sure I was branded as a social outcast and a loser. All of this effort, just to convince me that the life he chose for me, in the Children of God, was the only choice that I ever would have. Any other choice I could make in his eyes, was surely by comparison going to be hell on earth. If it wasn’t, he was going to make damn sure that it was. However, all his efforts were ironically a great part of the catalyst, which was to cement my beliefs. I knew now more than ever, that anything and everything I did, was better than going back to that cult cesspool of lies, deceit and tyranny.

I was glad I had the privilege of knowing Mamet, Dimitri, and all the other crazy yet cool guys in my dormitory. I experienced true love with Saskia and Liesel. It was good while it lasted. Mamet helped me to develop an identity. He introduced me to Bob Marley, hip hop, RnB, and other artists of whom I never heard of before.

(In the COG it was severely punished to even listen to the radio or god forbid the TV!!!)

Dimitri taught me what kind of clothes were cool, what kind of lingo was acceptable, and what words made you sound like a nark, a nerd, or just a hateful old granny. Smiley on the other hand forced me to become a man. He made me confront my fears and finally stand up to him. I didn’t do it for myself, but for the girl that I loved. I didn’t want to commit murder, but he left me no choice. I am truly angry at that asshole, he fucked up my one chance at a normal life! My grandparents will never forgive me for what I did, for what I am doing now, just running away like that. How am I going to tell them?

“Hey guys you know Stefan your son? Well it turns out that he is a rapist and pedophile. Oh and by the way, your eldest grandson is a fucking drug dealer and murderer.”

It would destroy them. Better to let them live in ignorance. As Thomas Gray's poem goes: “Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”

On Monday the school called my parents. They wanted to know why I wasn't at the dormitory or showing up to class. My idiot parents did not want the shame of admitting I had possibly run away, and had lied to the principle. They said I was still at home since that weekend because I came down with a flu. Then they informed the school that they were considering pulling me out altogether. My mother in particular was unhappy because of all the bullying.

This part was actually true. The first weekend I went back home I was in tears. I begged them over and over to find another boarding school. I told them I feared for my life. At the time, my parents coldly insisted it couldn't be all that bad. They drove me right back there Sunday evening and I resigned myself to my fate like a little lamb being led back to the slaughter. Now, their stupid pride is working to my advantage. Unbeknownst to me, my parents verified that in fact, I was with them in France that weekend. Five hundred Kilometers away. It therefore seemed impossible that I was involved in anything that had happened. It meant I couldn't possibly have murdered Dariusz. Theoretically speaking, I was never there that weekend. Much later I would find out that the police never even considered me to be a suspect. After all, who was I? Nobody. Just a shy fourteen year old boy. No one admitted to know anything about the death of the world's biggest asshole. That was to be expected. The police pinned Dariusz unsolved murder on gang related violence. I however did not know all of that. For all I was concerned at the time, I was a fugitive from the law.

By the time the police arrived, the scene of the crime was abandoned. The pimp never said a word to anyone. I owe my freedom if not my life to Dimitri and that teenager that cleaned up after Saskia and I fled. If they are still alive, no doubt they are still keeping my secret for as long as they live. I genuinely wish those men a long life, and all the happiness in the world. I owe them the utmost gratitude. To the ones who helped me that night, if you should ever read this, you know who you are! Thank you!

Meanwhile, I am navigating this new world that is continually opening up to me, ever since I ran away from the Children of God. I believe Stefan wanted to make my life outside of the cult difficult as possible, as horrible as possible. He imagined I would come running back to him. Really Stefan? You actually thought I would come running back to your abuse, your way of life, your totalitarian concept of “freedom”? Fuck you! I hope rats eat your flesh while you are still alive and maggots gnaw your balls off! In any case, the exact opposite happened.

What Stefan refuses to realize is that, no matter how bad it was for me in Marktbreit, it was still way better than what he had to offer. That's why I'm high on molly, marching on in the darkness of night towards Würzburg. Because I'm convinced, that no matter whatever else awaits me, none of that in my mind, is worse than being shut off from the outside world. Nothing can be more horrible than being beaten, worked to the bone, denied freedom of speech, eating terrible food and denied an education. Literally anything else is better than that! Even prison or death.



As the hours roll on, my steps get lighter and my spirit is lifted up towards the stars. All I need is to put it all into perspective. I am free! I am alive! Nobody is locking me up or beating me anymore. I have my own money, I can eat what I want, drink what I want. The rules of the cult and its oppression have no hold on me. I am free to choose my own path in life. I am seriously considering to finally confront my Grandparents about all the torture I suffered at the hands of their youngest son, Stefan. Maybe they will understand why I ran away from the boarding school. Maybe they'll believe me and help me get my siblings away from that horrible man and have him arrested.

I have made up my mind. I can't let my grandparents live in ignorance! I will inform them that their son, my stepfather, severely abused me, even raped me as a little boy. I hope maybe they will help me get my own apartment, and set me up, so I can go back to school in Langenfeld. I can continue to learn German and have a second chance at a normal life.

Maybe if I told them of all the trauma I went through in the boarding school they would understand and not judge me. I could see Saskia and Liesel again once the dust settles. I haven't actually seen my grandparents in quite a few years. The last time was when I was nine years old. My previous memories before that, are of them visiting us in India when I was a little boy. I remember them as being super sweet, loving and generous. I hope my memories aren't naïve.

Three hundred and forty kilometers lie between me and Langenfeld where my grandparents live. If I walked nonstop, ten hours a day it would take me roughly a week to do the stretch. I have molly, I have some hashish, and enough money for food. This could be fun, completely off the grid, on my own, just me and nature. I can keep myself warm if I walk at night, I can sleep during the day in the forests if I hide myself well enough.

The rain clouds are slowly blown away by the wind. The moon and stars shine through the holes in the clouds. I keep my course along the river's edge. I pass so many houses containing loving families. I imagine children sleeping soundly in their well-deserved beds. Sadly, I am not one of them. By the time I get to the Marienberg Fortress, on the outskirts of Würzburg, the sun is slowly rising. It's early Saturday morning and I am crashing hard from the molly. I really need to take a break. There's a spot under some trees behind the fortress walls and I sit down where I hope no one will see me sleeping. I wrap my hand around my knife and put it in my denim jacket pocket for warmth. I make sure my cash is still well hidden down my crotch, and strap my backpack to my chest. I still feel vulnerable, but my brain is not capable of a single thought anymore. No sooner do I wrap my arms around my backpack my head sinks forward and I fall asleep.

By the time I come to my senses, the sun is high in the sky. I am hot, parched and sweaty. While I was asleep, I had fallen over into a fetal position. A few ants are crawling up my arms and face. I brush them off and remove my hoodie. My t-shirt is soaked with sweat. I take it off and put on another one from my bag. I need to find a source of water and a toilet so I can take care of my bodily functions and clean myself. I dust myself off and walk into town, searching for a supermarket or anything with sanitary facilities. Eventually I find a shopping center. At last! I can finally relieve myself. Once done, I wet my old t-shirt and wash it out with some soap. I enter one of the toilet stalls again and strip naked. I use the wet t-shirt to

clean my body. I peer through the door, there is no one else around. Still naked, I dash back with all my belongings to the sink, and rinse the cloth out from the soap and wipe myself down. It feels amazing and I'm auspicious this day may just turn out to be a good one. An old man walks in while I'm still fully naked. He looks at me strangely but says nothing. As he groans and farts in the toilet, I discard my underwear in the trash, put the plastic bag with my stash down my fresh underwear and get dressed. Some food, and water should do nicely to make my trip a little more bearable. I also buy sealed packs of rye and pumpernickel bread and some smoked meat. It'll be rough but that will have to sustain me until the shops open again on Monday. With that sorted, I head back to the main road along the river.

As soon as I am sure I am headed in the right direction, I pop another half molly and let my legs carry me forwards, while my head is up in the clouds. It's a good day to be high. The wind is blowing softly and there are many little puffy, white clouds in the sky. They block the full force of the sun's rays. A police car drives by. I'm slightly apprehensive but for all they know, I'm just some dude walking down the street minding his own business. I think about what Dimitri taught me. If you don't want to stand out, you always need to look as if you know where you're going.

I thought about all I had learned from Dimitri. If someone stares at you like they want a confrontation, just keep your head down, and pretend you didn't see or hear them. If they pester you, look them straight in their eyes, be friendly but don't show fear. You can even look behind their head as if someone is standing behind them. That'll make them nervous. If someone is following you, never run. You don't want your back turned towards a possible assailant. Better to turn around, stare them down and walk towards them. That might make them think twice about fucking with you. If they still are going to attack you, loudly ask what their fucking problem is. Then, if all else fails, show no mercy. Fight dirty. Most idiots are cowards when confronted with true crazy. Use any and all objects as a weapon, rocks, ashtrays, bottles, and most importantly, be loud. A screaming lunatic will draw attention and make your assailant think twice of attacking. Kick them in their knees, balls or in the solar plexus or fist into the throat. If they throw a punch grab their arm and break their fucking elbow using your own body weight. If they try to grab you, break some fingers or dislocate their wrist. If they throw a punch or try to stab you, use their own momentum against them. A hard kick against the outside of the knee can make your opponent lose balance and fall. In close combat, jab their liver, and head butt them in the nose with your forehead.

If all else fails, go for the kill. If your opponent is slow enough that you can get behind him, try a rear naked chokehold. Or grab one side of their jaw, take the other side of their head in your arm and in a sudden jerking movement twist their neck up sharply. If done right that will be the last thing they ever feel. The snapping of their own neck. Once you've disabled your opponent get away as quickly as possible.

One of my favorite combat weapons that I love to practice with, is a simple industrial metal chain of about a meter or slightly longer. I have a metal lock attached to each end to add momentum. At full length I can keep the attacker at a safe distance and have a longer reach over someone wielding a knife. If I fold it in half, I can use it as a short distance striking flail or whip. I can make it fly around someone's neck to prepare a stranglehold. It's very effective in diagonal rotor fashion to strike arms, shoulders and legs or bash someone's face in. One good welt across the face can even be lethal.

My advice is, if you want to be really effective with it, you should practice daily before using it in combat. An inexperienced user may end up severely injure them self. The chain is only as powerful as the skill of the one wielding it. It's advisable to be fluent in other martial arts as well.

As the wind blows over my battered face, my thoughts wander towards remorse, poor Saskia. I hope she recovers soon from that horrific experience. Poor Liesel. She will know by tomorrow that I've disappeared. I'll have to call her soon, let her know I'm ok. I hope she will forgive me. I wonder if Saskia will tell her I killed Dariusz. What will she think of me? Will she hate me? Luckily the molly numbs my sadness. Otherwise I'd probably cry. Hours pass and I decide to stop in Marktheidenfeld at the Kriegerdenkmal. I've been walking for over six hours and now it's near 2 pm. It's time to rest and plan my route for the rest of the day. Maybe eat something? According to the map I bought in the supermarket, I could be in Rohrbrunner Forest by early evening. There is a highway that runs through there, direction Frankfurt and a gas station. I can find somewhere to sleep the night and use the highway facilities to clean myself.

There is only one other person hanging out in this war memorial park. A hippie looking guy with a long blonde beard, shoulder long hair tied in a ponytail and it looks like he is rolling a joint. He's wearing some blue tinted oval shaped sunglasses with a golden metal wire frame. I noticed him because he was playing on a silver concert flute. I'm no expert, but it sounded really good. I'm still kinda high and the music was a welcome distraction from the mess in my brain. I'm always interested in other musicians and so move closer to him to say hello.

"Hey, nice flute playing."

"Thanks, you wanna smoke some of this?"

"Actually I just liked your flute playing so I came over to listen, but why not."

"Ok, sure you can hang out if you want."

We sit in silence as he lights up and smokes half of it. He then hands it to me and says I can have the rest of it. He picks up his flute and begins to play something that sounds like Santana, but I'm not sure exactly. I cup the joint in my hands and inhale through it as to not make lip contact with a stranger's joint. It was how I always smoked with strangers. No need to get a nasty STD off of someone's lips for no reason. He continues playing his flute as I finish the joint. I got nowhere to be and so I lie on the grass and let myself be high and enchanted by this pied piper.

An hour or so goes by and I'm slowly coming down off of the molly. It's not pleasant and so I crack out a bottle of vodka from my bag to help with the withdrawal. I offer the hippie a swig as a token of good will.

"Nah man, I don't touch that shit. Alcohol is the drug of the common worker enslaved by mammon and the hidden powers that be. The oppressors want us to drink, and kill our brain cells, so we stop thinking for ourselves, and not realize the oppression we are living under."

"Lol" I think to myself, "sounds a lot like something a cult member would say."

I look at him “Do you work for a living?”

“Dude, I don’t need to work for a living, I already live. I play music to sustain myself. But, I don’t consider that work, because I love doing it. You see those birds in the sky? They don’t work to live either, they are alive already. They sustain themselves, but that’s it. Other than that, they just fly around free, no rent, no mortgage, and no taxes. They just live and make love with the other birds, feed their young, then grow old and die. They don’t make a big fuss about working for a living like humans do.”

“Yeah well, we humans have a little bit more complicated needs and stuff, I mean a bird will never roll a joint and get high or go to a supermarket to buy food, go to school, or build a house.”

“What’s your name dude?”

“I’m Tommy, what’s yours”

“I’m Roland.”

“Where are you from Roland? You don’t sound American.”

“I’m from a tiny town in the north-east of Canada, Churchill Falls but you wouldn’t know it, I came to Europe because I wanted to travel, see the old world and a guitar player friend from Ontario told me Germany was a cool place to make scratch and that the ladies dig musicians. I was fed up playing in this Orchestra, going through the rigmarole of checking into hotels, practicing day in day out, studying music, getting my bachelor and I was like fuck this, I just wanna buy a van and sleep wherever I want, play wherever I want and if people want to listen they can and if not what do I care. I wanted to play other stuff than just stuffy classical music. So I put ten thousand dollars into my pocket, got a plane ticket to Munich, bought myself a van, I’ve been traveling for over a year and now I’m talking to you.”

“How old are you?”

“I’m gonna be 25 this year dude, and you?”

I lie, “I’m 16 man.”

“You speak such fluent English Tommy. Are one of your parents American or something?”

“Yeah, about that, it’s a long story but to be quick, I grew up with a lot of Americans if that helps.”

He puts his flute in his lap and turns to face me. “You see Tommy, of course I know human life is more complex than birds in a lot of ways, but I think we overthink too much as it is. Of course I know I need scratch to get by, but I don’t want it to be my main focus. Society makes us so afraid of not earning enough bread, having shit we don’t need, clothes we never wear more than once, and all the shit you’re supposed to buy so that you feel you’re

accomplishing something in your life. But really, you're accomplishing nothing Tommy, you're just buying more shit, that's it. All that work so you can say 'look everybody at all this shit I bought, aren't I the best.' And then you die and lose all your shit. Then other people come fight over who gets your shit, until they die, and others fight over their shit as well. It's a never ending shit show. Shit's fucking stupid. And then there are so many rules, laws and regulations about how you are allowed to have your shit. You can put your shit here, but you can't put your shit there. You can have this shit, but you can't have that shit. You can poison your mind and liver with this shit, but you can't smoke that shit. How dare they try to tell a grown man what shit he may, or may not put in his body! That's fascism Tommy, plain as shit. And then you get in shit, because some shit asshole wants to take your shit away, you know, because you didn't do enough shit to pay for your shit. Now you either need to know the shit, or pay someone else that studies that shit, just so you know, get your shit back."

"Like a lawyer?"

"Yeah Tommy, why the fuck do we need lawyers to know what's right and wrong Tommy? I can be a good human being, and never cause any harm to anybody, but then some police man comes and says I can't sit here, I'm not allowed to play my flute there, I can't park my van here, I can't piss against that tree over there, it's crazy Tommy. You see that old lady with her tiny rat looking dog? Watch that dog, he's pissing against the tree, and no one gives a shit. But if I go over there now and piss against the very same fucking tree, that lady will make a big stink and call the cops on me. I'll probably get a fine, and if I refuse to pay the fine, a judge will sentence me to prison. Why does that nasty ass dog get to pee there, and I don't? Makes no fucking sense."

"I look at him, well, I guess if every human peed against that tree then it would smell really bad and no one would want to sit there. That was the problem hundreds of years ago. People didn't have toilets or closed sewers, so they just shat and pissed wherever. A lot of people got sick and died of horrible diseases. So because of that, they moved all that shit underground, so that we don't get sick from our own piss and shit. I'm not saying I don't agree with you. Getting a fine because you pee against a tree when you really have to, and there are no public toilets around is ridiculous. If they don't want you to pee in public, they should at least offer an alternative."

"Yeah man, what's your deal dude? You like a drifter or something?"

"Why do you ask?"

"It's in your aura man, you got darkness, man shit is all around you, like you running from shit, or something really shit happened that you don't wanna deal with. Plus your face is all fucked up." He chuckles, have you seen yourself boy? Who did that to you? Your dad?

"Well, yes, my dad would definitely be capable of beating me like that... Yup, that's why I'm running away."

"I don't blame you and I ain't judging neither, I got my things I gotta sort out in my head too. We all got demons that we need to face. Otherwise they eat away slowly at our souls and by the time we die our soul has been completely devoured and we cease to exist."

I look at the sky “That’s a fucking scary thought.”

“So why does your father beat you Tommy? Why do think it gives him pleasure to fuck up a kid?”

“I dunno, because he’s a fucking sadist? If I’m around him, he’ll beat me for every little thing. Things like having a different opinion, not wanting to do something, talking back to him. It’s fucked up.”

“Why don’t you go to the police?”

“Yeah it’s not that simple, I have siblings and if I go to the police they’ll just disappear to another country, I grew up in a fucking cult, called the Children of God. They use fake names, identities, fuck, I didn’t even know my mom’s real name until last year!”

“Sheesh that sucks, tell you what, you look like you could use a friend. I’m heading to Frankfurt this evening to go make me some scratch in the streets, playing this old flute. You can ride with me in my van if you like. After that, I’m headed to this Festival near Essen.”

“Essen sounds good. My grandparents live near Essen in Langenfeld. I was actually heading that direction because, I figure they should know their son is beating their grandson. I figured I was going to walk there.”

“Walk there? You know that’s hundreds of kilometers to go right?”

I shrug, “I got time and besides, look at me, I ain’t nothing to lose and my face is all fucked up.”

“Yup, you look like a Halloween costume gone wrong but on another thought, what makes you think your grandparents will believe you? Maybe they won’t and hand you right back to your dad. Then he’ll just beat you even more. In my experience, abuse runs deep in families, over generations even. If your dad is beating you, there’s a good chance his dad was beating him and so on. Maybe I’m wrong, who’s to say but it’s definitely a risk that they’ll want to hush you up or even blame the problem on you.”

“I dunno Roland, I’m winging it at the moment. I’ll cross that bridge when I get there. So, what time you leaving?”

“I’m leaving this evening, I’m gonna camp out near Frankfurt tonight and go busk in the old town tomorrow. You can come along but you can’t sleep in the van because I don’t have space. You got a tent or something man?”

“Nah just a sleeping bag but I can rough it.”

Ok, that’s your call. I hope the wild boars don’t come licking your face or chomping your skull while you asleep.”

“Why the fuck would a wild boar chomp my skull Roland?”

“Dunno, just messing with you, I’m done with my break, I’m gonna go make me some scratch in town and we’ll see us back here around sundown?”

I think to myself, “Sundown is like around 10 pm. If he ditches me or forgets about me because he smoked too much dope I’ll have wasted all day for no reason, I’d better go into town with him and make sure he don’t fuck off without me.”

“You mind if I come watch you play? I thought you were actually pretty good on that flute to be honest.”

“Well, ok, you can even collect money on the terraces for me if you want and I’ll make it worth your while if we do well.”

“Ok, so what you’re saying you’ll pay me for passing the hat”

“Yup.”

“Cool, let’s do it.”

He packs up his stuff. I’m ready to go, ain’t much I got on me. I notice he’s got some kinda battery powered cassette player, bulging at the top of his backpack. I’m intrigued. We walk over to a terrace filled with people and he sets up his tape player, pushes play and begins to play along with the music on his flute. It’s a mix of Jethro Tull, some classical flute music and other songs I think I recognize. He plays along to an instrumental of the song “What a Wonderful World” and some other Cuban sounding music. He makes it all sound effortlessly brilliant. Already during the first song, people stop walking and watch him play. The crowd gets bigger, and they applaud with gusto between tracks. I think to myself, this guy is a fucking pro!”

He does a few more tunes, before signaling to me to go collect that sweet, sweet scratch. I grab a big empty ashtray off on of the tables, and first head over to the people standing and listening to him play. I speak German in my American accent

“Something for the music?” I try to smile through my shattered face, at first people are taken aback by my bruises but don’t want to seem impolite, so they pull out their wallets and put money into the ashtray. After I hit up the standing crowd for money, I walk over to the people sitting at the terrace tables within ear shot of the music. Once I ran out of people to collect from, I signaled to Roland I had finished passing the hat. He finishes his song and there is more applause. He thanks the audience for listening. I sneak off to the side, and begin counting the money. Damn! Over 70 Deutschmarks in less than 15 minutes.

Roland comes on over and inquires how it went. I give him the good news. He’s impressed with my collecting abilities and asks me if I want to continue working with him. I happily oblige. We continue searching for terraces and soon we have a good rhythm going.

Working with Roland reminded me a bit of when my step dad used to take me busking as a kid. The difference was that I liked working with Roland. He actually paid me half of what I

collected for him in the ashtray. I thought that was awfully generous of him, and at first I told him, that it's way too much for my effort. He said he didn't like asking for money, he admitted he'd make a lot less if he just passively played on the street, and waited for people to put money in his hat. If he made more than double the money because of me, it was only fair I got to have half of it. That was pretty fucking awesome, considering my earlier experiences busking with that asshole of a step-dad I had.

Of course when I was busking with Stefan, I never got to keep so much as one fucking Swiss Franc, after working all day with him instead of being in school. I was supposed to be grateful that I had a roof over my head, and broken shoes on my feet. Jesus was providing wasn't he? It sure seemed like Jesus was a fucking sadist, who loved for his believers to freeze their feet off in winter because of inadequate clothing. Memories come back of me as an eleven year old trudging around in the sludge of winter, with ripped summer shoes that were falling apart. Shoes that had hardly any soles left, with holes through them even. I was living in one of the wealthiest countries on earth but if you saw me you would have thought I was a white trash trailer park kid from the slums of Detroit.

Stefan would push me to breaking point from morning to evening. First we'd busk in the freezing cold street and then pass out tracts and witness. After that, more busking for the lunch crowd. Depending on the seasons of the year that could be on the streets, the terraces or even in restaurants. In winter we'd warm ourselves in the public library or he'd take me to a restaurant where he'd buy himself a warm tee and I'd get a glass of fucking tap water as a reward. During the course of the day, I would have to listen to him sing his awful Jesus songs over and over a-fucking-gain. I had the privilege of singing along, and play my fucking bongos. Yuck! If I dared play off beat or too loud, too quiet, too anything he didn't like, I got yelled at. Sometimes he lost it, and would scream at me in the middle of a performance. I'd run away crying. But where would I run to? I'd wait somewhere around the corner, and once he'd calm down he'd be all like, "I'm sorry I yelled at you, the Lord knows I have a problem with my temper..."

...No shitting dumbass, not just the Lord, everyone around you knows you have anger management issues! Anyone that has to deal with you for more than a good hour, immediately thinks you are a stuttering, drool spewing choleric, brown nosed coprophagic wanker. You mean all the times you beat me for no reason is, oh I get it, it's because you have a problem with anger, so technically it's not your fault. You can't help it that you beat me because you have a fucking problem. You fucking manky delusional wackadoodle, arse rimming, shit stain ligger of a father.

In the evening, Stefan and I'd play the restaurants, and drinking holes until closing time. Sometimes traveling for hours, to far away parts of Switzerland, so we wouldn't always be playing in the same venues, to the same crowds. Sometimes people in the audience would ask me, "don't you have to go to school tomorrow? Do you even want to be doing this?" I would feign a smile, and tell them that I'm home schooled. Usually if I wanted to get people to shut up I'd just say, "Do you want to talk about letting Jesus into your heart?" That would usually be enough to shut up even the most concerned citizen.

When we'd made our target of at least five hundred Swiss francs for the day, I was finally allowed to ride back home with him. If I wanted to quit before the target was acquired, I was



berated as selfish, needy, lazy, and lethargic. Remember, I was a growing pubescent boy who sometimes, hadn't eaten since breakfast in order to save the money we made. After working over 12 hours in one day, of course I was fucking hungry and lethargic. If I developed an attitude, or said something he deemed disrespectful, you can guess by now what adorned my backside at home later. Sometimes I'd be lucky, and he'd forget because he was so tired. Different standards applied to him though, he'd guzzle the free beer that was offered at every bar we played at. So often that the ride home, was precarious to say the least. More than once he almost fell asleep behind the wheel, and nearly killed us on the icy mountain road winding back up to the commune.

Sometimes I'd be put to work 7 days a week, when the commune was short of money which it often was. Often my breakfast would be around 7 am and my second meal of the day would be around midnight when we'd come home. I'd be so hungry, I'd eat the cold fish sticks, or mincemeat and rice straight out of the fridge. Anything with some calories. Weirdly enough even now, I sometimes still wolf down the leftovers straight out of the fridge after a long day at work.

By contrast working with Roland was wonderful. He took care of his beat up partner. We stopped once in a while to have a drink at a terrace, or when the locals would invite us. He genuinely seemed interested, in helping a poor mangled little drug dealing sod find some kinda purpose in life. A few concerned adults asked me while I was passing the hat if Roland had beaten me. Poor sod. I spontaneously made up a story. I had a skateboard accident and ate the asphalt a few days ago. Some people asked me what my relation was with Roland. I told them that Roland was my older half-brother on my father's side from Canada. I explained that he is a very talented musician, who normally plays in an orchestra back home. We are just travelling for the summer together, and I'm helping him to earn some money to pay for our expenses. By the end of the day I had our "story" figured out and Roland played along. Not like he cared. I suspect he is a bit lonely and is just glad to have someone to speak English with.

My skateboard accident anecdote worked from then on. Sometimes it even turned a two Mark tip into a fiver. By sundown, we had collected over 180 Deutschmarks each during the afternoon, and evening hours. Fat profit Hoss! Around 10 p.m. Roland tells me that he shouldn't play anymore, otherwise the police might start to hassle us. I for one, don't want to be anywhere near a police officer. There's nothing left to do, but quit for the day. We make our way back to Roland's van. An old VW T3. There's a small bed in the back, with a little cooking stove and a tiny gas fridge. He gives me a camping chair to sit on and I watch him prepare dinner. I'm so hungry by now that the cooked rice and beans with a touch of salt taste like a gourmet meal. After dinner, we smoke a big fat joint and I sip at my vodka. From my share of the money, Roland asks me to pay half of the food, dope and gas to get to Frankfurt. He figures thirty Marks will cover it. I am more than happy to pay, I didn't expect any kindness at all to begin with. On top of that, because of Roland, I now had even more money than I started out with.

We pull out of the parking around midnight. It feels amazing knowing I was not going to have to walk all the way to Langenfeld. Even better is being in the company of a gifted street musician. I think about Saskia and Liesel as the van tuckers along, it's doing barely 90 km/h down the highway. I sit back, roll and light up another joint from my own stash while

enjoying the view of the open road rolling by. It will be at least an hour's ride to Frankfurt at this pace and we will still need to find a place to sleep. I figured if I stayed up until sunlight, the wild boars wouldn't eat my head. Joking aside, I did not feel too comfortable with the idea of sleeping in the forest, all alone without a tent. At least now I've got company. It's been an epic journey, I've come so far, I resign myself to let fate decide my outcome.

Jethro Tull is playing on the little speakers in Roland's van, as we pull off the highway just past 1:30 a.m. on Sunday morning. Roland drives towards this beautiful little body of water near Frankfurt called the Langener forest lake. He parks the van at the edge of a forest, just up the road from a campsite. We get out, and walk towards water's edge and a man-made sandy beach. We chit chatting about this and that. He's got lots of opinions about everything and I care to listen, not because I necessarily agree, but because it takes my mind off all the things I should be processing yet prefer to not think about. Soon he's yawning and telling me he's going to bed but tells me if I want I can sleep on the front seats. He'll leave the passenger door unlocked in case I get cold. I wish him a good night and continue to explore the sandy beach and the surrounding lake-side. Around four in the morning I am finally overcome by tiredness and head back to the van. I quietly open the door and curl up on the passenger seat. The sandman takes me to the realm of nightmares once more.

By the time I wake up, Roland is already driving direction downtown Frankfurt. I'm still dozed as Roland finds a parking spot. He asks me if I want to join him for another round of busking. I figure any more cash will come in handy and I agree. First things first, Tommy needs coffee and a toilet. With that out of the way, our work day can begin.

Most of Sunday is pretty slow. People don't seem to be nearly as generous as in the little town we were in yesterday but hey, a man's gonna be a soldier right? We eventually get hungry and take a break at an "Imbiss" (German Take away shop). Roland orders just fries and salad because he's vegan. He explains to me that being vegan means, you don't eat any animal products at all, huh, I never knew they had a word for that. At that age I would have just called people like that kooks. I knew that religions existed, that didn't permit the harming or consumption of animals in India. Extremists that would sweep the ground in front of them as they walked, so they wouldn't even harm as much as an insect because all life is equally precious. What a waste of breath I think to myself. Killing and being killed is cruel but it's the basis of all life on earth.

As he's finished explaining to me why he's a vegan, I have an opinion of my own I'd like to share with him.

"Why do you think humans are always trying to find ways to feel better about themselves? Why not just stop overproducing meat so that it doesn't land directly into the garbage, and maybe using all of the animal as much as possible? Maybe thank the animals' spirits for their sacrifice? If we use them for life and nourishment, we could at least treat the animals with the respect they deserve. I don't agree that we should stop eating meat. Torturing animals and treating them like shit however, hell yeah we should definitely stop that."

We agree to disagree, Roland says he was raised a meat eater, his father worked in a slaughter house. Once when Roland was twelve his father took him to work. He was so traumatized by what he saw, he never touched meat again. Understandable I guess, maybe I

would feel the same if I saw a cow moaning in pain while being hung upside down, and slit open while still conscious, because the bolt gun didn't do its job. Maybe all of us are monsters. We grow up to kiss our own kids goodnight and raise them to be murderous meat eating monsters as well. Maybe Roland is right.

Our lunch has much more of this type of discussion. I wolf down whatever innards and slaughterhouse trash my kebab meat is made from. I'm too hungry to think about my carnivorous sins, and I finish my kebab with gluttonous enthusiasm, before wiping the smeared yoghurt and cocktail sauce off my bruised face. I was a hungry little carnivore apparently. We spend the rest of the afternoon, walking through the old town of Frankfurt and trying to perform wherever possible. The police and a lot of restaurant owners don't take too kindly to us. We soon realize, Frankfurt ain't really a good town for busking. Roland tells me he's heard from other musicians, the cities along the Rheine like Koblenz, Bonn, Köln and Essen are great for busking. Maybe we should call it a day and continue to head west tomorrow. We decide to make our way back to the little lake, and its sandy beach for some relaxing and swimming. It is after all Sunday, and we could also take it easy. Roland uses our earnings to pay for a night of camping so we can use the facilities. We split up the rest of the money once we set up camp. It's beautiful weather so we make our way towards the beach.

The sand feels nice under my bare feet and the water is refreshing. I want to swim but I have no swimming gear. I feel nervous about leaving all my money locked up in Roland's van but he doesn't strike me as someone who would steal my money and run off. I figure I'll head to the FKK area (nudist beach) and ask Roland if he'll join me. Roland at first is a little hesitant but I tell him that nude bathing is a totally German thing to do. As we continue, he sees all the other Germans, with their beer bellies, droopy breasts, and shriveled dicks. He starts smiling and figures he ain't gonna look worse than them naked. He braves up and strips down. Once we're both in the water he seems more relaxed. We even join in a round of throwing a ball back and forth with some other people. It's a beautiful, relaxing day. No one will ever look for me here I think to myself. Smiley, his gang, the police, Saskia, Liesel, Dimitri all seem so far away.

The water is so clear. I hold my breath and dive beneath the surface and swim along the sandy bottom. By the time I surface I've easily distanced myself a good fifty meters from the shore. Roland seems paranoid and is calling out my name. I wave to him and he calms down. Once we've cooled off we join our new friends that we played with in the water. They invite us both to a cold beer and I willingly accept.

Roland says he wants to head back to the van, shower, get dressed and maybe have a bit of food. We excuse ourselves from our newly made friends and tell them we might see them later.

Back at the van, we get our stuff and head to the communal showers. He offers me some more beans and rice but I prefer the pumpernickel bread and dried meat I still have with me. After dinner, Roland and I pack up his flute and tape recorder, a bottle of water and some blankets. We return to the beach. Our friends are still sitting there under the starry sky, laughing and singing. Somebody is playing a guitar, two ladies are dancing around still very much naked. As they see us walking towards them they cheer and beckon us to join them. Roland strikes up a conversation with the naked guitarist and they both begin to play.

Nobody seemed to mind that we were wearing clothes again. As the sun set and the air cooled down, one after another began to put their clothes back on as well

I don't know if it was the effects of the perfect sunset on a beach, but the guitar and flute sounded amazing. I could have listened to them all night long. More people are showing up bringing snacks, beer and blankets and soon it's almost like a slumber party. There is a beautiful woman who must be in her early twenties. She keeps making eye contact with me and so I wander over to her.

"Hey, I couldn't help but notice you immediately, what's your name?"

"I'm Sarah and you are?"

"I'm Tommy."

"Care to join me Tommy?"

"Yes please."

Sarah laughs and pats the space on her blanket next to her. I quickly get my sleeping bag and hurry back towards her before some other guy gets the same idea. As I return, she shows me two little blotters.

"Would you like one?"

"Yes please"

She puts one blotter in her mouth and swallows it. Then she puts the second one on the tip of her tongue, takes me by the nape of my neck and kisses me on the lips. I let her push the blotter into my mouth.

"You are really pretty Sarah."

She kisses me again. "Do you like that Tommy?"

I nod. Twenty minutes later, we are floating up and away from reality. We lie there for hours staring into the sky, talking, being silly and making out on the soft sand. As the drugs kick up a notch I feel restless and ask her if she will come with me for a walk along the beach. We wander off quite far away from everyone else. As we near the edge of the beach, she asks me if I want to go skinny dipping. Of course I do! We strip and wade into the lake. Her naked body looks amazing under the moon light. We swim, splash and fool around. We go deeper into the water. She lets herself float on her back and I gently put one hand under her back and the other between her legs. I kiss her passionately as she moans in pleasure.

We make love until dark. By the time we get back some people are asleep on the beach. Others are sitting in a circle, drinking and singing. The moon shines bright and Roland has fallen asleep, hugging his flute in his arms. She looks at him as if he's a cute little puppy.

“Oh your friend looks so cute when he’s sleeping” she says to me in broken English. “What’s his name?”

“It’s Roland.”

We both laugh as we cover Roland with a blanket, while I fumble for Roland’s keys from his pocket. Sarah and I go to get my vodka from the van and something to smoke. I take my money as well. I don’t want to fall asleep and realize the van got robbed or that Roland drove off without me. I want to trust Roland but it is better I don’t take any chances. Once Sarah and I are back at the beach, we smoke a joint, watch the sun rise and soon we find a nice spot to curl up on the sand and fall asleep in each other’s arms.

Monday: its past noon by the time Sarah and I wake up to the sound of Roland playing his flute. As I open my eyes he grins at me.

“Good morning you lucky little man.”

I laugh. My body feels like a mess and I’m in desperate need of coffee and a waz. I untangle myself from Sarah’s arms and stumble off towards the toilets. Every bone in my body still hurts from the fight with Dariusz. I am really hoping to sleep on a comfortable bed at my grandparents’ house this evening. My plan is simple. Say goodbye to Sarah, get her number in case I ever come back this way again, drink coffee, get on the move, and busk with Roland in Bonn all afternoon. Early evening, Roland and I will go ring my grandparent’s doorbell after they’ve had dinner. If all goes well, we’d stay there the night.

If Roland is right and my Grandparents try to call my step-dad, or even the police, we’d fuck off. Then at least I would know what was what. Then we’d continue driving up north towards Essen where a festival will be happening next weekend. There are plenty of other cities around we can busk in as well. Cologne, Düsseldorf, Wuppertal and Duisburg are all nearby. There are plenty of cities to keep us busy all week. I didn’t want to call my grandparents in advance because I was afraid they would call the police and have them waiting for us to show up. Also I had no idea if the police had anything on me in regards to Smiley’s murder yet. To be safe, as far as I was concerned, I was a wanted man. Better be too careful than foolish and end up in a jail cell or dead. I was pretty sure that Smiley had some friends that worked for the police in Ochsenfurt. That’s why he always knew when the police would raid his locations. Other than that, there were stories of people dying in German police stations, under mysterious circumstances.

Sarah made me promise I would call her and for good measure I fucked her once more in the camping shower before Roland and I bugged off. On the way to Bonn Roland had many questions of what I did with Sarah the night before and I, as any fourteen year old was eager to brag about my latest conquest so to speak.

We arrived in Bonn and it was a laugh. We busked all over the old town. There were dozens of terraces. By comparison to Frankfurt, people really liked Roland here. The café owners didn’t complain when I passed the hat and the police even stopped to watch Roland play, and applauded him in between songs. That made me fucking nervous but they were distracted. We made a killing. By 6 p.m. we cleared more than four hundred Deutschmarks

total. Roland and I looked at each other amazed. As promised, as evening came, Roland drove me to Langenfeld so I could finally complete my mission of confronting my grandparents. As he drove us, I confessed to him that I was actually fourteen. He didn't even blink. He figured that, but was too nice to say so. In any case he thought I was definitely in need of a friend, and he wanted to help. He said I was mature, way past my years. He thinks I am a very old soul in a young man's body, also, he didn't really care about my age. He liked me for who I was. We agreed, if the police ever stopped us, he would dummy up and just say he had picked me up hitchhiking. Sometimes it now amazes me, how laid back adults reacted after finding how young I was.

Roland pulls over to a parking lot on the main street. I ask him if he could wait for an hour or so. He tells me I should take all the time I need. He'll hang out and make himself something to eat. I should come and get him should all be well and maybe he'll hang out with me one last night. I promised that I would ask my grandma, if he could at least use the laundry machine, and maybe get a decent shower as a thank you for helping me. Regardless I said, I will come back, unless the police arrest me first. We laugh and I wave goodbye as I cross the road. I clench my fists and tell myself. "Ok Tommy, breathe, relax, you've got this!"

I turn left, then right. It seems like I'm dreaming. I'm standing at last in front of my grandparents' house. I haven't been here since I was nine years old. Everything seems smaller than I remembered it and less grandiose. I think to myself, "It's amazing how everything seems so much bigger when you're a kid," as I ring the bell.

I hear the gruff voice of my grandpa, telling my grandma to go see who would dare disturb them at this hour. She peers through the peephole, and flings the door wide open, a smile lights up her face and she hugs me tight.

"Tommy, my god! What are you doing here? Why aren't you in Marktbreit? Ah I'm sure you have a good reason. Come in! Oh! It's so good to see you." She grabs my hand and leads me into the dining area. "Come! Sit! Let me make you something to eat, I'm sure you're starving."

Oh I was starving alright! She tells me to take my hoodie off and goes about warming up some delicious smelling meat loaf and potato and leek gratin. Oh joy! What heaven! As the microwave warms up the plate of food, she pours me an alcohol free beer. I glug down the beer and no sooner is the food in front of me I wolf it down within minutes. She has many questions as I'm chewing. I try answer her questions through my stuffed mouth as briefly as possible. There is a reason that I am here. She needs to know the truth. I need to finally stand up to them and tell them about what a sadistic pig their son is. To tell them that Stefan had abused and beaten me. That he forced me to work as a menial laborer all my childhood and on top of it, that he repeatedly raped me as a little boy. My mother had even actively participated and sexually abused me many times as well.

How to look a sweet grandma in her eyes and say horrible things about her favorite son. Now was my chance, yet it felt so weird to even begin to try to say anything.

"You know Grandma, Stefan, he used to beat me a lot."

Grandma isn't having it and keeps changing the conversation. She keeps asking me why I am not in school. I told her I ran away because I was getting beat up a lot. She can see my face, she can see all the bruises. Why is she ignoring all of it? Instead, she's asking me why I would do such a thing, why would I want to make them worried about me. Do I even have any gratitude or respect for their efforts and feelings? She starts berating me that I am ungrateful to them. They are paying for my education. I should be grateful that my parents are putting up with all my nonsense! WHAT!!! She hopes that I will come to my senses. I start feeling betrayed and side blinded. Her demeanor makes me suspicious that something is very wrong. During a gap in our conversation, I hear my grandfather on the phone in their bedroom. I can't hear every word, but I definitely hear something about the police!

I wasn't aware that Stefan had gone to great lengths to poison my grandparents against me. but by then it was clear! I was too late. He already convinced them I was violent, and disobedient. That I instigated my younger siblings to rebel against him. He took me to the cleaners, every lie in the book. I allegedly smoked, did drugs. He claimed I was a danger to him, to my mother and to my younger siblings. He told them that I physically attacked him for no reason!!! He convinced my grandparents that I was a lost cause, and impossible to deal with. A blatant lie! I was that one getting beaten by him my entire life, I was the one who was mortally scared of him. It took me almost two decades, to finally have the courage to stand up to him. All the lies that he told about me, were actually fitting descriptions of himself.

So of course it went horribly wrong. It was lucky I had Roland waiting for me further up the road, he thought something like this would happen. He basically predicted that my grandparents would side with Stefan, not with me. They would have had me apprehended if I had been foolish enough to stay there. What I heard in fact, as I found out decades later, was my grandfather discussing with my parents from his bedroom, whether he should hand me over to the police. My parents didn't want the police involved, but my grandfather being an old fashioned, right wing, conservative man, kept insisting it was the right thing to do. Fortunately, I overheard the conversation and so of course, I immediately bolted out the front door, and ran as fast as possible down the road. Totally out of breath I jumped back into the front seat of Roland's van. Roland didn't even look up from his rice and beans and just said

"Told you so!"

I was still heavily breathing when I told him to please get us outta here. I thought the police will arrive any minute and they will definitely investigate a hippie looking bus, parked on the side of the road so he better step on it. He begrudgingly made me hold his plate of food in my lap as he climbed into the driver's seat and started the engine. It was like in an action film. Well, except that our getaway was the slowest ever in history. Very underwhelming. Nonetheless, the van slowly pattered back on to the road and escape I did. As we cleared the distance I kept my hoodie over my head. In hindsight that probably made me look even more suspicious, but hey, cut me some slack, I was after all still a dumb fourteen year old. Once we were back on the highway, I felt a bit safe again. Roland insisted on pulling over at the next rest stop so he could finish his meal. My grandfather was too slow out the door. He was probably thinking I would be on foot, and he would easily catch up with me. By the time he had gotten in his car to pursue me, I of course was long gone. In the end my grandfather

decided the missing bastard wasn't his problem, and didn't bother calling the police. As far as it goes, that was probably the best thing that could have happened for me. If the police had put out a bolo on my face, my adventure would have probably been much shorter. I would have never met Ollie, Angela, Melanie or many of the other wonderful people I had yet to encounter for that matter.

For now, I'm still a free man. The typical rhythmic sound of the good old Otto motor, putts along. It pushes us north towards the city of Essen. Roland is turning out to be one rock solid friend to me. I am alive and well. Who cares that I have no idea what I'm doing or where I'm going? It doesn't fucking matter. The feeling of freedom is all I need. I don't need plans. I'm going to think a week, days or even minutes ahead from now on. I will live in the moment and enjoy every last one of them. I like that idea of going to that festival in Essen. I've never been to a festival before! Sounds cool. Like something I would dig I guess. I shrug inwardly to myself. I do however plan to inhale this joint. That's as far as my planning goes. It will calm my paranoia. As I suck the hashish deep into my lungs I rock back and forth in my seat. Man that's some good shit. My eyes grow heavy from all the thoughts and emotions, I'm feeling so tired and exhausted. Must be the fact I hardly slept last night. As the highway gently passes underneath Roland's van I nod off to sleep.

My memories hunt me down in my subconscious state. They manifest themselves as I slip into darkness. They join me in sweet reunion every time I close my eyes. My demons and I molten together forever in twisted obsession. They are me and I am they. The loud clangor echoes in my head that daily surrounded me in the communes. The constant crying, weeping, talking in tongues, shouting, beatings, music pots and pans banging in the kitchen. Someone is reading from the Bible in the dining room over that horrible PA system, with all its screeching feedback. I slip into the memories of that painful transformation, from boyhood, to manhood.

After many years of growing up under the hubbub of hundreds of people living in a single commune, it became nothing but white noise to me, and I learned how to drown it out. I had escaped India, but I was to find out, that just because you leave the slums of the third world behind, doesn't mean they leave you behind. I ended up in one of the richest countries of the world, yet we were still living in squalor. Eating rotten vegetables, yoghurts past expiration date, and scraping mold off of stale bread. Sorting through wilted salad, and tomatoes with mold already growing on them. It was truly awful, the food we were forced to eat. There was nothing good or pleasant about dwelling together in unity. It was diarrhea, and stomach cramp, after flu, after sickness. Almost every month there was some affliction ailing a large portion of the commune, and once again, Tommy was on vomit clean up duty from all the children with stomach bugs. Yay!

In the midst of this, I realized that the cult's teachings were yet wrong again about something much more devastating. Homosexuality. In the midst of all the molestation, rape and sexual abuse towards children, the cult had one very clear rule. Love between men was an abomination, it was puke in god's eyes. Homosexuality was a crime against nature. The good Lord never intended for two men to lie together. How come, if god created me to not be homosexual, then why was I falling in love with another boy for the first time? How come a grown man was able to rape me as a little boy and get away with it? In contrast, if I had openly confessed my sins of desire for another male, I would probably get into deep shit or



even risk excommunication for such an offense to God. It just didn't make any sense, just like all the rest of that hogwash they were shoving down my throat.

## Chapter 20

### A Wish Fulfilled and a Heartbroken Boy

One morning in June 1989 when I was just shy of nine years old, my parents call us four children into their bedroom, to give us some exciting news. We were going to visit my grandparents in Germany. They were preparing our departure and within the month of October we would be leaving India. They informed us that we would probably look for a place to stay in Switzerland, or Germany near our grandparents.

My heart jumped with joy. Soon I would be leaving these miserable, sadistic hippies, their concoctions, and horrible cooking. Soon I would be living in a normal home with good food on the table, and finally be back in Europe. The biggest problem with my plan to run away, had finally been solved. It would have been absolutely impossible to escape in India, but now that we were flying back to “civilization” it seemed to me, that my days of suffering were finally coming to an end. The following months before our departure, I didn’t even notice the rigor of chores, the yelling, and the beatings. All of that would soon be over, once my loving grandparents would welcome us into their home. I knew Stefan would never hit us in front of his parents. He was too respectful of his mother. She had a very strict “no hitting children” policy. Stefan worshipped the ground on which she tread. That was good news for us children. As long as we were with them, in their house, nothing bad could happen to me.

After a long and vomitus flight aboard an old Aeroflot machine and a stopover in Moscow, we finally arrived in Frankfurt. I remember it was pouring rain. Our grandparents excitedly greeted us in the terminal and were very happy to see us. I am happy to see them even more. After all, I was by then nine years old, and determined to tell “Oma” that I didn’t want to live with Stefan anymore. Would she please let me live with her and Grandpa instead? I was eager, but I needed to wait for the right opportunity, like when Stefan left the house to go shopping with Grandpa or something like that. I needed to get Grandma on my side first. She liked me, or at least I thought so at the time.

Grandpa resented me because I’m not Stefan’s biological son. He was scolded a few times for insulting behavior towards me. He never liked me until the day he died. Admittedly, he did become slightly tolerant to the idea that I was not his biological grandson. I really had high hopes as we rode in Grandpa’s car. It was two hour drive from Frankfurt airport before we got to their house. As I snuggled up into bed that night, I thought about what I would say to grandma once she and I were alone together. I could finally tell her the truth about Stefan. I would beg her to take us kids away from him. As we silently flew down the highway in grandpa’s luxurious Audi 100, I stared out at the pouring rain and snuggled my cheeks against the fancy leather seats. I imagined how awesome life would be, once I got away from my sadistic parents.

We arrived to their quaint red bricked house, with a large garden, and a pond out back. Since I was so used to the horrible housing in India, this seemed to me as how billionaires would live. It smelled so good of perfume, soap, and expensive aftershave. A maid greets us. She helps to get our things to our respective rooms, and then begins to set the table for us. I step into the open living room. The leather upholstery is plush and black. The three piece surrounds a matching black glass table. Hand-blown, colorful glass lamps, dangle from the

ceiling over the black glass table. Each one of them in various shades of blue, yellow and read with little bubbles in the glass. I've never seen anything like it. In India we had naked light bulbs dangling from the ceiling, or fluorescent lighting in the bigger, communal rooms. Who knew light could be so pretty? The walls are full of books, and trinkets from the Orient. Many masks and effigies of Indian and Asian gods and spirits adorn the living room walls. Stefan thinks the effigies carry evil spirits, and asks my Grandma to cover them up or take them down. She scoffs and brushes him off. On the far side of the living room, massive sliding glass doors stretch across the entire width of the living room. In the corner there is a massive Bang and Olufsen TV with all the media accoutrements of the day. Satellite speakers, VHS player, cd, and cassette. Off to the side of course, the obligatory record player standing on a fancy pedestal. The bottom rows of all the shelves on the left are filled with records. There must be over a thousand of them I think to myself. Grandpa dutifully selects some classical music from his collection, and shows me how a record player works.

The foyer opens to a fire place and a lovely hand blown glass chandelier greets you in imposing manner over the dining table. Tall and large fresh flowers adorned the highly polished, solid Oakwood surface. Beautiful Chinaware placed neatly in cloth napkins. The silverware carefully wrapped in more linen napkins, and a second, paper effigy of a swan adorns the centerpiece. Everything looks so beautiful, I don't even want to eat any food off of it. The huge glass windows in the dining room reveal a beautifully landscaped garden with a pond out back. The wind is blowing the scent of fresh rain through the open window in the adjacent living room. The immaculate garden was grandpa's pride and joy. After dinner, he immediately took the three of us kids into the garden to show us the amazing plants and flowers he cultivated and collected over many decades.

The food was unbelievably good as well. Grandma prepared many typical German delicacies. There was lots of meat and hearty portions. Sausages of all sorts served with delicious gravy. So many delicious things I never had growing up as a slave of da lord in Stefan was angry and constantly arguing with his mother. He didn't want his children eating pork, but she just flatly ignored him, and served us children all the sausage we could possibly devour. Thinking back on it, I'm sure she did that on purpose just to annoy him. Anyway, I overate so severely that an hour later, I actually vomited everything back up again. My system was not used to eating those quantities of meat. I didn't care. It tasted nearly as good coming up as it did going down. Undeterred, I clean off my little face and hour later was already wolfing down my next sandwich with more salami.

Stefan behaved like a little boy around his parents and was always begging for stuff from his mother. It was really pathetic to watch. A grown ass man saying things like, Mommy, may I please have a new guitar or video camera. May I please have some money to buy this or that? My brother and I would laugh at his thinly veiled attempts to mooch off of his parents, even though by now he was over thirty years old. If we dared cross him or have a different opinion, he would still give us that look we all knew too well. The look that meant that he was going to whip the bejesus out of our behinds later. However, we knew that his parents abhorred violence towards children of any kind. If I howled loud enough, grandma would come running up the stairs. She would yell at Stefan and even threatened to call the police should he ever again hurt us like that. It was bliss. With grandma on our side we were for safe for now.

As the weeks passed Stefan became more and more agitated. He was afraid that our grandparents would poison our minds against our faith and the teachings of Moses David. Even if that were so, they wouldn't have had to even try as I already hated the cult, hated Stefan, my mother and hated my life. Seeing how my Grandparents lived in comfort, running water, air conditioning, and luxury made me realize the cesspool of shit that I had grown up in was wrong, horrible, and a disgrace to sanity, sanctity, and humanity.

As I solemnly predicted, our heaven on earth with grandma, and grandpa was short lived. Stefan announced one morning to my dismay, he had found a small cult commune in Zurich that comprised of two other families with children and a few single adults. They were willing to take us in. He announced that we would be leaving the very next day. My heart sunk. I wanted to tell my grandma about the beatings, the lack of food, the brain washing, the lack of basic necessities, and my general wish to just get to live as a normal human being. I was still so scared of Stefan at that age, that I dared not confront her about the abuse with him within earshot. Soon however, it was too late. Before I could say anything, we were on a train, rolling away from my hopes and dreams towards the all too familiar life I loathed with hatred. A life with no rights, no freedom of thought, expression, or speech, and lots and lots of beatings.

We ended up living in that commune for almost a year. It was a tiny, three bedroom apartment on the third floor of an old blockhouse. We four kids were cramped in a tiny bedroom, together with our parents. Yuck! You have to imagine that at times we were living up to twenty people in a space of maybe not even eighty square meters! The horror! When the adults had their sharing nights, there would be loud sex happening in the same room. Literally meters away from where we kids were trying to get some sleep. On weekends and sometimes even during the week, the adults would often get drunk in the evenings. They fucked wherever they wanted without shame, even in front of us children.

They would be very hung over the next day. The whole apartment would then reek of sex and alcohol sweat. This often meant that no one made breakfast for us. We kids were often hungry, and I being one of the oldest in the house, often took it upon myself to make gruel for the other hungry children. Sometimes I had only water to cook the oats with if the adults had forgotten to buy milk because they rather spent the money on cheap wine.

On the other hand, once Stefan recovered from his hangover, he would usually make sumptuous brunches with orange juice, coffee, omelets with cheese sausages and toast for the adults. I knew better than to touch that stuff. That food was a privilege, reserved only for the "hard working" adults. Even though we children did most of the cooking, cleaning, baby-sitting while the adults had their drinking binges at night, fucking prayer meetings during the day, talking in tongues, sharing and all the other everyday nonsense I spoke about earlier.

I got sick a lot in that apartment. I was not used to the cold climate and the pollen in spring gave me asthma. As a result I was continuously struggling with bronchial related infections, and allergies. That aside from getting whooping cough, measles and just about every other virus and sickness a child can get. My mother finally had the decency to take me to a doctor. We had to do it secretly against Stefan's will. That asshole was of the opinion that God will do everything for him. If god wanted little Tommy to be sick, the fuck was Stefan gonna go against the lord's will. In Stefan's sick twisted brain, it was ok to neglect his children and

deny them basic human rights, because god wanted to teach us all to trust in him and nobody else.

We were living in a clean, modern country. Yet it seemed to me, as though we had never left India. Finally at the doctor's I was diagnosed for the first time with a certain type of allergy induced asthma. The doctor recommended Cortisol inhalations and Ventolin, a type of asthma inhaler. This plus antibiotics were given to my mother FREE OF CHARGE out of the kindness of the doctor's heart since my mother like all dirt hippies in the cult had no money. He gave me a little plastic thing to inhale and oh, wow, I could breathe properly again. It felt so good, I almost cried. I was so sick and tired of being constantly out of breath, wheezing, coughing, being called lazy and lethargic, because I didn't have the same level of energy like the other kids. I was being punished because I couldn't fucking breathe!!!

I was so happy to finally receive treatment for my constant asthma induced suffering. Imagine my horror when my mother got home and Stefan confronted her about what she had done. Stefan slapped my mother across her face for losing her faith in god and relying on worldly medicine, made by the Systemites. He reprimanded her severely for losing faith in God. He demonstratively threw the medications into the garbage and even smashed the inhaler with his foot in his rage of wrath.

I sometimes wonder to this day, just how I didn't die at all. My little body had to constantly fight against all the sicknesses I endured growing up without as much as an antibiotic, aspirin or asthma medication. To put things into perspective, I never was inoculated against anything as a baby and neither were my siblings. I only got my first tetanus inoculation at the age of fourteen. Stefan even proudly reminded me that God healed me from tuberculosis as a child. What the actual fuck? I was there, that's not at all what the doctor said. I remember what happened you asshole. It's only after I was hospitalized that I got better you fucking snot slurping, horse taint licker.

Since the age of five I knew in my heart, that the best way to survive these maniacs was to buckle down, smile, be polite and never voice my own opinion. Believe me, on the inside, I would have murdered every adult in their sleep in that fucking cult. Sadly I lacked the courage, the strength, and moreover the size to go through with it. I was mortally afraid of the adults. Some of them were really bat shit crazy and violent. You could get yourself truly fucked up in a heartbeat if you crossed the wrong one. Who knows? I could have easily become the youngest mass-murderer the world has ever known. If only my body had just been a bit bigger. My one true desire above all as a teenager was to become a hulk of muscle and utterly fearless. That would be the only way I would ever get my retribution.

In 1991 we moved to Wetzikon. If I thought my life was bad by then it was about to get even worse. Wetzikon was one of the first "Jumbo homes" in Switzerland. "Jumbo" meaning it could hold up more than two hundred cult members and their offspring. Children outnumbered the adults almost two to one and we were, as was usual in communes of this size, separated into age groups as I mentioned earlier. We had dormitories for each age group up to the older children group the beds were mixed and boys and girls slept together. Once the children became pubescent, the girls were separated from the boys sleeping areas with a big curtain drawn down the middle. Each age group had two "shepherds" one man, one woman, that were responsible for our daily life, word time, chores, school and of course beatings.

We were being raised as God's "End Time Army". That meant marching around in the forest or doing survival training. Cleaning toilets, washing floors, taking care of babies, changing diapers, doing laundry, cleaning dishes, cooking etc. All this while walking around with our backs straight and our heads held high. Even slouching with your back or leaning against a wall was punishable by a plastic or bamboo rod against your back.

Our day was filled with meaningless chores, cleaning and cooking duties and the occasional schooling. Our textbooks were from the 1960's and based on the American educational system. Moses David prided himself that all of his "children" were smarter than the average American child. That's at least what we were told. It was however not at all true. In fact, with the many different schooling systems in place, teachers who couldn't speak proper English and scholastics that were only taught that corresponded with the beliefs of the cult that our education was at best sketchy and full of holes.

One of the reasons that my English was slightly better than average was the fact that I read everything and anything I could get my hands on. We had quite a lot of Almanacs, encyclopedias and other magazines that were deemed "educational" like old National Geographic editions that were mostly used for collages and art projects. However I didn't mind the missing pictures as I was more interested in the articles.

Many things were sadly blacked out that were not in line with the cult's belief like evolution, fossils, dinosaurs etc. One poor encyclopedia had almost half of its pages torn out or blackened. In some communes where there were more Europeans the abuse of encyclopedias was less harsh. The Americans in the cult tended to be way holier than though, sadistic, and relentless in their pursuit of Moses David's teachings than their European counterparts. I apparently realized that I hated Americans too...

After lunch we had obligatory nap time. We were forced to lie in our bunk beds and close our eyes. Not one sound was to be uttered, nothing was allowed. Not even getting up to go to pee. Often however at lunch time the adults would force us to drink copious amounts of water because it was "good for us". This resulted that of course half an hour later at the beginning of nap time I had to usually and very urgently pee. We were however punished if we weren't in bed by one o'clock sharp. That meant that if everyone else was already in line to use one of the few toilets you were unlucky and had to wait with a bursting bladder until after naptime.

Any disobedience was punished by beatings followed by writing repetitious sentences for an hour while the other children got to go play outside after naptime. As a result I damaged my bladder quite a lot to the point where I would start peeing because it was so full that I couldn't hold it back anymore. The pain that resulted was quite extraordinary for a young boy my age and I would often wet the bed or pee my pants as a result. Of course this was interpreted as willful disobedience of the rules and resulted in you guessed it...

Here are actual testimonies of people who grew up in Wetzikon and other such Homes and combos worldwide.

Sara, B.

"My personal favorite was in Wetzikon, We were forced to drink a huge glass of water at lunch time and then immediate naptime afterwards. Downstairs was only one toilet for god knows how many children. Point being if you didn't pee before naptime you had to hold it in for a full two hours. I literally peed myself from pain after holding it until I thought my bladder was going to explode and crying and shaking in pain and fear. If I wet the bed I had to: Tear everything off, flip the mattress over and remake the bed, write out a bible verse about disobedience 100 times during PE and get a spanking of at least five swats. I have bladder problems to this day because of that...

Rejoice, M.

...Soap in mouth, slapped on finger tips with rulers, being made to hold heavy books in each palm with your arms outstretched for long periods of time and if your muscles fatigued and you happened to drop your arm lower than 90 degrees you would get a spanking. I also got blindsided, slapped in the mouth once by a random Uncle because I was singing a Christian song that wasn't "written by the Family". He said it was systemite music and I shouldn't sing such filth. I was so confused because I was literally singing about Jesus. Fuckin spaz!

Christian, F.

When I was 5 in Peru we weren't allowed to use the bathroom after bedtime at 8.30. Any child in the bedroom caught going to the toilet after that time got a spanking. We all went to the bathroom at last call. I remember waking up to a little girl wanting to sleep in my bed because she peed hers and then we also had to keep that a secret from the angry teacher that would walk in that morning. This was done by our overseer and not by our parents. I don't think our parents knew we had a bathroom curfew. My mother doesn't remember that.

I remember a few times being able to successfully sneak out to the bathroom in the middle of the night. But there was this other kid in my class that dragged out of the room and beaten almost every night for wetting his bed.

Sam, S.

...Heads being cracked with knuckles, two heads being knocked together ( I got concussions so many times), beaten with a garden pipe on my back, beaten with bamboo sticks, cricket bats and various paddles, whipped with belts, hair pulled out by the roots, forced to stand on tippy toes whilst ear was yanked upwards, open handed slaps across the face, denied water after get-out's, (Physical Education) washing doodoo cloth diapers, scrubbing floors with a toothbrush, made to run laps in +40 Celsius weather for 45 minutes nonstop, getting kneed in the back for having bad posture, silence restrictions (speech prohibition) and solitary confinement that would last 2 weeks, a week break and another 2 weeks.

Joyful, T.

A 12 year old shaved his head and his dad got so mad he locked him in his room for 6 weeks. Guy had to pee in a bucket and wasn't even let out for meals. Same dad repeatedly slapped his 13 year old daughter so hard her nose started bleeding

All of us had our mouth washed out with soap to the point with soap bars pushed down our throat to the points where we were vomiting

They used to do rounds of spankings. So you would get round one and line back up until the shepherd was done. I remember waiting in line for a spanking and that was bad enough as a child

Having to wear wet underwear from bed wetting on your head. Not me personally but my little brother did.

Thomas, D.

My little sister was on silence restriction for a month, not allowed to eat, they wouldn't allow me to see her, I was about 14 and she was 11 in one of the school homes. My mom was made to live with another guy as her "husband" for 6 months at the Jumbo for being a rebellious wife and refusing to share

Melissa L.

I watched my mum fucking an uncle that molested me, also watched my younger brother having a full on seizure and it being treated as demon possession... E. G. Pin him down and beat it out of him

I was also sent off to a "bad apple" camp with complete strangers and processed like a prisoner when I was only 12 Yr old... I was sleeping on a bare concrete floor, eating sparsely and poorly, beaten, molested, and abused within that environment but had no one to share with as had long ago learnt not to trust someone.

This hell on earth continued from year to year and commune to commune. All the street performing, busking, begging for food at lunch time in local restaurants, the prayer vigils, screaming, public humiliations, bad food, beatings and the list goes on. It was starting to make me depressed, suicidal and more and more lethargic. I stopped caring about anything and everybody, even my own siblings were like strangers to me.

I saw my step-father rape an eight year old girl in a broom closet while we were living there. Another time he was trying to have sex with her in the garden-house. He molested her repeatedly for a period of over a year. She was in my age group. I could do nothing to help her. Stefan has not been punished for any of these to this day. That's also why I'm using his real name in my book. Fucking sue me you child fucker! I hope the police get you before I do because I won't show any mercy.

After Wetzikon, we moved to another commune in the west of Switzerland It was simply named "SB" or "Swiss Base."

Moving house, which happened almost every year due to police investigations and so-called persecution, was always horrible as a kid. Long hours of scrubbing, sorting, packing boxes and loading trucks. If you were big enough as a kid to lift a box, you had to help. Morning noon and night. Murmuring or complaining would result in beatings. You could even get a beating for "slacking off" as in going for a shit and taking too long in the toilet stall. You'd be accused of "wasting the Lord's time"



Shortly before Christmas 1992 a very charismatic young teacher with his young wife, a little boy, and a very young baby girl came from London to live with us in the commune known as Swiss Base. His name was Mark. He was a rather large black man and in his early twenties. Mark was from England and unlucky enough to be born into the Children of God. I liked him, he was fun and very affable. He loved sports, he could rap, he was always cool with us boys, teaching us how to wrestle, fight, play baseball and rugby. The other adults were a bit put off by his teaching us how to fight and wrestle but he claimed it was to make us better soldiers for the "End Time Army" so it was tolerated.

The young girls also liked Mark because he didn't grope them or touch them inappropriately the moment they got their first period. He generally didn't seem to be too interested in women but as many closet homosexuals, he managed to father two kids and have a wife. When there were sharing nights for the adults he often volunteered himself to look after us younger kids so that the other adult men could force themselves on the teenage girls and younger women. Girls as young as twelve even.

Soon it was spring 1993 and I was going on twelve and a half. In the midst of this hell on earth, I was hitting puberty hard, developing stronger and different sexual desires than what I was already used to. I crushed hard on a lot of the older teenage girls. They of course, were already sexually active with adults and other older teenage boys. So, I was mostly ridiculed and ignored by the girls that I had crushes on. I was clumsy, lanky and had all the embarrassing characteristics aside from acne that a young teenager goes through. I was about to realize that sexuality, attraction, and desire does not necessarily confine itself to just girls or women.

As usual after "PE" (Physical Education i.e.: Sports, outdoor activities, rugby football etc.) we boys would go clean ourselves in the communal shower. It was an open room with a dozen shower heads. It was nothing unusual to shower naked in front of each other at the time. Mark would also shower with us.

There was one shower room that was separated from the main room by a roughly 10 cm thick beige tiled wall and had a curtain to close the gap. This separate room had its own towel holder and small wooden bench.

Mark got naked with the rest of us and then went to shower in this private area. He asked me to bring him soap. The first time I brought him soap, he offered to wash my back with the soap bar. I let him.

As he scrubbed my back and wash my hair, he gently pressed himself in-between my cheeks. For some reason I was not put off by his advances but actually quite the opposite. It felt really good. I took him in my hand and stimulated him. I was forced to do this as a very young boy against my will but this was different. Now suddenly, I wanted to do it. I wanted Mark... I don't know why it happened but desire overcame my inhibitions. I couldn't help myself. I was fascinated with his size, girth and length. He was beautiful. I had seen plenty of adult men and women naked but never in my whole life had I seen anything even close to

that size or that perfectly shaped physique. Mark was dead gorgeous. I dropped to my knees...

It was logical to me what had happened once I left the shower. I had engaged in a homosexual act of sin! Oh dear! I'm so naughty. But I felt those desires as a supposed child of god. I figured if god created me in his own image, then why would he make me desire something so badly I wasn't allowed to have? Wasn't that just cruelty on his behalf? I was hitting puberty hard and masturbating up to five times a day. Now I found myself jerking off not only to girls, but to Mark as well. To me it felt good and I liked getting stimulated down there.

Weirdly, he made me feel like a girl. With his giant, muscular body, beautiful black curly hair and generous member. I felt different urges... for him to stroke my back and tenderly kiss my neck as he completed me. He made me feel beautiful and I liked it. I knew that it was wrong but it felt natural, it felt good. I was at a loss for words. Reason screamed at me to stop but my heart said to continue.

It was weird for me too for a different reason. I thought I liked girls! I knew I liked girls, I had sex with many of them by this point, all throughout my childhood. I never experienced true jealousy until now. But this? This was totally different. I was jealous of Mark. Jealous of his wife even. Here I was getting jealous of a grown man. Why is this happening to me? What's wrong with me? Why do I all of a sudden, want a grown man? I couldn't even talk about it with anyone. I couldn't even talk about my feelings with Mark. He avoided me in general when we weren't taking a shower together. All I wanted to know was if he had feelings for me the way I did for him?

Sometimes if I wasn't in the mood, he'd ask another boy to bring him soap. I didn't like that! It made me angry. Mark already had me. Why the fuck did he need to risk trying to do something with another boy. Was I not enough for him? Didn't I satisfy his desires? As to be expected, one boy didn't appreciate being touched that way and reported Mark for sexual misconduct.

Of course homosexuality was completely taboo and could mean excommunication so it was hopeless. For once I had a personal crisis in my life and neither Jesus nor my parents could help me. What the fuck is any of this religion good for, if it can't even help me understand my own body, my needs, and desires? I sincerely believed there was nothing wrong with me. I had been saved, I wore the helmet of salvation. Wasn't all that supposed to protect me from the devil's temptations? If it was the devil's temptation why did it feel so good, and why did I feel so powerless to deny myself the temptations? It's simple. Because what I felt, what I craved for and desired, what my body had grown and developed into, all those sexual desires and bodily urges were completely normal.

I sadly would never truly enjoy my bisexuality, because I truly believed that I was not normal. The brainwashing and psychological terror of my childhood, had done irreversible damage. I would be able to fully understand or accept, my own sexuality.

As afore mentioned, one day, Mark rubbed himself up against the wrong boy who wasn't having it at all. He reported the incident to his mother. This came at a really bad time, as the

re-branded cult now known as the “Family” were facing dozens of lawsuits for sexual misconduct, all over the world, at the same time. Hundreds of children had been temporarily removed, the resident adults and parents of the communes thrown in prison. I’m telling you. Shit was raining hard on the so called Family of Love. But no one came for us in Switzerland. The authorities didn’t give a shit. To give you an understanding of just how vast the scale of police raids were, here is a list of all the cities worldwide, 1992 through to 1994 where the cult was raided and prosecuted.

Melbourne, Sydney, Manila, Tokyo, Texas, Buenos Aires, Bogota, Rio de Janeiro, Madrid, Barcelona, Paris, London, Amsterdam.

The cult was victorious in every single case, because most of the children were either too brainwashed or too afraid to testify. Too severely conditioned that they believed that no matter how bad it was for them in the cult, outside, away from so-called loving parents; well that would be a hell of a lot worse. No child willingly betrays its parents, or willingly gets separated from its own friends, loved ones and siblings.

Back to my story. Because Mark’s affiniton of young boys came at such an inopportune moment, he was of course used as a scape goat, and excommunicated with great fanfare. Should he have been punished? Absolutely. Was I happy about it? Well, no, I wish they would have excommunicated all the other sadists and rapists that liked beating little children with a belt or paddle in front of two hundred people, like that was a normal thing to do.

Mark was a pervert, sure, but he grew up with that perversion all his life. I could hardly blame him. Other than him being a bit molesting, he wasn’t actually raping anyone and he sure as hell wasn’t violent. Most of us boys liked him because he let us get away with so much crap that other adults would have severely punished us for. Needless to say, a lot of us stopped talking to the kid that proudly outed Mark resulting in his excommunication. It tore his family apart. His wife and kids were forcibly married off to some other old creepy shepherd. I found out from one of the cult’s globally distributed newsletters, that Mark killed himself by jumping off of a bridge in Bern, Switzerland not long after that. Was I sad? Honestly, I didn’t even cry. I was hardly capable of any emotions other than fear. That’s how messed up I was.

Suicide was so common for people leaving the cult, that the cult started using it in their propaganda to scare us children from leaving. Imagine how sick you have to have to be to do something like that.

A couple of months before Mark was reported for indecent behavior and excommunicated, another American family moved in to the Commune. Their family had a boy, he was already thirteen years old so slightly older than me. He was so pretty, at first glance, I actually thought he was a girl. He had the type of androgynous face that you would find gorgeous no matter whether he was a boy or a girl. He was assigned the bunk bed underneath mine and soon we of course became good friends. I was absolutely in love with him but I didn’t know how to tell him. I was afraid that he would react weirdly or even rat me out for being “gay”. I was sure I wasn’t completely gay, but I didn’t know there was such a thing as bisexuality. In my mind, I told myself that what I am doing, is just sharing of love with another human

being. After all, even Moses David confessed to giving other adult men blow jobs, so why was what I was doing any different?

This boy's name was like many other boy at the time, David. David was my second male crush and my first male love. Did I love Mark? I honestly don't know. I wanted him sure, I was enamored by his physique, I was perhaps even in love with him, but it was purely carnal desire. Or at least that's what I told myself. David, however was different. I don't know why, but I believe I truly fell in love with him. He had beautiful green and blue eyes, with hints of fiery orange around his pupils, slightly wavy, reddish hair that was just slightly too long for a boy, and a few distinct freckles on the slope from his nose, down to his cheeks. He had the most amazing dimples when he smiled, beautiful full lips, and the daintiest, almost doll like nose. He looked more doll than human in fact, and was often made fun of by the other boys, for looking like a girl.

I was infatuated by David, and spent every free minute with him, trying to get him to like me back, and become friends. David was apparently also not so interested in the girls, which became clear to me at our weekend dance nights. He would rather sit and talk to me until we got reprimanded, and told to bugger off and find a girl to dry hump with. On evenings like this, and our general free time, we had eyes only for each other. He caused my heart to perpetually flutter in his presence, and when he would smile at me, laugh, or god forbid pat me on the shoulder, his mere touch would make my knees weak and my soul tremble with desire. It made me evermore curious, could this be love? Why do I have to fall in love with a boy, why can't I just be normal? Argh!!!! Why can't David be a girl for fuck's sake? As the weeks progressed, my infatuation turned to burning desire. I was willing to throw all my composure out the window for one kiss, one embrace. Even just to satisfy my longing but once.

Sadly, pretty little David, was a very fervent believer in the teachings of the Children of God and Moses David. Not at all like me, the horny little rebel. I tried to use his own beliefs to my advantage. I constantly recommended cult books to him that explicitly talk about love making, sex and all that naughty stuff.

I showed him all the passages in the different "Mo Letters" I could find where Moses David writes about oral sex with other men and that according to the prophet no less, if you do something in a loving way, how can it be wrong? I would bring up the topic with him at length. Eventually, he agreed with me that only actual sodomy was wrong. That the other acts of love between two different people were ok. Regardless of what gender they both were. Finally! With that off the table, I decided to make my move the next day during PE. Our group was playing hide and go seek. As the count began David and I ran off far away into the bushes until we were way out of bounds. It seemed to me we both had the same idea. We found a nice patch of grass under a tree hidden away from view. We sat down and began to tickle each other. Soon he was on top of me and I pulled him gently towards my lips. He leaned in for a kiss and I reciprocated. We made out for most of that hour before joining up with our class again and getting reprimanded for being AWOL. We apologized and luckily it was Mark supervising the PE. I guessed he knew what we were up to. He smiled, and said nothing more. He didn't report us to the shepherds either. I'm guessing David knew exactly what I was doing with Mark in the shower stall, but he never said anything or asked me about it. We all learned at a very young age to not stick our noses where they didn't belong.

Oddly enough, Mark never asked David to bring him the soap. I had the feeling maybe Mark actually respected me a little.

Real sex was still completely taboo for David. I wasn't a virgin anymore, I had already done it with Mark. David didn't need to know that. It was as if I was the dark haired devil tempting David with the sin of carnal lust. He in turn was my angel, trying so hard to convince me, that the teachings of Moses David were right. I really wanted to make love with David and I was bent on getting him to come around, pun intended.

I often told David as time went on, that I didn't agree with a lot of the stuff that Moses David said. I found a lot of proof that Moses David contradicted himself a lot, which he in fact did. David was sometimes annoyed with my constant barrage of frustration towards the cult, and all its doctrines, yet he never betrayed me to the adults. Voicing doubt about the cult leader was regarded as treason, and could have gotten me severely beaten within an inch of my life or even excommunicated. Not to mention the horrible psychological abuse that would have been inflicted on me very publicly, for being a homosexual backslider and a traitor. David was of the opinion that love, and understanding, is a better approach to heal a disappointed, backsliding Christian than merciless punishment.

One day I was on laundry duty. Most of the other adults and children were away on a big excursion to go to the zoo. It had been planned for months in advance but of course I was being punished yet again. Some kid heard me take the good lawds name in vain as I often did and ratted me out! She didn't even need to prove the accusation. It was well known that I was a rebel, so much that other kids would black mail me into doing their chores for them. The threat being that they would just claim I said some outrageous thing about our supreme leader, and that they would be believed more than I. Which they were. I did a lot of fucking chores for other kids because of that. Fuck those bastards

Weirdly enough, this little bitch snitch, did me the biggest favor I could have ever asked for at the time. Even if she never found out or knew why. I was grateful to that little snot nosed, poop sniffer for giving me that lifetime opportunity.

David and I had already planned everything. The morning of the excursion, he feigned being sick. Since he was a top A student, and true disciple of our lord, nobody ever questioned what he said, and believed him at his word. I was just the opposite. Every time I opened my mouth, I was accused of lying, even if I was telling the truth. After all the adults left, David miraculously got better. He came into the basement to help me sort, wash and fold hundreds of shirts, underwear, socks, sheets, and everything you could possibly imagine including reusable diapers, and the plastic wraps that go over them. It was a hot summer's day, so we worked topless and barefoot, wearing only our shorts.

Around lunch time we had a break. Since the whole house was literally empty except the two of us, we of course went to go spy in all the rooms. We realized one of the Shepherds bedrooms was left unlocked accidentally. This was highly unusual! Did we dare to snoop around inside? Of course! There was a luxurious double bed with bronze bed posts and a net that went all the way around it. Such a luxury unequivocally reserved for the Supreme Leaders of the commune. The mattress was soft and cased in silk satin. We had never seen anything like it, and I immediately jumped into its inviting lair.

David was very nervous that we could get into trouble but I used our beliefs against his logic. Our cult believed that we are all one big Family, all possessions are God's property. Therefore they should be shared with those who need it. We were tired, I mocked, and we desperately needed to lie in that bed. After overcoming his fear, David climbed in bed with me. We both lay on our backs looking up into the bronze frame and white netting when he asked me

"Do you think it's wrong to you know, want to make love to someone even if they are the same like you?"

Oooh, my whole body shivered in excitement. I looked at him seductively.

"Why should it be wrong? " I counter. I mean the adults share all the time, even Moses David had oral sex with another man. As long as both people want to do it and love each other, I think it's ok Why would God give us desire in order to punish us? That seems rather illogical and cruel to me no?"

David looks at me and pushes his cute little nose right up to mine. He looks straight at me with his gorgeous eyes. I can feel my heart flutter wildly.

"I think I really want to make love with you. Is that wrong of me to want that?"

"I look at him gently, "No David, not at all."

I touch his beautiful face, and we kiss each other softly. We get more and more passionate. David is eating my face softly with his delicious mouth as I slowly take off his shorts and underwear, then he undresses me. We turn over so that he is now lying on his back, embracing each other's nakedness. David moans out in ecstasy as I play with him as best as I know how. Soon, he pushes me on my back and returns the favor. He makes me feel as if my belly is full of butterflies, I feel in love with this gorgeous boy turning into man. My spirit is lifted above the confines of sadness and depression, the torture and humiliation I experience in my everyday life. I feel born again.

I whisper "can you kiss my back?"

I roll over on my tummy and David starts kissing the nape of my neck, and licking my ear lobes. I shiver in excitement. Urgent desire to have him causes all the hairs on my body to stand up in excitement.

"Make love to me David"

He can hardly control himself any longer, desire replaces bigotry, and passion replaces poisonous doctrine. Like anatomically perfect divers parting the waters below, we plunge into the deep. I moan loudly in excitement. All his doubt and prejudice about love between two human bodies, whether male or female goes flying out the window. Our bodies lock together in physical embrace, pulsating harder and harder. I moan as David buries his face into my neck panting silently. My body is begging, craving, hungry. He kisses me all over my

arms, neck and shoulders. He fills all of my senses. Every nerve cell in my body awakens, in glorious surfeit of all the sensations a human being can possibly feel simultaneously. I feel him sending shivers all the way to my feet. His whole weight confining my body into complete surrender...

At some point sadly, we must return to reality. But a giant weight had been lifted from my chest. My craving and desire satisfied beyond my wildest imagination. I didn't feel dirty or immoral at all. I felt, completely normal. For the rest of the afternoon we giggle and are playful with each other. We distribute the sorted laundry to all the different rooms and are finished with time to spare before all the other children and adults returned home.

David resumed his sick position on his bunk bed and I reported to one of the Shepherds for inspection. He inspected my work and remarked that I had done everything properly. I followed the Shepherd into his bedroom, he remarked that he forgot to lock the door but nothing out of the ordinary. Phew! Ok, he just wanted to hear my confession. I confessed to my willful ways and pledged undying loyalty to Moses David and Jesus while holding one hand on my heart and placing the other on a leather bound bible. I secretly inspected the room once more to see if we had left any marks or incriminating evidence, but we had been extremely thorough.

The shepherd informs me that I will not get a belting this time as I had seemed sincere about my apology and had taken my punishment seriously and done the laundry well with time to spare even. I had to listen to him drone on for about half an hour and said the standard "Yes you're right" "Yes I should know better" and other appeasements. Finally the torture was almost over! He assigned me a few scriptures that I was supposed to read, in order to educate myself better. I was finally allowed to leave and head back to my dormitory.

I spent the rest of the evening reading the scriptures as was required. The adults were none the wiser of the blatant crime against nature, we committed in their absence. In the bedroom of a Shepherd no less. I hate to admit but that was the first and last time David and I never got close.

Sadly, David felt shame and guilt from what we did. The cult's brain washing was too strongly embedded, rooted too deeply in his young, innocent mind. He acted strange after that. When we were alone for the briefest of moments, I sought his lips and craved his body but he always turned away. I tried to talk to him, and tell him that we were ok, we weren't going to hell, and that I was sure we will be forgiven in heaven.

After all that isn't that what Jesus is? Love and forgiveness? But it was no use. It was a losing battle against the fear, and prejudice that was being shoved down our throats on a daily basis. David was upset with himself most of all. He sincerely believed that the devil had used me to tempt him with carnal lust that day. That the devil was still tempting him and using me as his vessel of temptation. He kept saying it wasn't my fault but I couldn't help but feel quite insulted at that. He was vehement about it! Maybe he had given in to temptation once, but it was up to him to keep us from sinning again. It was no use, he was not going to give me what I desired. We were still inseparable friends none the less. David had high hopes that he could win me back to the light. He said he loved me but like a brother; just not like that anymore.

In May 1993, David's parents informed everybody at breakfast announcement time that they were moving to Texas. I wanted to vomit on hearing the news. I ran out of the room, locked myself in a toilet cubicle, and cried my eyes out. Finally the day of his departure arrived, and I was helping him pack. Tears welled up in my eyes, and I could see he was on the verge of crying too. Yet he did not want me to see him sad.

We exchanged t-shirts as brothers, so that we would always remember each other. Soon everyone else had gone downstairs for lunch. We are for one final time alone in the dormitory. Come on David! You can do this! One last time! I told the shepherd overseeing us that day, that I was helping David to finish packing. He gave us an extra ten minutes to finish up, before we had to join the rest of the commune for lunch.

David looks up at me, and says so softly I can barely hear him.

"We should never let them win" he says. "We can't live like this much longer. The moment that I'm sixteen, I'm leaving these hypocritical assholes. I'm sick of constantly moving around, losing my friends, having to meet new people in every commune, and start all over again. I don't know how, but I will find a way out of all of this. I hope you do too."

He laughs angrily.

"I don't imagine you being an end time soldier of the Lord, I'm sure you want to run away too." His eyes slowly fill with tears "I don't suppose I'll ever see you again." I cried and wiped the tears from his beautiful eyes. I said, "Then let's run away together David. Right now! Everyone is eating lunch, we can just grab our stuff, make a run for the forest and never come back!"

David looked wistfully towards the forest.

"And then what? Believe me I would run away with you in a heartbeat. I've thought of it many times, but we don't speak German or French. We have no money. How will we live Tommy?"

I shook my head in sadness, and smiled at him, dumbfounded. David of all people, the spiritual, pennant worshipper, David who believed firmly in the end of the world, in the second coming of Jesus, in all the brainwashing the cult had to offer. An exemplary soldier of Christ. This very same person told me to my face all of a sudden, that he wanted to run away. Wow! I got through to him after all! He opened up to me right then and there. He wanted to feel normal about his desires, that he thought the leaders of the cult are all a bunch of hypocritical assholes. Just before I never saw him again he said to me.

"You are right Tommy, our parents change their beliefs all the time, they keep predicting the end of the world and it never happens. I see adults beating children for no reason. Toddlers being spanked with leather belts for being 'rebellious' if we say our opinion they force us to wash dishes for one hundred people all by ourselves, we get whipped in public in front of everybody, they take our food away for being disrespectful, they are like I said (whispering) fucking assholes. "



He whispered in my ear.

“I’m glad I made love with you. It made me realize all this here is bullshit. Being with you made me feel normal. I wanted to be normal, ‘us’ to be normal. “

He then suddenly and unexpectedly kissed me on the lips. He retracted before I could reciprocate. He smiled cheekily, laughing as tears rolled down his cheeks.

“Let’s go have lunch before somebody comes nosing around.”

He stood up and grabbed my hand, pulling me towards him. After verifying that the door is closed and nobody can see us, I gently forced him up against the door. I was crying as I kissed him, pressing my mouth hard on his lips. He reciprocated and we kissed deep and passionately for one last time.

“I love you David” I whispered

“I love you too Tommy”

As we walked down the hall towards the staircase, I told David that I have to go to the bathroom. Once David was downstairs, I locked myself into a toilet stall once more and wept bitterly and angrily. By the time I could control myself again, lunch was over. I was starving but I had so many knots in my stomach I would have just vomited. David’s family drove away that afternoon. I watched that beautiful boy, nose pressed hard to window pane, disappear down the winding country road. For months after he left, I clutched his t-shirt to my chest at bedtime trying to remember his smell, his beautiful gorgeous face, his hair, his doll nose, the taste of his lips. Night after night, I cried myself to sleep.

A month later after the cult had yet again robbed me of everything, there was another announcement at breakfast.

We were being kicked out of the house. The owner had found out that we were not as we claimed, a Christian holiday camp but more of a, you know, cult slave camp/prison. The commune was to split up into different smaller groups each composed of two to three families and or single adults. This was a temporary measure until such time as the cult leaders could find another property to rent with enough space to house several hundred people. Our group was composed of my immediate family, a French couple and their daughter Carla and their boy Marc. Another Swiss couple with five children joined us as well. The mother of the Swiss family had found a wooden Chalet up in the mountains, in the Valais region of Switzerland. It was in a remote ski resort. We were permitted to live there until end of July. It was temporary but at least we weren’t homeless.

I befriended her oldest boy by the name of Peter. Peter was two years older than me and almost a head taller. In the last commune he used to bully me with the other teenage boys and do things like stick my head under the slop wash water, when we were washing dishes, slam the oven door shut on my arms, when I was removing fish sticks, so that I had lateral burn scars along my forearms. Knuckle sandwiches, or wet willies were a daily occurrence.

One day I stood up for myself, and asked him how he would like it if I was the strong one and it was me that would bully him around. This seemed to reason with him. From then on he actually protected me against the other, older teenage boys.

For this reason, by the time we got to the chalet, we were I guess what you could call friends. Carla was also in our group. Carla had that typically cute French face, curly brown hair and otherwise sweet in her own way. She had really ugly glasses but that wasn't her fault. Those glasses were dirt cheap and as everything else of our possessions, utter crap.

When she took her hideous glasses off however it was a very different story for Tommy's libido. I was also happy because this confirmed that I could indeed be attracted to the opposite sex. Sadly she wasn't into me or maybe she just didn't like the fact that Stefan was my step-dad. Matter of fact, because he was so bent on molesting all the pretty girls, I never had much of a chance as I was by default, already branded a creep because of him just by association. So thanks a lot asshole.

Up in the chalet, far away from civilization meant one thing. We children were really, really bored. Yes in the previous commune, we were also far away from civilization but back there, there was more than a hundred children. Now there was no one my age except Carla and Peter. The three of us went outside a lot, walking around the countryside, throwing rocks, drawing in the dirt, playing hide and seek, tag, and throwing pine cones at passing cars from the forest onto the street below. If a car would stop, we'd run off into the forest giggling our asses off. That is, when we didn't have chores to do. By now my mother and Stefan mostly took my younger siblings to go witnessing, provisioning and fundraising. This meant that some days, it was just the three of us at the house. Once, I found a half full packet of cigarettes just lying on a park bench. Oh joy! So I hid that. Sometimes, Carla, and I would sneak out at night to smoke in the forest. Just doing typical teenage nonsense.

Peter was close to fifteen by this time and was struggling with acne and severe asthma. He also made a lot of penis jokes and referenced to everything in a sexual way and was very phallic in his mannerisms. Most the other, younger kids found him to be immature and weird but I liked phallic Peter, he even giggled at his own Peter. His "it". He was fun to hang out with. I still didn't really want to admit to myself I liked boys and so, I was trying to get Carla to fool around with me. If I'd had the fortune of a more open-minded upbringing who knows? Maybe I would have liked Peter more. I think he was at least curious, I mean I kissed him once after we shared a stolen beer. He certainly was aroused, no doubt about that, his erection said it all. He broke it off and said that it confused him. He reprimanded me that I should please not try that homo shit anymore. I didn't care, if he didn't want to fuck me that was fine. I had been so over-exposed to sex since I could remember, I couldn't care less, whether boys or girls, I swung one way or the other. If someone didn't want to, I wasn't going to run after them. I was still pining for David.

The more the three of us hung out together, the more we started talking about all the nonsense beliefs of the cult, that we were born and raised in. We hated the boredom, constantly being told what to think, what to do what to say and how to behave. Peter was in charge of the cooking at the age of fifteen. We didn't know that normal kids our age were going to school, getting an apprenticeship and preparing for life as an adult. We just assumed at some point Jesus would come back and fuck up the society mankind spent

millennia perfecting and trashing our ecological system in order to flood the world with the blood of all the antichrists and unbelievers. As rebellious teenagers, we made fun of our parents' beliefs a lot. I could rant for hours about all the details of the second coming of the lawd that didn't make any sense to me.

It would usually go something like this.

After millions of Satan's followers are butchered for no fucking reason other than because good triumphs over evil we have a problem. What about all the rotting ass corpses that are putrefying every last bit of soil and clean drinking water around the world? Let's ignore that for a moment right? Yay we'd finally be placed on earth as the new rulers of the world. Suddenly and magically, a new world order appears. Ruled by dumbasses who didn't finish school, and know the first thing about nothing!

But let's get back to all the carcasses on the global battlefield. Just how are they gonna get rid of all of them, I mean, dead bodies are strewn all over the globe. Our cities are burnt to cinders, crops, livestock and food destroyed. Survivors of the Great War are left without any infrastructure, shelter, food or transport. Who is organizing the recovery of humanity? Ah yes, the dirty hippies who thought readin, riting and rithmitix is all you need to sustain humanity. Ouch! In this scenario, these dirt hippie idiots have slaughtered, burned, killed and destroyed all the antichrist's followers who let's face it, were just the poor devils that knew how to operate equipment, how to take out the garbage, provide central heating, transport of food build shelter and farm crops. You fucks murdered them all just because they followed the antichrist and refused to believe in Jizzus. Congratulations! You murdered every last human being with a brain. Wow much smart. So now, since anyone with a brain is dead, please go ahead and tell me, how exactly you will get rid of all the decaying bodies from the armies of so called evil that you chopped up with your swords on heavenly horses. You thought they'd just magically disappear? Hah! Wrong again! No! They are literally lying all around you. All fucked up, mashed, smashed and now oozing pus, blood and feces. A terrible smell fills this so called heaven on earth. What a great start this is! You chopped up all the smart people because you murderous little stinking hippie cunts thought you knew better than everyone else. You just had to fuck it up for everyone else, wow! Thank you so much for saving us from the devil. Now that you saved us please get to work! Rebuild my home, fix my car and irrigate those fields! Oh! You don't know how that works? Well, maybe you should have thought of that first before you went on a delicious killing spree no?

Just admit it, you don't know the first thing about building homes, planting crops or trash disposal. You fucking brick for brains retards! None of you have a science degree or basic skills other than maybe banging some wood together with a hammer. Yay, much smart, wow. Alone the science and engineering it would take to restore what was destroyed in the Armageddon and create a paradise on earth would be impossible to pull off because as we've painfully established. All the smart humans are... Oh you did you finally guess it you puss filled fucking yokel? That's right they, are, dead! Oh you have a plan you say? Yes you told me your plan. I heard it my entire childhood, let me recap your genius plan fucking dimwit!

Your plan is to put us all back in the dark ages. Men will be working on farms. Women will be pumping out one baby after another until their labia hangs past their knees. We kids would

be doing chores and fucking each other or our own siblings so we can practice God's first commandment of being fruitful and multiplying. The good lawd sure gave us real fruity ass bullshit to believe in so thank you Jizzus for showing us da way. Meanwhile in this utopia on earth the good lawd Jizzus sits up in a cloud watching it all and probably rubs one out to all the millions of people that willingly open their mouths so that he will fill it. Once he's done he packs his giant cock away and begins to read from his own scriptures to his true believers through some mega, megaphone in the sky. Think of the nasty feedback that would create.

But you still haven't gotten rid of one stinking corpse have you? No? I thought so.

For now, or at least until Jizzus returned, Peter and I worked in the kitchen cooking three meals a day, washing dishes, setting tables and planning menus. All day, every day. We knew what horrible concoctions some of the brain dead aunties would cook so we preferred to just do the work ourselves. Like that at least, we made sure that the terrible ingredients the lord hath provided were halfway edible.

All in all though life wasn't bad in the chalet. With only a few adults around and not very many chores to do as in comparison to cooking for two hundred people, life was actually for once, bearable. Soon however September rolled by and I had turned thirteen. That meant that I was now officially a teenager and got to participate in more adult things like staying up late, watching adult movies and where appropriate I could have even officially even participate in sharing with any other teenager or adult. Problem was, adult men fancied teenage girls, adult women fancied adult men, well, except my mother but yuck, why would I do that? Teenage girls fancied muscular good looking teenage and adult men so this supposed law of sharing one's love with everyone apparently didn't apply if you were a skinny, malnourished runt of a boy. Ironically I had more sex as a child, than as a pubescent teenage boy within the confines of the cult. I had not yet learned the art of seduction so my advances were crude and creepy at best. I was still trying to get Carla to fool around with me but at some point, Carla told me that Stefan molested her on occasion and coerced her to sexually stimulate him with her hands. She was close to crying as she told me, Stefan reprimanded her for being selfish and not respecting his needs and wishes. This of course meant that as his supposed offspring, I was definitely never going to get with Carla because my dad was a rapey creep. Thanks again asshole! That's how it was! The cult never let me have any happiness whatsoever.

Stefan was quite sick in the head. He basically thought that if another girl or woman so much as smiled at him that she was lusting after him. One evening not long after, he tried to rape Carla. As he was trying to pull her panties down she kicked him in the balls and successfully evaded him trying to rape her in the basement over the washing machine and ran off. She hid in her mother's bedroom and told her. Her mother had no kind words for Stefan and cursed him out in French. He of course flatly denied it, and said Carla was being rebellious and refusing to help with the laundry. All he was doing was merely trying to discipline her.

He abused disciplinary measures. When he would chastise a child that was usually a pretext to touch their genitals. He especially liked whipping girls. It always was the same. He'd come up with the lamest excuses for disciplining a child. They would then have to go into a room with him. He'd lock the door, and pull their pants and underwear down while touching their private parts or trying to put a finger inside. After that if he couldn't get you to participate

he'd whip you anyway and then send you outside while he "finished up." If you participated he'd beat you less hard and often. This happened also to me. Over and over and over! I refused to participate so I always got the full strength of the wrath of god.

Since there were no witnesses, Stefan was partially off the hook. Carla's mom never believed Stefan much less let Stefan alone with Carla after that. She forbade Stefan from spanking her daughter after that. If her daughter was to be punished, she would do it, not him. Good for her, that was definitely the right call.

Not all the adults in the cult, were pedophiles or endorsed sex with minors. Lucky for Carla. Even though she couldn't prove Stefan tried to rape her, her mom was on her side. Other girls were not so lucky. Stefan vehemently denies that he ever coerced or raped anybody. All the people that he "made love too" was done willingly and out of love. Really Stefan? Even the eight year old girls? Were they your "spiritual wives" too? Or in my case, "I don't know what you are talking about, that never happened."

There were many rumors that Stefan was quite rape-y and grope-y with the teenage girls in all the combos we lived in. He was the organizer of the music projects, including the translating and recording of our cult music into German. That meant if you were a young and talented girl in the cult, Stefan was going to molest you. That was a fact. He was often taking teenagers on trips to the cult's music studio in Rome. Besides that, there were lots of other dance and performance projects he was involved in. Of course had ample opportunity to molest a lot of young and beautiful adolescent girls and you can be damn sure he fucking did as well. Sadly to this day, very few of the girls are willing to testify against him. Even if so, because of the statutes of limitations, it would be too late to press charges. Better just to castrate that pig and watch him bleed out.

Sadly our lease was coming to an end in the holiday house. Peter's mom had found yet another abandoned hotel which was cheap to rent in a little town called Les Giettes. It was quite close by even. Just one mountain side over, near the French border, looking over canton Valais.

This abandoned hotel looked everything like you would expect from a horror movie. Its occupants, well you would think pretty horrible as well. We were back to living in a commune... again... yaaaaay... At least, maybe there might be a few other girls my age, that haven't been raped or molested by Stefan just yet...

In the new combo things started to get really bad for Peter and me. Peter ended up getting publicly humiliated and beaten a lot, for voicing his doubts about Moses David and our beliefs. He was overheard by some younger goody two shoes who told on him. I too was fed up of the sadistic treatment that Peter was receiving and started voicing my opinions loudly. This behavior you can imagine ended me with silence restriction, beatings and by August 1993, I was once again locked in solitary confinement.

As was tradition, there was a room with boarded up windows, which were screwed into the wall, so I had no sunlight during my imprisonment. A tiny reading lamp was at my disposal, and a mattress on the floor. For my so-called education, there was table, where I was forced to read at least five of Moses David's books every day, before I was given my ration of three

slices of bread and a bottle of water for the whole day. For sanitation, I got an open bucket with fresh water, and one bucket next to it to shit and piss in. Believe me, to this day. I am utterly scarred from that experience. If I refused to read, or do my assignment I would be denied the bread and the water. I lasted for almost three days before I finally gave in and did what I was told.

During my time in Guantanamo Bay twin establishment, the adults would alternately come in, two to three times a day to pray for me. They'd speak in tongues, and quiz me about the scriptures I was supposed to read. If I couldn't recite them by heart, or at least prove I read them, I was denied my ration of food. I was so brutally beaten and dragged up the stairs on the first day that I was placed in solitary confinement that I genuinely feared for my life.

I later found out that Peter had had similar treatment, but he was smarter than me. He just confessed to his crimes and was let out after two weeks. I however refused to admit I'd done anything wrong, and kept threatening to call the police the moment I got out. After four weeks of no sunlight, living and breathing in the smell of feces, a plan was put into action

I escaped with Peter to freedom... or so we thought.

Rewind to before my incarceration.

It is morning, 5:30 am. As usual we have half an hour to get dressed, shower, make our beds and get downstairs. Peter and I have breakfast duty so it is our responsibility to make sure breakfast is served between 6:45 and 7:15. Since there are different groups inside the commune, the adults and teenagers that have to go witnessing, fund raising or busking, clowning on the street get to eat first. After they eat we clear the tables and make them ready again for the next round. The Jetts (Junior End Time Teens ages 10 to 12) and OC's (Older Children ages 8 to 10) and the adults and teenagers that are responsible for them. After they eat the pregnant mothers, adults, teens who have an official "day off", younger children and toddler groups eat breakfast.

The people on kitchen duty eat last once everyone is fed and the kitchen cleaned and made ready for washing of dishes and cooking lunch.

Usually the dishes are washed by the JETT's and the OC's though it is common that if someone is being punished that one single OC or Jett is forced to clean up ALL of the dishes by themselves. This of course could take all the way up to lunch time to complete. As I had previously mentioned, Peter had as often before, gotten beaten at breakfast for some heinous crime like talking back to an adult, or questioning authority. As usual, he was forced to wash all the dishes by himself, after having cooked breakfast for everybody. At the time this seemed to me like a gross injustice. Out of solidarity, I stayed with Peter in the kitchen to help him with his punishment. Since Peter was also responsible for cooking lunch, it seemed clear to me that the punishment was also truly illogical. How does one wash dishes, pots and pans for one hundred people and cook lunch at the same time so that everything is ready by 11:45? I got into a heated argument with Stefan and told him

"You guys are all fucking stupid"

He snapped and immediately dragged me by just my ear up a whole flight of steps. This time, I put up a fight and tried to pull away from him. He commenced at first to open hand hitting me in the face and on the head. I put my hands up to protect myself. He wasn't having that. He closed his fist and began full on punching me with a in my face, my neck, my chest, anywhere he could land a blow. He grabbed my neck and threw me into the little toilet stall by the staircase, and tried to forcibly pulled my pants down, and whip me with his belt. By then I started putting up a fight and screaming. I was not going to let him whip me without at least fighting back anymore. He slammed my head into the tile wall so hard that I almost passed out. He proceeded to whip the back of my head, neck and legs with his belt. Blow after blow rained down, and I caught many with my hands trying to defend myself. As I tried to turn around, not even my face was spared. After catching multiple blows to the face, I finally managed to get hold of Stefan's belt.

I get to my feet, and head butt Stefan in the face causing his glasses to fall down and break. Stefan, now bleeding from the nose, screamed at me angrily that I have now inflicted the wrath of god on myself. I push past him, and run out of the bathroom shivering while trying to pull my pants up again. With a face full of tears, I ran down the stairs into the kitchen to continue helping Peter wash the dishes. Stefan was screaming after me that this is not over, but he didn't follow me downstairs for which I was grateful.

For a few hours it was quiet. Peter and I washed the dishes and I didn't dare to leave the kitchen. I snuck some breakfast in the meantime and started preparing the huge industrial pan for cooking rice for lunch. In my mind if I avoided Stefan until he calmed down and showed penance by doing manual labor he would forgive and forget. After all he had beaten me good. There was even some blood trickling down my face, hands and back where he had gotten me with the belt buckle.

It was shortly before lunchtime when all of a sudden, some of the other adult men and women, walked into the kitchen and pinned me to the ground. All the while some other adults are standing there praying, and speaking in tongues. All the hair on my body stood up, I knew what was happening. Stefan had called the other adults to come back to the house that were out witnessing. He told them that I had become demonically possessed. I was about to receive my first ever exorcism.

After putting up a huge fight I was eventually overpowered, and forced to the ground. One adult knelt his entire weight on my head and the other adults pinned down my legs. My arms were wrenched behind my back, and two adults arrested my legs. Once I realized I had no chance of escape, I let my body go limp. They dragged me up two flights of stairs into a room they had prepared for me while I was washing dishes.

The window had been completely boarded up with thick plywood bolted to the wall. It was dark in the room except for one dim reading lamp on a small table. As the room was normally used to store all the cult literature the walls, they were now mostly just empty steel shelving. A few were still left. The ones that I was going to be ordered to read. Of course anything that I liked like the encyclopedias, almanacs, dictionaries, and National Geographic were nowhere to be seen. Only the scriptures from "Moses David" and of course a Bible. There was a single table and a chair, an empty bucket and a cleaning bucket with some water in it. On the table lay a single pencil, a sharpener, eraser and some a4 stationary.

The four adults dragged me into the room. We were followed by the prayer wailing adults. They threw me to the cold, tiled floor of the room, and began their exorcism. It consisted of them screaming in tongues in my ear, laying their hands all over my body, commanding the demons to leave me and other such prayers. It seemed to go on all day. Every time one adult left, another one would take his place. I remained there on the ground for hours without food, water or a possibility to go to the bathroom. In the end I peed on myself which brought a merciful end to the exorcism. They were baffled by what it could mean.

They decided that I was cured. That the demons left my body through the pee and of course now I should vigorously clean up my mess as to eradicate the demons with holy soap and water. Under the watchful eye of some adult women I was forced to strip completely naked. I was forced to clean myself and then the floor, with some cold water and soap in a bucket. Some non-descript clothing was brought to replace the soiled ones. I was then commanded to wash my clothes by hand and hang them to dry on the single chair in the room. After that one of the more sadistic adults came back. He had a list of things I was supposed to read. Once I was finished I was to write an essay about it. He said to me, "An idle mind is the devil's workshop". I was promised that once I had read all the assignments, and completed my essay some bread and water would be supplied. There was so many hundreds of pages to read and write an essay about so I refused. I hadn't done anything wrong! I already knew I would never see any food any time soon. It would be three days before I saw any food.

Around midnight my mother showed up and asked me how I was doing I tearfully asked my mother if I could at least leave the room to go have a shit. She sadly shook her head and told me it wasn't up to her, she pointed to the cleaning bucket in the corner.

"Just do it in there, when you are done knock on the door and I, or someone else will come and empty it for you."

On the question of why exactly did they think I was possessed, and why am I being locked up in this room her reply was simply

"I don't know, but I can't do anything about it. It was Stefan's decision."

My mother never came back to empty the bucket. Neither did anyone else. I slept in my own stench without even being able to open the window. By the time someone did remember me, it was afternoon the next day. As before mentioned, I was vehement that I had not done anything wrong! I was not possessed by a demon! I was severely beaten for no reason, and broke Stefan's glasses, just trying to defend myself against his savage attacks. However, Stefan's story was completely different. He said I had already attacked him in the kitchen and when he tried to discipline me, I punched him copious times and broke his glasses and even threatened to kill him. My blood was boiling over in anger. I knew once my body was big enough, I would end that motherfucker once and for all.

I started doing pushups, sit ups, jumping jacks, anything that would strengthen my core and build muscle. I had to play the waiting game. The longer I stayed in isolation the more I could train, become fit for my escape. For the first three days, every time the adults required me



to confess my sins I flatly refused. Here's the thing. My fighting spirit may have been temporarily broken but my lust for vengeance however was not. I would stare into the ceiling after copious workouts and imagine the most gruesome ways possible with which I would end Stefan, yes every single adult that had ever beat, raped and subdued me. I would kill them all. Soon I discovered a very matter of fact dark side in my soul. It exists to this day. I crave the torture and murder of monsters in the same matter of fact way other people would think about buying their kids an ice cream. My thought can jump from torture and murder, dissection of bodies to washing dishes and going for a nice walk in the park. My demons and I are one and the same. Those adult idiots did not exorcise any demons out of me. They did not raise me in the path of righteousness, they did not "deliver me from evil". No, in fact they flung the doors open wide and begged every demon in hell to be my companion. I like my demons. I consider them pun intended "a necessary evil". They serve me well.

As the weeks crept by, I busied myself with reading, writing and I was eventually allowed to draw pictures as well. The adults recognized my talent to be able to draw pretty much anything if I had visual input. They started to ask me to draw and paint stuff for thank you cards, fund raising letters and so on. Little sweatshop Tommy. At least now I didn't have to write long essays on the ranting of Moses David anymore and was allowed to have some National Geo's and other encyclopedias again since I was helpful and well behaved. I even got to occasionally go to a proper toilet and shower. Under supervision of course and usually after all the other children were already sleeping.

It was made clear to me in unmistakable terms that I was still on thin ice. Should I even as much as utter a word that was deemed derogatory of our beliefs and ways of life outside the confines of my room that all my privileges would be suspended and I would be back to bread, water, writing essays and shitting in a bucket in a heartbeat.

I still refused to admit any wrong doing so the adults wouldn't let me back to "the fold" Sometimes my younger brother would come by when there were no adults around and try to convince me to just give up and "confess". He would cry and say that "we all miss you" which made me cry too. However I was determined in my illogical brain to win this fight. This was of course nonsense as almost no child in the history of mankind has won a fight against another adult. In fact when it did happen the child became so famous that he was written about in history books for many thousands of years afterwards like David and Goliath.

Unbeknownst to the adults, I had a plan. Peter had come to visit me regularly late at night. He knew how to get ahold of the simple key that was used to lock me up. His mother was one of the "shepherds" and since the building was rented in her name all the keys were hung in her office. Although she locked the door, she didn't realize that Peter had made a spare key for her office once when he was asked to go into town to Mister Minute to order more keys for the front door. As this was an important task she entrusted him with her office key so that he could lock up the new keys upon return. That misjudgment proved to be my salvation... for now.

Late at night when everyone was asleep Peter would sneak me some ice-cream, yoghurt and other stuff from the pantry. We would sit and discuss about running away. It took me almost a week to convince him that we would genuinely have a shot at succeeding and by end of

August 1993 he was finally persuaded to give it a shot. Peter started putting our plan into action. Collecting clothes, a backpack and bare necessities for our escape. Early one afternoon when most of the adults were out swimming with the other children, Peter came to get me with a backpack fully loaded. We went to his mother's office and stole the small amount of money that was in a drawer. Apparently, the "shepherds" had just days before bought a safe to keep the tens of thousands of Swiss francs locked up that we had hoped to steal. Much to our chagrin. Not two days ago, all the money would have been in a simple, lockable drawer in his mother's office. Since the cult didn't believe in Bank accounts they had all their money on the property. Peter and I assumed it would be a simple thing to steal all of it and disappear into the world that awaited us on the outside. Sadly however all that we could find wasn't even close to forty Swiss francs. Disheartened Peter wanted to abandon the idea but I flatly refused to go back into my cell and pretend like nothing happened. I told Peter I am running away with or without him. With reluctance Peter agreed to go through with our plan and we left the compound by the back gate that led out into a forest and the steep descent down the mountain forests into freedom.

We hiked about four hours as the bird flies, down the steep slopes, avoiding the roads and anywhere we might be seen. Unbeknownst to us some adults had already realized we had escaped and had called an emergency search and "rescue" team to scan the roads and forest. We however had a good hour's start ahead of them and as we weren't stupid enough to venture out into the open they didn't find us. The descent was very slippery. A lot of it we spent literally flinging ourselves from one tree to the next, using them as "brakes" in an effort to control our fall down the mountain. Since we both had a lot of survival and "military" training growing up we were happy to put our knowledge into practical use. I imagined as we were fleeing down the mountain that the "antichrist" forces were gaining on us and that we would surely be killed if we get caught. We had one close call near the mountain road that side winded through the forest but our injuries weren't life threatening. Since we were walking as the crow flies it was inevitable that we would have to cross the road repeatedly. My heart was full of adrenaline and as a thirteen year old boy, given the circumstances, I actually had a lot of fun doing it.

Every time we had to cross the road again, we hid behind bushes or trees and waited until we couldn't hear any cars coming. Then, we would dash as fast as we could to get cover on the other side. Near the bottom of the mountain, a search team from the cult had positioned themselves at a corner of the winding road. Since they had driven down the mountain they had overtaken us in the meantime and were standing next to the car with binoculars looking in all directions. Luckily we noticed them before we made a run for it and mercifully after lying low in the thorns and bushes with all manner of insects crawling over us for what seemed like forever the search party decided to relocate and continued driving further towards the town at the foot of the mountain.

We now knew that they were looking for us so we abandoned our original idea to descend as the crow flies and go to the little town at the bottom called Monthey. Instead we wandered along the mountainside ever south-eastwards towards Martigny.

By the time we had distanced ourselves far enough that we deemed the valley to be safe for us to venture out into, it was well past 10 pm. The moon shone bright in the sky and we were able to navigate through the fields of wheat and corn, apple and pear tree plantations

until we collapsed from exhaustion and fell asleep between rows of apple trees somewhere on the outskirts of Martigny.

Even at the end of Summer, Switzerland can get quite cold at night with temperatures sinking below 10 degrees. This was something Peter and I had not anticipated and we ended up hugging each other for warmth shivering from cold at around three in the morning. By the time the sun rose, we gave up the idea of sleeping and continued our foot march to Martigny. We arrived there around 8 am. We decided to head for the train station and beg some money from the locals. Since I couldn't speak any French and neither could Peter, our begging was reduced to

"Avez-vous un peu d'argent pour appeler mes parents?"  
Do you have some small money so I can call my parents?

This went unsurprisingly bad and after two hours I had barely made 15 francs. Luckily however we saw a parked car with a ladies hand bag on the passenger seat. The window was open just enough to fit my fingers inside. Peter kept a look out and I forced the window down enough to pull the lever from inside the car and open the door. Sadly it was no jackpot but a 20 franc bill and some change was still better than nothing. Even better than the money was the Wenger pocket knife I found in her purse. This already meant that if worse came to worse we could hunt and skin a rabbit or fish from one of the many rivers. We had learned to survive with rudimentary tools like a stick, some rope and a knife. These were the basic essentials you need to survive anywhere except maybe where it's really cold. We however had never trapped a rabbit and maybe only went fishing once. All of our training was theoretical. Sure we knew how to build a lean, set a fall trap, start a fire without matches but we had never really done it in real life with our lives depending on it.

Peter was of the opinion we would therefore fare better begging and trying to save up some money to buy some cheap bicycles. This was our genius plan for now. Since begging wasn't cutting it and I was nervous the police might stop us, I suggested we get back on the road and try to hitchhike direction Brig to this campsite we once stayed at with our parents. Since I knew the security was lax it seemed at least a good idea to get there, have a shower, go swimming a bit and come up with an idea of what we wanted to do with our new found freedom. We walked for many hours trying to hitch a ride but no one would pick up two street urchins.

Eventually some local with a pickup truck had mercy enough and stopped. He was headed to the quarry right opposite the campsite and drove us right to its entrance. Problem was however that we had neither tent nor sleeping bags. We knew that the night would be freezing cold and miserable. We needed to figure out how to get ourselves some bare necessities. By the time we got to the campsite it was early afternoon. We had only eaten some apples that we picked from the orchards, unripe corn and some bread we had bought for 1 Swiss franc and I was already feeling rather sick from lack of proper food.

The showers at the campsite provided some much needed privacy. We each took ourselves a shower stall and spent one Swiss franc each to clean ourselves from head to toe. At least it was nice to feel human again.

It was evident we needed food. The campsite was however horrendously expensive and security were already watching us with suspicion so we got back on the road and tried to hitch a ride to Sion. Not one person stopped. The trip which would have taken not even twenty minutes by car ended up taking us most of four hours to walk and by the time we got to Sion it was already close to six pm. Having had only water for the last three hours and no proper meal in the last 24 my body and mind were starting to crack.

We found a large supermarket and went inside to finally buy some more bread and salami. The first proper meal we had all day. We noticed that this supermarket also sold camping equipment as well as almost everything else. However, the cheapest tent was near to a hundred francs. A sleeping bag was near forty for a cheap one. How on earth were we going to come up with that kind of money that quickly?

I turned to Peter

“Let’s steal it”

“Tommy, stealing is wrong”

“So? Isn’t getting beaten, locked in a room for months, forced labor and all that other shit we had to go through also wrong?” We are not doing it because we want to but because we have to. Do you want to freeze to death again tonight because I sure as hell don’t?”

Peter shrugs his shoulders.

“Ok fine. We’ll hide our stuff that’s in the backpack behind some bushes and come back with an empty backpack. We will try to put the tent and a sleeping bag inside and hopefully we won’t get caught.”

We leave the store and put our plan into action. We had a rather big hiking backpack that would easily swallow a tent and some sleeping bags if it was completely emptied. Behind the supermarket where the trucks do deliveries there was no one around and lots of shrubberies where we could hide our clothes. After making sure that no one saw us we’ve entered the supermarket with our now emptied backpack. I carried the backpack on its side letting the body hang to the floor. This gave it the appearance it was full instead of empty.

With my newly acquired pocketknife I went about removing the security tags of a tent and two sleeping bags. We took different models out at the same time to confuse anyone who might look a little too closely. No sooner had I put a tent and two sleeping bags into the backpack, a guy from security confronted us. My heart sank and I was sure our adventure was over. He first approached Peter. He busied the man telling him, he could only speak English. Thankfully this let me slip the three security tags underneath some other sleeping bags in the shelf. The security guy turns to me and says in broken English.

“I’m so sorry but I was trying to tell your friend it is prohibited to go into the supermarket with a large bag such as yours. You may bring it to the information desk and when you have finished your shopping, you can go there to pick it up.”

I am not believing my ears! Apparently he didn't see me stuffing the backpack full with the tent and sleeping bags! He just wanted us to bring the backpack to the information desk! We follow him to a security door. He knocks on it and a cute blonde woman on the other side opens it. He talks to her in French and then wishes us a nice day and leaves. The woman explains to us that once we finish shopping we can come collect it on the other side of the security systems near the main entrance.

Peter and I oblige thinking for sure that they will search the bag and its contents. However we cannot act suspiciously and do as we are told. We buy some more cheap food and a water bottle. Once we pass the cashier we decide we don't want to risk collecting the backpack and decide to abandon it altogether for fear of getting caught. The nice blonde woman is already waving at us from the information desk. She was concerned that we don't forget our belongings. She hands us our backpack and inquires in rather good English as to where we are travelling. We tell her we are on vacation with our parents at a nearby camping. She gives us recommendations of local tourist attractions and bids us a nice trip.

She is still smiling as she waves us as goodbye, we wave back and hurriedly leave the main entrance. My heart is pounding at two hundred bpm. I am so sure any second police cars will screech in front of us to a halt and big burly men will jump out guns drawn shouting "FREEZE ASSHOLES" just like in the movies. Nothing happened. Still nothing happened. Nothing at all... We had gotten away with grand larceny right under the nose of the security. If that ain't lucky, I don't know. Maybe Jizzus was blessing us after all. We walk back with trembling knees to our hidden clothes behind the supermarket.

We rearrange and pack up everything and then, after filling ourselves with much needed sustenance, began the long trek back to the campsite.

We arrive back at the camping as the last glimmers of sunlight disappear over the treetops and walk as far away from the reception as possible. Its pitch dark so we can barely figure out how to pitch our tent. We are scared to use our flashlight as we had no passports or Identity cards and we don't want to get noticed by the night security patrol. Soon the sleeping bags are filled with two dead tired teenage boys. This night feels like absolute luxury. At least we won't be shivering tonight.

Long story short, we lasted for just over a week before I called a spade a spade. There was no future in what we were doing. I was sick, vomiting even from some stomach bug I had gotten and Peter was in bad shape as he was running out of his Asthma medication. I called the commune from a pay phone and told them I was throwing the towel. I wanted to leave the "Family" but not like this. I agreed to come back, let myself be locked up again on the condition that Stefan call his Grandparents and tell them I wanted to either live with them, my uncle, a boarding school or whatever. Just away from them. I wanted an education, to have a job and to appease them I told them once I have a job I will continue to support the cult with money every month. This seemed reasonable to them and so Peter and I were separated, I was put back into solitary confinement

Early morning, shortly after my thirteenth birthday, I began the torturous journey with Stefan to find a place for me to live outside the confines of the cult and all of its horrors. I felt bad for my siblings and I knew this didn't stop with just me. The plan was to get a job,

rent an apartment and get my siblings out as well slowly but surely. It would be over a decade before I would see them again and more than fifteen years passed before Peter and I were reunited on Facebook.

## Chapter 21

### Collateral Damage

I called Saskia from a payphone more than half a year after all that shit went down. I staved off the urge to call her all this time, believing that I was still at risk of getting found out by Dariusz' friends, or the cops. I was so paranoid that I thought even calling Saskia or Liesel would be a risk as who knew? Maybe they would be in peril just by me calling them. I was amazed when Saskia told me that hardly anyone even remembers me or asks about me anymore at school. I disappeared and was so under the radar of most of my classmates I was but a fleeting memory.

One notable detail of my conversation with her was that not long after I ran away, two of Smiley's associates showed up on the school grounds, looking for Saskia and wanting to talk to her. Even though she was mortally afraid of them she agreed to go have coffee with them

Her fears were unfounded. The guys seemed to be just interested if she was ok. They heard from other prostitutes that Dariusz was having her against her will and not paying her. They were really offended by that and wanted to know if that was true. Saskia confirmed that Dariusz had indeed been having her against her will. They felt horrible about it and apologized that they didn't help her. They were aware that Dariusz was dangerously unstable and by the time that he was killed they figured it was going to happen eventually. Bottom line was, they figured Sippy or the Afghanis got him. So Sippy was still alive! Good to hear!

Saskia was still suspicious that they were trying to gain her trust and she had learned a very valuable lesson from Smiley. Never trust the words of a criminal. How would she know these two aren't sociopaths as well?

Her suspicions solidified when of all things, they asked if she knew where I might be. They told her they saw us hanging out a couple times before shit went down and wondered if we were still in contact. She told them that my parents had removed me from the boarding school because I was getting mobbed and that I told her I would be going back to live with my parents in France. She conveniently mentioned she saw my parents pick me up that Friday afternoon, on the day that it happened and that I had promised to call or write her but she's heard nothing since. That was also the official story the school was telling, that I hadn't come home from my weekend visitation with my parents. Her story had been previously corroborated by others they had asked so they were satisfied and left it at that.

They continued to talk about Smiley and all the shit he did, the people he beat up for trifles and how much of a fucking scammer, liar and asshole he actually was. Saskia was still worried they were trying to get her to say something negative about him or slip up so she kept her conversation minimal and neutral. They were wondering why there was no mention of any large drug bust or raid at Smiley's safe house. Maybe the police hadn't figured it out yet and would she know its location? This gave Saskia an idea! Maybe she would get finally some compensation for all the horrors she had to live through! She of course told them she hadn't the faintest idea. Once they had finished interrogating her, they offered her their

phone contact in case she every wanted to work again but she turned them down. They wished her all the best, gave up and left.

Saskia had lied. She knew exactly where Dariusz safe-house was but she'd be damned if she let those two mobsters get their hands on all his money. She deserved it more than anyone after all the torture that man put her through. That coffee turned out to be a very lucrative eye opener for little Saskia. She was about to become the richest bitch in town. The monster was dead, the only people that were there never said anything and it seemed I had gotten away with murder and she would get away with robbing every last penny he ever made!

We spoke on the phone of how Smiley was such a loose cannon, he was loud, brash, and bragged too much. He was too in your face with his AMG, gold chains and expensive taste. This did not go down well with the Russian mafia who were Smiley's superiors and supplier of drugs etc. I assume that had Smiley not met his demise that night he would have ended up at the bottom of the Main River one way or the other. He was a catastrophe waiting to happen, a fucking pig that deserved neither loyalty nor mercy.

The youth center had been shut down for good and the police had yet again launched an inquiry. Problem was, no traces at the crime scene around the body that were of any use and because it was such a public place, those traces weren't necessarily related to anything relevant. No witnesses except the two of us and the other four people who knew what happened but they'd be damned to affiliate themselves in any shape or form. There were no street cameras at the location of the youth center and besides that, it was in a quite isolated area on the outskirts of town. Saskia knew why there was still no mention in the news of Dariusz' safe house, any kind of drug bust or mention of all the cash he had for one simple reason. He didn't trust anyone, let alone banks, so he had all his eggs in one basket so to speak. Saskia knew where it was, but only as a show of power on his behalf. Hi safe house is where he took her to fuck her dozens of times. He would always big himself up about fucking her on a mountain of cash. She ridiculed the notion. The so-called mountain of cash was about as unimpressive as Smiley's dick. It was nothing like he made it out to be.

Over the following days she vaguely brought the topic up when she would run into people that might be in the know but no one was any the wiser. It might be worth the risk to go and see if the place may just still be sitting there, undiscovered and all of Smiley's wealth up for grabs. After all, Saskia knew the man had over half a million worth of Deutschmarks, Swiss Francs and Dollars in cash. That as well as all the contraband, gold jewelry and weapons that were locked away in a seemingly dilapidated three story building on the edge of the town.

The town records for that building were bogus. Smiley was good at getting fake certificates and passports. He would hire small time junkies and dealers to front his operation. From sub-leasing basements to grow pot in, to bogus rent contracts for his illegal brothels and parking lots where he parked cars that stored weapons and ammo in the boot. The idiots would be paid for fronting the operation with either their real identity or their face would be used to create a bogus passport. He had a really good Russian forgery artist. For around 2000 Deutschmarks you could buy a real looking driving License. For double, a German ID. None of them of course had any idea what Smiley was getting up to with their bought and paid for identities because they were idiots that had nothing to live for. Even I was made such an offer, but I was wise enough to say no. I knew that could only end with beatings,



broken bones and possibly death. All of us kept quiet and did as told. Almost as bad as the cult I grew up in.

Saskia thought to herself, it's anyone's guess which bogus identity owns the building the safe house is located in. Probably bought and paid for in cash. Since Dariusz is dead, and he was the only person that knew of its location other than Saskia, all the drugs, cash and weapons are up for grabs for anyone daring to enter that lion's den. Smiley had his fingers everywhere and local officials had their hands deep in his pockets as well. The community of Marktbreit was desperately poor so if some well-dressed young man showed up with 20% more than the asking price for an old community owned building in cash, well let's just say, that idiot got to buy it and no further questions were asked.

The key to this secret kingdom? Well Saskia now possessed the only key to it didn't she? I gave Smiley's key chain to her before I left. Surely it would come in handy some way or another to have access to the dead man's entire operation. There wasn't just the safe house key on it either. Keys to as many as twenty different buildings, storage bunkers, garages etc. were on that fucker but only one key was really of any value. Smiley's personal stash! I was right. Unless by sheer coincidence, some junkie had mistaken it for an abandoned house in the last half year and had already robbed it, everything should still be there. We didn't really have homeless people in Marktbreit so that wasn't really likely. Saskia told me on the outside it looked like a haunted and miserable place to venture into.

Saskia put her plan into action. She got her big backpack from under the bed, emptied out the few contents that were still inside. It was now winter so the sun had set by six pm. After dinner, under cover of darkness, little Saskia carried her backpack down to the Ochsenfurter Street, crossed the bridge and then walked for a good half hour through the suburbs to the location she knew all too well.

The house was pitch dark. She tried one key after another until Eureka! Her heart was pounding a million miles an hour as she entered the house and used a small flashlight to poke around. She was at least smart enough to use some gloves for opening the safe. She knew its combination. Of course it was the date that Smiley had her for the first time.

He even told her proudly. She was to become his number one! What an idiot. He never thought Saskia would clean him out but yet that's what happened. Almost half a million Deutschmarks were still in the safe when she opened it. She took almost all of it but left around twenty thousand in smaller bills. She also cleaned out all his watches, gold chains...

There was still Afghan and Heroin she assumed was originally from Mamet. She didn't touch any of that though.

She sounded as elated and excited as she told the story and I was genuinely happy for her. I thought was incredibly brave but also really stupid. She left the door wide open so that someone would eventually get suspicious and call the police. Now that the police had evidence a lot of other big time dealers were arrested as well. Smiley had a note pad containing lots of incriminating addresses, locations, names and phone numbers. Saskia conveniently left it on top of the safe. Smiley truly was an absolute dumb ass.

Now his worldly possessions are sitting in a backpack under a seventeen year old school girl's bed.

"I'm so glad that you got that bastard's money, if anyone deserved to have it would be you. Did you tell Liesel?"

Saskia goes very quiet and I can hear her whimpering. The seconds keep counting, 20, 30, 40... I have to put more coins in the machine.

"Saskia? You still there? What's wrong? "

Saskia's voice sounds all broken and shaken through the receiver, through her snivels I hear,

"Liesel's dead Tommy."

"What? No!" My hands start shaking and tears well in my eyes, I can't believe my ears, my brain refuses to register what I'm hearing. I want this to be a terrible dream.

"She died last week."

"How"

"Suicide, she strangled herself."

I sink to the floor of the phone booth and break down crying. I could hear Saskia asking through the dangling receiver if I was still on the phone but I couldn't find it in me to talk let alone breathe anymore. It felt like my lungs had suddenly turned to stone depriving me of air. I let the coins run out that were still in the phone box and mumbled a gasp, something along the lines of, I'll call you soon. The last thing I heard Saskia say was I'm worried about you, please call me back. I mumbled something and the line went dead. She tried calling me again but I ignored the ringing, got up and ran away from the phone booth, tears streaming down my face.

Liesel had arrived back at the boarding school, said hi to Saskia, walked down the hall, entered her room and was dead not long after. Saskia thought something was a bit off in Liesel's demeanor but brushed it off as her just being her usual self. She couldn't shake the weird feeling, and so went over to check on her and found she had locked herself in, which was very alarming. Saskia pounded on the door but no answer. By the time security had broken the door open, it was too late. Now Saskia found herself desperately trying to remember how to administer first aid while the security worker called the emergency services. It was already too painfully conclusive. Liesel had left the building. She didn't even say goodbye, not even a note of explanation. We were all heartbroken. Such a loving, caring angel and she had chosen to leave us. All because some assholes wanted their 10 seconds of fun. I guess she never recovered from it. I wept bitterly and blamed myself. I fucking let her down, again! I just disappeared. I should have stayed there and accepted the consequences to my actions however grave they would have been but then again, what use would I have been to her dead or in prison?

I should have called sooner. I was avoiding that phone call because I didn't know what to say. I had no solution or promise of a near future where Liesel, Saskia and I would be happy and together. I already felt like such a bastard for running off without even saying goodbye and now I never will get to. It taught me a valuable lesson. Sometimes I just have to accept that the decisions I make, even if it's justified. Even if I'm convinced whatever it is I'm doing is being done for all the right reasons. Those decisions still can have uncontrollable and even disastrous effects on the people I love. I loved Liesel but it was too little too late. Who knows? Maybe even if I stayed she would have still chosen to leave. Maybe it had nothing to do with me. Maybe I'm narcissistic to believe Liesel's death revolves around me. So many unanswered questions that I will never be able to answer. Tears still well in my eyes when I think about her.

I try my best to masquerade my tortured soul as I head back towards my new life here with Melanie. To ratify my own logic inside my head. I wasn't a horrible human being was I?! I didn't owe Saskia or Liesel anything. I had saved Saskia's life at great peril to my own and my future. I was angry at Liesel. Why the fuck would she do that to me? It's not like I had a choice in the matter. Wasn't she smart enough to rationalize my decision and maybe trust that eventually when things calmed down in a few years I would come back for her? I have no idea if I would be able to come back but god knows further down the road I would have tried... It just didn't make any sense, Liesel had her whole life in front of her. Sure I was gone but Saskia was still there. The two of them became such close friends! Poor Saskia! She must be suffering so much! Liesel, why? Why!? Why!!!? Why would you do that? You knew I loved you dearly. I possibly loved you even more than Saskia. Maybe I'm just saying that because you're dead. It breaks my heart every fucking day that I can't be with both of them and now Liesel just removes herself entirely from the equation. Poor Saskia, whose shoulder will she cry on now that I'm gone?! I at least have Melanie, Angela, and Ollie. Yes, I even would have Lars the sleaze bag, drug dealing, whoring megalomaniac of a doctor to keep me company and distracted from my own sorrow worst case scenario. They are now the family that I lost or perhaps never really had.

Sheesh, poor Saskia, it must be so hard to deal with that heartbreak all on her own. I hope Dimitri hangs out with her at least. They might just find something in common, Dimitri was so helpful that night and I really hope he's watching out for Saskia and keeping her safe. He fucking better! He knows what that poor girl had to go through. Saskia doesn't really have family other than me either I think to myself. Fuck! A cold realization crosses my mind. What if Saskia does something stupid! You imbecile! She told you about the money because she wants you to come back for her, to rescue her from the boarding school. She wants to run away with you doesn't she!?

Shit!!!

I walk back to the phone booth and call Saskia back. Another girl picks up and I ask her to call Saskia. I wait and wait and finally I hear her.

"Yes?"

The seconds tick by. She says nothing. I think, "Tommy you moron! She's waiting for you to say something!"

I start stammering. "I, I'm sorry I reacted like that. It was a huge shock, I didn't know what to say."

Saskia says nothing. I continue "So say something, what do you want me to do? Do you think it's safe for me to return? I mean won't that cause all sorts of questions? People starting to realize maybe I am involved in you know, somehow? Also, I'm pretty sure by now my parents have reported me as missing. I can't just show up in Marktbreit. People might recognize my face. Maybe we can meet somewhere else? I dunno, you could come here, to Bingen am Rhein? I could ask Ollie my friend to put you up? We could make it work somehow..."

Saskia sighs and finally breaks silence. "My darling... There is no future for me and you. At least not now. Any scenario where I run away with you, all I'm doing is postponing the inevitable. Even with all this money I found, if I run off with you I still won't have an education or a job and let's face it, neither will you. I'm really sad that you aren't here but I need to stick with this now, I'm almost finished school and then I can do an apprenticeship or even study, get a degree in medicine or become a vet. Something that I can be proud of.

If I just run away my social worker will report me missing to the police and they will come looking for me, for us. I'll just be in the same shit you are in now. That won't help either of us. When that time comes who knows? In a few years when I'm of age, gotten out of this hellhole, have my own place, my own life away from Marktbreit, and all of this shit you can come to live with me. That would really be nice but until then, I really hope you sort things out and survive until then. I believe in you Tommy. There's a reason I'm attracted to you. You are tough and stubborn on the inside, you are more of a man than any of these wannabe tough guys twice your age. I really want you to know that I love you Tommy. But. I want you to know that I'm not going anywhere. I'm going to take this chance and do something with my life.

You're right! Any scenario where you come back to Marktbreit will endanger everything. You know, I thought of this situation and no matter what outcome I imagine it all sucks. Shit happens. I wanted you to be able to reach me directly next time you call and so I bought myself one of these modern mobile phones. I registered it with a fake ID Smiley made for me a few years back to get into clubs and stuff. Who knew it would come in handy now. Now I have my own number and you don't always have to call the communal dormitory number anymore. Do you have something to write?"

"No I don't I'm sorry, wait, I'll run out and see if I can find something."

I let the phone hang and run across the street to a kiosk. I frantically ask for a pen and paper and the man behind the kiosk just laughs at me knowingly. It seems I'm not the first or the last idiot to do this. I rush back just as the last ten seconds are counting on my coins. I hurriedly put the last few ten Pfennig pieces into the coin slots and luckily they don't just fall through into the change box at the bottom. "Ok I'm back"

"So my number is... Did you get that Tommy?"

"Yes I did."

“Promise me you’ll call me from time to time, if you ever need money I want you to know that you can always count on me ok baby?”

“Ok baby, for sure I’ll keep in touch... Saskia... Is there anyone, someone you know, that can be there for you? Anybody really you can hang out with so you’re not alone? Shall I ask Dimitri if he’ll check on you?”

“Don’t worry about that Tommy, I’m a big girl, I can deal with things on my own. Dimitri’s nice but he’s just trying to get into my pants Tommy and I don’t like him like that.”

“I hope shit works out for you and I really hope to see you again one day. Once I have a passport again and my life sorted out I’ll try to get a phone too but that might be a few years still...”

We both laugh and I wipe the tears from my eyes.

“So I guess this is it Saskia my love. I don’t know what to say, but I really hope you do well and I promise to call you from time to time. I hope you achieve everything that you want to.”

“Take care my love, I will think about you every hour of every day. Don’t forget me Tommy, promise!”

“I won’t, I promise.” The line goes dead. I linger hoping Saskia calls the number back. After waiting five minutes I realize she’s not going to.

I leave that stinking phone booth feeling slightly better. I needed that, whatever that was, I now feel genuinely that Saskia will be ok, that I don’t have to worry about her. I don’t want her money, I don’t need her help. I did what I did for her out of love and empathy for my fellow human being. Even if she never wanted to see me again, the fact that she’s alive and well is all thanks to me and that makes me proud to be alive. I am no longer a victim, I am a survivor, a punisher, and I will always be her knight in shining armor as long as she lives. That is a fucking good feeling and it fills me with pride.

If I’m honest with myself, I don’t really want the love of my life to end up being Saskia. I’m way too young and I need to find out what it is even that I want in a relationship much less a lover. After all, she’s a prostitute, or at least was. She fucked men for money. Sex doesn’t have the same kind of meaning to her it does to me. I mean sure I’m a whore too but I never fucked a woman for money, that I didn’t have any feelings for until now. How can you have sex with someone you have absolutely no desire for? That would take some seriously calloused mentality to achieve on my part. I’m not talking about the shit that went down as a child obviously. How can I ever mean something to a woman like that? How will I ever know that she’s really in love with me and not just being pragmatic because she thinks the only way to be friends with a guy is to sleep with him? Friends? Sure! Casual sex partners? Why not? Lovers? I don’t think so.

Even if she’s genuinely in love with me, the thought of so many horrible men having sex with her repulses me. I thought I could genuinely see past that but now that I’ve distanced myself

since half a year, I honestly don't think I could just embrace her again and make love to her after all that shit that happened.

Aside from being a knight in shining armor, as far as most people were concerned, I was that loser that nobody really seemed to know what he was doing and no one really asked any questions about because I liked to remain as insignificant and invisible as possible. I had money, check, I still had my dope reserve, check, I had a place to stay check, and I even had what you could call a rag tag band of misfits I liked to think of as my family, check! For now, or at least until I figured out just what the fuck I was gonna do with my life, my days and evenings were spent sitting around at home getting high, drinking, doing art, and writing poetry and short stories about my travels and adventures up till now. An absolutely irresponsible and meaningless existence. I loved it.

I wrote a poem that evening to get my mind off of the horrible news of the day. To solidify in my mind that I had decided I would not be going back to Marktbreit. That chapter of my life was officially over. It was time to wholly concentrate on the present. On Melanie, Angela and Ollie and define who Tommy is. Is he a poet? An artist? A musician perhaps even? Maybe his talent is yet to be discovered. I roll a big joint and put pen to paper on the small kitchen table in the early hours of the morning after Melanie had fallen asleep. I write down these words.

At the market place, it is quiet inside that old rusty shell  
 Its timeless eyes watch the oblivious people in this fog  
 Hush whispers the wind  
 Long tolls the old bell

It is not that cold yet I seem to shiver  
 Sky of concrete grey, no warmth here  
 People pass that have emptied their smiles  
 Maybe they are numb, crying invisible tears

Still here I stand quietly in rain  
 A statue that cries yet no one sees  
 Faded smile hiding steely pain  
 Hardened and weathered, I'm starting to freeze

Something lies dead in silent snow,  
 An icy spear has pierced its heart  
 I must find the strength to keep life's embers glow  
 Even when I am frozen and all alone

I stared too long down this bottomless well  
 Of repetitious existing in living hell  
 An immortal being trapped inside a hollow shell  
 Dreaming in silence

It's so cold that I seem to shiver  
 The asphalt grey transforms to white

My thoughts are but meaningless blither  
I can never rest from this perpetual flight  
Maybe I'm just filled with fear  
But you'll never see my invisible tears

## Chapter 22

### I Like the Drugs and the Drugs like Me

Melanie and I solidified our relationship during November and by December she was more or less living with me in the apartment, only going home on the occasional weekend and to get fresh clothes and a home cooked meal every once in a while. It kinda bothered me that Melanie never once offered to introduce me to her parents but that was not my call to make. I guess Melanie isn't even sure if the lonesome traveler, aka me, will be around in a week, a month, a year from now. There is really nothing keeping me here really. If I just up and left tomorrow there would literally be no consequences to my actions other than maybe a few broken hearts. I think she's painfully aware of just how fragile our relationship is. I love Melanie no doubt. She's the very definition of comfort, sanctuary and home to me. I just wish I could vocalize my feelings for her better. Often I find myself writing down my thoughts and giving them to her to read because I'm not good at verbalizing my thoughts. Often I say things that sound extremely hurtful or bigoted, sexist even without wanting to. I have no filter when I talk. It's often gotten me into trouble in my past. When I speak my mind sometimes it's almost like I'm having involuntary mental ejaculations. Then I hear myself talk and realize I've rained on everyone's parade! Oops, maybe I should not have said that...

Ollie, Melanie and Angela are very understanding of my situation and forgiving as to my shortcomings. They can see past the Tourette-afflicted under-developed personality and see me as the kind and loving - albeit exhausting person that I am. If it were up to me, I'd live here forever, dealing dope, screwing around and maybe accidentally one day when I'm eighteen, re-enroll in school and try to get an education once I'm sure the police won't bother looking for me anymore. For now however, I have no idea if the police will walk in any day and detain me before sending me back to my abusive parents.

The other harsh reality is that I confided in the three of them a lot more than I probably should have. Melanie knows what I did in Marktbreit. I think the fact that I have killed someone is hard on her as well. Even if it was well deserved. I had to be sure that fucker would never kill or rape again. Something in me changed after that day, for example, I am much less stable in my dealing with emotions. There is no predictability in my behavior either. One day I'm happy, jovial and pleasant to be around. Other days I'm almost unapproachable, snappy, moody, and aggressive. Especially when she tells me things that irk her about my personality. It's even happened on occasion that she just up and left because she didn't want to fight with me and I ended up not seeing her for days on end.

I never get physically aggressive with her or anyone I love matter of fact. I may smash a glass on the floor in anger, punch a wall until my fists bleed or rip my t-shirt from my chest, cut or stab myself with a knife but I never have the intention of physically harming another human being. Hurting myself or destroying inanimate objects helps me to channel that rage so I avoid hurting others. I think I scare her, I think she sees the viciousness that lurks in me that maybe I don't always see myself. It's hard to be a raging animal on the inside yet seem to be calm gentle and kind outwardly. I often feel precocious because of my self-awareness. I am far too young to have to be my own psychiatrist on top of everything else.

Angela never spoke a word to Melanie about what happened. Lars went on an all-out campaign to win Angela back and it worked. She and Lars are back living together as I am writing this. I even meet up with Lars a couple times a week to play snooker. He never asks me if anything happened between Angela and me. I for sure as hell will never tell him. Karma's a bitch I guess. Things are back to same old same old now. Ollie finally got off his high horse about staying sober and being all preachy. As Digger predicted he was back as before within a month of his release from the clinic. By December, Ollie began to regularly come by and hang out with us. On the weekends Angela's flat is often bustling with people Ollie and I invited. He figures it's better to party at Angela's apartment and avoid creating too much unwanted attention at his place. By Christmas, it was almost as if nothing had ever changed.

Ollie never asked me about the drug money and I never mentioned it either. It was a bad memory and we both subconsciously avoided the topic at all costs. I never mentioned Digger either, even though I knew Ollie had been seeing him.

Two weeks after Ollie's release from rehab, it was Christmas! The first real Christmas away from my stinking parents! Lars wanted to do something special for all of us and so invited us to his luxurious house to spend Christmas Eve with him and Angela. An open end invitation with sleep over! Sounds like a lot of fun!

By now we were six in total because Ollie managed to hook up with someone while in rehab. Her name is Isabella. She's a belly dancer/tarot card reader and spiritualist. Isis, as she calls herself, is a bit of a wierdo but beautiful in her own way. She's tall, thin, long black hair almost to her knees, green cat like eyes and very strong cheek bones. Her chest and wrists are adorned with many magical crystals for their supposed auras cleansing capabilities. She wears black velvet clothing with many ruffles and smells of patchouli. Isis is easily pushing way past forty but hey, who's judging?

Isis and Ollie come to pick up Melanie and me in Roland's old VW van. We tucker over to the suburbs where Angela and Lars eagerly await us. Angela runs over to Melanie and gives her a squeal and a hug. Lars high fives me. Ollie introduces his girlfriend to Lars and we all join up inside. The foyer opens up into a very opulent open floor living area with a giant stone hearth and a crackling fire.

I have never seen the inside of Lars home and it is exactly as I imagine it. A large living area with plush white leather, glass table, minimalistic modern art on the walls. A white, Bose surround system screwed high up on the walls. A giant TV is built directly into a white, sliding door wall shelf unit. Some little bonsai trees, Chinese looking vases and a few books adorn



the space around the TV. His electronics are well hidden but he does own VHS and record player. Over-looking the hearth is his piece de resistance. A hand forged, folded steel Samurai sword that is so sharp you can shave the hair off your arm with it as Lars is eager to demonstrate.

Three stainless-steel ice buckets containing Cristal champagne are distributed around the open space. One on the living room table, one on the massive Oakwood dining table and one on the kitchen counter. There are little glass plates with cheeses, olives, crackers with salmon and other sorts of aperitifs I have never seen before. Lars tells the ladies to enjoy themselves and motions for us gentlemen to follow him. He leads us to an adjacent room where there is a miniature snooker table, a humidor full of cigars built into the wood-paneled wall and a bar full of various expensive Whiskeys and other sorts of alcohol from all over the world.

He asks us if he should mix some Martinis but seeing all that good Whisky makes me decline his offer in favor of a straight up Whisky with a drop of water.

He pulls out a 1980 Bruichladdich single Malt and gives us each a finger in a heavy bottomed glass.

Using a pipette he extracts some water from a still Evian and lets three single drops of water fall into each glass. He picks his up and puts his nose to the rim to savor the aromatic bouquet. We spend time admiring his collection and beautiful wood carved bar.

We talk and play a few rounds on his exquisite table and soon a timer goes off in the kitchen indicating it is time for dinner. Lars had prepared a simple but well prepared roast beef and potatoes, lots of different side dishes and plenty of very delicious wine to wash it down with. We all helped to set the table and eagerly awaited the feast as Lars carved the roast into very generous portions for each of us. After a long speech about how happy he is to have all of us here, health, success, life yak, yak, yak, Ollie told him that he's starving and to please shut the fuck up. We all laughed and commenced eating.

The conversation over dinner was dominated between Isis and Lars. Simply because they were both so different in every possible way and the rest of us were way too drunk and high to really give a fuck about entertainment so we let them both have at it. Lars would scoff at her when she was going on about reading people's auras, and the healing power of crystals, spiritualism and reading of palms. She would scoff at him for being so materialistic and not open minded. At first he kept using medical and scientific facts to argue with her. Telling her holistic medicine, laying on of hands, energy transfers and what have you is all nonsense but after a few bottles of wine, grappa and espresso, Lars insisted he was indeed open minded and challenged Isis to do a full Tarot card reading, palm reading and everything to him in the living area. We all would then be the judges whether we thought she was correct or not. A scientific experiment he called it.

We gathered round to watch as she was reading his fortune. She was telling him all sorts of interesting things about himself, his past, and his future. Lars was so amazed that she could tell him such precise things about himself. It was embarrassing to me as a spectator that she hadn't really said anything new to him that she didn't already know. How could Lars fall for that? He wasn't exactly a hidden book, in fact any palm reader would have a field day with

the man because he'd willingly brag to the palm reader and reveal everything about himself before they'd even got a chance to say anything.

We all had to especially laugh when Isis pointed to a little line on his hand and said, according to this line here, it seems like you really like to talk a lot. By then we guessed she might be making fun of him a bit. No hard feelings though and when she was done, a radiant Lars applauded her and suggested we have desert.

During the course of the evening I kept trying to make eye contact with Angela but she seemed to have reverted back to how she was when I first met her. Distant, far away and uninvolved. The whole party was going on around her and she was barely participating. I could tell she was sad, something was really troubling her. I noticed she was often disappearing into the bathroom and so after dinner, while everyone was busy watching Lars and Isis in the living area, I decide to follow her. She sneaks off into the bathroom around the corner at the end of the hall. As she is closing the door, I push myself in after her. She looks at me as if to say what the hell while she pulls a little dime bag from her breast and begins to make two little bumps of cocaine on the flat porcelain sink.

"Do you want some?"

"Ok"

She hands me a rolled up tenner and I snort one of them.

"Angela, is everything alright?"

She looks at me and tears break from her eyes

"Please leave Tommy, I don't want you to see me like this, I don't want Lars to see us together."

"Why? Did he hurt you!?"

"No, Tommy! Of course not. I don't want to hurt him now get out!"

"Ok, sorry for being concerned."

"Hey! Tommy!" She grabs my arm and pulls me in for a kiss, she whispers.

"I'm just so confused about everything. I hate seeing you and Melanie so happy together and I realize I'm not happy. Lars has everything and he's super nice to me but I'd rather be in my shitty apartment back home. I feel like I'm just an object, something from one of Lars' many collections here. I thought I could get over it but nothing has changed, I just don't feel myself."

"Well, come home with us"

"No, not now. It's Christmas, let's have some fun. We can deal with this another time."

She fans the tears from her eyes.

“Go now before Lars sees we are both missing”

I close the door and walk back into the snooker table room and pour myself a whisky. I'm sure Lars will forgive that more than seeing me in his bathroom, in his house snorting cocaine with his girlfriend and doing god knows what else.

I return to the Living room with my whisky in hand. Lars looks up at me

“Ah, I see you have found some more good stuff, which one are you enjoying?”

“This? This is an Caol Ila Islay, I love the peat notes, I hope you don't mind I helped myself.”

“No not at all, good choice in fact. Now come and join us. Isis has done such a good job at telling me my fortune let's see if Isis can tell me all about my past lives.”

I laugh and sit down while I too want to contribute something to the party. I pull out some black afghan and roll a joint to pass around.

The cocaine bump, wine, whiskey and hashish hits the spot. Soon I forget to care about Angela's drama and snuggle up to Melanie on the couch. Angela comes back around ten minutes later and feigns being unwell and goes off to bed wishing us all a wonderful night. The rest of us stay up until the early hours of the morning and Lars gives Melanie and I the spare bedroom to sleep in. Ollie and Isis eventually retreat back to the van to sleep off all the drugs and booze. After everyone had disappeared it was just Lars and I still awake. We adjourned into his pool room for a cigar, a bump of coke and of course more whisky. Over a few rounds of miniature snooker Lars began to pour his heart out to me.

Angela seems distant, not in love anymore. Sometimes she doesn't even want to touch him or kiss him. He's afraid that she fancies someone else. He keeps going on and on about all the effort he put in to this evening and to invite her friends hoping that would cheer her up but it's like she barely took notice.

I asked him if he knows about her father raping her and forcing her to have sex with his friends when she was younger. About the pregnancies etc. He shook his head in shock.

“Dude, I mean yeah, I knew he molested her but that, that's on a whole different level. That's horrific.”

“Yes Lars, I think that's why she's so distant to you because she feels like she can't talk to you about these things.”

“Why do you know so much Tommy?”

“I live with her dude, we're friends, she can talk to me and I listen, I was also horrifically abused by my parents as a kid so I can relate to her.”

“What happened Tommy.”

“Well for starters my step-father used to rape me too when I was a little kid. Right up until I was around six years old.”

“Oh, god, this conversation went dark super-fast. No offence Tommy but it’s really late and I should be off to bed. Maybe another time we can talk, maybe but honestly, this, you, Angela, rape, abuse, I just can’t handle it. It’s too much for me.”

“Lars, I think that’s the whole point that Angela is trying to tell you. She feels like she can’t be herself around you because you only want to see her as you want to and not who she is. She’s a rape victim and a very much damaged one at that.”

“Yeah but like I said, it’s too much for me right now.” He pulls out a little dime bag from his jeans. “Here, have some more cocaine and help yourself to the whisky if you want but I’m afraid I’m off to bed. See you later.”

“Ok Lars, sleep well and thanks again for the party, I had a blast and I’m sure everyone else did too. I’m sure you guys will sort things out.”

Lars stumbles over to me and expectantly hugs me. I feel wet on my T-shirt and look down. The big macho is crying.

“I’m sorry, I’m just so overwhelmed, I don’t know how to help her.”

“She doesn’t want help Lars, she just wants you to listen.”

“I’ll try.”

“Good.”

“Good night Tommy.”

“Good night Lars.”

He extracts himself from my embrace and turns to the door quickly so I can’t see his tears. He closes the door behind himself and I commence relighting my cigar.

I spend the cold early morning hours walking around his garden, and veranda in the snow with my bare feet. I always loved this time of day when all others are sleeping. It’s soothing on my mind and calms my soul. By nine am I can take no more abuse and silently curl up next to a snoring Melanie and drift off to the sandman’s lair.

It’s dark by the time I wake up again, I’m disorientated and confused. Ollie and Isis have already left. Melanie is talking to Lars in the Living room and Angela is nowhere to be seen.

Melanie looks up at me.

“Hey sleepy head, how’s the hangover?”

“The hangover is doing great, me not so much.”

We all laugh.

Lars offers to drive us back to our apartment and we readily accept the offer. Once we get home a simple dinner of spaghetti, tomato sauce and cheese compliments the hangover with some vodka as desert. Lars had gifted me a wrapped bottle of some sort that I have yet to open. I figure it is expensive so better open it when I’m sober enough to actually enjoy it. Sucks I didn’t get anything for Lars. I wasn’t expecting this to be a gift giving and receiving kind of event but I’ll get him something nice and maybe try not to fuck his girlfriend in the future. I feel bad but hey, I really couldn’t help myself. I really thought Angela was on the verge of leaving Lars when that happened. Fuck it I might as well own up to the fact that I’m a whore. You shouldn’t leave me alone with a beautiful blonde woman all night long. It’s just a bad idea.

Melanie and I shower long and copiously. One thing leads to another and soon we are making love on every surface and every room in the house. We climb onto the little fold out sofa in the living room and turn on the TV. Soon, both of us fall asleep again in loving embrace.

A few days later Angela and Lars decided to fly to Mallorca to work on their relationship. I personally thought it to be a very stupid idea. Everything was destined to fall apart unless Lars really decided he was going to swallow his fear and maybe also his pride and accept that the love of his life had been raped her entire childhood. He was going to have to live with that somehow.

Terrible thoughts started to cloud his mind. He was going to have to live with the fact that there will be no father or mother in law, no sequential family get-togethers around a roasted dead bird at Christmas, and that last but not least, every time he and Angela would have sex to have that nagging thought in the back of his head that her own father had already been inside her and even had gotten her pregnant.

Lars will be confronted with horrible insecurities. Something along the lines of “Maybe Angela was a bit of a slut? After all she was dating him, a man who could easily be her father. Maybe he wondered, was she not just biding time till he asked her to marry him only so that she could divorce him and sue him for half his shit?”

The seed of doubt had grown.

Being alone with her in a fancy retreat, doing lots of drinking and heaps of drugs only seemed to solidify his fears. It seemed to him that Angela didn’t want to be near him let alone have sex unless she was completely high on a cocktail of drugs. Only then did it seem was she truly happy. It didn’t occur to him that the root of the problem lay that it was maybe him that wasn’t being open minded. It was him, judging her for a problem she had neither control over nor had any say in the matter. Angela wanted for him just to sit down and listen

to her, like I had done. So that everything could be out in the open and that she wouldn't have to carry her traumatic experience all on her own in this relationship.

I knew Angela loved Lars deeply. She didn't care about his money. She said to me and to him multiple times that she would be happy with him in a hut in the forest because, aside from his vanity, Lars was an absolutely affable chap to be with. He was handsome, witty, intellectual, goofy and a good listener... Except when it came to the topic of a certain father raping and impregnating the love of his life. He didn't want to touch that with a ten foot pole.

In my opinion, I think the real reason he didn't want to know was that he was scared he would lose his sexual attraction to her. That he would constantly imagine her father having sex with her and that it would disgust him and he would end up hating her for something she had no control over. I understood him all too well. Back at the boarding school I had confessed to a girl that I was raped by both my mother and my step-father. She immediately broke off our date and scorned me. She told me not only was I a real mother fucker but a real father-fucker as well. She asked if I wanted to fuck my siblings as well. I tell you some people are just fucking sick in the head, there's nothing you can do about it.

Lars, if I was you, I'd stop buying Angela drugs, get some red wine, take her in your arms and let her talk to you all night long. Once she's done talking, you take that information, put it in a little box in your mind, lock it and throw away the key.

From then on every time you make love to her you concentrate on her. Her beautiful face, her body, her needs and her soul. Whatever happened before that is in the past. No need to punish yourself let alone her for something you have no influence over. And for fucks sake at least don't label her as slutty because her father abused her. No child no matter how skimpy the clothing or how flirty they are with any adult deserves that kind of treatment. Otherwise we could all go back to throwing rocks at women and covering teenage girls head to toe just because certain men can't control their urge to fuck everything that has a hole in it. Angela is beyond doubt, especially for what she's been through, one of the nicest fucking human beings on this planet. It's your call buddy. Are you going to swallow your pride and your angst or will you let it devour you?

Ollie, Isis, Melanie and I had a wonderful little get together at Ollie's place for New Year's. It was the first time I had been back there since Wolfgang died. It took all of my courage to go out onto that balcony but after several rounds of hashish, beer and schnapps, I was in my own element again and Wolfgang seemed but a distant nightmare I had a long time ago.

Ollie and I spent the night and early morning hours of the first of January racking up the points on Super Nintendo. Mario Bros, Duck Hunter, and Mortal Combat. The girls were less keen to play and rather sat opposite each other at the dining table sharing one bottle of wine after another. Occasionally they did come over to watch. Especially when one of us let out a guttural roar of victory or in my case, defeat. I was rubbish at it by comparison. After all, I didn't own a console and Ollie played every day. This gave Ollie an idea. He came back from his bedroom with a plastic bag. In it was his older Nintendo NES two controllers and a Super Mario cassette. Now I could play on Angela's little TV at home. My heart fluttered with excitement and I screamed and hugged Ollie copiously thanking him for the wonderful gift. I

may have even kissed his cheek. Ollie laughed. He quietly hinted to me, that he was planning to copiously fuck Isis on every surface of his apartment. We could stay and watch if we wanted to but it was going to get nasty. I politely declined and asked Isis if she would be so kind as to call a taxi. Isis was more than happy to arrange a cab for Melanie and me. We said goodbye and climbed in the taxi back home. Once back at the apartment I hurriedly plugged the Nintendo into the TV and the two of us played a few rounds until we succumbed to the pleasures of more physical arousal.

None of us heard from Angela until school had started again and Melanie ran into her. Angela seemed rude, distant. Melanie came home in tears wondering why Angela was so hostile towards her. I knew why but hell would freeze over before I said a damn word.

January bleakness swept over Germany, in some ways it was nice. Melanie and I were getting lots of loving done after school. I would cook, clean, make sure clothes were washed and worked on my writing and art skills. Angela was still living as a permanent guest with Lars. Near the end of January, she spontaneously came by the apartment on a Monday morning. Melanie was in school and Lars was at work in his practice. I was really happy to finally see her again and disheartened to see her like that. She seemed really skinny, dark rings under her eyes and very gloomy to say the least. She cried all morning and talked to me nonstop about how unhappy she is and wanting to end it with Lars. She just couldn't bring herself to do it because she was afraid she would break his heart or that he would even get violent and maybe hurt her. She felt that she owed him because of all the money, expensive life-style and trips he afforded her. He pampered her so well and she didn't want to seem like an ungrateful human being. I took her in my arms to try to calm her down. One thing led to another and as I said before, there was not a wish in the world I could deny her and we ended up making love again. She seemed to be in a better mood afterwards but I told her, we cannot keep doing this. She will lose Melanie as a friend not to mention what Lars might do to both of us if he found out. I accidentally spilled the dirt Digger told about Lars.

Angela was very angry and asked me how long I knew about Lars's secret life. I told her I've had my suspicions about him since November but I didn't have the opportunity to tell her because every time we had been alone we had such intense moments and it never seemed like the right time. I confessed to her that the reason I knew about all of the stuff Lars was up to is that I was not totally honest with her either. I explained the problem I had getting rid of Ollie's contraband after Wolfgang died. I was trying to keep him out of prison. I ended up telling her the whole story, she deserved that at least one man in her life would finally be totally honest with her. She sat there in silence, listened to every word I said and then quietly, got up and just left the apartment. Nine whole miserable and paranoid days would go by before I saw her again. I was so scared she would tell Lars I had ratted him out. I was scared she would flaunt it in his face that she had an affair with me right under his nose. We had even kissed in his bathroom.

I tried to play casual and not let Melanie feel my trepidations. If there was to be a show down I was ready. I had already killed a man much larger than Lars and still carried my trusted butterfly knife with me everywhere I went. Lars wasn't going to do jack shit to me without getting badly hurt in the process. If Lars were to hurt one hair on Angela's head I would end him. Melanie told me she noticed Angela wasn't showing up to school at all

anymore. It was time to put my fears aside and grow up, be a real friend and worry about consequences later.

I couldn't just ignore my instinct anymore that something was very wrong with Angela. I called Lars at his practice that Friday morning. He was his usual friendly self. Nothing in his voice suggested he was on to me. Good! I asked Lars why Angela wasn't seen at school and he kept evading and being vague about it. I got angry with him and he finally confided in me that she had indeed been skipping school. She would stay up every night listening to loud music, drinking, and doing molly or cocaine. She had turned his living area into a giant mess of color, paint and art utensils all over the tables and floor. She was painting nonstop and had even painted a mural all over his walls. According to him at least she was being affectionate again. She wanted to do sex art as she called it and would cover him from head to toe in different paint colors and then fuck him on a giant canvas right in the middle of the tiled floor of the foyer. His house was a mess but he was happy like that. So what if she didn't go back to school. He was rich, he could support her. I got really angry and told him that he's enabling her to ruin her life. She can't spend her life dependent on him. She had come so far and been through so much, she needed to go back to school and see this through.

Lars started insulting me. He told me I'm self-righteous and I should shut up. I wasn't doing anything with my life either. I'm just a freeloader living for free in his girlfriend's house. How dare I insult him like that? He said I should not darken his doorstep or call him anymore and to stay away from Angela. He hung up before I had a chance to say anything. I was seething with rage. Ok Lars, this means war! You are not going to turn Angela into your little junkie, fuck puppet, trophy wife!

The weekend came and went. Monday, Tuesday as well. By nine 9 am Wednesday morning enough is enough, I need to talk to Angela directly and find out if she's ok. I'm worried sick. I call Lars's private number angrily from a pay phone. I'm hoping Angela will pick up and determined to let the phone ring until she finally does. If she doesn't answer I'll go by the damned house. This ends now! I'm assuming Lars will be at work so Angela will be alone. Instead, he picks up the phone.

"Hey, Lars! Why aren't you at work? Why are you letting Angela skip school!? She's mentally still a kid! You're a doctor and you have a responsibility to take care of her! You can't just shut out your friends and ignore the fact that this, what both of you are doing, it's totally messed up.

Lars mumbles, completely high and drunk.

"Tommy, is that you? Shut up, why are you calling? It thought I told you to never call me again! Stop interfering in our life, its fine. I'm in control of the situation!

"Lars! What time is it?"

"Why, um it's, it must be at least, I don't know, 6 pm?"



“No! It’s barely past nine in the morning! Please don’t tell me you spent all night doing coke with Angela and forgot to go to work!”

“Fuck you Tommy! Who do you think you are? Maybe I’m a little drunk and high but it’s fiiiine! Tommy, I told you! I’m in control of the situation!”

“No you’re not Lars! You’re fucking drunk and high, you’re a doctor for crying out loud. Angela needs to go to school Lars! She needs this! You’re acting like a fucking spoilt teenager. Come on Lars! It’s enough, send Angela home, she can’t continue missing school, she’s gonna get in trouble!”

“Fuck you Tommy, I might be a bit high but I know what’s going on. You just, you just wanna fuck her Tommy, you fucking traitor! That’s it isn’t it. Be my friend, spend my money, and then fuck my girlfriend. I should fucking kill you.”

Screaming in the background from Angela

“Fuck you Lars! Stop being jealous about Tommy, what the fuck is wrong with you! Always so fucking paranoid! So fucking paranoid you wanna kill some little kid who’s half your age! Grow up asshole!”

Lars:

“Fuck you bitch, you just want my drugs, my money, you always make eyes at every pretty guy, I can’t stand you bitch, you fucking whore.”

“Lars! Lars! Calm the fuck down. You are not yourself at the moment. It’s me, Tommy! Dude, we are friends! I’d never fuck your girlfriend! Chill out man jeez! Let me come by and take Angela home, she really needs to go to school and you need to go back to fucking work Lars. You both are toxic to each other don’t you see that?”

Lars starts weeping into the phone

“I’m sorry Tommy, I can’t help it, I love Angela, and I’d kill myself if she left me! I’m so sorry, you’re right Tommy I’m really fucked up. I can’t go on like this!”

Lars continues having a complete mental breakdown through the payphone as I struggle to keep enough coins in the pay phone to keep the connection running! “Lars! Can you call me back? I’m almost out of coins!”

“What’s the use Tommy?”

“Lars! Angela needs to come home and you both need to take some time apart. I’m not saying break up you know. Just, fuck man, take a time out!”

“Ok Tommy I’ll call you back!”

Beep... Lars hung up! Fuck! I have no more coins! I hope he doesn't beat Angela to death in his stupor

Mercifully the pay phone rings!

"Yes?"

"Hey is it you Tommy?"

"Yes"

"Ok! I called a cab! Angela's is coming home, back to her apartment! Tommy! I trust you. We are friends right? Please don't fuck her, I love her!"

"Jeez, dude chill out, I'm not gonna fuck your girlfriend! Now stop being paranoid and get some sleep. You're a doctor for fucks sake and you got to go back to work and get your shit together."

"Yeah, I'll go back to work tomorrow."

"Whatever dude! Just chill man. Once you've slept and shit we'll meet up or something ok?"

Lars starts crying again

"I'm sorry Tommy."

"Why?"

"I'm sorry I was behaving like this, you're a good guy. I trust you. Take care of her ok?"

"Ok!"

I hang up the phone and start walking back to the building where I live. I sit outside smoking one cigarette after another, hoping Angela actually shows up, she does. Lars hasn't beaten her to my relief.

She exits the cab and immediately stumbles over to me. Exuberantly professing her anger and that she will never see him again. She storms past me and drops her key as she tries to get in the front door. I pick the key up off the ground and let her in. Without a word she runs up the stairs and slams the door shut to her bedroom. I hear her crying, weeping, sobbing. I open the door but all I hear is "Fuck off, fuck you, all you men ever want is to fuck me don't you, you pigs!"

I go into the kitchen and put on the kettle for tea. By the time the water boils and I've made some chamomile, baby Angela is in a fetus position passed out cold. Tear stained and fully clothed.

I lift her legs up to the center of the bed and cover her with a blanket. A half hour later I check her pulse and make sure she's still breathing. She is. I've done my duties! If she lives

till tomorrow we will see from there. I resign myself to spending the day on the sofa. I haven't slept all night either thinking about all this shit and so I smoke another joint and drink a bit too much vodka before also drifting off to sleep. "Hey at least she's back home! I achieved something after all. I almost burn a hole with the second joint into the foam under the sheets as I fall asleep. Luckily the joint goes out on its own and by the time I wake up, it's late afternoon and Melanie is back. I tell her what had happened and we discuss it at length. We let the poor girl sleep as long as she wants to while the two of us go out for dinner and have a few beers, enjoying each other's company.

Around nine pm we return. Angela slowly wakes up and is confused as to why she's in her own bed, not remembering a thing what happened. I try to explain it to her. She's all worried that Lars hates her and wants to run back to him and reconcile. I beg her instead to stay here with us, take some time to think about everything. Maybe even go back to school in the morning and have a few sober and normal days before contacting Lars again. She is not to be reasoned with and stuffs some clothes into a plastic bag, calls a cab and heads on over back to Lars' place. Melanie and I are peeved at her decision but we can't force her now can we? We decide for today, we did everything we could for her and after Angela leaves we indulge ourselves in a nice warm bath and an early bedtime.

Surprisingly the next afternoon, after Melanie came back home, she told me that Angela actually showed up for school. She continued to do so the next week after that. Lars was finally standing up for himself or maybe Angela had realized that she needed to get her life back on track. In any case, I was relieved that at least there was some ray of hope for the two of them.

Sadly, it was short lived and things went back to same old. Lars became increasingly hostile towards me, Angela wouldn't show up to school, she wouldn't answer the phone. I tried going by their house. Lars saw me approaching through the window and came out in only his underwear and physically attacked me in the driveway. He was throwing punches before I even got a chance to say anything. It was broad daylight so I just ran off. I didn't need any witnesses if shit went down. Ollie came by that evening and I told him what had happened. He said, an associate that buys ephedrine and fentanyl off of Lars told him that a few days ago he met up with Lars and he looked like a fucking zombie. Ollie asked me if that was true. I rolled my eyes and confirmed the rumor.

I needed to come up with a plan to get Angela away from him. I had more money than Lars realized. I could pick up Angela while Lars was at work and use rent a cheap motel for her, somewhere he wouldn't find her. I'm sure Ollie would help me to rent a room in his name. Problem was Lars was going to work so sporadically I'd need to stake out his house. He lived in a suburb with private security cameras on every street corner. It would be near to impossible to remain on that street a long time before someone would call the police. Any plan sounded terrible. I wondered if maybe getting Melanie or Ollie to help me might just be smarter. I talked to Ollie. His opinion was that Lars and Angela are two grown adults and we shouldn't interfere. Lars won't be able to keep up with her in the long run and will eventually be so exasperated he'll kick her out because he'll have to choose between his career and her. He was right and it happened sooner than I expected.

By the end of February Lars had indeed dug his own grave. All the drug fueled sexcapades were affecting his skills as a doctor. She was keeping him awake all night, every night. At first

it might have been doable but for one big difference. Angela could sleep during the day, if Lars actually went to work, he didn't sleep much or at all. Angela was nineteen, Lars was easily double that in age. His body couldn't handle the constant punishment of fucking Angela all night, doing drugs and drinking and then going to work the next day. Every day. He started making mistakes at work. He mixed up two patients with similar family names and nearly killed one of them. I don't know exactly what went wrong but what I do know is that by the end of February, he had to make an agreement to pay the victim an undisclosed but very substantial amount of money to keep him from suing Lars for malpractice. That really broke Lars and indeed his wallet.

The first Saturday of March, 1996, he came by our flat one evening. I opened the door and he just stood there crying. I hugged him and asked him if he would like to come inside. He sat down on the little pull out sofa and I lit him a cigarette and gave it to him. We sat there and he began to apologize for how our last confrontation had ended.

Lars's problem was really very simple. He was too in love with Angela for his own good. He couldn't say no to her for fear of losing her. I was wrong about him. He didn't want to turn her into a little junkie trophy wife. He just didn't want to disappoint her. He thought if he just went along with it she's get it out of her system eventually but it seemed like eventually would ruin him financially and possibly kill him from lack of sleep.

He told me something that I too had noticed. As gorgeous as Angela was on the outside it was s right at you that something truly ugly lay right underneath the horizon of her eyes. Sometimes you could see it if you would catch her off guard when she wasn't smiling, joking or being carefree. A deep sorrow and fear that she tried to mask with exuberance, laughter, art, alcohol and cocaine. This wasn't something that would just go away on its own. She needed therapy, stability, and people to keep her in check and people who could say no to her.

I was glad Lars had come to his senses. She needed to come back home. Back here so she could go back to school, finish her high school diploma in which she was already a year behind. Lars would clean up his act and try to be more firm in their relationship. Angela would have to move out. Lars would have to kick her out of his house. If she hated him for it then that was the price he'd have to pay. Melanie and I would have our work cut out for us and I'd be forced to change my life style as well. It was for Angela's well-being. We'd all have to make some sacrifices from here on out.

## Chapter 23

### The Bruises that Bind

Sunday afternoon, 3<sup>rd</sup> of March, 1996 a quiet and surprisingly friendly Angela showed up by taxi back to the house. Six weeks had passed since I had seen her. Melanie was still with her parents and I was alone. I heard her come in the front door and ran out to greet her. She was alone. Some art stuff in plastic bags and canvases clasped under her arms. I hurriedly helped her to bring the stuff inside and went into the kitchen to make us some coffee. I turn around and she's standing there with her arms shyly outstretched.

"I'm sorry but do you think you could hug me?"

I eagerly hug her as tight as I possibly can. We stand there in embrace for many minutes and remain like that, long after the percolator had finished brewing. I break off the embrace to remove it from the stove before it starts glowing red. I must resist the urge to kiss her so, instead I muck about finding two clean cups and sugar to pour the black liquid into.

We sit in silence in the kitchen sipping at our coffee. She breaks it finally.

"Tommy do you love me?"

"Of course I love you what kinda question is that."

"Do you love Melanie?"

"Yes, very much. I love both of you."

"Oh"

"So, this is it I guess, have you told Melanie that we've you know?"

"No of course not. Have you told Lars?"

"Yes I did."

"Oh, shit. When?"

"Today, just before I came here. I wanted to make sure I'm never going back to him."

"How did he react?"

"He smashed a bunch of stuff, yelled, screamed and broke down crying in the foyer."

"Understandable."

"He might try to kill you Tommy."

“Again, understandable, why did you tell him?”

“He was being all preachy and father like. Telling me I got to clean up my act and being all arrogant. I told him he was being such a hypocrite. I said I knew he sells prescription drugs on the black market and is dealing stuff. I told him I know about the prostitutes and Digger and all of it. I was sick of him talking to me like I’m a kid, not respecting me and not being honest. How can I be with a man who doesn’t want to know about my past and constantly lies to me about what he does and who he is?”

“He asked me how I know all of that stuff about the fentanyl. I told him that you told me. I told him the whole story about that night I was with you. How I was getting my cramps again and how you helped me. Lars hadn’t even realized that I hadn’t been having them anymore since months. That’s a perfect example of how little he actually knows about me. Last year, when I was still having cramps at his place he would have just thrown pain medication at me and left me to deal with it on my own. You didn’t Tommy, you touched me cared for me and somehow, inexplicably made the cramps disappear. You listened to me and helped me to heal myself. I told Lars that you are way more of a friend to me than he could ever be because you listen to me and are not ashamed for who I am or what I had to go through. He was angry and his response was, “Well, if he’s such a good friend why don’t you go fuck him together with your father.”

“That was it! How dare he imply I would willingly fuck my own father! Gross! After everything he put me through!” She starts shivering in anger. “That’s when I told him that we had sex. To piss him off even more I told him you fucked me in his bathroom at Christmas dinner before you helped yourself to his expensive whiskey collection. He was so caught up in his ego, having his fortune read by Isis he couldn’t see what was happening right under his nose. Boy did he explode in rage! Serves him right that condescending bastard”

“I get it Angela, but, first of all, we didn’t fuck in his house, second of all, you put me in great danger, couldn’t you have you know, just come here and moved out without burning all the bridges down and putting us all in grave danger?”

“I’m sorry Tommy, I was so fucking angry with that bastard, I’m so fucking stupid aren’t I?”

“Well, no, actually yes, you were fucking stupid but it’s over now. Sometimes feelings get the best of us and we shut off the rational parts of our brains.”

“Actually I don’t really think he’ll come after you Tommy.”

“Why is that?”

“He’s still in love with me. I told him if he ever touches you I will tell the police everything about his dirty business. Maybe just don’t go hang out at the pool hall anymore and stay the fuck away from Digger Tommy, he’s bad news.”

I exit the kitchen to gather my thoughts and tell Angela I’m gonna hit the shower. I start undressing myself and stare at my face long and hard in the mirror. What did you get yourself into Tommy? Remember the last time you got involved in someone else’s business?

How did that turn out for you numb-nuts? I turn the water on and let it fall over my face. I feel a hand touch my shoulder and I turn around. Angela is standing there completely naked and asks me if I could wash her back. She turns around and I see copious bruising on her back. Some of it looks fresh, others look much older. Lars had indeed beaten her. I guess this was her way of telling me.

I whisper,

“That fucking bastard. I should kill him”

“Honey, please just leave it alone. No need to make this any worse.”

Tears well in my eyes. “How can someone do this to you, to anyone?”

She turns to me and we embrace each other under the stream of water and I close my eyes. I feel her kissing my neck, my lips, it’s so inappropriate but I can’t help myself.

I pull myself away from her and put some shower gel in my hand. I wash her shoulders, her breasts, her legs and her feet. I worship the ground on which she stands and I want to kill whoever would harm her.

She takes her turn to wash my body as well. Soon desire overcomes logic and we make love under the running water.

As we finish she looks at me.

“We have to tell Melanie.”

“Please don’t, Angela, it’ll break her heart.”

“So what do you want me to do?” She smirks, “Just share you with her?”

“For now, I don’t know, what other solution would there be, I mean is it so bad? Melanie is an absolute sweetheart and she doesn’t deserve for us to break her heart like that.”

“But not telling her is wrong too.”

Yes but one bridge after the other. I mean you just left Lars hours ago, can we for fucks sake not have all the drama in the same day?”

“I guess you’re right.”

We agree to keep the topic on hold at least for now. Angela needs time to settle and get her school life back on track. I realize Melanie might come home any second and hurriedly leave Angela in the shower to dry up and get dressed. No sooner had I done up my belt, Melanie comes through the front door.

“Hey Tommy.”

“Hey baby.” I kiss her gently on the mouth. “Guess who is back home?”

“Angela?”

“Yes, she moved out of Lars’s house. They had a massive fight. Angela insists that it’s finally over.”

Melanie looks slightly edgy.

“Oh... It’s a shame...”

“Why?”

She tip toes up to me and whispers in my ear.

“I’m not wearing any panties. I was going to surprise you.”

“Oh!!! Wow!!! Shiiiiit!!!” I whisper, “Let’s just wait until she falls asleep.”

Angela spends enough time in the bathroom to recompose and make it look like just was innocently showering all by herself. She comes out with a towel around her head and her bathrobe draped over her body. Oh god, damn that fucking bathrobe! It’s too revealing. Angela waves a shy hello to Melanie who immediately rushes over and hugs her tightly and kisses her on the cheek. I instead head to the kitchen to make some coffee and roll a joint while I listen intently to their conversation.

Melanie is talking so fast, she’s stumbling over her own words.

“I’m so glad you finally are home. I never liked that guy Lars. I always thought you could do better.” Melanie follows Angela into the bedroom and they gabber on and on about men, dissing Lars, something with my name which make them both giggle. I figure it’s good they found their own spark again, best let the two of them realign their friendship first. After all at the end of the day, it’s just sex. That shouldn’t be the maker or breaker of friendships.

My thoughts are interrupted by a loud banging sound of the entrance door downstairs, the pounding sends booming echoes in the hallway followed by an all too recognizable voice.

“ANGELA YOU FUCKING WHORE!!! Come out here and get what you deserve!!! TOMMY!!! YOU ASSHOLE!!! I TOLD YOU I’D KILL YOU IF YOU FUCKED MY GIRLFRIEND!!!

Luckily Angela and Melanie are still in the bedroom. I hope they didn’t hear that!

I go outside onto the balcony and shut the glass door behind me.

“Hey Lars! Fuck off! Go find a woman your own age and stop hassling Angela. I should fuck you up for what you did to her!!!”



"I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO HER!!"

"OH YEAH, WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE BRUISES ON HER BACK! SHE SHOWED THEM TO ME!"

"WHAT?"

"THE BRUISES LARS!" You fucking beat her didn't you! Now fuck off before I call the police! In fact if you ever come near her or any of us again I will make sure you will never fucking walk again."

BULLSHIT!! You're scared of me Tommy that's why you're standing on the balcony instead of facing me man to man!!!"

That's it! I grab my fly knife from the living room table, bolt through the apartment run down the stairs and throw the front door wide open. Lars is very drunk and taken aback. I leave him not a second to react and kick him directly in the chest with my heel followed by a second jump kick to the jaw. As he continues to stumble backwards I step up and mash his face with my right fist enclosing the fly knife and bust his nose open. I punch him in the stomach a few times with my left fist before he finally collapses on the sidewalk. I swing around behind him and flip open my knife and poke it into his neck. Not enough to pierce skin but enough to scare the crap out of him. I grab his hair.

"Don't ever fucking come back here!!! Not with Digger, not with your friends, nothing. I don't want any fucking trouble! You stay the hell away from us! Deal your fucking drugs, whatever I don't care but if you ever touch Angela again or even speak to her, next time this knife is going to be inside you neck! Do you fucking copy that!"

"DO YOU FUCKING COPY THAT!!!?"

He nods.

I step back and kick him in the back of the head. He keels over. I look up and notice Melanie and Angela are watching from the doorway.

"How much of that did you see?"

"All of it."

"Ah." I swing my fly knife shut and shove it in my back pocket.

"Melanie looks at Lars's face covered in blood.

"Is he going to be ok?"

"He's a doctor, he'll figure it out."

Melanie is visibly disturbed by what she saw. "I'm sorry, fuck! That was too much for me. I'm um, I'm gonna go now. I can't be here right now.

I look at Melanie, darling stop!

“NO TOMMY I can’t deal with this anymore. The constant staying up all night, crying, punching walls, smashing stuff when you get angry and now Lars comes by and your solution is of course what else should I expect? Violence! You’re a psychopath Tommy! You need help!”

Melanie goes over to Lars and helps him to lean up against the apartment wall. He asks her if she can light his cigarette and she does.

“You need to sort yourself out Tommy, I can’t be with you like this. You fucking scare me! Angela, for god’s sake, get this man some ice and a towel! Tommy go back inside! I don’t want to see you!”

Angela interrupts Melanie’s shouting by turning her back to Melanie, lifting her shirt and showing her all the bruises.

“Tears well in Melanie’s eyes “Oh my god! Did Tommy do that to you?”

“That was Lars! Isn’t it obvious?” I yell at her.

She turns to Lars in rage and slaps the cigarette out of his mouth.

“HOW DARE YOU DO THAT TO MY FRIEND YOU PIG?”

Lars starts crying. “I’m so sorry. I never meant it to end like this. I don’t know what came across me!”

“DAMN RIGHT YOU’RE SORRY.”

She grabs Lars’s chin and forces him to look at Angela.

“Look at that beautiful woman. LOOK AT HER!!! You will never get to touch her ever again! I have friends too Lars. See what Tommy did to you? My friends will do twenty times worse than that if you ever come near her again DO YOU FUCKING UNDERSTAND THAT!!!? Now fuck off!

Lars looks up at Angela

“I’m so, so sorry! Can you ever forgive me?”

Angela starts crying and wipes the tears from her eyes.

“No! Please Just go!”

He turns around and staggers down the sidewalk clutching his chest. We all stand there in disbelief lighting cigarettes watching the man turn a corner and disappear for good. It’s a shame really. Aside from him losing it at the end I almost began to like the man. I felt bad for him in a way. I wondered how I would react if Melanie told me she was cheating on me...

...well I certainly wouldn't fucking beat her. Maybe smash some stuff but physical violence? I knew how that felt all too well. I could never do to another human being what my father did to me... At least not without fucking good reason.

Melanie looks at me.

"I'm sorry for doubting you Tommy. You're fucking crazy but you're a good kinda crazy."

She steps over to me and kisses me on the cheek. I look at Angela, she's still crying, holding her face in her hands.

I turn to Melanie.

"Let's get that poor girl inside and make her a joint and some tee.

Melanie goes over to Angela and hugs her. Arm in arm they ascend the stairs and go into the living room. I lock the front door in case Lars tries to come back.

After tee and a few joints the mood has relaxed a little. We watch Otto do stupid shit on TV and by midnight all three of us have passed out on the couch and are fast asleep. It's late morning by the time I wake up and Angela and Melanie have dutifully snuck out to go to school. I am such a deep sleeper I think to myself. If someone wanted to murder me I'd surely wake up dead.

My main concern in the following weeks was to make sure Angela stayed in school and keeping her off the hard alcohol, at least on school days. It is good Melanie is here to help out. I'm quite unstable myself and incapable of getting up early let alone looking after a borderline cocaine addict. Getting clean will probably be just as difficult for me as it will be for Angela. Melanie became our mother hen over the coming weeks. She also insisted I wake up with them every morning, have breakfast together before they left. I did my part to try and control my emotional outbursts and being off the alcohol definitely helped with that. During the day when I was alone, I would work on my art and my writing skills. I even went jogging, rather than just getting high and watching TV all day.

In the evenings, I limited myself to maximum two beers and some joints. Melanie poured our hard alcohol collection down the drain. It was going to be a bit cleaner living from here on out. Honestly, I was quite the fucking alcoholic by then. It did me some good, quitting the hard stuff and forcing myself to care for the people I loved, helped me to care for myself.

Look at you Tommy! Finally being responsible as a 15 year old teenage caretaker. Helping around the house, cooking, cleaning, and doing laundry. I'm happy to not be homeless for the time being. Happy to have a little family again. I did everything possible that the two of them asked of me to show my gratitude. I love Angela truly. I love Melanie just as much too. How long can I keep this going?

I needed an occupation. Something to get me out of the house. Eventually I caved and told Ollie I want to start dealing again. He didn't like the idea and thought it would be smarter to

lay low for another six months until I turned sixteen. He was worried if I got caught I would really have to face the music for real. All that shit would roll over me like a freight train. I got away with so much, better not tempt the hands of fate. He was right. I resigned myself to lay low. I'd be sixteen soon. At the age of sixteen I was legally allowed to hold my own passport and travel without my parents. Maybe I'd have legal precedence to have a judge declare me emancipated due to the negligence and abuse of my parents. It seemed Marktbreit was stagnant. It wasn't following me. Nothing in the news that forebode me ill tidings. Mostly I just had to worry about the fact that I may be reported as missing. I can't be sure what the fuck my parents are up to. They didn't like the police so maybe they never even bothered to report me at all.

Maybe no one is even looking for me. How ironic would that be after all the paranoia, hair bleaching and hiding from the law? Only to realize none of it was necessary. It wouldn't be until I got arrested by the police in Bern, Switzerland, 20<sup>th</sup> of September 1996, would I realize just how little of a fuck my parents actually gave as to where I was and whether I had lived or died. That's what being in a cult does to you I guess. Not even the life of your own child is important to you anymore. After all, it was I that turned my back on God. Any consequence of my betrayal was on my head and my cross to bear. More on that later.

Ollie as predicted was kicked out of his parents' building for throwing yet another party and towards the end of March he had no choice but to move into the building where we lived. He was now living one floor above us. He was smart though. Over the years he had made a lot of money and he had hid it away in untraceable offshore accounts. That guy was fucking smart. By the time his parents cut him off he had earned quite a lot speculating on investments, stock exchange and the like. I was always very bored when he talked about it because honestly it all went way over my head.

I still had over ten thousand Marks left over and was more than happy to contribute towards our expenses and food. Angela got money from the government and Melanie, well, she helped out any way she could. Sometimes bringing home cooked meals from her parents' home and helping out with the day to day chores. We lived fairly cheaply and allotted enough money for the occasional piece of hashish and some beers. Ollie would often come by and supply us with gear on the weekends. He'd take us to eat out in cheap restaurants, pay for drinks at the clubs and so my life started to have its own kinda rhythm.

The only thing that suffered was the sex life. It was almost impossible for Melanie and I to have proper sex as she also felt weird about doing it with her friend around. We'd have to be sneaky and a solution was desperately needed. On the weekends when Angela and I were alone it was a very different story altogether. We'd fuck for hours and literally do nothing else all of Saturday night and Sunday morning. I was feeling worse and worse about lying to Melanie but I loved her too.

It was very weird to me at times but Angela didn't seem to give a fuck and even told us if we wanted to fuck to just go ahead and she would leave us to it in the living room. Melanie was still a bit more complicated. She felt a bit bad that she was having sex with me in her friend's apartment while her friend was getting over a toxic relationship. We still did it mind you, just not the kind of shouting, screaming sex we normally had before. Other than that life was pretty sweet. Angela and Melanie were best friends and they often went out without me,

just the two of them which was fine by me. It gave me a chance to hang out with Ollie and do some reading and drawing.

Since I had a lot of time on my hands I continued my project of drawing all the people and their characters that I encountered. They were all there. Some of them were dead, yet lived and breathed in the pictures I drew from memory. There was Smiley, and Dimitri, Mamet and Liesel. Roland, Ollie, Wolfgang, Sippy, Yordanka, Tom, and many, many others. I drew one of Saskia. It took me days to complete and by the time I finished it was not an ordinary comic drawing anymore. It was a photograph. Her eyes shimmered vibrant and alive. Her chest heaved and sank with breath and her lips beckoned the viewer to lean in for a warm, gentle kiss. As if she had come to life right there on that a4 piece of printing paper. Melanie was visibly impressed with the love and detail I gifted the beautiful face and was very inquisitive as to who that might be. I told Melanie that the girl in the picture was just a phantasy portrait. As with all my portraits I told her that they were just faces that I'd seen somewhere and that I was coming up with ideas to start a graphic novel. The idea was that the story would take place in different dimensions. All the characters would exist in both realities but have different attributes and powers depending on which plain of existence they were living in. At the end of the book all these characters would collide in a massive show down in a little seedy bar called "The Green Lounge" Which incidentally was also the title of my project.

## Chapter 24

### It takes a lot of loving to make a house a home

Angela was as I mentioned before an extraordinary artist. On occasions we would have a weekend of sketching and getting high. This also meant that there were plenty of art supplies around the kitchen and living room to keep me busy. We slacked on our original rules and soon vodka was back. At least we only binged hard stuff on the weekends. Two weeks after Angela had returned, Melanie decided to stay the weekend since her parents were fighting and she couldn't deal with it. I also suspected she wanted to make sure the two of us weren't having any fun without her. We spent Friday evening with Isis and Ollie drinking, playing board games and cards, just the usual. After they left we all ended up falling asleep on the sofa and continued drinking and getting high Saturday morning. We started on some art projects. Angela and I asked Melanie if she would pose for us which she did happily. We drew many sketches of Melanie as you could imagine in increasingly naughtier positions. Melanie had fun being our muse. As the hours went by more and more clothes came off and finally, beautiful Melanie was lying curvaceously naked on the sofa in the living room.

My next idea was to draw her from above as if she was falling through the sky and plummeting to the depths below. The title of the work would be named "The Slip". I couldn't quite pull off the proportions for my idea and kept having to start over again. I looked over at Angela's sketch. She had simply drawn Melanie as she was lying there with her arms outstretched and me standing over her with my clipboard and pencil in hand trying to figure out what I was doing. Melanie looked beautiful! So much vivid detail, like a black and white photo. My bare legs and feet standing over her in perfect symmetry. Wow, this girl can really fucking draw! I was deeply impressed. Proportions had always been my nemesis, I could never really capture them just right in a three dimensional setting if there were too many different things going on. Human bodies and faces I could do very well but as soon as I tried to put them into a room or an action I had a hard time visualizing on paper how it was supposed to look. I was not to be discouraged and Angela was more than helpful in showing me little techniques and tricks to work on my depth perception. I never had any art lessons in my life and so all my abilities were hours of trial and error.

Angela puts her artwork down and says she wants to paint directly on to Melanie's body. Melanie laughs and nods. Angela gets some acrylic paint and I join the fun. We start painting her face, shoulders, her chest her tummy. She looks up at me and I lean in for a kiss.

Angela is stroking her with the paint brush between her legs and playfully runs it up and down her inner thighs making a mess of paint all over the sofa bed.

"You have such pretty legs"

Angela lets her fingers slip in-between her thighs. Melanie's legs spread out wider and Angela's fingers slip inside her. As we kiss, she starts writhing and moaning in pleasure. I look over to see Angela's head has disappeared between Melanie's legs. Angela runs her fingers all the way her belly as I play with Melanie's nipples.

She squeezes my arm and bites my lips in pleasure. She puts her hand down my shorts and begins to play with me as I remove my t-shirt. Soon I too am naked and Angela begins to undress herself. We are lying there together on the sofa completely naked. The girls alternately kiss me and each other while I let my fingers explore their bodies and they, mine. It's nice that the two girls are also keen on each other and the whole thing seems natural. Not long after we are all naked Ollie rings the doorbell. He's excited about something and insists I come answer the door. I scramble to find my underwear and answered the door covered in paint, and reeking of sex and cupping my hand around my thick bulge. He sees what is going on, grinned from ear to ear and says

"That's a really awesome idea, Mind if I steal it?"

"Um, sure, it was actually Angela's idea."

"Angela? Ah! Um, so she's with you now? Ok! What about Melanie?"

I look at him slightly embarrassed

"Um she's covered in paint as well, what was so important that you kept ringing the bell?"

Ollie shakes his head laughing and walks off. As he walks upstairs he mumbles that he'll come by tomorrow and tell me everything and wishes me a bon appetite. He turns and grins again before bolting up the last steps around the corner.

Later we hear him pounding away. Isis is moaning in high pitched little squeals of excitement and Ollie from what it sounds like is slapping the fuck out of her ass I assume. It's an old house. You are going to hear the neighbors. The three of us giggle at the funny sounds of Ollie and his sweetheart getting it on before getting back to our own idea of pleasure.

Melanie is very much enjoying Angela as am I. It seemed to me that between the three of us alternating we continued to have sex the whole day and most of the evening. By the time it was dark outside I was completely robbed of my strength and fell asleep in between both of them for about an hour. As I woke up again, a joint was wafting over my face and both of them were looking down at me smiling.

"Wake up sleepy head."

They were still naked! Oh lord give me strength. How horny can a man possibly be at the age of fifteen? The answer is, very. Melanie began to kiss me while Angela took my very full member into her mouth. I thought to myself. I must have died and gone to paradise. I tried to satisfy both of them as much as possible and suggested to them we finish this in the shower. The three of us tried very clumsily to fuck and shower together in the tiny bathroom and ended up flooding the floor. By midnight I could barely walk straight from all the dope, alcohol and sex. We clean up the giant mess and finally change the sheets on the sofa bed. I don't think they ever were changes since I first got here. The three of us now scantily dressed and voraciously hungry. We raid the little freezer to feast on frozen fish sticks, rice, vodka and more beer.

Angela, Melanie and I spent that night in front of the TV watching MTV music videos until one by one we drifted off to sleep in each other's arms. It was undoubtedly the best night I'd ever had in my life until now.

Sunday afternoon Ollie invites us upstairs for an impromptu brunch. Isis keeps giggling and goes on and on about all the orgasms she's had last night and this morning and keeps making generous compliments as to Ollie's stamina and thick manhood. A bit too much information for Melanie's taste but she still giggles somewhat. As Isis offers to show the three of us all the bruises on her ass courtesy of Ollie the Hulk. We politely decline.

Then they break the exciting news. Ollie has proposed to Isis! Oh! Wow! I did surely not expect that! Well, it's Ollie, expect the unexpected I guess. We congratulated them and ask them when they plan to get married. Isis has yet to make the astrological calculations and tarot readings to determine the best time and place for their wedding. She yaks on and on and I'm bored already. I kindly excuse myself from the table and go over to the couch to turn on Ollie's super Nintendo. Ollie joins me soon afterwards with two cold beers.

After that weekend Melanie had become a bit, how should I put this? Well put off actually. I guessed she was really wondering to herself how this relationship would continue as it was clear, at least to her that a relationship can really only be as a couple. She was realizing that Angela and I were very similar in so many ways and she, well she was totally normal by comparison. I mean we still had sex, made out but often Melanie would excuse herself and go sleep in Angela's room or even spend the night at her parents. This went on for around a week and a half and by the following Thursday 28<sup>th</sup> March, I got up around 3 am to piss. I could hear Melanie crying her eyes out in the bathroom. I kneeled in front of her and hugged her. As I wiped the tears from her face, she told me it was obvious to her that Angela and I were really in love with each other. She asked me to tell her the truth. Did I have something with Angela before we, you know, all hooked up together?

I told her the truth. It wasn't fair to keep it from her any longer. I told her I really loved her deeply but I loved Angela too. If it was up to me I'd be happy to be with both of them and even be ok with it if Melanie want to see someone else on the side. I was adamant to make this work. I took her up and into my arms and just held her a long time. I kissed her and told her that I really, really loved her, that I wanted us to be together. How deep my conundrum was, I mean they were both best friends and any decision on my part would lead to things becoming severely complicated and so like the coward that I was I chose the easy way out. I mean, isn't the whole idea of monogamy a little old fashioned? Couldn't it be possible for a man or indeed a woman to be in love and to love more than one other human being? Melanie agreed with me on at least that. Even though she was still saddened I hadn't told her sooner. She would have liked to at least make up her own mind and not be left out of the decision. Angela was still asleep in the living room the whole time. Since that memorable night, all three of us mostly slept together on the pull out couch. It was the only bed big enough for the three of us.

I took Melanie by the hand and we tip toed into Angela's bed. I began kissing her neck, her hands and telling her just how much I worshipped the ground on which she stood. I got down on my knees and kissed her feet, her legs and her inner thighs. She opened her legs a little and let me satisfy her. She pulled me towards her as she let herself fall backwards on



the bed. I hurriedly climbed on top of her while yanking my t-shirt off and heatedly made love to her. Just the two of us. I made sure to give her every ounce of my strength. I wanted her to know just how much she meant to me. Soon we lay there staring up at the ceiling completely out of breath. While my heart was still pounding Melanie calmly got up, dressed herself and informed me she will be going back to her parents to think about everything and decide for herself if she can continue like this or not. By this point it was evident I would not be able to change her mind and the words came to mind, "If you love someone, set them free."

I resigned myself to my fate, got dressed and walked her to the nearest pay phone. I waited with her until the taxi arrived and paid her fare in advance. I couldn't help feeling fearful about the uncertain future and realized just how much I would miss her. It was strange, Melanie like Angela each had a unique place in my heart that only they could fill. Something now was missing inside, I felt void, half empty and irritated. I smoked half a pack of cigarettes and a few joints. Some vodka topped me over and I undressed myself again and snuggled back up to Angela just as she was waking up. It took her a moment to realize that Melanie had gone. She didn't even seem perturbed by it. Almost relieved actually. It seemed that Angela preferred to keep this relationship exclusive between just her and me. I on the other hand, well I didn't want to have to make up my mind. I was torn between both of them. Yes, much like Nathalie Imbruglia tore my soul when she covered that song, Yay, good for you Nathalie! You ruined that fucking song, made it all preppy, poppy and upbeat. Did you not fucking listen to the lyrics? It's a really sad song, what part of being torn lying broken and naked on the floor is a joyous and playful occasion? Dear Nathalie, you're fine as hell and honestly I did fancy you. Which made the butchering of one of my favorite songs even worse.

For now, it's still 1996. Ednaswap is hardly known in this region but I have their songs from one of my Russian ex-dorm mates on a bootleg cassette. The Russians really know how to get their hands on bootlegged music. I bought the cassette for ten Deutschmarks which mind you was the friend price! I liked them a lot and I listened to them often when I was in emotional distress. Angela and Melanie agreed with my taste and I obligingly made them each a copy. Back then, anything that wasn't in the charts was spread by word of mouth, alternative radio stations and illegal parties. Cassettes with unknown bands from America or England were swapped, duplicated and handled with the same kind of reverence that normally would be reserved for the drug market. Ask Jeeves and Google won't exist in the public domain for another year, Napster is still three years away and win amp? Hahaha, well that won't come out until 1997. Aside from that, most young people don't even own a computer. We still live in the dark ages as far as music sharing goes. Our pirate bay is our cassette players. You better make sure your cassettes don't get tangled up in some assholes cassette player or you'll be very sad to lose your only copy of your favorite song! Hipsters? Please! All a bunch of fuckwads! They got nothing in terms of originality on kids growing up in the 80s and 90s. We drunkenly nodded our heads back and forth around a camp fire while singing along to lame ass lyrics about the struggle of humanity and fuck the powers that be and all that crap strummed along and out of key by an aspiring guitarist way before the first dirtbag hipster ever cried for mommy.

The weeks went by and soon a month had passed. Melanie still didn't show up. Angela still saw her at school but was sad she wouldn't come by anymore. The chemistry just wasn't the

same without her. Sometimes Melanie would call Angela once to meet up with her in town or go out clubbing. Every time I would get excited but Angela always said the same thing. Melanie didn't want to see me for the time being. She felt betrayed by me. I should have told her sooner that Angela and I were having an affair. She felt more betrayed by me than Angela for some reason, why is still a mystery to me. Maybe it's because Angela was more of a constant in her life and I was the stranger, the lone rider, if I ever left, at least Angela would still be there and after all, isn't that what friends do? Forgive each other?

I could have kicked myself. I should have never said anything. I had solved the problem but at what cost? It was inevitable that Angela and I were destined to be together but I had wished somehow that Melanie would still be part of the picture. If not lovers than at least friends. At least she never said she didn't want to see me ever again, she just said, not now.

Near the end of May, Melanie informed Angela that she was going on a weekend trip with her family to visit her relatives in the Black forest region. She had still not mentioned our relationship or the break up to her folks and as far as they were concerned Melanie had previously more or less been living with just Angela in her apartment. They never came to visit, ever. I guess they didn't want to know or didn't want to intrude. Either way her Mom sent food back with her every Sunday evening for the two of them. It was often the one properly good meal we ate all week because like all teenagers, our diet consisted mostly of junk food like frozen pizza, mashed potatoes, spaghetti and canned raviolis. Maybe rarely a tomato and mozzarella salad thrown in for health reasons. I had a weird addiction to tuna fish and would often just eat open the can, mix mayo in it and eat directly out of the tin with a spoon and wash it down with beer. I would miss those home cooked dinners, Melanie's mom was a good cook.

I suspected that maybe her parent's might be super Christian or something conservative because Melanie always avoided the subject. I mean they still let her run around in full Goth or punk gear or whatever mezzo mix her style was. Mostly black with black or red, sometimes blue colored hair. Sometimes she shaved the sides of her head. Lots of rings, piercings and rivets. Iron on patches with slogans like antifa, or the Hakenkreuz with a red slash through it etc. Maybe her parents had just given up on her and were happy that she had more or less moved out. I don't know how approving they would have been of her living in sin with much less having gay sex with her best friend but what the hell? I wonder what she told them about why she isn't living with Angela anymore but then again, it wasn't my business.

It was recognizable to me that there had been much unwillingness from Melanie to introduce me to her parents and honestly, I felt the same way. The less people that knew of my existence, the better. Soon it was going to be Melanie's 17th birthday on the 28<sup>th</sup> of May. I felt bad about the current situation and was determined somehow to make amends before that happened. One weekend to go. My birthday had been a fucked up yet very memorable night none the less. The night Melanie and I first met and inevitably got together. At some point I told both of them that Wolfgang died on my birthday. Their reactions were as you can imagine rather mixed about it all. Friday afternoon, just before Melanie left with her parents, she called Angela. To her surprise, she wanted to speak with me directly.

Eagerly I take the phone and respond. Melanie sounds placid yet determined. She informs me that she might forgive me for my waywardness with Angela. She wasn't willing to lose me over it and after all, Angela and I were so alike, it should have been noticeable to her that this would happen. Deep down she always kinda knew but just never wanted to deal with it. According to her, Angela, Melanie and I were more than lovers, we were now also best of friends. She wanted Angela to be happy and if that meant being ok with whatever it was that we had she would learn to deal with it. Maybe her idea of relationships revolving around just two people was antiquated and old fashioned. Maybe she was being guilty of the same thing she always accused her parents of being. Unwilling to think outside the box and accept other people for who they are. She said she would come back to us on one condition. I was to never lie to her again. She needed to be an equal part of this family if this was going to ever work between the three of us. I was very happy to hear that and promised to her to always tell her the truth from now on. She said she felt weird about coming over straight away but she would come by to visit us on her Birthday, that following Tuesday. I told her over and over again how much I loved her until I could hear her mother in the background yelling about getting off the phone and that it's going to be super expensive yak, yak, and yak.

Melanie left with her parents to the black forest and I had butterflies in my stomach once more. Soon I would be reunited with my love and we would begin mapping a future where we three would have equal opportunity to share a life and love with each other. It felt to me almost as if I was starting my own little cult, right here in Bingen am Rhine. After I got off the phone, I told Angela about the good news and we happily went upstairs to visit Ollie and Isis. She had moved in with him since the proposal. We sat there chatting and Isis brought up the idea of a road trip for the four of us. There will be an illegal GOA party starting tonight that some of her friends were organizing in the south of Germany direction Freiburg in Breisgau near the border with France and Switzerland in the woods this weekend. It's gonna be epic!

Neither Angela nor I had plans and so we shrugged our shoulders went back downstairs to pack some vodka, a can of tuna fish, some few clothes and blankets. We hit the road around seven pm that evening. It took us over 4 hours to get to the secret location in the woods. Partially due to many wrong turns and Isis mocking at Ollie for being a dumbass, but we finally see colored lights beaming up into the night sky and some very high locals with their Orange vests and glow sticks showing us where to park. The unmistakable sound of a hippie drum circle echoes through the forest accompanied by the throbbing beats of trance and Goa music. Everyone there was super chill and friendly.

Ollie gets out and starts hugging people who know him apparently. Angela immediately heads towards the massive speakers and lit up clearing in the forest and begins to dance.

The friends of Ollie introduce themselves to me and we walk around the area together. They show us the makeshift campsite that even had some proper toilet facilities for the guests. Ollie explains to me that he had sponsored some of the heavy duty generators needed to make all this possible. It was astounding how well everything was organized.

A beautiful Bamboo bar built near an old food truck is lit up in green and blue neon. Lots of black light spots and pretty decorations everywhere in the grass. Someone had gone through a lot of effort to make this place super psychedelic and once the sun was down it

transformed into this amazing fairytale land of mushrooms, fairies and all sorts of mystical, neon lit creatures. I was even happier when Ollie handed me two blotters. Without hesitation, I placed them on my tongue and waited for the magic to unfold. By far, one of the best acid trips I ever did.

It seemed to me that every single person was high on either mushrooms or LSD.

Ollie's acid was quite powerful and for the first five or six hours I had a hard time discerning whether I had my eyes open or not. The visuals and colors were intense. People dripping with color and beaming auras of rainbow would smile at me and I would smile back at them. The music filled every pore in my skin and every follicle seemed to have a mind of its own. I remember Angela cuddling up on my lap as the acid kicked in and stroking her long blonde hair as she lay on my lap completely tripping as well. She said she was melting into my lap. We were as one being I must have let her lie on my lap for five minutes? Two hours? No idea.

As Angela and I slowly get used to the acid, we find ourselves wandering through the forest hand in hand. Everywhere there are fairies and all manner of black light and neon shapes decorating the forest for hundreds of meters in every direction. There are black light and orange neon arrows to guide the tripper along the paths that have been carefully and beautifully mapped out by the organizers. I blabbed to Angela about her looking like a fairy, her hair was pure white and she had this lovely white aura around her. It seems as though we are more floating than walking through the forest. Soon we are hovering above the forest looking at all the little lit fairies and creatures below us pulsing in the rhythm of the heart beat and the music is visible to the naked eye. We stare deeply into each other's eyes and lock our bodies tight against one another as Angela sways her hips to the waves of the music.

We hold each other close, our rhythm at half time to the music playing. Almost as if it was a high school slow dance. We look lovingly at each other and I stroke her hair and gently touching the back of her neck, slowly moving my fingers to the corner of her lips. She gently moves her head to the side and our lips embrace as we continue to dance in the forest underneath a tall pine tree.

"You are such a pretty fairy" I exclaim to her"

"Und du siehst aus wie Peter Pan!"

We laugh and stumble into a tree trunk, our psychedelic induced romance fevered into heat as she lifts her leg up over my hips I support it with my left arm as my hand reaches beneath her dress and I gently start to massage her lips. My middle finger excitedly slips all the way inside her body. She feels like a sauna, her hot lips moan, breathing rapidly as she lets me slip another finger inside. I am now bursting beneath my jeans kissing her passionately only to realize that quite a few people are beginning to pass us by. Nobody stops or seems to care and I even get an awkward thumbs up from some dudes as they walk by half aroused half embarrassed. Overall it seems to be a perfectly normal thing to do. I catch eye contact with two girls and a guy coming the other way at our good example is now giving them ideas too

as one of the girls grabs the guy and the three of them veer off the path and disappear into the forest. I chuckle to myself as if I was saying to that random guy

“You’re welcome”

Angela pushes my hand away as if to say

“Not here not now”

I respect her wishes even though my pants are bursting at the seam. I help her rearrange her panties as she lovingly cups my unmistakable bulge in her hand and smiles shyly at me.

“Let’s get something to drink, maybe see what Ollie and Isis are up to.”

I laugh

“Ollie is probably balls deep in Isis somewhere behind a tree, haven’t you noticed, they are constantly fucking ever since she moved in with him?”

Angela rolls her eyes and we laugh some more

She grabs my hand and pulls me through the trees towards the light, the music and the bar. We each order a beer and soon Ollie shows up.

“Hey you cheeky guys, did you have fun in the forest?” He laughs and slaps me on the back.

“Well,” he looks down and pulls his zipper back up, “Isis and I already tried out a lovely moss patch back that way in case you guys you know, wanna do it, nice party no?”

I concur, “The decorations are incredible, and it’s really amazing what your friends pulled off!”

We stand there the three of us each raving about the beautiful lights and scenery. This forest is apparently privately owned and they do these kind of parties all the time. It’s till cold at night but there are plenty of fires to keep everyone warm and Teepees with straw on the ground for sleeping. The weather is just perfect this weekend, hardly any rain and easily still around ten degrees Celsius even in the darkest hours of night. Being on LSD, none of us really had that problem of feeling cold.

Isis comes over to us sipping some red wine as she always did in the evenings. “Come let’s go towards the stage there’s a live drum and bass thing about to start”.

We walk over to the musicians getting ready for their debut. Ollie had without my knowledge, previously told the bassist that I play guitar really well and convinces him to call me up to the stage. There is a cheap Stratocaster copy there and some chorus, flanger and delay pedals on the stage so I decide to give it a try. It seems to me that one song just flows right into the next and I try as well as possible to match the melodies and rhythms without cluttering up the music too much with unnecessary doodling. My focus is on simplicity and

rhythm. It seems to work and soon our impromptu trio is in full swing. I look into the crowd and they are all smiling and dancing. I think to myself this is pretty dam cool being on stage like this. I could get used to this.

By now, almost everybody has gathered to watch us and soon the open space in front of the stage has many people moving to the rhythms we play. At some point a djembe player joins us and a girl starts singing softly into the microphone. Her voice melodically bounces off the trees. The djembe player is quite gifted as well. At least to my ears and for the state I was in it sounded magical. I must have stayed on for quite some time but after a few hours I felt the urge to relieve myself and get another drink. I gladly handed the guitar back to its owner and stepped down to many people congratulating me. It was wonderful. "This is how rock stars must feel all the time" I think to myself.

Ollie Angela and Isis wait for me to break free of all my new fans so we can go off to a corner and light up a reefer. Angela looks at me with pleasant surprise.

"I never knew you could play guitar like that, wow! You could become a rock star."

I shrug a smile and thank Angela for her compliments before excusing myself to have a badly needed dash behind a tree as my bladder was about to burst. As I leaned my head against the tree relieving myself I thought about Ollie's suggestion to try out the moss patch in the woods. It sounded like fun. Now how to persuade Angela to have sex with me out here. It would be epic wouldn't it?

Well, sometimes the simplest plan is the best one. We finished our drinks and I excused Angela and I saying I had something important I wanted to show Angela. She grinned with amusement and let me help her to her feet and lead her into the forest towards the moss patch Ollie had mentioned. It was recognizable what I wanted and Angela seemed to be more than willing to play along. Whatever made her change her mind, I was happy. I put my arms around her and we started to kiss under the stars. I gently pulled her down on to the moss and took off my coat to lie down on and let her climb on top of me. We continued to make out and soon I was wandering between her legs with my fingers. I helped her pull her tights and panties off, lifted her skirt, and glory hallelujah she lets me slip inside her. She leans forward and we embrace. I feel her breath on my neck running down my t-shirt. She lifts it up and kisses my chest, circling my nipples with her tongue. I let her ride me to the rhythm of the music nearby. I sit up towards her and we continue to make love for what seemed like forever on that beautiful little patch of nature's green earth under the half-moon sky. Much later and dripping with sweat we make the walk back towards the rest of the crowd to order a drink and smoke a much needed cigarette.

In short the whole weekend was brilliant. Most people were completely off their heads but still nobody was molested, no fighting broke out, no machos trying to harass Angela or other women nor people trying to rob us. You could literally leave your wallet, cigarettes and drugs lying somewhere on the grass and it would remain there. So much different than any party I had been to in Germany. I liked the GOA scene from then on and it was the beginning of a lifelong love affair with electronic music.

Joints were passed around in abundance, mostly it was Swiss outdoor and typical for Switzerland, according to Ollie tasted like pig shit. I however liked the pig shit a lot. It was lighter to smoke than the hashish that Ollie and I both had and less potent meaning you could smoke a lot more. One guy asked me if he could try my hashish joint so I broke off about a fingertips worth of hashish from my supply and just gave it to him. It was observable that he was super high on acid. He was so happy, that later he came back smiling from ear to ear with a plastic bag stuffed with what easily looked like a hundred grams of outdoor weed as a gift. He grew it himself and his chest swelled with pride telling me about the massive buds this outdoor had produced. I could see he wasn't lying. Some of the buds in the bag were easily as big as my outstretched hand in length and three fingers thick. They were full of seeds and a thought occurred to me about maybe trying to grow a few plants in the back yard of our house once I got back home. If you really took time to take the seeds out, the grass tasted quite good actually. Although I was very high so my opinion is irrelevant.

Saturday shortly before noon I had started to come down off the acid and everything looked pale and weird to me. I was thinking how glad I was that had my sunglasses with me as I bumped into the weed guy. He seemed agitated. Apparently he had misplaced his weed and was looking for me, hoping he wouldn't have to walk all the way back to his car. Angela and I were heading towards one of the Teepees to find a spot to sleep. As soon as he recognizes my face he beams and smiles. He wonders whether I have any grass left from the bag he gave me. I have almost all of it still stuffed into the booster pocket of my jacket. I laugh tiredly and give him his bag back. He only wanted a few buds and told me he will go back to his car to get more and be back later. I let him take whatever he wants. He insists on giving the bag back to me and I nonchalantly stuff it back into my pocket, tell him I'm off to sleep a little and wish him a great party. He thanks me a bunch and staggers off. The two of us enter the tent and Isis waves to us from the opposite corner. Ollie is already fast asleep. Isis motions for us to join them on the hay. She was adamant about reserving a spot for us and had even laid out some blankets from their van. To me, this looks like heaven. I let myself collapse on the blanket and take Angela in my arms. Isis lovingly covers both of us with a sleeping bag and seconds later I am already fast asleep.

By the time I woke up, Ollie and one of his Swiss friends had gone into town to buy food and drinks, leaving Angela and I asleep. Once in a while I stir to hear some guy play guitar and sing in the teepee. I recognize one of the songs as being from the Bernese singer song writer, Mani Matter. So many Swiss people here it's quite funny to hear them talk. As I stumble outside I see others reading out their poetry on stage while another girl is performing balancing acts, another muscular guy with no shirt on is twirling a massive hula hoop that is lit on fire with a stick. A few other girls are dancing hypnotically to the banging of a dozen djembes, and the players are caught in rhythmic trance. The party just seems to be seamless

I lay down on the grass next to some random guy and I felt all the fear and anguish, all the sadness and darkness leave my mind. As if I had opened all the windows and let some much needed fresh air blow through my tattered soul.

"Ollie" I think to myself "You genius! This was the best idea ever, an epic trip."

Soon I was awake enough and went to help distribute bread and pour copious amounts of beer and water for all the party goers. It hadn't really occurred to either Angela or I to take enough money along. It wasn't much of a problem since staff was short and Isis was more than happy to introduce us to the rag tag crew that was keeping everything from falling into chaos. We offered our help in exchange for cigarettes, food, and drugs. Angela poured drinks and I helped grill meat and sausages, make hot dogs, salad and we even had a propane deep fryer for French fries. Other than that we helped keep the area tidy and litter free. I was impressed that most people didn't even leave their cigarette stubs on the ground. People would scowl at you or tell you off if you buried a cigarette in Mother Nature. I had never seen anything like it before.

As the evening darkened the forest the magical black light and fairies appeared again. My Swiss stoner friend was back as promised with even more weed!!! YAY! I finally learned his name, Chrigu. It's not like I needed any more weed, I still had loads left from the first bag he gave me but he was so excited to see me for whatever reason and that made me excited. After all, plenty of people were asking for smoke so why not profit off of it. There was demand and we had supply. Chrigu had apparently had a huge harvest last October and there was just plain too much to get rid of in Switzerland. Also partially because it had a lot of seeds and according to Chrigu, the German pot heads aren't as picky. The insane bastard just dumped a one hundred Liter sack of haphazardly dried and trimmed weed in the trunk of his car and crossed the border into Germany with it in the hopes of maybe selling some, maybe just giving it away, he didn't really think that far. He was sure that he was not going to cross the border again with it and so I decided to introduce him to Ollie.

I told him it would not be a bad idea if we got a ton of rolling papers and set up a joint booth and Chrigu loved the idea. He hurried back to whatever town was nearby and came back with a plastic bag full of rolling papers. I excused myself from the grilling duties and asked Isis and Angela to roll hundreds of joints in preparation for Saturday evening. This was going to be the big one at there were whispers that hundreds of people would be arriving that evening. Which they did. By midnight the forest was teeming with life and our "Joint stand" sometimes had quite a line of people waiting to be served once word got around.

We must have sold hundreds of the fuckers and at some point, Angela and Isis went on strike. After all we were here to party. I kept a dozen for Angela, Ollie and Isis and I and the last few were given away for free. I managed to broker a deal for the rest of all the weed between Chrigu and Ollie. They figured it out and Chrigu brought the smelly black trash bag full of weed to Ollie's van. Once the deal was concluded the three of us wandered over to the food stands and grabbed ourselves some ethnic food from a stand that some Indians had set up. It was very delicious and reminded me of home. We washed down the vegetarian curry with generous amounts of beer and I then excused myself to go find Angela while the other two finished their exchange of money.

Angela and Isis had found a fire to dance around to the beat of a drum circle nearby. As I approached Isis showed me some mushrooms she had gotten from a friend and asked if I wanted any. It sounded like fun and it was new to me. I previously only had chemical hallucinogenic products so I was eager to give it a go.



She warned me that it might cause diarrhea and /or vomiting but I told her I could live with that... Well... I felt nauseated almost immediately and around twenty minutes later I found myself running off into the forest and said goodbye to my delicious Indian dinner and all the beer I drank. It seemed like the vomiting really kicked off the psychedelic effect in my head and soon I was feeling better again. The effect was not nearly as powerful as acid but it was perfectly pleasant in its own way.

As I exit the forest Ollie sees me and laughs. "Did you eat the mushrooms Isis was handing out?" I nod.

"Yeah I can tell, you're pale as a ghost."

"Did you have any Ollie?"

"Fuck no, that shit gives me the shits, I prefer LSD."

Ollie gives me some vodka and tells me that is the best medicine to calm the stomach down. I shrug my shoulders and take a few giant swigs of it. Yup that seems to do the trick. I don't feel nearly as nauseated anymore. Ollie and I walk over to the bar and grab a few beers and another bottle of vodka from the secret stash reserved for the help and staff members. We sit near the fire and watch Angela and Isis dancing and being silly. I must have drunken a shit ton because I don't remember falling asleep in the back of Ollie's van.

We must have left the party some when early Sunday morning. Ollie drove back home while we slept in the back of his van in a drunken comatose. I didn't even realize what was going on until we were parked in front of our house. Ollie opened up the rear door where the bed was and woke us up giggling. The sun was glaring down and I could barely see anything. He thought it would be like a hilarious prank that he had driven us around 350 kilometers nonstop back home without us even noticing. We thought it was pretty funny too.

Angela offered Ollie to come join us for coffee since she was already wide-awake again but Ollie was close to collapsing. We helped him and Isis unpack and drag the big bag of smelly weed up the stairs into his apartment before excusing ourselves back to our cozy home. The beat up pull out sofa never felt as comfortable as Angela and I staggered inside, opened two beers and let the afternoon pass us by intermittent sleeping and waking, showering and love making. At some point in the early evening as we watch yet another pointless show on TV Angela suddenly turns to me in an urgent manner. "Tommy, there's something very important that I forgot to tell you before we left! Ulf is out of prison!"

"Wow! Way to ruin the mood! Fuck."

"Remember what you promised me?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to keep your promise?"

"Yes."

"We need to do it now, before he finds out where I am."

“Can we go tomorrow? You know, maybe get some rest first, and recover?”

“Ok, I’ll call school, tell them I’m sick tomorrow. That should give us a few days right?”

“Ok, can we change the subject?”

“Are you hungry?”

“Starving.”

Do we have anything in the house?”

“Nothing I know of.”

“Shall we go get a kebab?”

“Yes.”

We put some clothes on and head down to the little Istanbul Kebab place. By now we were quite the regulars there. We take our food to go and trudge back home, wolf it down, smoke a joint and go to sleep. As I drift off I ponder to myself over and over the severity of what I had just committed myself to. This time I could not pretend it was an accident. This would be premeditated. It was necessary but nonetheless. If we made the tiniest mistake, the police would be after us. Or worse, Ulf’s associates would come after us until the day we died. I even thought of just sneaking out and leaving Angela, and Ollie altogether, never to be seen again but. I loved Angela, deeply. This was her cross to bear and I would be damned if I abandoned her and let her carry it alone. As I drift off to sleep my intentions are crystal clear. I am going to help Angela kill that son of a bitch.

## Chapter 21

### Chewing glass will make you bleed

It is five a.m. Monday morning. We want to hit the road early, so we'd have plenty of time to get everything done, and be back by nightfall. After lots of strong black coffee, we pack some necessary items. What would you pack for a murder Tommy? How about a white pillow case, some masking tape cellophane and your butterfly knife. Yeah that should do it. In case we had to go into hiding, I took all my cash I had hidden in the bathroom. I tell Angela to make sure any clothing she is wearing, doesn't have any brand or telltale marks that could easily be identified. I choose a black jeans jacket with large inner pockets and hoodie, black jogging pants and black, no name runners. I black out Angela's white Adidas stripes on her shoes with a sharpie. It was imperative that nothing we wore could easily be recognized. Soon we are ready and head a few blocks from Angela's house to a shared outdoor parking lot where our small rusty brown 1984 VW polo is standing. I bought it months ago with the idea that the three of us would be able to do some road trips together. It seemed like a good idea, but we hadn't much used it since then. During winter we mostly got around on foot or with public transport. When we did go somewhere it was usually with Ollie in his van. The car has been standing there for quite a few months and predictably the battery is dead.

Angela has never done something like that so I tell her to push from the rear while I put the car in neutral. Luckily the car is facing forwards towards the gravel path that is easily fifty meters long before it turns left onto the main road. With any luck we might just get it started. I had driven cars on back roads in the cult as part of the mechanic lessons and I definitely knew how to do a roll start with a dead battery. Most of the crap that passed for vehicles in the cult were held together with scotch tape and a prayer, so if I couldn't get this thing running, frankly, no one would.

I put the car in neutral lifted the handbrake, got next to the driver's seat and began to push the car forward with the door frame. Angela increases the momentum from the rear. Once the car is rolling I let her gather as much speed as possible before jumping back in the car. With the clutch down I put her in second gear, throttled the gas pedal lightly and slowly lifted the clutch. As she sputtered to life I revved the engine before immediately clutching the car and pulling the handbrake. Now that the engine was running I set her back into neutral, pulled the handbrake and revved the engine to charge the battery a little.

We hit up a DIY store, bought a starter, some jumper leads, a small toolbox fitted with an assortment of spanners and other stuff to remove the battery and fill it with distilled water and cheap rubber worker's gloves. The cashier didn't even glance up at us. With half an hour delay, all the fluids are topped, the tire pressure checked and we are finally ready for our road trip. The last thing I wanted to happen was to commit murder and then not be able to flee the crime scene because the bloody car won't start. Stupid things happen to stupid people and I was adamant to try much as possible to not fall into that category.

It was a good thing I knew something about cars back then, as I assumed any boy did in Germany. I was a fan of rally, F1 and other motorsports. In the cult, we also had mandatory

mechanics class once a week where we learned the different parts of the engine, how to service a car and basic maintenance. The humble origins of the cult began as a motorcade through the USA and one of the first manuals published by the cult's leader was titled "Have Trailer will Travel." Basically how to keep yourself and your vehicle alive and running in the wilderness with the bare essentials.

With the car ready to go we start the first part of our journey. Two hundred kilometers back towards where it all began. Towards the gun that first helped to liberate Saskia from her tormenter and now hopefully, would be the deadly instrument to remove Ulf from this world once and for all. Paranoia, doubt and fear whisper in my head. What if someone discovered the gun? What if they found out I did it? What if Saskia took it or sees me with Angela? So many what ifs, better close my eyes and sleep another hour.

With the crackle of the radio cranking out top of the pop we head down the windy highway east towards Frankfurt east towards... possible death... I tell Angela to pass Winterhausen and go over Ochsenfurt. That way we'd avoid driving through Marktbreit and could park the car away from town near the abandoned industrial area where no one should really notice us. Better if my face is not seen much less our license plate numbers.

"What kind of gun is it Tommy?"

"How should I know? I'm not a weapons expert. It's some kind of pistol. If you put bullets in it and pull the trigger it goes bang. It has a barrel, and six chambers? I'm not sure anymore. The last time I had it, I honestly didn't pay much attention as to what kind of gun it was. I was panicking and it was dark. I buried it before I left town. That's all I know but I hope it will get the job done.

"What exactly happened Tommy?"

"Like I said, guy rapes a girl, Tommy wants to help, Tommy accidentally shoots bad guy and kills him." I left the whole slitting his throat and being drenched in his blood out... I didn't want Angela to think I was a total psychopath... After all I was just fourteen when it happened, and it was in self-defense. Tommy runs away with gun frightened and in his panic buries the gun in the forest.

"Why didn't you throw it away?"

"Because I thought maybe I will need it again, I don't know. Angela do you know how hard it is to get a real gun as a fourteen year old in Germany?"

"No, I never thought about it Tommy, normal people don't think about where to get a real gun, except me..." she trails off wiping a tear from her eye.

"So you have thought about it." I say rhetorically, she rolls her eyes at me

"Of course"

"Angela it's not like I went out expressly looking to get a gun... It just... happened. I never thought too much about it at the time but... I imagine it's close to impossible to get a gun without connections at, especially at my age, I still am a fugitive Angela, I have to keep all my

options open, maybe one day I'll end up pointing it into a cavity of my skull and be done with it all..."

Angela bursts angrily

"DON'T YOU EVER THINK ABOUT IT!!!"

"Just joking, relax"

"That's not funny..." She starts crying. "You know how many times I wanted to kill myself Tommy?"

She turns to me her eyes now bloodshot and tearstained

"More times than anyone could ever imagine, sometimes every hour of every day!"

As she looks at me the car is veering over onto the emergency lane I grab the steering wheel and push the car back on the road

"Jeez Angel"

"The only reason I never did, is because I wanted even more to gut the pig that did this to me..."

I try to wipe the tears from her cheeks as we pass a sign reading rest stop exit in 1000 meters.

"Let's take a break, I'm sure you could use some walk about."

Angela nicks and turns off the highway. At the highway rest stop we roll a joint and sit in almost eerie silence. I break it

"Angela, I've never said this to anyone in my life and really meant it but you know, I love you."

She stares straight ahead like she doesn't want to hear what I just said... probably the last man to tell her he loved her was the man viciously abusing and raping her... Or her ex who also beat her up... Now I feel awful but it's what I felt... I wanted her to know, that someone can love her unconditionally

She smirks "You love me Tommy?"

"Yes"

"Why?"

"Because that's how I feel and more importantly because I want you to know it as well. Love is no good if it's kept to one's self. Like art or a beautiful piece of music it only works when it is shared."

She scoffs

"What about Melanie?"

"I love her too... differently. My love for her is like what you feel when you see a puppy dog, a happy carefree and joyful love."

"My love for you is... It's surrounded by darkness, heartache, vengeance and death, it's a beautiful but very dark love. It's comprised with..."

I pause looking at the delicate silhouette of her neck, slightly pointy ears and beautifully molded jawline

"...loveliness, you know? Like a giant bouquet of flowers at a funeral. An immense beauty coupled with unbearable sorrow."

Angela laughs

"Sometimes it's really obvious you are fifteen Tommy?"

"Is that bad?"

"No... not at all. Men twice as old as you are half as charming. "

She ignites the engine and we speed up. Whether I live or die today, one thing is clear to me now. Ulf will not live past today. If the last thing I do is take one more ghastly human being from the planet with me then I have done well in this life and my purpose will have been fulfilled. Be afraid of the man whose only desire is to end your life. We sit in silence for the next hour or so. The entire time I feel awkward... I was trying to tell Angela how I felt and trying so hard to be even slightly intellectual and it seemed to have to opposite effect...

"She thinks I'm cute... me!" I smile and imaginatively shrug my shoulders.

"Well at least if people think I'm cute they will severely underestimate me"

"Tommy" she whispers

"I think I love you too."

I lean over like a puppy dog and kiss her cheek, and put my hand into her lap. We drive the rest of the way in silence. Even the voices in my head mind are now silent. Wiped blank like a degaussed cathode ray tube.

We park the car as I suggested and walk around a kilometer or so towards the graveyard. It's the middle of the morning on a Monday so no one is around and head up to the north stone wall that separates the graveyard from the forest. I count my steps, kneel and begin to dig. Soon the gun emerges.

"I got it, let's get the f out of here."

I shove the gun in my booster pocket, we are both now nervous and paranoid. We cross the graveyard quickly and drive off in silence. We drive away and on towards our next part of our mission. An hour passes before the silence is broken, Angela looks at me.

"Do you think the gun will still fire?"

I open the cylinder. One bullet is missing as to be expected. Five remain. The shell from the bullet I shot Smiley with is still stuck inside. I tip it over and let it fall in my hand.

"I'm assuming it does as long as the bullets aren't fucked up from moisture, shall we drive into the forest and fire a shot?"

"Better safe than sorry."

"I agree."

We leave the highway and drive until we are out in the middle of nowhere. Off the beaten path and into the forest. Once we've both verified no-one is around I pull out the gun, cock the hammer like I've seen in every movie and aim it square against a tree. The blast echoes through the forest as the projectile slams into the tree.

"I look at her and she smiles.

"It works."

"Yup."

"Ok, we have four bullets left, let's make this count."

I'm starting to feel very Bonnie and Clyde. As we walk back to the car I mumble

"So how are we going to do this darling? Got a plan?"

"I have no idea, I just don't want to get caught or go to prison Tommy, if it seems too big a risk, maybe we will just return home... yet again I will always be afraid until that pig is six feet underground..."

"I agree, it's a choice between the boiling oil and the fire on the stove. How about we park close enough to Ulf's house so we can scout the surrounding neighborhood and come up with a plan."

"Yeah, Tommy, that's not necessary, I know the area I grew up there, I know where to park and I'll come up with a plan once we arrive. I think this needs to just happen as quickly as possible. You know, I used to go for walks in the park by the River to clear my head or to just get away for a few hours. His house is on a corner with not too many adjacent houses. There is a path that runs through the forest behind his house so it should be pretty easy to surprise him without alarming the neighbors or him noticing. I'm even thinking, you sneak in the house through the garden, I distract him at the front door, you open fire from behind and I turn and run off, make sure he's dead and meet me back at the car.

"Ok, I guess but you'll have to explain to me the exact layout of the house."

"I will."

Many hours pass in silence. Both of us steeling our minds for what the momentous task ahead. It's clear to me that for Angela, abandoning the mission is in reality, out of the question. If I let my fear get the better of me and fuck this up, Angela will never forgive me. I tell myself to stay calm and not think about it until the moment is upon us.

I fall asleep and have the most vivid nightmare...

...I bolt upright in the still moving brown VW polo filled with adrenalin. I am awake and drenched in sweat. It was just a dream. Extremely vivid but still a dream. Sheesh I think to myself... That would have been very messy and very stupid if we had done it like that. The car is still hurtling down the highway, Angela is still driving half falling asleep. The clouds are dark and block the sun...

“Good you’re awake, we are almost there. What the hell were you dreaming, you were tossing and turning and babbling incoherently.”

“Um, better I don’t tell you, let’s just get this over with.”

We park at the end of the road just around the corner from a small forest. Its early Monday afternoon so luckily for us there is nobody around in the small wooded area behind Ulf’s house. I check my back pack to make sure we have everything we need as we have no idea what to expect. I took masking tape and other stuff I thought might be necessary in case we have to subdue him and tie him up. It’s not like I ever planned a murder before so in my mind it was better to have too much stuff than be in jeopardy because we forgot some important detail. “

Before we break and enter, I take the pillow case from my back pack and rip it into two pieces to cover our faces with. I hand Angela a pair of rubber gloves and I put on the other pair. We sneak into the garden by climbing over a waist high metal fence that has shrubbery and assorted plants circumventing the perimeter. We crouch behind some bushes to assess the situation and see Ulf through the slightly open, sliding glass door not four meters away across the lawn, walking into the living room in only his underwear. He scratches his balls with one hand while holding a cup of coffee in the other, grabs the remote, sits down on the couch and turns the TV on. His back turned to us at a good enough angle that he won’t see us approaching. It’s now or never. Angela crouches as she dashes forward, open knife in hand towards the sliding glass veranda door. I follow behind with the gun. The grass is soaking wet from the rain and splashes noisily. She noiselessly slides the glass door just enough that I can squeeze through with the gun. Ulf doesn’t hear us at first because he is watching the “Tagesschau” news.

I cock the pistol, he hears that and turns his head to the left see what the hell is happening. I leave him no time to respond, hastily rush forward and open fire. The shot hits its mark dead on. A hole bursts just above his ear in the side of his face as he struggles to stand up but he loses consciousness almost immediately, slumps back on the couch and keels over to the side. I run around the couch wipe the gun down with my hoodie sleeve just in case there are still old finger prints of mine or someone else’s on it, place it in his dead hand and put his index finger on the trigger. I turn around and look at Angela. She looks very surprised. It all happened so fast it seemed like she couldn’t believe I had already killed him.

“Let’s get out of here.”

I look down and see our foot prints from the wet grass, fuck, I hurriedly take my hoodie off and wipe the floor down with it as I walk backwards towards the veranda glass door. Satisfied I had wiped all my footprints, I slide the door shut. We about face and hurry back



the way we came. Still no one in sight, fuck! That was too easy! My heart is racing a mile a minute. As we hurry through the shrubbery and climb over the little metal fence we tear off the face covers and gloves. I motion for her to hand them to me and I shove them in my other inner pocket.

I tell her to slow down so we don't look suspicious and put my arm around her waist. I kiss her on the neck.

"We did it. " She looks at me with elation in her eyes and smiles

"The son of a bitch is dead, I can't believe it, it all happened so fast. Are you sure he's dead?"

"Trust me, he had a hole in the side of his stupid face." That's not something you can fix."

"She swallows, "Am I dreaming?"

"I'm afraid not darling."

With pounding hearts, filled with adrenaline we continue to walk as normally as possible towards the car. It feels like my neck is bulging with every heart beat and once we are in the car driving off we both exhale and then inhale in deep panicky gasps. As if we were drowning and had finally managed to reach the surface with our last bit of strength. On the long way back home, we are completely on edge, and close to a panic attack every time a police car is in visible distance. Angela doesn't even stop to let me pee. By the time we arrive home its early evening.

We leave the car back at the parking lot and walk back home. The entire time I am completely paranoid if I had missed anything that could give us away. A scrap of hair, a shoe print but I told myself that it doesn't matter now anymore. If I made a mistake, I will pay for it, if not, I won't, what's done is done, better enjoy life now and worry about the consequences once they arise. After all, I made it look like suicide, I hope...

As we enter the apartment we try to be as quiet as possible so the neighbors hopefully don't notice that we have left at all. Our plan is to use each other as alibies in case we get questioned. Angela was sick so I was looking after her. Neither Ollie nor Isis saw us leaving or entering the house and that would give credibility to our story. The downstairs apartment has been vacant since before I moved in and other than us only Ollie and Isis lived on the property, at least we didn't have to feel nervous about nosey neighbors.

Once inside I run to the toilet my bladder now literally about to burst. As I pee Angela stands in the bathroom doorway holding two cold beers, beaming with happiness

"We did it! That asshole is finally dead." She watch me pee and laughs

"It's so practical to have a dick isn't it?"

I nod, "Ok? Yeah I guess it is."

"Come Tommy, let's drink a beer, smoke a joint and celebrate. In fact why don't we go out tonight and eat somewhere nice?"

"What about our alibi about you being sick?"

“Well, tell those nosey assholes that I felt better. Come on Tommy, this will be a day in my life I will always celebrate. It’s all thanks to you. My cramps are gone, you helped me break up with Lars and now you killed the man who tortured me all my life. She starts crying and smiles, I’ll never ever forget what you did for me Tommy.”

I eagerly take a beer out of her hand we cheers and I hug her tightly.

“Darling, we did all of this, it wasn’t just me, it was us. We are a team.” I kiss her on the lips and walk over into the living room, light a cigarette and motion for her to come and snuggle up to me on the sofa. We sit there cuddled up to each other as we guzzle down more beer and light one cigarette after another. I’m having severe nicotine withdrawals due to my nerves being completely on edge. I had completely forgotten to take any cigarettes with us this morning and we didn’t want to stop anywhere unnecessary where there might be cameras and we’d be accidentally seen.

Ding Dong

Angela looks at me nervously

“What do we do?”

Hey relax, try to act normal, I’ll go see who it is”

Melanie is at the door. Strange, she said she’d come by tomorrow. Well, I’m not going to let her stand there and refuse to let her in so I open the door. Her demeanor shows no emotion. Very untypical of her. As she walks through the door I reach out to hug and kiss her but she turns her head and instead lets me kiss her on the cheek. Ok, this is weird. I was hoping for a more enthusiastic reunion, after all we hadn’t seen each other in many weeks. I’m nervous and blurt out.

“Happy Birthday Melanie”

“Oh, that, that’s tomorrow, thanks, I guess.”

She passes me and heads for Angela. Again, no joy or screaming or hugging, just a nonchalant wave as she passes into the kitchen, helps herself to a beer, lights a cigarette and carries a chair over from the kitchen into the living room. She turns it backwards and sits while leaning her arms on the backrest. I follow and sit back on the sofa next to Angela. This seems to be serious. WTF?

Angela and I are quietly staring at her in nervous disbelief. We’ve never seen Melanie so distant before. She takes a long drag on her cigarette and breaks the silence.

“I’ve met someone. His name is Phillippe, he’s really nice, cute and going to start studying medicine next year. It’s ironic, he comes from Koblenz, the city where I was born and now lives in Mannheim. I think he’s the one, guys. I met him the weekend before I left with my parents on holiday at a club. He took me back to his parents’ house and the sex was just fantastic. He was so adventurous and made sure I really enjoyed it. At first I was only looking for a one night stand to rub in your face Tommy. I thought, well if Tommy can fucking cheat on me, why shouldn’t I fuck other guys too. The next day I ended up staying and we fucked all day long in his room. Then it hit me. Why the fuck would I want to hang around with both

you losers, when I can have someone who actually cares for me and looks out for my needs? Without having to share a lying son of a bitch with someone else. It was pretty selfish of both of you leaving me in the dark like that and I thought I could deal with it but I can't."

"I talked about it with Phillippe and he agrees with me! He and I are both of the opinion that what the two of you did is proof that we are not friends. We can't be friends, lovers or anything. You both betrayed me, my trust," she looks at me and starts crying, "How you could do that to me Tommy!" She flicks the lit cigarette in my face. "So, fuck both of you, that's all I'm here to say, fuck you Tommy and fuck you Angela! We were best friends. Do best friends do shit like that to each other? No! They don't."

She gets up, pours the rest of her beer out on the carpet and throws the beer bottle at my head. It barely misses and explodes behind me against the wall, covering the sofa bed in glass shards. She gets up without another word, walks out the apartment, slams the door behind her and leaves the building. I look over at Angela and she is just one big mess of tears. Melanie. Angela rushes over on to the balcony and calls after her, telling her she's sorry, telling her to please talk to her, she's begging and crying but Melanie doesn't even look up and continues walking until she's out of sight.

I go over to Angela and let her weep her soul out on my shoulder. I fucking knew this would happen, I'm such an idiot. This was supposed to be a day of celebration, not like this!

"Come darling, let's go for a walk, go eat something, it'll make us both feel better. Sitting here isn't going to change anything."

She nods into my shoulder, I hold her hand and lead her back inside. She slumps down on to the sofa and pulls me down on top of her and begins to kiss me with heart broken passion. If she needs me to comfort her, I will do anything she asks of me. She begins to undress me and we make love. I give her all that I can possibly give and when we are finished she is in no mood to go out. Even though I'm starving, I resign myself to snuggle her until she is fast asleep, we'll go eat out tomorrow or whenever. Once she's asleep, I still feel the urge for fresh air and nourishment, I shower, get dressed and leave a note for Angela stuck to the TV. I don't want her to wake up, see that I'm gone and think I've abandoned her as well.

I kiss her on the forehead and make my way on out. Aimless, just anywhere where I can get food, cigarettes and more alcohol. The rain feels refreshing on my tired face. We have travelled close to 900 kilometers in the last 24 hours and I am dead outside and inside. I pull my hoodie over my head as far as it will reach and take my Ray Bans out. Avoiding eye contact with those passing by and head to the center of town. I aimlessly drift about and wander from drinking hole to drinking hole. Once the bars close I hurry to the gas station for two bottles of vodka and a pack of cigarettes. I walk down to the river while gulping the vodka and chain smoking. The longer I stay outside the more the thought screams at me "JUST LEAVE DON'T COME BACK!" I don't owe her anything! I mean I helped Angela more than anyone before or after ever will but I'm not good for her. She's such a good girl. She needs to forget about me and marry some guy who can look after her and give her stability. I feel like I curse everyone I come into contact with. I have the blood of three people directly

or indirectly on my hands. I left Saskia, broke Liesel and Melanie's heart. Now I will inevitably hurt Angela regardless of if I stay or if I leave. Anything I do will either be the inevitable or a procrastination thereof.

"JUST LEAVE" My inner voice continues to scream at me

"You don't deserve a happy end. You don't deserve to be loved. Misery and death follows you and touches all who cross your path and try to love or care for you. You are not an angel of life. You are an angel of death."

These thoughts pour through me like torrential rain, relentless and frustrating. I realize somehow I had wandered quite far away from town. I had completely went into automated modus and was so occupied with thinking I was already very drunk by the time I snapped out of the Mobile Perpetua in my head. The river beckons me. Its powerful flow draws me towards it. "How does drowning feel?" I thought to myself. People say it's the worst death if you don't want to die and fight it until your dying gasp but, if you embrace death and willingly let the water flood your lungs you will die quickly and serene. I start to regret leaving the gun at Ulf's house. I am at punctum terminus. I see no reason to continue, no future. I'm tired of the constant anxiety, fear, pain and sorrow that I carry with me every damn day. No amount of drugs, alcohol or sex can repair the damage done to me by the monsters of my childhood. I need massive retribution or self-annihilation. It's a good thing I don't have the gun on me. No doubt in my mind I would take myself out of the equation once and for all with a simple squeeze of my finger as I let my body fall into the river. My siblings will continue to grow up in to Children of God. After tonight they will be convinced more than ever, that if they strayed from the narrow path they would end up like their dead older brother. My parents would win. One deadly 0-1. I mean, did I even deserve to live? Wasn't I puke in God's eyes? What did I do with my new found freedom? I did everything, literally everything that the bible says you shouldn't do. What good example could I possibly be anymore?

I'm afraid Angela is not right for me either. She has me wrapped around her little finger. I literally murdered a man I didn't even know because of her story, and beat up another man after I saw she had bruising on her back. Maybe she's playing me for a fool. Who's to say who Ulf was? Did I actually know what happened? Did I have any proof he was in prison for raping Angela? No, come to think of it, I didn't see any documents, nothing. I never saw a shred of evidence that her story was true. For all I know, he was in prison on something completely unrelated, she wanted his money and she knew that with her mother also being dead that she would automatically inherit everything of his. Come to think of it stupid Tommy, it was you who pulled the trigger, not Angela! You made it look like suicide and that, for most police workers would be totally believable. A guy comes out of prison, gets depressed and blows his brains out. Did you see any evidence corroborating Angela's story? No! You gullible sod! Who knows! Maybe tomorrow Angela will rat you out to the police?

Don't be paranoid Tommy! She wouldn't do that! Everything Angela told you was the truth. You killed an evil son of a bitch and you should be proud of yourself. Angela needed you and you were there for her. If you don't feel she's right for you, just say so, tell her, but don't get all paranoid. All these fateful decisions were yours and yours alone! You told Angela about

the gun. She would have never known about it otherwise. It's impossible that she manipulated you into doing something you didn't want to do. If anything, you manipulated Angela into killing her father no? You told her about the gun because, after she told you her story, you wanted to kill him. You felt the urge to take someone's life, partially because the thought gave you pleasure. The feeling of absolute power over another human being. Like god, judging over who lives and who dies. You, Tommy, you've been powerless your entire life and now, with a stroke of fate have turned that fate on its head. You're not a victim anymore, you are an avenger and you like that feeling don't you? Let's be honest, if you weren't so self-loathing about your own misery who would you murder next? Digger? Lars? Both of them are scumbags who have the suffering and death of others on their hands. What are you going to do? Walk this earth creating your own Utopia of self-righteous justice? You know you will never feel nourished until you kill Stefan, Annette, uncle David, Patel, the witch, auntie Mercy, uncle Juan, uncle Tim and all the other sadists that murdered your innocence and stole your childhood. You want to exterminate them for raping you, beating you, locking you away from the world and robbing you of your virginity. Tommy, face it. You will never satiate your craving for murder until you eradicate the first monsters of them all. The ones that were supposed to nurture, protect and provide. Tommy must survive, he must live at least long enough to exact terrible vengeance on those that hurt him, his loved ones and his family.

I scream over the dark flowing river

"Tommy must live!"

...I have to live long enough to exact horrible vengeance on all those who hurt my family and loved ones.

I'm still convinced I would have used the gun on myself if I had kept it. It would have been the easy way out. I down the last of the second vodka without pause and decide to about face and return home. Maybe I'll die from alcohol poisoning and stop breathing in my sleep. It's anyone's guess now, maybe I'll collapse on the way back and die somewhere out here in the middle of nowhere.

I stagger the long walk back. By the time I'm near the apartment the sun is rising through the bleak sky. I see everything double and definitely suffering from alcohol poisoning. As I stumble through the doorway I can hear Angela from the hallway whimpering in her sleep.

"Tommy, Tommy, bitte... komm zu mir. Please come to me Tommy"

I enter the living room, Angela is lying in a fetal position, her head buried in between two pillows. She is crying bitterly with her eyes closed, her whole body is shaking in sorrow. She puts her hand out towards me. I take it and stroke it with my thumb. I spoon her on the pull-out sofa and embrace her tightly. She stops crying. We lie in complete silence and I drunkenly stroke her hair as she slowly drifts off to dreamland. I kiss her on her cheek and mumble in a slur, "Goodnight". My eyes are heavy from exhaustion and sorrow, and as I fall into the chasm of the netherworld, all I can hear in my head before it fades into silence is,

"Breathe in breathe out, breathe in, breathe out, breathe in breathe out, breathe in breathe out, breathe in breathe out..."



## One of the original criminal charges against Stefan Thomas Seibel

Written statement against Stephan Seibel for sexual abuse of minors.

Written statement against Annette Seibel for aiding and abetting sexual abuse of minors.

Herewith I would like to testify against Stephan Seibel, who sexually abused me several times in 1990 when I was 10 years old in Wetzikon.

My parents were in the same sect as Mr. Seibel, and I was placed in the care of a commune for 3 months, and "assigned" to Mr. Seibel as a foster child.

I cried a lot there at night because I missed my parents, and it was reported to Mr. Seibel. I was taken out of bed and he took me into a small boiler room. At first I thought I was being chastised, as this was Usum in the sect, adults were allowed to beat children indiscriminately. Instead, Mr. Seibel talked to me very gently, and stroked my cheeks so that I would calm down. He pulled me onto his lap and hugged me, and I realized that he had an erection. He held me for a while and moved me back and forth so that I slid around on his lap to stimulate him, while he massaged my buttocks and stroked me between my legs. Since this was not my first experience with sexual harassment in the sect, I just froze and did not react until after some time he let off and sent me to bed. He himself still stayed in the boiler room.

Although most of the adults in the commune in Wetzikon had rooms in the building, Mr. Seibel lived with or sometimes without his wife in a "garden cottage" on the grounds. On weekends, his children as well as I often stayed there overnight; during the week, I slept in the building with my group. One evening Mrs. Anette Seibel woke me up at night at about 23:00, and told me that I could come to the garden house to spend time with them. She said I was sweaty and too warm in my pajamas, so she took them off. She went back into the main building. I was then told to lie down in bed with Mr. Seibel, who was wearing only a pair of skimpy green underpants. I must have shown fear because he asked me if I would never spend "love-up time" with my father. Out of fear, I didn't answer. He pulled me into bed and under the covers, where he rubbed his member against me and reached between my legs again. I closed my eyes and pretended to fall asleep, and he subsided after a while.

This happened weekly, especially when Mrs. Seibel was not around. Sometimes I was allowed to sleep in the same bed with his daughter, and then I was spared.

Mr. Seibel taught us music, and one evening three or four of us girls were invited to his house for vespers. There was also a young woman there who played music with him. He seemed very attracted to her because he kept making lewd remarks, which she refused. However, he forced her to have sexual intercourse even though we girls were in the small bedroom with him. The woman was obviously uncomfortable, but she complied, while we children, embarrassed, tried to turn away. Mr. Seibel told us not to make such a fuss, after all we know how babies would be made.

Among other things, I witnessed Mr. Seibel physically chastising his son John David, even though he was a toddler, as well as repeated tantrums in which he hit and yelled at other children in our group.

I have hardly known a person more sadistic or more violent than him. To let him loose on humanity is a danger to every child.

I ask that he not only be punished for his crimes, but that he not be allowed to continue abusing children or have the opportunity to do so in the future.



## Haftungsausschluss

Bitte lese dir den Text ganz durch.

Diese Geschichte wird aus der Sicht eines drogen- und sexsüchtigen Minderjährigen erzählt, der viel zu früh gezwungen wird, erwachsen zu werden. Sie ist ein Aufschrei seiner beträchtlichen Verzweiflung, Ohnmacht, seines Wunsches nach Rache und seiner Wut. Die Hauptfigur basiert größtenteils auf seinen eigenen Erfahrungen, aber auch auf Erzählungen anderer Opfer, Junkies, Dealer und Krimineller, die in dieser Geschichte als Ergänzung zu Tommys Leben ebenfalls zu Wort kommen.

Tommy verkörpert in gewisser Weise alles, was ein Minderjähriger niemals werden soll. Ein Jugendlicher, der von seinen eigenen Eltern und Erziehungsberechtigten vernachlässigt, sexuell ausgebeutet und misshandelt wird. Er fühlt sich zu anderen Jugendlichen hingezogen, die Drogen nehmen, dealen und in Gangs mitmachen. Einige von ihnen werden unweigerlich selbst zu Tätern. Sie alle haben eines gemeinsam. Das Überleben in einer unbarmherzigen Welt. Tommys Alltag ist bald von sexueller Ausbeutung, Drogenmissbrauch und alltäglicher Gewalt geprägt.

Auch heute noch ist es in vielen Ecken der Welt üblich, dass Kinder mit Drogen handeln. Pubertierende Mädchen und Jungen werden durch Gewalt oder Armut gezwungen, ihren Körper zu verkaufen. Diese Themen sind in der Bevölkerung immer noch ein Tabu. Unsere Selbstgefälligkeit als Gesellschaft schürt unweigerlich dieses Leid. Es ist leicht, wegzuschauen. Es ist leicht, einen Drogenabhängigen oder eine Prostituierte als Abschaum zu betrachten. Das liegt daran, dass sie das sichtbare Ergebnis der dunklen Welt sind, in der sie leben. Von Menschendealern, Drogenbaronen und Pädophilen, die lieber im Schatten lauern und darauf vertrauen, dass sich ihre Opfer aus Angst vor Vergeltung oder gar dem Tod niemals gegen sie auflehnen werden. In diesem Sinne ist Tommy, die Hauptfigur, eine Hommage an all diejenigen, die seit ihrer Kindheit nie eine Chance auf ein normales Leben hatten.

Viele Schilderungen der Kindheit der Hauptfigur stammen aus persönlichen Erlebnissen oder basieren auf urbanen Legenden aus dieser Zeit sowie auf den Erinnerungen von dem Autor bekannten dritten Personen. Orte, Namen und Begebenheiten sind wie immer stark verändert, um zu vermeiden, dass reale Personen identifiziert oder in Gefahr gebracht werden. Die einzige Ausnahme ist mein Stiefvater Stefan Thomas Seibel. Dieser Vergewaltiger und Kinderschänder ist der Grund für dieses Buch. Deshalb wird er mit seinem richtigen Namen genannt. Alle seine Verbrechen, die in der Geschichte vorkommen, beruhen zu hundert Prozent auf wahren Erinnerungen des Autors und anderer Opfer. Ich hoffe, er schmort in der Hölle.

Die Geschichten und Charaktere in diesem Buch beruhen auf wahren Begebenheiten. Der Schutz des Autors und anderer Charaktere hat Vorrang. Der Autor wird keine Fragen zu den Ereignissen im Buch beantworten, die die Absicht haben, herauszufinden, wo dieses oder jenes tatsächlich passiert sein könnte.

Die im Buch erwähnten Aussagen über Religion sowie sexuelle Erfahrungen und Darstellungen sind aus der Perspektive des Opfers. Sie können als religionsfeindlich

empfundener werden und sind daher nicht unbedingt die persönliche Meinung des Autors. Damit die Geschichte eine gewisse Authentizität bewahrt, musste der Autor tief in seine dunkle Vergangenheit eintauchen. Was damals geschah und was Tommy in dieser Geschichte durchmacht, kann daher nur aus dieser Perspektive betrachtet werden. Sei gewarnt. Vieles von dem, was in dieser Geschichte passiert, kann von normalen Menschen als krank, abstoßend und eklig empfunden werden. Dennoch waren solche Erlebnisse für die Opfer zu dieser Zeit Routine. Sie kannten sie als normal. Sie kannten es nicht anders. Es ist keineswegs die Absicht des Autors, Pädophile zu erregen oder ihre Vorlieben in irgendeiner Weise zu verharmlosen. Ich erzähle die Geschichten so wahrheitsgetreu wie möglich und versuche, die Umstände zu erklären, warum diese Dinge passiert sind. Nur weil etwas damals für mich als Kind normal war, heißt das nicht, dass ich es gut finde oder gar gutheiße!

Meine Absicht ist es, die kranken Verbrechen, die ich und andere Opfer durchleben mussten, in den ekelhaftesten Details darzustellen. Der Leser bekommt so die Chance, aus unheimlicher Nähe mitzuerleben und zu verstehen, wie es für uns Opfer damals war. Ich erzähle einfach, was damals passiert ist. Nicht mehr und nicht weniger!

Auch hier bin ich mir bewusst, dass viele Aspekte dieses Buches den Leser erheblich beunruhigen, wütend und aggressiv machen können. Das ist meine Absicht. Es ist an der Zeit, dass die Öffentlichkeit für diese weit verbreitete Krankheit des Kindesmissbrauchs an den Pranger gestellt wird. Die Gesetzgeber der Welt müssen endlich einstimmig ja sagen! Dass solche Verbrechen gegen Kinder wie Sklaverei, Vergewaltigung, Verweigerung von Menschenrechten und Freiheitsberaubung nicht mehr verjähren. Und zwar auch rückwirkend! Zu viele Opfer leiden unter Alkoholismus, Drogenabhängigkeit, Prostitution und Selbstmordgedanken. Währenddessen kommen ihre Peiniger ungeschoren davon. Wir brauchen diese Gesetzesänderungen und wir brauchen sie gestern.

An dieser Stelle möchte ich ein besonderes Augenmerk auf homosexuelle Jugendliche legen. Oft werden Homosexuelle, die in streng religiösen Kreisen aufwachsen, noch härter bestraft. Vor zwei Jahren gab es hier in der Schweiz einen Vorfall, der mich entsetzt hat. Ein streng religiöser Vater versuchte, seinem eigenen 17-jährigen Kind die Kehle durchzuschneiden, während es schlief. Dies, weil der Vater zufällig herausgefunden hatte, dass sein Sohn homosexuell war. Solche Angriffe sind leider immer noch überall auf der Welt an der Tagesordnung.

Diese Tatsache erfüllt mich mit unglaublicher Wut, aber auch mit Traurigkeit und Schmerz. Hat Gott nicht alle Menschen nach seinem Ebenbild erschaffen? Kein Mensch auf der Welt hat das Recht, einem anderen Menschen seine persönliche Meinung über Gottes Willen aufzuzwingen. Jeder Mann und jede Frau auf der Welt hat das grundlegende Recht, ihre angeborenen Bedürfnisse nach Liebe und Zärtlichkeit zu befriedigen. Wenn du ein Problem mit Homosexualität hast, dann ist es vielleicht besser, wenn du dieses Buch zuklappst und lernst, ein toleranterer Mensch zu sein.

Deshalb ist es der Autor wichtig, dass die Homosexualität in dieser Geschichte ihren Platz hat. Gerade in der Pubertät müssen Homosexuelle viel mehr als Heterosexuelle Ängste und Vorurteile der Allgemeinbevölkerung überwinden. Vor allem in streng religiösen Kreisen. Ich kannte einen Homosexuellen, der sich das Leben nahm, weil er sich

schmutzig und ausgestoßen fühlte. Kein Mensch sollte wegen solcher Vorurteile sterben müssen. Das kann einfach nicht wahr sein! Und doch ist es leider so.

Das Weiterlesen erfolgt auf eigene Gefahr. Der Autor lehnt jegliche Ansprüche oder Haftung ab. Aus rechtlichen Gründen möchte ich klarstellen, dass alle Figuren in diesem Buch fiktiv sind. Jede Verbindung zu realen Personen ist rein zufällig, auch wenn sie auf wahren Begebenheiten beruht.

Dein Aktivist gegen die Verjährung von schweren Kindesmissbrauchsdelikten.

## Vorwort

Die meisten Eltern auf der Welt lieben ihre Kinder. Sie ernähren und kleiden sie, bringen ihnen das Laufen bei, reden mit ihnen und verzeihen ihnen ihre Fehler und ihr schlechtes Verhalten. Sie hoffen, dass ihre Kinder eines Tages ein gutes Leben haben werden, vielleicht sogar ein besseres, als sie selbst hatten. Ein Leben voller Erfolg, Liebe und Erfüllung, damit sie eines Tages ihr Erbe fortsetzen können.

Sie sind vielleicht nicht die besten Eltern, können sogar manchmal gemein oder verletzend sein, aber sie lernen aus ihren Fehlern. Liebevolle Eltern hören ihren Kindern zu, nehmen ihre Neugierde, Bedürfnisse und Wünsche ernst und stellen das Glück ihres Nachwuchses über ihr eigenes. Sie lernen, die Macken, Albernheiten und Tollpatschigkeit ihrer Kinder zu schätzen und sind stets wachsam und schützen sie vor denen, die ihnen schaden wollen.

Aber...

Es gibt auch heute noch Eltern, die ihre Kinder mit allen Mitteln kontrollieren und ihnen eine Gehirnwäsche in Bezug auf ihren Glauben und ihre Doktrinen verpassen. Sie bestrafen ihre Kinder manchmal hart, wenn sie eine andere Meinung, einen anderen Glauben oder eine andere Sexualität haben als die, die von den Eltern gewünscht und gefordert wird.

Manche Eltern gehen sogar so weit, ihre eigenen Kinder körperlich zu verletzen, damit ihre kranken Sexualpraktiken, Traditionen und Werte über Generationen hinweg aufrechterhalten werden können. Sie verstümmeln die Genitalien ihrer Kinder unter dem Vorwand, Gott oder die Tradition verlange es, zwingen sie unter Androhung der Todesstrafe, keine Schulbildung zu erhalten, sich nicht mit dem anderen Geschlecht zu vermischen, ihre Körper unter dicken Schleiern zu verstecken oder, Gott bewahre, sich zu Menschen des eigenen Geschlechts hingezogen zu fühlen oder, schlimmer noch, mit ihnen Sex zu haben.

Diese Menschen wenden Zwang, Gewalt und sogar Mord an, um ihre Doktrinen aufrechtzuerhalten. Sie missverstehen Werte wie Keuschheit, Ehre und Reinheit, weil ihr Leben auf der Erde bestimmte Anforderungen für das Leben nach dem Tod erfüllen muss, das angeblich auf sie wartet. Sie haben Angst vor dem angeblichen Gott im Himmel, der Rache und Schwefel über alle Unwürdigen verhängen wird.

Viele Eltern glauben, dass das, was sie tun, gerechtfertigt ist, und bestehen darauf, dass ihre Kinder demselben Glauben anhängen, mit dem sie geboren und aufgewachsen sind. In anderen Fällen sind sie vielleicht zu einer extremen Ideologie konvertiert, nachdem sie sich in jemanden verliebt haben, der bereits ein Fundamentalist ist. Manche Menschen können sehr selbstgerecht werden, nachdem sie einen großen Verlust, Misserfolg oder Leid erlebt haben. Unzählige Kinder, die das Pech haben, als Nachkommen solcher Menschen geboren zu werden, sind machtlos und haben kein Mitspracherecht. Sie werden ohne Rücksicht auf ihre Wünsche oder ihr Wohlergehen den neu gefundenen Lehren unterworfen.

Diese Menschen zwingen ihre Kinder dazu, so zu sein, wie ihre Eltern es wollen, um jeden Preis, egal was es kostet. Egal, ob das Kind sogar Selbstmord begeht, weil es mit der Angst, gemieden zu werden, und der Furcht vor den schlimmen Konsequenzen nicht fertig wird, wenn es wagt, anders zu denken oder zu handeln. Kinder wollen instinktiv ihre Eltern nicht enttäuschen, die sie über alles lieben und verehren. Manche Eltern verlangen von ihren Kindern sogar, dass sie einen Cousin, ein Geschwisterchen oder einen Verwandten im Namen der Familienehre und der religiösen Hingabe ermorden. Das waren meine Eltern:

Die Monster, die mir einen Gute-Nacht-Kuss gaben.

Ich möchte dir eine Geschichte erzählen, als ich ein kleiner Junge war. Ich wuchs bei Eltern auf, die nicht wollten, dass ich ein normales Leben führe. Ich wuchs in ständiger Angst vor Dämonen und Monstern auf, die in der Dunkelheit lauerten.

Ich wuchs in dem Glauben auf, dass ich nach meinem Tod in eine goldene Stadt gehen würde, dass ich als Soldat Jesu an einem großen Krieg gegen den Antichristen teilnehmen würde.

Ich glaubte, dass Menschen, die nicht zu Jesus beten, dazu verdammt sind, in die Hölle zu kommen. Ich glaubte, dass alle Menschen, die außerhalb der "Familie" lebten, in die ich hineingeboren und aufgewachsen war, verloren waren, hoffnungslos dem Tod und der Hölle geweiht und sogar ausgesprochen böse.

Dass ich mit Spielzeug, Idolen und ausgefallenen Ablenkungen versucht werde, vom geraden und schmalen Pfad abzuweichen.

Wie die Bibel in Matthäus 7,14 sagt:

"Denn eng ist die Pforte und schmal der Weg, der zum Leben führt, und wenige sind's, die ihn finden."

King James Bibel

Ich glaubte, dass diese "Systemiten", wie wir sie nannten, den Versuchungen Satans erlegen waren und dass es meine Mission war, die einzige Mission eines jeden wahren Gläubigen, diese Systemiten aus den Klauen des Teufels zu befreien, damit auch sie im Paradies leben können.

Ich glaubte, dass mein Körper nicht mir gehörte, sondern dem Herrn und meiner Familie. Deshalb war ich gezwungen, meinen Körper nach Lust und Laune mit denen zu teilen, die Liebe und Zuneigung suchten.

Selbst wenn es bedeutete, von einem erwachsenen Mann sodomisiert zu werden, als ich noch ein sehr kleiner Junge war, und von meiner Mutter gewaltsam masturbiert zu werden. Im zarten Alter von fünf Jahren wurde ich völlig nackt vor einer Gemeinde von über zweihundert Menschen ausgepeitscht. Öffentliche Schläge waren in meiner gesamten Kindheit an der Tagesordnung. Ich war in dunklen Räumen eingesperrt, wurde zwangsernährt, wenn ich krank war, und musste mit ansehen, wie andere kleine Kinder litten und sogar an Missbrauch, Vernachlässigung und Unterernährung starben.

Meine Eltern glaubten, dass Dämonen, Satan und die Kräfte des Bösen so real sind wie ein roter Ball, ein Gewitter oder ein Verbrennungsmotor. So real wie die Menschen auf den Straßen und die Schuhe an ihren Füßen.

Sie lehrten mich, dass die bösen Mächte mich in die Hölle zerren und meine Seele verschlingen würden, wenn ich nicht an Jesus glaubte und zu ihm um Erlösung betete.

Als ich älter wurde, wurde mir klar, dass die Monster, an die meine Eltern glaubten, nicht real waren. Es wird keine Wiederkunft Christi geben. Es gibt keine Goldene Stadt, die im Mond verborgen ist. Mir wurde klar, dass meine Meinungen und Fragen keine Ketzerei oder Verrat sind.

Auch ich habe ein Recht darauf, als Mensch zu existieren und erfolgreich zu sein. Auch ich habe ein Recht darauf, glücklich zu sein und nicht in dem Glauben zu leben, dass die Erlösung durch den Tod meine Eintrittskarte zu einer vermeintlichen Belohnung im Jenseits für all meine irdischen Opfer ist.

Trotzdem hatten sie Recht, dass es Monster gibt. Echte Monster, die aus Fleisch und Blut sind. Diejenigen, die mir einen Gute-Nacht-Kuss gaben. Die Monster, die mir sagten, dass all die schrecklichen Dinge, die sie mir, meinen Geschwistern und anderen Kindern antaten, aus Liebe geschahen. Dass ich leiden musste, um ein guter christlicher Soldat zu sein, um am Weltende dem Antichristen entgegenzutreten.

Schließlich war ich dazu bestimmt, in Christi glorreichem Kampf gegen den Fürsten der Finsternis zu kämpfen.

Jeder körperliche Schmerz oder jedes Leiden würde bedeutungslos sein, wenn ich erst einmal im Himmel bin. Wenn ich erst einmal in meiner goldenen Villa lebe, werden sich alle Schläge, Sprechverbote (in der Sekte als Schweigeverbote bekannt), Zwangsarbeit und Demütigungen gelohnt haben.

Wie die Bibel in Apostelgeschichte 14:22 sagt:

Er stärkte die Seelen der Jüngerinnen und Jünger, ermutigte sie, im Glauben zu bleiben, und sagte, dass wir durch viele Drangsale in das Reich Gottes kommen müssen.

Die echten Dämonen waren diejenigen, die dich auf der Straße anlächelten und dich fragten, ob du eine Minute Zeit hättest, um über Jesus zu reden. Die gleichen Dämonen, die dem Herrn Loblieder sangen, während ihre Kinder zu Hause in Einzelhaft saßen.

Wir waren die verlorenen Kinder, die keinen Kontakt zur Außenwelt haben durften, denen eine Ausbildung und eine Zukunft verwehrt wurde, die unterernährt und geschlagen wurden und die gegen ihren Willen zu sexuellen Beziehungen gezwungen wurden.

Wenn wir es wagten, uns zu beschweren oder zu murmeln, wurden wir gezwungen, ein schweres Holzjoch um den Hals zu tragen, auf dem stand: "Ich habe Schweigepflicht, sprich nicht mit mir".

All das geschah im Namen Gottes und im Namen der Liebe.

Darf ich mich richtig vorstellen?

Mein voller Name ist Thomas Luca Engel, aber alle nennen mich einfach Tommy.

Ich bin ein Junge, der in seiner Kindheit sexuell missbraucht, geschlagen, unmenschlich behandelt und vom "System" isoliert wurde.

Ich bin ein Junge, der in ständiger Angst vor Vergeltung, öffentlicher Demütigung, körperlicher Züchtigung und dem Ende der Welt lebt.

Ich bin ein Junge, ich will den Penis meines Stiefvaters nicht anfassen, ich will nicht an der Vagina meiner Mutter lecken. Aber ich fühle mich dazu verpflichtet, ja sogar dazu, zu lächeln und "bitte" und "danke" zu sagen, nachdem ich gezwungen wurde, gegen meinen Willen Dinge zu tun, die für mich verwirrend und seltsam sind.

Ich wollte ein normaler Junge sein. Aber wie konnte ich das jemals sein? Ich war in einem viel zu jungen Alter Pädophilen und Raubtieren ausgesetzt. Bis zu meinem sechsten Lebensjahr wurde ich wiederholt von meinem Stiefvater vergewaltigt und dazu gezwungen, auch mit meiner Mutter Sex zu haben. Dies geschah unter dem Vorwand des "Teilens" (sich gegenseitig zu zeigen und Liebe zu machen), genau wie es der Sektenführer von allen Jüngern jeden Alters verlangte.

Eines Tages wurde mir klar, dass ich ein junger Mann geworden war. Es war an der Zeit, mich gegen all diese Unterdrückung und Gewalt zu wehren. Ich beschloss, dass ich, anstatt mir das Leben zu nehmen und diese Bastarde gewinnen zu lassen, mein Leben selbst in die Hand nehmen würde. Genug war genug. Ich wollte nicht länger ein Sklave sein! Mit dreizehn Jahren wagte ich den Schritt in die Welt hinaus. Da ich dreizehn Jahre lang weder ferngesehen noch Radio gehört oder sonst etwas Normales gemacht hatte, hatte ich keine Ahnung, wie die Welt da draußen aussah und was mich erwartete.

Lasst uns jetzt gemeinsam den Sprung wiederholen. Folgt mir, wenn wir aus der Hölle, die das sogenannte Licht und die Herrlichkeit Gottes ist, in noch größere Angst und Dunkelheit schlittern

## Kapitel 1

### Ein Sturz in die Dunkelheit

Bingen am Rhein, Deutschland 30. September 1995.

Der unverkennbare Aufprall eines Körpers auf dem Asphalt nach einem Sturz aus dem siebten Stock. Es klingt wie ein Bauchplatscher von einem Fünf-Meter-Sprungbrett.

Jemand schreit vom Balkon

Sven rennt in Panik ins Wohnzimmer. "Hey Jungs! LEUTE!!!"

"Wolfgang und ich unterhielten uns, und plötzlich fiel er einfach rückwärts über die Kante und stürzte zu Boden!"

Die Musik dröhnt immer noch und die meisten Leute im Wohnzimmer haben noch nichts von den Ereignissen draußen mitbekommen.

Sven schreit.

"Hey, ihr verdammten Arschlöcher, hört mir zu!!!"

Das Dröhnen der Goa-Musik hört auf, das Licht geht an. Der Raum ist so voller Rauch von Bongs und Joints, dass es schwer ist, zu erkennen, wer wer ist. Mit Tränen in den Augen schreit Sven weiter

"Wolfgang ist vom Balkon gefallen!"

"Hey, Alter", sagt ein anderer, "sag nicht so einen Scheiß, das ist nicht witzig".

Zwei andere haben erkannt, dass dies kein Scherz ist und rennen bereits durch die Wohnung die Treppe hinunter, ihr Ansturm hallt durch das Treppenhaus. Die Haupttür wird so heftig aufgerissen, dass du das Zersplittern von Glas hören kannst, während die ersten beiden unten ankommen und Wolfgang tot auffinden.

Wolfgang, der ewige Draufgänger. Wolfgang, den die Mädchen "Der Gehirnlose" nannten, passte nun sehr gut zu seiner eigenen Beschreibung. Zum Glück für Wolfgang war sein Tod wahrscheinlich augenblicklich. Zum Pech aller anderen sehen sie, dass sein Kopf gegen die Kante eines Betonblocks geprallt ist, der verhindern soll, dass Autos auf das Gelände fahren. Sein Schädel hängt offen, Teile seines Gehirns liegen im Dreck und überall ist Blut. Als immer mehr Leute nach draußen strömen, gehen einige auf den Balkon, um zu sehen, was passiert ist, immer noch ungläubig oder im Vollrausch, weil sie es für einen Streich halten. Das Mädchen, mit dem Wolfgang vorhin geknutscht hat, sieht seine Leiche unten und fängt an, sich auf den Balkon zu übergeben. Das Erbrochene trifft fast Wolfgangs Leiche unten.

"Scheiße, Scheiße, Scheiße!"



Sie wird ohnmächtig und stürzt fast über die Betonbrüstung. Ihre Freundin zieht sie verzweifelt zurück und legt sie vorsichtig auf den Boden. Ein anderes Partygirl schreit vom Balkon.

"Ist er tot?"

Jemand schreit eine einfache und erschreckende

"Ja"

Inzwischen verschwinden die meisten Partygäste überstürzt. Fast alle stehen unter Drogen und wollen nicht am Tatort sein, wenn die Polizei auftaucht.

Ich war auf dieser Party, Ollies Party.

Wie es sich für Partys gehört, war ich ausnahmslos high von einem Cocktail aus Acid, Ecstasy und jeder Menge Joints und trank die ganze Nacht über Unmengen von Bier. Im Alter von knapp fünfzehn Jahren hatte ich bereits eine Drogen- und Alkoholtoleranz, die manchen erwachsenen Mann umbringen würde.

Auch Ollie ist total high. Gras, Haschisch, Joints und Bongs, Pfeifen in allen Formen und Größen liegen im ganzen Raum verstreut, die Luft ist dick von Rauch und dem Geruch von abgestandenem Bongwasser. Typisch für die Wohnung eines Drogenkonsumenten/Dealers in den frühen 90er Jahren

Die meisten von euch werden jemanden wie Wolfgang kennen oder gekannt haben, als sie aufgewachsen sind. Jemanden, der an der Kante eines hohen Gebäudes entlanglaufen oder mit dem Skateboard rücksichtslos in den Gegenverkehr fahren konnte. Jemand, der sich im Alter von achtzehn Jahren bereits alle möglichen Gliedmaßen gebrochen hatte und mehrmals dem Tod nahe war. Ein Typ, der sich nicht um das Morgen kümmerte.

Er sang bei jeder Lagerfeuer am lautesten, rutschte bei verregneten Festivals im Schlamm herum und hatte bei jeder Kneipenschlägerei, Prügelei oder Polizeikontrolle eine "Bring it on"-Einstellung. Außerdem war er außergewöhnlich gutaussehend. Seine blauen Augen, sein blondes, lockiges Haar, seine hohen Wangenknochen und sein Oberkörper waren einfach zum Sterben schön. Dieser Adrenalinjunkie ist jetzt tot, und zwar auf die dümmste Art und Weise, die man sich vorstellen kann: Er fiel rückwärts vom Balkonsims, während er high und betrunken war.

Ich nehme all meinen Mut zusammen, gehe auf den Balkon und schaue vorsichtig über den Rand. Ich kann nicht anders, als zu starren und halte mir unwillkürlich mit den Händen das Gesicht. Unten umarmen sich einige Mädchen ungläubig. Die Jungs, die um die Leiche herumstehen, stehen unter Schock. Sie sind völlig überfordert, was sie tun sollen. Unser Gastgeber hat keinen Festnetzanschluss (paranoider Drogendealer) und die nächste Telefonzelle ist einen Block entfernt. Alle streiten sich darüber, wer den Krankenwagen rufen soll.

Langsam gehen die Lichter in den angrenzenden Wohnungen an. Ich beschließe, die Treppe hinunterzulaufen, um mir ein besseres Bild von dem zu machen, was passiert.

Einige der Nachbarn schauen bereits entsetzt aus ihren Fenstern zu. Ein Nachbar wird von einem von Wolfgangs Freunden verfolgt und verprügelt, nachdem er versucht hat, Fotos von der Leiche aus der Ferne zu machen.

Ein anderer von Wolfgangs Freunden holt ihn ein, schnappt ihm die Kamera weg und zerschmettert sie auf dem Boden.

"Du bist wirklich krank im Kopf, weißt du das!?"

Ich kann den Fotografen durch eine gebrochene Nase gurgeln hören, während er den Bürgersteig frisst.

"Hey Mann, warum machst du das? Die Klatschpresse zahlt bestimmt gutes Geld für solche Bilder!"

Der gruselige Fotograf kommt wieder auf die Beine und flüchtet, bevor er noch mehr Prügel bezieht.

Ein junges Mädchen flüstert mir zu,

"Gut, dass er die Kamera von diesem Arschloch kaputt gemacht hat. Ich wette, dass er damit auch kleine Mädchen fotografiert, seinem Aussehen nach zu urteilen. Scheiß Pädophiler"

Es ist 5 Uhr früh an einem Samstagmorgen. Nur wenige Minuten sind vergangen, seit Wolfgang beschlossen hat, die Party schnell und endgültig zu verlassen. Die meisten Leute von der Party sind inzwischen gegangen. Alles Feiglinge, benommen, verwirrt und traumatisiert, die nach Erbrochenem und Rauch, Alkohol und Sex stinken. Der Tod eines Mitfeiernden hängt wie ein greller Albtraum in der Luft. Passend dazu ist der Luftdruck niedrig. Schwarze Wolken ziehen auf, die den Boden mit leichtem Nieselregen benetzen und den Sonnenaufgang düster und feierlich erscheinen lassen.

Als ich merke, dass ich nichts ausrichten kann, renne ich so schnell ich kann die Treppe hinauf. Es ist besser, ich helfe Ollie. Ich finde ihn in seinem Schlafzimmer, wo er vor sich hinmurmelt. Er sammelt krampfhaft all unsere Drogen ein, um sie die Toilette runterzuspülen.

Mein Gott, denke ich mir. Wir haben einen Haufen Stoff. Die Polizei wird jeden Moment auftauchen und wir haben hunderte von Ecstasy-Pillen, Indoor, Haschisch in verschiedenen Qualitäten... Ich packe seinen Arm,

"Das ist viel zu viel Zeug zum Spülen. Es wird wahrscheinlich die Toilette verstopfen."

Stattdessen schlage ich vor, dass ich alle Drogen in den Wald bringe und sie irgendwo vergrabe. Ollie nickt zustimmend und wir fangen an, alles in einen Rucksack zu packen.

Ollie ist schweißüberströmt, zittert und weint, sichtlich blass wie ein Geist. Ich stehe unter Schock und versuche nur zu helfen. Er schreit mich an, ich solle mich beeilen und ihm helfen, Hunderte von LSD-Zetteln auszukratzen, die in Zellophan eingewickelt und

eingefroren im Gefrierschrank liegen. Sie sind so unverkennbar mit kleinen orangefarbenen Sonnen, Smileys und Rolling Stones-Zungenabdrücken auf jedem Schein. Er versucht, das Eis mit einem Föhn aufzutauen, während ich verzweifelt mit einem Holzspatel darauf herumkratze. Es gelingt mir, ein kleines 10 mg-Fläschchen aus dem Eis zu befreien. Ollie reißt die Augen weit auf und ruft,

"Scheiße! Sei sehr vorsichtig damit! Du willst das nicht kaputt machen und dir das auf die Haut schütten, sonst bist du für den Rest deines Lebens high!"

Ich nicke zustimmend. Ich hatte großes Glück, dass ich sie nicht gebrochen hatte, als ich die Ampulle mit viel Kraft aus dem Eis gezogen hatte.

Wir schnappen uns den Rest der Sachen und werfen alles hastig in meinen kleinen Nike-Rucksack. Ollie rennt irgendwohin und kommt mit einem fest verpackten Zylinder zurück, über den er ein Kondom gezogen hat, und wirft ihn in die Tasche. Er enthält etwa 50 Gramm weißliches Pulver, bei dem ich vermute, dass es sich um Methamphetamin handeln könnte? Kokain? Keine Ahnung, keine Zeit, um zu fragen. Bei Ollie könnte es eine ganze Reihe von Dingen sein.

"Komm Tommy, wir müssen jeden einzelnen Raum im Haus räumen." Wie nervöse Ratten rennen wir umher und versuchen, alle Drogen aufzuspüren, die die Gäste vielleicht auch in Panik weggeworfen haben.

## Kapitel 2

### Die Welt ist mein Zuhause

Lass mich erklären, wie ich hier gelandet bin.

Ich lernte Ollie auf dem Open Air Werden in Essen kennen. Er war ein bleicher Kiffer mit etwas im Gesicht, das man für einen Bart halten könnte, er war übergewichtig und definitiv kein Frauenheld. Ein schmutziges schwarzes T-Shirt mit einem veralteten Scorpions-Aufdruck ohne Ärmel bedeckte den größten Teil seines Bauches und seines Hinterns, war aber leider zu kurz, um seine großen Pobacken zu verbergen, die seine beigen Cargo-Shorts überragten. Ein geflochtenes Rastafari-Armband schmückte seine linke Hand, die sich in vielen braunen Tönen verfärbt hatte, weil er sie nie abgenommen hatte, und er trug eine Zigarette hinter dem Ohr und lange, schmutzigblonde, dünn geschnittene Haare. Er sah auf jeden Fall viel älter aus, als er war, und ich war wirklich überrascht, als er mir im Gespräch sagte, dass er erst 27 Jahre alt sei.

Seine Augen waren eine ganz andere Geschichte: ein unheimliches, durchdringendes Himmelblau. Sie schienen in Hochglanz aufgesprüht worden zu sein, nicht unähnlich einer verhexten Porzellanpuppe. Die Farbe war sogar so intensiv, dass ich mich zuerst fragte, ob ich auf einem Trip war. Es war schwer, sie nicht anzustarren, und sie waren wahrscheinlich bei weitem sein attraktivstes, wenn nicht sogar leicht gruseliges Merkmal.

Ollie ist mir zuerst aufgefallen, weil er Stoff verkauft hat. Für einen alten Kleindealer wie mich war er sofort zu erkennen. Ich ging auf ihn zu, weil ich etwas kaufen wollte, eigentlich egal was er zu bieten hatte, um mein Gehirn auszuschalten. Er saß im Gras und zupfte an einer alten, ramponierten Westerngitarre aus schwarzem Sperrholz, die mit Nine Inch Nails-, H-Blockx- und Korn-Aufklebern beklebt war. Ich sah ihm eine ganze Weile zu. Ab und zu kam jemand auf ihn zu und fragte ihn, ob er etwas Lustiges habe. Er hob seine kleine Decke hoch und zeigte ihnen ein paar Molly-Pillen und kleine Tüten mit Gras. Nachdem der Käufer gegangen war, stopfte er das Geld in seine Hosentasche und spielte weiter auf seiner Gitarre. Ich war mit meinen vierzehn Jahren schon ein ziemlich guter Gitarrist und wollte ihm unbedingt zeigen, wie gut ich Gitarre spielen konnte. Das Wichtigste zuerst. Tommy braucht Drogen. Es ist früher Nachmittag, und es sind nicht viele Dealer in der Nähe. Ich setzte mich neben ihn und wir nahmen Blickkontakt auf.

Ich fragte ihn auf Deutsch

"Hast du LSD?"

Er spottete: "Was, bist du ein Bulle? Ha, nur ein Scherz! Wie alt bist du, Kleiner? Geh nach Hause zu Mami!"

Huh! Der Dealer sprach Englisch, was cool ist, aber scheiß auf ihn! Er ist unhöflich.

"Wenn du es wissen musst, ich habe eine Krankheit. Es heißt Kallmann-Syndrom, ich bin eigentlich 20 Jahre alt."

Ollie lacht: "Du bist so ein Lügner!"

Er beschimpfte mich wieder, aber ich wusste, dass er Drogen hatte, also blieb ich besser freundlich.

"Woher weißt du, dass ich Englisch spreche, von drei Wörtern?" frage ich.

"Ernsthaft?" Ollie fährt fort: "Hier in Deutschland nennen wir Acid 'eine Reise' oder 'Fahrkarte', niemand sagt LSD. Das ist viel zu offensichtlich. Wenn du ein amerikanischer Spion wärst, hätten die Nazis dich schon erschossen."

"Ok. Danke für die Info, woher ist dein Englisch so gut?"

"Ich habe vor Jahren als Austauschschülerin in Kanada gelebt. Ich liebe britische Comedy, schwarzen Humor und all das... Magst du Monty Python? Ich habe alle ihre VHS-Kassetten zu Hause."

Ich nickte und zuckte mit den Schultern.

"Klar, warum nicht. "

Es gibt noch einen anderen Grund für mich, mit Ollie zu reden. Ein Mädchen sitzt neben ihm. Umwerfend hübsch, aber sehr ruhig und nicht gesprächig. Ich erfuhr, dass dieses schöne Mädchen Angela hieß. Ich konnte nicht anders, als mich zu fragen, wie zwei so völlig unterschiedliche Menschen zusammen abhängen konnten. Angela sah aus wie ein Straßenkind, schien aber mindestens ein Jahrzehnt jünger zu sein als Ollie, und ihre Dynamik glich eher einer Bruder-Schwester-Beziehung als der von Freunden oder Liebhabern.

"Hör zu", sagte Ollie.

"Du kannst mit mir abhängen, wenn du versprichst, nur Englisch zu sprechen. So kann ich mein Englisch üben und im Gegenzug bezahle ich dir Getränke, Essen und du kannst mit mir high werden, wenn du willst. Ich werde dir aber kein LSD geben... Abgemacht?"

Ich nickte: "Klar, warum nicht?" und dachte mir: "JACKPOT!!!"

Er gab mir ein Stück Haschisch, das ich gekonnt im "Swiss Style" zu einem langen und fabelhaften Joint rollte. Ollie war von meinen Rollkünsten beeindruckt und ernannte mich zu seinem offiziellen Joint-Roller des Abends.

Der freundliche Hippie, der mich den ganzen Weg von Frankfurt hergefahren hatte, kam vorbei und stellte sich Ollie vor.

"Hallo, ich bin Roland." Er streckte ihm die Hand zur Begrüßung entgegen und Ollie fragte ihn, ob er sich zu uns setzen wolle. Wir vier entspannten uns, als Barbie's Killing Ken zu spielen begann. Wir mischten uns unter die Menge und genossen die Musik, die Stimmung und die Gerüche der Nachtluft.

Ich wusste jedoch, dass ich Ollie nicht mit zu vielen Fragen über seine Freundschaft mit Angela belästigen sollte. Ich bewunderte sie im Stillen und behielt meine Gedanken über ihre Schönheit für mich. Sie schien sowieso außerhalb meiner Liga zu sein.

Sowohl Ollie als auch Angela waren zufrieden, mit uns zu chillen. Sogleich begannen die Stunden, in denen wir uns zudröhnten und tranken. Die verschwommene Nacht wurde zum Tag und irgendwann um den Sonnenaufgang herum fiel ich in einen Schlaf, der so unregelmäßig und unruhig war, dass ich extrem unwohl war. Widerwillig setzte ich mich auf und war wieder wach.

Ich merkte, dass meine Kameraden immer noch komatös waren, also taumelte ich zu einigen Büschen, um mich zu erleichtern, und lief dann ziellos auf dem Festivalgelände herum, um darauf zu warten, dass die anderen aufwachten. Nachdem ich von einigen anderen betrunkenen Festivalbesuchern Zigaretten geschnorrt hatte, kehrte ich zu meiner Gruppe zurück, setzte mich wieder an den Baum und begann auf Ollies alter Gitarre zu spielen. Einer nach dem anderen setzte sich zu mir und hörte zu, wie ich Lady in Red, Come as You Are und andere beliebte Lieder meiner Generation spielte. Die Stunden vergingen wie im Flug und ich reichte die Gitarre an jeden weiter, der spielen wollte.

Roland holte seine kleine Kühlbox aus dem Van und reichte mir ein kaltes Bier, auf das ein Joint folgte. Wir wurden high und tranken unter dem Baum weiter. Irgendwann standen wir vier auf und liefen zur nächsten Tankstelle, um uns mit genügend Katerfutter, Red Bull, billigem Wodka und Kaffee zu versorgen, der ein ausgewachsenes Pferd umgebracht hätte. An den Rest des Tages kann ich mich nur noch verschwommen erinnern

Irgendwie bin ich an diesem Abend wieder auf dem Rücksitz von Rolands Van aufgewacht. Angela sitzt neben mir auf dem Bett, während wir den Rhein entlang nach Süden fahren. Ich muss eingeschlafen sein, nachdem wir das Festival verlassen hatten, aber wie ich schon sagte, war alles verschwommen. Ich war mir sicher, dass ich mich irgendwann erinnern würde. Zeit, high zu werden! Ich kramte in meinen Klamotten nach Resten von Haschisch und seufzte erleichtert, als ich alle meine Sachen genau dort fand, wo ich sie hingetan hatte. Ich tastete nach meinem Geldbündel - es war noch da! Uff! Ollie spielte auf seiner Gitarre auf dem Sitz neben dem Fahrer und sang ziemlich schlecht, aber die Stimmung war gut und alle sangen mit. Was soll's, ich habe auch mitgesungen. Miss American Pie gehörte zu den Favoriten, ebenso wie Country Roads, House of the Rising Sun und was Ollie sonst noch so einfiel.

Und so saßen wir beide auf dem Bett im hinteren Teil von Rolands klapprigem Van, rauchten einen Joint nach dem anderen und reichten gelegentlich Wodka und Joints an unseren groovigen Musiker weiter, der Roland wohlwollend dabei half, seinen Rausch aufrechtzuerhalten, während wir uns zudröhnten. Irgendwann fragte mich Ollie, ob ich es auch mal versuchen wolle. Er reichte mir die Gitarre und ich spielte Long Train

Running von den Doobie Brothers und den obligatorischen Bob Marley. Ich schöpfte jedes Lied aus, das mir einfiel, bevor ich der Gitarre eine wohlverdiente Pause gönnte, damit Roland seine Lieblingsband Jethro Tull auf dem Kassettenspieler spielen konnte.

Ich weiß nicht mehr, wie spät es war, als wir bei Ollies Haus ankamen, aber es muss mitten in der Nacht gewesen sein. Alles war beleuchtet und völlig still. Die Art von Stille, bei der man das Flattern einer Fledermaus hören kann, wenn sie an den Straßenlaternen vorbeihuscht und mit ihrer erstaunlichen Echolokation Insekten aufschnappt. Ich trank bis zum Morgen und sah zu, wie meine Begleiter einer nach dem anderen dem Reich des Sandmännchens erlagen, wo auch immer sie gerade komatös lagen. Bald schlief auch ich fest ein.

Ein paar Tage waren vergangen. Roland fühlte sich unruhig und gelangweilt. Bald darauf beschloss er, dass es für ihn an der Zeit war, nach Kanada zurückzukehren und seine Musikkarriere wiederzubeleben. Er fragte Ollie, ob er seinen Van von ihm kaufen wolle. Ollie stimmte zu, seinen Van für zweitausend Deutsche Mark zu übernehmen. Wir fuhren Roland in seinem Ex-Van zum Bahnhof und verabschiedeten uns von ihm.

Als er in den Zug zum Flughafen stieg, dachte ich mir: "Wenigstens hat er einen Plan, er weiß, wo er hin will. Ich stimmte zu, mit ihm in Kontakt zu bleiben und ihm zu schreiben, also schrieb er mir seine Telefonnummer und Adresse auf. Leider machte ich mir, wie so viele andere Menschen, die ich traf, nicht die Mühe, ihm zu schreiben oder anzurufen. Ich war und bin immer noch furchtbar schlecht darin, mich an die Korrespondenz zu halten. Ich werde Roland, den fabelhaften Flötenspieler, aber immer in Erinnerung behalten, auch wenn ich ihm nie geschrieben habe. Unsere Wege, die durch das Schicksal zusammengeführt wurden, sind nun wieder getrennt. Er wird seine Entdeckungsreise durch das Leben fortsetzen, so wie ich es auch tun muss. Ich hoffe, er findet den Sinn seines Daseins.

Da ich nicht wusste, wohin ich gehen sollte, beschloss ich, bei Ollie zu bleiben. Zu überlegen, was ich tun sollte. Ich war in einer schlechten Situation und Ollie war ein cooler Typ. Es schien, als ob er mich mochte und ich ihn mochte. Fortan lebte ich mit Ollie auf unbestimmte Zeit zusammen. Manchmal, wenn ich Abstand von ihm brauchte oder er eine Freundin zu Besuch hatte, zog ich mich in mein Zelt zurück, das ich in einem schönen Waldstück auf einem Hügel über der Stadt versteckt hatte, etwa eine Stunde Fußweg von seinem Wohnblock entfernt.

Vor Jahren nahm Ollie an einem zweijährigen Schüleraustauschprogramm in Kanada teil. Er hatte sehr schnell Englisch gelernt. Er war froh, mich in seiner Nähe zu haben, denn er war ein totaler Anglophiler. Ich lernte Monty Python, das britische Fernsehen und schwarzen Humor zu lieben. Ollie zu treffen war ein Glücksfall für mich, denn obwohl ich einen deutschen Pass hatte, sprach ich schlecht Deutsch, weil ich von der Außenwelt abgeschottet in einer Sekte aufwuchs, in der nur Englisch gesprochen wurde.

Wenn Ollie betrunken war, war jeder sein Freund. Das führte auch dazu, dass er bei mehreren Gelegenheiten abgezockt wurde. Ich sagte ihm, er solle wenigstens sein Schlafzimmer abschließen, wenn er in seiner Wohnung Partys gab, aber er hörte nie

darauf. Da er aus einer reichen Familie stammte und sein Studium abgebrochen hatte, war ihm das völlig egal.

"Das sind nur Sachen, Alter. Du kannst es nicht mitnehmen, wenn du tot bist."

Er interessierte sich nicht sehr für die Welt der Lebenden und ich vermutete, dass er ein bisschen manisch-depressiv war oder zumindest auf dem Spektrum lag. Nicht, dass es mir etwas ausgemacht hätte, denn wir verließen oft wochenlang kaum seine Wohnung. Da er den ganzen coolen Scheiß dieser Zeit hatte, war das auch nicht verwunderlich. Die Liste seiner Gadgets war ziemlich beeindruckend. Eine LP-Sammlung mit fast tausend Platten, ein abgefahreneres Bang & Olufsen Soundsystem, ein riesiger Fernseher, ein Super Nintendo, ein Computer und ein Atari.

Eine Menge Drogen und Freunde kamen und gingen in Ollies Leben. Einige von ihnen sind mehr als bereit, für die Drogen und das Geld etwas zu tun. Er musste nie kochen, putzen oder einkaufen gehen, weil er immer Leute hatte, die das für ihn taten. Leute wie ich zum Beispiel.

Der Drogenhandel schien für Ollie mehr ein Hobby als alles andere zu sein, denn er brauchte das Geld nicht. Ollie, ein typischer "Polytoxikoman" (Multidrogenkonsument), hielt sich gerade so viel zurecht, dass er am Rande der Gesellschaft leben konnte. Seine Eltern, so erzählte er mir bei verschiedenen Gelegenheiten, waren unvorstellbar reich und fühlten sich schlecht, weil sie als Kind nicht für ihn da waren. Deshalb ließen sie ihm alles durchgehen, was er wollte. Ollie wurde hauptsächlich von Kindermädchen aufgezogen, reiste viel und war ziemlich ruhelos. Seine Aufmerksamkeitsspanne war kurz und er langweilte sich in Gesprächen sehr schnell. Wenn ihn das Thema nicht interessierte, ging er einfach weg. Er hörte mehr zu, als dass er redete, und liebte gute Geschichten. Zumindest, wenn man es schaffte, seine Aufmerksamkeit lange genug zu halten.

Er erzählte mir, dass er früher, wenn ihm langweilig war, einfach in einen Zug stieg und ziellos in alle großen Metropolen Europas reiste. Wenn er an seinem Zielort ankam, suchte er nach coolen Leuten, einer Party oder irgendetwas mit Musik und Drogen. Ollie hatte immer gutes Zeug bei sich, so dass er sich schnell in die lokale Szene einfügte. Da seine Familie politisch einflussreich war, schaute die örtliche Polizei oft weg, wenn er mit Drogen erwischt wurde. Ein Klaps auf die Hand, eine großzügige Spende an die Behörden, und alles war wieder beim Alten.

Doch Ollies ständiger Drogenmissbrauch hatte einen schlechten Einfluss auf mich. Um mich selbst zu schützen, erkannte ich, dass es besser für mich war, gelegentlich allein in meinem Zelt im Wald abzuhängen. Da ich keinen Ausweis hatte, konnte ich keinen Platz auf dem örtlichen Campingplatz mieten. Selbst wenn ich einen gehabt hätte, wäre er nutzlos gewesen, da ich noch minderjährig war. Ich war auf der Flucht vor dem Gesetz und stand auf der Liste der vermissten Kinder bei Interpol, seit ich weggelaufen war. Das bedeutete, dass ich sehr, sehr vorsichtig sein musste.

Ich lernte, ein Meister der Verkleidung zu sein, indem ich meinen Gang und meine Sprache veränderte. Da Interpol wahrscheinlich nach einem dunkelhaarigen, deutschsprachigen Teenager suchte, konnte ich mich einfach in eine laute und blonde



amerikanische Touristin verwandeln. Ich benutzte Ray Bans, um meine dunkelbraunen Augen zu verbergen.

Der Akzent und die Täuschung fielen mir leicht, da ich in einer Sekte, die sich "Kinder Gottes" nannte, umgeben von englischsprachigen Menschen aus allen Teilen der Welt aufgewachsen bin.

Täuschung wurde mir von klein auf in die Wiege gelegt. Uns wurde beigebracht, zu lügen und unsere wahre Identität vor der Außenwelt zu verbergen, sodass es für mich so selbstverständlich war, ein Hochstapler und professioneller Lügner zu sein, wie Bier zu trinken.

Am sichersten war es, so wenig Spuren wie möglich zu hinterlassen. Mitten im Nirgendwo in einem Wald zu zelten war immer eine sichere Sache. Völlig abseits von Wanderwegen und belebten Gegenden zu zelten, war gut, aber auch nicht zu tief in den Wald zu gehen, damit ich nicht für ein wildes Tier gehalten und während der Jagdzeit erschossen wurde. Zuerst hatte ich Angst davor, in der Natur zu zelten, aber ich merkte bald, dass meine Angst vor der Dunkelheit unbegründet war. Langsam fing ich an, das Zelten unter dem Sternenhimmel wirklich zu mögen. Es war friedlich. Weit weg vom Lärm, der Selbstsucht und dem narzisstischen Verhalten des Durchschnittsmenschen. Tagsüber konnte ich Gedichte schreiben, Skizzen aus dem Gedächtnis von Menschen zeichnen, die ich in der Stadt sah, oder Bücher aus der örtlichen Bibliothek lesen. Nachts hörte ich Musik auf meinem Walkman oder las ein Buch mit meiner Taschenlampe, rauchte Haschisch und trank Wodka. Es war einfach und passend für mich.

Ollie hatte mich mit ein paar Dealern verkuppelt. Ich konnte Gras, Haschisch und Molly zum Verkaufen besorgen. Er hatte gute Connections und ich brauchte dringend ein Einkommen. An den Wochenenden trieb ich mich in den Vierteln der Stadt herum, in denen sich junge Leute versammelten, oder ging auf Studentenpartys und vertickte das Zeug. Ecstasy war damals spottbillig und man konnte die Pillen im Großhandel für nur 4 bis 5 Deutsche Mark pro Stück bekommen, vorausgesetzt man kaufte hundert oder mehr Stück. Sie gingen weg wie warme Semmeln und ich war oft innerhalb von ein paar Stunden ausverkauft. So kam ich zu einem recht ordentlichen Einkommen. Solange ich oft den Ort wechselte und mich unauffällig verhielt, konnte ich genug Geld verdienen, um mir Kleidung, Essen, Kunstzubehör und andere lebensnotwendige Dinge zu kaufen und um auswärts zu essen und zu trinken. Ich war so unauffällig und sah so unschuldig aus, dass ich nicht einmal von der Polizei durchsucht wurde, als ich an einem Bahnhof angehalten wurde. Ich kam gerade aus Mannheim zurück nach Bingen. Am Nachmittag traf ich mich mit einer Connection, um etwas "Nachschub" zu besorgen. Als ich aus dem Zug stieg, hatte ich nicht weniger als 200 Gramm schwarzes Marihuana bei mir und mehrere hundert Molly-Pillen in meinen Schuhen und meiner Unterwäsche.

Während ich den unterirdischen Gang hinunterging, wurde ich von zwei Zivilpolizisten angesprochen. Ihre weiß-blauen, perfekt gebügelten Hemden, die Andeutung eines Pistolengürtels unter der linken Brust ihrer Sportjacken und die Walkie-Talkies an ihren Gürtelschnallen signalisierten schon von weitem, Gefahr. Es war offensichtlich, dass sie mich ausgemacht hatten und schnell auf mich zusteuerten, also ging ich in die Gegenoffensive. Lächelnd beschleunigte ich mein Tempo und ging auf sie zu. Ich fragte mit amerikanischem Akzent,

"Entschuldigen Sie, sprechen Sie Englisch?"

Die Polizisten wurden von ihrem Vorhaben abgelenkt.

"Ach, ja, ja ein bisschen", grinste einer von ihnen mit schwerem deutschem Akzent.

Ich fuhr fort und lächelte so hell wie der sonnige Himmel.

"Tut mir leid, dass ich dich störe, aber ich bin mit meiner Bibelgruppe auf dem Stadtplatz verabredet. Wir sollten uns eigentlich vor der reformierten Kirche treffen, aber ich bin spät dran und wollte sichergehen, dass ich auf der richtigen Seite des Bahnhofs aussteige.

Der deutsche Polizist antwortete in gebrochenem Englisch,

"Oh ja, du machst das richtig. Du kannst sie nicht verfehlen. Du läufst geradeaus, und wenn du die nächste Straße siehst, gehst du nach links und dann weiter, bis du sie siehst.

Ich schaute aufrichtig erleichtert aus, legte meine Hand auf mein Herz und atmete aus, wobei ich so tat, als wäre ich leicht außer Atem. "Vielen Dank, Gott segne Sie, ich bin spät dran, ich muss los."

Die Polizisten schauten etwas verwirrt, aber auch froh, helfen zu können und sagten einfach,

"Kein Problem, Sie auch einen schönen Tag"

Ich lächelte, während ich ein paar Schritte rückwärts ging, faltete meine Hände vor der Brust und verbeugte mich vor ihnen wie ein guter kleiner Christ, bevor ich mich umdrehte und eilig aus dem Bahnhof huschte.

Ich erwartete, dass sie "Halt!" oder "Stopp!" rufen würden. Das ist aber nicht passiert.

## Kapitel 3

### Eine Romanze in den Wäldern

Ich reiße mich aus meinen Tagträumen und kehre in die Realität zurück.

Scheiße! Die Drogen! Wir müssen sofort handeln!

"Hör zu, Ollie, Ollie! Ich werde jetzt gehen und zurückkommen, wenn es sicher ist. Wenn die Polizei mich hier erwischt, wirst du wahrscheinlich wegen Beherbergung eines Flüchtlings und eines vermissten Minderjährigen angezeigt."

"Scheiße, Mann, ich vergesse immer, dass du erst fünfzehn bist, das ist so komisch. Ich habe noch nie einen Fünfzehnjährigen wie dich getroffen, niemals. Als ich dich das erste Mal gesehen habe, dachte ich..." Er hält inne und überlegt, wie er es am besten ausdrücken kann: "Du hast dich wie ein Erwachsener in einem Kinderkörper verhalten! Scheiße, Mann, aber als du mir dein Alter sagtest, ergab alles einen Sinn."

Er lächelt mich an, fast liebevoll, wie ein älterer Bruder.

"Manchmal bist du super entwickelt, weit über dein Alter hinaus, und manchmal bist du einfach nur ein albernes Kind. Ja, das macht wirklich Sinn!"

Ich nicke.

"Ja, verdammt, das höre ich oft. Ich werde mich jetzt verpissen und diesen Mist im Wald vergraben. Wir sehen uns in ein paar Tagen."

Ollie zuckt mit den Schultern: "Wenn ich nicht an die Tür gehe..."

Seine Stimme gerät ins Stottern.

"Scheiße Mann, was glaubst du, was passieren wird?"

Ich zucke mit den Schultern und schaue ihn an, wobei mir Tränen in die Augen steigen, während ich murmle,

"Scheiße, Mann, ich weiß nicht, lass uns einfach versuchen, ruhig zu bleiben. Ich komme wieder, versprochen."

Als ich an der Tür vorbeikomme, schnippt er seine Zigarette auf die Küchenfliese und zerdrückt sie mit seinem nackten Fuß, während er um letzte Abschiedsworte ringt.

"Das ist echt scheiße. Pass auf dich auf, ok?"

Ich nicke und fange an, hektisch die Treppe hinunterzutrampeeln. Sobald ich draußen bin, muss ich mich beruhigen, um keine Aufmerksamkeit auf mich zu ziehen. Das Geräusch der herannahenden Sirenen ist mein letztes Signal, um aus Ollies Nachbarschaft zu verschwinden. Ich gehe an den Leuten vorbei, die Wolfgangs Leiche umringen, und mache mich auf den Weg aus der Stadt hinaus in den Wald, wo ich hoffe, dass mein Zelt noch gut versteckt ist. Nachdem ich ein paar hundert Meter gelaufen bin, sehe ich ein Mädchen, das ich von der Party erkenne, am Straßenrand sitzen und

weinen. Sie scheint eine Zigarette nach der anderen geraucht zu haben. Ein kleiner Haufen Zigarettenstummel liegt vor ihren Füßen. Sie sieht mich und blickt auf, die stark aufgetragene Wimperntusche hinterlässt Tränenflecken in ihrem Gesicht.

"Hey Mann, hast du eine Zigarette?" Sie hält inne: "Du warst doch auch da, oder?"

Sie wendet ihren Kopf in Richtung von Wolfgangs Leiche. Ich nicke zustimmend und knie mich neben sie auf den Bürgersteig. Ein Cocktail aus LSD, Molly und Gras fließt durch meine Adern und ich trage genug Drogen in meinem Rucksack, um einen ganzen Campus high zu machen.

Ich reichte ihr eine West-Zigarette, meine Lieblingsmarke, billig und stark.

"Du kannst nicht zu lange hierbleiben." sagte ich ihr.

"Die Bewohner könnten die Polizei rufen. Sie werden deinen Ausweis sehen wollen und Fragen stellen."

Ich setze mich kurz neben sie und zünde ihre Zigarette an. Sie umschließt mit ihren Händen mein Feuerzeug, während ich mehrmals schnippe, bevor die Flamme die regennasse Spitze entzündet. Sie nimmt einen langen Zug und ihre Hände zittern. Sie murmelt leise vor sich hin, fast wimmernd.

"Ffuck, ffuck, fuck fuck fuck fuck"

Sie schnippt die Zigarette fast angewidert weg. Sie verlöscht in einer Pfütze auf dem Gehweg.

"Jede andere Option ist scheiße!"

Sie sieht mich an, ihre Augen sind weit aufgerissen wie bei einem Granatenschock und tränenüberströmt.

"Ich weiß nicht... Ich weiß nicht, was ich tun soll! In diesem Zustand kann ich nicht nach Hause gehen. Meine Mutter wird mich umbringen. Wenn ich das ganze Wochenende wegbleibe und so zur Schule gehe, wird meine Lehrerin mich bei meiner Mutter melden."

Ihre zitternde Hand zieht mir die Zigarette aus dem Mund und während sie einen langen, feuchten Zug nimmt, murmelt sie beim Rauchen.

"Mom hat mir verboten, zu Ollies Party zu gehen, weil sie Angst hat, dass ich Drogen nehme. Jetzt wird sie wissen, dass ich sie angelogen habe, wenn ich so auftauche." Sie zeigt auf ihre geweiteten Pupillen.

Sie vergräbt ihr Gesicht in ihren Handflächen, immer noch mit der zerdrückten Zigarette in der Hand und ich lege unbeholfen meinen Arm um sie.

"Sie wird sofort sehen, dass ich total high auf Ecstasy bin. Sie wird so paranoid sein, so enttäuscht ... er ist einfach gefallen."

Sie vergräbt ihren Kopf und ihre Hände in meiner Brust. Die Zigarette geht auf meinem Kapuzenpullover aus und hinterlässt ein verbranntes Loch.

"Ich denke immer wieder, dass ich etwas damit zu tun habe. Ich gebe mir die Schuld daran, dass der Typ vom Balkon gefallen ist, obwohl ich die ganze Nacht nicht einmal in seiner Nähe war.

"Scheiße, verdammt! Ich wollte nur ein bisschen Spaß haben, und plötzlich schreit ein betrunkenener Typ, dass Wolfgang tot ist. Ich konnte das nicht ertragen und bin einfach abgehauen. Verdammt noch mal! Ich bin erst sechzehn! Wieso ist das mein Problem? Ich fühle mich so schuldig, weil ich weggelaufen bin, aber er ist tot, was hätte ich denn tun können, um ihm zu helfen Scheiße, scheiße, scheiße!"

Sie wimmert wieder.

"Mom denkt, dass ich bei Angela übernachtete, aber sie ist dieses Wochenende in der Villa ihres Freundes in der Vorstadt und sie hat keine Ahnung, dass ich sie als Alibi benutzt habe.

Ich lege meinen anderen Arm um sie und sie fährt fort, unkontrolliert in meinen Kapuzenpullover zu weinen. Ich weiß, dass ich sie irgendwie dazu überreden muss, mit mir den Bordstein zu verlassen, bevor die Polizei kommt und Fragen stellt. Schließlich sind sie wahrscheinlich schon in Ollies Wohnung, um ihn zu befragen, und haben wahrscheinlich ein paar hundert Meter weiter die Straße abgesperrt. Der Himmel scheint in Flammen zu stehen, denn es blinken rote, orangefarbene und blaue Lichter

flüstere ich nervös,

"Hey, keine Sorge, ich kenne Angela, sie kommt ziemlich oft vorbei, um Gras und so zu kaufen. Hör zu, normalerweise mache ich so etwas nicht und bitte denke nicht, dass ich dich anmache, aber wenn du willst, kannst du eine Weile mit mir abhängen und warten, bis sich alles beruhigt hat. Ich könnte auch etwas Gesellschaft gebrauchen. Jeder Freund von Ollie oder Angela ist auch ein Freund von mir. Du kannst mit mir abhängen, bis du von den Drogen runterkommst und dann sehen wir weiter."

Ich beiße mir auf die Zunge. Das hätte ich nicht sagen sollen. Ich habe genug Drogen dabei, um weit über meinen achtzehnten Geburtstag hinaus in einem Heim für Jugendstraftäter zu landen. Mein zugehörntes, naives und leicht geiles Gehirn überzeugt mich jedoch davon, bei ihr zu bleiben. Sie ist sehr hübsch und sehr traurig. Es ist eine verführerische Kombination und meine männlichen Teenager-Instinkte, ihr zu helfen und sie zu beschützen, übertönen jede Vernunft. Sie zieht ihren Kopf von mir weg und sieht mich an, als wolle sie abschätzen, ob ich eine Bedrohung bin oder nicht. Ich beruhige sie.

"Hey, ich bin erst fünfzehn, ich bin keine Bedrohung für niemanden."

Sie reagiert schockiert.

"Was für einen Scheiß treibst du denn hier draußen?"

"Ich habe mit Ollie gechillt, aber ich kann jetzt nicht dort bleiben, also gehe ich zurück in meine Bleibe."

"Wie auch immer. Ich denke, ich komme mit dir. Wo ist es?"

"Im Moment ist es einem Zelt im Wald."

"Willst du mich verarschen? "

"Nein, ich mache keine Witze. Ich bin von zu Hause weggelaufen. Meine Eltern sind wirklich furchtbar. Sie haben mich verprügelt und alle möglichen schrecklichen Dinge getan. Ab und zu wohnte ich bei Ollie, aber wenn ich meine Ruhe haben will, gehe ich da oben in den Wald. Ollie kann ziemlich anstrengend sein, er schmeißt ständig Partys und hört laute Musik. Jeden Tag kommen Leute vorbei. Manchmal ist das zu viel für mich. Aus offensichtlichen Gründen kann ich definitiv nicht mehr bei Ollie bleiben, also gehe ich in mein Zelt, bis sich die Lage beruhigt hat."

Ich sehe sie an und seufze.

"...außerdem könnte die Polizei nach mir suchen."

"Warum sucht die Polizei nach dir?" Sie kichert durch ihre Tränen hindurch sarkastisch. "Bist du ein Terrorist? Ein Bankräuber? Hast du jemanden ermordet?"

Ich atme zaghaft aus.

"Nein, nein und ja, vielleicht, ich glaube schon. Aber es war nicht wie, du weißt schon... dass! Mord, was soll ich dir sagen? Ich habe nur versucht, jemandem zu helfen. Da war dieser Mistkerl in dem Jugendzentrum, zu dem ich immer ging. Eines Tages vermutete er, dass seine Ex-Freundin ihn mit einem anderen betrügt, und das wollte er nicht hinnehmen. Er zerrte sie an ihren Haaren in eine Toilettenkabine. Er vergewaltigte und schlug sie so heftig, dass man die Schläge und Schreie durch die Wand hören konnte. Niemand half ihr, alle hatten große Angst vor ihm.

Ich zitterte vor Angst und Wut und ich weiß nicht, was in mich gefahren war, aber ich fand den Mut und ging zu ihr, um ihr zu helfen. Es war wirklich schrecklich, was ich sah: Er würgte das Mädchen gegen die Toilettenkabine und grunzte dabei, sie blutete und weinte, er hatte sie wirklich fertig gemacht. Er war so damit beschäftigt, sie zu würgen, dass er nicht bemerkte, wie ihm die Pistole aus der Hose fiel. Es lag einfach auf dem Boden. Ich rannte rüber, um sie zu holen, und er bemerkte es. Er hätte mich fast überwältigt, und als ich mit ihm kämpfte, schoss die Pistole in seine Brust. Zuerst war es keine Absicht, ich bin mir nicht sicher, aber bevor ich merkte, was ich getan hatte, brach er zusammen und ich rannte mit der Waffe in meiner Tasche davon. Ich warf sie in den Fluss Main und rannte weiter. Ich dachte nicht daran, in der Nähe zu bleiben und auf den Krankenwagen und die Polizei zu warten. Ich glaube nicht, dass er überlebt hat ... aber es war ein Unfall. Ich habe die Stadt noch in derselben Nacht verlassen und bin seitdem auf der Flucht. Vorsicht ist besser als Nachsicht."

Sie sieht mich eindringlich an.

"Mann, du hörst dich an, als hättest du wirklich Pech gehabt, aber du siehst nicht wie ein schlechter Mensch aus oder wie jemand, der einem wehrlosen jungen Mädchen wehtun würde."

Ich sehe sie mit Traurigkeit und Reue in meinen Augen an.

"Ich hasse Monster, die andere verletzen oder ausnutzen. Wie auch immer, ich muss dieses Gebiet verlassen. Das solltest du auch!"

Endlich ist sie überzeugt, ich nehme ihre kalten Hände und helfe ihr auf die Beine. Bald laufen wir im morgendlichen Nieselregen am Stadtrand vorbei in Richtung meines Zelt. Wir sehen eine Tankstelle und schauen uns beide an. Ein zustimmendes Nicken besagt, dass wir ein paar Vorräte brauchen. Aus drogenbedingten Gründen entscheide ich mich, auf der anderen Seite der Straße zu bleiben. Ich gebe ihr etwas Bargeld und schicke sie allein los, um Wodka, Zigaretten, Snacks usw. zu kaufen. Sie zeigt mir einen gefälschten Studentenausweis, den sie benutzt, um Zigaretten und Alkohol zu kaufen. Ich schmunzle und unsere Stimmung hebt sich etwas.

Es kommt mir wie eine Ewigkeit vor, bis ich sie zurückkommen sehe. Ich muss meiner Paranoia und meinem Fluchtinstinkt widerstehen, um einfach von dort wegzukommen. Ich beginne zu glauben, dass das Mädchen in Panik geraten ist und die Tankstelle als Vorwand benutzt hat, um mich loszuwerden. Es hilft auch nicht, dass ich ohnehin schon superparanoid bin, weil ich so viel illegales Material bei mir trage. Wenn ich länger als ein paar Minuten stehen bleibe, werde ich sehr nervös. Warst du schon einmal so high, dass du dir sicher warst, dass alle anderen dich anstarren? Obwohl dich wahrscheinlich niemand wirklich anstarrt und du weißt, dass du dir das nur einbildest? Voila! Das war ich an diesem Samstagmorgen.

Doch ich habe mich geirrt und gerade als ich abhauen will, sehe ich sie auf mich zukommen. Sie lächelt sogar ein bisschen, als wir Blickkontakt aufnehmen. Ich schließe mich ihr an und wir gehen weiter den Hügel hinauf und in den Wald. Wir kommen an meinem Zelt an und wie ich Ollie versprochen habe, will ich die Drogen vergraben. Das Problem ist nur, dass ich Gesellschaft habe. Das Mädchen. Um die Drogen kümmere ich mich wohl später. Es ist schön, ein Mädchen dabei zu haben. Sie ist gut darin, die Unterhaltung in Gang zu halten. Wir rauchen weiter und trinken großzügige Mengen Wodka und Fanta. Sie ist so aufgedreht, dass es schon wahrscheinlicher war, dass ich einschlafe, bevor sie es tut. Ich bin schon seit zwei Tagen high von LSD und anderen Chemikalien, und ich habe seit einiger Zeit so gut wie nicht mehr geschlafen.

Zum Glück hatte ich ein großes Stück Haschisch eingesteckt, das bei Ollie auf dem Wohnzimmertisch lag, als ich ging, also beschloss ich, sie zu überreden, mit mir etwas zu rauchen. Ich konnte nicht sagen, ob sie nur einen Möchtegern war oder tatsächlich eine wie ich. Mein erster Eindruck ist, dass sie der Typ zu sein scheint, der das Aussehen des Ausgestoßenen und des Rebellen mag, aber nicht unbedingt eines von beidem ist. Sie sitzt neben mir am Rand meines Zelt und starrt in die Ferne, während ich einen Joint drehe. Ihre Piercings, ihre schwarz-rot gefärbten Haare und all ihre Accessoires schreien förmlich nach einem Bad Girl der 90er Jahre. Trotzdem kann ich meinen Blick nicht von ihr abwenden, sie ist einfach wunderschön. Unter dem Bad-Girl-Outfit ist sie wahrscheinlich ein ganz normaler, unschuldiger Teenager. Vielleicht hat sie sich ein paar Mal betrunken, ein bisschen an einem Joint gezogen oder Ecstasy probiert, aber das war in meinen Augen nichts Ungewöhnliches.

Alles in allem scheint sie ein gutes Mädchen zu sein, das ihre Mutter stolz machen will und es nicht ertragen kann, sie zu enttäuschen.

Ich zünde mir eine an und reiche ihr neugierig den Joint.

"Ist es mit irgendetwas gestreckt?"

Ich denke bei mir selbst. "Ok, nicht ganz so unschuldig." Ich schüttle den Kopf.

"Nein, ich würde niemandem einen Joint mit etwas anders drin geben, ohne es zu sagen."

"Gut. Weißt du, einmal habe ich mit jemandem abgehauen, einer etwas älteren Affäre von mir und einigen seiner Freunde. Wir waren alle in seinem Wohnzimmer am Chillen. Er reichte mir einen Joint zum Anzünden und ich vertraute ihm, zündete es an und nahm einen großen Zug davon. Keine Ahnung, was da drin war, aber ich konnte danach kaum atmen und hatte starke Paranoia. Meine Augen wurden so schwer, dass ich sie nicht mehr offenhalten konnte und meine Arme und Beine fühlten sich wie Gummi an. Ich konnte nicht einmal flüstern. Ich schlief ein und wachte erst Stunden später auf, allein auf der Couch.

Mein Slip und meine Jeans fühlten sich nicht richtig an und mein Gürtel war nicht richtig geschnallt. Ich griff nach unten und fühlte die ganze Sauerei zwischen meinen Beinen. Es war nass, klebrig und roch nach Latex. Wenigstens haben diese Arschlöcher Kondome benutzt, hoffe ich zumindest. Sie haben mich einfach in seiner Wohnung eingesperrt und sind abgehauen, um weiter zu saufen. Ich musste aus dem Fenster klettern, um zu entkommen. Ich ging zur Polizei, aber die haben mich nicht ernst genommen, weil ich nicht wollte, dass jemand mich auf Spuren untersucht. Ich gab auf und ging nach Hause. Ich duschte und weinte danach stundenlang auf meinem Bett. Dieses Arschloch dachte einfach, er könnte tun, was er wollte. Jetzt überquere ich die Straße, wenn ich ihn und seine Freunde sehe. Sie lächeln und winken immer noch, als wäre nichts passiert."

"Oh mein Gott, ich weiß gar nicht, was ich sagen soll, es tut mir so leid zu hören. Einem meiner Freunde ist Anfang des Jahres etwas Ähnliches passiert. Warum sind Männer so ekelhafte Schweine? Dieser Joint? Es ist nur Haschisch und Tabak, sonst nichts."

Sie nimmt einen kräftigen Zug und behält ihn eine ganze Minute lang in sich. Dann dreht sie sich zu mir um, presst ihre Lippen fest auf meine und atmet die ganze Menge in meine Lungen aus. Sie kichert über meine etwas verwirrte Reaktion und sieht mich an.

"Hey, das ist schon eine Weile her und ich habe keine Angst vor dir. Du scheinst nett zu sein, sogar süß."

"Und wenn du mich betäuben wolltest, dann sind wir jetzt beide KO."

Ich lache unbehaglich. "Wirklich, das ist okay, ich rauche sie sonst selbst."

Sie sieht sich den Joint an und grinst



"Jetzt bin ich dran!"

Ich nehme einen großen Zug von dem Joint und lege meine Lippen fest auf ihre und atme den ganzen Rauch in ihren viel kleineren Oberkörper aus.

Wir sitzen schweigend da und beginnen uns zu küssen und abwechselnd den Joint in den Körper des anderen zu atmen. Es ist ein wunderbares Gefühl und sie ist köstlich.

Als ich den Joint ausmache, sehe ich, wie sie in ihrer Handtasche kramt und ein Kondom herauszieht.

Sie leckt sich über die Lippen und sieht mich verführerisch an, während sie die Packung aufreißt und mir den rosafarbenen, nach Erdbeeren duftenden Inhalt reicht.

"Zieh das an."

Ich werfe ihr einen verwirrten Blick zu, aber es ist unübersehbar, dass meine Hose vor Vorfreude platzt. Sie rückt ihr Gesicht ganz nah an meins und flüstert mir ins Ohr.

"Willst du mich ficken? Ich kann mein Gehirn gerade nicht abschalten, es wäre eine schöne Ablenkung."

Sie beißt mir spielerisch ins Ohr und bevor ich etwas erwidern kann, stößt sie mich zu Boden und küsst mich über mein ganzes Gesicht und meinen Hals, während sie flüstert,

"Ich will all diese schrecklichen Bilder und Erinnerungen aus meinem Kopf bekommen."

Nervös schiebe ich mich zurück ins Zelt, während sie auf mir liegt, und schiebe die Tasche mit den Drogen in die Ecke. Hastig schnalle ich meinen Gürtel ab und sie zieht mir unbeholfen die Hose herunter. Mein Penis ist so hart, dass ich Angst habe, dass ich komme, wenn sie ihn nur berührt.

Mein paranoides Gehirn flüstert,

"Was, wenn sie es lächerlich macht? Was ist, wenn ich mich nicht beherrschen kann, wenn sie denkt, dass ich stinke...?"

Sie bemerkt, wie ich mich abmühe, das Kondom überzuziehen,

"Hast du das noch nie gemacht? Bist du noch Jungfrau?"

Unbeholfen sage ich ihr, dass ich fast fertig bin. Ich bin so nervös, dass ich das Kondom fast zerrissen habe, als ich es überziehen wollte.

"Hey, entspann dich, mach langsam, du musst es runterrollen, nicht ziehen, sonst machst du es kaputt."

Sie lacht und ich fühle mich peinlich berührt. Sie lächelt und sieht mich an, als wäre ich eine Art Preis.

"Du bist wirklich noch Jungfrau, oder?" Ich schüttle den Kopf "Nein, ich bin nur nervös", lacht sie ungläubig.

"Heute ist dein Glückstag, kleiner Junge."

Sie zieht das Kondom zu Ende. Es fühlt sich so eng an, dass ich Angst habe, es würde platzen, wenn meine Erektion noch größer wird.

Sie schlüpft aus ihrer Jeans, und dann geht alles ganz schnell. Sie steigt auf mich und ich bin schon in ihr drin. Ich keuche in Ekstase, während ich darum kämpfe, nicht sofort die Kontrolle zu verlieren und sie zu enttäuschen.

"Bitte komm nicht, bitte komm nicht." wiederhole ich immer wieder zu mir selbst.

Ich setze mich unbeholfen auf und ziehe sie zu mir herunter, während ich ihren Hals und ihre Ohren küsse. Ich presse meine Lippen fest auf ihre und versuche alles zu tun, um den Moment nicht durch einen vorzeitigen Samenerguss zu ruinieren.

Ich spüre, wie er pumpt, und versuche so sehr, ihn zu stoppen, aber es passiert das Unvermeidliche: Ich komme so heftig und mit so viel Druck, dass ich das unmöglich hätte kontrollieren können. Zum Glück für mich, weil ich so high von verschiedenen Substanzen und so geil bin, schickt Gott das Glück, dass meine Erektion fest und hart bleibt. Heute ist also doch mein Glückstag, flüstere ich mir zu.

Es dauert nicht lange, bis wieder eine richtige Erektion entsteht und sie mahlt und stöhnt so angestrengt, dass sie meine vorübergehende "Entspantheit" nicht bemerkt.

Während sie sich an mir reibt, setze ich mich ihr gegenüber auf und schlinge meine Hände fest um ihren Hinterkopf. Ich grabe meine Nägel in ihren Nacken und küsse die Ränder ihrer Lippen, ihr Atem ist heiß in rhythmischem Pulsieren. Wir sitzen jetzt in einer innigen Umarmung.

Sie hört nicht auf, mich direkt anzustarren. Ihre Augen schauen mich mit Liebe und Neugier an. Als ob sie direkt durch mich hindurchschauen würde. Ich sehe alle Details in ihren Augen aus nächster Nähe und sehr detailliert. Blau und grau und kleine grüne Farbtupfer wie ein Teich, in dem Seerosen schwimmen. Ich bin ein transzendenter Geist, der über einer Laguneninsel schwebt. Ich schließe meine Augen und tauche in das kristallklare Wasser unter mir ein. Fische und Korallen schmücken den schönen weichen Sand und die rollende Bewegung des Wassers im Rhythmus ihrer wogenden Hüften.

Sie stöhnt leise und eindringlich. Ihr heißer Atem ist nur eine Haaresbreite von meinen Lippen entfernt. Ihr Kinnpiercing reißt meine Haut auf und sie leckt das Blut von meinem Gesicht. Sie gräbt ihre langen schwarzen Nägel unter meinen Kapuzenpullover und in meinen Rücken. Sie reißt an meiner Haut. Die Feuchtigkeit ist eine gefühlte Mischung aus Schweiß und einem Rinnsal Blut. Jeder Riss, den sie in mein Fleisch macht, erfüllt mich mit Lust und Adrenalin. Völlig ineinander verschlungen, reißen wir uns die Oberbekleidung vom Leib und liegen uns nach langem Ringen, Kichern und Rutschen schließlich nackt in den Armen.

Unsere heftige Leidenschaft wird zum Liebesspiel, wir küssen uns langsam, stark und leidenschaftlich. Ich streichle ihren Rücken, während sie ihre Arme um mich legt, meinen Hals küsst und mir die Ohren leckt. Ich zittere vor Lust.

Sie riecht göttlich, denke ich bei mir. Eine Mischung aus abgestandenen Zigaretten, Rauch, Wodka, Bongwasser, Haschisch, nassem Wald und einer Art Parfüm aus Kirschblüten und Zimt. Ich schließe wieder meine Augen. All die Düfte verbinden sich in meiner Dunkelheit zu einem unheiligen Abbild einer anarchistischen Göttin. Ich lasse mich von der Erregung meiner Geruchssinne anstecken. Ich wünsche mir, dass das, was ich in diesem Moment fühle, für den Rest meines Lebens anhalten wird.

Ich drücke sie sanft auf den Rücken und bewundere ihren Blick von ganz vorne. Ihre Brüste sind fest, die dunklen Nippel stehen sehr aufrecht. Ich lecke ihre Brüste, ihren Bauch und sie schiebt mich sanft zwischen ihre Beine. Ich bin nicht sehr erfahren darin, eine Frau oral zu befriedigen, aber ich gebe mein Bestes und es scheint ihr zu gefallen. Sie krümmt ihren Rücken und Flüssigkeit ergießt sich über mein Gesicht. Ich schnappe mir mein T-Shirt vom Zeltboden und trockne mein Gesicht ab und grinse sie an.

Ich beuge ihre Beine so weit zurück, wie sie es zulässt und stecke mich tiefer als je zuvor in sie hinein. Ihr ganzer Körper pulsiert und zittert. Schön langsam, sage ich mir. Behalte einfach den Rhythmus bei, überstürze nichts und genieße den Moment. Ich küsse ihre Beine, ihre Füße und streichle ihren weichen, blassen Po, bis ihre Beine müde werden und sie mich bittet, sie abzusetzen. Ich bleibe schweißgebadet stehen, sie zieht mich zu sich und beißt mir ins Ohr.

"Fick mich so hart, wie du kannst"

Ich lege meinen linken Arm um ihren Hinterkopf und greife mit der anderen Hand ihren Hintern und drücke ihn fest gegen mein Becken.

Ich fange an, mich in kurzen, schnellen, hämmernden Bewegungen zu bewegen, erst sanfter und dann immer härter, bis ich ihr Becken so hart und schnell wie möglich schlage.

Sie schreit in Ekstase auf, ihr Stöhnen wird zu einem hohen und schnellen Wimmern, das sich direkt an mein Trommelfell schmiegt. Der Klang ihres Stöhnens macht mich noch erregter und animalischer. Bald bin ich eine fleischfressende Bestie, die grunzt und stößt, bis sie nicht mehr kann und mich mit einem Ruck von sich stößt und nach Luft schnappt. Sie krümmt ihren Rücken, ihre Beine zittern und sie krallt sich an meiner Hand fest und drückt sie immer wieder.

Ich liege da und keuche vor Glückseligkeit. Mein Körper schwebt und mein Mund ist ganz trocken wie Baumwolle.

Bald erhole ich mich, drehe sie auf die Seite und dringe wieder sanft in sie ein. Diesmal bin ich an der Reihe, und es geht alles ganz schnell. Ich drücke meine Handfläche auf ihren Bauch und spüre mich in ihr. Ich will jeden Moment genießen und diese Erinnerung für immer und ewig in mein Bewusstsein einbrennen. Bald kann ich mich nicht mehr zurückhalten und die Zuckungen meines Orgasmus und

seine willkommene Entladung lassen ihren Körper vibrieren. Ich stoße mich ab und rolle mich ab. Sie rollt sich auf den Rücken, streichelt meine Brust und meine Beine und küsst mich sanft.

"Das hat wirklich Spaß gemacht."

"Ähm, danke, denke ich."

Wir kichern beide wie Kinder.

Sie zieht ihr T-Shirt an und kramt nach ihrem Höschen. Sie nimmt meinen Arm und legt ihn wie eine Decke über sich.

"Schlaf gut."

Ich küsse sie sanft auf die Wange.

"Gute Nacht, Prinzessin."

Wir lachen beide. Ich löfle mit ihr, bis sie fest eingeschlafen ist. Endlich! Vorsichtig löse ich mich vom Kuscheln, decke sie in meinen Schlafsack und rolle meine Jacke liebevoll unter ihren Kopf. Immer noch splitternackt und barfuß verlasse ich das Zelt und gehe in den Wald hinaus.

Langsam komme ich wieder zur Vernunft. Ich bemerke, dass das Kondom immer noch an mir hängt wie ein hässliches, nacktes, faltiges Muttermal. Ich ziehe es von mir herunter, als wäre es ein Blutegel, der versucht, das Leben aus mir herauszusaugen und werfe es fast gewaltsam in die Büsche. Der Geruch von Sex umhüllt mein ganzes Wesen. Ich werfe meine Hände in den Himmel und strecke mich bis zu meinen Zehenspitzen. Ich fühle mich lebendig, ich fühle mich ängstlich und ich fühle mich traurig, aber glücklich, dass ich mich in diesen vollkommenen Fremden verliebt habe. Ich bin ängstlich. Ich habe sie nicht verdient!  
Gefühle, die mich krank und unglücklich machen, aber auch warm, flauschig und lebendig. Alles auf einmal und jeden meiner Instinkte überwältigend.

Ich habe eine kleine Camping-Schaufel, aber auch ein Problem. Sie liegt unter meinem Zelt in dem sicheren Loch, das ich mit ein paar Holzbrettern und Erde ausgehoben habe. Ursprünglich hatte ich geplant, allein zu sein und hatte nicht so weit gedacht. Ich gebe mich damit zufrieden, die Drogen in der Erde zu vergraben und grabe wütend mit meinen bloßen Händen und einem Stein, den ich gefunden habe.

Nachdem ich mich durch die Wurzeln, Blätter und Steine gekratzt und gerissen habe, blute ich an den Händen. Ich hatte all die kleinen Scherben von zerbrochenem Flaschenglas nicht bemerkt, die überall verstreut waren, und es kommt mir wie Stunden vor, bevor ich tief genug grabe, um mein Ziel zu erreichen. Ich habe das Loch unter ein paar Büschen gegraben, damit das Aufwirbeln der Erde hoffentlich unbemerkt bleibt.

Endlich ist das Loch tief genug. Ich nehme die Drogen aus meinem Rucksack und wickle sie sorgfältig in eine Plastiktüte ein, die ich aus Ollies Haus mitgenommen habe. Als die

Drogen gut vergraben sind, breche ich vor Erleichterung auf der Stelle zusammen. Mit Blut, Schweiß und Dreck bedeckt, sitze ich nackt auf dem Waldboden. Ich zünde mir eine Zigarette an und breche in Tränen aus. Meine Tränen fließen schnell und heiß gegen den Luftzug in meinem Gesicht. Ich wische mir mit dem blutigen Handrücken den Rotz aus der Nase. Tränen, die von meiner Einsamkeit, meinem Überlebenskampf, meinem Hass und meinem Kummer künden.

Meine Kindheitserinnerungen tauchen auf, wie so oft, wenn ich erschöpft und emotional bin. Die Bilder blitzen so real vor mir auf, als ob ich sie noch einmal erleben würde. Immer und immer wieder.

Ich möchte mich übergeben, aber meine Kehle schnürt sich zusammen.

Ich schließe meine Augen und versuche mich zu entspannen. Ich sage mir, dass ich an das wunderbare Mädchen denken soll, mit dem ich gerade Sex hatte, stelle mir ihre schönen Augen, ihre Lippen, ihren schönen Körper vor. Ich komme ins Stocken, die schrecklichen Bilder verdrängen die schönen.

Mein Verstand verliert den Kampf und ich bin wieder das dreijährige Kleinkind, das nackt und hilflos auf dem Rücken liegt. Tränen laufen mir über das Gesicht, während ich auf den nackten Körper meines Stiefvaters starre, gefangen in den schrecklichen Erinnerungen an meine Vergangenheit.

## Kapitel 4

### Fliegen und billiger Schnaps

Irgendwo in Bombay, Indien, geschehen im Frühjahr 1984 seltsame Dinge mit einem dreijährigen Jungen.

Ich muss auf einer Art Tisch liegen, auf dem Rücken, meine Beine werden mit einem festen Griff in der Luft gehalten. Was für ein merkwürdiges Gefühl das ist. Es fühlt sich an, als ob die Fäkalien, die ich gerade entleert habe, wieder hineingeschoben werden. Wieder und wieder.

Ein nackter Mann steht vor mir. Er lächelt liebevoll auf mich herab. Ich bin nackt. Ich fühle mich seltsam und was auch immer er tut, ist sehr unangenehm. Er lächelt mich an, während ich spüre, wie ein Teil von ihm in meinen Körper eindringt. In seiner anderen Hand hält er Talkumpuder und streut ihn über meinen Po. Ich kann nicht genau sehen, was er mit mir macht, und ich verstehe nicht, was da passiert. Ich bin nur neugierig, weil es sich für mich komisch anfühlt. Ich versuche, meinen Kopf zu heben, um einen besseren Blick zu erhaschen, aber ich kann mich nicht wirklich bewegen. Ich versuche, ihn wegzustoßen, um zu signalisieren, dass ich mich unwohl fühle. Ich kann nicht viel tun und er schiebt meine Hände sanft weg und lächelt weiter, während er etwas in mich hinein- und herausführt.

Zu diesem Zeitpunkt weiß ich genau, was passiert ist. Ich wurde vergewaltigt, eines von vielen Malen, die das passieren würde.

Meine Mutter kommt in unser Schlafzimmer. Sie geht hinter meinem nackten Stiefvater her und schaut ihn entsetzt an. Mein Stiefvater macht einen verlegenen Gesichtsausdruck, denn er hat nicht damit gerechnet, dass sie ihn dabei sieht. Sie schreit auf Deutsch,

"Das ist ekelhaft! "

Mein Stiefvater antwortet auf Deutsch,

"Warum? Ich mache Liebe mit meinem Sohn. So wie es der Prophet uns gelehrt hat."

Meine Mutter starrt mich sichtlich verzweifelt an. Ich schaue verwirrt und verängstigt zu ihr auf, um sie zu beruhigen.

Sie sieht Stefan wütend an und spricht dann auf Deutsch weiter,

"Ich glaube nicht, dass der Prophet gemeint hat, dass wir das tun sollten, als er sagte, dass wir mit unseren Kindern Liebe machen sollen."

Ich spüre, wie das Ding, das in mir war, ein letztes Mal meinen Körper verlässt. Stefan wickelt sein Handtuch um die Taille und folgt meiner Mutter mit herablassender, wütender Miene.

Er packt sie an den Haaren, zwingt sie, nicht mehr wegzugehen, legt sein Gesicht direkt neben ihres und beschimpft sie auf Deutsch,

"Was weißt du über unseren Propheten? Glaubst du, du bist spiritueller als ich? "

Meine Mutter hat Angst vor ihm und rudert nach ihrer anfänglichen Reaktion zurück und redet weiter auf Deutsch mit Stefan, weil sie glaubt, dass ich ihn nicht verstehen werde.

"Okay, gut, ich... ich weiß nichts, ich meine nur, dass ich persönlich nicht denke, dass du das tun solltest, aber vielleicht hast du recht."

Stefan kommt zurück zu mir, hebt mich auf und küsst mich auf die Wange. Er setzt mich auf dem kühlen, weißen Kachelboden ab und hilft mir, mich anzuziehen. Er streichelt mir über die Haare und sagt lächelnd auf Deutsch,

"Du bist so schön, meine kleine Puppis."

Für mich war es völlig normal, meine Eltern nackt duschen zu sehen, dass sie (wir) Sex hatten und kuschelten. Schließlich wurde dies von dem, was die Medien später als "Sexkult" bezeichnen würden, den selbsternannten "Kindern Gottes", gebilligt und gefördert. Seit ich denken kann, hatte ich mit meinen beiden Eltern alle Arten von Sex. Ich mochte es nicht und hatte auch keinen Spaß daran, aber ich nahm einfach an, dass es normal war, dass alle Kinder das mit ihren Eltern machten.

Ich erinnere mich, dass meine Mutter als Kleinkind oft versuchte, meinen Penis zu stimulieren, indem sie meine Vorhaut zurückzog. Ich erinnere mich an den Schmerz, den das verursachte, und ich versuchte, ihre Hand wegzuschieben.

"Tut es weh, Schatz?"

Ich würde weinen und nicken.

"Keine Sorge, das ist ganz normal. Du wirst dich daran gewöhnen."

Dann nahm sie meinen Penis in ihren Mund und stimulierte mich oral. Manchmal tat es weh, später war es angenehmer. Trotzdem wünschte ich mir, sie würde meinen Penis einfach in Ruhe lassen. Es fühlte sich nicht richtig an.

Abends lasen mein Stiefvater und ich oft die "Heilige Schrift" oder andere Comics unseres Anführers, der sich "Moses David" nannte.

Mein Stiefvater hat sich in meiner Gegenwart oft selbst stimuliert. Oft erwartete er von mir, dass ich bei der "Kuschelzeit" mitmache. Für mich war das normal. Ich habe mich damals nie wirklich als missbraucht betrachtet. Es geschah gegen meinen Willen, aber ich hatte das Gefühl, dass ich es tun musste, dass ich sogar verpflichtet war, mich dankbar zu zeigen. Wie jedes Kind in diesem Alter hätte ich alles getan, um meinen Eltern zu gefallen. Sogar den ekligen, salzigen, klebrigen Dreck in meinem Mund, auf meinen Händen und auf seinem blonden, haarigen Bauch hätte ich in Kauf genommen.

Diese Art des Missbrauchs und andere sogenannte Kindererziehungstechniken stammen hauptsächlich aus dem Buch "The Book of David", das von dem offen pädophilen Moses David veröffentlicht wurde. Der Prophet und Gründer der Kinder Gottes. Er gab offen zu, dass er seine eigenen Kinder und Enkelkinder fickte. Er forderte, dass Kinder so jung wie möglich sexualisiert werden sollten. Da dies alles "in Liebe" geschah, gab es keinen Schaden, außer dass die "Systemiten" es herausfanden.

Der abfällige Begriff "Systemiten" bezeichnete jeden, der nicht zum inneren Kreis der sogenannten "Familie der Liebe", "Kinder Gottes" oder einem anderen ihrer ständig wechselnden Pseudonyme gehörte.

Im Alter von fünf Jahren hatte ich bereits aktiv Sex mit anderen Kindern in meinem Alter und war höchstwahrscheinlich bereits mit Herpes infiziert und hatte bereits erste Erfahrungen mit anderen Geschlechtskrankheiten wie Gonorrhö, die ein brennendes Gefühl beim Pinkeln verursachen. Da ich so jung war, dachte ich, ich sei krank und mein "Penis sei kaputt". Das Konzept von STDS wurde mir erst viel, viel später bewusst. Ich erinnere mich lebhaft daran, dass ich im Alter von sechs Jahren Alpträume hatte, in denen ich davon träumte, dass mein Penis abfiel, weil er so vereitert und faulig war.

Später, als Erwachsene, musste ich wieder lernen, Sex zu genießen. Ich musste den Unterschied zwischen Verliebtheit und Einsamkeit lernen. Als geistig gebrochener Teenager war Sex für Geld, Gefälligkeiten und einen Platz zum Schlafen nichts weiter als eine monotone Routine. Wenn jemand etwas Nettes für mich tat, fühlte ich mich verpflichtet, mit ihm oder ihr Sex zu haben, auch wenn ich mich körperlich nicht zu ihm oder ihr hingezogen fühlte. Das führte dazu, dass ich viele Herzen brach, dass Menschen extrem gewalttätig gegen mich wurden und ich sogar Morddrohungen erhielt.

Die sitzen gelassenen Liebhaber konnten oder wollten nicht verstehen, dass der Sex mit ihnen für mich bedeutungslos war. Mechanisch, gefühllos und lustlos. Ein Druckmittel, nichts weiter.

Ich war so gut darin, meine wahren Gefühle und Absichten zu verbergen, dass ich ihnen wahrscheinlich den Eindruck vermittelte, ihre Gefühle aufrichtig zu erwidern.

Natürlich habe ich mich auch verliebt und hatte Sex mit Menschen, in die ich wirklich verliebt war. Auch mir wurde das Herz gebrochen. Das Problem war, dass ich jemanden einfach nicht abweisen konnte, auch wenn ich mich nicht zu ihm hingezogen fühlte.

Das war die überwältigende Kraft der Gehirnwäsche, die ich in meiner gesamten Kindheit ertragen musste.

Ansonsten war ich ein sehr wissbegieriger, fröhlicher kleiner Junge. Wenn du mich damals kennengelernt hättest, hättest du das auch gedacht. Ich war und bin wahrscheinlich in gewisser Weise immer noch ein absolutes Rehkitz, ein Menschenfreund, der gerne hilft. Ich wollte meine Liebe mit anderen teilen und war stolz darauf, einer der Auserwählten zu sein.

Wie jeder intelligente Junge hatte ich viele Fragen, manchmal auch die falschen, was die Erwachsenen und meine Eltern unruhig und aggressiv machte. Oft wurde ich zurechtgewiesen, weil ich ein "zweifelnder Thomas" war. Deshalb lernte ich schon früh, dass einige Themen tabu waren.



Sobald ich lesen konnte, las ich alles, was ich in die Finger bekam, zeichnete, malte und baute riesige Roboter aus Lego-Steinen. Ich sammelte Käfer in Gläsern und steckte immer liebevoll Blätter und Zweige in das Glas, damit die Käfer sie fressen konnten, und stach Nadellöcher in die Deckel, um Luft zu bekommen.

Wenn die Käfer verhungerten (weil ich nicht die richtigen Blätter oder kleineren Insekten in ihre Behältnisse legte, die die fleischfressenden Käfer fressen konnten), vergrub ich sie in Streichholzschachteln mit kleinen Kreuzen, die in der Ecke unseres Gartens aus der Erde ragten.

Ich geriet aus Gründen, die ich nie ganz verstehen konnte, immer in Schwierigkeiten. Es schien mir, dass ich viel schneller lernte als die anderen Kinder. Ich war hyperaktiv und zappelig, langweilte mich während des Heimunterrichts ständig und träumte oft vor mich hin, was mir leider viele, viele Schläge einbrachte.

Es gab einen Grund für meine Langeweile. Ich habe viel gelesen, praktisch alles, was ich in die Finger bekam. Wenn wir im Unterricht dieselben Themen behandelten, wusste ich schon alles, was die Lehrerin oder der Lehrer sagen wollte, und korrigierte sie sogar, wenn ich überzeugt war, dass sie oder er einen Fehler machte. Du kannst dir vorstellen, Ironie an, dass mich das als kleinen Jungen sehr beliebt gemacht hat, Ironie aus. Ich habe im Alter von fünf Jahren angefangen, die Bibel zu lesen, und sie im Alter von sechs Jahren abgeschlossen. Vieles von dem, was geschrieben stand, verstand ich nicht, es schien kontraintuitiv zu sein, und vieles ergab für mich keinen Sinn. Im Laufe der Jahre lernte ich, dass das Hinterfragen von Dingen, die in der Bibel stehen, besonders tabu war, da die Bibel direkt von Gott geschrieben wurde und nicht in Frage gestellt werden durfte. (Das hat mich eigentlich am meisten gestört, dazu später mehr.)

Wie alle Kinder las ich anfangs meist unbeholfen und überflüssig und konzentrierte mich eher auf die Phonetik des Wortes und meine Aussprache als darauf, was der Satz eigentlich bedeutete. Im Gegensatz zu anderen Kindern in meinem Alter fragte ich jedoch immer nach, wenn ich nicht verstand, was ein Satz bedeutete, was meine Mutter sehr verärgerte, da es wegen meiner vielen Fragen manchmal ewig dauerte, eine Seite zu beenden. Es war klar, dass ich sie manchmal beunruhigte, denn ich war zu wissbegierig für mein eigenes Wohl und nicht wirklich für eine Gehirnwäsche geeignet.

Mit der Zeit öffnete sich die Welt der Literatur für mich und ich konnte das Geschriebene ganz allein verstehen. Das brachte ein neues Dilemma und komplexere Fragen mit sich. Ich weiß noch, wie ich meine Eltern im Alter von sieben Jahren fragte, warum Gott die Vernichtung aller Männer, Frauen und Kinder im Gelobten Land befohlen hat. Oder: Warum hat dieser und jener diesen Mann im Namen Gottes ermordet? Warum stellte Gott Hiobs Glauben auf die Probe, indem er seine gesamte Familie, seine Diener und sein Vieh ermordete, nur weil er eine Wette mit dem Teufel abgeschlossen hatte, obwohl es in den Zehn Geboten eindeutig heißt: "Du sollst nicht töten"? Meine Eltern haben mir die Leviten gelesen, wie es alle religiösen Menschen tun, wenn sie mit ihrer unverhohlenen und nicht durchdachten Unverschämtheit konfrontiert werden. Von klein auf hatte ich das Gefühl, dass Gott mit zweierlei Maß misst und ziemlich kleinlich und rachsüchtig ist.

Langsam wurde mir klar, dass Moses David seine Prophezeiungen vage und geheimnisvoll hielt. Die Vorhersagen unseres Anführers wurden immer wieder

verschoben und wir, seine Anhänger, blieben im Unklaren darüber, wann genau die Entrückung und das zweite Kommen Jesu sein würden. In der Zwischenzeit schufteten wir und zahlten den Anführern der Sekte unseren hohen Tribut. Unsere Staatsoberhäupter führten das schicke, verschwenderische Leben der Jetsetter auf der ganzen Welt. Sie wohnten in Villen mit Dienern und Köchen. Sie lebten in einem für uns unvorstellbaren Komfort. Sie hatten sogar bewaffnete Wachen, die auf dem Gelände patrouillierten, um sicherzustellen, dass niemand Verdächtiges ein- oder ausgehen konnte. Das war das echte Hotel California.

Im Vergleich dazu lebten wir Fußsoldaten unter totalitärer, autokratischer Herrschaft im Elend. Ständig in der Angst, als unproduktiv und unwürdig abgestempelt zu werden. Jeder konnte zum Abtrünnigen werden und damit zum Kotzbrocken Gottes, der dazu verdammt war, aus der Familie ausgeschlossen zu werden. Wir fürchteten, unsere Villa in der goldenen Stadt zu verlieren und dazu verdammt zu sein, die Ewigkeit als Bürger zweiter Klasse in Gottes schöner neuer Welt zu verbringen, nur weil wir nicht "den Weizen ernteten" und jeden Tag Zeugnis ablegten. Egal, wie krank, müde oder hungrig du bist. 7 Tage die Woche, 365 Tage im Jahr, arbeiten, arbeiten und arbeiten! Am Rande der Zerstörungswut, der Krankheit und des ständigen Hungers.

Dies ist ein ungekürztes Zeugnis aus erster Hand von einem der Tausenden von Opfern, die innerhalb der Kinder Gottes ungeheuerlichen Missbrauch und Bestrafung erlitten haben

"Meine Mutter kämpfte gegen Gehirnkrebs und die Führung entschied, dass sie von einem Dämon besessen war, weil sie Anfälle und Schmerzausbrüche hatte.

Sie führten "Exorzismen" an ihr durch, während sie im Bann stand. Sie hatte keine Schmerzmittel. Jeder, der im Endstadium eines Hirntumors ohne Schmerzmittel ist, würde wie ein Besessener aussehen.

Sie haben sie bis auf die Knochen bearbeitet. Einmal wurde sie für etwa eine halbe Stunde blind, während wir Wäsche wuschen. Ich half ihr in ihr Zimmer und holte ihr heimlich etwas Wasser. Sie hatte solche Angst, dass ein Erwachsener es herausfinden könnte. Sobald ihr Augenlicht zurückkam, machte sie sich sofort wieder an die Arbeit, als wäre nichts gewesen.

Als sie schließlich herausfand, was ihr Problem war, ging sie in die USA, um sich behandeln zu lassen, aber sie durfte mich nicht mitnehmen. Ich habe sie nie wieder gesehen.

An dem Tag, an dem ich von ihrem Tod erfuhr, überreichten sie mir einen Stapel mit all den Briefen, die ich ihr geschrieben hatte. Sie wurden nie abgeschickt.

Ich könnte noch mehr über meine persönlichen Missbräuche erzählen, von denen es viele gab.

Aber keine der körperlichen Misshandlungen, die ich erlebt habe, hat mich so tief getroffen wie die Art und Weise, wie ich meine Mutter leiden sah.

Ich persönlich möchte nicht, dass ihre Geschichte vertuscht wird, jeder sollte wissen, was man ihr angetan hat."

Wenn dein ganzer Kult auf dem Glauben an "Gottes Willen" beruht und darauf, dass kein Mensch in den Geist des Herrn eindringen kann, ist es ziemlich einfach, leichtgläubige

Augen zu täuschen und eindeutige Loyalität zu verlangen, ohne die Logik hinter dem offensichtlichen Betrug zu hinterfragen.

Je älter ich wurde, desto desillusionierter wurde ich über das sogenannte göttliche Wort Gottes. Diese Überzeugungen, die mein ganzes Leben als Kind bestimmt haben, sind, wie ich heute weiß, ungläubiger, demiurgischer Unsinn. Meine Eltern und andere Erwachsene klopfen mir herablassend auf den Kopf und sagten: "Wenn der Herr will, dass du seine Worte verstehst, wird er sich dir offenbaren."

Ich erinnere mich noch genau daran, wie ich zu meinem fünften Geburtstag diese große Bibel mit den großen Buchstaben bekam. Es war ein grüner Einband mit Goldschnitt und einem goldenen Kreuz auf der Vorderseite. Es war das schönste Buch, das ich je gesehen hatte. Ein außergewöhnliches Gefühl. Meine Eltern erzählten mir, dass sie sehr teuer war, und ich war sehr stolz darauf, so ein tolles Buch zu besitzen.

Meine Brust schwoll vor Stolz an, als die anderen Kinder und Erwachsenen um den Tisch versammelt waren und bei Kerzen und schrecklichem, selbstgebackenem Schokoladenkuchen Bibellieder sangen. Ich war in der Tat ein ganz besonderer kleiner Junge. Das wunderbare Gefühl der Einweihung, ein Gefühl, einer der wenigen Glücklichen zu sein. Ich war auserwählt, den Schrecken der Endzeit, dem Antichristen, zu entkommen, und natürlich war ich bereit, für die himmlische Sache zu sterben, denn mein Zuhause ist im Himmel und nicht auf der Erde.

Die meisten meiner Tage als Kind waren ansonsten nichts Besonderes. Tatsächlich fühlte ich mich an den meisten Tagen eher so, als würde ich in einer endlosen Unschärfe von einem Tag zum nächsten überleben. Diese Tage waren gefüllt mit Kochen und Putzen. Ununterbrochenes Gebet und Lobpreisen Jesu. Es wurde viel gesungen und in Zungen geredet, noch mehr gebetet und noch mehr gesungen... Dann ging es weiter mit dem Putzen von Toiletten, dem Schrubben von Böden, dem Schälen von Kartoffeln, dem Waschen von Reis und Linsen, dem Sortieren von verfaultem Gemüse und ständigen Schlägen, wenn ich mich beschwerte oder "murrte". Wenn ich nicht gerade bis auf die Knochen schuftete, durfte ich nach draußen gehen und helfen, unsere Lehren zu verbreiten, indem ich Zeugnis ablegte und Flugblätter und Plakate verteilte. Ich kann wirklich sagen, dass ich meiner Kindheit, meiner Jungfräulichkeit und jeder Art von gesunder Normalität in Bezug auf Sex beraubt wurde.

In den 1980er Jahren stellte Moses David eine Prophezeiung auf, dass die gesamte nördliche Hemisphäre in einem Atomkrieg zwischen Russland und den USA ausgelöscht werden würde. Er forderte alle "Familienmitglieder" auf, nach Süden zu fliehen, in einer Bewegung, die als "Die große Flucht" bezeichnet wurde.

Meine Eltern dachten, wie viele andere Hippies und Ausgestoßene der Gesellschaft, es wäre super originell, nach Indien zu gehen. Denn schließlich mussten wir vor dem drohenden Atomkrieg fliehen, der ganz Russland, Europa und Nordamerika auslöschen würde.

Indien, das Land, dessen zivilisatorische Wurzeln tausende von Jahren zurückreichen. In diesem Land gibt es die fabelhaftesten Gerüche und Gewürze, Farben und Musik jeder

Frequenz, die die Menschheit kennt. Viele wunderschöne, unglaubliche Sehenswürdigkeiten und Architektur

Doch zu diesem beispiellosen Mangel an Menschlichkeit gehören unvorstellbare Krankheiten und Armut, Unberührbare, Massenlyncherei, das Verbrennen von Ehepartnern bei lebendigem Leib, Kindersklaverei, Vergewaltigung, abscheuliche sanitäre Bedingungen und ganze Dörfer, die in buchstäblicher Sklaverei für einen Großgrundbesitzer leben.

Spulen wir noch einmal zurück, als wir 1982 zum ersten Mal nach Indien flogen. Ich war fast zwei Jahre alt. Meine Mutter war zu dieser Zeit bereits mit meinem Halbbruder schwanger.

Meine ersten Erinnerungen an Indien waren, dass es sehr ungemütlich war, schwüle, feuchte Hitze, Lärm rund um die Uhr, billige Hotels und ständig Hunger, Durst und Krankheit.

Meine Eltern waren zu arm, um Wasser in Flaschen zu kaufen und zu paranoid, um aus dem Wasserhahn zu trinken, also kochten sie das gesamte Trinkwasser ab. Da es in den meisten kruden Unterkünften keinen Kühlschrank gab, tranken wir das Wasser, sobald es gerade so weit abgekühlt war, dass man es trinken konnte. Ich erinnere mich, dass ich bei dieser Hitze eine ganze Weile lang kaum ein kaltes Getränk bekam. Schließlich wurden meine Eltern in einer der Kommunen aufgenommen, die in ganz Indien aus dem Boden schossen. Ich erinnere mich an einen lustigen Vorfall, der meinen Stiefvater Stefan wütend machte.

Stefan ging in den örtlichen Laden, um kaltes Wasser in Flaschen zu kaufen. Das tat er zu besonderen Anlässen, wenn er etwas Geld übrig hatte oder meine Großeltern zu Besuch waren. Als er die leeren Flaschen zurückbrachte und der Ladenbesitzer nicht da war, suchte er ihn im Hof. Er entdeckte, dass es sich bei dem "Flaschenwasser" um nichts anderes als lokales Leitungswasser handelte, das der Ladenbesitzer aus einem Schlauch in seinem Garten abfüllte und dann mit einer kleinen Co<sub>2</sub>-Maschine aufpumpte, bevor er die kleinen Blechkappen wieder aufsetzte. Im Grunde genommen haben wir also nur Leitungswasser getrunken, das mit Co<sub>2</sub> versetzt war.

Ich erinnere mich, dass jeder Ausflug in die Natur mit dem Gestank von schwarzen Auto- und Lkw-Abgasen, Abwässern und allen möglichen menschlichen und tierischen Exkrementen am Straßenrand verbunden war. An jeder Straßenecke kniffen mich die Männer in die Wangen und waren sehr neugierig auf meine Mutter, wenn sie allein mit mir unterwegs war. Viele Männer packten sie am Handgelenk und versuchten, sie in diese oder jene Richtung zu ziehen. Heiratsanträge waren so alltäglich wie jemand, der neben dir hockt, um zu kacken. Einmal wurden wir fast von einem Taxifahrer entführt. Erst als der Taxifahrer mitten auf der Straße anhalten musste, weil eine Kuh den Weg versperrte, nutzte sie ihre Chance zur Flucht, packte mich und sprang aus dem Fahrzeug. Unsere Einkaufstaschen waren noch im Taxi, als der Fahrer das Gaspedal durchdrückte und mich fast mit dem Hinterrad traf, bevor er in einer Staubwolke davonfuhr. Wir würden in dieser Nacht hungern. Viele Geschichten über entführte, vergewaltigte und sogar ermordete unbegleitete Frauen hatten sich bewahrheitet.

Schon bald weigerte sich meine Mutter, das Haus ohne männliche Begleitung zu verlassen.

Es gab so viele Fliegen, dass man, wenn man mit offenem Mund atmete, mit Sicherheit mindestens ein halbes Dutzend davon einatmete. Das Einzige, was uns von unserer täglichen Plackerei im Dienste Gottes erlöste, war, wenn meine Mutter es schaffte, in einem Restaurant eine Mahlzeit zu "Proviantieren".

Der Akt des Proviantierens bedeutete, unter dem Vorwand, ein humanitärer Helfer zu sein, um kostenloses Essen oder Sachen zu betteln.

Ab und zu bekam ich also richtiges Essen und, oh welch ein Luxus, eine eiskalte Limonade! Das war aber eher eine Seltenheit als die Norm. Normalerweise trank ich heißes oder pisswarmes Wasser und aß jeden verdammten Tag morgens, mittags und abends Reis. Manchmal wurde dieser mit Milchpulver, Dal oder gebratenem Hafer ergänzt. Sehr selten gab es billiges, mürbes und kaum genießbares Fleisch und fades, ungesalzenes, in Wasser gekochtes Gemüse. Wie die meisten dreckigen Hippies war meine Mutter eine furchtbare Köchin. Kurz gesagt: Ich hasste Indien.

Da meine Eltern keine Arbeit hatten, lebten wir nach "Faith", einem in der Sekte gebräuchlichen Begriff, mit dem man rechtfertigt, dass man keine Arbeit hat, keine Verantwortung für die eigenen Kinder übernimmt und sich wie ein normaler Mensch verhält.

In der Realität bedeutete das, dass wir auf Gaunereien, Betteln bei Verwandten und im Fall meiner Mutter auf Prostitution zurückgreifen mussten. Meine Mutter schminkte sich an den Wochenenden und überließ uns Kinder der Gnade von Stefan oder anderen sadistischen erwachsenen Männern. Sie und einige andere weibliche Sektenmitglieder wurden von Anstandsdamen in die örtlichen Fünf-Sterne-Hotels begleitet, wo sie für Geld Sex hatten.

Mein Stiefvater hatte mehr Glück: Seine Eltern gehörten zur reichen oberen Mittelschicht. Sein Vater war ein Banker, der es liebte, die Welt zu bereisen. Meine Großeltern kamen uns etwa einmal im Jahr besuchen. Ich wollte immer weinen, wenn sie wieder nach Deutschland fahren. Meine Hoffnungen und Träume, diesem Höllenloch zu entkommen, flogen mit ihnen davon. Sie hatten, wie alle Großeltern, immer die schönsten Kleider und das beste Parfüm. Meine Großmutter war eine sehr freundliche und sanftmütige Frau.

Trotzdem ignorierte sie die Tatsache, dass mein Stiefvater, ihr Sohn, ihre Enkelkinder auf die grausamste Art und Weise aufzog. Aber woher sollte sie das auch wissen? Stefan war extrem gut darin, Dinge zu verbergen. Er sorgte immer dafür, dass wir mindestens ein makellos sauberes Outfit hatten, geduscht waren und uns seinen Großeltern als makelloses und lächelndes Vorzeigekinder präsentierten.

Wir Kinder hatten große Angst vor Stefan. Wir wussten, dass wir hart bestraft würden, wenn wir etwas sagten oder taten, das ihn schlecht aussehen ließ. Also lächelten wir in der Öffentlichkeit und waren wirklich glücklich! Glücklich darüber, nicht hinter verschlossenen Türen geschlagen zu werden! Stefan war sehr cholerisch, aber öffentlich passiv in seiner Aggression. Er konnte dir in der Öffentlichkeit allein durch seine Blicke sagen, dass du später unter vier Augen eine Tracht Prügel erwarten würdest. Und das

alles vor den Augen unserer Sponsoren, Freunde und Verwandten, die nichts von dem Sadisten wussten, der lachend und lächelnd bei ihnen saß, gemütlich ihren Wein trank und sich in Restaurants mit feinem Essen vollstopfte, während wir Kinder zu Hause mit weniger als dem Nötigsten auskamen.

Stefan lebte sein ganzes Leben aus den Taschen seiner Eltern und sorgte dafür, dass er nichts für all die Kinder hinterließ, die er verantwortungslos mit großzog und/oder in die Welt setzte. So viele Bastardkinder, die er im Stich gelassen hat, zum Glück für sie... Da wir "vom Glauben" lebten, waren die Mahlzeiten knapp. Ich wagte nicht, mich zu beklagen. Wenn ich es wagte, selbst im Alter von zwei oder drei Jahren, wurde ich von meinem Stiefvater schwer verprügelt. Ich habe ihn als Kind immer geliebt, aber ich hatte immer echte Angst vor ihm. Er konnte schon bei der kleinsten Bemerkung ausrasten, Ungehorsam oder auch nur eine abweichende Meinung reichten manchmal aus, um mit einem Elektrokabel, einem Gürtel oder einem Bambusstock geschlagen zu werden, und ich hatte Glück, wenn mir nur Essen und Wasser verweigert wurden. Fast jeden Tag verpasste er mir einen Schlag auf den Kopf. Oft musste ich wegen der kleinsten Vergehen stundenlang in der Ecke stehen. Wenn ich mich wie ein Kind benahm, bekam ich immer Ärger. Die Hälfte der Zeit war ich ratlos, warum ich bestraft wurde. Wenn ich angeschrien wurde, hoffte ich einfach, dass er mir nicht zu sehr wehtun würde. Ich wurde als Kind so oft geschlagen, dass ich die Tage zählte, an denen ich nicht geschlagen wurde. Stell dir das mal vor.

Stefan sorgte immer dafür, dass das wenige Geld, das wir zusammenkratzen konnten, reichte, um sich etwas Alkohol zu kaufen. An zweiter Stelle kam das Grundnahrungsmittel (Reis und Dal), manchmal auch etwas Milchpulver, wenn das Betteln gut lief.

Selbst die drakonischen Strafen, zu denen die Verweigerung von Nahrung und andere Grausamkeiten gehörten, wurden als Akt der Liebe betrachtet.

Ich lernte, dass mein Stiefvater und andere Erwachsene Abgesandte des selbsternannten Propheten Moses David waren, der wiederum ein Abgesandter von Jesus Christus war und dass jedes Wort aus ihrem Mund gerecht und wahr war. Wenn ich eine andere Meinung hatte, war ich egoistisch und rebellisch und um mir zu zeigen, dass sie mich liebten, schlugen sie mich, um meine sündige Natur zu korrigieren und mir zu helfen, in den Augen unseres wahren Vaters, des Herrn und Retters Jesus Christus, rein zu werden.

Lange Tage verbrachten wir in der indischen Hitze. Bald brachte meine Mutter meinen Halbbruder zur Welt. Wir hatten eine Matratze auf dem Boden, eine rudimentäre Küche mit zwei Gasbrennern und einen Tisch mit zwei Stühlen. Ich hatte kaum etwas, womit ich mich die Zeit vertreiben oder spielen konnte, also zeichnete ich und schwitzte viel. Eines meiner Lieblingsspiele war es, ganz still zu liegen und mir vorzustellen, dass ich tot sei. Wir warteten den ganzen Tag darauf, dass Stefan nach Hause kam. Wenn er gut gelaunt war (wahrscheinlich, wenn der monatliche Scheck seiner Eltern eintraf), brachte er gutes Essen aus einem billigen Restaurant zum Mitnehmen und Wein mit, aber meistens kam er erst spät am Abend durch die Tür und schlief direkt ein. Wenn ich es wagte, Lärm zu machen, während er schlief ... du hast es erraten, eine Ohrfeige.

Selbst mein kleiner Bruder wurde nicht verschont. Als er noch nicht einmal ein Jahr alt war, wurde mein kleiner Bruder für so schreckliche Vergehen wie das Ausspucken von

Essen oder zu lautes Schreien verprügelt. Stefan riss ihn sogar aus den Armen meiner Mutter, wenn sie versuchte, ihn zu verteidigen.

Sie weinte dann auf Deutsch. "Er ist doch noch ein Baby! "

Stefan hob seine Hand, um meine Mutter zu schlagen, und normalerweise gab sie dann auf, weinte und ließ meinen kleinen Bruder eine Tracht Prügel bekommen, weil er einfach ein verdammtes Baby war. So wurden wir erzogen. Wir lernten, niemals Autoritäten in Frage zu stellen oder unsere eigene Meinung zu äußern. Wir bekamen sogar Prügel, wenn wir dabei erwischt wurden, wie wir vor uns hinhimmeln. Selbst wenn wir einen Befehl nicht verstanden oder Fragen stellten, auf die wir die Antwort kennen sollten, wurden wir geschlagen. Ich wurde geschlagen und öffentlich gedemütigt, im Durchschnitt mindestens drei- bis viermal pro Woche, und das fast 14 Jahre lang. Der Gipfel der Beleidigung war, dass wir uns nach jedem Prügel, bei unserem Peiniger bedanken mussten. Du musstest etwas in der Art sagen.

"Danke, Onkel oder Tante so und so, dass du mich diszipliniert hast. Ich werde versuchen, mich das nächste Mal zu bessern."

## Kapitel 5

### Münchhausen by Proxy, Hexencocktails und ein weißer pelziger Dämon

Eine weitere schweißtreibende Nacht ohne Klimaanlage. Schon wieder ist mitten in der Nacht der Strom ausgefallen. Stefan und Annette grunzen lautstark an ihren Genitalien und stöhnen: "Danke Jesus, lobe den Herrn, oh Herr, ich komme..."

Der Mond steht hell am Himmel und Fledermäuse fliegen am Fenster vorbei. Mit jeder Wolke, die vor dem hellen Vollmond vorbeizieht, erscheinen gruselige Monster an der Wand. Ich liege wie gelähmt in meinem Bett. Ich kann gerade noch meinen Kopf drehen. Bis zu meinem siebten Lebensjahr hatte ich oft Schlaflähmungen.

Der weiße, pelzige Dämon beginnt, mein Etagenbett hochzukrabbeln. Ich konnte seine riesigen weißen Augen mit der schwarzen Iris, die scharfen Zähne und sein langes, weißes, pelziges Gesicht sehen, wie ein Yeti aus der Hölle, der zu meinen Füßen kroch. Während der ganzen Zeit hält es Augenkontakt mit mir. Jetzt kann ich sein Gewicht auf meinen Beinen spüren, während er sich bis zu meiner Taille vorarbeitet. Wie immer vergräbt es seinen Kopf in meiner Leistengegend, was zunächst nur kitzelt, aber schon bald folgt die sengend heiße Qual, wenn es beginnt, meine Genitalien und unteren Eingeweide zu verspeisen. Während der ganzen Tortur hält er Augenkontakt mit mir. Der Schmerz ist brennend heiß und ich spüre, wie Flüssigkeit aus verschiedenen Einstichen in meiner Haut läuft, während seine feuchte Zunge und seine Zähne meinen kleinen Körper zerfleischen. Die Geräusche des reißenden Fleisches bringen mich zum Erbrechen. Ich versuche zu schreien, aber es kommt nur ein leises Flüstern heraus. Meine Eltern, die immer noch auf dem Bett unter mir vögeln, merken gar nicht, dass ihr Sohn nur wenige Meter über ihnen bei lebendigem Leib gefressen wird. Ich sehe, wie mein Blut über die Matratze auf die Pritsche meines Bruders läuft.

Normalerweise wache ich auf, nachdem der Dämon meinen ganzen Körper bis zum Hals verschlungen hat, in einer Pfütze aus Schweiß und oft auch Pisse. Diesmal jedoch ziehe ich so fest ich kann am Gitter des Etagenbetts und werfe mich verzweifelt auf den Boden. Zum ersten Mal überwinde ich meine Lähmung und fange an zu schreien, als ich meinen halb aufgefressenen Torso betrachte. Das Licht geht an, es ist Morgen. Ich fange an zu weinen. Stefan stürmt herbei und schreit auf Deutsch.

"Was für ein dummes Kind, schon wieder aus dem Bett gefallen? "

Meine Mutter schiebt ihn weg und tröstet mich.

"Oh, du hast dich wieder nass gemacht, Schatz"

Ich weine noch mehr.

"Lass uns dich umziehen und duschen, okay?"

Ich murmle etwas, während meine Mutter mich auszieht und meinen Körper mit einem nassen Waschlappen und etwas Wasser in einem Eimer wäscht.

Da das Wasser knapp war, haben wir als Kinder fast nie richtig geduscht.



Ich beginne zu zittern und meine Muskeln schmerzen. Als meine Mutter mich zu Ende wäscht dachte ich mir, "Ich werde wieder krank."

Viele Lebensmittel, die wir bekamen, waren "proviantiert", was in der Regel bedeutete, dass sie verdorben, halb verdorben oder einfach von schlechter Qualität waren. Es war ganz normal, krank zu sein. Ich hatte alle erdenklichen Krankheiten und Formen von Würmern, Durchfall, Masern, Windpocken und den ganzen Rest.

Laut meiner Mutter hatte ich 1985, als ich in Kalkutta stationiert war, sogar Tuberkulose, von der ich wie durch ein Wunder bei einem Besuch im Krankenhaus geheilt wurde. Meine Mutter erzählte, dass der Arzt Stefan angeschrien hat, nachdem er ihm gesagt hatte, dass ich schon seit über zwei Wochen in diesem Zustand war. Er schrie ihn an.

"Willst du, dass dein Kind stirbt?! Was ist los mit dir?! Warum geben Sie dem Kind keine Antibiotika?" Stefan sagte zu dem Arzt, dass Jesus mich heilen wird. Jesus hat mich geheilt, mit Hilfe der Antibiotika... Ich kann meine Augen nicht weit genug nach hinten rollen, um meine Meinung zu Stefans schwachsinnigem Verhalten zu äußern.

Das Fieber setzt schnell ein und bald kann ich nicht einmal mehr normal atmen. Schon wenige Stunden nachdem ich mich hingelegt habe, werde ich immer wieder ohnmächtig. Zumindest der weiße pelzige Dämon muss Mitleid mit mir haben, scheinbar frisst er nicht gerne kranke kleine Jungs.

Ab und zu tauchte der dreckigste, stinkendste und spirituellste Hippie-Erwachsene mit den, von ihrem gebrauten Tränken auf. Sie war immer überglücklich, wenn ein Kind krank war. Sie behauptete, Krankenschwester gewesen zu sein, bevor sie der Sekte beitrug. Ihre rudimentären Tränke und Gebräue ließen jedoch auf etwas anderes schließen.

Die so genannten Kinder Gottes glaubten nicht an ausgefallene Ärzte, Medizin oder irgendetwas von diesem Teufelszeug.

Sie waren überzeugt, dass der Teufel die Medizin erfunden hat, um den Glauben und das Vertrauen der Menschen in Gott zu zerstören. Ihre kranke Logik war, dass alles aus einem bestimmten Grund geschieht und dass Gott dich bestraft, weil du ihm nicht nahestehst oder von seinem Weg abgekommen bist. Wenn du krank warst, musstest du einen Aufsatz darüberschreiben, warum du glaubst, dass Gott dich bestraft oder deinen Glauben prüft. Da ich schon mit fünf Jahren ziemlich intelligent war, schrieb ich meistens, dass ich wie Hiob aus dem Alten Testament bin und mein Glaube auf die Probe gestellt wird. Das bedeutete in der Regel, dass die erwachsenen Dreckspatzen mich meist in Ruhe ließen und nicht mehr versuchten, Bekenntnisse aus mir herauszuholen. Andere Kinder hatten nicht ganz so viel Glück.

Ein sehr unglückliches Mädchen starb sogar an Entkräftung und Misshandlung, nachdem es nicht im Bett liegen durfte, während es krank war und gezwungen wurde, die schrecklichen Gebräue der Hexe, wie ich sie nennen will, zu schlucken.

Die Hexe war wahrscheinlich Ende dreißig, Anfang vierzig. Sie war ein sehr frühes Mitglied der Children of God und schon seit der Gründung der COG in Kalifornien dabei. Als solche hatte sie einen fast unanfechtbaren und unantastbaren Status in der Kommune. Ihr Wort war, als ob der "Prophet selbst" gesprochen hätte. Sie prahlte oft mit all ihren sexuellen Begegnungen mit dem Propheten Moses David.

Da Moses David jedoch jugendliche Mädchen bevorzugte und sie eine hässliche ältere Frau war, machten wir Kinder hinter ihrem Rücken viele Witze über sie. Ein Witz war, dass der einzige Grund, warum Moses David sie ficken würde, der wäre, sie zu schwängern. Wenn sie dann ein Mädchen zur Welt brachte, konnte er... du verstehst schon.

Die Hexe hatte lange Brüste in Form einer Klopapierrolle, die bis zu ihrem Bauchnabel herunterhingen, und Haare an den Brustwarzen. Sie war rothaarig, stammte aus den Niederlanden und sprach Englisch mit einem sehr seltsamen Akzent. Ihre Zähne waren heftig schief und sie schäumte, spuckte viel und stotterte, wenn sie wütend war.

Mit ihren fast zwei Metern Körpergröße hatte sie jedoch eine fast skelettartige Körperform. Da ihr Rücken nicht gerade war und keine der Frauen in der Kommune BHs trug, mussten wir oft auf die langen, schweißtriefenden Achselhaare und die roten, haarigen, sommersprossigen Brustwarzen schauen, die durch die sehr freizügigen, billigen, geknöpften Blumenmuster, die sie immer trug, hindurchschauten.

Wie die meisten erwachsenen Frauen ging sie oft splitternackt zu und von den sanitären Anlagen. Ihr Schamhaar tropfte in Hülle und Fülle. Einige der Haare gingen ihr fast bis zu den Knien. Ihre Beine waren sehr x-förmig und obwohl ihre Füße weit auseinander standen, schlugen ihre verknoteten Knie bei jedem Schritt gegeneinander. Die Hexe war ein gigantischer schlechter Scherz, der nur darauf wartete, zu passieren. Wenn wir es jedoch wagten, uns über ihr Aussehen lustig zu machen und sie es herausfand, waren die Strafen brutal und drakonisch.

Diese Hexe berichtete, dass das kleine Mädchen von etwa vier Jahren alt, rebellisch und trotzig war.

Sie behauptete, dass sie die Medikamente, die die Hexe liebevoll für sie hergestellt hatte, absichtlich ausgespuckt hatte. Für dieses abscheuliche Verbrechen wurde das kleine Mädchen gezwungen, zitternd in einer Zimmerecke zu stehen, mit einem Schweige- oder Sprechverbot, wie sie es nannten. Ein Pappschild hing um ihren kleinen Hals und natürlich ein Gürtel von einem der Hirten auf den Hintern.

Nach einigen Strapazen brach das kleine Mädchen zusammen.

Ein Erwachsener schrie sie an, sie solle aufstehen und aufhören, rebellisch zu sein, aber es war zu spät. Die Tränke der Hexe, das Ausgesetztsein und die Schläge hatten bereits ihren Schaden angerichtet. Das Herz des kleinen Mädchens hörte auf zu schlagen. Jesus hatte sie zu sich geholt, um bei seinem Herrn zu sein.

Natürlich war ich traurig über den Tod des kleinen Mädchens. Mein Glaube war jedoch so sicher, dass all diese Dinge aus einem bestimmten Grund geschahen, dass ich es nicht einmal wagte, meinen eigenen Glauben in Frage zu stellen. Ich war überzeugt, dass das

kleine Mädchen jetzt in den liebenden Armen Jesu sicher war, als wir Hymnen sangen und ihre kleinen irdischen Überreste in unserem Garten begruben, während diebische Affen uns von den hohen Bäumen aus beobachteten und unsere Versammlung auf dem kahlen, fleckigen und schlecht gemähten Rasen darunter vor der brütenden Sonne schützten.

In der Zwischenzeit wurde ich weiterhin von meinen beiden Eltern sexuell vergewaltigt und missbraucht, bis ich etwa sechs Jahre alt war. Später stellte die Sekte ihre Kindersexpraktiken offiziell ein.

Hinter verschlossenen Türen jedoch wüteten Vergewaltigungen und sexueller Missbrauch, meist von minderjährigen Mädchen durch erwachsene Männer, weiter, bis zu dem Zeitpunkt, als ich 1994 weglief. Wahrscheinlich geht es hinter verschlossenen Türen bis zum heutigen Tag weiter.

Als mein jüngster Bruder 1986 geboren wurde, hatten sich die Dinge in Bezug auf sexuelles Fehlverhalten schon ziemlich verändert. Alles wurde totgeschwiegen und Dokumente, die Pädophilie ermutigten, wurden verbrannt, gesäubert und vernichtet. Zum Glück zeichnen die Tausenden von Zeugenaussagen anderer Opfer wie mir ein ganz anderes Bild. Allerdings wurde ich 1980 geboren und gehörte damit zu den jüngsten Kindern der ersten Generation von Sektenmitgliedern zu dieser Zeit. Kinder, die damals ein paar Jahre älter oder im Vor-Teenager-Alter waren, hatten es noch schlimmer. Sie wurden von allen Männern in den zahlreichen Kommunen auf der ganzen Welt vergewaltigt und missbraucht.

Australien, Südostasien, Indien, Japan und natürlich in Lateinamerika, Europa und den USA. Sie wurden als Objekte der Befriedigung herumgereicht. Sie hatten keine Wahl, schon vergessen? Ihre Körper gehörten Christus! Sie hatten nicht einmal das Recht, über ihren eigenen Körper zu entscheiden. Totale Sexsklaven! Ein Mädchen in Südamerika wurde sogar im Alter von 12 Jahren von ihrem eigenen Vater geschwängert! Eine der wenigen, die das zugegeben und dokumentiert haben. Wie viele andere bekamen Kinder durch Inzest und Vergewaltigung? Die Dunkelziffer ist hoch.

(Auszug aus der Aussage des Opfers

"Der Jumbo war in vielerlei Hinsicht das Schlimmste. Das einzig Gute daran war aus meiner Sicht die (neue) Regel "Kein Sex für Teenager". Es war der erste Ort, an dem ich gelebt habe, an dem ich nicht auf dem Plan für das Teilen von Erwachsenen stand. Ich war zwölf bis vierzehn Jahre alt und habe das (Teilen) kein bisschen vermisst. Aber abgesehen davon war es schrecklich. Grausame und ungewöhnliche Bestrafungen waren an der Tagesordnung!")

Viele Dokumente, die beweisen, dass Pädophilie von allen Erwachsenen in der Sekte aktiv gefördert und praktiziert wurde, können immer noch online gefunden werden, dank des Mutes der wenigen, die sich den Sektenführern entgegenstellten und die Sekte verließen und viele vernichtende Bücher, Dokumente und Beweise mitnahmen, dass diese Dinge, die mir und anderen widerfahren sind, nicht nur die rachsüchtigen Hirngespinnste verärgerter Ex-Mitglieder sind.

Traurigerweise hat es Familien und sogar Geschwister entzweit. Mein eigener Bruder glaubt bis heute, dass ich über die Vergewaltigung, den Missbrauch und all die anderen Grausamkeiten, die ich aus einer Laune heraus von meinen Eltern und anderen Erwachsenen ertragen musste, lüge. Mein Bruder hat sogar von mir verlangt, dass ich meine Anschuldigungen öffentlich widerrufe und mich entschuldige.

Stell dir das mal vor. Nach allem, was ich durchgemacht habe, tut es ehrlich gesagt mehr weh, nicht geglaubt zu werden, als der eigentliche Missbrauch!

Mein jüngster Bruder war noch nicht einmal geboren, als mein Stiefvater mich belästigt hat. Woher zum Teufel soll er wissen, dass ich angeblich lüge? Er war ja nicht dabei! Tatsache ist, dass ich auch nicht das einzige Opfer von Stefan Seibel bin.

## Kapitel 6

### Abendmahl und Dementi

Die Kinder Gottes haben sich unzählige Male gewandelt und umbenannt. Bis heute gibt es Tausende von Menschen, die aktiv jedes Fehlverhalten abstreiten, selbst wenn überwältigende Beweise das Gegenteil belegen.

Mein Stiefvater Stefan hat wie Tausende anderer erwachsener Männer, darunter auch der ehemalige Fleetwood Mac-Gitarrist Jeremy Spencer, viele minderjährige Mädchen und Jungen genötigt, belästigt und vergewaltigt. Die jüngste Person, die ich persönlich kenne, war kaum 8 Jahre alt, als Stefan sie gegen ihren Willen belästigte und zu sexuellen Handlungen zwang. Später behauptete er mir gegenüber sogar, dass einige von ihnen seine "geistlichen Ehefrauen" seien und er somit seine geistlichen Hochzeitspflichten vollziehen dürfe und sogar müsse! Dieser Mann lebt bis heute in Freiheit. Ohne Reue und ungestraft!

Traurigerweise waren viele der missbrauchten Mädchen Töchter von Müttern, die fest an diese patriarchalische Unterwerfung, die sogenannte Anbetung Gottes, glaubten und sie befürworteten.

Sie verbrachten ihr ganzes Leben in dem Glauben, dass dies normal oder zumindest zu ertragen und zu ignorieren sei. Wenn die Töchter es wagten, sich bei ihren eigenen Müttern über die Belästigung zu beschweren, wurde ihnen oft nicht geglaubt oder sie wurden nicht ernst genommen.

Das gab erfahrenen Raubtieren und Betrügern wie Stefan ein offenes Feld und ein leichtes Spiel, Mädchen in ihrer Freizeit zu sexuellen Handlungen gegen ihren Willen zu zwingen. Schließlich sollten wir alle unseren Körper Christus überlassen. Die Scham und die Wut, die diese Opfer für den Rest ihres Lebens verfolgen, sind unüberwindlich. Statistiken zeigen, dass zehn bis zwanzig Prozent der Ex-Kultmitglieder wie ich bereits durch eine Überdosis Drogen, Mord oder Selbstmord gestorben sind!

Lass das eine Sekunde lang sacken! Stell dir vor, eins bis zwei von zehn Menschen, die du kennst, hat sich entweder umgebracht, wurde ermordet oder ist an einer Überdosis gestorben!

Noch schlimmer waren die Schande und die seelische Qual für diejenigen, die durch Vergewaltigung, Inzest und Missbrauch gezwungen wurden, Kinder zu gebären, und das geschah öfter, als man glauben möchte. Ich hatte das Glück, dass ich das nie erleben musste!

Verständlicherweise sind viele nicht bereit, ihre Stimme gegen Stefan und all die anderen bösartigen Räuber zu erheben, die den Namen Jesu verhöhnern, um unsägliche Gräueltaten zu begehen.

Sie würden lieber schweigen und versuchen, die Vergangenheit zu ignorieren und sich lieber auf das Leben und die Kämpfe zu konzentrieren, die vor ihnen liegen. Viele von ihnen leben am Rande der Armut und der Vernunft, kommen kaum über die Runden

und leiden oft unter schweren posttraumatischen, grenzwertigen und sogar psychotischen neurologischen Störungen.

Das ist das böse Geschenk, das immer weitergegeben wird, Jahrzehnte und Jahrzehnte später, bis sowohl Täter als auch Opfer die Fesseln der Sterblichkeit ablegen

Deshalb ist die Verjährung ein Übel und muss weltweit abgeschafft werden. Sie schützt die Schuldigen und schadet den Unschuldigen häufiger als umgekehrt.

Ich war über drei Jahrzehnte lang nicht in der Lage, meinen Leid zu sagen. Aus den Geschichten vieler anderer Opfer habe ich gelernt, dass es sich oft gar nicht lohnt, seine Meinung zu sagen. Oft bestraft genau die Gesellschaft, die behauptet, dass es Gerechtigkeit für alle gibt, sowie Menschenrechte und Gleichheit, genau die Menschen, die sie vorgibt zu schützen!

Wie oft versuchen Familien, Verwandte, Freunde, Richter und die Polizei, aus einem Opfer einen Täter zu machen, indem sie es beschuldigen, zu lügen, sich zu rächen oder einfach nur eine Aufmerksamkeitshure zu sein? Das musste ich selbst immer wieder erleben, seit ich es zum ersten Mal gewagt habe, mich gegen meine Missbrauchstäter auszusprechen!

Als ich 2015 das erste Mal zur Polizei ging, um die Verbrechen anzuzeigen, die meine Eltern und viele andere an mir begangen hatten, war ich schockiert und völlig ungläubig, als ich den Verweis eines männlichen Polizeibeamten in Bern hörte. Dieses Zitat stammt von einem echten Polizeibeamten, der anwesend war, als ich den schrecklichen Kindesmissbrauch, die Vergewaltigung und die Folter, die ich durch meine Eltern erlitten hatte, melden wollte.

Kommentare eines Polizeibeamten, 2015, Bern, Schweiz (Deutsch)

"Ihr Leute kommt immer hierher und heult über eure Vergangenheit. Ihr denkt, die Gesellschaft schuldet euch etwas, weil ihr in eurer Kindheit angeblich schlecht behandelt wurdet, anstatt euer Leben selbst in die Hand zu nehmen und etwas daraus zu machen. Natürlich ist es einfacher, eine Entschädigung auf Kosten der Steuerzahler zu fordern, anstatt wie alle anderen für sein eigenes Geld zu arbeiten. Das macht mich krank."

Ja, ich habe ihn krank gemacht. Ich, ein Stück menschlicher Scheiße, das als Sklave arbeitete, kochte, putzte, auf der Straße um Spenden bettelte und dafür eingesperrt, vergewaltigt, der Nahrung und der elementarsten Menschenwürde beraubt wurde. Derjenige, der, als er schließlich weglief, fast zwei Jahrzehnte lang von niemandem etwas verlangte. Der stattdessen von Drogenhandel, Prostitution und Straßenmusik lebte, von harter Arbeit auf prekären Baustellen, von Nachtschichten beim Entladen von Lastwagen, um die Lebensmittel in die Läden zu bringen, in denen dieser arrogante Mistkerl von Polizisten einkauft, von Bierausschank bis fünf Uhr morgens an Arschlöcher wie ihn, die denken, dass alle Ausländer aus der Schweiz ausgewiesen und Menschen, die von der Sozialhilfe leben, ausspioniert und eingesperrt werden sollten. Ich habe das alles getan, weil ich keine Wahl hatte! Mir wurde nie eine gegeben!

Ich habe all das getan, anstatt über zwanzig Jahre lang einen Pfennig vom Steuerzahler zu nehmen. Ich litt täglich unter massiven Burnouts, Depressionen und ständigen Selbstmordgedanken. Als ich endlich den Mut hatte, zur Polizei zu gehen und meine Eltern zu verklagen, bekam ich zu hören, was für ein Dreckskerl ich sei, weil ich mich vergewaltigen ließ und wie ich es wagen könne, mich über meine Vergangenheit zu beschweren.

Stell dir vor, du hörst das von der Person, die dich laut Gesetz vertreten und verteidigen soll. Wenn ich ein blondes Flittchen wäre, hätte der Polizist mir das sicher nicht ins Gesicht gesagt.

Zum Glück für uns beide war die zweite Beamtin, die meine Aussage aufnahm, entsetzt über seine Äußerungen und befahl ihm, den Raum sofort zu verlassen. Zum Glück für diesen Polizisten, denn ich glaube, ich hätte ihm mit bloßen Händen das Gesicht abgerissen und ihn wahrscheinlich auf der Stelle zu Tode geprügelt.

Es war gut, dass er den Raum verließ, denn ich wäre wahrscheinlich entweder tot, weil ich einen bewaffneten Polizeibeamten angegriffen hätte, oder ich wäre in Einzelhaft und zu jahrelanger Haft verurteilt worden. Ich schreibe dieses Buch mit Gefängnisbriefpapier und frage mich, ob meine Botschaft jemals die Gefängnismauern verlassen wird. Zum Glück lebe ich noch in meinem Haus, umgeben von den Menschen, die ich liebe, und den Habseligkeiten, die ich in jahrzehntelanger Arbeit mit Blut, Schweiß und Tränen mühsam angesammelt habe.

Im Jahr 2015, kurz bevor ich wie gesagt zur Polizei ging, lud ich Stefan und meine Mutter für ein paar Tage in meine Wohnung ein.

Ich war unschlüssig, wie ich reagieren sollte, und mir kam der Gedanke, sie von dieser Erde zu tilgen. Ich beschloss jedoch, sie erst einmal kennenzulernen, bevor ich den Anruf tätigte.

Immerhin war es über ein Jahrzehnt her, dass ich den Kontakt zu ihnen abgebrochen hatte. Ich war neugierig, ob sie zur Vernunft gekommen waren. Vielleicht würden sie sich sogar für ihre schreckliche Misshandlung von mir und anderen Kindern entschuldigen.

Ich begrüßte sie herzlich am Bahnhof in Bern und fuhr sie zu meinem Haus. Dabei fragte ich mich die ganze Zeit, wie ich ihre Leichen entsorgen würde, wenn ich mich entschließen würde, meinen Plan umzusetzen.

Sie ahnten nicht, was ich wirklich vorhatte und wie viel Glück sie hatten, dass sie meine Wohnung noch Tage später lebend verlassen konnten. Ich fütterte sie gut, machte sie beide sehr betrunken und irgendwann spät am Abend konfrontierte ich Stefan mit all seinen Sexualverbrechen, die er begangen hatte, nach einem Abendessen und drei Flaschen Wein und vielen Schnäpsen Grappa.

Ich war nicht mehr verängstigt. Der Spieß hatte sich umgedreht. Es war an der Zeit, dass er große Angst vor mir hatte. Natürlich war er zu dumm, um das zu erkennen.

Nur wir drei, meine Mutter, er und ich, in der Privatsphäre meines eigenen Hauses. Er sah mir direkt in die Augen.

"Ich weiß nicht, wovon du redest. Das ist nie passiert!"

Es war, als ob er vor einem Richter sprechen würde. Er muss diese Sätze immer und immer wieder vor einem Spiegel geübt haben. Für andere mag das wie die Überzeugung von seiner eigenen Unschuld erscheinen. Ich jedoch wusste es besser.

Ich entschuldigte mich bei ihm: "Ja, schon gut", sagte ich, "es ist schon so lange her, dass ich vielleicht etwas durcheinanderbringe."

In mir brodelte es vor Wut und ich kämpfte darum, sie nicht zu zeigen.

In diesem Moment, als mein Stiefvater mir direkt in die Augen sah, während ich meinen Wein trank und mein Essen aß, wusste ich, dass er niemals bestraft werden würde. Er würde ungeschoren davonkommen für all den Missbrauch, die körperliche Folter und den psychologischen Terror.

Sogar meine eigenen Halbgeschwister fingen an, sich mit ihm und meiner Mutter zu treffen, um ihren eigenen Frieden mit ihrer Vergangenheit zu machen. Um zu vergeben und zu vergessen. Das ging sogar so weit, dass meine Eltern ihre eigenen Kinder treffen konnten. "Zum Kotzen, zum Kotzen!" dachte ich bei mir. Ich würde Stefan niemals in denselben Raum wie meine Kinder lassen.

Als er mir in die Augen sah und die Vergewaltigung, die Schläge, die Isolation und die Zwangsarbeit, die Verweigerung einer Kindheit, einer Ausbildung, einer angemessenen Ernährung, des Rechts auf eine eigene Meinung und des Rechts auf freie Meinungsäußerung leugnete, da wusste ich, dass ich mich wirklich entschieden hatte. Ich würde ihn umbringen.

Es war keine Frage des Ob, sondern des Wann und das Wie. Noch in derselben Nacht plante ich in meinem Kopf bis ins kleinste Detail, wie ich ihn überwältigen, unterwerfen, zerstückeln und vernichten würde. Ich würde ihn von der Erdoberfläche tilgen, ohne dass eine Zelle seines Körpers jemals wieder mit einer anderen verbunden wäre.

Nachdem er ein Leben lang Gräueltaten an zahllosen Minderjährigen begangen hatte, kam dieser Mann immer noch frei. Er lebte von der harten Arbeit meiner Großeltern in ihrem Haus und gab ihr Geld aus. Meine Großeltern würden sich im Grabe umdrehen, wenn sie das wüssten.

Ich musste derjenige sein, der ihn tötet, und zwar aus nächster Nähe und persönlich. Ich wollte, dass mein Körper das Leben aus seinem Körper nimmt. Ich wollte ihn und meine schreckliche pädophile Mutter töten. Nach reichlich Alkohol gestand sie mir, dass sie mich immer noch sehr attraktiv fand und bot mir an, mit mir Sex zu haben: ihrem eigenen erwachsenen Sohn, in seinem eigenen Haus. Stell dir das mal vor!

Ich erinnere mich, dass meine Mutter mich oft fragte, ob ich sie hübsch fände. Oft ging ich mit ihr auf "Zeugenschaftsreisen", was bedeutete, dass wir durch die Schweiz reisten und in schönen 4- oder 5-Sterne-Hotels übernachteten, die "proviantiert" waren. Die Besitzer dachten wohl, wir seien eine Wohltätigkeitsorganisation. Nichts war weiter von der Wahrheit entfernt. Abends gingen wir oft zu zweit aus. Bei vielen, vielen



Gelegenheiten deutete sie mir an, dass sie "nichts dagegen hätte, ein bisschen Spaß mit mir zu haben", vor allem, weil ich ein pubertierender Teenager wurde.

Ich habe immer das Thema gewechselt und sie ignoriert. Das hat sie nicht davon abgehalten, die Badezimmertür offen zu lassen, wenn sie geduscht hat. Später sagte ich ihr ganz offen, dass ich mich dabei unwohl fühlte und begann, die Einladungen zu diesen sogenannten Ausflügen mit ihr abzulehnen.

Es schien, als wäre meine Mutter wild entschlossen, mir nicht nur die Jungfräulichkeit zu rauben, sondern mich auch sexuell zu missbrauchen, bis ich weglief. Zur gleichen Zeit war es verpönt, dass Vorschulkinder und Teenager Sex hatten, weil sie Angst hatten, dass die Mädchen schwanger werden könnten. Das hielt die Erwachsenen aber nicht davon ab, die Mädchen im Teenageralter zum Sex zu zwingen (Kondome waren nur erlaubt, um zu verhindern, dass die Mädchen im Teenageralter schwanger wurden) - was für eine beschissene Logik! Andererseits glaubten sie, dass wir alle für immer in einer goldenen Stadt leben würden, die auf dem Mond versteckt ist.

Gegen solch eine gigantische Dummheit kann man nicht argumentieren.

Jedes Mal, wenn ich in ein anderes Mädchen in meinem Alter verknallt war, musste ich mit ansehen, wie sie in den sogenannten "Sharing Nights" mit erwachsenen Männern verkuppelt wurden. Es widerte mich an, dass diese Mädchen, für die ich schwärmte, immer und immer wieder herumgereicht wurden. Einigen der Mädchen gefiel es nicht, mit Männern zu schlafen, die so alt waren wie ihr Vater, und oft fand ich am Morgen nach den "Sharing Nights" zwölf- und dreizehnjährige Mädchen zitternd und weinend in irgendeiner Ecke des Kellers oder der Garage. Ich konnte sie nicht einmal trösten, sie berühren oder umarmen. Allein die Tatsache, dass ich männlich war, reichte aus, dass sie sich ekelten, was ich schwer verstand.

Wir Kinder waren nur dazu da, Diener und Sklaven der Erwachsenen zu sein. Wir hatten keine Rechte, keine Redefreiheit und schon gar keine Zukunft, außer als hirnlose, seelenrettende Roboter, die unweigerlich ihren Körper und ihr Leben für die Sache eines alkoholkranken, kindermisbrauchenden Verrückten opfern würden.

## Kapitel 7

### Der alltägliche psychologische Terror des Lebens als Kind in den Kindern Gottes

Als ich aufwuchs, gab es häufig den "Antichrist Escape Drill".

Es ging ungefähr so: Ein Erwachsener kam und weckte uns leise, aber sehr eindringlich mitten in der Nacht, um uns mitzuteilen, dass wir von der geheimen Antichrist-Polizei gefangen genommen und höchstwahrscheinlich hingerichtet werden würden. Wir wurden angewiesen, uns anzuziehen, ohne einen Laut von uns zu geben, unsere Überlebenstaschen zu holen und uns dann im Dunkeln hinter dem Haus zu treffen. Manchmal kamen Erwachsene, die als Polizisten verkleidet waren, mit falschen oder manchmal auch mit echten Waffen, die so taten, als würden sie in den Zimmern patrouillieren, so dass wir uns unter den Betten oder anderswo verstecken mussten.

Ich glaubte, dass ich mit Sicherheit sterben würde, und nach solchen Übungen hatte ich oft Alpträume davon, den Löwen vorgeworfen oder auf dem Scheiterhaufen verbrannt zu werden. Ich war ein tapferer kleiner christlicher Junge, der bereit war, für den Glauben seiner Eltern zu sterben (während er sich in die Hose machte). Ich hätte mein Leben gegeben, um meine Geschwister und Eltern zu beschützen.

Einmal stürzte ich sogar aus dem Zimmer und rannte durch den Flur, weil meine jüngeren Geschwister weinten und ich dachte, ich müsste die Aufmerksamkeit von ihnen ablenken. Ich erinnere mich, wie ich den Flur hinunterlief und mich erschauerte. Ich war mir sicher, dass es jeden Moment knallen würde! Peng, Peng, peng, und dann die süße Stille, wenn Jesus vom Himmel herunterkäme, um mich nach Hause zu tragen. Ich hatte keinen Zweifel daran, dass genau das passieren würde, wenn ich sterben würde.

Wenn du ein Kind der Kinder Gottes gewesen wärst und es geschafft hättest, die Nacht durchzuschlafen, ohne sexuell belästigt oder in dem Glauben terrorisiert zu werden, dass du gleich sterben würdest, wäre dein Alltag ähnlich verlaufen wie dieser.

Zunächst einmal durften die Kinder oft nicht im selben Zimmer wie ihre Eltern leben und manchmal nicht einmal im selben Haus. Oft wurden die Kinder von ihren Eltern getrennt, entweder freiwillig oder mit Gewalt, um sie zu trennen und als zukünftige gehirngewaschene Mitglieder der Sekte aufzuziehen

Im Alter von fünf Jahren wurde auch ich von meinen Eltern und meinen beiden jüngeren Geschwistern getrennt und gezwungen, in ein anderes Haus zu gehen, ein sogenanntes "Internat".

Die Kinder wurden in folgende Altersgruppen eingeteilt: (Abweichungen möglich)

Kleinkinder	0 - 3
YCs	4 - 6
MCs	7 - 8

OCs	9 - 11
JETTS	12 - 14
Teens	16 - 18
YAs	18 - 21

Es war nicht erlaubt, dass einzelne Eltern ihre Kinder selbst erziehen. Jeder Erwachsene konnte jedes Kind nach Lust und Laune disziplinieren oder bestrafen. Deshalb nutzten sadistisch veranlagte Erwachsene diese Freiheiten, um Kindern auf ihr Geheiß hin Schmerzen und Demütigungen zuzufügen. Wenn ein Kind einen misshandelnden Erwachsenen anzeigte, wurde es in der Regel nicht nur als Lügner abgestempelt, sondern auch geschlagen. Oft führte dies zu noch mehr Leid und emotionalen Narben, weil es von den anderen Kindern ausgestoßen wurde, weil sie Angst hatten, mit jemandem in Verbindung gebracht zu werden, der als Lügner oder Verräter abgestempelt wurde. Diese Art der Behandlung konnte monatelang andauern oder so lange, bis du in eine andere Kommune zogst, wo dir dein Ruf oft folgte.

Ich wurde einmal als Lügner abgestempelt, weil ich mit fünf Jahren etwas geleugnet hatte. Vier Jahre später, im Alter von neun Jahren, wurde ich immer noch Tommy der Lügner genannt. Das bedeutete auch, dass die Vorurteile mir gegenüber von Anfang an verdorben waren: Selbst wenn ich die Wahrheit sagte, würde man mir nicht glauben.

Dies ist ein kurzes Beispiel für den kämpferischen Alltag, den ich zusammen mit Tausenden von anderen Kindern ertragen musste:

05:30 Weckzeit	Weckruf
05:45 Gesicht waschen,	Haare kämmen, Bett machen (ohne eine einzige Falte, sonst würde das ganze Bettzeug auf den Boden geworfen werden und beim Frühstück neu gemacht werden).
05:55 In der Schlange stehen	Körperkontrolle, Nägel, Haare, Kleidung müssen perfekt und sauber sein
06:00 Frühstück und Wort-Zeit	Du musst dein Frühstück in völliger Stille zu dir nehmen, während ein erwachsener "Hirte" dir die Schriften des Sektenführers Moses David vorliest. Wenn du redest oder nicht "aufpasst", kannst du öffentlich verprügelt werden und/oder es wird von dir verlangt, das Geschirr von Hunderten von Menschen von Hand abzuwaschen, was mehrere Stunden dauern kann.
6:30 - 12:00	Gruppe A: Kitchen-Dienst, Kinderbetreuung, Toiletten putzen, Böden wischen, Wäsche waschen und alle Arten von niederen Arbeiten

6:30 - 12:00 Gruppe B: Verlässt die Gemeinde, um Zeugnis zu geben, zu singen, Tänze zu üben, auf die Straße zu gehen, zu betteln und Spenden zu sammeln.

12:00 - 12:30 Mittagessen und Redezeit  
(Disziplinarsitzungen) Siehe Frühstück

12:30 - 13:00 Word Time oder Küchendienst:

Das Geschirr für die ganze Kommune von Hand abwaschen, meist in einer Gruppe von drei Kindern, die von einem Teenager oder Erwachsenen beaufsichtigt werden. Ich hasste den Küchendienst, denn wenn die Erwachsenen nicht da waren, quälten und schikanierten die älteren Teenager und die stärkeren "Jetts" die jüngeren Kinder wie mich. Sie peitschten mich mit einem nassen Küchentuch aus und schlossen Wetten ab, wer mich oder andere Kinder am meisten verletzen könnte. Sie verpassten mir Peitschenhiebe, schlugen mir in den Bauch, wenn ich an ihnen vorbeiging, drohten, mir mit einer Kelle kochendes Wasser über den Kopf zu schütten oder warfen sogar kochendes Wasser in meine Richtung. Eine ihrer Lieblingsfoltermethoden war es, meinen Kopf immer wieder unter den schmutzigen Abwasch zu drücken, wenn ich Geschirr spülte. Einmal hielten sie meinen Kopf so lange unter Wasser, dass ich fast in einem Waschbecken voller ekliger Essensreste ertrank, und sie schoben mir die nassen Essensreste in den Nacken, in meine Kleidung und viele andere ungewöhnliche und kreative Formen der Folter. Ich traute mich nicht, den Erwachsenen zu sagen, wer es war, denn die Vergeltung wäre noch schlimmer gewesen als die Folter und ich war ein verängstigter kleiner Junge im Alter von zehn bis zwölf Jahren. Eines Morgens nahm ich Fischstäbchen aus dem Ofen und ein älterer Junge namens Tom knallte die heiße Ofentür auf meine beiden Arme. Meine Haut schmolz auf beiden Seiten in langen Streifen, die ein bisschen nach gegrilltem Hähnchen rochen. Es war so schmerzhaft, dass ich vor Schmerz aufschrie. Die Hitze ließ die Haut durchschmelzen und wie du dir vorstellen kannst, habe ich weder gemeldet, wer mir das angetan hat, noch habe ich irgendeine erste Hilfe für die Wunden bekommen, außer etwas kaltes Wasser. Mir wurde nicht einmal erlaubt, meinen Arbeitsplatz zu verlassen. Ich musste mich vor Schmerz übergeben und war gezwungen, den Dreck selbst zu beseitigen. Tom wurde nie bestraft, weil er behauptete, ich hätte gelogen. Er sagte, ich hätte aus Versehen die Ofentür auf mich zugemacht. Keiner der Erwachsenen glaubte mir, und weil ich mich weigerte, zu sagen, wer es getan hatte, bekam ich ein paar Tage später, als die Narben etwas verheilt waren, Prügel, weil ich obendrauf "gelogen" hatte.

Word Time: In der Koje liegen und entweder schlafen oder die Bibel lesen, den Raum nicht verlassen oder auf die Toilette gehen. Wenn du es nicht geschafft hast, vor der Word Time auf die Toilette zu gehen, musstest du es halten. Das galt auch für die Zeit nach dem Schlafengehen am Abend. Entweder du versuchst, dich auf die Toilette zu schleichen und riskierst, ausgepeitscht zu werden, oder du hältst es so lange wie möglich zurück. Ich hatte oft unerträgliche Schmerzen, weil ich es so lange hinauszögerte, bis meine Blase schlaff

wurde, was dazu führte, dass ich mich vollpinkelte und dann auch noch ausgepeitscht wurde. Ich habe bis heute Probleme mit meiner Blase, weil ich so misshandelt wurde.

13:00 - 14:00 Snackzeit:	Obst oder manchmal Sandwiches etc.
14:00 - 16:00 Uhr	Sportunterricht, Sport, Capture the Flag, Tag, Baseball, Wandern usw.
16:00 - 16:30 Zeit zum Duschen	eine tolle Zeit, um in der Dusche belästigt und sogar vergewaltigt zu werden
16:30 - 18:00 Abendessen kochen	...und von den Teenagern, die dafür zuständig waren, verprügelt werden. Ich wurde im Alter von neun bis zehn Jahren von älteren Kindern und Erwachsenen absichtlich verbrannt und mehrfach verbrüht.
18:00 - 18:30 Abendessen und "Wordtime"	siehe oben
18:30 - 19: 00	Küchendienst (Diejenigen, die nicht am Mittagessen teilgenommen haben)

Nach dem Abendessen gab es entweder Gruppenaktivitäten wie Gebetswachen, Spieleabende, Tanzabende, Abende des Austauschs und Videoabende oder "freie Zeit".

Die "Free Time" dauerte eine Stunde und war meine Lieblingszeit am Tag. Ich baute oft Dinge aus Pappe, schrieb Gedichte, spielte Gitarre, las die stark zensierten Enzyklopädien und Geschichtsalmanache und brachte mir bei, wie man Menschen und Skelette zeichnet. Ich zeichnete oft meine Mitbewohner, besonders die hübschen Mädchen, und manchmal war ich sogar so gut, dass ich hier und da ein Kompliment bekam. Manchmal wurde ich gebeten, damit aufzuhören, weil die Empfänger meiner Zuneigung mich für einen Widerling hielten, und manchmal wurde ich für meine "Mauvais Efforts" verspottet und verhöhnt.

Meistens bin ich unter dem Radar geflogen und das wollte ich auch so beibehalten, denn ich wurde schon genug gemobbt und geschlagen.

Die vielen Gefahren für Leib und Leben kamen nicht nur aus unseren heiligen Mauern des Bösen. Die Sekte reiste oft in Entwicklungsländer und errichtete "Missionshäuser" an Orten, die unterentwickelt waren, in denen Bürgerkriege herrschten und die von Armut und politischer Instabilität geprägt waren. Das bedeutete, dass oft im Dunkeln Geschichten über Tante und Onkel geflüstert wurden, die ausgeraubt, vergewaltigt oder sogar ermordet wurden. Es gab sogar Mo-Briefe, die nur für Erwachsene bestimmt waren und in denen blutige Details über diese Art von Gräueltaten an "Familienmitgliedern" beschrieben wurden.

Aber Gott würde unser Leiden belohnen, nicht wahr?

Das Risiko war eine solche himmlische Belohnung wert.

Gelegentlich bekam ich als Kind zufällig einige dieser Veröffentlichungen in die Hände. Das Abscheuliche daran war, dass der Sektenführer den Opfern fast immer die Schuld dafür gab, dass sie nicht vorsichtig genug oder liebevoll genug waren, um mit dem Schrecken des Augenblicks umzugehen.

Nachdem eine erwachsene Frau vergewaltigt und ermordet worden war, gab Moses David, der Sektenführer, ihr persönlich die Schuld daran, dass die Männer sie nicht freiwillig vergewaltigt hatten und dass sie ihnen nicht die Liebe Gottes gezeigt hatte. So wie ich das verstanden habe, war sie selbst schuld daran, dass sie ermordet wurde, weil sie nicht auf Gottes Willen vertraut hat! Stell dir das mal vor.

Diese Vorkommnisse sind immer noch gut dokumentiert und können mit ein wenig Recherche online gefunden werden.

In den 80er Jahren in Indien aufzuwachsen war gefährlich. Ständig gab es Unruhen zwischen verschiedenen religiösen und ethnischen Gruppen, und der Kessel konnte jederzeit überkochen.

Wenn ich zurückblicke, wird mir klar, wie viel Glück ich hatte, meine Kindheit in Indien zu überleben.

## Kapitel 8

### Werde ich Jesus auf einem Dach treffen?

Während ich damit beschäftigt war, ein kleiner vierjähriger Junge zu sein, spielten sich andere katastrophale Ereignisse ab.

1984 wurde der militante Anführer Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale auf Anordnung von Premierministerin Indira Ghandi aus dem Harmandir Sahib-Komplex in Amritsar, Punjab, entfernt.

Bhindranwales Kämpfer ermordeten Hindus, Nirankaris und sogar fromme Sikhs, die gegen seine gewalttätigen Überzeugungen und Lehren waren. Bhindranwale forderte die indische Autorität mit Gewalt heraus und wurde daher als Bedrohung für die Regierung und die Bevölkerung Indiens angesehen.

Nach einer langen Belagerung im Juni 1984, bei den Hunderten von Menschen, darunter auch unschuldige Zivilisten, ihr Leben verloren, wurde Bhindranwale getötet und seine meist toten Kämpfer aus dem Tempelkomplex entfernt.

Da er von einigen Sikhs als Märtyrer und Held angesehen wurde, war es für alle klar, dass die Sikhs Vergeltung üben würden.

Am 31.10.1984 wurde Indira Ghandi von zwei ihrer Sikh-Leibwächter ermordet.

Damals war ich gerade vier Jahre alt. Meine Mutter weckte mich mitten in der Nacht ganz leise und eindringlich und sagte mir, ich solle keinen Mucks machen. Zusammen mit anderen Gemeindemitgliedern flüchteten wir alle auf das Dach des Komplexes, in dem wir wohnten. Die meisten Dächer in Dehli sind flach und werden oft als Spielplatz oder für gesellige Zusammenkünfte genutzt und sogar mit Gärten bepflanzt. Man findet dort auch riesige Wassertanks und die Außenteile der Klimaanlage. Manche haben sogar kleine Pools oder andere ausgefallene Dinge wie einen Tennisplatz usw.

Meine Mutter sagte, ich solle anfangen, zu Jesus zu beten, dass er uns verschont, und sagte mir, dass die Möglichkeit besteht, dass wir jeden Moment in den Himmel kommen.

"Böse Männer streifen durch die Straßen und töten Menschen", sagte sie leise. Ich konnte die Angst in ihren Augen sehen.

"Es ist in Ordnung, Mami." Ich beruhigte sie. "Jesus wird uns doch beschützen, oder?"

Ich konnte die Schreie und blutigen Schreie des Hasses und der Qualen von den Straßen unter uns hören, oder die gelegentlichen Schüsse, die abgefeuert wurden. Wir wurden angewiesen, nicht über die Dachmauern zu schauen und alle Lichter auszuschalten. Nicht einmal eine Taschenlampe sollte unsere Anwesenheit verraten.

Der Mob, der von den Hindus gegen die Sikhs aufgehetzt worden war, weil sie Indira Ghandi ermordet hatten, war nun zu einem Mordfest geworden. Selbst Frauen und Kinder wurden

nicht verschont. Einige wurden mit Macheten zerhackt oder lebendig verbrannt, während andere hinter Autos hergeschleift, von Lastwagen zerquetscht oder einfach zu Tode geprügelt und getreten wurden. Hindu-Männer vergewaltigten Sikh-Frauen und schlitzen ihre Babys auf.

Väter wurden vor den Augen ihrer Kinder enthauptet. So viele unsagbare Gräueltaten, die in dieser Nacht und in den Tagen danach begangen wurden, wurden jahrzehntelang vertuscht.

Mehr als dreitausend Sikhs und andere Minderheiten wurden in ganz Dehli abgeschlachtet. Zwanzigtausend Zivilisten flohen aus Dehli, und insgesamt verloren schätzungsweise siebzehntausend Sikh-Männer, Frauen und Kinder ihr Leben.

Meine Eltern und andere Sektenmitglieder in der Gemeinde fürchteten um ihr Leben. Hindus, so wurde uns gesagt, sind dafür bekannt, dass sie uns weißen "Dämonen" und unserem "Christentum" gegenüber besonders hasserfüllt sind.

Die Einheimischen wurden viele Jahrhunderte lang von "Christen" unterdrückt. Erst die Holländer, dann die Briten. Ein Angriff auf unsere Kommune schien sehr wahrscheinlich.

Die Erwachsenen befürchteten, dass der Mob, wenn er eine Gruppe "weißer Dämonen" auf dem Dach ihrer Kommune entdeckte, beschließen könnte, auch uns wahllos zu vergewaltigen, zu plündern und vernichten.

In Anbetracht des Ausmaßes der Gewalt war die Angst vor dem Tod real und bei allen Erwachsenen spürbar. Einige plapperten in einer Ecke vor sich hin, während andere weinten und ihre Kinder umklammerten, als warteten sie darauf, dass das Unvermeidliche geschah.

Wir konnten das Hämmern von Türen und das Zerschlagen von Glasscheiben hören. Ich hatte mich mit dem Tod abgefunden. Ich hoffte, dass ich nicht weinen würde, wenn ich mir vorstellte, wie die Machete meinen Schädel aufschlitzte oder meinen kleinen Hals von meinem Körper trennte. Wieder einmal war ich überzeugt, dass ich im reifen Alter von vier Jahren ein Märtyrer für Jesus sein würde.

Zu unserem Glück war ein Freund der Kommune ein hochrangiger Offizier in Dehli. Nachdem wir stundenlang auf dem Dach festsaßen, bahnten sich der Offizier und seine Männer einen Weg durch das Chaos und das Gemetzel des Mobs auf den Straßen unter uns und hielten mehrere Autos und Armeefahrzeuge bereit, um uns aus der Gefahrenzone zu eskortieren. Als wir uns alle beeilten, in eines der Autos zu steigen, versuchte meine Mutter, mir die Augen zuzuhalten, damit ich das Grauen auf der Straße nicht sehen konnte. Aber ich hatte solche Angst, dass ich nicht sterben wollte, ohne etwas gesehen zu haben! Ich wehrte mich heftig und schaffte es, mich aus ihrer Umklammerung zu befreien, nur um die Schrecken mit eigenen Augen zu sehen.

Feuer und Rauch kamen aus allen Richtungen. Menschen schrien und weinten in unsagbarem Leid. Ein alter Mann lag tot auf der Straße, seine Brusthöhle brannte noch immer wie eine Feuergrube. Ein Kopf lag am Straßenrand, die Augen noch weit aufgerissen, der Körper war nirgends zu sehen. Ein Fluss aus Blut floss in einen offenen Abfluss.



Als wir von unserem Haus wegfuhrten, kamen wir an völlig entstellten Leichen vorbei, an toten Kindern, die auf die grausamste Art und Weise zu Tode gehackt worden waren, und an einem kaum noch lebenden Mann, der mit einer mitten ins Gesicht gehackten Machete die Straße hinunterstolperte und kurz vor dem Tod stand.

Männer hingen an ihren Hälsen von Bäumen und Telefonmasten. Meine Mutter versuchte immer wieder, mir die Augen zuzuhalten. Ich gab nach, ich hatte genug gesehen. Die Fahrt aus Delhi heraus war lang und ungemütlich. Am nächsten Morgen wachte ich in einem fremden Zimmer und in einem fremden Bett auf. Meine Mami schlief neben mir und meinem kleinen Bruder. Papa schlief tief und fest auf dem Boden des Balkons mit einer Machete unter dem Arm.

Nach der Tortur in Neu-Delhi reisten wir monatelang von Hotel zu Hotel. Schließlich erhielt unsere Familie von der weltweiten Führung der Sekte die Erlaubnis, sich einer Kommune in Kalkutta anzuschließen. Im Sommer 1985 machten wir uns auf die lange Zugreise in Richtung Südosten zu unserem neuen Zuhause.

Ich erinnere mich lebhaft an diese Zugfahrt. Es war höllisch heiß, schwül und ich war ständig hungrig und durstig. Meine Eltern waren sehr geizig mit Essen und Wasser, und als kleiner Junge gab es dafür nur einen Ausdruck: die lebende Hölle.

Zu allem Überflus war meine Mutter wieder einmal schwanger und stand kurz vor der Entbindung. Ihre Schwangerschaft bedeutete, dass Stefan sich noch mehr um meinen Bruder und mich kümmern musste. Es machte ihm keinen Spaß, auf Kinder aufzupassen, also schrie er uns oft an und schlug uns für die kleinsten Vergehen. Niemals in der Öffentlichkeit, sondern immer im Privaten. Und er vergaß nie eine Drohung, nicht ein einziges Mal. Wenn er sagte: "Ich werde dir den Zorn Gottes zeigen!", Junge, wusstest du, dass du dich danach ein paar Tage lang nicht mehr hinsetzen würdest. Oft wurde ich vor lauter Schmerz ohnmächtig, vor allem wenn der Gürtel meine Hoden oder meine Unterschenkel und Knöchel traf.

Manchmal schlug Stefan mich so erbarmungslos und heftig, dass er eine Erektion bekam. Mit seiner Hand hielt er mir den Mund zu, damit mich niemand schreien hören konnte. Nachdem er mich zu seiner Zufriedenheit ausgepeitscht hatte, berührte er meinen Penis liebevoll, während er mir die Unterwäsche und die Hose hochzog. Er wischte mir die Tränen aus den Augen und sagte: "Du weißt, dass ich das tue, weil ich dich liebe." Er erwartete, dass ich erwiderte: "Daddy, ich liebe dich auch." Dann umarmte er mich und sagte mir: "Geh zurück zu den anderen, ich muss fertig werden." Später wurde mir klar, dass er masturbierte, wenn ich weg war.

Endlich waren wir am Bahnhof von Kolkata angekommen und stiegen in eines dieser Hindustan Ambassador-Taxis ein. Viele Stunden später kamen wir endlich an einer Villa mitten auf dem Land an. Sie war bereits von ein paar anderen Sektenmitgliedern aus den USA bewohnt, die sich dort vor einiger Zeit niedergelassen hatten.

Ein hoher ummauerter Garten mit gezacktem Glas und Metallspitzen ragte in jede Richtung des Grundstücks. Ein großes und bedrohliches rostfarbenes Eisentor verwehrte allen, die den Bewohnern schaden wollten, den Zutritt.

Ich fühlte mich sicher.

Das war auch gut so. Ich litt schon genug unter den Albträumen und dem weißen pelzigen Dämon, der mich nachts plagte. In dieser Kommune begannen die Albträume, die mich in den folgenden Jahren heimsuchen sollten.

In meiner Freizeit spielte ich jedoch meistens im Garten, beobachtete die Streifenhörnchen und Affen, die in den Bäumen herumkletterten, und spielte mit allen Insekten und Käfern, die ich in die Finger bekam, und aß sogar hier und da einen, nur um festzustellen, dass Käfer bitter, knusprig und doch matschig waren und nicht ganz nach meinem Geschmack.

Schließlich war ich ja erst vier Jahre alt.

Im Inneren bestand die Wohnung aus sehr einfachen, weiß getünchten, verputzten Wänden und sah von innen besser aus, als man es von außen erwarten würde. In der Tat war sie ziemlich sauber und intakt. Da sich alle Zimmer im Erdgeschoss befanden, hatte jedes Zimmer eine Glasschiebetür, die es mit dem Garten verband, der sich um das Haus herum befand. Ein großer Wohn- und Essbereich war mit der Küche durch eine Wand mit einer großen, verputzten Öffnung und einer hölzernen Buffetfläche verbunden. Auf beiden Seiten waren Fensterläden angebracht, die man öffnen konnte, um das Essen zu servieren. Die klapprigen Bambusfensterläden hatten rostige Scharniere und hingen ziemlich schief. Wir Kinder wurden angewiesen, sie immer offen und an der Wand befestigt zu lassen und nicht mit ihnen zu spielen, damit der Vermieter uns den Schaden nicht in Rechnung stellt.

Der Wohn-Essbereich und die Küche nahmen die gesamte linke Seite des Hauses ein. Auf der rechten Seite befanden sich vier Schlafzimmer entlang des Flurs, der dann eine Rechtskurve machte, und zwei Zimmer folgten auf der rechten Seite. Dahinter befanden sich eine sehr große Dusche und ein separater Raum mit Toilettenkabinen darin.

Hinter der Küche gab es einen Schuppen zum Reinigen von Töpfen und Pfannen, einen Maschendrahtzaun, einen Müllschlucker und jede Menge Wäscheleinen. Dort war es unordentlich und wir gingen nicht gerne in diesen Teil des Außengeländes, vor allem nicht nach Einbruch der Dunkelheit. Denn es war bekannt, dass die Leoparden immer mal wieder einen Weg auf das Gelände und in die Häuser fanden und dort Ziegen, Hühner und sogar Kinder rissen.

Andere Gefahren waren ganz in der Nähe. Kobras und andere giftige Schlangen waren in der Gegend weit verbreitet, und die Rückseite unseres Hauses war nur durch die bereits erwähnte Mauer aus Ziegeln und Mörtel mit Glasscherben vom dichten Dschungel getrennt. Ein Kreis aus Stacheldraht, der an in die Mauer eingelassenen Metallstangen befestigt war, sorgte für zusätzlichen Schutz.

Trotz des Schutzes hatten wir Kinder immer noch Angst, allein in den Garten zu gehen, besonders nach Einbruch der Dunkelheit. Wir kannten alle die schreckliche Geschichte von einem Leoparden, der auf einen überhängenden Baum in der Nähe der Grundstücksmauer sprang und sich nachts in den Garten einer armen Familie schlich. Wenn eine Tür oder ein Fenster offenstand, konnte das Tier in das Schlafzimmer der ahnungslosen Kinder eindringen, eines von ihnen im Schlaf töten und es dann auf den Baum und in den Dschungel schleppen, wo es nie wieder gesehen wurde.

Diese Geschichten waren für uns und auch für unsere Eltern sehr real, deshalb gab es Vorsichtsmaßnahmen. Zum Beispiel war es uns Kindern absolut verboten, das kleine Metalltor im Hinterhof zu benutzen, das in den Dschungel führte. Nicht, dass ich mich das

jemals getraut hätte, um ehrlich zu sein. Die Fenster im Erdgeschoss waren alle mit Maschendraht versehen, damit man sie nach Einbruch der Dunkelheit offenlassen konnte, um das Haus abzukühlen, und solange die Glasschiebetüren nachts geschlossen waren, gab es nicht allzu viel zu befürchten. Eines der anderen Kinder behauptete, er habe nachts einen Leopard im Garten herumlaufen sehen, aber ich kann seine Geschichte nicht überprüfen.

Einmal gab es einen berechtigten Aufruhr im Haus, und die Leute rannten hektisch umher. Ich hörte nur immer wieder die Worte "sehr gefährlich", "oh mein Gott", "Jesus hilf uns" und "Kobra im Garten".

Ich rannte zum Wohnzimmerfenster und wollte es öffnen. Sofort wurde ich von einer der Tanten ermahnt, dass es eine Giftschlange gäbe und dass man nicht nach draußen gehen und keine Türen oder Fenster öffnen sollte. Dann sah ich es. In der Mitte unseres Gartens wuchs ein kurzer, stämmiger Baum. Ein dunkler, verschlungener Schatten war um einen der unteren Äste gewickelt.

Ich keuchte. So nah hatte ich noch nie ein wildes Tier gesehen. Ich war fasziniert und gleichzeitig sehr verängstigt.

Peng! Peng! Peng! Drei Schüsse hallten von einem nahen gelegenen Fenster wider. Die Schlange entwirrte sich unwillkürlich und fiel tot zu Boden. Ein erwachsener Mann in Gummistiefeln, schweren Jeans und Lederjacke näherte sich vorsichtig der toten Schlange, das Gewehr immer noch in der Hand. Er und ein weiterer erwachsener Mann schoben die Schlange mit gespaltenen Stöcken in einen Karton und schoben sie dann zum verbotenen Hoftor. Ein Erwachsener öffnete das Tor und die beiden verschwanden für eine Weile im Dschungel. Einige der Mädchen fingen vor Panik an zu weinen. Schließlich kamen beide unverletzt zurück.

"Die arme Schlange", dachte ich mir, "sie hat doch niemandem etwas getan". Vielleicht hatte ich sogar insgeheim gehofft, sie würde von den Toten auferstehen und einen der schrecklichen Erwachsenen beißen und töten

Es waren auch andere Kinder da, ich erinnere mich besonders an zwei andere Mädchen in meinem Alter. Wir drei mochten uns sehr. Eine war in meinem Alter und die andere etwa anderthalb Jahre älter als ich. Wie so oft zu dieser Zeit wurden wir ermutigt, gemeinsam zu baden und zu duschen, zu übernachten und, na ja, du weißt schon. Ich gebe es nur ungern zu, aber ich wusste es damals nicht besser und fand, dass das eine der wenigen angenehmen Aktivitäten war, weil wir so lange spielen konnten, wie wir wollten, Zelte auf unseren Betten bauten, um ungestört zu sein und die Erwachsenen uns meistens in Ruhe ließen.

Leider waren meine Eltern, wie bereits erwähnt, auch sehr daran interessiert, mir zu zeigen und beizubringen, wie ich sie sexuell befriedigen kann. Sie luden mich oft ins Bett ein, um mit mir zu "kuscheln". Wenn ich gebeten wurde, meinem Stiefvater zu "helfen" oder mit ihm und meiner Mutter "mitzumachen", habe ich es meistens einfach hinter mich gebracht. Natürlich habe ich das getan. Ich liebte meine Eltern und war davon überzeugt, dass sie wirklich glaubten, sie würden etwas Nettes für mich tun.

Am meisten hasste ich meinen Stiefvater dafür, dass er Sex mit mir hatte, weil ich mich dadurch wie ein Mädchen fühlte, was ich nicht war. Ich hatte keine Vagina, dachte ich mir, also warum versucht er immer, sein Glied in mich zu stecken oder es zwischen meinen Backen zu reiben?

Natürlich zog ich es vor, es mit anderen Mädchen in meinem Alter zu "tun", und so freute ich mich auf die Sharing Nights für Kinder als willkommene Flucht aus dem Schlafzimmer meiner Eltern. Die "Sharing Nights" für Erwachsene waren schlimmer. Oft machte meine Mutter für mich ein Bett auf dem Boden. Nachdem sie mich ins Bett gebracht hatte, huschte dann weg, um sich mit den anderen Erwachsenen zu betrinken. spät in der Nacht kehrte sie mit einem anderen erwachsenen Mann zurück um dann laut stöhnend und in Zungen sprechend zu vögeln. Sie gaben sich keine Mühe, rücksichtsvoll oder leise zu sein. Oft sah ich, wie das erwachsene Männchen über mich kletterte während ich am Fußende des Bettes auf den Boden schlief. Er ging mit tropfendem Pipi gut sichtbar auf den Flur hinaus um zu urinieren und sich dann zu waschen, bevor es wieder von vorne anging. Manchmal wechselten sich verschiedene Männer ab und meine Mutter ließ jeden in sich eindringen, der es wollte. Der Lärm hielt mich stundenlang wach, aber ich traute mich nicht, wach zu sein, aus Angst, dass ich aufgefordert werden könnte, mitzumachen. Selbst die Tatsache, dass meine Mutter im achten Monat schwanger war, hielt sie nicht davon ab, mit jedem Mann zu schlafen, der durch die Kommune kam. Putain de bordel de merde!

Eine der wenigen schönen Erinnerungen an diese Unterkunft war das fantastische Essen, das ein einheimischer indischer Koch zubereitete. Er war super entspannt und nett zu uns Kindern. Leider dauerte es nur ein paar kurze Wochen nach unserer Ankunft. Eine der Amerikanerinnen bekam, wie in Indien üblich, schweren Durchfall und schob die Schuld auf den armen Rajesh. Sie behauptete, er koche immer mit viel zu viel Öl und Gewürzen und das sei für ihren dummen amerikanischen Magen nicht tragbar. Sie beschloss, dass es nur logisch sei, dass sie die Kochaufgaben übernehmen würde und reduzierte Rajesh auf die Rolle einer Küchenhilfe, die das Geschirr spült, Gemüse schneidet und so weiter. Das war eine absolute Beleidigung für den Mann, der daraufhin hinausstürmte. Dank der idiotischen Amerikanerin aßen wir nun geschmacksneutrales Dahl, Reis, faden Brei und Gemüse, das in Brackwasser zu Tode gekocht wurde. Es war wirklich grässlich.

Das Zeugnisgeben mit meiner Mutter war eine willkommene Abwechslung zur Tyrannei von Stefan und den anderen Erwachsenen. Wenn ich als kleiner Junge mit meiner Mutter und anderen Sektenmitgliedern unterwegs war, haben meine Mutter und ich uns manchmal von der Gruppe weggeschlichen, um Eis oder Kekse zu holen. Das war ziemlich mutig von meiner Mutter, denn nach dem Taxi-Vorfall hatte sie immer noch Angst, allein in der Öffentlichkeit zu sein.

Zucker und Alkohol galten bei den Kindern Gottes als Laster, aber viele Erwachsene aßen trotzdem heimlich Süßigkeiten und tranken Alkohol, solange die "geistlichen Führer" nicht anwesend waren.

Ich war immer sehr glücklich, wenn meine Mutter oder andere Tanten mich in die Stadt mitnahmen.

Was mich immer wieder traurig machte, waren die Leprakranken und kranken Bettler, die ich überall sah. Sie waren ein alltäglicher Anblick, besonders in Kalkutta. Man sah sie überall betteln. Vor allem an den Ampeln klopfen sie mit ihren knorrigen, entstellten Stümpfen an die Fenster, und wenn du dumm genug warst, die Fenster herunterzulassen, stießen sie dir ihre Stümpfe ins Gesicht und verlangten Geld.

Bettler jeden Alters kamen bei jeder sich bietenden Gelegenheit auf mich zu. Mit ihren verfaulten Fingern, Handgelenkstümpfen und dreckigen Kleidern bettelten sie um alles: Essen, Reis, Geld.

Ich bin nur ein kleiner Junge, ich möchte helfen, aber ich habe nichts, versuchte ich ihnen zu sagen. Meine Mutter, die behauptete, eine Missionarin zu sein, benahm sich in Indien wie eine selbstgerechte Abgesandte Gottes. Sie verkündete laut und stolz, dass sie dort ist, um die Liebe Jesu zu verbreiten. Doch als sie die kranken und verwesenden Bettler sah, war sie sichtlich angewidert und entsetzt von ihnen. Nicht so barmherzig wie Jesus, was, Mama? Sie stieß sie aggressiv weg, wenn sie ihr oder mir und meinem kleinen Bruder im Buggy zu nahe kamen. Ganz und gar nicht wie Jesus, der die Aussätzigen reinigte, die Kranken heilte und die Toten auferweckte.

Am liebsten war sie Zeugin für weiße, männliche Touristen. Wirklich, Mami? Du geiler Rassist!

Wir blieben eine ganze Weile in Kalkutta, und bald war ich 5 Jahre alt. Meine Tage waren langweilig, heiß und unruhig, also war ich froh, Ausflüge zu machen, einkaufen zu gehen und etwas zu erleben.

Zu Hause habe ich oft auf meinen jüngeren Bruder und jetzt auch auf meine kleine Schwester aufgepasst. Von Kindern wurde von klein auf verlangt, dass sie auch beim Kochen und Putzen helfen. Es war ein unerfülltes und sinnloses, alltägliches Leben.

Das Lesen des Wortes Gottes wurde stark gefördert, so dass es für mich ganz natürlich war, schon in jungen Jahren ziemlich gut zu lesen. Ich habe sogar gerne gelesen, weil ich Geschichten liebte. Allerdings handelte es sich dabei meist um biblische Geschichten und Sachen, die der Sektenführer geschrieben hatte. Aber wenn du nie gute Literatur hattest, weißt du nicht, was du verpasst, oder? Ich meine, die Sintflut war doch eine ziemlich gute Geschichte, oder? Kain, der seinen Bruder tötet? Wow, so intensiv. Oh, und Mütter, die ihre eigenen Kinder essen, im Buch der Könige? Josua, der die unschuldigen Mütter und Kinder ermordete, nachdem er das "gelobte Land" erobert hat? Ich meine, komm schon, sind das nicht sehr nette Mordporno-Geschichten? Wie aufregend kann die Bibel wirklich sein?

An eine Reise im Sommer 1986 kann ich mich noch gut erinnern. Wir gingen in die Slums von Kalkutta, Indien, um das Wort Gottes zu predigen und einige von uns Kindern verteilten Flugblätter, während die Erwachsenen Lebensmittel und Kleidung an die Menschen in den Slums verteilten.

Wir stiegen alle in ein paar Rikschas und fuhren zu unserem Ziel. Meine Mutter und ich landeten zusammen mit einem der anderen erwachsenen Männer. Wir stiegen in diesem sehr armen Viertel aus und meine Mutter machte sich sofort auf den Weg zu den einzigen anderen weißen Menschen, die dort herumliefen. Sie begann, mit ihnen über Jesus zu sprechen. Ihr Gesicht erhellte sich, als sie zu Deutsch wechselte. "Na toll", dachte ich mir, "Mama hat ein paar deutschsprachige Leute gefunden. Schön für sie."

Ich sah ihr uninteressiert dabei zu, wie sie über Jesus und anderes Anti-Establishment- und Sekten-Jargon schwadronierte. Die meiste Zeit hörte ich ihr gar nicht zu, sondern war mit meinen Gedanken ganz woanders, während meine Augen all die Sehenswürdigkeiten, Geräusche und Gerüche aufsaugten, die mich umgaben, so neugierig und ängstlich, wie es sich für einen kleinen Jungen gehört.

Ich bemerkte einen kleinen braunen Jungen in meinem Alter, der mich anlächelte. Ihm fehlte ein Bein unterhalb des Knies. Die Amputationswunde eiterte und war voller Maden, und gelber Schleim sickerte durch seine Verbände. Er sah total eklig aus, aber ich fühlte mich zu ihm hingezogen. Er hatte einen Y-förmigen Stock unter seinem Arm, der als Krücke für sein fehlendes Bein diente. "Er wird bald tot sein", dachte ich bei mir.

Der Junge schüttelte den Kopf und lächelte mich freundlich durch verfaulte, schiefe Zähne an.

"Bitte, bitte, bitte", sagte er.

Er lächelte weiter. Er kam auf mich zu und packte plötzlich meinen Arm mit seiner noch gesunden linken Hand, als ob er wollte, dass ich ihm folge. Ich bemerkte, dass die meisten seiner rechten Finger bandagierte Stümpfe waren oder ganz fehlten. Wahrscheinlich von der Lepra.

Ich schaute hilflos zu meiner Mutter, die nun ganz darin vertieft war, den teigigen Deutschen ihre Literatur zu zeigen, Passagen aus ihrer Bibel zu zitieren und zu versuchen, sie zu bekehren. Ich versuchte, ihre Aufmerksamkeit zu bekommen, aber alles, was ich als Antwort bekam, war,

"Pssst! Die Erwachsenen reden"

"Gut, ich schätze, kein 'Nein' ist ein 'Ja'", dachte ich bei mir. Ich schaute den Jungen an, der immer noch überlebensgroß lächelte.

"Wie kann er nur so glücklich sein?" dachte ich bei mir.

"Ich fühle mich so elend in dieser Hitze, und er ist dabei zu sterben. Er muss so viele Schmerzen haben, und doch lächelt er wie der reichste Mann der Welt."

Ich folgte ihm etwa 10 Schritte und schaute immer wieder zurück, um meine Mutter im Blick zu behalten.

Er führte mich zu einem Graben am Rande der Bahngleise. In dem eitrigen Schleim, der Scheiße und dem schmutzigen Wasser lag ein Bündel Lappen. Dann sah ich es. Die winzige, pummelige Hand und der Unterarm eines Kindes. Irgendein Tier hatte sich bereits an den Unterschenkeln zu schaffen gemacht. Sein Kopf ist glücklicherweise von Lumpen und Müll bedeckt, sodass ich sein Gesicht nicht sehen kann.

Der kleine Junge murmelte etwas, das ich nicht verstehen konnte, aber ich glaube, ich habe verstanden, was er meinte.

"Bruder? Schwester!?" stottere ich, völlig überfordert mit meinen Gefühlen. Tränen schießen mir in die Augen.

"Ja", er schüttelte weinend den Kopf, "Schwester". "Hunde", er macht eine gebärdende Bewegung mit seinen Händen und seinem Mund.

"Hunde haben deine Schwester getötet?"

Er schüttelt wieder den Kopf. Wilde Hunde und Leoparden waren dafür bekannt, dass sie kleine Kinder schnappten, die unbeaufsichtigt waren. Besonders in der Dämmerung oder nach Einbruch der Dunkelheit.

Mittlerweile war der Anblick des Todes nichts Neues mehr für mich. Züge fahren einfach durch die Slums und Märkte und die Menschen leben mit ihnen. Busse, Lastwagen und Rikschas eilen tagsüber vorbei. Nachts streifen Tiger, Wildhunde und sogar Leoparden umher und suchen nach ihrer nächsten Mahlzeit.

Die ständige Angst, sich mit Lepra, Tuberkulose und Ruhr anzustecken, ist allgegenwärtig, genauso wie die offenen Abwässer und Fäkalien, die den Boden bedecken und die Atmosphäre mit dem Geruch von grassierender Krankheit und Leid erfüllen.

Es war normal, einen verrottenden Tierkadaver am Straßenrand zu sehen, einen Hund, dessen ganzes Hinterteil von einem vorbeifahrenden Bus oder Güterzug zerquetscht wurde, manchmal noch lebendig und laut vor Schmerzen wimmernd. Die Leute, die vorbeifuhren, schien das nicht zu stören.

Später sah ich, wie eine Mutter und ihre halbwüchsige Tochter in Agra von einem rasenden Lkw überfahren wurden, als sie eine sechsspurige Straße überquerten.

Ironischerweise wich der Lkw aus, um nicht mit einer Kuh zusammenzustoßen.

Die Tochter wurde direkt getroffen und einige Meter weit geschleudert und war hoffentlich auf der Stelle tot. Die Mutter konnte nicht ausweichen, da sie einen dieser riesigen Körbe mit Obst auf dem Kopf hatte, wenn ich mich recht erinnere. Anschließend wurde sie unter das linke Vorderrad geschleift, das sie sofort in zwei Hälften teilte. Die doppelten Hinterreifen zermalzten ihren Unterkörper zu einem blutigen Gemisch aus Stoff und Hackfleisch, wobei ihre Eingeweide meterweit die Straße hinuntergezogen wurden.

Sie war noch am Leben und sah hilflos zu, wie der Körper ihrer toten Tochter ebenfalls unter den Rädern des immer noch rasenden Lastwagens zerquetscht wurde. Die Leichenreste

schleppten sich noch meterweit weiter, abgetrennte Gliedmaßen und Torsos verteilten sich auf dem Asphalt. Der Fahrer hielt nicht einmal an. Er raste davon, hinterließ nur die blutigen Reifenspuren auf der Straße und schien entweder nicht zu merken, dass er gerade zwei Menschen am helllichten Tag ermordet hatte, oder es war ihm einfach egal. Ein paar Leute schauten leicht interessiert und gingen ihrem Tag nach.

Für sie gab es nichts mehr zu tun. Die Mutter wurde barmherzig, schlaff und starb. Ich war so geschockt, dass ich erstarrte. Meine Mutter war damit beschäftigt, auf einem der Obst- und Gemüsemärkte um irgendetwas zu feilschen, ohne zu bemerken, was vor sich ging.

Der nachfolgende Verkehr bemühte sich manchmal, ihnen auszuweichen, andere fuhren einfach über die zerquetschten Überreste und verteilten die Blutspuren immer weiter auf der Straße. Die wilden Hunde und andere Raubtiere würden sie in der Nacht verspeisen und der starke Regen würde den Rest sicher wegspülen.

Nachdem meine Mutter ihren Einkauf beendet hatte, nahm sie mich an der Hand und zog mich den Bürgersteig entlang die Straße hinauf, wo wir hinwollten. Es war so voll, dass meine Mutter sich darauf konzentrierte, sich durch die Menschenmassen zu bewegen. Ich starrte einfach nur geschockt auf die Straße, als auch ich in die brodelnde Masse der Menschen hineingezogen wurde, die sich dort tummelten.

Keine Tränen, nur ein leerer Gesichtsausdruck, kein gar nichts. Nur Ehrfurcht und Traurigkeit.

Ich träumte immer und immer wieder davon. Manchmal wurde ich von einem Lkw überfahren und fiel in die Dunkelheit, nur um dann wieder wachgerüttelt zu werden.

Das menschliche Leben bedeutet hier nichts. Du bist heute hier und dann stirbst du plötzlich. Schrecklich und schmerzhaft. Es macht Sinn, an ein Leben nach dem Tod zu glauben, weil dieses Leben hier. Es ist wirklich furchtbar schrecklich, dachte ich bei mir.

Wenn du denkst, dass sich die Dinge in Indien seither zum Besseren gewendet haben, liegst du leider falsch. Die durchschnittliche Zahl der Verkehrstoten in Indien liegt in den letzten fünf Jahren immer noch bei über 130.000 Menschen pro Jahr. Das bedeutet, dass jeder zehnte Verkehrstote auf der Welt in Indien stirbt. Zum Vergleich: Das entspricht der gesamten Bevölkerung von Bern in der Schweiz, die Jahr für Jahr ausgelöscht wird.

Ich schaue den Jungen an: Hast du eine Mutter? Einen Vater? Er nickt mit dem Kopf und schüttelt ihn dann. In Indien sind die Kopfgesten anders als in der westlichen Kultur. Ich habe verstanden, dass er gemerkt hat, dass er Ja gesagt hat, obwohl er eigentlich Nein sagen wollte. Er macht eine schlafende Geste.

"Deine Eltern sind tot?"

Ja.

Er schaut auf seine Wunden und hält seine verfaulte Hand hoch. Ich vermute, dass auch er an Lepra gestorben ist, dass seine Schwester tot in einem Graben liegt und von Hunden gefressen wurde. Und doch lächelt er.



Ich verstehe zum ersten Mal in meinem Leben. Sein Lächeln ist kein Glück, es ist Hoffnung. In meiner Tasche habe ich eine winzige Lego-Figur aus der Post und den Paketen, die meine Großmutter uns jeden Monat schickte. Ich will ein guter Christ sein und das Wenige, das ich habe, teilen. Schließlich sieht Jesus mir zu und wird stolz auf mich sein. Ich gebe es ihm und zucke mit den Schultern. Es ist buchstäblich mein einziger Besitz, sage ich ihm.

Ein erwachsener Inder kommt zu uns herüber, reißt den Jungen von seinem Platz und schreit ihm in einer Sprache ins Gesicht, von der ich annehme, dass es Bengalisch ist. Ich kann die Worte nicht verstehen, aber seine Körpersprache und sein Gesichtsausdruck machen es sehr deutlich.

"Was habe ich dir über das Stehlen gesagt, ich werde dich schlagen, wenn ich dich wieder erwische. Dalit! Sprich nicht mit shada boy" Ich habe nur "shada" verstanden, aber ich nehme an, er meint mich. Ich bin jetzt so wütend, wie ein fast sechsjähriger Junge nur sein kann.

Er sieht mich an und sagt,  
"Sorry, Sorry"

Er denkt, dass der Junge das Lego von mir gestohlen hat, also reißt er es ihm wütend aus der Hand und drückt es mir wieder in die Hand. Ich schreie,

"NEIN! ICH HABE ES IHM GEGEBEN"

Der indische Mann schaut perplex, ich schubse den Mann wütend, damit er den Jungen loslässt und drücke die Legofigur demonstrativ zurück in die eine gesunde Hand des Jungen.

Der Junge lächelt nicht mehr, sondern weint große, dicke Tränen aus seinen großen braunen Augen. Als meine Mutter den ganzen Tumult hört, rennt sie mit einem ängstlichen Blick zu mir hinüber. Sie packt mich unter dem Arm und schleppt mich mühsam ein paar Meter weg, bevor sie mich absetzen kann. Sie zieht so fest an meinem Arm, dass ich befürchte, sie könnte mir den Arm ausreißen, während sie mich anschreit,

"Lauf nicht einfach so vor deiner Mutter weg! Jemand könnte dich entführen!"

Ich halte Blickkontakt mit dem Jungen, der mir traurig zuwinkt, während er von dem mürrischen Inder davon abgehalten wird, uns zu folgen.

Meine Mutter ist sichtlich verzweifelt und als sie mich weinen sieht, entspannt sie sich ein wenig.

"Tut mir leid, Schatz, du hast mich erschreckt." Sie streichelt mein Haar. "Wie wäre es, wenn wir dir ein paar Kekse holen?"

Ich nicke und wimmere, während ich ihr die ungepflasterte Straße hinunter folge und meinen neu gefundenen Freund aus den Augen verliere. Nachdem ich meine Kekse geholt habe, will ich unbedingt zurückgehen, um den Jungen zu suchen, aber entweder haben wir

die Orientierung verloren oder der Mann und der Junge sind woanders hingegangen. Jede Straße sieht so ähnlich aus, dass ich mich damit abfinde, ihn nie wieder zu sehen.

Ich hoffte, dass er sich immer an mich erinnern würde, wenn er mit meinem kleinen Lego-Rennfahrer spielte.

Die Wochen vergingen und ich fragte meine Mutter immer wieder, ob wir zurück zu dem Slum-Markt gehen könnten, wo ich den Jungen gesehen hatte. Zu dem Legomännchen, das ich ihm schenkte, gehörte auch ein kleines Rennauto. Ich erinnere mich, dass ich es kurz nach der Geburt meiner kleinen Schwester bekommen habe. Mein Bruder und ich bekamen jeweils eins. Ein ganz einfaches Lego-Rennauto mit einem Fahrer und einem Helm. Mir kam es so vor, als gehörten die beiden zusammen und ich war fest entschlossen, ihn zu finden und mein Geschenk zu vervollständigen.

Für mich war es logisch, dass ich eine Chance haben würde, ihn zu finden, wenn wir wieder mit der Rikscha in die gleiche Gegend fahren und an der gleichen Stelle aussteigen würden.

Ein paar Wochen später waren wir in der gleichen Gegend und ich war überglücklich, den mürrischen Inder zu erkennen. Er erkannte mich und nickte mir leicht mit dem Kopf zu. Ich riss mich von meiner Mutter los und lief lächelnd zu ihm hinüber. Hoffnungsvoll blickte ich zu ihm auf. Er sah mich traurig an und zog das leuchtend rote und gelbe Legomännchen aus seiner Tasche. Der weiße Helm saß noch auf seinem Kopf. Er reichte es mir schulterzuckend, mit einem Schmolmund und Tränen in den Augen. Ich legte meine Hand auf den kleinen Lego Mann in seiner Hand und verstand sofort, was er mir sagen wollte.

Ich sagte es ihm,

"Behalte es"

Es war klar. Der kleine Junge hatte sein schreckliches Dasein mit Krankheit, Hunger und Schmerzen verlassen. Ich drückte dem Mann das Auto in die Hand, das dem Rennfahrer gehörte. Der Mann wollte sich weigern und die Tränen liefen ihm über die Wangen.

"Sie gehören zusammen, sie gehören jetzt zu ihm. Oder vielleicht, vielleicht kannst du sie jemand anderem geben", murmelte ich am Rande der Tränen

Ich drückte seine Hände zu und weg von mir, um ihm zu signalisieren, dass ich das Spielzeug nicht zurückhaben wollte.

Der indische Mann schloss seine Hand mit dem kleinen Lego-Männchen und dem Auto darin. Er legte seine Hände zusammen und verbeugte sich vor mir.

"Danke, danke." Er versuchte zu lächeln.

Ich drehte mich um und ging weg, während ich immer wieder zurückschaute. Als ob ich irgendwie hoffte, dass ich den Mann missverstanden hätte. Dass der Junge mit den größten

Augen und dem strahlendsten Lächeln der Welt plötzlich in der Menge auftauchen und mir zuwinken würde. Das tut er aber nicht. Die Realität holt mich ein und ich fange an zu weinen.

Die Erinnerung an diesen Jungen und den Lego-Renner sollte mich viele Jahre lang begleiten.

Unten siehst du genau das Lego-Auto, das ich zu der Zeit besaß.



## Kapitel 9

### Dreieck der Begierde

Die Erinnerungen an die Vergangenheit der Dämonen verblassen in den Schatten der Waldbäume. Ich war so erschöpft, dass ich auf dem Waldboden sitzend eingeschlafen war und wieder aufwachte, immer noch nackt und entblößt. Mit einem Ruck komme ich wieder zur Besinnung und in einem verwirrten, aber etwas nüchterneren Zustand stehe ich auf und merke, dass meine Blase platzt. Müde setze ich einen Fuß vor den anderen und stütze meinen Gang, indem ich mich an diesen und jenen Baum lehne, bis ich umkippe und meine Stirn gegen die Rinde eines mächtigen Nadelbaums stütze. Der Baum hat hoffentlich nichts dagegen, dass ich ihn mit all der Flüssigkeit, den Mineralien und den Drogen füttere, für die mein Körper keine Verwendung mehr hat.

Der Strahl kommt schmerzhaft und langsam. Meine Blasenmuskeln haben sich so lange zurückgehalten, dass es wirklich eine Qual ist, endlich loszulassen.

"Wäre es nicht schön, das Gleiche mit diesen schrecklichen Erinnerungen zu machen?" frage ich mich. "Sie einfach wegzupinkeln?"

"Aber wenn ich sie vergesse, wie soll ich mich dann jemals daran erinnern, mich an denen zu rächen, die mich gequält haben?"

Erschöpft und fröstelnd stolperte ich ins Zelt, um meine Kleidung zu suchen und sie eilig anzuziehen. Ich muss mehrere Stunden lang nackt draußen gesessen haben und bin stark unterkühlt. Als meine Körperwärme langsam zurückkehrt, schaue ich durch das Netz des Zelts nach draußen und sehe, wie die Sommersonne bereits hinter dem Horizont verschwindet. Die Wolken haben sich verzogen und der Sonnenuntergang zeichnet ein wunderschönes Bild über der Hässlichkeit des Industriegebiets und der Betonblockhäuser. Die Narben der Menschheit auf der Erde.

"Es muss schon weit nach neun Uhr abends sein", dachte ich bei mir. "Wie lange war ich weg?"

"Zum Glück hat mich niemand so gesehen. Ich hoffe..."

Eine hohe Autobahnbrücke durchbricht die Lücke zwischen zwei Waldhügeln und die Sonne geht gerade hinter ihren massiven Bögen unter. Sie werfen lange Schatten auf die Schlucht und den Fluss, der unter der Brücke fließt. Das Tal darunter hallt von den vorbeifahrenden Zügen wider. Die industriellen Betongebäude zu ihren Füßen sind mit Graffiti beschmiert und mit lokalen rassistischen Parolen, schönen Kunstwerken und natürlich der vorhersehbaren und fast obligatorischen FTP versehen. Stolz und kunstvoll aufgesprüht von dem Abschaum der Gesellschaft.

In den Gebäuden spiegelt sich die orangefarbene Schönheit der Sonne. Ihr Spiegelbild bleibt für die unerfahrenen Anarchisten, die Polizisten = Schweine sprühen, für immer unerreichbar und unantastbar. Wo immer sich streitlustige, rülpsende Betrunkene versammeln, feiern sie ihre eigene Ignoranz und die mutwillige Zerstörung ihrer Gehirnzellen und inneren Organe.

Ich schaue liebevoll auf das schöne Mädchen hinunter, das tief und fest schläft. Kein einziges Wimmern kommt von ihren Lippen. Sie ist so schön für mich, dass ich diesen Moment festhalten möchte. Wer weiß, was passieren wird, wenn sie aufwacht. Vielleicht wird sie sich an nichts mehr erinnern und sehr verwirrt sein oder sogar bereuen. Vielleicht beschließt sie sogar, dass sie mit dem einsamen Vagabunden auf dem Hügel nichts mehr zu tun haben will.

Ich hole meinen Skizzenblock und meinen Bleistift hervor und zeichne sie so gut ich kann in dieser schönen Seitenprofil-Pose. Gerade gut genug, damit ich immer an die schönen Ereignisse zurückdenken kann, die uns hier zusammengebracht haben, auch wenn es nur für einen kurzen Moment war.

Das Sonnenlicht verblasst langsam und wird durch den Mond und die Sterne ersetzt, die die Krümmung des Himmels beleuchten. Ich habe Mühe, meine Augen offen zu halten. Nachdem ich den ganzen Wodka getrunken und die letzte Zigarette geraucht habe, können meine Lungen und mein Körper vorerst nichts mehr aushalten. Ich stecke meinen Skizzenblock wieder in meine Tasche und ziehe mich umständlich an. Ich versuche, sie nicht zu wecken, und kümmere mich nicht um das getrocknete Blut und den Schmutz, der an jedem Teil meines Körpers klebt.

Mit letzter Kraft kuschle ich mich an die vollkommen fremde Person, die immer noch fest neben mir schläft. Ich habe sie nie nach ihrem Namen gefragt, denke ich mir, als ich meinen Schlafsack öffne und ihn mit letzter Kraft über meinen Körper schiebe und ich, der dreckige Obdachlose, in ein schwindelerregendes Kaleidoskop halluzinogener Schönheit eintauche, das langsam in der Dunkelheit verschwindet.

Am frühen Sonntagmorgen erwacht sie durch das Sonnenlicht, das auf das Zelt fällt. Das Zelt ist heiß, stickig und so unromantisch, wie es nur sein kann. Übelriechende Körpergerüche, Blähungen und abgestandener Rauch durchdringen die enge Luft.

Während ich bewusstlos in einer wenig schmeichelhaften Pose auf dem Zeltboden liege, dringen aus meinem Bauch peinliche Geräusche. Eine Morgenlatte wölbt sich sichtbar in meiner Jeans. Mein Körper war sich des schönen Mädchens neben mir anscheinend nicht bewusst und hatte sich keine Mühe gegeben, seine Abscheulichkeit zu verbergen.

Sie ist hörbar sauer, dass ich alles ausgetrunken habe, als sie mich unsanft aufweckt.

"Hey du, steh auf... Schwanz!" Sie stupst mich unaufhörlich an, bis ich widerwillig meine Augen öffne.

Mit sehr heiserer Stimme sagt sie gereizt.

"Bitte sag mir, dass du nicht alle Getränke ausgetrunken hast? Ich bin so durstig, mein Mund fühlt sich an wie Watte und mein Kopf pocht!"

"Halt dich fest", sage ich ihr. Ich richte mich unbeholfen auf und krabbele aus dem Zelt zu einem nahen gelegenen Busch, in dem ich ein paar Wasserflaschen versteckt hatte. Ich ziehe eine heraus und gebe sie ihr.

Sie reißt mir die Wasserflasche so eifrig aus der Hand, wie ein Alkoholiker, der auf Entzug ist, eine Flasche Wodka greifen würde. Sie trinkt die Hälfte davon in hastigen Schlucken, bevor sie sich ein wenig entspannt.

Ich lächle sie an, sie ist ganz schmutzig, ihr Make-up ist überall verschmiert. Ihr Gesicht ist blass wie durchscheinendes Porzellan und ich kann blaue Adern darunter schimmern sehen. Dunkle Ringe umrahmen ihre wunderschönen Augen. Sie sieht mich an wie ein schmollendes Kleinkind, das verwirrt dreinschaut.

Sie seufzt mich an. "Was haben wir letzte Nacht gemacht? Wie lange habe ich geschlafen?"

"Du hast fast den ganzen Samstag verschlafen. Nach dem Stand der Sonne über den Bäumen zu urteilen, ist es wahrscheinlich schon Sonntagmorgen."

Ich denke mir: "Bitte, Liebling, bitte erinnere dich daran, was passiert ist, es war so schön, zumindest für mich. Es hätte mir das Herz gebrochen, wenn sie es vergessen hätte."

Sie sieht mich wieder aufmerksam an und versucht, sich einen Reim darauf zu machen, was vor sich geht. Schließlich lächelt sie: "Sie erinnert sich, was passiert ist!" denke ich bei mir und atme zufrieden aus.

Sie stupst mich scherzhaft auf die Nase und sagt: "Ich muss mal auf die Toilette".

Ich helfe ihr aus dem Zelt und krame in meinem Rucksack nach Toilettenpapier. Ich reiche es ihr und sie eilt davon, indem sie die Beine übereinanderschlägt, während sie geht.

Ein Seufzer der Erleichterung, gefolgt von verschiedenen anderen Geräuschen, kommt von einem nahen Baum. Ich kichere vor mich hin und sie sagt mir, ich solle aufhören zu lachen.

Als sie zurückkommt, immer noch nur mit T-Shirt und Unterwäsche bekleidet, helfe ich ihr, ihre Hände und ihr Gesicht zu waschen. Ein einfaches Seifenstück, eine Wasserflasche und ein Waschlappen gehören zu meiner täglichen Ausrüstung. Sie scheint erleichtert zu sein, dass dieser Penner Sinn für Körperpflege hat. Ich reiche ihr die Jeans, die neben der Zeltklappe lag, und halte sie sanft um die Taille, während sie sie wieder anzieht.

Sie lehnt sich zu mir zurück und ich küsse sie auf den Nacken, während ich sanft über ihren Bauch streiche und ihr ins Ohr flüstere.

"Du bist so schön... für mich."

Nachdem sie sich den Gürtel umgeschnallt hat, dreht sie sich zu mir um, schaut auf, berührt mit ihrem Finger meine Lippen und kichert,

"Du siehst auch nicht schlecht aus"

Ich lache und sie drückt mir einen Kuss auf die Wange.

"Bist du hungrig?" frage ich sie. Sie nickt und ich führe sie in den hinteren Teil des Zelt.

Ich sage ihr: "Du musst mir dabei helfen".

Ich entferne die Zeltheringe von der Rückseite und bitte sie, die Rückseite des Zelt anzuheben. Wir ziehen ein kleines flaches Holzbrett heraus, das ein Loch im Boden abdeckt. In dem Loch befindet sich eine Plastiktüte. Sie ist fest um einen Notvorrat an Wodka, Pumpernickel Brot, Trockenfleisch, Haschisch, Blättchen, einer Schachtel Zigaretten, Streichhölzern und ein paar Schokoriegeln gewickelt.

Sie ist sichtlich erleichtert und sogar ein bisschen beeindruckt von meinen rudimentären Hausfrauenfähigkeiten. Wir nippen abwechselnd an der Wodkaflasche und am Sodawasser. Sie stürzt sich auf die Twix-Schokoriegel, weil sie hungrig nach Nahrung ist. Ich entscheide mich für Brot und Trockenfleisch. Als wir mit dem Frühstück fertig sind, will Melanie immer noch mehr über den jungen Landstreicher wissen, mit dem sie im Wald geschlafen hat.

Wir sitzen in der Nähe der Vorderseite des Zelt auf einem umgestürzten, alten Baum, der von den meisten seiner Äste befreit wurde. Ich drehe mir einen Joint und zünde ihn an, während ich ihr in allen Einzelheiten die Geschichte erzähle, wie ich Ollie auf einem Festival in Essen kennengelernt habe.

"... Ich bin mit Roland, Ollie und Angela zu seiner Wohnung gefahren. Er hat mich seitdem bei sich wohnen lassen und jetzt, na ja, du weißt schon, warst du da..." Meine Stimme verstummt. "Diese schreckliche Sache, die am frühen Samstagmorgen passiert ist". "Zum Glück für mich, also für uns, hatte ich das Zelt schon aufgebaut, denn ich schlafe gerne ab und zu im Wald, lese ein Buch oder mache ein paar Skizzen in aller Ruhe, ohne das ständige Dröhnen von lauter Musik oder dem Fernseher."

Sie antwortet,

"Ja, das verstehe ich. Manchmal wünschte ich, ich hätte einen eigenen Ort, wo ich meinen Eltern und ihrem Gezänk und Geschrei entkommen könnte."

"Bist du ein Einzelkind?"

"Ja"

Ich hole meinen Skizzenblock aus dem Zelt und zeige ihr das Bild, auf dem sie schläft.

"Keine Sorge, ich bin kein Grusel oder so, ich fand es nur toll, wie du da schlafend lagst. Wie eine kleine Gruftprinzessin."

Sie sieht sich das Bild an und macht mich sehr nervös. Ich hoffe, sie hält mich nicht für unheimlich.

"Es ist wunderschön"

"Danke"

"Kann ich es behalten? "

Etwas widerwillig, aber unfähig, Nein zu sagen, kommen die Worte "Sicher, wenn du willst" über meine Lippen.

Sie sieht mich etwas verlegen an.

"Ich erinnere mich nicht einmal an deinen Namen."

"Ich glaube nicht, dass sich einer von uns beiden gestern Abend darum gekümmert hat, keine Sorge. Ich weiß deine auch nicht, ha. Wir haben gestern Abend so viel geredet, dass wir völlig vergessen haben, uns gegenseitig zu fragen, schätze ich. Alle nennen mich Tommy, wie heißt du? "

"Melanie."

Ich sehe sie ungläubig an

"Melanie?"

Sie lacht und klopf mir auf die Schulter: "Hey! Es ist nicht meine Schuld, dass meine Mutter mich so genannt hat!"

Ich schüttele den Kopf: "Nein, nein, so habe ich es nicht gemeint, ich habe nur nicht erwartet, dass du Melanie heißt!"

"Warum?"

Ich zucke mit den Schultern: "Es ist nur", ich mache eine Denkpause, "ich habe noch nie eine kluge Melanie getroffen. Zumindest bis jetzt."

Sie klopf mir wieder auf die Schulter.

"Gut gerettet! Was ist denn das für ein blöder Name...? Ah, du bist wie Tommy Lee, der Schlagzeuger von Mötley Crüe."

"Ich kenne die Band nicht."

"Ach, das ist doch egal, die sind scheiße, und wenn überhaupt, dann bevorzuge ich Mötörhead, Black Flag, Sex Pistols oder sogar Black Sabbath."



Die meisten dieser Namen sagen mir nichts. Ich nicke mit dem Kopf und tue so, als wüsste ich, wovon sie spricht.

"Du kannst mich Luca nennen, wenn du willst, das ist mein zweiter Vorname."

Sie schüttelt lachend den Kopf: "Mein Name ist Luka! Ha, was bist du? Einer von den Lemonheads? Nein, Tommy Lee, du hast gesagt, du heißt Tommy, also nenne ich dich Tommy, wenigstens haben wir jetzt beide dumme Namen."

Wir lachen beide.

Melanie sieht mich intensiv und besorgt an.

"Tommy, ich meine es ernst. Du kannst nicht ewig hier draußen leben. Es gibt verrückte Leute, die Obdachlosen gerne etwas antun. Hast du von dem Penner gelesen, der mit Benzin übergossen und angezündet wurde? Er starb schreiend im Todeskampf und als die Polizei kam, war er bis zur Unkenntlichkeit verbrannt. Ich habe auch andere Geschichten von betrunkenen Teenagern gehört, die Obdachlose in der Altstadt, an Bushaltestellen und vor dem Bahnhof verprügelten. Es gibt viele kranke Typen da draußen, und zu wissen, dass du ein junger Mann bist, der hier draußen ganz allein lebt, macht mir Sorgen."

Ich zuckte mit den Schultern und sagte ihr, dass ich von diesen Geschichten wusste.

"Deshalb habe ich mein Zelt so weit wie möglich im Wald versteckt, weg von den Wanderwegen."

Trotzdem war der Platz, den ich mir ausgesucht hatte, immer noch angreifbar. Die schöne Aussicht beeinträchtigte die Lage etwas, es konnte leicht passieren, dass ein paar betrunkene Teenager vom Wanderweg abkamen und zufällig über mich stolpterten, als ich hier draußen schlief. Bis jetzt hatte ich Glück gehabt, aber wie lange noch?

"Tommy, ich habe eine Idee, wenn du zuhören willst."

Ich nicke.

"Du kennst doch Angela, oder?" Ich nicke. "Sie ist meine beste Freundin und sie lebt allein und ist fast nie zu Hause. Im Grunde genommen, weil sie die meisten Nächte mit ihrem Freund bei ihm zu Hause ist und ihre Wohnung mehr oder weniger nur als begehbaren Kleiderschrank benutzt. Als ich das letzte Mal einen riesigen Streit mit meinen Eltern hatte, habe ich die Nacht auf Angelas Couch verbracht und sie hat gesagt, dass ich jederzeit wieder willkommen bin, wenn ich einen Platz zum Übernachten brauche. Wenn du mich weinend am Straßenrand gesehen hast, lag das meistens an meinem Pech. Das eine Mal, als ich sie brauchte, ging sie nicht ans Telefon und ich habe keinen Schlüssel für ihre Wohnung. Ich wusste, dass sie nicht zu Hause war, und ich wusste nicht, wohin ich gehen sollte. In der Schule reden die Leute nicht wirklich mit mir und außer ihr habe ich keine richtigen Freunde. Irgendwie war es ein Glück, dass du vorbeigekommen bist, als du es getan hast. Wir könnten

rübergehen und schauen, ob sie zu Hause ist. Du könntest sie fragen, ob du bei ihr wohnen kannst, bis wir herausgefunden haben, was mit Ollie los ist."

Sie hat recht. Ich bin völlig schutzlos gegenüber betrunkenen Arschlöchern, die zufällig über meinen Lagerplatz stolpern könnten, und ich wäre einer solchen Gruppe gegenüber völlig wehrlos. Der Gedanke, bei lebendigem Leib zu verbrennen, während ich in meinem Zelt schlafe, jagt mir Schauer über den Rücken. Es ist traurig, dass im sogenannten zivilisierten Westeuropa das Einzige, wovor man in einem schönen und friedlichen Wald Angst haben muss, andere Menschen sind!

Angela wurde, genau wie ich, als Kind auf schreckliche Weise missbraucht. Als Teenager war sie aus ihrer Heimatstadt geflohen, um von allem wegzukommen. Anscheinend gehört Ollie das Gebäude, in dem sie wohnt, und er war es egal, wenn sie die Miete nicht pünktlich oder überhaupt nicht bezahlen konnte. Ich bin von Melanies Vorschlag fasziniert, schließlich ist es eine bessere Idee als die, die ich mir ausgedacht hatte. Melanie schlägt vor, dass ich Angela meinen Vorrat an Wodka und Haschisch als Geschenk mitbringe. Ich nicke zustimmend, während ich zu den Büschen gehe, die meinen Wasservorrat verstecken, und eine weitere Flasche heraushole. Damit wasche ich mein Gesicht und spüle meinen Mund aus. Ich hole meine Zahnbürste und Zahnpasta aus meinem Rucksack. Da ich ein Paar gekauft hatte, hatte ich noch ein unbenutztes, das ich Melanie anbot.

Wir merken schnell, dass es noch viel zu früh ist, um den beschämenden Weg zurück in die Stadt anzutreten, also packen wir die Sachen weg und klettern zurück ins Zelt, um uns zu entspannen. Schon bald sind wir beide eingeschlafen und haben uns wieder in die Arme des anderen gekuschelt.

Gegen Mittag kam ich langsam wieder zur Besinnung. Die Auswirkungen der Drogen und des Alkohols sind noch nicht ganz verschwunden, aber im Großen und Ganzen fühle ich mich wieder wie ein Mensch. Als ich sie kuschle, wecken mich andere Gefühle und auch sie rührt sich im Schlaf begierig. Ich knöpfe Melanies Jeans auf und bewege meine Hand sanft zwischen ihre Beine, während ich sie auf den Hals küsse. Sie fängt an, leise zu stöhnen und spreizt ihre Beine in Erwartung. Bald spannt sich ihr ganzer Unterkörper vor Lust an. Ich ziehe ihre Hose bis unter das Knie herunter und streichle sie weiter sanft und rhythmisch. Ich ziehe ihr T-Shirt hoch und sauge an ihren Brustwarzen. Sie zieht meinen Kopf zu sich und wir küssen uns leidenschaftlich. Sie reißt heftig an meinen Haaren und erstaunlich schnell zittert ihr ganzer Körper vor Ekstase.

Sie spritzt mir über die ganze Hand, so dass ihr Slip klatschnass wird. Hastig ziehe ich ihr die Jeans aus, während meine Erektion ungeduldig auf sie wartet. Sanft schiebe ich ihre Beine auseinander und lege ihre Füße auf meine Schultern. Ich muss mich beherrschen, um nicht gewaltsam in sie einzudringen, wie das pulsierende Tier, das ich bin. Sanft und leicht gleite ich in sie hinein, während ich ihre Beine bis zu ihren Füßen streichle. Sie zieht mich an den Haaren zu sich heran und ich schiebe ihre Beine bis zu ihren Brüsten und drücke sie mit meinen Schultern fest.

Ich streichle ihren Hals und ihre Ohrläppchen sanft mit meinen Lippen, während sie kräftig in mein Ohr atmet. Ich pumpe langsam und kraftvoll. Sie stöhnt in viel höherer Tonlage als

ihre Sprechstimme. Es ist melodisch und wunderschön, ihr zuzuhören. Ich will jeden Stoß, jeden Schlag in ihr auskosten. Ich starre in ihre schönen Augen und umarme ihre Lippen, während ich langsam und ruhig mit meiner Zunge in ihren Mund eindringe. Ich lecke die Innenseite ihrer vollen, leuchtend roten Lippen und ihrer kirschroten Zunge. Sie schmeckt wie eine Mischung aus Minzzahnpasta, Tabak und Schokolade. Sie ist so lecker, denke ich bei mir. Ich sauge weiter an ihren Lippen, lecke und küsse ihren Hals und ihre Brust. Ich kreise mit meiner Zunge um ihre dunklen, erigierten Brustwarzen. Ich beiße und sauge spielerisch an ihnen, sodass ihre Beine zittern und ihre Bauchmuskeln sich in einer Sinusbewegung bewegen

"Jetzt, wo ich nüchtern bin, ist es viel schöner", denke ich mir.

Als Melanie und ich langsam den perfekten Rhythmus füreinander finden, sieht Melanie mich verstört an und flüstert mir ins Ohr,

"Verdammt, wir haben vergessen, ein Kondom zu benutzen, ich hoffe, du bist nicht krank"

Ich schüttele den Kopf: "Mach dir keine Sorgen, ich bin sauber. Soll ich aufhören?"

Sie schüttelt lächelnd den Kopf "Versuchst du, rechtzeitig dich zurückzuziehen? Vielleicht? Ich habe die Pille seit Freitagmorgen nicht mehr genommen."

Ich nicke.

So sauber war ich eigentlich nicht. Dank meiner Mutter und anderer erwachsener Frauen, die versuchten, mich zum Sex mit ihnen zu zwingen, hatte ich wahrscheinlich schon mit fünf Jahren Herpes. Ich lernte, die Ausbrüche weit im Voraus zu erkennen. Normalerweise schwellen die Lymphknoten in meiner Leiste an und schmerzten, gefolgt von Juckreiz und einem brennenden Gefühl.

Zum Glück hatte ich viele Jahre lang keinen Ausbruch, nachdem ich in die Pubertät gekommen war, denn ich war furchtbar lässig im Umgang mit Kondomen.

Melanie war bei weitem nicht das erste Mädchen, mit dem ich ungeschützten Sex hatte.

Ich war mir sicher, dass ich wahrscheinlich nichts Schlimmes hatte und außerdem war ich jung und gesund. Die Angst vor Dingen wie Aids oder Hepatitis, nun ja, sagen wir einfach, ich war in dem Alter ziemlich unwissend.

Sie schiebt meinen Bauch ein wenig zurück und zuckt. Ich scheine ihr anfangs Unbehagen zu bereiten, also lasse ich mir Zeit und halte mich zurück. Ich warte darauf, dass sich ihr Körper mit mir in ihr wohlfühlt. Langsam und vorsichtig dringe ich tiefer und tiefer ein. Ihre Augen rollen an ihren Hinterkopf, als ich spüre, wie ihre Hände sanft meinen Rhythmus lenken und mich ganz hineinziehen. Unsere Hüften treffen aufeinander. Ich halte inne und halte sie fest, während ich ihren Gebärmutterhals an der Spitze meines Schafts pulsieren spüre. Unsere Körper sind so eng aneinandergespreßt, wie es nur geht.

Wir liegen einfach nur da, halten uns gegenseitig, küssen uns und genießen die Empfindungen, die wie durch ein Wunder entstanden sind. Mein ganzer Körper zittert vor lauter Ekstase, während ich in einem starken Rhythmus pumpe. Mit jedem Stoß gehe ich

nun fast gewaltsam ganz rein und raus. Melanies Hüften bewegen sich nach oben, während ich sie halte und ihre Beine zwischen meinen breiten Schultern und meinem zitternden Trizeps stütze. Wir spiegeln die Bewegungen des anderen, eine biologische Maschine, die perfekt synchronisiert ist.

Jeder Muskel in meinem Körper hat nur ein Ziel. Das Erreichen von absolutem Vergnügen. Ich versuche im Alleingang, meinen Damm, der zu brechen droht, aufzuhalten. Melanie schreit vor Lust auf. Ich kann mich nicht länger zurückhalten und bevor ich auch nur daran denken kann, mich zu entfernen, bricht der Damm tief in ihrem Inneren und überflutet ihren Bauchinnere, während sie ihre erschöpften Beine auf den Boden fallen lässt. Keuchend und nach Luft schnappend breche ich auf ihrer Brust zusammen.

Sie gräbt ihre Nägel in meinen nackten Rücken, reißt an meiner Haut, es fühlt sich an, als würde sie mich wieder aufreißen.

Das macht mir nichts aus, im Gegenteil, ich mag es sehr.

Dieses fleischfressende, wunderschöne Biest windet sich unter mir vor Lust, ihr Atem ist heiß in meinem Ohr. Sie gibt meinem Becken einen schnelleren Rhythmus und ich habe anfangs Mühe, mitzuhalten, aber bald erreichen wir wieder einen Gleichklang der Bewegungen. Ihr Orgasmus ist immer noch im Gange, tief und intensiv.

In rasantem Tempo zittert ihr ganzer Körper in vibrierenden Euphorien.

Melanie schreit in Ekstase so laut, dass ich sicher bin, dass sie mein rechtes Trommelfell dauerhaft beschädigt hat. Mit Sicherheit kann sie jeder unten im Tal hören. Ihr schneller Atem an meinem Hals erregt mich so heftig, dass ich ein zweites Mal ejakuliert habe. Als sie sich an meinem Rücken krallt, spritzt sie über mein ganzes Becken und sackt zusammen, wobei sie ihre Hände von meinem Rücken auf den Plastikzeltboden plumpsen lässt. Mein Gesäßmuskel zittert, während wir in unserer Umarmung verharren und unsere Körper weiter pulsieren und zittern. Langsam rolle ich auf die Seite und halte ihr linkes Bein über meiner Hüfte.

Körperflüssigkeiten laufen herunter und tropfen auf den Plastikboden des Zelt.

Wir liegen atemlos und kichern über die Geräusche, die er macht.

Sie legt ihren Kopf auf meine keuchende Brust, mein Herz pocht tief und rhythmisch. Wir bleiben lange Zeit ganz regungslos und atmen schnell, bis wir langsam wieder zu Atem kommen. Ich kann spüren, wie ihr Atem über meine Brustwarzen und meinen Arm fließt. Sie schläft auf meiner Brust ein und ich lasse sie gewähren und streichle ihren Rücken und ihre Beine. Ich habe noch nie zuvor eine solche Euphorie gespürt. Ich schwebe dem Himmel entgegen. Melanies Gewicht fühlt sich so leicht an wie eine Feder. Auch ich schlafe kurz ein und wache bald wieder auf, weil mein Magen knurrt.

Melanie lacht,

"Wir sollten dich füttern"

Ich lache auch, wir können es beide nicht mehr ertragen, in unseren eigenen Körperflüssigkeiten zu liegen. Unbeholfen stehen wir auf und ziehen uns an. Ich gebe Melanie mein benutztes T-Shirt, damit sie sich abtrocknen kann, und etwas Körperspray. Ich

reiche ihr ein frisches T-Shirt und Unterwäsche, da ihre völlig durchnässt ist. Da ich in dem Alter sehr dünn war, passte ihr die Unterwäsche gerade so.

Wir kommen halbnackt aus dem Zelt und helfen uns gegenseitig beim Anziehen. Ich packe meinen kleinen Rucksack mit ein paar frischen Klamotten, der letzten versiegelten Flasche Wodka, Wasser, dem restlichen Haschisch und natürlich meinem Walkman und den wenigen Kassetten, die ich besitze. Für den langen Weg in die Stadt stecke ich einen Doppelstecker-Adapter in meinen Walkman und gebe Melanie das zweite beschissene Paar Kopfhörer zum Mithören.

Ich liebe es, beim Gehen Musik zu hören und ich bin mehr als glücklich, meine Liebe zur Musik mit ihr zu teilen. Sie hat noch nie von dieser Band gehört und fragt mich, wie sie heißt.

Ich sage ihr, dass es Ednaswap heißt.

Sie sagt, dass sie ihre Musik mag und das macht mich glücklich, denn sie sind eine meiner Lieblingsbands. Wir zünden uns einen Joint an und machen uns Arm in Arm auf den Rückweg in die Stadt. Melanie blinzelt im Sonnenlicht, also lasse ich sie meine Sonnenbrille tragen.

Sie ist viel zu groß für ihr Gesicht, aber sie sieht trotzdem süß aus, wenn sie sie trägt.

Als wir wieder im Zentrum der Altstadt ankommen, halten wir an einem Kebab-Lokal. Das "Istanbul". Weiße, rot umrandete Buchstaben auf einem leuchtend gelben Hintergrund mit einem goldenen Minarett-Logo auf beiden Seiten. Das Innere ist eher schlecht beleuchtet und wirkt auf den ersten Blick eher wie eine Tankstelle für Ethanol-Junkies als ein Diner.

Wir müssen durch einen kleinen, schwach beleuchteten und schmutzigen Korridor gehen, um das Gebäude zu betreten. Der Korridor führt zu einem Aufzugsschacht und einem Treppenhaus, das zu den baufälligen Wohnungen über ihm führt. Wir haben beide einen Bärenhunger, da wir seit Freitag nichts Warmes mehr gegessen haben, und so beschließen wir, unser Zögern zu ignorieren und hineinzugehen.

Im Gegensatz zu dem etwas düsteren Äußeren sehen die Backwaren und die Präsentation der Speisen auf der anderen Seite des Lokals frisch aus und riechen lecker. Die Frau an der Theke ist freundlich und erklärt uns gerne die verschiedenen Gerichte, die sie anbieten. Sie schaut etwas enttäuscht, als wir immer noch den üblichen Döner mit Pommes bestellen. Ich sehe ihren Gesichtsausdruck und fühle mich schlecht. Ich lasse mich von ihr überzeugen, das herzhafte, hausgemachte Gebäck und Baklava zu probieren. Eine extrem süße Nachspeise. Ich bestelle einige der verschiedenen Gebäckstücke, die sie im Angebot hat, und sie kommt mir gerne entgegen und stapelt sie auf zwei braune Plastiktablets, wobei sie sehr darauf achtet, die Baklava nicht zu beschädigen.

Ich bin mir sicher, dass wir beide niemals alles auf einmal aufessen werden.

Wir tragen das Gebäck an einen Ecktisch, weit weg vom Kommen und Gehen der anderen Kunden. Sie und ich breiten unsere Beute auf einem Tisch für vier Personen aus, während wir auf die bestellten Kebabs und Pommes warten. Der Fernseher, der auf der gegenüberliegenden Seite in der Nähe des Eingangs an der Wand hängt, bietet denjenigen, die sich nicht unterhalten können, grelle orientalische Musikvideos.

Freudig stürzen wir uns auf die noch warmen und wunderbar duftenden Köstlichkeiten und stellen fest, dass wir außer dem Koch, der uns immer wieder durch das Küchenfenster anschaut, und der Dame an der Theke, die eifrig telefoniert, die einzigen im Lokal sind.

Wir scherzen leise über den unheimlichen Eingang und die schrille Inneneinrichtung. Die ruhige Atmosphäre wird bald von vier lauten bierbäuchigen Großvätern unterbrochen, die Bier und Schnaps bestellen. Sie bitten den Besitzer, den Fernsehkanal auf das Live-Tennisspiel umzuschalten. Einer der Männer ist über zwei Meter groß und hat einen riesigen Oberlippenbart. Er hat entweder sehr muskulöse oder sehr dicke Oberarme. Auf jeden Fall sieht er so aus, als könnte er meinen dünnen Arsch bei lebendigem Leib verspeisen und hätte noch Platz für Melanie, wenn er wollte.

Er schaut immer wieder zu uns rüber. Ich habe das Gefühl, dass er Augenkontakt sucht, um entweder einen Witz zu machen oder einen Streit anzufangen. Vielleicht ist er freundlich, aber trotzdem ignoriere ich ihn so gut es geht. Ich war wirklich nicht in der Stimmung für ein Gespräch oder eine Konfrontation. Dieser Trunkenbold war sichtlich gelangweilt und könnte Ärger machen.

Schließlich setzen sie sich an einen Tisch in der Mitte des Raumes, zwischen der Bar und dem Fernseher. Als ob sie damit eine Aussage machen wollten. "Das ist unser Platz, wir haben hier das Sagen".

Zum Glück bringt die Frau das sehnlichst erwartete Essen. Ich fühle mich nicht wohl, wenn diese faschistischen Mächtigen-Polizisten uns anstarren. Melanie dabei zuzusehen, wie sie den tiefenden Kebab verschlingt, ist unterhaltsam und ist auch den Betrunknen nicht entgangen. Die Beilagen und das Chili tropfen ihr über die Finger. Zwischen rassistischen und frauenfeindlichen Witzen machen sie sich lautstark über sie lustig, während sie in ungehobelter, überschwänglicher Pseudo-Intelligenz über das Tennismatch diskutieren.

Ich halte mich nicht für den mutigsten aller Männer und ehrlich gesagt, fühle ich mich ziemlich eingeschüchtert. Ich kann nicht umhin zu bemerken, dass Melanie sich ihnen gegenüber angriffslustig verhält. Konfrontativ in einer "Fick dich"-Manier, ohne aufzuschauen oder ein Wort zu sagen. Das hilft mir, weniger ängstlich zu sein und macht es für mich umso lustiger.

Ich merkte, dass ich kaum die Hälfte meines Essens gegessen hatte, als sie mit ihrem Döner fertig war und jede einzelne Pommes auf ihrem Teller verschlang, bevor sie sich auch an den Pommes auf meinem Teller bediente. Nicht, dass mich das stören würde, wir haben einen ziemlichen Marathon auf dem Hügel in meinem Zelt hinter uns gebracht und ich sehe gerne eine Frau, die gut essen kann.

Ich lächle. Die Arschlöcher, die da drüben sitzen, tun mir leid. Sie haben keinen Sexappeal und haben wahrscheinlich schon vor meiner Geburt nicht mehr mit einer schönen Frau geschlafen.

Als ob sie meine Gedanken hören könnte, blickt Melanie von ihrer Essenswut auf und grinst mich an wie eine glückliche kleine Löwin. Ihre Lippen triefen vor Chili und Cocktailsauce, als hätte sie ihr Gesicht im Blut einer frischen Beute vergraben. Ich wische ihre Lippen mit meinem Finger ab und säubere sie mit meinem Mund. Erstaunlicherweise haben wir es

geschafft, jeden einzelnen Bissen der bestellten Kebabs, Pommes frites, Baklava und Gebäckstücke zu verschlingen. Kichernd tauschen wir das Erstaunen über unsere Fähigkeiten zur schieren Völlerei aus. Ich ruhe mich aus, um zu verdauen, während ich verwirrt auf die lilafarbenen Plastikkronleuchter schaue, die wahllos über den Köpfen angebracht sind, sowie auf die knallige und viel zu glänzende Deko und den umgebenden Kitsch.

Ich schaue Melanie an.

"Wow, wer hat all dieses schreckliche Zeug hier reingestellt und sich dann gedacht, ja, das sieht fantastisch aus? So will ich die orientalische Kultur in meinem Imbissbude darstellen!" Ich konnte mir nicht vorstellen, dass die Diners in Istanbul tatsächlich so aussehen. Sie lacht.

Zwei Zombies im Fresskoma atmen schwer und bleiben bewegungsunfähig, bis ich endlich die Kraft finde, mich aus dem babykackgrünen Ledersessel zu ziehen und meinen Kadaver zur Bar zu schleppen, um uns einen starken türkischen Kaffee zu holen.

Eine Stunde später tut der zuckersüße Sirup aus Baklava und Kaffee seine Wirkung und weckt uns wieder auf und wir schlendern an den Betrunkenen vorbei. Mittlerweile haben sie eine beeindruckende Menge an Bier- und Schnapsgläsern an ihrem Tisch versammelt. Wir stolpern nach draußen in die kühle Brise des späten Nachmittags und setzen unseren Weg zu Angelas Haus fort.

Wir halten an einem Münztelefon in der Nähe. Melanie belügt ihre Mutter weiterhin, dass sie am Wochenende mit Angela zusammen war. Es gibt viele hitzige Diskussionen. Soweit ich das verstehe, streitet Melanie gegenüber ihrer Mutter vehement ab, etwas von dem tragischen Ereignis gewusst zu haben, das sich am Wochenende wie ein Lauffeuer in der Stadt verbreitet hat. Ihre Mutter ist am Telefon hörbar besorgt und Melanie verspricht, vor 22 Uhr zu Hause zu sein.

Nach dem hitzigen Gespräch mit Melanies Mutter, ruft sie Angela an. Zu Melanies Erleichterung nimmt Angela schließlich den Hörer im Haus ihres Freundes ab. Man sagt ihr, dass sie sich mit dem Schlüssel, der unter der Fußmatte versteckt ist, selbst hereinlassen kann.

Wir kommen in Angelas kleiner und gemütlicher Wohnung an. Niemand ist zuhause und es ist unordentlich. Das anhaltende Parfüm im Flur lässt auf einen teuren Geschmack schließen. Ein Schlafzimmer auf der linken Seite und die zweite Tür auf der rechten Seite führt in ein chaotisches Wohnzimmer mit einem ausziehbaren Sofa für Gäste.

An den Wänden hängen einige ziemlich gut gemachte Gemälde mit schönen, verschlungenen und interessanten Themen. Ich schaue sie mir genau an, so ein Kunstwerk muss Stunden, wenn nicht sogar Tage dauern, bis es fertig ist. Sie sind alle mit "Grrr" signiert.

"Hmmm, dieser Künstler hat Humor." denke ich bei mir.

Ich gehe in die Küche und fange an, Kaffee zu kochen, als ich Schritte aus dem Treppenhaus und das Rascheln von Schlüsseln höre. Ich bin einen Moment lang unruhig und fühle mich

ziemlich unwohl dabei, unangemeldet in der Küche zu stehen. Melanie ruft "die Tür ist offen" und geht fröhlich hinüber, um sie zu begrüßen. Sie umarmen sich und tanzen im Flur herum, wobei sie sich gegenseitig ihre Namen zurufen. Melanie ergreift Angelas Hand und zieht sie in die Küche.

"Tommy ist auch hier, er macht Kaffee, willst du auch einen?"  
Sie sieht mich mit dem strahlendsten Lächeln an.

"Klar..."

Ich kannte Angela schon ein bisschen, weil ich bei Ollie wohnte. Sie kam oft nach der Schule vorbei, um zu chillen und sich zuzudröhnen, sich etwas Dope zu besorgen und so weiter. Später nahm sie ihren Freund mit und ich war eifersüchtig auf ihn. Aber das tat meiner unstillbaren Sehnsucht keinen Abbruch. Niemals hätte ich mir vorstellen können, dass ich eines Tages mit ihr eine Wohnung teilen würde. Was würde ihr Freund jetzt denken, wenn er mich in ihrer Wohnung fände?!

Ollie hat mir oft scherzhaft gesagt, ich solle sie fragen, ob sie mit mir ausgeht, damit sie endlich Nein sagen kann und wir alle weiterziehen können! Das war eines der wenigen Themen, mit denen Ollie mich ärgern konnte.

Ich zog es hartnäckig vor, in meiner Fantasie zu leben. Die winzig kleine Chance, sie in meinen Träumen zu umwerben, war nervenschonender, als meine Seele ein für alle Mal unter der harten Realität des Spottes zu zermalmen, den ich ernten würde, wenn ich meine Gefühle in einem ungeschickten Versuch kundtäte. Außerdem, so dachte ich anfangs, bestand die Gefahr, von besagtem Freund, dem wohlhabenden, viel älteren, muskulösen Gorilla namens Lars, eins auf die Nase zu bekommen. Wenn ich Angela begegnete, hielt ich mich seinetwegen von ihr fern und unterhielt mich nur kurz und oberflächlich mit ihr.

Ich stellte bald fest, dass Lars im Gegensatz zu Angela zu meiner Überraschung überschwänglich freundlich und gesprächig war. Sein Körperbau machte mir jedoch Angst und ich fühlte mich in seiner Gegenwart nervös. Nie hätte ich gedacht, dass sich hinter dem gemeißelten Gesicht, den makellosen schwarzen Haaren, den wulstigen Brustmuskeln, die mit einer massiven goldenen Halskette verziert sind, den tätowierten Tribal-Ringen um seine Oberarmmuskeln, die das Calvin Klein-T-Shirt überragen, und der zweitausend Dollar teuren Omega-Automatikuhr, die sein massives, geädertes Handgelenk ziert, tatsächlich ein freundlicher, liebevoller und intelligenter Mensch verbirgt. Lars hatte einen Dokortitel in Medizin und leitete seine eigene Praxis. Es war unglaublich, einen solchen Zusammenprall von Klischees bei ein und demselben Menschen zu sehen.

Er liebte gute Gespräche bei einem guten Whiskey und einer Zigarre, und das tat ich auch. Von der deutschen Politik bis hin zum Trubel dieser neuen Sache, die sich Internet nannte, Rockmusik und -kultur, Geschichte, Waffen, Religion, was immer du willst. Kein Thema war tabu und er war wirklich kein schlechter Kerl. Er war nur sehr einschüchternd. Trotz meiner misslichen Lage haben wir uns gut verstanden. Angela hätte es sicher schlechter treffen können, und er sah für sein Alter wirklich gut aus.



Lars sieht aus, als wäre er am anderen Ende der Dreißig und färbt sich wahrscheinlich schon die Haare. Sicherlich ist er kurz vor der Midlife-Crisis. Ich schätze, er ist locker doppelt so alt wie Angela. Es ist verständlich, dass er nervös wird, wenn sie in Clubs ausgehen und viel jüngere, gutaussehende Männer versuchen, mit ihr zu flirten. Angela gegenüber zeigt er nie seine Unsicherheit. Das gefällt mir an ihm.

Ganz im Gegenteil, ob privat oder in der Öffentlichkeit, er behandelt sie wie eine Prinzessin und erfüllt ihr jeden Wunsch von den Lippen. Auch zu ihren Freunden ist er großzügig.

Wenn er uns zusammen mit Angela besucht, bringt er immer eine Flasche guten Whiskey und erstklassige Zigarren sowie eine Prise Kokain mit. Gerade genug, um ein bisschen high zu werden, aber nie zu viel.

Zu viert gingen wir fast jedes Wochenende aus. Zuerst gingen wir in die Spielhalle und spielten Spiele wie House of the Dead, Tischhockey oder vielleicht ein paar Runden Billard, bevor wir in die Clubs gingen. Lars ist manchmal so ein großes, albernes Kind. Er schreit und kreischt vor Aufregung, wenn er spielt, und ist bei allem, was er tut, super intensiv. Es ist ziemlich amüsant, ihm zuzusehen. Außerdem besteht er darauf, alles zu bezahlen, ohne Fragen zu stellen. Das führte oft dazu, dass er und Ollie sich darum stritt, wer zahlen durfte, da Ollie es auch liebte, mit seinem Geld zu prahlen. Obwohl Ollie sich wie Cheech kleidete, kannte er alle Türsteher und Clubbesitzer, so dass er damit durchkam, sich wie ein totaler Clochard zu kleiden.

Als wir das erste Mal zusammen abhängen, beleidige ich Lars aus Versehen, indem ich mein Bier an der Bar selbst bezahle. Er kam rüber und drückte mir zehn D-Mark in die Hand. Viel mehr, als das Getränk gekostet hat. Ich wollte sie ihm zurückgeben und er fragte irritiert. "Denkst du, ich bin pleite?" Er lachte. "Ich bin ein verdammter Arzt mit einem eigenen Haus, einem Swimmingpool, einer Porsche-Sammlung und keinen Kindern, für die ich Unterhalt zahlen muss. Was glaubst du, was ich meinte, als ich sagte, dass alle Drinks auf mich gehen?" Ich rollte mit den Augen und imitierte sarkastisch Pee-Wee Herman mit den Worten "Es tut mir leid, es tut mir nicht leid", was ihn zum Lachen brachte. Angela kam mir unnötigerweise zu Hilfe und ermahnte ihn, mit der Angeberei aufzuhören.

Irgendwann fing Lars an, mich zu mögen, und ich begann, ihn auch zu mögen. Ich war der Jüngere in der Gruppe, mit dem er angeben konnte. Außerdem gefiel ihm, dass ich fließend Englisch sprach und alle seine Lieblings-Rockstücke auf Ollies Gitarre spielen und singen konnte. Von "The Scorpions" und "Die Toten Hosen" bis zu "Iggy Pop" und "Sex Pistols". Ich konnte eine Melodie leicht auswendig lernen, wenn ich sie ein paar Mal auf dem Kassettenrekorder gehört hatte, und sie aus dem Gedächtnis spielen, einschließlich des Textes. Er fand das beeindruckend. Wenn er mit uns zu Hause abhing, bestand er darauf, dass ich bis tief in die Nacht ein Lied nach dem anderen spielte und steckte mir oft ein paar hundert Mark für meine Bemühungen zu. Ich war auf jeden Fall sein Lieblingsprojekt. Außerdem sah er nicht nur so aus, er war auch verdammt zäh. Er hatte jahrelanges Kickboxen hinter sich und hatte keine Probleme, jemanden in die Schranken zu weisen, wenn es nötig war. Das war mir willkommen, denn ich war alles andere als muskulös oder mutig. Es machte mir auch bewusst, dass ich es mir zweimal überlegen sollte, bevor ich ihn verärgerte. Ich glaube aber nicht, dass er mir wehgetan hätte, er sah mich nicht als Bedrohung an.

Angela schaut mir tief in die Augen und wirft mich ein wenig aus der Bahn.

"Ja, Tommy, keine Milch und zwei Stück Zucker bitte."

Bevor ich mich umdrehen kann, um ihr eine Tasse einzuschenken, streckt sie ihre Arme aus und bietet mir eine Umarmung an. Ich erwidere sie eifrig. Sie hat mich noch nie zuvor umarmt und aus der Nähe riecht sie sogar noch besser. Ihr Parfüm muss ein kleines Vermögen kosten und ist leider ziemlich erregend. Nachdem wir uns umarmt haben, hält sie meine Oberarme fest und sieht mich traurig und wehmütig an.

"Ich habe gehört, was passiert ist, es tut mir so leid!"

"Wirklich? Was hast du gehört?"

Mit leiser Stimme sagt sie: "Ja, armer Wolfgang, er war so ein netter Kerl, wie schrecklich, dass er einfach so umgebracht wird. Der arme Ollie muss so traumatisiert sein, dass so etwas bei ihm zu Hause passieren konnte. Ollies Anwalt hat mich auf meinem Handy angerufen. Er sagte, dass die Polizei ihn wegen der gefundenen Drogen und Utensilien festhält. Außerdem wollen sie sichergehen, dass Wolfgangs Tod wirklich ein Unfall war, also haben sie seine Wohnung für die Ermittlungen abgeriegelt. Er wird morgen früh dem Richter vorgeführt, aber ehrlich gesagt glaube ich nicht, dass er bald nach Hause gehen wird."

"Können wir ihm etwas bringen? Etwas tun?"

"Nein, im Moment darf er nur mit seinem Anwalt Kontakt haben."

Mir steigen die Tränen in die Augen und Angela zieht mich wieder zu sich, umarmt mich dieses Mal noch fester und ein kleiner Schluchzer entweicht meiner Brust. Ich habe mich schnell wieder gefangen. Im Moment kann ich nicht zu viele Gefühle haben.

Ich denke darüber nach, wie viel Glück Ollie hatte, wie viel Glück ich hatte, dass ich mit Drogen und Bargeld im Wert von Tausenden von Mark direkt vor der Nase der Behörden abgehauen bin und damit durchkam. Meine Fingerabdrücke sind nirgendwo registriert, also mache ich mir keine großen Sorgen.

Ich bin aber immer noch traurig und enttäuscht von mir selbst.

Ich war mir so sicher, dass ich wirklich gute Arbeit geleistet hatte, um den Stoff loszuwerden, so sicher, dass die Polizei Ollie befragen, nichts finden und ihn in Ruhe lassen würde. In einem so kleinen Zeitfenster, unter diesen Umständen, wurden Dinge übersehen und jetzt gebe ich mir die Schuld daran, dass Ollie im Gefängnis sitzt.

Ich gieße drei starke schwarze Kaffees aus der großen Kaffeemaschine, mische Zucker in alle und folge den Mädchen ins Wohnzimmer. Ich reiche den Mädchen wahllos eine Tasse, während sie im Schneidersitz auf dem ausziehbaren Schlafsofa sitzen und sich angeregt über die Ereignisse des Wochenendes unterhalten. Ich setze mich auf den Sitzsack gegenüber von ihnen und nippe langsam an meinem Kaffee. Angela grinst mich an, während sie Melanies kurzes und struppiges Haar streichelt.

"Sag mal, wie hast du denn meine tolle Freundin kennengelernt?"

Ich lächle schüchtern, während ich schlürfe, und Melanie lacht. Ich ringe nach Worten, aber alles, was ich höre, ist, dass ich Geräusche in den Becher mache.

"Hmmm, hmmm ahhh nun ja."

Ich bin aufgeregt und erleichtert, als Melanie übernimmt und ausführlich erzählt, wie wir uns kennengelernt haben. Sie malt ein wirklich schönes Bild von mir, aber zu meiner Besorgnis lässt sie völlig außer Acht, dass wir Sex hatten oder sogar eine romantische Beziehung eingegangen sind. Das beunruhigt mich ein wenig, aber schließlich sind wir erst seit 48 Stunden zusammen und vielleicht hält Melanie mich einfach nicht für einen geeigneten Freund. Verständlich. Wehmütig starre ich in meinen Kaffee und spüre, wie sich die Hitze auf meinen Wangen niederschlägt.

Melanie und Angela unterhalten sich weiter auf Deutsch. Mein Deutsch ist nicht so fließend, aber ich verstehe genug, um zu wissen, dass sie darüber reden, dass sie die Nacht mit mir im Zelt verbringen wird. Angelas Augen leuchten auf und sie grinst mich frech an. Melanie klopft ihr Bein und wiederholt lautstark meine stille Angst.

"Nein, nichts dergleichen, wir haben nur im Zelt geschlafen, und er war ein perfekter Gentleman."

Sie zwinkert mir lachend zu.

Melanie erzählt weiter, dass ich auf der Flucht vor meinem missbrauchenden Stiefvater bin. Angela schaut mich beruhigend an, denn ich habe ihr und Ollie schon vor vielen Wochen meine Situation erklärt. Es ist mir unangenehm, dass Melanie vor mir von meinem Leben erzählt und Angela hört Melanie nur zu, weil sie nicht unhöflich sein und ihr sagen will, dass sie schon alles weiß.

Ich unterbreche Melanie höflich und sage, dass ich darüber jetzt lieber nicht sprechen möchte.

Das Versprechen eines frisch gedrehten Joints hebt die Unbehaglichkeit im Raum auf, als ich das Gespräch wechsele und Angela nach all ihren Bildern an der Wand frage.

Sie ist mehr als glücklich, mir ihre Kunstwerke zu zeigen und über ihre Lieblingskünstler zu sprechen. Ich frage sie, warum sie sie mit "Grrr" unterschreibt, und ihre Antwort? Sie verschränkt ihre Arme wie ein T-Rex und schreit "Grrr, weißt du? Wie ein Dinosaurier. Stell dir einen T-Rex vor, der mit diesen winzigen Armen malen kann."

Ich finde es lustig."

Ich breche in Gelächter aus und beiße mir auf die Lippen, verdammt, sie ist heiß.

Während wir den kleinen Flur mit Joint-Rauch füllen, erzählt sie mir, dass sie Kunst studieren will, nachdem sie hoffentlich nächsten Sommer die High School beendet hat. Mir gefallen ihre detailreichen Kohle- und Bleistiftzeichnungen sehr gut und die Fotocollagen sind im Gegensatz dazu sehr poppig. Ich erzähle ihr, dass auch ich ein aufstrebender Künstler bin. Sie ist begeistert, ein anderer Künstler in ihrem Haus zu haben. Ich verspreche, ihr mein Skizzenbuch, das noch im Zelt liegt, mitzubringen und zu zeigen. Ich bin froh, dass wir uns als Freunde verstehen und dass sie sich in meiner Gegenwart wohl fühlt.

Sie unterbricht das Gespräch, um zur Sache zu kommen. Sie kennt mich vielleicht nicht so gut, aber sie kennt Ollie und Melanie. Sie sind beide ihre engsten Freunde.

"Ich habe Glück, dass ich so wunderbare Referenzen habe", sage ich halb im Scherz und wir lachen alle.

Eine weitere Umarmung besiegelt den Deal. Ich schaue Melanie nervös an.

"Ach, keine Sorge", sagt sie. "Angela umarmt dich nur, wenn sie dich wirklich mag."

Ich denke. "Ja, Melanie, das ist genau das, was mir Sorgen macht. Dein toller Freundin und ich sind total am Klicken und du lässt dich davon nicht im Geringsten beirren. Du hast nicht einmal deiner angeblich besten Freundin erzählt, dass wir miteinander geschlafen haben! Mein Gott, ich verströme immer noch deine Pheromone, nachdem wir stundenlang, eine Nacht und einen Tag lang, den wohl besten Sex meines Lebens hatten. Wir sind beide nicht geduscht und riechen immer noch nach Koitus und sind buchstäblich mit den Rückständen der verdunsteten Körperflüssigkeiten des anderen bedeckt. Wie kannst du nur so faktisch distanziert sein?"

Melanie hat keinen Hauch von Eifersucht an sich.

War das alles, was ich war? Ein One-Night-Stand?

War Melanie einfach zu cool bei allem?

Ich finde mich damit ab, Melanie später unter vier Augen zu konfrontieren, während Angela mich in der Wohnung herumführt. Die Eingangstür öffnet sich zu einem kleinen Badezimmer auf der rechten Seite, in dem Badewanne, Toilette und Waschbecken auf engstem Raum zusammengepfercht sind. Eigentlich müsste man die Badezimmertür schließen, um sich auf die Toilette zu setzen, denn die Tür ist schlecht konstruiert und öffnet sich nach links, wodurch die Toilettenschüssel teilweise blockiert wird.

Das Waschbecken ist zwischen der Toilette und der alten emaillierten Badewanne eingeklemmt. Die Badewanne ist auf einer Seite tief und steigt auf der anderen Seite zu einem Sitz an. "Eine sehr merkwürdige Sache", denke ich bei mir.

Sie ist nicht wirklich groß genug, um sie als Badewanne zu benutzen, und warum solltest du dich beim Duschen hinsetzen wollen? Das ergab für mich keinen Sinn.

An einer fadenscheinigen weißen Vorhangstange hängt ein weißer Stoffduschvorhang, der mit schwarzem Schimmel übersät ist und mit Cartoon-Katzen, Herzen und Herzen mit der Aufschrift "I heart cats" bedruckt ist.

Angela informiert mich, dass es im Keller eine alte Waschmaschine gibt, deren Benutzung in der Miete enthalten ist. Der Korridor ist kaum einen Meter breit. Zwei Menschen können nicht aneinander vorbeigehen, ohne dass sich einer von ihnen zur Seite dreht.

Angelas Schlafzimmertür liegt schräg gegenüber vom Badezimmer und das Schlafzimmer ist kleiner als ihr Wohnzimmer, das für eine so kleine Wohnung ziemlich geräumig ist.

Dennoch ist ihr Schlafzimmer mit neun Quadratmetern groß genug für ein französisches Bett. Undurchsichtige weiße Seidenvorhänge hängen an den Seiten herunter. Ihre roten Satinlaken und die passenden Kissen- und Bettbezüge laden zu vielen leidenschaftlichen Stunden der Romantik ein.

Das Bett scheint größtenteils mit Dutzenden von Kissen und Plüschtieren in allen Formen und Größen belegt zu sein, so dass kaum genug Platz für eine, geschweige denn für zwei Personen bleibt.

Ein dunkler, ziemlich gruselig aussehender, dreistöckiger alter Holzschubladenschrank erstreckt sich zwischen der Wand zum Flur und dem Bett. Abgesehen von der Funktionalität sieht er völlig deplatziert aus und ist viel zu groß, um als Nachttisch zu dienen. Er gehört eher in die Küche oder in den Flur. Ich vermute, dass sie ihn von der Straße hergeschleppt hat, so wie er aussieht. Auf ihm steht eine kleine, schiefe kupfergrüne Lampe. Ihr zylindrischer Metallrahmen aus Messing umspannt den beige Stoffschirm, der die wahrscheinlich defekte, rußige Glühbirne verdeckt. Dahinter steht ein großer weißer, ovaler Schminkspiegel in einem geschnitzten Holzrahmen. Er balanciert auf zwei Metallstiften, die ihn mit einem schön geschnitzten Holzständer verbinden. Er wölbt sich um die Hälfte des ovalen Spiegels wie ausgestreckte Hände, die ihn an seinem Platz halten. Die geschnitzten Formen fließen wie geschmolzenes Wachs zu seinem Sockel. In den offenen Schubladen des Schranks liegen Unterwäsche, Lippenstift, Make-up, Schmuck, Parfüm und, wie ich glaube, Kondompäckchen in verschiedenen Farben und Ausführungen. Alles liegt herum, ohne dass man sich Gedanken über die Ordnung macht.

Ein einfacher, hässlicher brauner Kleiderschrank steht gegenüber dem Fußende des Bettes an der rechten Wand. Sein Inhalt ist größtenteils auf dem Boden verstreut. Die krummen Regale haben keinen wirklichen Zweck. Der ehemals funktionale Schiebetürspiegel ist abgebrochen und lehnt planlos an der gegenüberliegenden Wand des Raumes neben dem offenen Fenster. Die dunkelbraunen Fensterläden sind in Ermangelung von Vorhängen geschlossen. Tatsächlich bedecken so viele Klamotten, zufällige Gegenstände und Schuhe den Boden, dass ich den schwarzen, glitzernden, langhaarigen Teppich, der sich über den größten Teil des Raumes auf allen Seiten des Bettes erstreckt, zunächst gar nicht bemerke.

"Was für ein Gesundheitsrisiko", kichere ich vor mich hin, "sie sollte den Raum wirklich lüften."

Angela bemerkt meine Neugierde auf Details und schließt peinlich berührt die Schlafzimmertür. Sie lächelt unbeholfen.

"Ja, ich bin nicht so ordentlich, tut mir leid, dass du das sehen musstest."

Ich verdrehe die Augen: "Ja, ich bin auch nicht besonders gut darin und es ist mir ehrlich gesagt auch egal."

Sie legt ihre Hand auf meine Schulter und wir tauschen einen ziemlich intensiven, aber dennoch angenehmen Blick aus.

Sie unterbricht den Blickkontakt, indem sie mit den Füßen schlurft.

"Die Küche hast du ja schon gesehen und du kannst auf dem ausziehbaren Sofa im Wohnzimmer schlafen. Ich kann dir einen alten Schlafsack anbieten, aber ich bin mir nicht sicher, wie sauber er ist. Das ist alles, was ich dir anbieten kann".

"Das ist toll, vielen, vielen Dank." Ich grinse: "Das ist auf jeden Fall besser als mein stinkendes Zelt."

Solange ich hinter mir aufräume und vielleicht ab und zu einkaufen gehe, kann ich gerne bleiben. Wir unterhalten uns im Wohnzimmer weiter und sie erklärt mir in gebrochenem Englisch, dass sie zu Hause auch Probleme hatte und ebenfalls weggelaufen ist, hierher in diese Stadt, um ein neues Leben zu beginnen und endlich die High-School zu beenden, weg von ihrer schrecklichen Familie.

Melanie macht mir ein Zeichen, dass ich meinen Rucksack öffnen und ihr das Haschisch und den Wodka geben soll, die wir mitgebracht haben. Sie nimmt es an, bedankt sich für das Geschenk und fängt sofort an, einen zweiten Joint zu drehen. Ich suche in der Küche nach Schnapsgläsern, damit wir alle etwas davon probieren können.

Alles, was ich in ihrem Küchenschrank sehe, sind Kaffeebecher in allen Formen und Größen. Ich durchstöbere beide Regale, finde aber nichts außer ein paar unpassenden Tellern und spärlichem Silberbesteck, das herumliegt.

"Sie erwartet bestimmt nicht so bald viel Besuch", denke ich mir.

Da es mir eigentlich egal ist, wie ich den Alkohol in meinen Körper bekomme, gebe ich die Suche auf und bringe drei leere Kaffeetassen zum Tisch. Melanie und Angela schauen sich die Becher an und brechen dann in Gelächter aus.

Angela grinst mich an,

"Keine Sorge, wir lachen nicht über dich. Wir haben uns gerade an diesen lustigen, nun ja, eher erschreckenden als lustigen Vorfall erinnert, der sich vor ein paar Monaten ereignet hat. An einem Sonntagmorgen brachten wir nach einer Party diesen Typen mit nach Hause, der behauptete, er hätte Gras bei sich. Wir hatten kein Gras mehr, aber immer noch Alkohol. Er wollte weitertrinken, also sagten wir alle: "Fairer Deal, oder?"

Ich zuckte unbehaglich mit den Schultern und denke mir: "Bitte, lass diese Geschichte nicht komisch werden."

Sie fährt fort.

"Wir kommen zurück und fangen an, ein paar Joints mit dem Gras von diesem Typen zu drehen. Er öffnet eifrig die Wodkaflasche, stellt sie auf den kleinen Tisch und stolpert dann in die Küche, um ein paar Schnapsgläser zu suchen. Der arme Kerl suchte überall in der Küche und wir waren so high, dass wir gar nicht mitbekamen, was er vorhatte. Wir unterhielten uns, hörten Musik und tranken den ersten Joint ohne ihn aus. Er muss schon eine halbe Stunde da drin gewesen sein. Wir fangen an, uns Sorgen zu machen, also eilen wir in die Küche und fragen uns, was zum Teufel er da gemacht hat.

"Er kniete gebückt auf dem Boden vor dem offenen Müllschrank, seine Arschritze sehr wenig schmeichelhaft sichtbar und suchte hinter dem Mülleimer. Er war so high, dass er vor sich hinmurmelte.

"Das muss man ihm lassen, er hat die Küche wirklich gründlich durchsucht. Er hat auch das ganze schmutzige Geschirr abgewaschen, den Boden gefegt und die Theke geputzt. Außerdem waren alle Schranktüren weit geöffnet. Wir waren sehr amüsiert über das, was

wir sahen. Wir brachten ihn auf die Beine und mussten ihn fast zum Sitzsack tragen. Ich drehte einen zweiten Joint und als ich ihn ihm reichte, sahen wir, dass er bereits komatös war. Er kam nicht dazu, auch nur einen Schluck Wodka zu trinken."

"Wir haben irgendwie nicht gemerkt, wie kaputt er schon war. Er muss auch auf etwas anderem gewesen sein. Als er dasaß und auf dem Sitzsack schlief, bemerkte Melanie, dass seine Atmung sehr flach war, aber sein Herz so stark und schnell schlug, dass man es durch sein Hemd pumpen sehen konnte. Es war völlig klar, dass es ihm nicht gut ging. Melanie versuchte panisch, ihn aufzuwecken, und endlich reagierte er. Wir halfen ihm beide auf die Beine und sagten ihm, dass er ins Krankenhaus muss. Haltet uns bitte nicht für Arschlöcher, aber wir dachten, wir wären viel zu betrunken und high, um uns um jemanden zu kümmern, der vielleicht eine Überdosis genommen hat. Der Typ beteuerte immer wieder, dass es ihm gut ginge und dass er das ständig mache, aber er konnte kaum laufen.

"Melanie und ich halfen ihm die Treppe hinunter. Ich rief Azad an, einen kurdischen Freund von mir, der ein Taxi fährt. Als er ankam, war es dringend notwendig. Der Mann musste in die Notaufnahme gebracht werden. Er sah ganz weiß und verschwitzt aus und seine Pupillen waren geweitet. Er bestand darauf, dass er nur noch mehr Wodka bräuchte, um wieder wach zu werden, aber wir weigerten uns, ihm welchen zu geben, was ihn ein bisschen wütend machte, aber er war zu kaputt, um aggressiv zu sein. Schließlich überredeten wir ihn, ins Taxi zu steigen, und sie fuhren los. Fünfzehn Minuten später rief Azad an und sagte uns, dass sie im Krankenhaus angekommen waren. Er begleitete den Mann in die Notaufnahme und sorgte dafür, dass er medizinisch versorgt wurde. Azad erzählte uns auch, dass er seine Kontaktdaten im Krankenhaus hinterlegt und dem Personal gesagt hatte, sie sollten ihn anrufen, wenn er sich erholt habe, damit er ihn nach Hause fahren könne. Azad ist so ein Schatz!"

"Später fanden wir heraus, dass der Typ tatsächlich eine Überdosis Amphetamine genommen hatte. Dass er mit uns nach Hause kam, hat ihm wahrscheinlich das Leben gerettet. Es war trotzdem lustig, wie sauber unsere Küche war, und ja, als er sich erholt hatte, nahm Azad ihn mit nach Hause. Sie wurden offenbar Freunde."

Sie lachen beide weiter. "Das ist gut, finde ich?"

Warum sollten diese scheinbaren Soziopathen diese Geschichte lustig finden?

Nun, ich war wohl nicht dabei und sollte nicht darüber urteilen. Ich habe selbst schon viel Schlimmeres getan.

Ich ignoriere die Geschichte, die ich gerade gehört habe, und schenke jedem von uns einen großen Schluck Wodka ein. Nachdenklich denke ich mir: "Ich werde wahrscheinlich sterben, bevor ich achtzehn werde."

Wir sitzen dort und unterhalten uns eine lange Zeit. Gegen halb zehn am Abend, als die Sonne unterzugehen beginnt, sagt Angela, dass sie zu ihrem Freund geht und bei ihm übernachtet. Melanie steht auf und gibt mir den Wohnungsschlüssel, den sie noch in ihrer Tasche hat. Schließlich hat sie ihrer Mutter versprochen, um 22 Uhr zu Hause zu sein und sie will nicht, dass sich ihre Eltern Sorgen machen.

Melanie geht praktischerweise mit Angela weg.

Ich will reden, aber sie weicht dem Thema aus.

Ich bin verärgert, aber hey, ich habe eine kostenlose Unterkunft und Melanie ist Angelas beste Freundin. Ich werde sie bestimmt wiedersehen. Oder?

Ich versuche, mir meine Enttäuschung nicht anmerken zu lassen und umarme die beiden höflich zum Abschied. Ich kann mir den Blick nicht verkneifen, den ich Melanie zuwerfe, als ich sie umarme. Ich bin ehrlich gesagt verwirrt und fassungslos.

In meinem Kopf schreie ich: "Bitte lass mich nicht so liegen, das bringt mich um. Melanie beruhigt meine paranoiden Gedanken, indem sie mich im Nacken packt und auf Zehenspitzen zu meinen Lippen geht. Sie küsst mich sanft und leidenschaftlich auf den Mund. Ich lasse ihre Zunge um die meine kreisen. Als ich an ihren vollen, weichen Lippen sauge, fühlt sich meine Existenz wieder gerechtfertigt an.

Angela schlägt triumphierend gegen die Außenwand des Wohnblocks.

"Ich wusste es, verdammt! Ihr stinkt beide nach Sex und Latex wie ein gottverdammtes Bordell."

Ich lächle erleichtert, als Melanie mir zum Abschied über die Wange streicht. Sie zieht sich zurück, bevor meine Erektion zu unangenehm wird. Verdammt noch mal, warum bin ich eigentlich immer so geil?

Ich stehe am Eingang des Gebäudes und beobachte, wie sie in die Ferne gehen. Als sie um die Ecke biegen, winken sie ein letztes Mal.

Wieder allein, überlege ich, ob ich mich auf den Rückweg machen soll, um den Rest meiner Sachen aus meinem Zelt zu holen. Es wäre eine Katastrophe, die letzten unentbehrlichen Habseligkeiten zu verlieren, die dort gelagert waren.

Alle meine Klamotten und Sachen, die ich bei Ollie aufbewahrt hatte, waren jetzt unerreichbar.

Wahrscheinlich dauerhaft!

Zu meinem Pech habe ich das Geld versehentlich zusammen mit den Drogen vergraben. Ich war ein totaler Idiot.

Warum musste ich so high und paranoid sein?

Scheiße! Wenn ich dort ankomme, wird es zu dunkel sein, um etwas zu unternehmen. Ich habe keine Taschenlampe dabei und im Dunkeln würde ich wahrscheinlich die Hälfte der Sachen übersehen. Ich habe aber immer noch 10 Deutsche Mark bei mir. Genug für ein paar Bier, aber nicht für Zigaretten von der Tankstelle.

Ich wollte den Wodka, den ich Angela gegeben hatte, nicht vernichten. Das wäre einfach unhöflich gewesen.

Die Mädchen waren so nett, mir eine halbe Packung Marlboro Menthols zu überlassen.

"Igitt!" denke ich mir, aber hey, Nikotin ist Nikotin. Ich bin sicher, wenn ich es mit Haschisch mische, kann man es rauchen.

Ich trinke bis tief in die Nacht hinein und vertreibe mir die Zeit mit dem Anschauen einiger VHS-Kassetten auf dem kleinen Fernseher in Angelas Wohnzimmer.

Was alle außer Ollie und mir nicht wussten, war das andere schreckliche Detail dieser Party, bei der Wolfgang sich versehentlich umbrachte.

Es war das Wochenende meines 15. Geburtstags. Ich wollte nicht, dass jemand anderes davon erfährt.



Ich stand nicht wirklich auf Geburtstagsfeiern, aber Ollie wollte, dass ich wenigstens ein bisschen Spaß habe, also hat er eine Party geschmissen, ob ich wollte oder nicht.

Widerwillig fügte ich mich in mein Schicksal und half beim Einkaufen für die Snacks und Getränke, die wir servieren würden. Der Plan war, von Freitag, dem 29. September, bis Samstag, dem 30. September, zu feiern. Mein eigentlicher Geburtstag. Was für ein furchtbarer, beschissener und gleichzeitig glücklicher Geburtstag, denke ich mir. "Du alter Hund, du hast dich flachlegen lassen, bist high geworden, hast ein tolles Mädchen gefunden, mit dem du zusammenlebst, es könnte dir schlechter gehen." Bin ich ein kompletter Soziopath, weil ich das denke? Ich fühle mich total unglücklich und untröstlich. Ich mochte Wolfgang und es dämmert mir langsam, dass ich ihn nie wieder sehen werde. Die Realität wird mir bewusst und während ich an meinem Bier nippe, beginne ich zu weinen.

Ich denke mir: "Wolfgang, du verdammter Idiot! Warum hast du dir ausgerechnet meinen Geburtstag ausgesucht, um dich umzubringen?"

Die tränenreichen Stunden vergehen wie im Flug und ich bin immer noch wach, wenn der Morgen graut. Ich bin zu faul, um Kaffee zu kochen, also kaue ich auf ein paar Kaffeebohnen und spüle sie mit einer halben Tasse Wodka herunter, um mich für den langen Weg zurück zu meinem Zelt zu stärken. Auf dem Weg dorthin überflutet Paranoia meine Gedanken und ich fürchte, dass jemand das kleine Vermögen, das ich vergraben hatte, entdeckt haben könnte, dass ich einfach völlig pleite bin und weder Drogen verkaufen noch Geld ausgeben kann.

Das wäre wirklich scheisse!

Sobald ich im Wald auf dem Wanderweg bin, renne ich so schnell es meine Beine zulassen den Hügel hinauf, meine Raucherlunge brennt vor Feuer. Irgendetwas riecht tatsächlich nach verbranntem Plastik und ich sehe etwas Schwelendes vor mir.

"NEIN, NEIN, NEIN, NEIN!!!" schreie ich innerlich.

Als ich ankomme, sehe ich die Überreste meines Zeltes verkohlt und schwarz. Ein fauliger Geruch! Ich bedecke meinen Mund und meine Nase mit meinem Kapuzenpulli. Verzweifelt trete ich die verbrannten Überreste zur Seite und seufze erleichtert auf. Ein paar pyromanische Idioten haben nur das Zelt niedergebrannt. Die Arschlöcher hatten meinen Rucksack und meine Habseligkeiten nicht bemerkt, die ich unter dem Zelt vergraben hatte, und irgendwie wurden sie wie durch ein Wunder verschont, da das Feuer die Holzplanken, die sie bedeckten, nicht vollständig durchbrannte.

"Ein weiteres Geburtstagswunder", kichere ich sarkastisch vor mich hin.

Das Feuer hatte sich durch einen Teil des Holzes gefressen, aber der Inhalt darunter, der tief im Boden vergraben war, blieb unversehrt.

Ein weiß gesprühtes Graffiti an einem Baum in der Nähe lautete auf Deutsch

"Drecksvolk!"

Ein anderer Baum ist mit einem Hakenkreuz besprüht und auf dem umgefallenen Baumstamm, auf dem ich zuvor gesessen hatte, steht

"Deutschland über alles"

Melanie hatte Recht. Schreckliche Menschen gibt es überall auf der Welt. Auch hier in dieser unscheinbaren, mittelgroßen deutschen Stadt.

Mein Schlafsack und ein paar Kleidungsstücke waren zerstört worden. Ich starre auf den Schaden und hoffe, dass die Mistkerle, die meine Sachen zerstört haben, schon lange weg sind. Melanie hat mir vielleicht gerade das Leben gerettet. Wer weiß, was passiert wäre, wenn ich dort allein oder, Gott bewahre, mit ihr geschlafen hätte. Was für Verbrechen hätten diese Arschlöcher wohl begangen, wenn sie einen verletzlichen Jungen und ein Mädchen schlafend in einem Zelt gefunden hätten? Meine Fantasie spielt verrückt. Hätten sie sie vergewaltigt? Mich zu Tode geprügelt? Uns lebendig verbrannt? Ich hatte den Eindruck, dass die Glücksfee doch noch ein Einsehen hatte.

Verzweifelt grabe ich die Plastiktüte aus und benutze dafür ein paar mitgenommene Kochutensilien aus Angelas Haus.

Jetzt habe ich ein Problem.

Ich habe mal wieder Drogen und Geld dabei. Viel zu viel, verdammt!

Ich muss zurück in die Wohnung kommen, ohne erwischt zu werden. Es ist Montagmorgen und in der Stadt wimmelt es von Verkehr und Menschen. Das könnte zu meinem Vorteil sein, sage ich mir. Ich hoffe, dass ich wenigstens nicht auffallen werde.

Als ich mich auf den Weg zurück in die vermeintliche Sicherheit mache, beginne ich, das moralische Dilemma zu analysieren, in dem ich mich befinde.

Wenn ich all diese Sachen mit in die Wohnung bringe, bin ich irgendwie verpflichtet, es Angela zu sagen!

Wenn ich das nicht tue, wäre das ein grober Vertrauensbruch. Aber wenn ich ehrlich zu ihr bin, wird sie vielleicht wütend auf mich, weil ich all das Zeug in ihre Nähe bringe, und wirft mich vielleicht auf der Stelle raus.

Sie mag Drogen, das ist nicht das Problem. Ich weiß nur nicht, wie sie sich fühlt, wenn sie eine solche Menge in ihrer Wohnung hat, die einer jahrelangen Haftstrafe gleichkommt. Das ist kein Witz! In der schwarzen Nike-Tasche befinden sich Hunderte von Ecstasy-Pillen, LSD-Tickets und ein kleines 10mg-Fläschchen mit dem Gegenwert von etwa hundert Hits. Ungefähr 200 Gramm fest eingewickeltes und vakuumverpacktes Gras, hundert Gramm marokkanische Pollen und weitere 150 Gramm roter Libanesen.

Oh, und etwa achttausend D-Mark in Fünfzig- und Zwanzig-Mark-Scheinen. Das ist unbestreitbar das Arsenal eines Dealers und kein Jurist der Welt könnte das als "für den privaten Gebrauch" erklären.

Ich muss das nach Bauchgefühl machen, und mit Bauchgefühl meine ich: Tommy, halt die Klappe.

## Kapitel 10

### Schadensbegrenzung

Angela hat so schon genug Probleme. Ich sollte ihrem Leben wirklich nicht noch mehr Komplikationen hinzufügen. Bevor sie gestern abreiste, erzählte sie mir ziemlich ausführlich von dem Begegnungsverbot, das gegen ihren Vater verhängt wurde, der derzeit noch im Gefängnis sitzt.

Was ich weiß, ist, dass er sich ihr nicht auf 500 Meter nähern, sie anrufen oder ihr schreiben darf.

Ich kann mir nur vorstellen, was er ihr angetan hat, aber ich verdränge diese Gedanken sofort aus meinem Kopf. Ich weiß nur, dass sie anscheinend wirklich Angst vor dem Mann hat. So sehr, dass sie Hunderte von Kilometern in den Süden gezogen ist, ohne jemandem davon zu erzählen, außer dem Sozialarbeiter, der für sie zuständig ist, seit sie fünfzehn ist.

Als ich zu ihrer Wohnung zurückkehre, kann ich nicht anders, als mir den Anblick dieses perfekten Wesens noch einmal vor Augen zu führen. Ich schaue in ihre wunderschönen Augen, als wir uns in ihrem Flur unterhalten.

Oh, sie ist so verdammt umwerfend. Oh mein Gott! Blondes Haar, das ihr bis über die Schultern fließt, gerade wie ein gottverdammtes Lineal, grün-bräunliche Augen und Beine, die bis zu meinem Bauchnabel reichen. Wohlgemerkt, ich bin fast einen Meter neunzig groß, ihr Kopf ragt weit über meine Schultern hinaus. Sie ist kaum zehn Zentimeter kleiner! Ihr fast zierlicher Teint, ihre winzige Knopfnase, ihre elfenähnlichen Ohren und ihre komisch großen Augen sehen aus wie die Nachkommen einer Barbiepuppe und eines Walt Disney Prinzen. Ihr Körper ist weder super athletisch noch zu dünn. Alles hat genau die richtigen Proportionen. Sie ist in jeder Hinsicht verdammt perfekt!

Mein Gott, Melanie!

Du bist so winzig, süß und absolut umwerfend, aber mein dummes Teenagerhirn ist immer noch Hals über Kopf in Angela verliebt. Ich kann einfach nicht aufhören, verliebt zu sein, oh weh mir.

Warum musste sie mich ausgerechnet in Angelas Wohnung bringen? Ich würde lieber mit einer altersschwachen und kranken Alkoholikerin zusammenleben. Scheiße.

"Sie ist mir unter die Adern gekrochen und jetzt ist es mir egal, ich habe kein Glück! Ich bin hellwach und kann sehen, dass der perfekte Himmel zerrissen ist."

Warum muss ich so Hals über Kopf in Angela verliebt sein? Ich kann es nicht abstellen, "es gibt einfach so viele Dinge, die ich nicht anfassen kann, nichts ist richtig, ich bin hin- und hergerissen..."

Warum fühle ich mich so sehr zu Melanies bester Freundin hingezogen? Scheiße!

Nathalie Imbruglia coverte das Lied schließlich zwei Jahre später, 1997. Es war allerdings nicht so gut und ich habe mich immer gefragt, warum dieses langweilige Mädchen berühmt wurde.

Halt dich fest. Sie ist hübsch, deshalb.

Ich weiß, ich bin ein Arschloch, aber es ist meine Geschichte, meine Meinung, also lass mich in Ruhe.

Ich habe die Leute ständig über mein Alter angelogen. Zu der Zeit sah ich auch viel älter aus, als ich war, und konnte damit mühelos durchkommen. Damals war das schon Routine. Angela und jetzt auch Melanie waren neben Ollie die Einzigen, die mein wahres Alter kannten, und mittlerweile kannte er mich noch besser als Angela oder Melanie. Ich erzählte ihm von all dem Scheiß, der mir in meiner Kindheit passiert war.

Er weiß, dass ich vergewaltigt und missbraucht wurde. Als Sklavin in der Sekte bis auf die Knochen geschuftet habe. Wie ich im Alter von dreizehn Jahren weglief, mich von unreifen Äpfeln und Birnen ernährte und im Wallis auf der Straße schlief. Wie ich schließlich von der Polizei gefunden wurde und nach meiner gewaltsamen Rückkehr monatelang in einem mit Brettern vernagelten Raum mit einem Eimer zum Pissen und Scheißen eingesperrt wurde. Wie ein Tiger in einem kleinen Käfig konnte ich den Raum nicht verlassen, bevor ich mitten in der Nacht von den sogenannten Hirten herausgeschmuggelt wurde. Ich wurde wie Abfall aus der Sekte hinausgeworfen.

Ich halte immer noch den Rekord als jüngstes Mitglied, das exkommuniziert wurde, weil ich mich weigerte, zu akzeptieren, dass ich etwas falsch gemacht hatte. Ich konnte mich nicht einmal von meinen jüngeren Brüdern und Schwestern verabschieden. Die wahre Geschichte von "Wehe mir" hat damit nicht aufgehört, oder?

Nachdem ich monatelang in einem Wohnwagen gelebt hatte, wurde ich schließlich auf ein Internat geschickt. Die Stadt und das Schulgelände waren voll von Drogendealern, gewalttätigen Schlägern und Kriminellen. Ich wurde ständig verprügelt und verspottet, weil ich kein Taschengeld hatte und billige Kleidung trug, die mir meist zu groß war. Meine Eltern wollten wirklich, dass ich leide und erkenne, dass sie recht hatten und ich falsch lag. Deshalb geriet ich in das Drogenmilieu und dealte, was schließlich zu den Problemen führte, die ich jetzt habe.

Bei einer Auseinandersetzung habe ich einen der örtlichen Drogenbarone in Würzburg erschossen, als ich gerade versuchte, ein Mädchen zu retten, das vergewaltigt wurde. Die Folge? Ich bin auf der Flucht, auf der Suche nach einem Neuanfang, weg von meinen schrecklichen Eltern, meinen Verwandten, der Polizei und denen, die mich töten könnten, wenn sie herausfinden, wer oder wo ich bin.

Als ich Ollie traf, wusste mein Instinkt irgendwie, dass er mir helfen würde.

Ich wage zu behaupten, dass ich heutzutage nur noch meinem Instinkt vertraue.

Ollie erkannte, dass ich im Grunde keine Bedrohung für ihn war. Nur ein verlorener und wütender Junge, der gerettet werden musste. Auf eine seltsame Art und Weise wurde er mein Retter und ein wirklich guter Freund. Wir dachten uns eine offizielle Geschichte aus, um allen, die vorbeikamen, zu erklären, wer ich war. Ich war ein entfremdeter Cousin von ihm, der in Indien aufgewachsen war. Der Sohn der Schwester seiner Mutter. Sie war vor kurzem nach Deutschland gekommen, um zu sehen, wie das Leben in Deutschland ist. Ich hatte wohlhabende Eltern und wuchs auf einer riesigen Obstplantage in Indien mit Dienern, Köchen und Mägden auf und es fehlte mir an nichts. Ich bin tatsächlich in Indien aufgewachsen, also konnte ich diese Halbwahrheit ziemlich mühelos durchziehen.

Nach der Scheidung kehrte meine Mutter mit mir nach Deutschland zurück. Ich langweilte mich bei ihr und sagte meiner Mutter, dass ich meinen älteren Cousin Ollie kennenlernen

wollte. Wir verstanden uns so gut, dass wir auf unbestimmte Zeit zusammen abhingen, bis ich mich entschied, was ich machen wollte.

Da die meisten unserer Freunde und Stammgäste nicht viel Englisch sprachen, konnte ich einfach so tun, als würde ich sie nicht verstehen, wenn sie zu neugierig wurden. Wenn ich mich ruhig verhielt, waren die Leute meistens nicht so interessiert. Das sprach sich schnell herum, und inzwischen nannten mich die meisten Leute einfach Mr. Bean, weil ich Englisch sprach und ein ziemlicher Tollpatsch war. Das war gut. Besser für mich, dass sie meinen richtigen Namen nicht kannten.

Ich kann es immer noch nicht glauben! Ich lebe jetzt tatsächlich mit Angela zusammen. Was für ein gottgesandtes Glück!

Ein ironisches Glück, denn ich bin jetzt mit Melanie zusammen und Angela hat einen Freund. Das war's.

Ich verdrehe die Augen über die Ironie meiner Lage. Ich darf mit diesem wunderschönen Mädchen zusammenleben, sie anhimmeln und bewundern, und trotzdem werde ich wahrscheinlich nie ihren Körper streicheln oder ihre Lippen schmecken.

Als ich in meiner neuen Wohnung ankomme, verstecke ich die Drogen unter dem Müllsack in der Mülltonne. Die ganze Wohnung riecht nach altem Bong-Rauch, also sollte der Geruch von Hunderten von Gramm Gras kein Problem sein. Solange ich immer diejenige bin, die den Müll ausleert, werden die Mädchen keinen Grund haben, genauer hinzusehen.

Alles würde gut werden, sagte ich mir.

Schließlich hatte ich nicht den Eindruck, dass sich Melanie oder Angela allzu große Sorgen um die Hygiene machten. Ich plante, alles so schnell wie möglich zu verkaufen und Ollies Anteil an dem Geld getrennt zu halten, sobald ich alles verkauft hatte.

Meine einzige Frage war, wo ich mehr Kunden finden würde?

Es erschien mir nicht richtig, ohne seine Zustimmung an die Türen von Ollies Kontakten zu klopfen. Das bedeutet, dass ich mit dem Geld, das ich habe, auskommen muss und warten muss, bis er rauskommt. Ich habe einen Vorrat von etwa achttausend D-Mark, also kein Problem, solange ich mich nicht wie ein Vollidiot aufführe.

Das Schlimmste war, dass Ollie, abgesehen von den Drogen, keiner Fliege etwas zuleide tun konnte.

Die einzige Möglichkeit, wie Ollie dich töten kann, ist, wenn du versuchst, mit seinem Drogenkonsum Schritt zu halten. In diesem Fall würdest du ganz sicher sterben!

Wie ich später herausfand, war er von der deutschen Justiz wie ein kriminelles Monster behandelt worden. Sie hatten ihm sogar die Füße gefesselt, als sie ihn vor den Richter brachten, nachdem er 48 Stunden in einer kotverschmierten Zelle mit nichts als einer verbrannten Decke und miserablen Knastessen verbracht hatte.

Der Richter, der den Vorsitz in seinem Fall führte, hielt ihn für ein Risiko, Beweise und potenzielle Zeugen zu manipulieren. Er verweigerte Ollie die Entlassung aus der Untersuchungshaft und hielt ihn stattdessen in Handschellen und Fußfesseln wie einen Serienmörder fest. Er wurde auf den Rücksitz eines Transporters geschoben und ins Gefängnis gebracht. Dort blieb er, bis die Polizei ihre Ermittlungen abgeschlossen hatte. Alles in allem sollte Ollie zwei Wochen im Gefängnis verbringen.

Ich weiß noch, dass ich dachte, was für gute Anwälte Ollie haben muss. Zwei Wochen für eine Anhörung, wow, das ist schnell! Im Vergleich dazu können andere, die mit ein paar Gramm Kokain oder Heroin erwischt werden, Monate im Gefängnis verbringen, bevor sie auch nur in die Nähe eines Richters kommen.

Die Beamten, die ihn festnahmen, argumentierten, dass er ein Dealer sei und dass die herumliegenden Drogen Beweise für seine Geschäfte seien. Seine Verteidigung argumentierte, dass er nur ein Opfer war und sein einziges Vergehen darin bestand, ein Drogenabhängiger zu sein, der eine Party feierte.

Die Staatsanwaltschaft hatte es schwer, Ollie ein anderes Verbrechen als den Drogenmissbrauch nachzuweisen. Es waren keine Minderjährigen anwesend, als die Polizei auftauchte, die Drogen hätten jedem auf der Party gehören können, und es konnte nicht bewiesen werden, dass Wolfgangs Tod durch etwas anderes als einen Unfall verursacht wurde.

Zwei Wochen Nüchternheit hatten ihm sicher gutgetan. Seine Eltern sagten ihm, dass dies das letzte Mal war, dass sie ihn aus Schwierigkeiten herausgeholt haben, genug war genug. Noch so ein Vorfall und das Spiel ist aus. Drogenmissbrauch war eine Sache, aber dass jemand bei einem verrückten Unfall auf ihrem Grundstück stirbt! Das war das Ende der Fahnenstange.

Der Vorfall würde den Wert der Immobilie für die nächsten Jahre ruinieren. Sie drohten damit, ihm jegliche finanzielle Unterstützung zu entziehen und ihn sogar aus dem Gebäude, in dem er wohnte, rauszuwerfen. Wir wussten, dass das schlimm war. Teil des Deals, der mit der Staatsanwaltschaft, dem Richter und Ollies Eltern geschlossen wurde, um aus dem Gefängnis zu kommen, war, dass Ollie sich zu einer Drogentherapie verpflichten musste. Nach erfolgreichem Abschluss der Therapie musste er wöchentlich Urinproben abgeben und zur psychiatrischen Beratung gehen. Dies wurde in seine Bewährungsauflagen aufgenommen.

Im schlimmsten Fall gehört Ollie das baufällige Gebäude, in dem ich jetzt wohne. Er hat es mit seinem eigenen Geld gekauft, so dass seine Eltern es auf keinen Fall beschlagnahmen oder ihn vertreiben können. Technisch gesehen hätte er eine Bleibe und ich kann mir vorstellen, dass er Geld gespart hat, hoffentlich. Das andere Problem ist, dass er sich nie darum kümmert, die Miete von Angela einzutreiben, geschweige denn die anderen Wohnungen im Gebäude zu vermieten. Das Gebäude selbst ist dringend reparaturbedürftig. Ich bin mir nicht sicher, ob eine der anderen Wohnungen überhaupt bewohnbar ist.

Ich habe den Verdacht, dass er oder jemand in einem der höheren Stockwerke Gras anbaut. Ab und zu riecht man im Treppenhaus einen Hauch von frischem Gras. Gras, das noch wächst, hat einen ganz besonderen Geruch und riecht ziemlich angenehm. Vielleicht wäre es für Ollie in Ordnung, so lange es niemand herausfindet. Die Pflanzen müssten gegossen und gepflegt werden. Ich frage mich, wer sich um das kümmert, was über uns wächst, wenn Ollie in der Reha ist? Wer auch immer es ist, er ist sehr gerissen. Ich habe noch nie jemanden kommen oder gehen sehen, aber da ich meistens bis mittags schlafe, kann ich das nicht so gut beurteilen.

Ende Dezember wurde Ollie endlich aus der Klinik entlassen. Davor durfte er tagsüber gehen, solange er sich bis 22 Uhr wieder meldete. Nachdem der Arzt ihm die Erlaubnis erteilt hatte, konnte er sogar am Wochenende nach Hause gehen. Als Ollie das erste Mal nach Hause gehen konnte, brach er in Tränen aus, als er sah, wie die Polizei seine Sachen misshandelte. Nach jeder Rückkehr in die Reha musste er eine Urinprobe abgeben. Wenn der Test positiv ausfiel, durfte er das Gelände je nach Vergehen eine Woche lang oder länger nicht verlassen. Ich wage zu behaupten, dass Ollie so schnell wie möglich aus diesem Höllenloch raus wollte und sich deshalb von einem Tag auf den anderen verändert hat. Er hörte komplett mit den Drogen auf. Wenn man weiß, welche Art von Drogen er gewohnt war, muss das eine sehr schmerzhaft Erfahrung gewesen sein.

Während dieser Zeit nahm ich ab und zu die lange Zugfahrt auf mich, um ihn zu besuchen und ihn über alles auf dem Laufenden zu halten, was passierte. Als ich ihn das erste Mal sah, habe ich sogar ein bisschen geweint. Ich kannte den Mann kaum, aber für mich war er mein bester Freund auf der ganzen Welt. Ich hielt ihn über alles auf dem Laufenden, was seit jenem schicksalhaften Morgen des 30. September 1995 passiert war. Ich erzählte ihm von Melanie, wie ich mit Angela zusammenlebte und dass ich begonnen hatte, das Haschisch und andere Sachen, die ich an diesem Abend mitgenommen hatte, langsam zu verkaufen.

Tatsächlich hatte ich schon einige Hundert Mark verkauft und wollte ihm das Geld geben. Er reagierte beleidigt und seine Augen füllten sich mit glühender Empörung. Er packte mein Handgelenk und drückte meine Hand mit dem Geld in der Hand gewaltsam in meine Kapuzentasche. Sein Griff um mein Handgelenk war erschreckend stark. "Ollie, du tust mir weh!" wimmerte ich.

Wir fingen an, uns in gedämpftem Tonfall heftig über das Thema Drogen zu streiten. Er bestand darauf, dass ich alles wegwerfe und dass er sich darum kümmern würde, wenn ich Geld bräuchte. Er fühlte sich für mich verantwortlich und nachdem er das Strafrechtssystem von innen gesehen hatte, befürchtete er, dass ich mein Leben wegwerfen würde.

Ich argumentierte, dass ich nicht von seinem Geld abhängig sein wollte. Ich war vorsichtig im Umgang und wollte mir selbst beweisen, dass ich tatsächlich in der Lage war, für mich selbst zu sorgen. Ich war schon immer so eigensinnig und stur. Das muss man auch sein, um der Gehirnwäsche und missbräuchlichen Sekten zu entkommen. Schließlich sagte er mir, dass ich nicht mehr zu ihm kommen sollte, wenn ich weiter dealen und die Drogen nicht wegwerfen würde. Traurig schaute ich in seine stechend blauen Augen und sagte ihm, dass ich ihm das nicht versprechen könne, aber ich würde darüber nachdenken.

"Ja, denk darüber nach, Tommy. Was ist dir wichtiger? Die Drogen oder unsere Freundschaft?"

"So einfach ist das nicht."

"Ich weiß, Tommy, ich bin auch ein sturer Kerl."  
Wir haben beide ein wenig gelächelt.

Ich umarmte ihn so fest und so lange ich konnte und machte mich auf den kalten und windigen Weg zurück zum Bahnhof.

Als der Regen gegen die Fensterscheibe des vorbeifahrenden Zuges zu prasseln begann, schaute ich hinaus auf die trostlose Landschaft, die an mir vorbeizog. Sie spiegelte meine Seele wider.

Bei den folgenden Besuchen war es mir unangenehm. Ich wollte ihn nicht anlügen, also sagte ich ihm, dass ich das ganze Material tatsächlich entsorgt hatte. Es lag wortwörtlich auf dem Boden eines Mülleimers, also habe ich technisch gesehen die Wahrheit gesagt. Es fühlte sich aber falsch an und ich wagte nicht an die Konsequenzen für unsere Freundschaft zu denken, wenn Ollie herausfinden würde, dass ich ihn angelogen hatte.

Unsere Beziehung hat in dieser Zeit sehr gelitten. Ich vermisste ihn sehr, aber die Besuche bei ihm verschlechterten unsere Beziehung. Im November gab ich die Besuche ganz auf, blieb aber weiterhin per Telefon in Kontakt.

In jenem November kamen der Winterfrost und der Schnee früh. Grauer und weißer Himmel, gefrorene, vereiste Straßen und bis zu 10 cm Neuschnee in einer Nacht. Es war scheiße, draußen zu sein, aber ich wollte unbedingt alles loswerden, bevor Ollie es herausfindet. Ich entschied mich sogar, mit dem Zug in andere Städte zu fahren, um dort zu dealen, weil ich Angst hatte, dass die Kunden vor Ort mich versehentlich an Ollie verraten könnten. Irgendwann konnte ich die Paranoia und die Schuldgefühle nicht mehr ertragen, wenn ich meinen besten Freund anlog, aber ich musste Geld sparen, und Geld verdienen. Achttausend Mark würden nur so lange reichen und wenn ich sie aufgebraucht hatte, was sollte ich dann tun? Prostitution?

Ich beschloss, Lars anzurufen. Er sagte mir, ich solle ihn anrufen, wenn ich jemals ein Problem hätte.

Bis jetzt habe ich Lars nur zusammen mit Ollie und Angela getroffen. Eines Abends, als wir vier etwas getrunken hatten, fragte er mich, ob ich Snooker spielen wolle. Ich hatte vorher noch nie Snooker gespielt, stellte aber bald fest, dass es mir gefiel und dass ich ziemlich gut darin war. Angela und Ollie schauten uns ein paar Minuten lang zu, bevor sie beschlossen, dass sie lieber 8-Ball spielen wollten, und gingen davon, weil sie es leid waren, uns zuzusehen.

Ich weiß, wenn ich Lars frage, ob er mit mir abhängen und Snooker spielen will, wird Angela wahrscheinlich nicht mitkommen wollen. Ich könnte mit ihm unter vier Augen über mein Dilemma sprechen.

Zielstrebig laufe ich die verschneiten Straßen entlang zu einer Telefonzelle und rufe Lars in seinem Büro an. Ich spreche mit seiner Sekretärin und schaffe es, noch am selben Nachmittag einen Termin mit ihm zu vereinbaren. Der Ort, den ich ins Auge gefasst habe, ist nur einen kurzen Spaziergang von seiner Praxis entfernt, und er trifft sich dort oft nach der Arbeit. Es wird einfacher sein, ihn um einen Gefallen zu bitten, wenn ich seinen Tagesablauf so wenig wie möglich störe, denke ich zumindest.



Ich habe ihn schon seit ein paar Wochen nicht mehr gesehen. Er ist wie vorhergesagt allein und trinkt bereits einen Whiskey, als ich um zehn nach fünf Uhr nachmittags zur Tür hereinkomme. Das ist meine Absicht. Die Billardhalle öffnet unter der Woche um fünf Uhr nachmittags und normalerweise ist um diese Zeit noch niemand da. Das bedeutet Privatsphäre.

Ich habe ein wenig Angst davor, ihn zu treffen, denn Angela hatte ihn darüber informiert, dass ich bei ihr wohne. Zu meiner Erleichterung scheint er davon völlig unbeeindruckt zu sein.

Er schaut auf und lächelt durch perfekt geweißte Zähne.

"Wie geht es deiner süßen Freundin?"

"Melanie?"

"Ja. Oh, sie ist so süß, seid ihr noch zusammen?"

"Ja"

"Gut, (nippt am Whisky) verliere sie nicht, ich kann sagen, dass sie ein wirklich guter Mensch ist, nicht wie du."

"Was meinst du?"

"Oh, das war nur ein Scherz, Tommy. Entspann dich, es macht mir nichts aus, dass du bei Angela wohnst. Ich meine, du hättest mich fragen können, wenn du eine Bleibe brauchst, aber das ist schon okay, ich werde dir das nicht übelnehmen."

"Lars, so ist das nicht. Melanie hat es vorgeschlagen und Angela lebt praktisch mit dir zusammen. Ich möchte mich nicht aufdrängen."

"Tommy, ist schon gut, ich habe dich nur geneckt. Du würdest nicht mit mir zusammenleben wollen, wenn du sehen müsstest, wie Angela und ich völlig nackt im Haus herumlaufen."

"Ja, ja, ok, genug." Ich lache nervös.

Lars deutet dem Barkeeper an, mir auch einen Whisky einzuschenken. Ich frage ihn nach dem Snookertisch in der hintersten Ecke der Bar. Ich will nicht, dass ein gelangweilter Barkeeper unser Gespräch belauscht. Lars nimmt meinen Whisky und ich die Snookerkugeln und wir gehen zum Tisch hinüber.

fragt mich Lars,

"Also Tommy, was verschafft mir diese Ehre?"

"Eigentlich nichts, ich hatte nur Lust, mal wieder Snooker zu spielen und du bist der Einzige, den ich kenne, der spielen kann."

"Ist das so? Dann hattest du wohl keine Wahl, was?"

"Komm schon Lars, ich hänge gerne mit dir ab"

Wir tauschen einen freundlichen Blick aus. Lars geht zurück zur Bar und unterhält sich eine Weile mit dem Barbesitzer. Bald kommt er mit zwei Snooker-Queue zurück. Er öffnet beide und wir setzen jeweils einen von ihnen zusammen. Ich hatte noch nie so ein exquisites Design gesehen. Sie sehen teuer aus. Lars legt sein Queue auf den Tisch und fordert mich auf, dasselbe zu tun.

"Such dir einen aus."

Ich schaue mir beide an, sie sind gleichermaßen atemberaubend anzuschauen. Ich wähle eine nach dem Zufallsprinzip. Lars schnappt sich den anderen und fängt an, seinen Queue anzukreiden.

"Lass uns ein paar Runden spielen. Wenn du den Schläger nicht magst, können wir ihn zurückgeben oder umtauschen."

"Hast du sie gekauft?"

"Noch nicht, aber das werde ich, wenn mir meine gefällt. Ich bezahle auch für deine, wenn du regelmäßig mit mir spielen willst. Ich könnte einen Partner gebrauchen und ich will nicht immer Fremde fragen, ob sie mit mir spielen wollen."

"Schon gut. Ich bin mir nur nicht sicher, ob ich gut genug bin, um gegen dich zu spielen."

"Keine Sorge, du wirst es schon lernen, oder? Der erste Schritt ist, dass du das Spiel magst. Wenn du gerne spielst, wirst du besser werden, oder?"

Ich nicke.

Lars hat eine ganz besondere Intensität, wenn er Snooker spielt. Vorher hatte ich gar nicht bemerkt, wie ernst er diesen Sport nimmt. Als wir noch zu viert waren, hat er gelacht, gescherzt und sich über Ollie und Angela lustig gemacht, nachdem sie weggegangen waren, aber jetzt, meine Güte, versenkt er eine rote Kugel gleich nach dem Anstoß und versenkt die schwarze gleich nach der ersten roten. Danach zweimal blau, rosa und wieder zweimal schwarz. Er hat schon 42 Punkte, bevor ich überhaupt an den Tisch komme. Ich fühle mich völlig überfordert, aber zum Glück versenke ich wenigstens eine rote und eine blaue Kugel, bevor ich mich versehentlich hinter die braune Kugel schiebe und meine Chancen auf einen direkten Stoß auf die nächste rote Kugel versae. Mit viel Elan spiele ich die lange Wand aus und schaffe es, eine Rote am anderen Ende des Tisches zu versenken, wobei ich mir gerade noch die Strafpunkte für einen Fehlschuss erspare.

Als wir weiterspielen, werde ich warm mit dem Spiel und obwohl ich am Ende 3 - 1 verliere. habe ich es geschafft, ein Spiel zu gewinnen. Das war gut genug für mich. Hätte ich alle Spiele verloren, hätte ich ernsthaft bezweifelt, dass Lars jemals wieder mit mir spielen will.

"Lars, es gibt etwas, das ich dich fragen wollte, und es ist mir ziemlich unangenehm, aber es ist wichtig.

Er sieht mich ein wenig überrascht an.

"Klar, brauchen wir dafür noch einen Drink?"

"Ja, warum nicht."

"Ist dein Queue gut? Bist du damit zufrieden?"

"Ja, aber wirklich Lars, ich komme gerne mit dir spielen, du musst mir keinen Stock kaufen."

"Unsinn, natürlich mache ich das. Sonst ist es nicht fair, wenn ich gegen dich gewinne, weil du mit den beschissenen Hausstöcken spielen musst, die verbogen und schmutzig sind."

Wir gehen hinüber zur Bar und Lars überreicht dem Barkeeper etwa tausend D-Mark in bar. Ich erschauere bei diesem Anblick. Ich dachte, die beiden würden höchstens ein paar Hundert kosten, aber ich hätte es wissen müssen. Wie immer kauft Lars nur das Beste vom Besten. Nichts anderes ist gut genug für ihn.

Er sieht mich an: "Wenn dir der Stick nicht gefällt oder etwas damit nicht stimmt, kannst du ihn hier kostenlos umtauschen, ohne Fragen zu stellen."

"Danke Lars, das ist ziemlich cool."

"Erwähne es nicht."

Wir bestellen zwei Whisky pur und gehen zurück zu unserem Tisch, um endlich zur Sache zu kommen, warum ich mich treffen wollte. Lars sieht mich eindringlich an.

"Sag mal, Tommy, was hast du eigentlich in deinem kleinen Kopf?"

"Wo soll ich anfangen? Ok, ich werde dir alles von Anfang an erzählen."

In den nächsten zwanzig Minuten erkläre ich ihm in allen Einzelheiten, was seit der verhängnisvollen Nacht in Ollies Wohnung passiert ist. Lars und Angela waren eingeladen worden, hatten sich aber dafür entschieden, zu Hause zu bleiben und ein romantisches Wochenende zu verbringen. Ich hatte ihnen nicht gesagt, dass ich Geburtstag hatte, sonst wären sie vielleicht gekommen. Wie sich herausstellte, war es die richtige Entscheidung.

Vorsichtig erzähle ich ihm von meinem Dilemma mit den Drogen und wie ich sie im Wald vergraben hatte. Die Tatsache, dass ich sie zu Angela nach Hause gebracht habe, habe ich

ausgelassen, denn ich war mir sicher, dass er wütend gewesen wäre, das zu hören. Auf jeden Fall musste ich sie loswerden, denn ich hatte kein anderes Einkommen und es schien mir eine Verschwendung, das Einzige, mit dem ich meinen Lebensunterhalt bestreiten konnte, einfach zu entsorgen. Ich wusste, dass Lars ab und zu Kokain nahm, und meine Idee war, dass er vielleicht noch jemanden außer Ollie kannte, der damit dealte. Wir könnten das Zeug zum Großhandelspreis verkaufen und das Geld teilen.

Ollie macht mir klar, dass er nichts damit zu tun haben will und ich verlange dass Lars verspricht, weder Angela, Melanie oder Ollie nichts von unserer kleinen Unterhaltung erzählen wird, egal ob er mir hilft oder nicht.

Lars hört mir aufmerksam zu und ich bin mir immer noch nicht sicher, ob es eine gute Idee ist, mit ihm darüber zu reden. Er unterbricht mich, aufgewühlt und leicht verwirrt über die Situation.

"Verdammt, Tommy, das ist wirklich bescheuert. Ich meine, du bist verdammt dumm, weißt du das? Wenn du Geld oder Arbeit brauchst, kann ich dir helfen. Du solltest keine Drogen verkaufen, du wirfst dein Leben weg für was? Ein paar Tausend Mark? Das ist Ollies Problem, Ollie ist ein erwachsener Mann und du bist nur ein Kind. Warum mischst du dich in die Scheiße eines erwachsenen Mannes ein? Verdammt, wie dumm bist du eigentlich? Ich will dir ja nicht zu nahe treten, aber Tommy, denk doch mal darüber nach, in welche Gefahr du dich begibst. Du kennst den Kerl kaum. Hör mir zu, ok? Bring alles, was du hast, zu einem Mitarbeiter von mir. Ich werde ihm sagen, dass du kommst und er wird dir alles abnehmen. Was auch immer er dir gibt, streite nicht mit ihm, du nimmst es, verstanden? Wenn es nicht genug ist, zahle ich die Differenz. Danach werden wir uns treffen und darüber reden, wie wir dir helfen können, ein Einkommen zu finden, ok?"

Ich nicke fast beschämt wie ein kleiner Welpe, der seinem Besitzer den Schuh zerkaut hat. Lars war wütend auf mich, versuchte aber, es nicht zu zeigen. Er schreibt mir eine Adresse auf und sagt mir, ich solle morgen vor Mittag vorbeigehen. Der Abend scheint ruiniert und ich versuche, die Stimmung aufzulockern, indem ich eine weitere Runde Snooker und Whiskey anbiete. Lars lehnt höflich ab und sagt, dass er zum Abendessen nach Hause gehen muss. Ich weiß, dass er sauer ist und das Gespräch einfach nur beenden will. Er schüttelt mir fast förmlich die Hand und nachdem er die Rechnung bezahlt hat, geht er zurück nach Hause zu Angela und lässt mich in meiner Dummheit schmollen. Ich hoffe wirklich, dass er mich nicht bei ihr verpfeift.

Ich beschließe irrationalerweise, meine Paranoia wegzutrinken. Viele Biere später kann ich mich dazu durchringen, aufzustehen und die Bar der immer noch halb leeren Billardhalle zu verlassen. Es ist fast Mitternacht und unheimlich dunkel draußen. Die Straßenlaternen in dieser Gegend scheinen kaputt zu sein und der bewölkte Himmel verdeckt den Mond und die Sterne, so dass die Straße fast stockdunkel ist. Ich schleppe mich nach Hause, meine All Stars saugen den frischen Schnee auf dem Bürgersteig auf. Ich komme nach Hause in eine leere Wohnung und fühle mich wie ein Vollidiot. Ich habe meine Freundschaft mit Lars und sogar Angela aufs Spiel gesetzt und wofür? Vielleicht hat die Bibel ja recht. "Die Liebe zum Geld ist die Wurzel allen Übels". denke ich in Gedanken. "Ich liebe das Geld nicht, ich brauche es verdammt noch mal. All diese Menschen haben ein Zuhause, ein Leben, einen Job und eine Familie. Ich nicht! Wenn diese Leute morgen beschließen würden, mich

loszuwerden, könnte ich buchstäblich nirgendwo mehr hin. Natürlich wollte ich so viel Geld wie möglich haben. Das war meine einzige Barriere zwischen Leben und Tod.

Ich schlief auf dem Sofa in Angelas Wohnzimmer ein. Als ich aufwachte, hielt ich immer noch die inzwischen geleerte Bierflasche in meiner Hand. Ich stand auf, um zu pinkeln, und stellte fest, dass es bereits neun Uhr morgens war! So ein Mist! Ich muss zu diesem Kerl gehen. Ich nehme etwas Zahnpasta, spüle mir den Mund und das Gesicht. Nachdem ich die Drogen aus dem Mülleimer in meinen Nike-Rucksack gestopft habe, gehe ich zur Tür und denke mir. "Lars hat Recht. Vielleicht bin ich wirklich dumm. Das ist das dritte Mal, dass ich mit Ollies Sachen herumlaufe und wofür? Nur um am Ende ausgeraubt oder verhaftet zu werden?"

Ich nehme den Zug nach Mannheim. Von dort aus fahre ich mit dem Bus in einen heruntergekommenen Vorort. Die vollgepissten, mit Graffiti beschmierten Bushaltestellen und die altmodischen Reihenhäuser, die beige und pissgelb gestrichen sind, sind mit zahlreichen rassistischen Slogans und Graffiti versehen. Sie sagen mir, dass dies die Art von Viertel ist, in dem die meisten Menschen geboren werden, leben und sterben, ohne es jemals zu verlassen, ohne eine Zukunft zu haben, ohne auch nur ein Jota zum Besseren für sich oder andere zu verändern. Die Bürgersteige riechen nach Bier und Urin. Ich sehe Kinder, die vielleicht erst zwölf Jahre alt sind, auf einem baufälligen Spielplatz. Sie sind unbeaufsichtigt und anstatt normalen Kinderkram zu machen, ziehen sie es vor, Gras aus einer Eimerbombe zu rauchen, die aus einem Putzeimer und einer Coca-Cola-Flasche mit abgeschnittenem Boden besteht. Die typische Art für junge Kinder, high zu werden. Ich erkläre es mal denjenigen, die nicht wissen, wovon ich rede.

Wie man eine Eimerbombe macht

- Schritt eins: Suche dir einen tiefen Eimer und fülle ihn mit Wasser.
- Schritt zwei: Suche eine große Plastikflasche, je größer, desto besser.
- Schritt drei: Schneide den Boden der Flasche mit einer Rasierklinge ab.
- Schritt vier: Mache einen kleinen "Hut" aus Alufolie und stich ein paar Löcher hinein.
- Schritt fünf: Stecke etwas Masche in deinen Hut
- Schritt sechs: Setze den Hut auf die Flasche und tauche so tief wie möglich ein
- Schritt sieben: Gib den Drogenmix in den Hut. So ziemlich alles, was du verbrennen kannst, ist geeignet. Haschisch, Gras, Opium, Kokain, Meth oder Heroin usw. Sobald du deine Mischung hergestellt hast, zünde sie an und ziehe die Flasche langsam aus dem Wasser. Sie wird sich mit Rauch füllen. Verwende etwas Tabak, wenn es nicht gut brennt.
- Schritt acht: Nimm die Mütze ab, setze deine Lippen auf die Spitze der nun mit Rauch gefüllten Flasche und atme mit einem Zug ein, während du die Flasche wieder in Richtung Wasser schiebst
- Schritt neun: Sei verdammt high

Ich denke sarkastisch zu mir selbst. "Die strahlende Zukunft der deutschen Jugend."

Der Name auf der Türklingel ist wie in Lars' Notiz beschrieben. Wie angewiesen, ertöne ich vier kurze und schnelle Töne, gefolgt von einer Pause und dann wieder zwei schnelle Töne. Die Tür klickt und ich trete ein.

Der Geruch von verrottendem Fleisch, abgestandenem Rauch und Urin bringt mich fast zum Erbrechen. Was wie getrocknetes Blut und andere biologische Stoffe aussieht, ist über den ganzen Boden und die rechte Flurwand bis zu meiner Schulter verteilt. Es sieht aus, als wäre jemand getötet worden. Niemand hatte sich die Mühe gemacht, die Sauerei ordentlich aufzuräumen, und jetzt laufen die Bewohner des Gebäudes und ihre Nachkommen achtlos an den bräunlich-schwarzen Flecken und den klebrigen Rückständen vorbei, die zwischen dem hässlichen grünen Kachelboden hinterlassen wurden.

Die Anweisung lautet, die fünf Stockwerke der alten Holzterrasse zum obersten Stockwerk hinaufzusteigen. Als ich dort ankomme, bin ich etwas außer Atem, und ein älterer Herr wartet bereits im Türrahmen auf mich. Er ist jenseits der fünfzig, hat langes, glattes, salz- und pfefferfarbenes Haar und eine große kahle Stelle. Ein einzelner Goldring an seinem rechten Ohr. Sein Gesicht ist knochig, mit einer perfekt rasierten Kieferlinie und übertriebenen Wangenknochen. Er ist etwas kleiner als ich, aber er trägt sich größer, als er ist. Seine Kleidung ist teuer und er riecht wie ein unhygienischer Mann, der glaubt, dass teures Parfüm den Körpergeruch überdecken kann. Die Designerjeans sind mit einem Gucci-Gürtel so um seine ausgemergelte Taille geschnürt, dass man merkt, dass dieser Mann Methamphetamin dem richtigen Essen vorzieht. Langes, weißes Brusthaar lugt über sein weißes Designer-T-Shirt. Eine braune Krokodillederjacke im Bikerstil vervollständigt sein Outfit.

Er grüßt mich mit einem Grinsen durch seine blau getönte Ray Bans mit goldenem Rahmen und ich schüttele vorsichtig seine klamme Hand. An jedem seiner Finger hängen teure, weißgoldene Ringe, einige davon mit Diamanten besetzt. Seine Hände sehen stark und muskulös aus und sein Griff ist überraschend fest. Ich vermerke mir, dass ich mir die Hände gründlich waschen muss, wenn ich gehe. Er geht vor mir in die Küche und deutet mir mit dem Rücken zur Fensterwand an, mich an den kleinen Tisch auf einem alten Hocker zu setzen. Die Luft riecht stechend nach Ammoniak und Fäkalien. Vielleicht lebt oder lebte hier eine Katze? Ich will mich nicht hinsetzen und ihm das Gefühl geben, dass er in dieser winzigen, klaustrophobischen Küche größer ist als ich. Er könnte ein Messer oder eine Waffe auf mich richten. Woher soll ich das wissen? Ich bleibe stehen.

Als er meine Anspannung bemerkt, setzt er sich mir gegenüber an den Tisch, mit dem Rücken zu dem schmutzigen Fenster. Die braunen Fensterläden sind geschlossen und ein hässliches Flackern des Neonlichts darüber lässt sein Gesicht in einem kränklichen Bläulichweiß erscheinen. Er schaut gleichgültig zu mir hoch, der ich immer noch dastehe.

"Entspann dich, Alter, ich werde dich nicht ausrauben"

Er zieht eine winzige Briefwaage aus seiner braunen Krokodillederjacke und teilt mir nonchalant mit, dass sie genau ist. Der Geruch des Leders ist so einladend, dass er die anderen Gerüche für ein paar Sekunden fast überdeckt. Sie muss verdammt neu sein und wahrscheinlich mehrere Tausend Mark kosten. Meine Anweisung von Lars lautet, alles zu

nehmen, was er mir gibt, und ich weiß schon beim Anblick dieses unverschämt gekleideten Widerlings, dass ich ordentlich verarscht werden werde. Ich fange an zu glauben, dass Lars auch eine dunkle Seite hat und dass sein Reichtum nicht nur aus seiner Arbeit als Arzt stammt.

Ich seufze innerlich: "Bringen wir es hinter uns, er ist wahrscheinlich bewaffnet und wer weiß, wer vor dem Gebäude lauert, um mich auszurauben, sobald ich weg bin."

Ich gehe auf ihn zu, während ich mir die Tasche von den Schultern nehme. Ich beobachte ihn auf Schritt und Tritt, öffne den Reißverschluss des größten Fachs und fange an, die Sachen herauszunehmen. Wie ein Schmuckdealer lege ich die verschiedenen Drogen geordnet auf den Tisch. Seine Aufmerksamkeit richtet sich sofort auf das 10 mg-Fläschchen mit Acid.

"Ist das LSD?"

Ich nicke zustimmend.

"Wow, Alter", das sind eine Menge Hits, ich gebe dir hundert dafür.

"Komm schon, Mann! Das sind locker hundert Hits. Zweihundert, wenn du nur 50 Mikrogrammportionen machst. Wenn du eine Mikrodosis von 25 pro Blotter nimmst, sind das mindestens zwei Riesen auf der Straße bei zehn Mark pro Hit, du machst wohl Witze!"

"Ok, gut, ich werde nett sein, 200. - nimm es oder lass es! Ich weiß nicht, ob es echt ist, bevor ich es probiere. Es könnte auch nur Wasser sein oder schon seine ganze Wirkung verloren haben. Ich sag dir was. Wenn es etwas taugt, gebe ich dir nächste Woche noch mal 100."

Ich seufze widerwillig. Ich weiß, dass in jedem Straßengeschäft ein Deal ein Deal ist. Geld in der Hand ist das einzige Geld, das du jemals sehen wirst. Gib niemals Drogen auf Kredit, verleihe niemals Geld. Du könntest es genauso gut direkt in den Müll werfen.

Er holt ein Post-It und einen Stift aus seiner Innentasche und schreibt 200 auf. Dann fängt er an, die Ecstasy-Pillen einzeln zu zählen und sie in Zehnergruppen zu ordnen.

"Ich gebe dir 2 Mark pro Stück." Ich verdrehe die Augen. Jede Pille bringt mir zwischen 10 und 20 Mark, je nachdem, wo ich sie verkaufe, und für hundert Stück habe ich im Großhandel je nach Art und Qualität 4 bis 5 Mark bezahlt.

Er zählt  $295 \text{ Stück} \times 2 = 590$ . Viel, viel weniger, als ich für sie bezahlt hatte. Ich beginne innerlich mich aufzuregen.

Ich sehe, wohin das führt! Vielleicht bekomme ich ja wenigstens einen besseren Preis für das Pulver. Das Paket mit dem Pulver ist fest eingewickelt, und es erfordert einige Mühe, um es aufzuschneiden. Der Dealer nimmt eine Prise und reibt sie zuerst an seinem Zahnfleisch. Er lächelt mich wissend und freudig an.

Er tut etwas auf seine Fingerspitze und schnupft es. "Wow! Das ist gutes Zeug, woher hast du das?"

"Ich weiß ehrlich gesagt nicht, was es ist. Es gehörte einem Freund von mir und ich verkaufe es ungeöffnet. Ich verkaufe meistens nur X und Haschisch.

"Dafür bin ich bereit, dir fünfzig je Gramm zu geben. Wenn du also wirklich nicht weißt, was es ist, sage ich es dir: Es ist Fischschuppenkokain. Die beste Qualität, die du kriegen kannst, und es ist super selten hier in Deutschland! Also, wie kommt ein dürres Arschloch wie du da ran?"

"Wie gesagt, ich wusste nicht, was es ist. Wenn du 50 sagst, nehme ich an, dass 50K der Kilopreis ist?"

Er sieht mich unfreundlich an

"Eigentlich viel mehr, aber für dich, ja." Er packt alles aus und kippt es auf eine Plastikschaale, die bereits auf null tariert wurde. Die Waage zeigt 47,2 Gramm an

Er rechnet nach.  $47.2 \times 50 = 2360$ . Er zeigt es mir zur Bestätigung. Ich nicke.

"Gut, aber sobald ich hier weg bin, will ich nicht, dass du oder deine Freunde mich belästigen. Ich mache das für einen Freund, der verhaftet wurde, und jetzt in der Reha ist."

"Du meinst Ollie? (Ich nicke unbehaglich) Er sieht mich grinsend an. Ich kenne Ollie, ich habe ihm genau diesen Stoff verkauft. Ich wollte nur hören, ob du dir eine blödsinnige Geschichte ausdenkst, wie du es bekommen hast, denn dann wüsste ich, dass du ein Lügner bist, Tommy! Ich bin wahrscheinlich der Einzige im ganzen Region, der diese hohe Qualität bekommen kann."

Ich verdrehe die Augen und seufze, das hat mir gerade noch gefehlt! Natürlich kennt er Ollie! Jeder kennt Ollie, verdammt! Was habe ich mir nur dabei gedacht!?

"Oh. Dann sag ihm nicht, dass ich hier war, es ist im Moment kompliziert."

Er sieht mich durchdringend an

"Warum sollte ich ihm nicht sagen, dass du hier warst? Nicht, dass es mich wirklich interessiert, aber (er hält das leere Plastik mit dem Koks in der Hand hoch) hast du das von ihm gestohlen?"

Ich starre ihn an und beginne nervös zu plappern, um meine Unschuld zu beweisen.

"Nein! Wie kannst du das sagen! Ich habe versucht, ihm zu helfen, den ganzen belastenden Scheiß loszuwerden, bevor die Polizei auftaucht. Ollie und ich haben alle Drogen, die wir finden konnten, in eine Tüte gestopft und sie am Morgen im Wald vergraben, weißt du? Ich bin mir sicher, dass er die Geschichte kennt, und er sieht mich bestätigend an:



"Wolfgang ist gestürzt und hat seinen dummen Arsch umgebracht. Damit hat er uns beide gefickt. Wir hatten eine gute Sache am Laufen und jetzt ist es im Arsch! Ich versuche, meinen erhöhten Tonfall zu beruhigen. Es ist eine lange Geschichte. Ollie hat diesen Klumpen in meine Tasche geworfen, als wir beide in Panik versuchten, die ganze Stoff in der Wohnung loszuwerden. Ich wusste nicht einmal, dass es Koks war, ok? Seitdem habe ich mir viel Mühe gegeben, dieser verdammte Stoff zu verstecken. Als ich Ollie vor einem Monat besuchte, um über eine Lösung zu sprechen, war er ganz schwierig und emotional. Seitdem meckert er jedes Mal, wenn ich ihn besuche. Darüber, dass ich mein Leben wegwerfe. Er will, dass ich clean werde. Er will, dass ich das ganze Zeug vernichte! Scheiße, es ist ein kleines Vermögen, also kann ich das natürlich nicht tun. Ollie mag reich sein und es sich leisten können, Sachen im Wert von mehr als 10.000 Euro zu zerstören, aber ich bin es sicher nicht.

Mein Tonfall bebt fast vor Frustration und Wut.

"Ich habe ihm nicht gesagt, dass ich immer noch versuche, das Zeug zu verkaufen, weil ich unsere Freundschaft nicht ruinieren will. Ich kann nirgendwo wohnen und ich kann nicht mit dem ganzen Scheiß herumlaufen. Deshalb bin ich hier. Um damit fertig zu werden, damit ich ihn nicht mehr anlügen muss, aber weißt du was, wir können es auch einfach vergessen, ok? Ich bin nicht hierhergekommen, um mich beleidigen zu lassen!"

Ich fange an, die Sachen vom Tisch aufzusammeln. Er packt mich kräftig am Handgelenk, aber eher entschuldigend als dominierend.

"Hey, ist schon gut, ich glaube dir. Setz dich hin, entspann dich. Du weißt, dass Ollie und ich uns schon lange kennen? Fast zehn Jahre. Er ist ein treuer Kunde und einer meiner besten Bekannten, seit er von der Uni abgegangen ist. Er hat mir über die Jahre ein Vermögen eingebracht, deshalb helfe ich ihm jetzt gerne." Er lächelt mich an. "Du bist sein Cousin Tommy, nicht wahr? Aus Indien oder so was in der Art?"

Ich denke mir: "Er weiß, wer ich bin, verdammt".

Ich schaue ihm direkt in die Augen, als ich den Hocker herausziehe und mich setze. Er lässt meinen Arm los und mein Verhalten entspannt sich ein wenig.

"So ähnlich. Hör zu, wirklich! Ich mache keine Witze! Als ich Ollie in der Klinik besuchte, hatte ich Geld für ihn dabei, dass ich beim Verkauf von Haschisch eingenommen hatte. Ollie war beleidigt und weigerte sich, das Geld anzunehmen." Ich ziehe die zerknitterten Hundertmarkscheine heraus, die noch in meinem Kapuzenpullover steckten, um ihm zu zeigen, dass ich ehrlich bin. "Siehst du?"

"Ach so, da du nicht gefragt hast, mein Name ist Rolf. Aber alle nennen mich Digger."

"Tut mir leid, ich wollte nicht unhöflich sein... Ich dachte, es wäre besser, wenn wir unsere Namen nicht kennen würden."

Digger lehnt sich zurück auf die Fensterbank und verschränkt die Hände in seinem Schoß.

"Ja, aber ich weiß schon, wer du bist, da ist es nur fair, dass du auch weißt, wer ich bin."

Ich winke ihm spöttisch mit der Hand zu und grinse ihn leicht verärgert an. "Ok Digger"

Er zeichnet einen imaginären Kreis mit seinem Zeigefinger und tippt dann auf den Tisch, während er mich anstarrt.

"Okay, ich bin überzeugt, dass du die Wahrheit sagst. Dass du versuchst, meinem Freund Ollie zu helfen, also sage ich dir was. Ich mache dir einen besseren Preis, wenn wir alles berechnet haben, und noch einen Hunderter für den LSD."

Jetzt bin ich einfach nur genervt

"Wenn du wusstest, wer ich bin, warum hast du es dann nicht gleich am Anfang gesagt?"

Er neigt seinen Kopf zur Seite, als ob er einen Affen studieren würde.

"Ich habe dich abgetastet, Mann. Musste sehen, mit wem ich es zu tun hatte. Ich dachte, du hättest ihn nach seiner Verhaftung abgezockt und versucht, von seinem Pech zu profitieren. Das wäre verachtenswert gewesen, verstehst du? Ich wollte erst mit dir reden, bevor ich mich entscheide, dass sich meine Mitarbeiter um dich kümmern. Er hält inne und gestikuliert mit seinen Händen. "Keine Sorge, es ist alles gut. Ich sehe jetzt, dass du ein korrekter Kerl bist. Hast du mich verstanden, Mann? Ich habe dir einen Vertrauensvorschuss gegeben, weil es Lars war, der mich kontaktiert hat."

"Wenn du einfach in meiner Stadt zu meinen Leuten gegangen wärst und versucht hättest, Drogen zu verkaufen, die dir nicht gehören, wärst du am Arsch gewesen. Jeder hätte sofort gewusst", schnippt er mit den Fingern, "dass ein Typ wie du niemals an so ein Pulver kommen kann, ohne meinen Namen zu kennen. Du weißt, dass Menschen verschwinden, viel öfter als du denkst. Wenn du das Flussbett durchwühlst, wärst du überrascht, was du alles finden würdest. Manchmal werden die Leichen von Schiffsschrauben zerhackt, oder so soll es zumindest aussehen. Aufgedunsene und bis zur Unkenntlichkeit verwesene Torsi, Arme und Beine treiben manchmal bis zum Flussufer zurück. Was glaubst du, wie viele von ihnen sind tatsächlich Ertrinkungsopfer? Ich sehe nicht gefährlich aus, aber ich habe sehr gefährliche Freunde, also bin ich gefährlich. Leute, die sich mit mir anlegen oder meine Freunde ficken, verschwinden hier, verstehst du, was ich meine, Tommy?"

Ich schaue ihm in die Augen und versuche zu beurteilen, ob er ein Bullshitter ist oder nicht. Doch sein Verhalten und die Zuversicht in seiner Stimme sind ernüchternd. Ruhig steht er auf und geht an mir vorbei zum Eingang der Wohnung. Von der anderen Seite der Tür, im Treppenhaus, höre ich einen Mann, der mit Digger spricht. Die Haare in meinem Nacken stellen sich auf und ich bekomme überall eine Gänsehaut. Der Typ, der draußen steht, hat auf mich gewartet! Auf Diggers Befehl. Er muss mir hier hoch gefolgt sein, nachdem ich die Wohnung betreten hatte. Digger beendet das Gespräch... "Du kannst jetzt gehen, er ist in Ordnung. Ich sehe dich später."

Durch die hauchdünne Tür kann ich das Klicken einer Pistole hören. Schritte hallen langsam die Treppe hinunter. Ich denke mir, verdammt, wie konnte ich nicht hören, dass der Kerl sich hier hochgeschlichen hat? Wäre ich im Zorn gegangen, hätte ich heute umgebracht werden können. Digger kommt zurück in die Küche und setzt sich hin, als ob nichts Ungewöhnliches passiert wäre. Er hatte sich gerade entschieden, mich nicht umbringen zu lassen, und zwar mit der gleichen mühelosen Haltung, mit der ein normaler Mensch in einem Café zwischen einem Espresso und einem Kaffee wählen würde. Absolut nonchalant.

"Tommy, hör mir zu, es ist nicht das erste Mal, dass Ollie von der Polizei durchsucht wird, ok? Es ist auch nicht das erste Mal, dass er in der Reha ist. Wie ich schon sagte, ich kenne Ollie schon verdammt lange! Du bist erst seit kurzem mit ihm befreundet und versuchst jetzt, ihm zu helfen. Entweder bist du naiv oder dumm. Was ist es, Tommy?"

"Ich glaube, es ist einfach Verzweiflung und der Versuch zu überleben"

"Ich respektiere das, Tommy, aber ein Mann muss auch essen, oder? Du hast Mut, hierher zu kommen. Hätte ich gedacht, dass du meinen Freund abgezockt hast, hätte ich dir übel mitgespielt, auch wenn du Ollies Cousin bist. Das ich dir übrigens nicht abkaufe, denn ihr seht euch überhaupt nicht ähnlich. Ollie besteht darauf, dass ihr Cousins seid, also was soll's, der Scheiß geht nur dich und ihn etwas an. Ihr habt wirklich nichts gemeinsam, aber wie ich schon sagte, scheint Ollie dich zu mögen, also wenn du ihm in Zukunft wehtust oder ihn verarschst, werde ich dich holen lassen, okay?"

"Hey, nur um das klarzustellen: Einiges von dem Zeug gehört mir! Das Molly gehört mir. Das Haschisch gehört auch mir. Ich habe es von einem Holländer gekauft."

"Ja, aber es geht um das Prinzip. Das Koks gehört nicht dir. Genauso wenig wie der Indoor. Ich erkenne den Geruch. Das ist der White Widow aus meiner Produktion. Siehst du, wenn du mich angelogen hättest, hätte ich es sofort gewusst. Ich bin der einzige Produzent dieser Sorte in der ganzen Region. Dein X-Dealer heißt nicht zufällig Xavi oder?"

"Ich sage gar nichts, ich kenne dich nicht, aber ja, wenn du das annimmst, ist eh nur eine Frage der Zeit, du weiss ja eh alles."

"Kaufe nicht bei ihm. Er macht schwache Pillen. Ich habe eine viel bessere, reine MDMA-Quelle. Hast du schon mal reines MDMA gesehen, Tommy?"

Ich schüttele den Kopf und Digger zieht eine kleine Tüte mit einer hellbeigen, zuckrigen Substanz heraus und wirft sie auf den Tisch.

"Das ist Molly, 100 Prozent reines MDMA, du brauchst nur eine Fingerspitze davon, also sei vorsichtig, ok?" Es wird in den Niederlanden hergestellt und glaub mir, es ist verdammt stark.

Ich sehe mir den Plastikbehälter an, ohne die Absicht, sie zu behalten oder zu benutzen. Der Kerl hat im Grunde zugegeben, ein verdammter Mörder zu sein. Als ob er wüsste, was ich denke, lacht er

"Entspann dich Tommy, du bist so misstrauisch, das ist eigentlich eine gute Sache, aber ich habe es nicht vergiftet, ich gebe dir etwas von meinem persönlichen Vorrat als Zeichen des Vertrauens, siehst du?"

Er leckt demonstrativ an der Spitze seines kleinen Fingers und taucht ihn in die Tüte. Eine kleine Menge bleibt an seinem Finger kleben und er nimmt sie in den Mund.

"Jetzt versuchst du es"

Ich denke mir: "Scheiße, wenn ich es nicht tue, wird er misstrauisch oder zumindest beleidigt sein." Ich füge mich in mein Schicksal, lecke mir den Finger und tauche ebenfalls ein. Es schmeckt extrem bitter und ich eile zum Waschbecken und halte meinen Kopf unter den Wasserhahn, um den bitteren Geschmack herunterzuspülen.

Digger lacht

"Pussy! Ich kenne jeden Dealer von hier bis nach Duisburg und Frankfurt, ok? Vertrau mir, du hast jetzt einen guten Freund hier. Alles, was du willst, Waffen, Drogen, Zigaretten, magst du Mädchen, Tommy? Du gehörst doch nicht zu den schwanzschlüpfenden Schwulen, die mit ihren Prideparaden und so einem Scheiß allen ihre kranken Perversionen aufzwingen, oder? Ich hasse diese Anus-leckenden, Sperma schlürfenden Schwuchteln. Du scheinst ein Junge zu sein, der aufrichtig ist, also werde ich dich gerne verkuppeln. Wenn du mal einen guten Fick willst, sage ich Lars, dass der erste auf mich geht. Egal welche Schlampe du willst in eines meiner Etablissements. Wenn du mal Arbeit brauchst, sag es ihm einfach, ok? Du hast zwar noch nicht das Privileg, mich direkt anzurufen, aber du kannst es dir verdienen, wenn du willst.

Ich wische mir das Wasser mit meinem Kapuzenärmel vom Mund.

"Danke für das Angebot, Digger, aber ich versuche nur, das Zeug loszuwerden und Ollie seinen Anteil am Geld zu geben und dann damit fertig zu werden. Ollie hat recht, ich werfe mein Leben weg. Wenn Ollie das Geld nicht will, werde ich es auf unbestimmte Zeit zurückhalten, bis er zur Vernunft kommt. Ich will dir nicht beleidigen, aber im Moment will ich keinesfalls involviert sein."

"Kein Problem. Wenn du es dir anders überlegst, sprich mit Lars, ich werde ihm sagen, dass du vertrauenswürdig bist. Es gibt niemanden, der mit so viel Stoff herumläuft, ohne richtigen Eier zu haben. Ich könnte mir vorstellen, dass du für mich arbeitest."

"Nochmals danke für das Angebot, Digger, ich werde darüber nachdenken."

Ich sage das nur, um das Thema loszuwerden. Ich habe nicht die Absicht, für einen Drogenboss zu arbeiten. Das hatte ich auch schon gemacht. Digger plappert weiter.

"Ich denke, es ist eine gute Idee, wenn du Ollies Geld behalten willst, Tommy. Vielleicht will er es jetzt nicht, aber ich bin der bescheidenen Meinung, dass seine Eltern ihm unweigerlich den Geldhahn zudrehen werden. Er wird das Geld schneller brauchen, als er denkt. Ich gebe ihm einen Monat, höchstens zwei. Dann wird er wieder trinken und kiffen und es wird wieder so sein wie früher. Ich sage dir, Tommy, merke dir meine Worte. Ollie ist ein netter Kerl, aber er kann nicht clean bleiben. Das passt nicht zu ihm und mal ehrlich, viele von uns nehmen Stoff und es ist okay. Ich meine, sieh mich an. Ich kann mich nicht daran erinnern, wann ich das letzte Mal richtiges Essen gegessen habe, aber hier bin ich. Ich verdiene gutes Geld und habe ein gutes Leben, wer weiß? Vielleicht werden wir drei eines Tages Geschäftspartner."

Ich sehe ihn mit unverhohlener Abscheu an.

"Digger, nichts für ungut, aber dass?! Deine Wohnung ist ekelhaft, sie stinkt! Unten im Flur ist Blut, es riecht, als hätte eine Katze in deine Wohnung gepinkelt und wäre dann hier drin verendet, wie kannst du das ein gutes Leben nennen?"

Digger fängt an zu lachen und ich bemerke seine goldenen Vorderzähne. Die hinteren sind eine Mischung aus verfaulten schwarzen und gelben Stümpfen. Wahrscheinlich sind sie vom Meth-Missbrauch weggefault.

"Oh, du süßes, unschuldiges Kind, (lacht weiter) das ist nicht meine Wohnung, ich habe ein verdammtes Haus auf dem Land! Draußen wartet ein Mercedes mit meinem Fahrer auf mich. Der Typ, der hier gewohnt hat, ist tot ... Er war ein Junkie. Du hast sein getrocknetes Blut im Hausflur gesehen, oder? Ich habe ihn als einen meiner Dealer benutzt. Er konsumierte zu viel. Zuerst sahnte er Geld ab, aber dann, fing er an, mein Produkt zu stehlen. Also, musste ich ihn in den Himmel schicken. Verstehst du? Ich bin heute Morgen nur zufällig hier, weil ich das Gebäude mir gehört. Ich wollte noch einmal nachsehen, ob ich das fehlende Geld oder Heroin finde, das er gestohlen hat. Ich vermute, entweder er hat alles selber konsumiert, oder vielleicht jemand hat es geklaut. Lars wusste, dass ich hierherkommen musste. Deswegen hat er dich hierhergeschickt, um mich zu treffen. Er hat mich angerufen, um mir zu sagen, dass du mit interessanten Stoff kommst. Glückliche Zufälle."

Ich schaue ihn ernsthaft und fasziniert an.

"Wie hast du ihn also getötet?"

Digger beugt sich vor und sagt mit gedämpfter Stimme.

"Offiziell ist er an einer Überdosis Drogen gestorben. Ich habe nur ein bisschen nachgeholfen, weißt du? Ich habe ein hübsches kleines Ding geschickt, um ihn zu besuchen und dafür zu sorgen, dass er etwas Fentanyl in seinen üblichen Speedball gemischt bekommt. Ich versichere dir, dass ich ihn der Konsum nicht gezwungen habe. Ich war nicht hier war, als es passierte. Schätze, es muss eine spektakuläre Show gewesen sein." Er zwinkert mir zu und klatscht lachend in die Hände.

"Zu sehen, wie er auf dem Flur blutet und nach Luft ringt. Ich bin überrascht, dass er es die ganze Treppe hinuntergeschafft hat, bevor er starb.

Digger lehnt sich in seinem Stuhl zurück.

"Weißt du überhaupt, was Fentanyl ist, Tommy?"

Ich schüttele den Kopf.

"Es ist ein Opioid, im Grunde genommen synthetisches Heroin. Sie verwenden es für Operationen und für Patienten mit starken Schmerzen, die an Krebs sterben und so weiter. Ich habe einen Freund, der eine medizinische Lizenz hat. Er hat eine Art Schlupfloch im medizinischen System gefunden, um es direkt aus dem Herkunftsland zu importieren..."

denke ich mir.

"Das muss der verdammte Lars sein! Ich meine, wie viele korrupte Ärzte kann ein Arschloch-Dealer schon kennen, oder? Lars hat also gerade dabei geholfen, einen Mann zu töten. Toll!"

"... Es ist hundertmal stärker als Morphinum und leicht 50-mal so stark wie das Scheiß-Heroin, das man hier bekommt. Zwei Milligramm davon und du kommst in den verdammten Himmel. Als der Krankenwagen eintraf, war der Dieb, der hier wohnte, bereits tot. Die Polizei machte ihren Bericht und ging. Nur ein weiterer überdosierter Junkie. Sie machten sich nicht einmal die Mühe, die Wohnung zu durchsuchen. Als Eigentümer des Gebäudes wurde ich natürlich vom Hausmeister über die Situation informiert."

"Dann lass uns den Rest abwägen, ja?"

Ich bin nicht mehr in der Stimmung zu feilschen. Ich sitze in der Wohnung eines toten Mannes, gegenüber von seinem Mörder. Die Wirkung des MDMA setzt ein und mein leerer Magen tut weh. Ich frage mich, ob ich diesen Mann nicht vielleicht einfach hier und jetzt töten sollte. Niemand hat mein Gesicht gesehen. Als ich hierherkam, hatte ich meinen Kapuzenpulli über dem Kopf, und eine Sonnenbrille auf. Ich könnte ihm sein ganzes Geld abnehmen und dann aus Deutschland, in die Schweiz fliehen. Ich habe schon mal getötet. Ich frage mich, ob ich ihn mit bloßen Händen ergreifen soll. Ihm vielleicht mit dem großen Glasaschenbecher auf dem Tisch den Schädel einschlagen und ihn dann erwürgen könnte.

Digger ist damit beschäftigt, zu wiegen und Zahlen zu notieren. Ich werde verarscht und deshalb ist es mir jetzt egal. Ich schaue mit gespielter Interesse zu. Ich denke mir: "Schlag dem Kerl den Schädel ein und bring ihn um. Er ist Freiwild, er wollte mich fertig machen oder sogar töten. Außerdem hat er vielleicht genug Geld dabei, um ein Jahr oder länger durchzuhalten. Vielleicht hat er auch gar kein Geld dabei und will mich trotzdem ausrauben."

"Körperlich habe ich einen Altersvorteil gegenüber diesem Kerl. Mir scheint, er ist zu arrogant oder zu schlau, um bewaffnet zu sein. Er ist die Art von Dreckskerl, der andere auf sein Geheiß hin ihre Hände schmutzig machen lässt. Aber er weiß, wer ich bin. Das bedeutet, dass wahrscheinlich auch andere gefährliche Leute wissen, wer ich bin. Vielleicht sind Angela und Melanie in Gefahr, wenn ich diesen Mistkerl töte."

"Lars ist der Einzige, der mich bei diesem Treffen mit Sicherheit identifizieren kann. Er weiß auch, dass ich mit Angela zusammenlebe. Auch ihm kann ich nicht mehr trauen. Selbst wenn ich Digger töten würde und wie durch ein Wunder niemand aus seiner Bande herausfinden würde, wer ich bin, was würde Lars davon abhalten, mich aus Prinzip zu töten? Das bedeutet, dass ich dann Lars zuerst töten müsste. Aber wie? Ich habe keine Waffe und der Typ ist zu stark. Außerdem gäbe es dann zu viele Leichen. Ich würde einen Bandenkrieg auslösen! Melanie und Angela würden auch nicht verschont bleiben."

"Wenn Diggers Leute mir auf die Schliche gekommen sind, nachdem ich ihn getötet habe, würden sie wahrscheinlich auch Ollie töten. Sie würden Lars aus Prinzip umbringen, nur weil er mich vorgestellt hat. Ich habe keine Chance, sicher zu sein, dass ich das anonym tun kann. Wenn ich ihn jetzt töten würde, würde das jeden verletzen, der mir geholfen hat. Ein verdammtes Blutbad wäre die Folge, ganz zu schweigen von der Folter und der Hinrichtung, die mir drohen würde, wenn ich zehn Jahren später aufliegen würde. Nichts ist je vergeben und nichts vergessen."

Ich lächle Digger an und frage mich, ob er mich spüren kann. Am liebsten würde ich dieses Stück Scheiße gleich hier und jetzt umbringen. Wie viele Mütter trauerten um ihre Söhne, die sie wegen dieses menschlichen Stücks Exkrementen verloren hatten? Ich wusste sofort, wenn ich hier wegginge und diesen Kerl tötete, würde ich in der ganzen Rheinprovinz und darüber hinaus eine Zielscheibe auf dem Rücken haben. Ich würde niemals sicher sein. Ich könnte nie wieder bei einem Dealer einkaufen, ohne ständig befürchten zu müssen, entdeckt zu werden. Digger würde mich noch jahrelang aus dem Grab heraus auf Schritt und Tritt verfolgen. Ich müsste herausfinden, wo er wohnt, und ihn töten, wenn mich niemand verdächtigt und ich sicher bin, dass niemand meine Bewegungen verfolgt. Das Wichtigste ist, dass ich hier lebend rauskomme und hoffentlich mit dem Geld, das ich so dringend brauche.

denke ich mir.

"Lars ist ein verdammter Idiot. Wenn Lars die Fentanyl-Verbindung ist, ist er sich dann nicht der Schwere dessen bewusst, in was er verwickelt ist? Ist er auch in den Kokainschmuggel verwickelt? Ich meine, von allen Leuten, die ich kenne, habe ich nur ihn mit dieser Art von hochwertigem Koks gesehen. Hat er dieses Treffen arrangiert, weil er wusste, dass ich in die Scheiße geraten könnte? Oder war er einfach nur naiv und wollte nett sein?"

"Oder wollte er mir vielmehr zeigen, wer der Boss ist? Um mich zu erziehen? Ich muss Lars im Zweifelsfall den Vortritt lassen. Schließlich bin ich doch alles losgeworden, oder? Selbst wenn es ernsthaft unter dem Straßenwert liegt, ist es vorbei und erledigt. Ich sollte einfach weggehen und mich nie wieder mit Digger einlassen. Ich werde Lars nicht um Geld bitten. Das würde mich nur in seine Schuld bringen. Das Letzte, was ich will, ist, bei einem

korrupten Arzt verschuldet zu sein, der von mir verlangen könnte, dass ich Botengänge für ihn erledige. Dieses Schwein! Das hat er wahrscheinlich damit gemeint, dass er mir zu einem Einkommen verhelfen will! Wenn ich mich weiterhin weigere, seine Befehle auszuführen, oder er aus irgendeinem Grund paranoid wird, wer weiß, ob er mich nicht umbringt, indem er mir etwas Tödliches in einen Drink oder in eine Line Koks mischt. Genau wie der arme Kerl, der hier gewohnt hat. Besser, Lars hat keine Ahnung, dass ich ihm auf der Spur bin. Er denkt wahrscheinlich, dass ich nur weiß, dass er Kokain von Digger kauft. Information ist Macht und jetzt habe ich einen Vorteil gegenüber Lars, weil der dumme Digger ihn versehentlich indirekt als korrupten Arzt verraten hat. Das muss doch Lars sein, oder?"

"Angela könnte in großer Gefahr sein. Wenn Lars ein schwergewichtiger Dealer ist, wie kann ich sie warnen, ohne Verdacht zu erregen? Scheiße! Vielleicht ist Angela auch eingeweiht? Wie soll ich das je erfahren? Wir angeblichen Freunde lügen uns doch alle gegenseitig an. Außer Melanie, ich bezweifle ernsthaft, dass sie von all dem etwas weiß. Armes Ding. Sie ist so unschuldig, sie hat es nicht verdient, in einen Drogenstreit verwickelt zu werden. Ich würde es mir nie verzeihen, wenn Digger oder seine Komplizen diesem schönen, süßen Kind etwas antun würden."

Als er fertig ist, schaut er von seiner Kritzelei auf. Ich bin begierig darauf, zu gehen und ihn zu fragen.

"Was ist dein letztes Angebot für alles? Ich bin ziemlich hungrig und würde das hier gerne abschließen, wenn es dir nichts ausmacht."

Digger sieht mich an und saugt an seinen Zähnen.

"Als ein seltenes Zeichen der Freundlichkeit werde ich dir helfen, wieder auf die Beine zu kommen, Tommy! Zehntausend. Aber du wirst Ollie die Hälfte geben! Das ist doch fair, oder? Ich bin sehr, sehr großzügig mit diesem Angebot. Ich werde Ollie auch sagen, dass du seine Drogen an mich zurückverkauft hast, damit er weiß, wie viel er von dir erwarten kann. Wenn er sein Anteil nicht will, mache ich dich dafür verantwortlich. Du wirst es für ihn aufzubewahren, bis er es wieder zurückhaben will. Das hast du doch gesagt, oder? Ich halte dich an dein eigenes Wort, Tommy."

"Digger! Ich habe dir gesagt, dass ich nicht will, dass Ollie davon erfährt, ich will nicht mit ihm streiten. Du kannst mir vertrauen, aber bitte lass Ollie aus der Sache raus."

"Keine Sorge, ich kümmere mich um Ollie. Wenn alles, was du gesagt hast, wahr ist, wird alles gut werden. Wenn du mich angelogen hast, Tommy, solltest du, sobald du diesen Ort verlässt, wegrennen und zu Gott beten, dass ich dich nie finden werde!"

"Was gibt es da zu lügen, Digger? Alles, was ich dir gesagt habe, war die Wahrheit."

"Na dann (er lächelt) brauchst du dir ja keine Sorgen zu machen, ruf Ollie nicht an, ich kümmere mich um ihn!"

Ich nicke mit dem Kopf, ich will jetzt nur noch weg von hier. Meine Hände sind ganz klamm und mein Mund ist trocken.



Digger zieht fünf blaue Hunderterrollen aus einem Lederrucksack und schiebt sie mir auf den Tisch. Ich hoffe nur, dass sie nicht gefälscht sind. Ich beginne eine Rolle zu öffnen, um sie zu zählen. Er sieht mich an

"Willst du mich auch noch beleidigen? Es ist alles da, du brauchst es nicht zu zählen.

"Ok"

Ich schnappe mir das Geld und werfe es locker in meinen Rucksack, schüttele seine Hand und schaue ihm fest in die Augen, um keine Feindseligkeit zu zeigen.

"Wir sehen uns, Tommy"

"Auf jeden Fall, Digger"

Er richtet eine imaginäre Fingerpistole auf mich und drückt den Abzug, als ich die stinkende Wohnung des toten Junkies verlasse. Als ich die ersten Stufen hinuntergehe, sagt Digger mit kaum hörbarer Stimme etwas, das mir einen Schauer über den Rücken jagt

"Hey, wegen Wolfgang? Ja, er war ein Vollidiot. Schau immer über deine Schulter, Tommy."

Ich gehe langsam die Treppe hinunter und bin überzeugt, dass ich jeden Moment überfallen werde. Immerhin habe ich zehn Riesen in meinem Rucksack. Im Treppenhaus bleibe ich stehen und ziehe mein verstecktes Butterfly-Messer heraus. Es liegt bereit in meiner geballten Faust in meiner Jackentasche. Wer etwas Dummes versucht, dem wird die Kehle durchgeschnitten. Trotzdem fühle ich mich immer noch wie ein leichtes Ziel. Mein Herz rast noch, als ich schon längst im ersten Bus sitze, der mich hier rausbringt. Er fährt in eine völlig falsche Richtung, aber das ist mir egal. Das ist eine gute Vorsichtsmaßnahme, falls ich verfolgt werde. Ich brauche eine größere verdammte Waffe, denke ich mir. Eine Pistole. Als ich in den Bus umsteige und zurück nach Mannheim fahre, zum Hauptbahnhof. Meine Gedanken rasen.

"Scheiße, wer war auf der Party, der Wolfgang hätte töten können? Scheiße! Ich wusste, dass es keinen Sinn machte, dass Wolfgang einfach so hinfiel. Er war ein verdammter Skater, um Himmels willen. Wenn jemand einen guten Gleichgewichtssinn hatte, dann war er es. Das bedeutet, dass jemand Wolfgang von der Kante gestoßen hat. Aber das muss eher ein Zufall gewesen sein als geplant. Oder Wolfgang wurde auch mit Fentanyl vergiftet! Lars!!! Aber das würde bedeuten, dass er bereits mehr als ein Opfer auf dem Gewissen hat. Es ist zu früh, um mit dem Finger zu zeigen. Fakt bleibt. Der Mörder kennt Ollie, und damit zwangsläufig auch Angela, Melanie und mich. Verdammt! Vielleicht ist es an der Zeit, dass ich nach Würzburg zurückkehre und die Waffe ausgrabe, die ich vergraben habe.

Wenn ich herausfinde, wer das war, schicke ich vielleicht selbst ein paar Leute in den Himmel. Digger steht jetzt definitiv auf meiner Mordliste, denn er hat mir gerade gesagt, dass er Wolfgangs Tod angeordnet hat oder zumindest mitschuldig daran war. Niemand verdient es, wegen ein paar Drogen oder Geld getötet zu werden. Verprügeln, klar, warum

nicht, aber man bringt niemanden einfach so um, nur weil er einen abzockt. Vielleicht war Wolfgang ein Arschloch? Unabhängig davon, was er mit Digger gemacht hat, mochte ich Wolfgang. Das bedeutete, dass Digger gerade seinen ersten großen Fehler mit Tommy machte. Er hat mir zu viele Informationen gegeben, was für ein großmäuliger Dummkopf!"

Ich rufe Lars von einem Münztelefon aus an und sage ihm, dass alles gut gelaufen ist. Er erzählt mir, dass Digger schon angerufen hat. Anscheinend hat er meine Eier reichlich Komplimente gemacht und schätzt mich sehr. Digger sagte, ich erinnere ihn an sich selbst, als er noch ein Teenager war. Lars erwähnt, dass wir drei irgendwann mal etwas trinken gehen sollten. Mein Instinkt war richtig. Lars ist auch ein großer Fisch. Mist. Wie schade, ich wollte den Kerl wirklich mögen. Jetzt weiß ich, dass ich es nicht kann. Lars ist jemand, der den Tod, das Leid und die Sucht anderer Menschen bereitwillig in Kauf nimmt, um sich zu bereichern. Er ist Arzt und hat die Genfer Erklärung unterschrieben, verdammt noch mal. Sicher, ich habe auch mit schädlichen Substanzen gedealt, aber, ein sehr wichtiges Aber! Ich habe es getan, weil ich keine andere Wahl hatte. Ich habe weiches Zeug verkauft, lustiges Zeug. Haschisch, Gras und Molly in kleinen Mengen. Partykram für Partygänger. Keine Hardcore-Junkies, die Drogen wie Heroin, Kokain, und Meth missbrauchen. Zumindest redete ich mir das ein. Außerdem konnte ich kaum überleben. Ich hatte keine Häuser oder Villen wie diese Typen, die sich auf dem Kosten von ermordeten Dealern und Opfern einer Überdosis gekauft hatten. Verachtenswert, denke ich mir.

Der volle Rausch von MDMA trifft mich, als ich in den Zug nach Koblenz steige. Zum Glück habe ich eine Sonnenbrille, die so dunkel ist wie die Nacht selbst. An einem Kiosk kaufe ich mir einen Kaugummi und Wasser, damit ich nicht ständig mit den Zähnen knirsche. Als ich in Koblenz ankomme, steige ich in den Zug nach Bonn um. Irgendetwas fühlt sich immer noch nicht richtig an und ich weiß, dass ich meinem Instinkt vertrauen muss. Den Rest des Tages verbrachte ich damit, in der Altstadt herumzulungern und zu versuchen, den Schwanz loszuwerden, den Digger auf mich gehetzt hatte. Ich konnte zwar nicht sehen, dass mir jemand folgte, aber mein sechster Sinn sagte mir, dass ich nicht nach Hause gehen sollte. Angelas Sicherheit ist wichtiger und so lief ich ziellos umher, bis das Schlimmste des MDMA-Flashes vorbei war und durch Hunger ersetzt wurde. Ich halte an einem Kebab-Laden an, um etwas zu essen und kaufe in einem Laden an der Ecke Red Bull und Wodka, um den schrecklichen Rausch auszugleichen. Seltsamerweise fragt mich niemand nach einem Ausweis. Mein Gesicht sieht wettergegerbt aus, als wäre ich viel älter. Das ist eine gute Sache.

## Kapitel 11

### Vomitus in Prae Dolore

Als die Dunkelheit hereinbricht, überkommt mich die Kälte. Ich merke, wie nass und unglücklich ich bin, nachdem ich den ganzen Nachmittag in der Kälte herumgelaufen bin. Das Gute ist, dass ich mich nicht mehr verfolgt fühle. Ich bleibe so lange am Bahnhof, bis ich mir sicher bin, dass mir niemand folgt, und nehme dann den 21.29er zurück nach Hause. Mit gefrorenen Füßen laufe ich die halbe Stunde vom Bahnhof zurück zu Angelas Wohnung. Mein ganzes Verlangen ist darauf gerichtet, in Ruhe zu sitzen, Wodka zu trinken und einen dicken, fetten Joint zu rauchen. Als ich zum Gebäude gehe, bemerke ich, dass in unserer Wohnung das Licht an ist. Scheiße! Ich hoffe, dass mich dort nichts Schlimmes erwartet.

Ich klinge vorsichtig, denn wenn jemand eingebrochen ist und darauf wartet, sich auf mich zu stürzen, wird er die Tür nicht öffnen. Dann renne ich los und finde hoffentlich ein Hotel, das nicht zu viele Fragen stellt.

Hörbare Schritte kommen die Treppe hinunter und die Gestalt einer schlanken Frau wird durch das undurchsichtige Glas sichtbar. Zu meiner Erleichterung öffnet Angela die Tür.

"Dummerchen, hast du vergessen, den Schlüssel mitzunehmen?"

Ich nicke in gespielter Verlegenheit.

"Du hast Glück, dass ich zu Hause bin, sonst wärst du hier draußen erfroren."

"Danke Angela"

Sie hält immer noch die Tür auf, also eile ich hinein und stürze sofort ins Wohnzimmer, wo ich meine Schuhe, Socken und die nasse Hose ausziehe. Fröstelnd verstecke ich meine nackten Beine unter der Decke.

ruft Angela aus dem Korridor.

"Soll ich dir einen Tee machen?"

"Ja, bitte"

"Was magst du?"

"Irgendetwas"

Ist schwarz ok?"

"Ja"

Im Fernsehen läuft der Sender RTL. Ein alter Spaghetti-Western mit Terrence Hill und Bud Spencer. Cool! Ich vergrabe mich unter der Decke und reibe meine Beine mit den Händen, bis ich mich wieder ein bisschen menschlicher fühle.

Sie betritt das Wohnzimmer. Erst jetzt bemerke ich, dass sie nur einen seidenen Bademantel mit Blumendruck trägt und offensichtlich nichts darunter. Sie setzt sich mir gegenüber auf das ausziehbare Bett und reicht mir eine große Tasse Tee.

Sie sitzt in einem Winkel, in dem ich ihre kleinen, frechen Brüste sehen kann. Sehr hübsche kleine, zartrosa Brustwarzen.

"Gott, sie ist so schön!"

Fast platze ich mit meinen Gedanken laut heraus. Es ist besser, ich nippe an meinem Tee und bin froh, dass mein Unterkörper immer noch zu kalt für Erregung ist. Vielleicht sollte ich meine Gedanken ablenken und sie in ein Gespräch verwickeln.

"Was führt dich hierher, Angela? Warum bist du nicht bei Lars?"

Sie sieht mich an, ihre Augen tränen leicht und sie bricht den Blick.

"Ich möchte eigentlich nicht darüber reden, Tommy"

Sie seufzt und ich zucke mit den Schultern, als wollte ich sagen, dass wir nicht reden müssen, sondern einfach schweigend hier sitzen können.

Ich schlürfe weiter meinen Tee. Langsam kehrt die Wärme in meine unteren Gliedmaßen zurück. Ich wünschte wirklich, Angela würde ihren Bademantel besser schließen.

Sie fummelt an der Fernbedienung des Fernsehers herum und greift dann nach ihrem Päckchen Tabak und bittet mich, ihr eine Zigarette zu drehen. Ich komme der Aufforderung nach. Jedes Mal, wenn sie sich ein wenig bückt, kann ich ihren zarten Oberkörper aus der ersten Reihe sehen.

Sie beißt sich auf die Lippen.

"Ich glaube, ich sollte dir sagen, dass es zwischen Lars und mir im Moment nicht so gut läuft. Er nimmt mich nicht ernst, Tommy. Es gibt Dinge, die mir wirklich wichtig sind, aber jedes Mal, wenn ich versuche, sie ihm zu sagen, wird er ungemütlich. Er mag es nicht, wenn ich über meine Vergangenheit spreche. Er weicht meinen Problemen aus, indem er mir immer Sachen kauft oder versucht, mich high zu machen und Sex mit ihm zu haben. Aber das will ich nicht. Ich will, dass er mir endlich einmal zuhört. Wir haben uns heute gestritten und ich habe ihm gesagt, dass ich nicht nur seine kleine Trophäe bin, mit der er sein Haus dekoriert. Wenn er meine Vergangenheit nicht akzeptieren kann, wie kann er dann akzeptieren, wer ich bin, Tommy?"

"Schließlich hatte ich nach Monaten die Nase voll und sagte Lars, dass wir eine Pause einlegen sollten, dass er mich zurück in meine Wohnung bringen sollte. Dann wurde er paranoid, sogar wütend. Er fragte, ob der Grund für meine Trennung sei, dass ich angeblich auf dich stehe, Tommy. Ich sagte ihm, dass das keinen Sinn ergibt. Natürlich nicht! Wie kann er es wagen, das zu sagen? Ich will mich nicht wirklich von ihm trennen, ich mag ihn, ich liebe ihn sogar, aber er muss mich so lieben, wie ich bin, sonst wird es auf Dauer nicht funktionieren.

"Ich glaube, Lars mag dich, Tommy. Er hat mir gesagt, dass er gerne mit dir Snooker spielt. Ich glaube, er hat Angst, dass er dich auch verliert, wenn ich tatsächlich mit ihm Schluss mache." Ich wollte nur eine Pause, weil ich das Gefühl habe, dass er mich nicht ernst nimmt und das ganze Trauma, das ich durchgemacht habe, ignorieren will, er lässt mich nicht darüber reden und wechselt ständig das Thema. Ich möchte, dass er begreift, dass er, wenn er mich will, auch mit meiner unangenehmen Seite umgehen muss."

Das war eine überraschende Nachricht für mich. In gewisser Weise eine gute Nachricht. Das bedeutete, dass Lars auf seine Art vielleicht tatsächlich in Ordnung war. Dass er Digger angerufen hatte, weil er mir wirklich helfen wollte. Auch wenn er nicht viel darüber nachdachte, aber es war trotzdem eine nette Geste. Sehen wir den Tatsachen ins Auge. Lars ist ein Krimineller, aber das bin ich auch. Seien wir fair, ich bin von uns beiden, derjenige der wissentlich und mit Absicht jemanden getötet hat. Also darf ich hier Lars nicht urteilen.

Ich wünschte nur, ich könnte Angela von meinen Ängsten und Sorgen erzählen. Das arme Ding weiß nicht, dass ich in ihrer Küche so viele Drogen versteckt hatte, dass viele Jahre ins Gefängnis gleich wären. Dass ihr schwieriger Liebhaber ganz sicher ein Dealer ist. Vielleicht weiß sie es instinktiv, ignoriert es aber lieber. Ich fühle mich wirklich beschissen, weil ich ihr die Wahrheit vorenthalten habe, aber wie soll ich diesem weinenden Schatz sagen, dass ich unter ihr Nase, gerade Drogen im Wert von zehntausend Euro verkauft habe. Das dank Lars' Connection zu einem soziopathischen Mörder. Und, dass ich heute herausgefunden habe, dass Lars wahrscheinlich selbst ein schwerer Dealer ist.

Ich trinke meinen Tee aus, zünde die Zigarette an und reiche sie ihr. Sie lehnt sich auf dem ausziehbaren Bett zurück und stellt den kleinen schwarzen Lucky Strike-Aschenbecher aus Plastik zwischen uns. Wir reichen die Zigarette hin und her, während wir Bud Spencer dabei zusehen, wie er im Fernsehen ein paar Bösewichte vermöbelt. Ich brauche dringend etwas Alkohol und einen Joint. Ich krame unter dem Bett nach meinem privaten Vorrat und ziehe schwarze Afghan aus einer kleinen Pillendose und beginne, einen zu drehen. Ich stehe auf und zünde sie an, während ich nur in Boxershorts und T-Shirt in die Küche gehe. Ich hole zwei Becher und die Flasche Wodka aus dem Gefrierschrank.

Ich gieße uns beiden einen großen Schluck ein und gehe zurück ins Wohnzimmer, wo ich Angela einen aushändige.

"Trink das, Alkohol ist Medizin für Herz und Seele"

Sie lacht

Wir sitzen schweigend da und nippen am Wodka. Sie redet weiter über Ollie und ihre Gedanken zu ihrer Beziehung mit Lars und so weiter. Ich höre dem schönen Mädchen gerne zu, wie sie ihr Herz ausschüttet, während im Hintergrund der Fernseher läuft. Sie murmelt etwas von kalten Füßen, also gehe ich unschuldig auf sie zu und stelle den Aschenbecher zwischen uns auf den kleinen schwarzen Tisch. Ich decke unsere beiden Beine mit meiner Decke zu.

Am frühen Sonntagmorgen liegen wir immer noch völlig zugehörnt nebeneinander, auf dem Ausziehsofa im Wohnzimmer

Wir konnten beide die ganze Nacht nicht wirklich einschlafen, also holte ich etwas Speed heraus, und machte uns jeweils ein paar Lines. Angela öffnete eine weitere Flasche Wodka. Ich stöbere in ihrer Sammlung von Filmkassetten und lege Twins mit Danny de Vito und Arnold Schwarzenegger ein.

Wir sitzen da und quatschen vor uns hin, schauen uns halb den Film an und machen Blödsinn. Angela wird ganz still und ihr Gesicht verkrampft sich. Ich beobachte besorgt, wie sie stöhnt und vor Schmerzen schreit. Bald krampft sie sich zusammen, hebt den Kopf und greift nach meiner Hand und drückt sie vor lauter Schmerz!

"Tommy, hilf mir, es tut so weh!"

"Was tut weh? Wo?"

Sie fährt mit zusammengebissenen Zähnen fort.

"Ich bekomme manchmal diese schrecklichen Krämpfe in meinem Bauch, wegen diesem Mistkerl. Sie werden immer häufiger. Jedes Mal, wenn es passiert, macht Lars sich Sorgen und gibt mir starke Schmerzmittel, um sie zu beruhigen. Ich versuche immer wieder, ihm zu erzählen, was mit mir passiert ist, aber er will es nicht wissen. Er weiß, dass mein Stiefvater mich missbraucht hat, aber er hat Angst, die ganze Geschichte zu hören. Deshalb bin ich nach Hause gekommen. Ich kann nicht mit jemandem zusammen sein, der sich nicht mit meiner Vergangenheit auseinandersetzen will. Er wechselt immer das Thema und sagt, dass ich einen Psychiater aufsuchen sollte, wenn ich mit meinen Problemen fertig werden will, und dass er mir nicht helfen kann. Er sagt, je weniger er weiß, desto besser ist es für uns. Aber das Gegenteil ist der Fall!"

"Diesen Fehler mache ich nicht noch einmal. Jedes Mal, wenn ich mit einem Kerl zusammen bin, ist es wunderbar... Bis diese verdammten Krämpfe wieder auftauchen."

Sie schnappt nach Luft und ihr Gesicht ist schweißnass. Sie windet sich qualvoll auf dem Sofa. Sie drückt ein Kissen an ihr Gesicht und schreit hinein. Ihre Schreie sind so gewaltig, dass man meinen könnte, jemand hätte sie kopfüber aufgehängt und sie senkrecht in zwei Hälften gesägt. Sie zwingt sich, weiter zu sprechen, ich stelle mir vor, dass sie versucht, sich von den Schmerzen abzulenken. Tränen kullern ihr über die Wangen. Sie ergreift mein Handgelenk und während sie sich trocken hockt, zieht sie meine Hand zu ihrem Bauch und schreit

"Ich wünschte, du könntest meinen Schmerz spüren. "

Meine Hand kommt mit ihrem Bauch in Berührung.

Ihr Schmerz explodiert in mir. Es fühlt sich an, als ob jemand eine Autopsie an meinen Eingeweiden durchführt. Der Schmerz ist ein schneidendes und reißendes Gefühl. Fast so, als ob mich jemand anzündet und mir von unten den Bauch zerfleischt. Als ob sich mein Darm verflüssigt und blutet. Es fühlt sich klebrig und nass an, wie eine Darmwunde durch eine Schrotkugel. Der unüberwindliche Druck von innen, als würde jeden Moment ein Alien durch meine Haut brechen.

Ich zucke vor Schmerz zusammen und mein Mund reißt weit auf. Ich möchte schreien, aber alles, was ich herausbekomme, ist ein leises Wimmern. Es erinnert mich daran, wie ich als Kind unter dieser schrecklichen Schlaflähmung litt. Ich stehe auf, halte mir den Bauch und mit Erbrochenem im Mund schaffe ich es gerade noch auf die Toilette. Zu dieser Zeit war es hauptsächlich Bier und Wodka, also nichts allzu Schreckliches. Es dauerte eine ganze Weile, bis der Würgereflex nachließ und ich mich wieder aufrichten konnte. Immer noch mehr um sie besorgt als um mich selbst, spülte ich meinem Mund aus und schob mir etwas Zahnpasta rein. Ich eilte zurück zu ihr.

Als ich ins Wohnzimmer komme, liegt sie friedlich auf dem Rücken und hat die Augen geschlossen. Eine schwache, gekrümmte Hand über ihrem Kopf. Ein krasser Gegensatz zu vor nicht einmal einer Minute. Ihr nackter Oberkörper liegt durch den offenen Bademantel frei. Ich schaue auf ihre Taille, auf die Stelle über ihrem Bauchnabel, die ich eben noch berührt hatte. Sie öffnete einen seltsamen Durchgang in meinen Körper. Ihr ganzer Schmerz brach über mich herein wie ein Güterzug in voller Fahrt. Vorsichtig streiche ich wieder mit den Fingerspitzen über ihren Bauch und erwarte eine weitere Schmerzexplosion, aber nichts passiert.

Sie drückt ein Kissen an ihr Gesicht, aber ihr Griff hat sich entspannt... Fast so, als hätte sie das Bewusstsein verloren.

Ich ziehe das Kissen von ihr weg. Sie bewegt sich nicht. Ich stupse ihren Arm an... nichts.

Angela Ich flüstere, Angela.... ANGELA! Nichts...

Ich prüfe ihre Brust und ihren Mund auf Atmung... Gut, dass sie noch lebt... Lass sie lieber schlafen.

Seit ich nach Hause gekommen bin, sieht sie alles andere als gut aus. Etwas Ruhe wird ihr guttun. Ich verlasse das Wohnzimmer und hole mir noch ein Bier, um das eine zu ersetzen, dass ich ausgetrunken hatte. So plötzlich wie der Schmerz kam, so schnell verschwand er auch wieder zusammen mit meinem Bier in der Toilette. Als wäre er ein Dämon, der ein Gefäß braucht, um meinen Körper zu verlassen. Die Erfahrung lässt mich hungrig, schwitzend, zitternd, geil, durstig, wütend, ängstlich, glücklich, traurig, hellwach und todmüde zurück.... Es ist, als ob mein Gehirn nicht verarbeiten kann, was gerade passiert ist und alle Neuronen gleichzeitig fehlzündet, um herauszufinden... WAS VERDAMMT NOCHMAL GESCHEHT IST.

Da Angela auf dem Ausziehsofa (normalerweise mein Bett) schlief und ich voller Adrenalin von dem war, was gerade passiert war, dachte ich mir, ich decke sie mit einer Decke zu und gehe dann nach draußen an die frische Luft. Als ich aus dem gekippten Wohnzimmerfenster schaue, steht die Sonne schon ziemlich hoch am bedeckten Himmel, aber ihr Licht ist trüb und grau. Ich entscheide mich dafür, auf den Balkon zu gehen, wo ich etwas vor dem drohenden Wetter geschützt bin. Als ich die Balkontür öffne, mischt sich der herbstliche Geruch von nassem, verrottendem Laub mit warmen Verkehrsabgasen. Der abgestandene Rauch des Wohnzimmers wirbelt durch den Spalt nach draußen. Es tut gut, etwas dringend benötigte frische Luft hereinzulassen.

Die kalte Luft sticht auf den wenigen Tränenflecken in meinem Gesicht. Sie ist feucht, stechend und doch angenehm.

Ich schließe die Balkontür hinter mir und setze mich nach draußen, wobei ich dem alten braunen Korb- und Eisenstuhl immer noch nicht ganz traue. Erschöpft lehne ich mein Gesicht gegen das kalte und schmutzige Metallgeländer und zünde mir eine Zigarette an.

Dunkle Nimbostratuswolken prallen auf Kumuluswolken, der Geruch von Regen und Graupel unterstreicht das Donnergebrüll in der Ferne und der Regen fällt wie vorhergesagt von einem Moment auf den anderen. Er schmilzt den Schnee auf den Straßen unter uns und verwandelt alles in einen riesigen, verfaulten Bananensplit. Ich denke mir, vielleicht sind wir alle nur Teil einer riesigen Filmkulisse. Der Produzent hat die Sprinkleranlage voll aufgedreht, nur um die Schauspieler unglücklich zu machen, ohne dass es für die Handlung des Drehbuchs von Nutzen ist. Ein hellblauer Farbton über diesem elenden Globus malt einen Streifen Hoffnung in der Ferne, kaum sichtbar am Horizont. Über uns brüllen unheilvolle, wirbelnde, dunkelgraue Kreaturen. Hinter ihnen erhellt die Sonne schwach den Morgenhimmel. Mein Glück, das der klare blaue Himmel darstellt, scheint für immer unerreichbar hinter den elenden Wohnblocks auf der anderen Seite der Hauptstraße zu sein.

Lastwagen brummen vor sich hin und ihre tiefen mechanischen Frequenzen jagen mir unangenehme Schauer über den Rücken. Das Profil der rollenden Autoreifen bespritzt den Bürgersteig mit Wasserbögen wie eine pompöse, überschwängliche Fontäne aus Schlamm und Matsch.

Die Bögen des unerwünschten Brunnens werden von einem vorbeifahrenden Lieferwagen gesponsert. Er trinkt einen früh aufstehenden, gesundheitsbewussten Jogger, als der Lieferwagen ungestüm an ihm vorbeifährt und dicht an den Bordstein heranfährt. Der Jogger fuchtelt wütend mit der Faust und fragt sich, warum um Himmels willen der Lieferwagenfahrer das getan hat. Der Fahrer des Lieferwagens muss ihn doch sicher gesehen haben. Ich wette, dass es definitiv Absicht war. Ich lache laut auf und schreie den Fahrer an.

"Arschloch!!!"

Er dreht sich um und sieht mich unerreichbar auf dem Balkon im zweiten Stock. Ich mache mich auch über ihn lustig: "Brauchst du eine Dusche?" Er schnippt mir wütend den Vogel zu, bevor er seine elende Gesundheitsexpedition fortsetzt.



Im Halbschlaf habe ich Zigarette geraucht und es dabei in meine Boxershorts fallen gelassen, wo sie sofort ein Loch brennt und meinen Schaft fast versengt. Ich klopfe die glühende Asche weg und beschließe, dass es genug ist.

Es ist Zeit, schlafen zu gehen.

Auf Zehenspitzen gehe ich zurück ins Wohnzimmer und versuche, ungestört an Angela vorbeizukommen, um in ihrem Zimmer zu schlafen. Es wäre eine sehr schlechte Idee, neben ihr zu schlafen.

Sie wacht auf, als ich vorbeigehe, dreht sich schläfrig zu mir um und öffnet ihre Augen.

"Was hast du mit mir gemacht?"

Ich schaue sie verwirrt an und verteidige mich.

"Du bist der magische Tommy, oder?"

"Bin ich was?"

"Ein Engel."

Ich schüttele lachend den Kopf.

"Ist schon gut, ich behalte dein Geheimnis für mich", grinst sie fröhlich.

"Kein echter Engel würde zugeben, einer zu sein"

Ich lache.

"Nein, wahrscheinlich nicht, das würde den Spaß daran nehmen, an etwas zu glauben, wenn es echt wäre."

Ich habe wirklich keine Ahnung, was los ist. Ich sitze auf der Kante des Sofas und lächle sie müde an. Mir ist wirklich nicht mehr nach Reden zumute und ich kann kaum noch die Augen offenhalten.

"Halt mich, Tommy, bitte! All die Jahre habe ich so viel gelitten und es hat mich einfach verlassen, einfach so. Ich habe es gespürt. Es hat meinen Körper verlassen und ist in dich hineingegangen, nicht wahr? Es fühlte sich an, als hättest du ein starkes Vakuum erzeugt und es direkt aus mir herausgesaugt. Es war unglaublich. Du bist wirklich übernatürlich, weißt du das? Ich glaube nicht, dass das, was den Schmerz verursacht hat, noch einmal zurückkommen wird. Ich glaube, du hast es weggenommen, Tommy."

Ich lege mich neben sie und umarme sie auf ihren Wunsch hin, flüstere ich ihr sanft zu.

"Der Schmerz, ist er weg?"

Sie sieht mich an und weint vor Glück

"Der furchtbare Schmerz hat mich wirklich verlassen, du hast mich geheilt, aber das weißt du ja, oder? "

Ich nicke ihr in die Schulter, rieche das Parfüm an ihrem Hals und flüstere.

"Der Schmerz war ohne Zweifel schrecklich. Ich hoffe aufrichtig, dass er nie wiederkehrt."

Sie dreht sich um und sieht mir tief in die Augen

" Ich kann es immer noch nicht glauben! Du hast es einfach aus mir herausgesaugt, ich habe noch nie etwas so Unnatürliches gefühlt. Ich spürte, wie es aus meinem Körper in deinen eindrang und sah, wie dein Gesicht vor Schmerz verzerrt war.

"Hey, ist schon gut, Angela, dafür sind Freunde da, um den Schmerz zu teilen und die Last zu erleichtern."

Sie zieht traurig die Augenbrauen hoch, wobei ihre grünen Augen komisch groß werden, und schmolzt die Lippen.

"Ich wollte wirklich nicht, dass du das spürst, es tut mir leid. "

"Das ist schon okay. Ich bin einfach froh, wenn ich dir irgendwie helfen kann."

Sie dreht mir wieder den Rücken zu, zieht mich noch fester an sich und schlingt meine Arme wieder um sich.

"Ich weiß genau, dass der Schmerz nie mehr zurückkommen wird. "

"Warum?"

Sie macht ein Wortspiel mit meinem Nachnamen Engel.

"Weil du ein Engel bist", sagt sie und kichert.

Ich lache und schüttele den Kopf.

"Ich werde dein Engel sein, wenn du willst". Ich streiche mit meinem Gesicht über ihren Nacken und küsse sie auf den Kopf.

Ich strecke ihr meine Beine entgegen. Sie hält meine Hände über ihren Bauch und streichelt sie mit ihren Fingern.

"Ich hatte diese Schmerzen zum ersten Mal, als ich neun Jahre alt war. Das erste Mal, als mein Vater mich vergewaltigte. "

"Ich werde dir morgen meine Geschichte erzählen, Tommy. Versprich mir, dass du mich nie loslässt und mich nicht mehr verlässt, wenn du sie gehört hast. Ich habe solche Angst, dich zu verlieren."

Sie klammert sich an meinen Oberarm, dreht ihr Gesicht zu mir und bittet mich mit Tränen in den Augen um ein Versprechen. Ich flüstere.

"Ich werde dich niemals verlassen, das schwöre ich."

Ich umarme sie noch fester. Sie tut mir so leid, dass mir jetzt auch die Tränen über die Wangen kullern. Ich hatte den Fernseher ausgeschaltet und das Radio eingeschaltet, um ein wenig Hintergrundmusik zu haben, nachdem Angela kurz eingeschlafen war. Jetzt spielt ironischerweise die Band All 4 One. Das Lied erregt meine Aufmerksamkeit. Es handelt von einem hoffnungslosen Romantiker, der über seinen Verstand hinaus versucht, die gequälte Seele zu trösten, die in seiner Umarmung liegt.

Plötzlich sitzt sie wach und munter im Bett.

"Nein! Nein! Es kann nicht warten! Du musst jetzt wissen, was mit mir passiert ist! Und zwar alles! Ich kann nicht schlafen, mein Kopf explodiert, ich will meine Geschichte nicht mehr alleine tragen!"

Ich bin so müde, aber ich will helfen und murmle

"Klar, ähm, ok, ähm, kein Problem, aber kann ich einen Kaffee machen? Ich fürchte, ich schlafe sonst ein. Ich bin von dem Speed schwer angeschlagen, aber ich will wirklich nicht noch einen Line nehmen."

"Ok"

Sie steht auf, geht ins Bad, lässt die Tür weit offen und beginnt zu pinkeln.

Ich gehe in die Küche und fülle die kleine italienische Kaffeemaschine mit Pulver und drücke auf den Zündknopf, um den Gasherd zu entzünden. Ich höre sie durch die offene Tür etwas sagen, aber das leise Klirren von Pisse auf der Keramik und das Zischen des gezündeten Gases machen ihre Worte unhörbar.

"Bitte mach mir auch einen Kaffee", sagt sie, dieses Mal lauter.

Als wir an ihrem kleinen Küchentisch sitzen und uns an unsere großen Tassen mit dickem, schwarzem Kaffee klammern, erzählt sie mir eine Horrorgeschichte, die mich völlig aus dem Konzept bringt.

Eine Geschichte, die sie in dieser grausamen Ausführlichkeit noch niemandem erzählt hatte, eine Geschichte, die sogar meinen eigenen Missbrauch als Kind bei weitem übertraf.

"Als ich etwa fünf Jahre alt war, erinnere ich mich daran, wie mein Vater zum ersten Mal seine Hand zwischen meine Beine steckte. Er zog mich an, nachdem ich geduscht hatte. Ich erinnere mich ganz genau. Er kniete sich hinter mich, um mir mein T-Shirt anzuziehen. Er streichelte meinen Hintern und die Innenseiten der Oberschenkel und steckte einen seiner Finger... Du weißt schon..." zwischen meine Lippen.

Sie spreizt eines ihrer Beine vom Tisch weg und schaut auf ihre entblößte Unterwäsche hinunter.

Ich nicke

"Er sagt mir, dass ich so hübsch und wunderschön bin und dass er mich sehr, sehr liebt.

Ich denke mir: "Papa streichelt mich, weil er mich liebt, also muss es in Ordnung sein.

Ich wehre mich nicht. Seine rauen Hände kratzen an meiner Haut, aber das ist nicht ganz unangenehm. Tatsächlich habe ich solche Dinge auch mit mir selbst gemacht, weil es sich gut anfühlte.

Ich kontere:

"Alle Kinder masturbieren, oder ich weiß, dass ich es als Kind getan habe. Trotzdem ist es nicht in Ordnung, wenn ein Erwachsener dich da unten anfasst. Ich wurde als Junge auch belästigt, aber ich störe, bitte mach weiter".

"Die Streicheleinheiten wurden bald regelmäßig und bevor ich mich versah, fand er fast täglich eine Ausrede, um mit mir in den Keller oder in den Gartenschuppen, auf den Dachboden oder einmal sogar in sein und Moms Schlafzimmer zu gehen. Er drang noch nicht in mich ein, aber er rieb sich zwischen meinen Beinen und zwang mich, meinen Mund auf seiner..."

"Verdammter Scheisse!"

Ich schreie fast zu laut und sie hat sichtlich Angst vor mir.

"Es tut mir leid, ich wollte dich nicht erschrecken"

Bei der Vorstellung eines kleinen Mädchens, das seinen Stiefvater oral befriedigt, wird mir körperlich übel. Ich stehe auf und laufe zurück ins Wohnzimmer.

"Willst du, dass ich aufhöre zu reden?"

"Nein, aber ich brauche wirklich harten Alkohol, wenn ich weiter zuhören will."

Neben dem alten, verstaubten Grundig-Bildschirm steht eine kleine Holzkiste, in der Angela ihren harten Alkohol aufbewahrt. Es ist hauptsächlich Gin, Wodka und anderes ekliges Zeug, das nur ein Teenager-Mädchen trinken würde. Der Videokassettenspieler macht laute

klopfende Geräusche. Das ist furchtbar nervig und stört die Unterhaltung. Ich hatte in meiner Geistesabwesenheit nur den Fernseher ausgeschaltet und vergessen, dass der Videorekorder noch läuft. Ich schaffe es nicht, ihn mit den Tasten auszuschalten, also greife ich hinter den Fernseher und ziehe den Stecker. Endlich! Ruhe und Frieden! Zurück in der Küche öffne ich eine Wodkaflasche und nehme zwei große Schlucke, gieße etwas in meinen Kaffee und halte die Flasche über Angelas Tasse. Sie bedeckt sie mit ihrer Hand.

"Nein danke, ich bin versorgt."

"Meine Mutter leidet an Co-Abhängigkeit und Drogenmissbrauch. Sie hat absichtlich ignoriert, was unter dem Dach unseres Hauses geschah.

Auf dem Papier ist Ulf offiziell mein Vater, aber ich glaube nicht, dass er mein biologischer Vater ist. Ich war etwa sechs Monate alt, als meine Mutter und ich zu ihm in sein großzügiges Haus in der Vorstadt zogen.

Sie lernten sich kennen, bevor meine Mutter schwanger war. Ulf war sich sicher, dass das Baby von ihm war, aber meine Mutter war eine Prostituierte. Es stellte sich heraus, dass ich nicht sein Kind war. Ich bin viel zu blond und Ulf hat dunkelbraunes Haar und braune Augen, meine Mutter hatte braunes Haar und grüne Augen. Ich bin blass, sehr blond und schon als Baby sah ich keinem von beiden ähnlich.

Trotzdem war er in sie verliebt und überredete sie, zu ihm zu ziehen. Ulf verdiente eine Menge Geld auf dem Bau in ganz Deutschland und meine Mutter sah in ihm die Chance auf ein normales Leben.

Für mich war er damals wirklich mein Vater... Er behandelte mich wie seinen wertvollsten Besitz auf der ganzen Welt. Alles, was ich wollte, jedes Spielzeug, jedes Kleid, jede Zeit. Ich brauchte ihn nur mit meinen großen, runden, grünen Augen anzusehen, und sein großes Herz schmolz dahin. Als er anfing, mich zu berühren, habe ich mich nicht gewehrt. Ich liebte ihn. Er gab mir alles, was ich wollte, warum sollte ich mich weigern, ihm zu geben, was er wollte."

Angela hält inne, atmet tief ein und atmet kraftvoll aus. Sie steht auf und geht über den hässlichen mintgrünen Kachelboden zu dem antiken Küchenschrank im Hoosier-Stil, den sie vor zwei Jahren rosa gestrichen hatte.

Die rosa Farbe blättert jetzt von der Theke ab. Angela hatte den alten Lack überstrichen, ohne die alte Farbe vorher richtig zu entfernen oder eine Grundierung zu verwenden.

Angela schält ein Blatt mit rosa Farbe von der Oberfläche und zerbröselt es zwischen ihren Fingern.

"Am Anfang war es nichts Beunruhigendes. Ab und zu ließ er seine Hand im Schwimmbad zu meinem Unterleib gleiten, er streichelte mich auf dem Sofa, wenn Mama kochte, und er streichelte mich im Bett, wenn er kam, um mir gute Nacht zu sagen.

Er las mir Geschichten vor und gab mir dann jeden Abend einen Gute-Nacht-Kuss auf den Mund, mit seinem stoppeligen Gesicht.

Er würde sagen,

Gute Nacht, meine Prinzessin.

Ich antwortete: "Gute Nacht, mein Daddy." Als kleines Mädchen habe ich diesen Mann vergöttert!

Viele Frauen haben ihm Komplimente für sein Aussehen gemacht, was meine Mutter verrückt gemacht hat. Schließlich ist er groß, muskulös und gut aussehend für einen Mann seines Alters. So gutaussehend, dass er oft seinen Ehering im Aschenbecher seines roten Ford Bronco vergaß, wenn er mehrere Wochen unterwegs war.

Manchmal habe ich in seinem Truck gespielt. Einmal habe ich seinen Ehering im Aschenbecher gefunden. Ich habe ihn natürlich pflichtbewusst gesäubert und ihn ihm gebracht."

Angela zitiert ihren Vater mit einem sarkastischen, böartigen und hasserfüllten Unterton, fast knurrend durch die Zähne

"Oh, ich bin so ein Idiot, ich bin so dumm, danke mein Schatz, du bist die beste Tochter auf der ganzen weiten Welt und ich liebe dich so sehr! - SAGTE DAS VERDAMMTE SCHWEIN"

Als ich etwa neun Jahre alt war, besuchte meine Mutter ihre Eltern. Sie wollte mich mitnehmen, aber Ulf bestand darauf, dass ich das Wochenende bei ihm blieb. Ich glaube, meine Mutter ahnte schon lange, dass etwas nicht stimmte, aber Ulf war wirklich gut in emotionaler Erpressung. Wenn er seinen Willen durchsetzen wollte, brauchte er meiner Mutter nur zu drohen, dass er sie verlassen würde. Meine Mutter hatte solche Angst, wieder auf der Straße zu leben, dass sie alle seine Forderungen akzeptierte, egal wie grausam sie waren. Schließlich ließ sie mich bei ihm. Nachdem sie gegangen war, sah Ulf mich grinsend an und sagte: "Wir haben das Haus ganz für uns allein, Mädchen, du und ich werden dieses Wochenende richtig Spaß haben. Ich wusste, was er mit "Spaß" meinte.

Schon Monate vorher hatte er mich zum ersten Mal vergewaltigt. Meine Mutter nahm immer Schlaftabletten, damit sie wie üblich nichts mitbekam. Es tat höllisch weh und ich blutete sehr stark. Ich weinte und weinte. Als die Tortur vorbei war, zog er die Bettlaken aus und gab mir einen von Mamas Binden, den ich in meine Unterwäsche stecken sollte, damit ich nicht auf die frischen Laken bluten würde. Die schmutzigen Laken hat er irgendwo versteckt. Er tat die ganze Zeit so, als ob es mir tatsächlich Spaß machen würde. Er sagte sogar zu mir: "Mach dir keine Sorgen, Schatz. Das erste Mal tut immer weh, aber du wirst es bald genießen."

Am nächsten Tag hatte ich große Schmerzen und wollte nicht zur Schule gehen. Ich habe mich nicht getraut, etwas zu Mama zu sagen. Ulf flüsterte mir in der Nacht zu, dass er sie umbringen würde, wenn ich etwas sagen würde. Also sagte ich ihr, dass ich eine Magenverstimmung hatte.

Angela nimmt einen großen Zug von einer frisch angezündeten Zigarette und fährt beim Ausatmen fort

Wie auch immer, an diesem verdammten Wochenende haben er und seine Freunde im Garten getrunken, gegrillt und gelacht. Mein Kinderarzt war auch da. Wir haben alle zusammengespielt und es hat sogar irgendwie Spaß gemacht. Ich wusste, dass Ulf mich wahrscheinlich vergewaltigen würde, nachdem seine Freunde weg waren, aber das war jetzt Teil meines Lebens.

Ulf spritzte mit einem Gartenschlauch Wasser auf meinen Körper. Wir hatten einen Pool im Garten. Ulf springt mit mir hinein und wir spielen Fangen. Ab und zu steckt er seine Finger zwischen meine Beine, wenn seine Freunde nicht hinsehen. Er macht Bemerkungen darüber, wie sehr er unsere Kuschelzeit später genießen wird. Als die Nacht hereinbricht, gehen wir ins Wohnzimmer. Sie sitzen dort und spielen Karten und rauchen Haschisch. Ich sitze auf dem dicken Perserteppich und lese eine Bravo-Zeitschrift. Einer nach dem anderen gehen seine Freunde, bis nur noch der Kinderarzt da ist. Ulf drückt auf eine Fernbedienung und dicke, undurchsichtige weiße Vorhänge beginnen sich herabzulassen und verdecken die Glasfenster. Er stellt sicher, dass niemand hineinsehen kann.

Das ist seltsam. Ich denke mir, dass er die Vorhänge im Wohnzimmer fast nie benutzt.

Der Kinderarzt hebt mich hoch und setzt mich grinsend auf seinen Schoß. Sein Gesicht ist rot von der Sonne und dem Alkohol. Er ist sichtlich betrunken.

Du bist so hübsch", sagt er und streichelt meine Wange.

Ulf holt seine Videokamera heraus und richtet sie auf mich und das Magazin in meiner Hand.

Zeig uns deinen hübschen kleinen Körper.

Ich schüttle den Kopf

Papa wird dir alles kaufen, was du willst.

Ich schüttle den Kopf

'Sei nett, Schatz, er ist ein Gast. Tanze ein bisschen für uns.

Der Mann zieht mir mein Kleid über den Kopf und nun sitze ich nur noch in Unterwäsche auf seinem Schoß.

Ich versuche, von ihm wegzukommen, aber er ist zu stark

Ulf sieht mich wütend an

"Ich tue so viel für dich und deine Mutter, ich füttere dich, kaufe dir Spielzeug und ziehe dich an.

Und wenn ich nur einen winzigen Gefallen erwarte, sagst du nein! Du und deine Hurenmutter seid so egoistisch! Hörst du mich? Ich sollte dich und deine Hurenmutter auf der Straße zurücklassen, schreit er weiter. Wie würde dir das gefallen? "

Die Tränen kullern nun über Angelas Wangen und sie hat Mühe, die nächsten Worte auszusprechen

"Ich, ich, ich hatte solche Angst, Tommy, ich erinnere mich an ihn... Dieses Schwein Ulf hat gegrint und alles gefilmt..."

Sie bricht ab und stützt ihren Kopf in die Hände, um unkontrolliert zu weinen. Ihr Rücken zittert vor Angst und Kummer. Ich gehe zu ihr hinüber und umarme sie.

Ich streichle ihren Rücken und sage ihr

"Du bist so stark, dass du mir das alles erzählst. Es tut mir sehr, sehr leid, dass sie dir das angetan haben, diese Mistkerle. Wir werden sie kriegen, das verspreche ich."

Sie schnieft, während ich ihr den Rotz aus der Nase und die Tränen aus den Augen wische.

Sie wirft ihren Kopf zurück und holt Luft

"Weißt du, was ich nie verzeihen kann? Die Tatsache, dass meine Mutter es gewusst haben muss! Sie wusste es! Viel, viel früher, als sie zugeben will.

Sie wusste, dass Ulf mich gefickt hat!!! Aber sie wollte nicht riskieren, zurück auf die Straße zu gehen und sich zu prostituieren. Irgendwie dachte sie, dass dies, DIES, besser war als alles andere!!!

Im Laufe der Jahre, als ich in die Pubertät kam und mir die Titten wuchsen, wurde es noch schlimmer: Die Schuldgefühle meiner Mutter verwandelten sich in Hass auf mich, Tommy!

Sie fing an, mir die Schuld zu geben, dass ich missbraucht wurde. 'Natürlich fasst er dich an! Du flirtetest mit ihm und zeigst ihm deine Muschi!!! Du bist so eine Schlampe! Ulf ist ein Mann mit Bedürfnissen!!! Was glaubst du, was passiert, wenn du ihm deine Muschi zeigst!!!?'

Sie gab mir die Schuld für alles, was in ihrer Ehe falsch lief. Sie gab mir die Schuld, weil ich hübscher und jünger war als sie und weil ich ihr den Mann gestohlen hatte. Wenn Ulf am Wochenende nicht zu Hause war, sperrte sie mich in mein Zimmer und verweigerte mir Essen und Wasser. Sie schlug mich ohne Grund oder warf mich die Treppe hinunter. Ulf merkte, dass meine Mutter mich angriff und drohte ihr mit Gewalt. Danach hörten die Angriffe eine Zeit lang auf.

Als ich dreizehn war, war ich draußen im Pool schwimmen. Sie kam an den Beckenrand, packte mich wortlos am Kopf, hielt mich unter Wasser und schrie mich an, bis ich fast ertrank. Zu meinem Glück hörte Ulf den Aufruhr und kam in den Garten gerannt.



Nachdem sie gesehen hatte, wie sie versuchte, mich zu töten, gab Ulf ihr ein riesiges Bestechungsgeld, damit sie schweigt, und sie zog aus. Sie trafen sich noch ab und zu, aber sie sprach nie wieder mit mir. Ich war diesem Schwein nun völlig ausgeliefert.

Später im Monat kündigte Ulf an

"Ich habe tolle Neuigkeiten für uns. Ich habe einen Vaterschaftstest machen lassen. Es hat sich herausgestellt, dass ich nicht dein biologischer Vater bin. Sobald du sechzehn bist, werde ich mich von deiner Mutter scheiden lassen und wir beide können zusammen glücklich werden. Keine Geheimniskrämerei mehr. Wir können irgendwo weit wegziehen und ein neues Leben beginnen. Nur wir beide. Ist das nicht wunderbar?"

Er sieht mich an

"Macht dich das nicht glücklich?"

Ich habe mir vor Angst hilflos den Kopf eingeklemmt.

Er ging auf die Knie und lächelte. Er öffnete eine Schachtel mit einem großen Ehering aus Diamanten und Weißgold. Ich sollte seine Braut werden. Er nahm meine Hand und steckte mir den Ring an. "Wir sind jetzt verheiratet, Liebling. Sobald du achtzehn wirst, machen wir es offiziell." Er küsste mich und machte mich dann mit Wodka betrunken. Danach vollzogen wir unsere "Ehe" im großen Schlafzimmer.

Ich war erst dreizehn, als Ulf mich "heiratete"! Er berührte mich ständig und überall, wo ich im Haus war. Ich kam immer so spät wie möglich nach Hause, nur damit er es nicht tat. An den Wochenenden fing ich an, Ausreden zu erfinden. Ich erzählte ihm, dass meine Freunde mich hierhin oder dorthin eingeladen hatten und misstrauisch werden würden, wenn ich nicht auftauchte. Aber egal, wie spät ich nach Hause kam, er war da und wartete auf mich. Ich habe so oft ernsthaft daran gedacht, mich umzubringen, mich vor einen Zug zu werfen, ihn zu töten, aber am Ende habe ich es einfach hingenommen. Ich wusste, wenn ich zur Polizei ginge, würde er mich jagen und wegen des Verrats umbringen, sobald er aus dem Gefängnis käme.

Wenn überhaupt, dann war er sanft zu mir, als ich klein war, aber jetzt nicht mehr. Er fesselte mich, knebelte mich und schlug mich dort, wo er wusste, dass niemand die Spuren sehen würde.

Das Schwein hat mich meine ganze Kindheit lang wie eine verdammte aufblasbare Sexpuppe behandelt! Ich bekam Krämpfe in meinem Bauch, die manchmal tagelang anhielten.

Ich hatte meine erste Periode, als ich ungefähr elf war. Er war sauer, dass er mich nicht mehr haben konnte, wann immer er wollte. Er mochte keine Kondome, aber meine Mutter überredete ihn, sie zu benutzen. Sie hatte Angst, er würde mich schwängern und jemand würde es herausfinden. Darüber war er nicht glücklich.

Seine kleine Fickpuppe verwandelte sich in eine erwachsene Frau. Ich hoffte sogar, dass er irgendwann einfach das Interesse an mir verlieren würde, aber das tat er nicht. Irgendwann

wurde das alles normal. Als ich älter war, schickte er mich sogar in die Apotheke, um die Kondome zu kaufen, mit denen er mich ficken wollte!

Trotzdem hat er nicht immer ein Kondom benutzt. Zweimal hat er mich geschwängert. Das erste Mal, als ich zwölf war, das zweite Mal, als ich kaum vierzehn war. Beim ersten Mal brachte mich meine Mutter pflichtbewusst zu Ulfs korruptem Kinderarzt, der mir den Fötus aus dem Körper entfernte.

Auf der Rückfahrt im Auto hat sie mich nicht einmal angeschaut. Sie sagte nur:

"Ich will, dass du weißt, dass ich dich verdammt noch mal hasse, du kleine Hure! Dein Vater fickt mich nicht mehr, seit er..."

Ich habe geweint

"Bitte Mami, ich will nicht, dass er... Meine Mutter schreit mich an und fängt an, mich zu schlagen, während sie fährt."

"Lüg nicht, du dreckige Hure (Ohrfeige!) Ich sehe, wie du ihn ansiehst, dass er dich geil macht (Ohrfeige!) Jetzt sagst du besser nichts mehr, was deinen Vater ins Gefängnis bringen könnte!"

"Als wir zu Hause ankamen, rannte ich hoch in mein Zimmer und schrie: "Ich hasse euch beide!!! Meine Mutter und Ulf kamen in mein Zimmer und zwangen mich auf das Bett, fesselten meine Arme und Beine und knebelten mich. Ulf blieb die ganze Nacht bei mir, um sicherzustellen, dass ich nicht versuchte zu fliehen. Die erste Abtreibung war die Hölle auf Erden, ich hatte danach wochenlang Krämpfe und Blutungen. Ich war fast die ganzen Sommerferien über in dem Zimmer eingesperrt, bis meine Freunde aus der Schule vorbeikamen und Verdacht schöpften, warum genau ich krank war. Ulf willigte schließlich ein, mich wieder aus dem Haus zu lassen, aber er warnte mich eindringlich, dass er alle meine Freunde umbringen würde, wenn ich weglaufen oder etwas sagen würde."

"Als mich das Schwein im Alter von vierzehn Jahren zum zweiten Mal schwängerte, merkte ich es zuerst gar nicht, bis ich die stärksten Krämpfe und Blutungen bekam. Die Krämpfe hörten auf und traten dann plötzlich wieder auf. Das ging zwei Monate lang so weiter, bis ich schließlich zum Schularzt ging und ihm alles erzählte. Ich hatte es so satt. Ich konnte es nicht mehr ertragen. Ich wusste, wenn ich es Ulf erzählte, würde er mich zu seinem befreundeten Arzt bringen und versuchen, alles zu vertuschen, aber jetzt wollte ich nur noch weg. Wenn er mich und meine Freunde tötet, ist das besser als das hier, dachte ich. Er kann nicht alle meine Freunde umbringen, wenn die Polizei ihn vorher verhaftet. Im schlimmsten Fall schneide ich mir die Pulsadern auf und bin fertig, bevor er noch jemandem etwas antun kann. Wenn ich tot bin, gibt es keinen Grund mehr, sich zu rächen, oder?"

dachte ich bei mir.

"Wenn diese Leute so durchgeknallt sind, wie sie sagt, wer weiß, was sie dann tun würden? Sie würden vielleicht einfach ein paar Leute aus reiner Bosheit umbringen, auch wenn Angela ihnen die Genugtuung nehmen würde, sie selbst umzubringen."

Angela wischt sich die Augen, putzt sich die Nase und fährt fort.

"Schließlich nahm ich allen Mut zusammen, den ich noch hatte, und sagte dem Arzt, dass Ulf mich vergewaltigt hatte und dass ich schwanger sein könnte. Er rief sofort die Polizei und ließ mich in ein Krankenhaus bringen. Ein Gynäkologe erkannte sofort einen Fötus in mir. Im Krankenhaus wurde ich unter Polizeischutz gestellt und sie entfernten das schreckliche Ding aus meinem Körper. Die Polizei ließ meine Mutter zum Verhör aufs Revier bringen. Alles ging ziemlich schnell. Meine Mutter bestätigte unter Tränen meine Anschuldigungen, und Ulf wurde schließlich an seinem Arbeitsplatz verhaftet."

"Meine Mutter wurde wegen Beihilfe zum schweren sexuellen Missbrauch einer Minderjährigen zu einer psychiatrischen Anstalt verurteilt. Sie hasste mich immer noch und weigerte sich, mit mir zu sprechen oder mich zu ihr zu lassen. Ich wurde unter dem wachsamen Auge von Sozialarbeitern in Schutzhaus genommen. Später schlitzte sich meine Mutter vor den Augen des Personals den Hals von Ohr zu Ohr auf. Sie nahm sich während des Küchendienstes das Leben. Die Psychiater waren verblüfft, da sie sie nicht als Gefahr für sich oder andere ansahen..."

Angela schweift wehmütig ab...

"Meine Mutter war psychotisch gut darin, ihre wahren Gefühle zu verbergen, bis es knackte! (Sie bricht einen Bleistift in zwei Hälften)"

"Nachdem ich drei Jahre lang im Frauenhaus gelebt hatte, bekam ich die Genehmigung, in eine eigene Wohnung zu ziehen. Zu dem Zeitpunkt kannte ich Ollie schon. Ich hatte ihn ein paar Monate zuvor auf einer Party getroffen und ich weiß nicht warum, aber wir verstanden uns auf Anhieb. Er war nicht wie die anderen Jungs, die immer nur in meine Hose wollten. Wir waren zusammen high und wurden Brieffreunde, weil er ziemlich weit weg wohnte. Ich sagte meinem Vormund, dass ich, sobald ich 18 war, weit weg von all dem ziehen wollte. Ich achtete immer darauf, dass ich bei meinen Drogentests sauber war, keine Gefahr für mich selbst darstellte und regelmäßig zur Schule ging. Als ich endlich volljährig wurde, unterschrieb mein Sozialarbeiter den notwendigen Papierkram, der besagt, dass ich in der Lage bin, alleine ohne Hilfe zu leben. Als ich ihm von meinen Plänen erzählte und wohin ich gehen wollte, wünschte er mir alles Gute und ich zog endlich aus dieser schrecklichen Einrichtung aus. Seitdem bin ich nie wieder zurückgegangen. Ollie bot mir zuvor eine eigene Wohnung in einem Gebäude an, das ihm gehörte. Ich nahm sein Angebot an. Er half mir, alles zu organisieren. Dieser Mann war ein wahrer Engel. Am Anfang gab es viele Kontrollen und Besuche von einem Sozialarbeiter hier in der Stadt, aber sie hörten auf, als sie sicher waren, dass ich regelmäßig zur Schule ging und ein normales Leben führte. Ich muss immer noch einmal im Monat zu einem Psychiater gehen, aber der Typ ist ein Idiot. Er glaubt alles, was ich ihm erzähle. Jetzt wiederhole ich mein letztes Jahr an der Gymnasium und werde hoffentlich im Sommer 96 fertig sein. Dann will ich Kunst studieren oder etwas, das mit menschlichen Beziehungen zu tun hat, vielleicht Psychiatrie."

"Du bist auf jeden Fall ein verdammt guter Künstler und ein guter Zuhörer. Du wirst eines Tages sehr erfolgreich sein, daran habe ich keinen Zweifel."

"Danke Tommy."

Sie geht ins Wohnzimmer, nippt an ihrem kalten Kaffee und schaltet den Fernseher ein.

Ich folge ihr und setze mich mit den Knien nach innen auf das ausziehbare Sofa, ihr gegenüber. Sie ist außerordentlich ruhig und gelassen. Ich beobachte ihr Gesicht, während sie den Fernseher anschaut. Die Bilder flackern in ihren tränenverschmierten Augen, sie spiegeln sich wie Geister vergangener Erinnerungen auf ihrem Gesicht. Ich bin immer noch von der Geschichte überwältigt und kann meinen Blick nicht von ihr abwenden. Diese schöne, vernarbte, verlassene Frau, die genau wie ich ihrer Kindheit beraubt wurde. Ein paar Tränen laufen ihr über die Wangen und spiegeln meinen Kummer wider. Ich frage sie,

"Ist dein Vater noch im Gefängnis?"

Die Tränen sind jetzt heiß auf Angelas Wangen, ihre Knie zittern.

"Ich kann nicht glauben, dass es schon fünf Jahre her ist. Dieses Schwein hätte zu lebenslanger Haft verurteilt werden müssen. Mein Sozialarbeiter hat mich angerufen, um mir mitzuteilen, dass Ulf vielleicht bald aus dem Gefängnis kommt. Er hat Gerüchte gehört, dass Ulf schon angefangen hat, Leute zu fragen, ob mich jemand gesehen hat oder weiß, wo ich wohne. Ulf hat eine Menge Geld und mächtige Verbindungen in der Unterwelt des Sexhandels.

Als ich noch dort war, gab es einen Belgier namens Marc, der oft vorbeikam. Er und Ulf waren wie Brüder. Es war widerlich. Er kam mit seinen Kameras, um mich zu filmen, und manchmal brachte er andere Mädchen in seinem Van in unseren Keller... Sie kopierten die VHS-Kassetten auf diesem Gerät in Ulfs Schlafzimmer und sahen sich die Filme gemeinsam an. Manchmal verbrachte er und Ulf am Wochenende ganze Nachmittage damit, im Garten zu grillen, zu plaudern. Sie tranken Scotch, nachdem sie ihren Spaß mit mir hatten. Marc sagte mir in seinem dicken französischen Akzent, dass seine Leute kein Problem damit hätten, mich verschwinden zu lassen, wenn sie mich für einen Verräter hielten. Dass ich nirgendwo hinlaufen könnte, wo ich vor ihnen sicher wäre. Dass es ihm ein großes Vergnügen wäre, meinen Körper in Stücke zu hacken, damit irgendein Fußgänger ihn unter einer Brücke finden könnte.

Das Schreckliche ist, dass sie alle herumlaufen, Kinder vergewaltigen und wahrscheinlich töten, ihre Freiheit genießen, Wein trinken und gut leben. Währenddessen habe ich jeden Tag Angst, dass ein weißer Lieferwagen vorfährt und das war's. Ich habe solche Angst. Ich habe wirklich Angst, dass er mich findet und ich habe Angst davor, was er mir antun wird, wenn er es tut. Marc ist ein sehr gefährlicher Mann. Und Ulf auch! In seinem kranken Kopf denkt er immer noch, dass ich seine Frau bin und dass wir zusammengehören. Er wird jeden umbringen, der mich ihm wegnimmt. Das hat er mir selbst schon oft gesagt. Ich bin seine Fickpuppe Tommy, seine Fickpuppe, die ihn verraten hat, er wird mich töten... "Sie bricht

wieder weinend ab. Das Schlimmste ist, dass er einen sehr guten Anwalt hatte. Sein Anwalt hat eine Menge meiner Aussagen vor Gericht zerstört. Er ließ mich wie eine Lügnerin und eine billige Hure aussehen. Ulf behauptete, ich hätte ständig versucht, ihn geil zu machen und wäre nackt zu ihm in die Dusche gekommen und hätte ihn praktisch angefleht, mich zu ficken. Das war der Scheiß, den ich mir anhören musste. Wenigstens glaubte der Richter, dass es Ulf war, der mich zum zweiten Mal schwängerte, als ich vierzehn war. Nicht irgendein Liebhaber, wie Ulfs Anwalt behauptete.

**TOMMY! ER HAT MICH JAHRELANG VERGEWALTIGT UND BEHAUPTET DANN, ICH SEI EINE BILLIGE SCHEISSHURE!!! ER SOLLTE KASTRIERT WERDEN WIE EIN SCHWEIN, JEMAND SOLLTE IHM DIE EIER ABREISSEN!!!**

Ich habe versucht, ihn wie ein Monster aussehen zu lassen, aber Ulf und sein Anwalt haben mich wie einen Lügner und einen Arschkriecher aussehen lassen, der Richter war ein Mann. Ich hatte einen beschissenen Anwalt. Tommy, sag mir, was denkst du, wem der Richter mehr geglaubt hat? Mir oder IHM? Meine Mutter hat ihre Aussage, dass er mich als Kind belästigt hat, zurückgezogen und gesagt, ich hätte alles erfunden. Dass es meine Schuld war und dass ich Ulf wollte, dass ich mit ihm geflirtet habe, dass ich wollte, dass er Sex mit mir hat... MEINE EIGENE MUTTER... Sie betrügt mich ein letztes Mal und bringt sich dann am nächsten Tag um. Vor den Augen aller in der Küche. Sie hat sich den halben Hals durchgeschnitten, bevor sie in einer Blutfontäne zusammenbrach.

Weißt du, was ich glaube, Tommy? Ich glaube, Marc hat sie beeinflusst. Er hat sie gedroht, damit sie ihre Aussage ändert. Ich würde gerne glauben, dass sie sich umgebracht hat, weil sie nicht mit der Schuld leben konnte, ihre eigene Tochter auf diese Weise verraten zu haben. Was für ein Arschloch war sie doch, dass andere Menschen mit ansehen mussten, wie diese egoistische Schlampe ihr Leben auf diese Weise beendete. Weißt du was, Tommy, es ist gut, dass sie es getan hat. Das erspart mir die Arbeit, sie selbst umzubringen. Gott, du hast keine Ahnung, wie sehr ich sie fertig machen wollte. Schlampe!!!

Das spielt jetzt keine Rolle mehr. Ulf wird bald wieder draußen sein, er wird wieder in seinem Luxushaus in der Vorstadt leben und jagt auf mich machen. Ich werde weiterhin in der Angst leben, dass er mich findet. Ich werde in Angst leben, während er sich mit seinen Freunden betrinkt, andere Frauen und Kinder fickt und quält...

Deshalb bin ich so weit weggezogen, wie ich konnte. Ich habe Ollie gesagt, dass ich es satt habe, im Heim für missbrauchte Frauen zu leben und ständig paranoid zu sein und so weiter. Ich kann hier mietfrei wohnen, bis ich die Schule beendet und einen Job gefunden habe. Er gibt mir sogar jeden Monat etwas Geld für Lebensmittel und er hat mir mit Möbeln und all dem geholfen, als ich hier eingezogen bin. Alles, was du in meiner Wohnung siehst, hat er bezahlt. Er sagte, ich könne es jederzeit oder nie zurückzahlen und sorgte wirklich dafür, dass es mir gut ging. Er hat nicht einmal versucht, mit mir zu schlafen, Tommy. Das kam für ihn nicht in Frage. Er wollte nicht, dass ich denke, er würde mir für körperliche Gefälligkeiten helfen. Er hat mir bewiesen, dass nicht alle Männer Arschlöcher sind."

Ich koche innerlich vor Wut darüber, was diese schrecklichen Monster der armen, süßen Angela angetan haben, aber ich versuche, ruhig zu bleiben.

"Angela, sieh mich an. Er wird dir nichts antun, das verspreche ich. Ich werde ihn töten. Solange ich lebe, wird er dir nie wieder wehtun, das schwöre ich.

"Oh Tommy, das ist süß, aber was willst du denn machen? Du bist etwa fünfzehn und dünn. Was willst du schon gegen einen Muskelberg wie Ulf ausrichten?"

"Ich habe eine Waffe"

"Was? Du? Hast du eine Waffe? Eine echte?"

Sie zeigt mit ihren Fingern spöttisch in Form einer Waffe auf die Tür und schreit spielerisch.

"Peng!!! Und dann? "

Sie fasst sich an die Brust und tut so lachend, als würde sie vor von der Couch fallen

"Tot!!!"

"Eine echte Scheißwaffe?"

"Ja Angela, ich habe einen richtigen Peng und du bist tot Waffe."

"Wo?"

"Im Wald begraben."

"Wo, in welchem Wald?"

"Nicht hier, etwa zweihundert Kilometer östlich bei Würzburg."

Mit großen Augen sieht sie mich an.

"Du machst Witze, oder?"

"Nein, das ist mein Ernst!"

Sie sieht mich ganz aufgeregt an

"Holen wir es uns, Tommy! Lass uns den Mann fertig machen und dafür sorgen, dass er mir, dir oder einem anderen Kind nie wieder wehtun kann!"

"Ich werde es tun." Aber ich habe eine Bedingung.

"Was?"

"Lass uns erst mal ein bisschen schlafen, verdammt. Morgen nehmen wir uns Zeit und planen es richtig, ok? Ich meine es ernst, aber so etwas braucht eine Menge Vorbereitung, wenn wir nicht erwischt oder gar getötet werden wollen."

"Versprich mir, dass du mir hilfst, ihn zu töten"

"Ich verspreche es"

"Willst du mich knuddeln? "

"Wenn du willst, kuschle ich mit dir."

Sie dreht sich um und legt meinen Arm um sie. Wir driften in eine andere Welt ab

## Kapitel 12

### Dreieck des Kummers

Als die Sonne untergeht, erwachen wir langsam aus unserem Tagesschlaf. Als testosterongesteuerter Teenager wusste ich, dass es eine schlechte Idee war, neben einer halbnackten, wunderschönen Frau zu schlafen. Ihre Pheromone sind berauschend und ich bin voll erregt. Mein Gentleman ragt zwischen meinen Boxershorts hervor. Offensichtlich hatte ich mich schon an Angela gerieben, als ich noch schlief. Beschämt versuche ich, mich von ihr wegzuziehen und hoffe, dass sie noch schläft und es nicht bemerkt hat...

Sie hat, aber zu meiner Erleichterung reagiert sie nicht schlecht. Sie fängt an, mein Haar sanft mit ihren Fingerspitzen zu streicheln. Ich bin begierig, das zu erwidern. Ich halte ihre kalte Hand in meiner und massiere ihre erstaunlich glatten, perfekt manikürten und zarten Finger. Ich habe noch nie so schöne Hände aus der Nähe gesehen. Sie dreht sich näher zu mir und ihre Augen schließen sich mit meinen. Bald sind wir in erwartungsvoller, erotischer Erwartung fixiert. Ich kämpfe gegen den Drang an, einen unverzeihlichen Verrat zu begehen. Melanies ganze Liebe könnte für immer verloren sein, wenn ich diese Brücke niederbrenne. Mein inneres Ich schreit in Verleugnung der verbotenen Liebe. Ich sollte das nicht tun, und doch sind wir hier. Ich liege neben ihr und tue verzweifelt so, als wäre ich ihrem Verlangen gegenüber unausstehlich, aber ich kann nicht aufhören, von ihr überwältigt zu werden. Ich kann die Gefühle nicht ignorieren, sie kann nicht leugnen, dass wir beide erregt sind.

Es ist ein Verrat an der Freundlichkeit, der durch jede Sehne von mir fließt, von mir zu ihr und von ihr zu mir. Unsere Seelen sehnen sich danach, ineinander überzugehen. Es fühlt sich schmutzig an. Wir werden denjenigen, die wir lieben, unweigerlich unglaublichen Schmerz zufügen. Es ist zu spät. Wir verlieben uns ungewollt ineinander, werden eins. Ich kämpfe verzweifelt gegen diese Unlogik an. Unsere Geister betteln um Umarmung, um Einigkeit. Ich will mit ihr zusammen sein. Ich will, dass sie mit mir zusammen ist. Kompromisslos und doch so kompliziert. Ihr Verhalten bettelt um Befriedigung. Ich will nichts anderes, als ihr die ultimative Erfahrung der Lust zu schenken. Sie hat es verdient, nach all den egoistischen Qualen, die sie in den Händen von Männern erlitten hat, die nur ihre eigene Befriedigung suchten.

Sie ist umwerfend und nicht zu leugnen. Ich könnte ihr nicht einen einzigen Wunsch abschlagen, der von ihren verdammten Lippen kommt. Ich würde ihr jede Laune erfüllen und jeden verdammten Traum wahr werden lassen. Aber ich kann nicht, ich sollte nicht, ich muss meine eigene Lust in ihrer eigenen egoistischen Abscheulichkeit bekämpfen. Ich wurde schließlich christlich erzogen und nicht als Nihilist. Ich sollte andere mehr lieben als mich selbst. Ich konnte es mir nicht erlauben, mein eigenes Vergnügen auf Kosten von Schmerz und Unglück anderer, die ich liebte, zu suchen. Scheiße! Melanie, bitte verzeih mir! Warum muss ich mich deswegen so schuldig fühlen, wenn es sich so richtig anfühlt! Ihr heißer Atem strömt über meinen Nacken, während sie ihr Bein über meine Taille gleiten lässt und ihre Innenseiten der Oberschenkel sanft über meine unsichere Männlichkeit streichelt. Sie beruhigt mich, indem sie mich an der Schulter umarmt, während ihre Finger spielerisch über meinen Nacken streichen. Ich spüre ihre Lippen gefährlich nah an meiner Wange. Ich drehe mich zu ihr und erschauere vor Erregung. Ihre Augen blicken mich begehrllich an. Sie seufzt.



"Hat dir schon mal jemand gesagt, wie hübsch du bist?"

Ich schaue sie verwirrt an, atme sarkastisch aus

"Äh nein?"

Ich starre in ihr schönes Gesicht.

"Du bist einfach umwerfend, aber das weißt du ja, oder?"

Sie kuschelt sich an meinen Hals, aber wir liegen in einer ungünstigen Position auf dem Bett. Ich versuche, es mir bequemer zu machen und lege ein Kissen unter meinen Kopf. Angela schiebt sich hoch und lässt ihren Kopf auf meiner Brust ruhen.

"Ich kann deinen Herzschlag hören, Tommy. Er ist langsam, stark und rhythmisch."

Ich streiche mit meinen Fingern sanft über ihren Rücken. Unruhige Minuten vergehen, bevor sie langsam ihren Kopf zu meinem Gesicht hebt. Ich könnte die Spannung in der Luft mit einem Messer durchschneiden.

Unsere Köpfe kommen sich näher, ich streichle ihr Haar, ihre schönen Wangen und ihre Lippen. Sie berührt meine Lippen mit ihren Fingern. Oh Gott, das kann doch nicht wahr sein, aber ich bin in sie verliebt, seit ich sie in Essen zum ersten Mal gesehen habe.

Unser erster Kuss ist unsicher und oberflächlich, schüchtern, sanft. Mehr berührend als küssend. Ich beginne vor Erregung zu zittern.

Wir pressen unsere Lippen immer fester aufeinander, während die Pheromone die Vernunft überwinden. Sie schiebt ihre Zunge in meinen Mund, während ich ihren Hinterkopf packe und ihren Nacken umschließe. Ich schiebe ihren Bademantel zur Seite und ihre Brüste berühren meine Brust. Ich hebe mein T-Shirt hoch, damit unsere Körper sich gegenseitig spüren können. Meine Hände gleiten sanft unter ihren Bademantel und wandern an ihren Beinen entlang. Während ich sie streichle, rutscht sie auf mich. Mein Glied hat sich längst aus der Enge meiner Boxershorts befreit und ich kann sie spüren. Sie ist nass, seidig und glatt. Ich öffne ihren Bademantel, ziehe ihn sanft über ihren Rücken und ihre Arme und lasse ihn neben uns auf das Bett fallen. Sie zieht mir mein T-Shirt über den Kopf. Ich nehme es und werfe es auf den Boden. Sie liegt auf mir, völlig nackt. Eifrig schlüpfte ich aus meinen Boxershorts, oh Gott, was mache ich nur?

Dann geht alles sehr schnell. Meine Boxershorts sind noch nicht einmal ausgezogen, da lässt sie mich schon in sich hineinschlüpfen. Ich platze fast und versuche verzweifelt, mich zu beherrschen. Ich ziehe sie zu meinen Lippen, halte sie sanft an der Taille und streichle ihren Rücken. Wir küssen uns sanft und leidenschaftlich, liegen einfach nur da, diese Traumfrau und ich, wie auf Samt gebettet. Ich schaue sie an, tief in ihre Augen, und kann nicht fassen, was passiert.

Sie legt ihren Kopf auf meine Brust und macht keine Anstalten, sich zu bewegen. Ich liege da, gefesselt von ihrem Körper. Meine Seele ist erfüllt von Glück und Liebe. Es ist fast so, als

wüssten wir beide um das Liebesverbrechen, das wir begehen, und würden es ignorieren. Wir küssen uns weiter, streicheln uns und verschlingen uns gegenseitig. Endlich kommt Angela zur Vernunft. Sie hebt ihren Kopf und sieht mich an.

Sie flüstert. "Tommy, das ist eine wirklich schlechte Idee."

"Ich weiß"

Sie küsst meinen Hals. "Magst du mich wirklich, Tommy?"

Ich umarme sie fest an ihrem Rücken und fahre dann mit meinen Fingern langsam an ihrem Körper auf und ab, immer noch ungläubig. Ich flüstere, nur Millimeter von ihren Lippen entfernt

"Wie? Angela, ich bin in dich verliebt, seit ich dich das erste Mal gesehen habe. Ich hätte mir nie träumen lassen, dass das jemals passieren könnte."

"Ich mag dich auch sehr. Ich vermisse dich, wenn ich dich nicht sehe." Sie lacht unsicher "Vielleicht bin ich auch verliebt? Ich hätte nie gedacht, dass ich mich zu einem jüngeren Mann hingezogen fühlen könnte."

"Angela. Können wir das bitte, du weißt schon, für uns behalten?" Ich bin immer noch mit Melanie zusammen und du bist eigentlich immer noch mit Lars zusammen. Ich meine, das hier, das sollte nicht passieren."

"Ich weiß... Aber es ist", sie drückt sich hoch und legt ihre Hand auf meinen Mund, "oh Gott, ich bin ein schrecklicher Mensch!"

Ich lege meinen Daumen auf ihren Mund und streichle ihre Lippen, während ich ihre Hand sanft wegziehe.

"Hey nein, du bist alles andere als ein schrecklicher Mensch... Ich will nur, dass du glücklich bist... Wenn du dich unwohl fühlst, können wir aufhören."

Sie hält meine Hand, küsst sie, drückt sie an ihr Gesicht, fährt mit meiner Hand über ihren Hals, hinunter zu ihrer Brust, bevor sie sie auf ihre Brust legt. Sie hält meine Hand weiterhin fest, während ich sanft gegendrücke.

"Nein... Es fühlt sich richtig an."

Sie drückt mich tiefer in sich hinein.

"Du fühlst dich richtig an. Ich mag dich in mir"

Sie küsst mich wieder. Sie flüstert in meinen Nacken

"Können wir einfach hier liegen? Du weißt schon. Einfach nur kuscheln, ich will, dass du mich festhältst, Tommy... Du kannst drinnen bleiben, wenn du willst."

"Ok".

Ich decke uns wieder mit der Decke zu und streiche ihr sanft über den Rücken. Während wir auf der unbequemen Couch liegen. Der Fernseher plärrt immer noch vor sich hin. Autos fahren unten am Fenster vorbei und schieben den Schlamm auf der Straße herum. Ich finde die zischenden Geräusche beruhigend, fast hypnotisch, während die Zeit vergeht.

Ein weiterer Film läuft und als der Abspann läuft, schlafe ich langsam ein. Ich merke, wie sie in einer fließenden Bewegung immer mehr Druck auf mein Becken ausübt und ihr Körper vor Erregung und mehr zu zittern beginnt. Sie reibt sich langsam und tief. Sie küsst meinen Hals, meine Wange und meine Lippenwinkel. Ich war schon fast ganz schlaff, aber bald spürte ich, wie ich härter, länger und breiter wurde. Ich spüre, wie ich sie ganz ausfülle, wie ihre und meine Seele wieder zu einer Einheit verschmelzen. Ihre Hüften beben, als sie sich so fest wie möglich gegen mich presst. Sie will alles von mir und ich will ihr alles geben. Ich schiebe meine Hüften zu ihr hinauf und wir können uns die Erregung nicht mehr verkneifen. Sie wölbt ihren Rücken ganz nach oben, wirft die Decke ab und fällt wieder auf mich, wobei sie mich so fest umarmt, wie sie kann.

Sie beginnt zu reiten, leise und schnell. Ich greife ihr in den Nacken, während wir uns in einer Umarmung festhalten, uns küssen, keuchend, in berauscher Euphorie. Sie reitet und reitet. Ihre Ausdauer ist wie die eines Athleten. Sie setzt sich auf und greift nach meinen Händen, die sie zu ihren Brüsten führt. Sie legt ihren Kopf auf meine Schulter und atmet heiß und schnell neben meinem Ohr. Immer schneller, stöhnend leise und schnell. Ihre Schenkel bewegen sich in kreisenden Bewegungen auf und ab, ihr Körper zittert, als sie zum Höhepunkt kommt, bevor sie erschöpft innehält. Sie keucht schwer, ihr Schweiß rinnt über die Stirn. Wir sitzen eine Weile eng umschlungen da, küssen uns, streicheln uns, berühren uns und genießen den Körper des anderen. Ich küsse jeden Zentimeter ihres Halses, ihrer Ohren und ihres Gesichts.

Wir rollen uns, sie schlingt ihre Beine fest um meine Taille. Ich verschränke meinen Oberkörper mit ihrem, Schulter an Schulter. Ich will sie dafür bestrafen, dass sie so schön ist, dass ich mich in sie verliebt habe. Ich dringe so tief ein, wie ich kann, und stoße immer härter und schneller zu, fast wie ein Berserker, der töten will. Kein "Oh Gott" oder Schreien von Namen. Abgesehen von der schnellen Atmung ficke ich sie intensiv, so hart und schnell ich kann, in völliger Stille. Wir sagen absolut nichts zueinander, das ist auch nicht nötig. Unsere leidenschaftliche Körpersprache sagt viel mehr aus als Worte es je könnten. Ich bin überrascht, wie ausdauernd mein voll erregter Körper ist. Ich bin nicht mehr Tommy. Ich bin ein Tier. Ein bestialisches Urgebrüll ertönt in der Maschine.

Ich presse meine Lippen heiß auf ihre, unsere Münder öffnen sich, ihre Zunge flitzt in meinem Mund herum, als sie wieder kommt. Ihre Beine zittern, sie krallt sich an meinem Rücken fest, presst ihre Lippen kraftvoll auf meine und schiebt dann meinen Kopf weg, als

sie nach Luft schnappt. Sie sieht mich mit leidenschaftlicher Gewalt an und stößt einen lauten Seufzer aus.

"Tommy, stopp, stopp, stopp"

Ich höre auf

"Was ist los?"

"Nichts Tommy"

Sie schnappt nach Luft.

"Nichts, gar nichts. Ich brauche eine Pause." Sie lacht: "Mensch Tommy, du bist ein verdammtes Kaninchen, weißt du das?"

Ich lächle und bin schweißgebadet. Meine blond gefärbten Haare fallen mir ins Gesicht und tropfen reichlich auf ihre bebende Brust. Ich nehme eine ihrer Brustwarzen in den Mund und beuge mich scherzhaft zurück, um mich wieder sanft in sie zu schieben.

Sie klopft mir keuchend auf den Rücken.

"Auszeit"

Ich schiebe mich am Fußende des ausziehbaren Bettes auf die Beine, immer noch voll erregt und weit über den Punkt des Orgasmus hinaus.

Sie streckt sich mir entgegen und ich helfe ihr, sich aufzusetzen. Ihre Beine zittern, als ich ihr auf die Beine helfe. Instinktiv hält sie sich an mir fest, sie ist kaum in der Lage, durch den Korridor zum Badezimmer zu gehen. Ich helfe ihr erst, sich auf die Toilette zu setzen, damit sie sich erleichtern kann, und gehe dann in die Küche, um den Wodka aus dem Gefrierschrank zu holen. Ich schlucke ihn direkt aus der Flasche. Ich halte die gefrorene Flasche an meinen steinharten Penis, um ihn ein wenig zu betäuben. Zum Glück beginnt er ein wenig zu schrumpfen. Viel länger und ich hätte ernsthafte Schmerzen bekommen. Während ich so dastehe und staune, was gerade passiert ist, suche ich in meinem Kopf nach irgendwelchen Gedanken, aber ausnahmsweise ist mein Verstand totenstill. Kein einziger Gedanke außer meinem Durst nach Alkohol und dem Verlangen nach Nikotin. Ich nehme eine halb gerauchte Zigarette aus dem Aschenbecher und zünde sie an.

Sie kommt in die Küche, schön, makellos und nackt. Ich starre ihren Körper voller Ehrfurcht und Staunen an. Sie ist so verdammt perfekt. Ich ziehe an der Zigarette und sie küsst meine Lippen und atmet meinen Rauch in ihre Lungen ein.

Sie berührt meine Brust.

"Trink das nicht ganz allein"

Sie lacht und reißt mir die Flasche aus der Hand. Sie trinkt einen Schluck und küsst mich erneut, wobei sie den Wodka zurück in meinen Mund fließen lässt. Ich tue dasselbe mit ihr. Wir bringen die viertelvolle Flasche schnell zu Ende und ich stelle sie auf den Herd. Ich küsse sie leidenschaftlich und hebe eines ihrer Beine zu meiner Taille hoch. Sofort bin ich wieder hart. Sie steckt mich wieder in sich hinein, während ich sie von ihren Füßen auf den kleinen quadratischen Küchentisch hebe. Sie schlingt ihre Beine um mich, während wir uns küssen. Sie packt mich an den Pobacken und zieht mich tiefer in sie hinein. Nach einer Weile wird es unangenehm und sie sieht auf.

"Lass uns das im Bett zu Ende bringen."

Ich habe ihr vom Tisch geholfen. Sie führt mich an der Hand in ihr unordentliches Zimmer. Ich stolpere über all ihre Klamotten und das Chaos auf dem Boden. Sie lässt meine Hand los und lässt sich mit dem Gesicht nach unten auf die schönen roten Satinlaken fallen. Sie streichelt den Satin mit ihren Fingerspitzen, während ich auf sie klettere. Ich streichle ihre Arme, küsse ihre Schultern, ihren Hals und ihren Rücken. Ich möchte jeden Zentimeter ihres perfekten Körpers berühren.

Ich hebe ihr Becken an und schiebe ein großer Teddybär unter ihren Bauch, während ich wieder in sie eindringe. Das Gefühl ist offenbar unglaublich. Sie schreit zum ersten Mal laut auf, packt und reißt an dem Satin, stöhnt und atmet wild. Ich ziehe ihre Hüften zu mir hoch. Langsam und kraftvoll bewegen wir uns im Gleichschritt, während sie sich an den vielen Stofftieren um uns herum festkrallt. Meine Beine machen weiter, bis sie sich nicht mehr bewegen können und ich vor Erschöpfung zittere. Ich drehe sie auf den Rücken und küsse ihre Brüste, ihren Bauch und ihre wunderschöne Vagina. Ich lecke sie genüsslich. Ich quetsche ihre Lippen um meine Zunge. Sie zieht stöhnend an meinen Haaren und wölbt ihren Rücken, während ihre Füße zucken und ihre Zehen sich vor lauter Glückseligkeit spreizen. Ich schiebe ihre Beine zu ihr und dringe wieder in sie ein, wobei ich ihren Hals mit meiner linken Hand erwürge. Ich zähle bis sechzig und entziehe ihr damit komplett die Möglichkeit zu atmen. Sie fängt an, nach meiner Hand zu greifen, die ihren Hals hält, und bittet um Befreiung, versucht, sie wegzuziehen. Das war das Signal, auf das ich gewartet hatte. Ich halte sie noch ein paar Sekunden länger fest, bevor ich sie loslasse. Als ich loslasse, zuckt ihr Körper, sie schnappt nach Luft, ihr Körper ist voller Adrenalin, ihre Bauchmuskeln ziehen sich zusammen, ihre Vagina zuckt, ihre Hüften beben. Sie spritzt mir auf die Beine und das Laken. Sie beißt sich auf die Lippen und sieht mich ungläubig an, in einer Mischung aus Qual und Ekstase, Angst und utopischer Freude.

Ich falle über sie her und mache sie fertig. Sie reißt an meinen Haaren und drückt meinen Kopf so fest mit ihren Beinen zusammen, dass ich glaube, ich könnte ersticken. Mein Gesicht ist klatschnass. Sie klopft mir auf den Kopf, um mir zu signalisieren, dass ich aufhören soll, und sie löst ihren Griff um meinen Kopf. Als ich nach Luft schnappe, schaut sie auf mein klatschnasses Gesicht und lächelt.

"Komm zu mir."

Ich klettere auf sie zu und wische mir mit der Hand den Mund ab. Ich küsse und umarme sie, während wir beide nach Luft schnappen. Sie sieht mich völlig erschöpft an.

"Ich nehme die Pille, also kannst du in mir kommen, wenn du willst"

Eine Nachricht, die der Himmel geschickt hat. Ich habe die ganze Nacht mit dem Orgasmus gekämpft. Ich hatte solche Angst, dass es peinlich werden könnte.

Ich schaue auf dieses herrliche, schwingende Nervenbündel unter mir hinunter und gleite noch einmal in sie hinein. Ich hebe ihre Taille vom Bett und lege ihre Beine über meine Schultern. Dann geht alles ganz schnell. Drei, vier, fünf Stöße und der Ausdauermarathon ist vorbei. Sein belohnender, ungebremster Jungbrunnen sprudelt aus meinem zitternden Körper. Ich spüre, wie die Hitze rundherum fließt und tief in sie hineinrauscht. Mein Herz klopft und meine Muskeln zucken. Das Pulsieren ist so heftig, dass meine Muskeln versagen und ich auf ihr zusammenbreche. Mit letzter Kraft rollen wir uns von dem nassen Fleck weg. Sie rutscht wieder auf mich und ich decke uns beide mit der satinierten Bettdecke zu. In einem strahlenden Paradies lassen wir uns treiben und sind bald beide eingeschlafen.

Spät am Morgen wachte ich in ihrem Bett auf. Sie war schon lange weg. In die Schule, vermutete ich. Sie hatte eine winzige Notiz auf zwei gelbe Post-it-Zettel gekritzelt. Sie klebten am Fernseher und brachen mir ein wenig das Herz.

"Lieber Tommy. Danke für die letzte Nacht. Es war magisch. Ich will ganz ehrlich zu dir sein und dich nicht verletzen, weil ich dich als Freund zu sehr mag. Ich gehe zurück zu Lars, um noch etwas Zeit mit ihm zu verbringen. Ich will herausfinden, ob da noch etwas zwischen uns ist. Ich habe immer noch starke Gefühle für ihn und nur weil ich mit dir geschlafen habe, heißt das nicht, dass ich ihn nicht mehr liebe. Ich werde ihm nichts von unserem kleinen Abenteuer erzählen und ich bitte dich, dass das unter uns bleibt. Ich weiß nicht, ob du und ich füreinander bestimmt sind, aber wenn das so ist, möchte ich, dass wir zusammen sind, ohne dass ich noch Gefühle für einen anderen habe, und ich möchte, dass du dir auch über uns sicher bist. Wenn du mich so liebst, wie ich es weiß, wirst du das verstehen. Ich weiß nicht, wann ich zurückkomme, aber ich verspreche dir, dass wir uns wiedersehen werden. Bitte sei nicht traurig, Melanie wird später vorbeikommen und dir Gesellschaft leisten. Sie ist ein gutes Mädchen, kümmere dich um sie, okay? XXX Ich liebe dich \_ Angela"

"P.S. Bitte vernichte das, sobald du es gelesen hast, damit niemand es findet."

Ich weiß nicht, ob es die Müdigkeit war, der Kater oder der Schock, als ich spürte, wie Angelas Krämpfe durch meinen Körper rasten, aber ich muss zugeben, was auch immer es war, ich sank auf den Teppich unter dem kleinen Fernseher und weinte. Ich weinte, weil es mir seltsam vertraut vorkam. Die Umstände, die mir mein Glück verbieten. Ich wischte mir die Tränen ab und dachte nach,

"Tommy! Reiß dich zusammen, verdammt noch mal, was hast du denn erwartet? Du sollst doch nur hier wohnen und mit Melanie ausgehen, nicht deine Mitbewohnerin ficken! Melanie wäre außer sich, wenn sie wüsste, dass du mit ihrer besten Freundin geschlafen hast, und ich meine, komm schon, du hast nicht nur mit ihr geschlafen, du hast die ganze Nacht mit ihr geschlafen! Das war nicht nur billiges Geknutsche, sondern du hast mit ihr

geschlafen, als wärst du total verliebt in sie. Das war nicht nur bedeutungsloses Gehämmere! Was hast du also zu deiner Verteidigung zu sagen, du Verräter der Herzen?!"

"Nichts! Noch heute Abend wirst du Melanie mit offenen Armen empfangen, sie leidenschaftlich küssen und die ganze Nacht mit ihr ficken, oder? Du wirst dich schlecht fühlen wegen dem, was du mit Angela gemacht hast, also wirst du dir vielleicht sogar die Mühe machen, einen Film auszuleihen, Blumen zu kaufen, Pizza zum Mitnehmen zu bestellen und dann dafür sorgen, dass sie einen Haufen Orgasmen bekommt, richtig? Du willst die Konsequenzen nicht tragen, du willst sie nicht verletzen, du liebst Melanie, aber du liebst sie nicht wirklich, oder? Wenn du sie wirklich lieben würdest, wärst du ehrlich zu ihr, oder nicht? Aber du denkst nur an dich, Tommy-Boy, und vermeidest schwierige und unangenehme Situationen, indem du nicht ehrlich bist. Du steckst deinen Schwanz in jedes Mädchen, das dir über den Weg läuft, du kleine männliche Hure! Woher willst du wissen, dass Angela sauber ist und keine Geschlechtskrankheit hat? Du dummes Stück Scheiße. Du hast sie die ganze Nacht gevögelt, du bist sogar in ihr gekommen! Du hast ihr einfach geglaubt, dass sie die Pille nimmt. Was, wenn sie dich angelogen hat? Was ist, wenn sie wirklich schwanger werden will und Lars das nicht schafft und sie dir nur eine rührselige Geschichte erzählt hat, damit du in ihr abspritzt und ihr gibst, was sie will, du Dummkopf! Du und Lars, ihr seht euch kaum ähnlich. Was ist, wenn sie mit dir ein Kuckuckskind zeugt und Lars dann glauben lässt, dass es seins ist? Was, wenn er Verdacht schöpft, Angela zwingt, einen DNA-Test zu machen und dann herausfindet, dass es dein Kind ist? Er wird sie umbringen und dann wahrscheinlich auch dich!"

"Halt die Klappe! Du bist einfach nur paranoid! Liest den Brief, sie sagt verdammt noch mal, dass sie mich liebt! Direkt in der letzten Zeile! Natürlich will sie es mit Lars nur richtig machen, alles herausfinden und sich dann entscheiden. Werde erwachsen! Das Leben und die Liebe sind nicht schwarz und weiß! Es gibt eine Menge Grau dazwischen, also hör auf, dich wie eine paranoide kleine Schlampe zu benehmen! Sie weiß doch, dass ich Melanie immer noch ficken werde, oder? Sie will, dass ich mir sicher bin, was auch immer es ist! Mensch Tommy, was bist du denn für ein unsicherer Trottel? Entspann dich, häng mit Melanie ab, hab eine schöne Zeit mit ihr, benutz ein Kondom, wenn du dir Sorgen machst, aber ich bin mir sicher, dass Angela sich hat testen lassen und wenn sie etwas hätte, dann hätte sie sicher etwas gesagt!"

"Ja. Tommy! Seit du Digger getroffen hast, weißt du, dass Lars Prostitutionsbordelle betreibt. Wer kann sagen, dass er nicht andere Schlampen ohne Schutz fickt und dann ohne Gummi in Angela hineinplatzt? Sie benutzt mit Sicherheit keine Kondome bei ihm. Es war auch super riskant für sie, mich ohne Gummi zu ficken. Ich habe es schon mit vielen Frauen ohne Schutz getrieben und mich nie testen lassen. Verdammt, ich sollte wirklich in eine Klinik gehen und mich testen lassen. Vielleicht gibt es einen anonymen Ort, an dem ich mich testen lassen kann. Oder Lars fragen? Das wäre doch verdammt dreist, oder? Die Muschi von Lars' Mädchen zu ficken und ihn dann um einen Test zu bitten, um sicherzugehen, dass ich sie nicht mit Viren oder Gott weiß was infiziert habe. Vielleicht habe ich ja jetzt auch etwas von ihm! Du musst dich in seine Scheiße einmischen, Tommy, und herausfinden, ob Angela mit gleiches Arschlochcharakter zusammen ist wie damals ihr Vater war. Das würde mich nicht überraschen! Viele misshandelte Frauen landen bei misshandelnden Ehemännern, habe ich das nicht irgendwo gelesen? Ich meine, sieh dir nur Saskia an, die

kaum von ihren missbrauchenden Eltern wegkommt und zum Schluss, Sex mit dem größten Arschloch in Marktbreit hatte. Vielleicht gibt es hier ein Muster. Liesel ist ein süßes Mädchen und musste natürlich auf einen lügenden, betrügenden Mistkerl wie dich hereinfliegen. Was sagt das über uns alle aus?"

"Ich weiß es nicht und ehrlich gesagt ist dieses Gedankenmuster im Moment zu intensiv für mich, Mensch Tommy, entspann dich, rauch einen Joint, trink einen Kaffee und etwas Wodka. Entspann dich verdammt nochmal!"

Ich drehe mir einen starken Joint und schalte den paranoiden Teil meines Gehirns aus. Ein paar Stunden Fernsehen und Wodka mit Kaffee helfen mir, mich wieder normal zu fühlen, als ich das Haus verlasse. Ich gehe zum örtlichen Supermarkt und kaufe eine Fertigpizza, Bier, Zigaretten und noch mehr Wodka für den Abend und frage mich, ob Melanie auftauchen wird oder nicht.

Sie hat keins dieser Handys, also kann ich mich nur überraschen lassen. Ich habe nicht einmal die Nummer ihres Elternhauses. Sie würden zu viele Fragen stellen und sind wahrscheinlich viel zu hochnäsig, um damit einverstanden zu sein, dass ein fünfzehnjähriger Junge mit ihrer Tochter ausgeht, der nicht einmal zur Schule geht, ein Drogendealer und ein totaler Loser ist.

"Ich weiß nicht einmal, ob Melanie nicht auch noch einen anderen als mich hat. Nach allem, was ich weiß, könnte sie auch nur mit mir zusammen sein. Ich projiziere meine eigenen Fehler besser nicht auf andere. Vielleicht mag sie mich einfach nur verdammt gern und weiß nicht, wie sie mit der Situation umgehen soll. Warum stehen diese Mädchen so sehr auf mich? Ich habe keine Zukunft, keine Fähigkeiten außer dem Dealen und dem Töten von Menschen. Wohlhabend bin ich ganz sicher nicht. Es kann nicht nur an meinem jugendhaften Charme liegen und ich meine, ja, ich sehe gut aus, nicht wie ein Model, aber du weißt schon, nicht hässlich, bestenfalls durchschnittlich gut... Was ist es also? Vielleicht gefällt es ihnen, mit mir Mama zu spielen. Als ob ich ihr Übungsbaby wäre. "

Ich habe mir den ganzen Tag den Kopf zerbrochen, was und ob ich Melanie sagen soll, wenn sie unweigerlich vorbeikommt. Nach einer langen Dusche, mehr Kaffee, Wodka und reichlich Joints beschloss ich, einfach die Klappe zu halten. Es hatte keinen Sinn, sie zu verletzen. Ich sollte die Wohnung auslüften. Die ganze Wohnung stinkt nach sexuellem Unfug, abgestandenem Rauch und Alkohol. Ich frage mich, ob Angela ihre Meinung geändert und beschlossen hat, zu mir zurückzukommen. Wenn sie Melanie in der Mittagspause gesehen hat, hat sie aus Versehen etwas ausgeplaudert und ihr etwas erzählt? Mein Schicksal liegt ganz in ihren Händen.

Gegen 19 Uhr höre ich Stimmen und die Tür öffnet sich. Melanie rennt aufgeregt zu mir rüber, geht auf Zehenspitzen zu meinem Gesicht und gibt mir einen langen feuchten Kuss. Angela steht hinter ihr und stellt Blickkontakt mit mir her. Sie zwinkert mir subtil zu, als wolle sie sagen.

"Keine Sorge, Tommy, ich werde dich nicht verpfeifen."



Ich bin so verwirrt. Was ist mit Lars passiert?! Ich kann sie doch jetzt nicht fragen, oder? Melanie ist hier. Sie ist so glücklich, mich zu sehen. Ständig küsst sie mich, kuschelt sich an mich und gibt sich solche Mühe, die Tiefkühlpizza vorzubereiten, Joints zu drehen und so liebenswert wie möglich zu sein. Armes süßes Kind. Ich habe sie nicht verdient. Wir essen, trinken und haben eine recht angenehme Zeit miteinander. Gegen 23 Uhr verkündet Angela plötzlich ganz lässig, dass sie zu Lars rübergehen wird und wünscht uns beiden einen schönen Abend. Melanie umarmt sie auf dem Sofa und ich gehe mit Angela zur Eingangstür. Außerhalb des Blickfelds von Melanie packt mich Angela plötzlich und küsst mich auf die Lippen. Sie flüstert mir ins Ohr.

"Ich wünsche euch beiden einen schönen Abend."

Sie küsst mich wieder sanft

Ich öffne ihr die Tür und folge ihr ein paar Schritte nach draußen. Im Flur küssen wir uns wieder, aber ich habe Angst, dass Melanie Verdacht schöpft. Ich streiche Angela liebevoll über die Wange und reiße mich von ihr los, eile zurück ins Haus und schließe die Tür. Ich gehe ins Bad und stelle das Wasser an, wasche mir das Gesicht und starre mich lange und intensiv im Spiegel an. Ich frage mich selbst.

"Tommy, wer bist du?"

Ich wasche mir noch einmal das Gesicht, esse etwas Zahnpasta und kehre zu Melanie zurück. Sie sieht mich mit freudiger Erwartung an.

"Tommy, wir sind allein, hast du die Haustür abgeschlossen?"

Ich nicke. Sie zieht die dünne Decke weg, unter der sie sich eingekuschelt hat, und legt ihren nackten Körper frei. Sie hatte sich ausgezogen, während ich mir im Bad das Gesicht wusch. Oh Gott, ich beiße mir auf die Lippe, sie ist so schön. Mit einem Lächeln streckt sie ihre Hände nach mir aus und winkt mich zu sich. Wir umarmen uns und fangen an, uns auf den ganzen Körper zu küssen. Ich wandere an ihrem Hals, ihren Brüsten und ihrem Bauch entlang. Ich küsse ihre Füße, ihre Beine, ihre Innenseiten der Oberschenkel und ihre Vagina. Sie riecht so gut. Meine Zunge spielt mit ihr, während sie stöhnt und sich vor Lust windet. Ich will sichergehen, dass sie sich an diese Nacht erinnern wird.

Am nächsten Morgen ging Melanie zur Schule. Ich kehrte zu meinen Ausschweifungen in der Sucht und Selbstvernichtung. Der Regen und die winterliche Kälte im November machen das Leben in geschlossenen Räumen wirklich magisch. Ich verbringe meine Tage in Selbstisolation und male und skizziere auf dem kleinen Balkon. Mein Gift, heißer Kakao gemischt mit Wodka, kombiniert mit viel Haschisch. Gelegentlich dazu einen Trip oder Molly zur Unterhaltung. Ich beginne ein Tagebuch. Na ja, eher eine Chronologie, eine Erinnerung an die Ereignisse meiner Kindheit. Als die Tage zu Wochen werden, wird klar, dass Angela beschlossen hatte, bei Lars zu bleiben. Ich kann es ihr nicht verübeln. Ihr Bedürfnis, zu reden und sich alles von der Seele zu reden, ist gestillt. Ist das wirklich ihr einziges Problem mit Lars? Die Tatsache, dass er all die schrecklichen Dinge, die ihr in der Vergangenheit widerfahren sind, nicht wissen wollte?

Er will nichts von der Vergewaltigung und Folter wissen, die sie durch ihren Vater erlitten hat, und vielleicht hat Lars in gewisser Weise recht. Das sind ihre Probleme. Sie braucht sicher einen Profi, der ihr hilft, damit umzugehen. Wenn sie ihrem Freund gegenüber ständig darüber nachdenkt, würde das ihre Beziehung auf lange Sicht sicher nur erschweren. Kein Mann will wissen, dass seine Freundin von ihrem eigenen Vater ausgiebig vergewaltigt wurde. Das ist eine unnatürliche und grausame Vorstellung. Es ist ja nicht so, dass ich jemals einer Frau, mit der ich geschlafen habe, erzählt hätte, dass ich von meinem Stiefvater vergewaltigt wurde. Es geht niemanden etwas an, weil es nicht ihre Schuld ist. Mein Missbrauch hat nichts mit einer aktuellen Beziehung zu tun.

Bis ich die Vergewaltigungen und den Missbrauch, die ich als Kind erlebt hatte, öffentlich machte, sollten noch 23 Jahre vergehen.

Deshalb schreibe ich dieses Buch. Es ist ein großes "Fuck you" an all die Monster, die uns in unserer Kindheit einen Gutenachtkuss gegeben haben. Nicht nur ich, sondern jeder einzelne Erwachsene auf diesem Planeten, der Kinder missbraucht, sie schlägt, vergewaltigt und ihnen ein richtiges Leben und eine sinnvolle Existenz verwehrt.

Ich fühle mich selbst ein bisschen wie ein Monster, weil ich Melanie betrüge. Ich habe Liesel im Stich gelassen und sie hat sich umgebracht, Saskia verliess ich ebenfalls. Ich bin so sehr mit meinen eigenen Problemen beschäftigt, dass ich das Gefühl habe, ständig auf den Gefühlen und Herzen der Menschen herumzutampeln, die mir wichtig sind. Jetzt, wo ich darüber nachdenke, ist das ziemlich egoistisch. Ich liebe Angela, aber ich liebe auch Melanie. Ich finde immer noch, dass Angela den feigen Ausweg wählt, bei Lars zu bleiben, aber ich würde dasselbe tun. Außerdem habe ich ihr nichts zu geben, zumindest nicht in materieller Hinsicht. Wenn wir ehrlich über unsere Liebesbeziehung sprechen würden, würde sie Melanie, ihre einzige Freundin, verlieren und ich würde von Lars und wahrscheinlich auch von Diggers Handlangern verprügelt werden. Angela und ich sind beide Feiglinge aus der Not heraus, wir leben die Lüge und für den Moment ist es in Ordnung. Zumindest oberflächlich betrachtet ist Lars ein netter Kerl, obwohl er ein Krimineller ist, der in Prostitution, Drogenhandel und Gott weiß was noch alles verwickelt ist. Trotz alledem behandelt er Angela gut und kümmert sich um sie.

Abgesehen von dieser kleinen Komplikation in meinem Leben habe ich im Moment zu viele andere Dinge, mit denen ich mich beschäftigen muss. So viele Träume, Albträume und schreckliche Erinnerungen, die mich in die Vergessenheit von Drogen und Alkohol zu ziehen drohen. Ich merke, dass ich diese schrecklichen Alkoholbedürfnisse bekomme, wenn ich meine Gedanken zu sehr schweifen lasse, besonders nachts. Mir selbst hilft es, wenn ich diesen Erinnerungen und die Schrecken der Tagträume in das Schreiben zu bannen. Damit sie endlich aufhören. Es ist, als ob all diese Erinnerungen und Gedanken dann sicher zwischen den dünnen Buchdeckeln meines Notizbuchs weggeschlossen sind. In meinem Kopf ist das Notizbuch eine Festung, ein Safe, ein Gefängnis. Ein Ort, an dem ich die Dämonen in Schach halten kann, wenn sie ihre hässlichen Stimmen erheben. Es dient auch dazu, alle Verbrechen, die meine Eltern an mir begangen haben, schriftlich festzuhalten, damit ich nie vergesse, was für Monster sie einst waren und immer noch sind.

Oft kommen mir diese Gedanken spät in der Nacht. Besonders nachdem ich mit Melanie geschlafen habe. Es ist fast so, als ob der Sex diese schrecklichen Erinnerungen an meine Vergangenheit auslöst. Ich kuschle mit ihr, bis sie fest eingeschlafen ist. Meine Gedanken rasen unendlich weiter. Die meisten Nächte schlafe ich nicht. Wenn sie eingeschlafen ist, gehe ich in die kleine Küche und fange an zu trinken, Gras zu rauchen, Speed zu schnupfen und alles zu tun, was ich kann, um meinen Verstand zu betäuben. Ich schreibe und zeichne die ganze Nacht. Viele der Inhalte sind Gedanken an Mord und Folter. All die schrecklichen Dinge, die ich meinen Eltern und Leuten wie ihnen antun möchte. Ich zeichne Foltergeräte und erkläre bis ins kleinste Detail, wie ich die Monster tagelang am Leben halten werde. Ich stelle mir vor, wie ich ihnen die größten Schmerzen zufüge, die sie je erleben werden, bis sie mich um den Tod anflehen. Ich habe eine richtig dunkle Seite in mir. Nicht einer dieser Young-Adult-Möchtegern-Slasher-Killer, die mit Messern herumfuchteln. Nein, ich spreche von einem soziopathischen Serienmörder, der nie gefasst wird, Art von Dunkelheit. Als ich das erste Mal "Das Schweigen der Lämmer" sah, war ich begeistert von Hannibal Lecter und wusste, dass ich auch so werden wollte. Ich bewunderte seine wahnsinnige Intelligenz und seine kalte, berechnende Brutalität.

Ich habe alle Bücher gelesen, immer und immer wieder. Ich weine jedes Mal, wenn ich die herzerreißende Szene lese, in der er zusieht, wie seine Schwester geschlachtet und gegessen wird. Genau wie ich mit ansehen musste, wie meine kleinen Geschwister mit einem Gürtel geschlagen wurden. Ich spüre die Angst, nichts tun zu können, außer unfreiwillig Zeuge der Gräueltaten zu sein, die vor meinen Augen geschehen.

Ich habe nie gesehen, wie ein kleines Mädchen geschlachtet und gegessen wurde, aber ich habe einmal in Indien ein schreiendes Baby gehört. Ich war frühmorgens auf dem Flur, um auf die Toilette zu gehen, und durch die angelehnte Tür eines Schlafzimmers sah ich, wie eine Mutter ihr eigenes kleines Mädchen am Fuß gegen die Wand schleuderte, weil es nicht aufhören wollte zu weinen. Ich erinnere mich an das dumpfe Geräusch eines zerbrechenden Schädels, aber das Mädchen schrie noch lauter. Die Mutter schlug das Baby drei Mal gegen die Wand, bevor es endlich aufhörte zu weinen und starb. Ich erinnere mich an einen schlecht gewaschenen Blutfleck an der Wand, der noch Tage später zu sehen war. Schließlich überstrichen sie den ganzen Raum, um ihn verschwinden zu lassen. Nachdem ich gesehen hatte, was passiert war, rannte ich zurück in mein Zimmer und versteckte mich in meinem Bett. Ich hatte solche Angst, das Zimmer zu verlassen, um zu pinkeln, dass ich unweigerlich ins Bett machte. Inzwischen war ich schlau genug, um heimlich die Bettwäsche zu wechseln, damit ich nicht erwischt wurde.

Es kostete mich viel Mut, das Zimmer mit meinem nassen Bettzeug zu verlassen, aber die Angst, zu Tode geprügelt zu werden, weil ich ins Bett gemacht hatte, war genauso real. Die Mörderin war eine unserer Betreuerinnen und nachdem ich gesehen hatte, wozu sie fähig war, dachte ich wirklich, dass jedes von uns Kindern jeden Moment getötet werden könnte. Zum Glück wurde sie bald darauf exkommuniziert. Es wurde natürlich alles vertuscht und die meisten Kinder wussten nicht einmal, dass sie ihr eigenes Kind ermordet hatte. Ich selbst habe niemandem von dem erzählt, was ich gesehen habe. Ich war der Meinung, dass mein Leben zu sehr in Gefahr war, um etwas anderes zu tun. So viele schreckliche Taten wurden im Geheimen vertuscht. Die meisten von uns Sektenkindern wurden zu Hause geboren. Nur Gott weiß, ob jemand von uns, der in Indien aufwuchs, damals überhaupt eine

Geburtsurkunde hatte. Wenn eines von uns Kindern ermordet worden wäre, hätte es nicht einmal Papiere gegeben, die bewiesen hätten, dass wir jemals existiert haben. Ich wette, die Knochen des kleinen Babys sind immer noch irgendwo in der Ecke des Hofes vergraben.

Normalerweise schlafe ich ein, kurz bevor Melanie aus dem Schlummer erwacht und zur Schule geht. Normalerweise bin ich dann schon komatös, weil ich die ganze Nacht kiffte und Wodka und Bier getrunken habe. Normalerweise merke ich nicht, wenn sie geht und schlafe oft bis weit nach dem Mittagessen. Wenn ich dann wach und verkatert bin, koche ich Kaffee und schreibe ein bisschen in mein Tagebuch. Vielleicht male ich auch ein paar Bilder oder schaue fern. Die ganze Zeit warte ich darauf, dass Melanie zu mir zurückkommt. Dann spüle ich und wiederhole. Ich bleibe die ganze Nacht auf und übernehme den nächsten Tag mithilfe von Molly und Speed. Besonders an den Wochenenden, wenn Melanie bei ihren Eltern ist. Dann bin ich wieder einmal meiner eigenen Selbstzerstörung überlassen. Letztes Wochenende habe ich, wie immer high von Drogen, das Folgende aufgeschrieben.

Ich lobe meine Dämonen

Sie stehen mir gut

An meine Seele genäht

Von den besten Schneidern der Hölle

Jede Nadel fädelt hervorragend

Schöne gewebte Muster in meiner Haut

Die Geschichte, die es naht

Ist glühende Dunkelheit im Inneren

Dunkle Mächte wachsen in mir

Schon als ich ein Junge war

Gottes Soldat, der dazu bestimmt ist

Ein Lehnsmann, deiktisches Spielzeug

Mein Schicksal verpflichtet

Vier Reiter kommen, um zu töten

Entfessle unbändigen Zorn

Rachsüchtiger Nervenkitzel

Mein Lohn ist der Tod

Dann werde ich nicht mehr sein?

Wenn das ewige Leben bleiben würde?

Welchen Herzschmerz könnte ich sehen?  
Dass mein Opfer ein Fluch ist  
Für diejenigen, die nicht geglaubt haben?  
In schäbigen Bibelversen  
Seine arglistige Täuschung?  
Doch wir werden alle ewig leben  
Ein sadistisches Monster zu loben  
Wähle ewige Vergeltung  
Über die ewige freudige Angst  
Wir lächeln in der Seligkeit des süßen Himmels oben  
Gloria Halleluja und die echte Liebe unseres Erlösers  
Fragen zu stellen, die wir nie wagen sollten  
Oder dieses ewige Feuer, das wir alle teilen werden  
Ich bin in die Gunst des Vaters zurückgefallen  
Für flüsternde Zweifel, aber eine Laune  
Seine Vergebung, entlastende Größe  
Warum müssen wir mit der Erbsünde geboren werden?  
Während die Gläubigen von Gottes Liebe und Wehe singen  
Priester treiben Teufel aus und bekämpfen imaginäre Feinde  
Die Menschheit angreifen, mit Irrtümern, stupiden Glaubenssätzen  
Den göttlichen Willen durch eine tödliche Krankheit zu ersetzen  
Der größte Dämon, er lacht in den Himmeln  
Wie Wahrsager Sechsen und Siebener deuten  
Er hat Gott ermordet und ihren Platz eingenommen  
So beginnt er, unser dummes Volk zu bekehren  
Denn die Menschheit ist der gefallene Engel  
Wir wärmen unsere Leichen in religiöser Fröhlichkeit  
Die Erkenntnis schmerzt allzu sehr  
Wir leben bereits in der Hölle auf Erden  
Ich liebe meine Dämonen  
Sie passen gut zu mir

Meine neue Haut ist jetzt komplett

Eine Gottheit der Hölle

## Kapitel 13

### Tanzen für den König, Reden in Zungen und himmlische Pferde

Im Juni 1987 zogen wir von Kolkatta nach New Dehli. Diese Kommune befand sich in einem alten Kolonialkomplex. Sie war quadratisch gebaut und hatte einen großen Hof in der Mitte. Der Hof war in Do-it-yourself-Manier mit vielen undurchsichtigen Wellplastikdächern bedeckt. Zwei mal vier Holzbalken hielten das Ganze zusammen und bildeten einen riesigen Stützrahmen darunter.

Wenn die Sonne direkt auf sie schien, war es darunter brütend heiß. Oft waren die Mahlzeiten, vor allem das Mittagessen, eine Qual und man wollte es einfach nur hinter sich bringen, um sich in den Schatten der gewölbten Gänge zurückzuziehen, die den Innenhof in kolonialer Manier umgaben.

Der häufige Gewitter- und Monsunregen war ohrenbetäubend, wenn er auf das Plastikdach traf. Das Dach brüllte und schmerzte unter dem Hämmern des starken Regens. Wir Kinder fürchteten uns vor dem Lärm und wären am liebsten gar nicht unter diesem schlecht konstruierten Dach gewesen. Diese Arkaden wiederum wandeten sich in Zimmer, Sanitäranlagen und natürlich in eine riesige Küche.

In Indien ist es üblich, für jede Kleinigkeit im Haushalt Diener zu haben, wenn man sich ihren Hungerlohn leisten kann, der fast an Sklaverei erinnert. Die sogenannten Kinder Gottes waren da nicht anders. Die blassen, kaukasischen Missionare hielten es für moralisch vertretbar, dass die dunkleren, einheimischen Ethnien dem weißen Mann für Löhne unter dem Existenzminimum untertan waren. Wie alle Kolonialisten zuvor waren sie gekommen, um die Einheimischen unter dem Deckmantel der Missionierung und der Verbreitung der sogenannten Zivilisation auszuplündern, ihre Frauen zu vergewaltigen und ihr Land zu stehlen.

Natürlich hatte diese Apartheid-Kommune indische Diener, die kochten, abwuschen und das Haus putzten. Diener waren spottbillig und selbst Hippie-Abschaum wie die COG konnte sie sich leisten.

Die indischen Diener ließen sich leicht bekehren, da die meisten Hindus bereits einen einzigen wahren Gott verehren und zu den vielen Abbildern und Facetten von Gottes Ebenbild und Natur beten. (Im Gegensatz zu dem, was die meisten Menschen über den Hinduismus denken.) Die Religion des weißen Mannes anzunehmen, brachte auch einen Bonus mit sich. Oft bedeutete es, dass man Kleidung, Hygieneartikel, Lebensmittel und andere Dinge bekam, die von den herablassend heiligen Mitgliedern der Gemeinschaft verteilt wurden. Später bedeutete es auch, dass du, wenn du nach einer Probezeit von sechs Monaten ein "Vollzeit-Jünger" wurdest, die Hippie-Frauen und heranwachsenden Mädchen zwingen konntest, ihre Liebe mit dir zu "teilen".

Eine Zeit lang hatten wir viele indischen "Onkel", die ihre fettleibigen Schatten um sich warfen und das Bett meiner Mutter verdunkelten. Die indischen Männer waren im Allgemeinen viel gemeiner und gewalttätiger gegenüber uns Kindern als die sadistischsten

weißen Erwachsenen. Von einem fetten Inder ins Gesicht geschlagen zu werden, gehörte nun zum Alltag.

Im Alter von knapp sechs Jahren wurde mir klar, dass ich indische Männer hasste. Tommy, der kleine Rassist, hatte einen triftigen Grund.

Es war völlig normal, dass wir Kinder von allen und jedem Erwachsenen erzogen wurden. Alles, was sie sagten, musste befolgt werden, ohne Fragen zu stellen. Das bedeutete, dass du, wenn ein Onkel oder eine Tante dich mochte (OH EKELHAFT!!!), vielleicht etwas mit ihnen anstellen musstest. Wenn ein Onkel oder eine Tante wütend auf dich war, auch wenn es ungerecht war, konntest du von jedem von ihnen verprügelt werden. Mein Rekord war, von vier verschiedenen Erwachsenen an einem Tag verprügelt zu werden!

Zu der Zeit war ich noch ein 6-jähriger Junge. Die meisten Pädophilen waren vor allem an kleinen Mädchen interessiert, deshalb wurde ich nicht belästigt. Stefan hatte bald nach unserer Ankunft in Dehli aufgehört, mich zu vergewaltigen oder mich zu zwingen, ihm einen runterzuholen. Ich glaube, meine Mutter hat sogar interveniert und einen der anderen Hirten gefragt, ob sie es in Ordnung fänden, dass Stefan mit mir Liebe macht. Zum Glück war der Hirte ein absoluter Homophobiker und stellte klar, dass Stefan nur mit weiblichen Kindern "Liebe machen" sollte und dass jede Art von Liebe zwischen Männern und Buben homosexuell und damit von Satan inspiriert sei. Ein absolutes Tabu und daher nicht erlaubt. Es war ein ziemlich befreiender Tag für mich. Stefan rief mich ins Schlafzimmer und sagte, dass wir uns unterhalten müssten. Ich setzte mich zu ihm und ging davon aus, dass er wieder Sex haben wollte, aber zu meiner Überraschung sagte er.

"Tommy, du weißt, dass ich gerne Zeit mit dir verbringe. Es ist nur so, dass... seine Stimme stockt... Der Prophet meint, dass es keine gute Idee ist, wenn wir Männer uns wie früher Liebe zeigen. Sie werden unsere Liebe nicht verstehen. Sie könnten uns sogar aus der Gemeinschaft werfen oder deinen Vater ins Gefängnis stecken, wenn du ihnen erzählst, dass wir uns lieben. Du willst doch nicht, dass das passiert, oder?"

Ich schüttelte meinen kleinen Kopf. Innerlich hätte ich am liebsten gesehen, wie er weggeschleppt und ins Gefängnis geworfen wurde. Er schlug mich bei jeder kleinen Ausrede. Er holte sich einen runter, nachdem er mich mit dem Gürtel ausgepeitscht und meine Genitalien befummelt hatte. Manchmal tat es sehr weh, wenn er sich in meinen kleinen Körper schob. Ich hasste ihn, aber ich hatte solche Angst vor ihm. Alles, was ich tun konnte, war zu lächeln.

"Wir können uns also immer noch umarmen und kuscheln, aber nicht mehr, weißt du..." Ich nicke

"Ok, es war schön, das mit dir zu teilen, ich liebe dich Tommy!"

Er umarmt mich und ich verlasse den Raum begeistert. War es das? Würde er mich nie wieder anfassen? Es schien zu schön, um wahr zu sein, aber es war so. Wie ich später herausfand, belästigte Stefan noch andere Kleinkinder und Vorschulkinder. Mädchen im Alter von sieben und acht Jahren, aber danach vergewaltigte er mich nie wieder. Er befriedigte sich jedoch weiterhin selbst, indem er mich mit seinem Gürtel auspeitschte und



dabei einen Steifen bekam. Nachdem er mich ausgepeitscht hatte, schloss er sich im Badezimmer, Schlafzimmer oder wo auch immer ein und masturbierte. Wenigstens musste ich nicht mehr mithelfen!

Einmal in der Woche gab es einen "Sharing"-Abend für die Erwachsenen. Das bedeutete, dass sie sich im Hof versammelten, nachdem wir Kinder ins Bett gegangen waren. Sie tranken selbstgemachten Obstwein und teilten sich gegenseitig Sexpartner für den Abend zu. Das "Teilen" war offiziell vorgeschrieben, aber wenn man es nicht tat, war man mehr oder weniger ein Ausgestoßener und galt als nicht spirituell oder gläubig. Ein Ehepaar wurde sogar exkommuniziert, weil es sich weigerte, daran teilzunehmen...

Als Erwachsener solltest du mit jedem schlafen, der mit dir "teilen" wollte. Egal, wie hässlich oder unhygienisch sie waren. Das galt für ALLE "Erwachsenen" ab 12 Jahren!!! Moses David, der Sektenführer, behauptete, er habe das alte gesetzliche Heiratsalter von zwölf Jahren aus der Bibel übernommen. Sobald ein Mädchen seine Periode bekam, galt es als erwachsen und wurde folglich von allen anderen Mitgliedern vergewaltigt.

Das bedeutete eine enorme sexuelle Belastung für alle Frauen, besonders für die jungen, hübschen Mädchen im Schulalter, denn natürlich wollten alle männlichen Erwachsenen mit ihnen teilen.

Natürlich kann ein erwachsener Mann außerhalb der offiziellen gemeinsamen Nächte Sex von einem 12-jährigen Mädchen verlangen. Eine erwachsene Frau konnte Sex mit einem Jungen im Teenageralter verlangen. Meistens geschah das heimlich und unter dem Vorwand der "Liebe" und sollte nicht körperlich erzwungen werden, aber...

Wenn du sexuelle Annäherungsversuche ablehnst, wirst du als "ungeistig, egoistisch und feindselig" abgestempelt. Das kann auch zu "Schweigepflicht", Nahrungsverweigerung und anderen Grausamkeiten führen.

Moses David war ein entschiedener Verfechter der Vergewaltigung. Er glaubte, dass eine Frau nur vergewaltigt wird, weil sie egoistisch ist und sich weigert, Gottes Liebe mit einem Mann zu teilen. Deshalb kann Gott sie bestrafen, indem er dem Mann erlaubt, körperlich stärker zu sein und ihm deshalb die Rechte zu nehmen, die ihm zustehen. Das Recht, "fruchtbar zu sein und sich zu vermehren" Das steht tatsächlich in seinen Schriften.

Sex war überall und überall um uns herum. Es war genauso normal, einen Raum zu betreten und Menschen jeden Alters beim Sex zu sehen, wie es normal war, zu scheißen.

Egal, welche Misshandlungen, schrecklichen Mahlzeiten und körperlichen Qualen wir Kinder ertragen mussten, wir glaubten alle aufrichtig, dass unsere "Prüfungen und Leiden" bald vorbei sein würden. Meine Mutter sagte mir viele Male

"Mach dir keine Sorgen, Schatz, Jesus wird zurück sein, wenn du 13 Jahre alt bist, ist das nicht wunderbar?" Sie sagte mit einem psychotischen Leuchten in den Augen: "Du und ich werden über die Systemiten herrschen und sie auf den Wegen der himmlischen Liebe und des Friedens lehren."

"Wir werden auf "himmlischen Pferden" mit großen Flügeln zum und vom Himmel fliegen"

Die dummen Hippies glaubten tatsächlich, dass der Himmel im Mond versteckt sei. Laut Moses David versteckte Jesus die "Goldene Stadt" im Inneren des Mondes. Dies ist ein echtes Plakat der so genannten Kinder Gottes

Das ist der eigentliche Glaube der Family International bis zum heutigen Tag!

"Jesus hat die goldene Stadt vor dem Teufel und allen Ungläubigen verborgen, damit es für den "Teufel und den Antichristen eine große Überraschung ist, wenn wir wiedergeborenen Christen auf himmlischen weißen Pferden aus dem Mond kommen und alle Anhänger des Antichristen abschlagen, die vom Teufel und seinen bösen Mächten besessen sind".

Ein normaler Mensch würde über solch lächerlichen Unsinn lachen: "Was ist mit der Luft zum Atmen? Was ist mit der Schwerkraft? Was ist mit den einfachen Gesetzen der Physik? Wenn ein verblendeter, grenzwertiger Schwachkopf zu dir käme, der fröhlich seinen Müll ausstößt und dich um Spenden bittet, um seine idiosynkratische, pädophile Utopie von Idiokratie zu unterstützen.

Wären das nicht die ersten Fragen, die dir durch den Kopf gehen?

Du wärst überrascht, ja sogar erstaunt, wie viele wirklich dumme Menschen die Luft, die du atmest, mit dir teilen... Mittlerweile, erstaunt es dich wahrscheinlich nicht mehr.

Die Gefahr der wirklich, wirklich dummen Menschen ist jedoch, wenn sie Macht über jemanden haben. Vor allem über Kinder. Dass sie ihnen eine Gehirnwäsche verpassen, damit sie die wirklich dummen Ideen und Überzeugungen, die sie aus ihren schwachen Köpfen sprudeln lassen, nie in Frage stellen, so dass sie nicht lernen und hart arbeiten müssen und in der großen Gemeinschaft, die wir Menschheit nennen, keinen Wert darstellen.

Die plappernden Spinner der Endzeitararmee Jesu hielten jeden Morgen und jeden Abend Gebetstreffen oder Mahnwachen ab. Die meisten von uns Kindern hassten sie.

Wir waren gezwungen, stundenlang zu sitzen, während die Erwachsenen versuchten, sich gegenseitig geistlich zu übertreffen. Sie bestätigten ihre spirituelle Hackordnung, indem sie "in Zungen redeten" oder "gobbelten", wie ich es leise spöttisch zu mir und ein paar anderen Rebellen sagte.

Diese Praxis galt als genauso modern wie die der alten Jüngerinnen und Jünger nach dem Tod von Jesus. Sie wurde vom Propheten selbst sehr ermutigt.

Für uns Kinder schien es, je mehr Kauderwelsch du spuckst und je lauter du es tust, desto spiritueller halten dich die anderen Erwachsenen. Es half auch, wenn du schriest, weintest, auf den Boden fielst oder spirituelle spastische Krämpfe bekamst.

Wow! Das bedeutet, dass der Heilige Geist wirklich in dir gewirkt hat.

Manche Kinder glaubten tatsächlich, dass das echt ist. Aber im Alter von 7 Jahren war ich nicht mehr überzeugt.

Während der Gebetsstunden öffnete ich heimlich die Augen und sah mich im Raum nach anderen ungläubigen Kindern um. Sobald ich Blickkontakt mit einem anderen Rebellen wie mir hergestellt hatte, machten wir uns mit Mimik und Blickkontakt über die Erwachsenen lustig. Später würden wir versuchen, nebeneinander zu sitzen und uns gegenseitig Beleidigungen über die sabbernden und plappernden Erwachsenen zuzuflüstern, während sie die Idioten ohne Grenzen waren.

Nach dem Gebet umarmten und streichelten sich die Erwachsenen und schmierten sich gegenseitig ihre schleimigen Komplimente. Stefan war sehr stolz darauf, ein großer, schluchzender, rotztriefender, weinender und so sehr spiritueller Alphamännchen zu sein. Die Eierstöcke der Hippiekühe würden explodieren, wenn sie ihn dabei beobachten, wie er all seine Körpersäfte in heiligem Besitz verliert. Stefan hatte es wieder geschafft... Er wird heute Abend ein irdisches Hippiekuh reiten.

Wir Kinder wurden damals aktiv dazu ermutigt, miteinander Sex zu haben. Ich erinnere mich an eine meiner ersten Sexpartnerinnen, als ich kurz vor meinem siebten Geburtstag war. Ihr Name war Stella. Sie war etwa ein halbes Jahr älter, dunkelhäutig, hatte wunderschöne große braune Augen und dichtes schwarzes Haar.

Wir "liebten" uns fast täglich und das war eines der wenigen Dinge, auf die ich mich freute. Stella kam zu meinem Etagenbett und wir hängten ein paar Laken auf, um ein "Zelt" für die Privatsphäre zu schaffen. Wir haben uns leidenschaftlich geküsst. Sie führte mich in ihren Körper ein und ritt mich. Das war ihre Lieblingsstellung. Wir taten alles, was wir die Erwachsenen tun sahen. Sogar Oralsex. Ich wusste, wie man in eine Vagina eindringt und ich mochte die Missionarsstellung, sie war sehr lustvoll, das muss ich zugeben. Wir benutzten Spucke als Gleitmittel und leckten uns gegenseitig, indem wir bis ins kleinste Detail imitierten, was die Erwachsenen taten. Wenn ich zurückblicke, wird mir klar, dass ich eigentlich gar keine Kindheit hatte. Ich tat erwachsene Dinge auf eine sehr erwachsene Art und Weise im Körper eines Zweitklässlers. Ich weiß, dass die meisten Menschen sich das nicht vorstellen können, aber so war es damals. Manchmal mischte sich meine Mutter in mein Liebesleben ein und tadelte mich. Sie sagte mir, dass die anderen kleinen Mädchen vielleicht auch mit mir schlafen wollten und dass ich nicht egoistisch sein sollte... Oder dass vielleicht einer der anderen Jungs auch gerne mit Stella schlafen würde.

Stella und ich waren jedoch sehr verliebt. Zumindest von meinem Standpunkt aus gesehen. Wir ließen uns immer Ausreden einfallen, um nicht mit den anderen teilen zu müssen, und meine Mutter ließ uns meistens in Ruhe.

Natürlich war ich zu jung, um zu ejakulieren, also tat das "Kommen" weh und war eher unangenehm. Aber das Gefühl vor der "Ejakulation" war dem Sex als Erwachsener sehr ähnlich. Nur in einem viel, viel kleineren Maßstab.

Stella hatte eine Schwester, die ein Jahr älter war als sie. Ihre Schwester sah fast genauso aus wie sie, so dass viele Leute sie für Zwillinge hielten oder sie miteinander verwechselten.

Ihr Name war Chastity und sie war pröder als Stella. Sie lehnte die Annäherungsversuche anderer Jungen ab und wies die Annäherungsversuche erwachsener Männer lautstark zurück, so dass diese sie in Ruhe ließen oder sie sogar ganz mieden. Irgendwann überwältigte Chastitys Neugierde sie und sie kam völlig unangemeldet in unser Zelt und sagte, sie würde gerne zuschauen. Sie wollte wissen, was es mit dem ganzen Trubel auf sich hat. Sie setzte sich in unser Zelt und sah uns beim Sex zu. Irgendwann sagte sie dann ganz selbstverständlich zu Stella, dass sie möchte, dass ich es auch mit ihr treibe und nach einigem Gezänk stimmte Stella zu. So kam es, dass ich im Alter von 7 Jahren meinen ersten Dreier mit zwei halbindischen Schwestern hatte.

Damals fühlte ich mich, als würde ich jeden Tag auf Wolken gehen. Selbst die Schläge, das schlechte Essen, das regelmäßige Kranksein und die schrecklichen Lebensbedingungen machten mir nichts mehr aus. Ich war in sie verliebt und sie waren in mich verliebt.

Im Laufe der Zeit waren wir unzertrennlich. Wir machten alles, wirklich alles zusammen. Sogar duschen oder auf die Toilette gehen. Wir schliefen oft zu dritt in einem unserer Etagenbetten und oft landeten einer oder mehrere von uns morgens lachend auf dem Boden. Nachts schlichen wir uns auf das Flachdach des Hauses und liebten uns unter dem Sternenhimmel. Wäre ich nur vielleicht zehn Jahre älter gewesen, wäre es vielleicht angemessener gewesen, abgesehen davon, dass ich mit zwei leiblichen Schwestern schlief.

Um die Weihnachtszeit herum haben wir Weihnachtsumzüge für Altersheime, Schulen usw. gemacht.

Stefan war für das Kindertheaterstück zuständig, also bekam ich immer gute Rollen. Man könnte meinen, dass ich nach dem, was er mir angetan hat, ein schlechtes Verhältnis zu ihm haben würde, aber das Gegenteil ist der Fall. Ich habe mich gut mit ihm verstanden. Ja, ich hasste ihn für das, was er mir angetan hatte, aber er hatte damit aufgehört... Wenn er mich nicht schlug, behandelte er mich sogar ziemlich gut. Die Ambivalenz war unglaublich. Ich hatte Angst vor ihm, aber auf eine seltsame Art und Weise betete ich ihn fast an. Alle erzählten mir, wie talentiert er war. Er konnte all diese Instrumente spielen und er konnte meiner Meinung nach auch gut singen. Ja, ich hasste ihn gleichzeitig, aber er war ein beliebter Kerl bei den Erwachsenen und den Kindern und das bedeutete, dass ich, das schüchterne und verschämte Kind, auch beliebt war. Ich wusste, wie ich Stefans Temperament umgehen konnte. Ich wusste, wie ich den Diktator besänftigen konnte, bevor er mit dem Zorn Gottes explodierte, und nach einer Weile wurden sogar die Schläge, die ich von ihm bekam, immer seltener. Natürlich wurde ich immer noch von anderen Erwachsenen verprügelt, was alles etwas relativierte.

Im Herbst 1987 bekam ich endlich meine Lieblingsrolle für der Weihnachtsaufführung. Ich spielte den Engel Gabriel. Als Engel Gabriel trägst du ein fabelhaftes weißes Kleid und jede Menge Glitzer und Glitter. Ein goldener Heiligenschein ruhte über meinem Kopf. Ich war wohl schon immer eine Queen... schon als kleiner Junge habe ich es geliebt, fabelhaft zu sein!

Den Engel Gabriel zu spielen, bedeutete, dass ich mit der Person, die Maria spielte, allein proben konnte. Nach langem Zureden stimmte Stefan zu, Stella Maria spielen zu lassen. Ich

war so glücklich!!! Chastity hatte einen kurzen Streit mit ihrer Schwester darüber, wer Maria spielen durfte, aber ich löste das Problem auf elegante Weise. Ich habe Stefan dazu gebracht, Chastity die Rolle des Joseph zu geben.

Chastity war zuerst etwas beleidigt, bis ich ihr erklärte, dass "Joseph" zu sein bedeutet, dass wir drei vor dem Stück monatelang zusammen üben würden. Wir wurden oft in voller Montur beim Knutschen gesehen. Josef knutschte mit dem fabelhaften und glitzernden Engel Gabriel, der wiederum mit Josefs Frau Maria knutschte. Einige der Erwachsenen fanden das die schärfste und süßeste Sache überhaupt. Natürlich fanden sie das, diese verdammten Perversen. Ich bin buchstäblich in einer pädophilen Gemeinde aufgewachsen.

Die anderen Jungs in meinem Alter beschwerten sich darüber, dass sie nicht Joseph sein durften, weil sie Stella auf der Bühne küssen wollten. Aus Gründen, die ich mir nicht erklären kann, ignorierte Stefan sie und setzte sich sogar für mich ein und ließ mich mein Ding durchziehen. Es war großartig. Ich war für den Moment, ganz oben in der Welt.

In der COG war es gesetzlich vorgeschrieben, "alles aufzugeben" Das bedeutete es wörtlich. Du musstest all deine irdischen Besitztümer an "Christus" abtreten. Im wirklichen Leben bedeutete das, dass du dein Erbe, deine Ersparnisse auf dem Bankkonto und alles, was du besaß, aufgeben musstest. Dein ganzes Geld wurde dir weggenommen und an die Weltgemeinschaft "verteilt". Die armen Schlucker. Einige Familienmitglieder verloren ihr gesamtes Erbe, ihr Vermögen und sogar ihr Leben aufgrund ihrer unglücklichen Entscheidung, sich den Kindern Gottes anzuschließen. Selbst wenn jemand alles gespendet hat, was er besaß, wollten die Kinder Gottes ihm nicht einmal sein Geld zurückgeben oder ihm ein Flugticket zurück in sein Herkunftsland bezahlen, wenn er später aussteigen wollte.

Einige Ex-Mitglieder starben auf den Straßen Südostasiens, nachdem sie aus der so genannten Familie rausgeworfen wurden. Mittellos und ruiniert. Sie waren weit entfernt von den Postern und dem Lächeln, das der Kult ihnen verkaufte, als sie beitraten.

Das war die harte Realität der sogenannten tatsächlichen Visionen des Propheten vom Himmel. Natürlich kam man nur dorthin, wenn man ihnen sein ganzes Geld und seine irdischen Besitztümer gab.

Moses David, der Anführer der Abschaum-Hippies, teilte sich einen "Zehnten" von 10% aller Einkünfte und Erbschaften zu. Er ließ die Kultgemeinden ausbluten. Seine unersättliche Gier nach Geld führte dazu, dass wir in Armut lebten, während David mit seinen Kinderbräuten und seinem verschwenderischen Lebensstil um die Welt jettete. Natürlich hatte er es verdient. Schließlich war er so großzügig, uns alle vor dem Antichristen zu retten, in unserem Namen mit Jesus zu reden und natürlich die hilflosen Kinder durch Vergewaltigung und körperliche Folter sexuell zu erziehen. Ihr einziges Verbrechen? Sie hatten das Pech, in diese eiternde Abscheulichkeit von bibelplappernden Dreckshippies hineingeboren zu werden.

Jeder, der es wagte, ihn in Frage zu stellen, wurde als Feind Jesu betrachtet und sofort exkommuniziert. In der Folge wurden Kinder von ihren Müttern entführt, Ehepartner von ihren Partnern getrennt, Menschen verschwanden und ein Verbrechen nach dem anderen

gegen die Menschheit wurde im Namen der Rettung der Welt vor dem Antichristen begangen. Das war das direkte und sehr reale Ergebnis des Einflusses dieses Monsters und der Gehirnwäsche der wirklich, wirklich dummen Menschen, die ihn anbeteten und ihm folgten. Genau wie meine eigenen Eltern. Ich bin oft erstaunt über meinen eigenen IQ. Es sollte nicht möglich sein, so intelligent zu sein, wenn man so dummen Eltern hat wie ich. Vielleicht habe ich Glück gehabt, denke ich. Ich will hier nicht angeben und ich halte mich auch nicht für mega-intellektuell oder so etwas. Aber ich bin auch kein Dummkopf.

Die öffentlichen Demütigungen, Bestrafungen und Schläge fanden meist während oder nach den Mahlzeiten im Hof statt.

Jeden Tag versammelten wir uns zum Frühstück, Mittag- und Abendessen im Innenhof unter dem schrecklichen Plastikdach. Die Erwachsenen lasen abwechselnd aus der "Heiligen Schrift" vor oder sangen mit der Gitarre, erzählten, wie sie die COG kennengelernt hatten und "gerettet" wurden... Du verstehst?

Das alles wurde mit einem beschissenen Mikrofon und einer PA-Anlage gemacht, die aufgrund der miserablen Stromversorgung und der vielen Stromausfälle, die täglich auftraten, viele Rückkopplungen, Knistern und Knacken hatte.

Wenn eine Strafe vollstreckt werden sollte, rief der Anführer, der die Schriften vorlas, das arme Kind oder die armen Kinder, die geschlagen werden sollten, nach vorne auf die "Bühne". Vor der ganzen Gemeinde "beichteten sie in das Mikrofon, was sie getan hatten und warum sie bestraft werden sollten. Danach ging die Bestrafung schnell und ohne Gnade vonstatten.

Eine Tracht Prügel mit einem Bambusstock oder einem Ledergürtel. Auf den nackten Rücken und Po. Vor den Augen aller. Bis zu zwanzig oder mehr Schläge wurden verabreicht, wenn man einem Erwachsenen widersprach.

Wenn eine Tracht Prügel nicht ausreichte, wurden zusätzliche Strafen wie Essensverweigerung, Abwasch für bis zu dreihundert Leute oder Schweigepflicht (Sprachentzug) verhängt. Schweigepflicht bedeutete, dass du mit einem Plakat um den Hals herumlaufst, auf dem Folgendes stand.

"Ich bin auf Schweigepflicht, sprich nicht mit mir"

Ein Verstoß gegen das Redeverbot, wie z.B. ein verzweifelter Seufzer, Schmerz oder sogar Husten, konnte dazu führen, dass das Redeverbot auf unbestimmte Zeit verlängert wurde. Mein Rekord war, wenn ich mich recht erinnere, dass ich über einen Monat lang nicht sprechen durfte!

Die Strafen waren so hart, dass ich es irgendwann einfach vermieden habe, mit Erwachsenen zu sprechen, wenn es nicht unbedingt nötig war. Ich gehorchte jedem Befehl, gab meine Wünsche und egoistischen Begierden ganz auf und wurde wirklich ein Lamm Gottes. Ich bat Jesus um Vergebung für mein Fehlverhalten. Immerhin war ich ein Sünder. Die Erwachsenen versuchten lediglich, mich vor dem Teufel zu retten. Bei allem, was von mir verlangt wurde oder was sie sagten, lächelte ich und machte blind mit. Ich habe gehorcht. Ohne Fragen zu stellen.

Mein Wille war so gebrochen, dass ich im Alter von sieben Jahren kein Rebell mehr war, sondern ein völliger und vollkommener Sklave des göttlichen Willens. Zumindest wollte ich, dass die amtierenden Herren der Grausamkeit das denken.

Eines Morgens, nach dem Frühstück, machen die Erwachsenen eine besondere und lebensverändernde Ankündigung.

Moses David hatte sich einen weiteren furchtbaren Plan ausgedacht, um alle weiblichen Mitglieder der COG sexuell auszubeuten. Er nannte es "Tanzen für den König".

Alle Mädchen ab zwölf Jahren mussten sich auf dem Hof ausziehen und nackt zu Musik tanzen. Das wurde dann auf VHS aufgenommen und an den selbsternannten Propheten selbst geschickt. Sogar Vorschulkinder tanzten nackt für die Kamera. Die Mädchen wurden angewiesen, sich während der Aufnahmen selbst zu stimulieren.

Ich habe keinen Zweifel daran, dass diese Videos sogar auf dem Schwarzmarkt an andere Pädophile verkauft wurden, die mit Moses David (David Brandt Berg) befreundet waren. Möglicherweise hat das auch dazu beigetragen, Bergs verschwenderischen Lebensstil und seinen Harem aufrechtzuerhalten. Leider wurden alle Beweise für solche Videos und pornografischen Fotos später weltweit vernichtet, als verschiedene offizielle Ermittlungen gegen diese Monster eingeleitet wurden. Die Suche nach Beweisstücken ist sehr schwierig, da man nach Bildern suchen muss, die schrecklich und illegal sind. Das macht es fast unmöglich, diese Menschen vor Gericht zu bringen.

Chastity und Stella diskutierten unter Tränen mit mir, wie sie Ausreden finden könnten, um nicht nackt vor dem geilen Kamerateam tanzen zu müssen, das von einer Kommune in Japan mit der ausdrücklichen Absicht geschickt wurde, alle Mädchen und Frauen der Kommune zu filmen. Es war jedoch klar, dass dies nicht verhandelbar war. ALLE Frauen mussten mitmachen! Dies wurde vom König selbst angeordnet. Das Kamerateam interessierte sich auch sehr für Stella und Chastity. Chastity schaffte es, ihnen durch ihr lautes und ungestümes Auftreten zu entkommen, aber Stella, nun ja, sagen wir mal, war nicht so erfolgreich. Während das Filmteam in unserer Kommune war, gab sie gelegentlich vor, krank zu sein, nur um nicht täglich belästigt zu werden. Ich gab zur gleichen Zeit vor, krank zu sein, um ihr Gesellschaft zu leisten. Nur für den Fall, dass einer der Erwachsenen beschloss, ein bisschen vergewaltigen zu wollen.

Unweigerlich gab es keinen Ausweg. Ich sagte ihnen, sie sollten einfach richtig schlecht tanzen, damit sie so schnell wie möglich fertig werden. Das hat zu einem kleinen Teil funktioniert. Das Kamerateam interessierte sich mehr für die Mädchen und Frauen, die sich beim Filmen sichtlich anstrebten und sich ins Zeug legten.

Einige von uns Jungs sahen zu, wie die "Hexe" ihren Tanz vor der Kamera begann. Es war nicht zu leugnen, dass selbst das Kamerateam, das zu diesem Zeitpunkt schon Hunderte von schönen, nackten Hippie-Frauen in ganz Südostasien gesehen hatte, sichtlich angewidert von ihrem knorrigen Aussehen war. Tatsächlich war sie die Einzige, die darauf bestand, ganz nackt zu sein, obwohl das Kamerateam ihr deutlich zu verstehen gab, dass das wirklich nicht nötig sei. Wir Jungs kicherten so sehr, dass einer meiner Freunde in unkontrolliertes Lachen

ausbrach. Er wurde noch am selben Nachmittag gnadenlos verprügelt und zu Einzelhaft verurteilt, was mit Abstand die schlimmste Strafe war. Wochen später sah ich einmal einen Blick auf seinen nackten Rücken, der überall mit Striemen übersät war. Sie müssen ihn fast zu Tode geprügelt haben. Er war auch wie ich, sieben Jahre alt.

Die hübscheren Teenager und Frauen wurden sogar dazu gezwungen, für den "König" vor der Kamera zu masturbieren und Sex zu haben. Intime private Sitzungen wie diese fanden auf dem Dach des Hauses oder hinter geschlossenen Schlafzimmertüren statt. Einer der Kameraleute mochte ein achtjähriges Mädchen namens Davida sehr. Wir wurden in einer gemeinsamen Nacht zusammengeführt und darüber informiert, dass jemand kommen und uns filmen würde. Keiner von uns beiden hatte wirklich ein Mitspracherecht in dieser Angelegenheit. Während unserer Session versuchte der Kameramann, Davida zu belästigen, aber sie wehrte sich gegen seine Annäherungsversuche. Das machte ihn wütend. Nachdem er sie beschimpft und sie als egoistische Hure bezeichnet hatte, packte er seine Kamera ein und verließ das Schlafzimmer.

Schon damals haben viele Erwachsene die Sexualität zwischen Erwachsenen und Kindern nicht gutgeheißen, auch wenn sie geduldet wurde, also haben wir keine Strafe erhalten.

In der nächsten Woche fragte mich ein anderes Mädchen namens Jennifer, ob ich mit ihr teilen wolle. Ich stimmte zu. Stella und Chastity waren zwar ein bisschen eifersüchtig, aber das machte ihnen nichts aus, denn das Filmteam lauerte immer noch in der Nähe und platzte manchmal während des Aktes zu uns herein. Stella und Chastity waren froh, nicht vor der Kamera "teilen" zu müssen und hatten oft plötzlich Bauchweh oder andere Beschwerden, wenn die Nacht des Teilens kam.

Als Jennifer und ich Sex hatten, sah sie mir in die Augen und sagte.

"Ich habe lieber Sex mit dir, weil du in meine Vagina passt. Daddys Penis ist zu groß für mich, es tut richtig weh, wenn er versucht, ihn reinzustecken." Der Kameramann bricht in Gelächter aus und fällt aus der Hocke. Er geht weg, um einem anderen Perversen von dieser scheinbar unbezahlbaren Anekdote zu erzählen.

Diesen Satz werde ich bis zu meinem Todestag mit mir herumtragen.

Kurz nachdem das Kamerateam die Dreharbeiten zu "Dancing for the King" beendet hatte, packte es sein Equipment zusammen und machte sich auf den Weg zur nächsten Kommune. Nach ihrer Abreise erhob sich das sexuelle Fehlverhalten wie eine Flutwelle. Ein gigantische Sex-Tsunami ergoss sich über die hilflosen weiblichen Nachkommen, die das Pech hatten, von ihr mitgerissen zu werden.

Ich kann mir vorstellen, dass die Folgen davon, dass alle Mädchen im Haus wochenlang mit geschminkten Gesichtern und nackt oder in sexy Outfits tanzen mussten, vielen Mädchen jahrelang Alpträume bereitet haben.

Bald wurde beschlossen, dass die Altersbeschränkungen für das Teilen zwischen Erwachsenen und Kindern aufgehoben werden sollten. Das war eine schreckliche Nachricht



für Stella, Chastity und mich. Außerdem wurde bekannt gegeben, dass Menschen jeden Alters willkommen waren, solange es liebevoll zugeht und niemand gezwungen wurde, etwas zu tun, was er eigentlich nicht wollte.

Aber wir wollten nicht mit anderen teilen! Wir waren sehr glücklich darüber, exklusiv zu sein. Leider sah es so aus, als ob selbst diese kleine Freude in unserem Leben nun weggenommen werden sollte. Chastity hatte außer mit mir noch nie mit einem anderen Jungen geschlafen, geschweige denn mit einem erwachsenen Mann, und sie hatte auch nicht die Absicht, das zu tun. Sie war davon überzeugt, dass wir drei heiraten werden, wenn wir erwachsen sind, und schmiedete bereits Pläne für Kinder, indem sie sich Namen für ihre zukünftigen Mädchen und Jungen ausdachte, die sie ausschließlich mit mir machen würde. Sie fand es genau wie ich ekelhaft, dass die erwachsenen Frauen mit jedem schlafen, der Sex von ihnen verlangt. Stella hingegen war in dieser Hinsicht geselliger und störte sich nach außen hin weniger daran, oder wenn sie sich daran störte, zeigte sie es zumindest nicht so sehr.

Stella war temperamentvoll und freundlich zu allen. Sie war mit jedem Tier, jedem Vogel und jedem Lebewesen unter dem Himmel befreundet. In dieser Hinsicht war sie das komplette Gegenteil von Chastity, die wie ich eher unsozial war und sich meistens zurückhielt.

Sie fiel mir sofort auf, als unsere Familie in die Gemeinde zog. Wenn die Erwachsenen beteten oder in Zungen sprachen, ließ sie ihre Augen ziellos durch den Raum rollen. Zuerst schloss sie sie sofort, wenn sie sah, dass ich sie ansah. Einige Kinder waren Klatschbasen und suchten den Raum nach Kindern ab, die nicht am Gebet teilnahmen. Auch Erwachsene suchten manchmal den Raum während des Gebets ab, so dass es dich eine Tracht Prügel kosten konnte, wenn du deine Augen offenhieltst. Stella wurde genau dafür mehr als einmal verprügelt, genau wie ich.

Stella war mutig, freundlich, temperamentvoll und einfach eine sehr liebenswerte Person, die man gerne um sich hat. Ich habe mich sehr schnell in sie verliebt. Ich denke gerne, dass sie genauso in mich verliebt war wie ich in sie. Wir waren verwandte Seelen, die endlich vereint waren. Sie war sehr gut darin, zu bekommen, was sie wollte. Besonders bei den erwachsenen Männern. Sie klimperte mit ihren großen, schönen Augen und zeigte ihr umwerfendes Lächeln und ihre perfekten Zähne. Sie warf ihr langes schwarzes Haar sexy durch die Gegend, genau wie die Teenager-Mädchen im Haus.

Stella schaffte es immer, eine kleine Sonderbehandlung zu bekommen, ein zusätzliches Leckerli, ein bisschen länger aufzubleiben und Ähnliches. Wann immer Chastity oder ich etwas von den Erwachsenen wollten, baten wir Stella, unsere Botin zu sein. Schon bald zahlte sie einen hohen Preis für ihr unschuldiges Flirten und ihre Naivität.

Ich will dir von Patel erzählen. Der fette Inder mit Bart und Schnurrbart, der in der Küche arbeitete. Zuerst arbeitete er nur für uns, aber schon bald wurde er von einer der erwachsenen Frauen bekehrt und FF'ed (Flirty Fishing, Sex mit einem Fremden haben, um ihn zu bekehren). Mit der Zeit wurde er ein vollwertiges Mitglied und hatte damit alle Rechte wie jedes andere Mitglied. Wir Kinder mochten ihn anfangs, weil er nicht gewalttätig

war, nie jemandem den Hintern versohlte und uns Kindern heimlich Kekse und zuckerhaltige Snacks gab, die eigentlich verboten waren. Wenn er einkaufen ging, schmuggelte und versteckte er die Leckereien innerhalb der Kommune.

Da weißer Zucker komplett verboten war, liebten wir Kinder Patel. Er sorgte dafür, dass er immer etwas dabei hatte. Nach einer Weile fiel mir auf, dass die Mädchen mehr Leckereien bekamen als wir Jungen und ich begann, ihm nachzuspionieren. Mir fiel auf, dass er manchmal mit einem der Mädchen unter dem Vorwand, sie solle ihm helfen, etwas Gemüse zu holen, in den Vorratsraum verschwand, der sich in einer separaten Hütte hinter dem Haus befand. Es dauerte immer verdächtig lange, bis Patel das Gemüse geholt hatte. Patel kam klebrig und verschwitzt heraus, das Mädchen mit Keksen.

Stella ist auch mit Keksen aufgetaucht...

Sie sagte mir, dass Patel mit seinem Penis an ihrer Vagina reiben würde, aber ich solle mir keine Sorgen machen. Ich werde der einzige Junge sein, der "es" in sie hineinstecken darf. Ich war wütend bei dem Gedanken, dass der fette Indianer meine schöne Stella anfassen würde, aber es war ihre Entscheidung. Wir haben als Kinder früh gelernt, dass nicht einmal unser Körper uns gehört, sondern dem "Herrn" und dass wir unseren Körper mit anderen teilen sollten, um ihnen "Gottes" Liebe zu zeigen.

Irgendwann reichte es Patel nicht mehr, sich nur zu reiben... Stella schrie und schlug um sich in dem verzweifelten Versuch, von Patel wegzukommen. Ich zittere in meiner Seele, wenn ich daran denke, wie ich die Schmerzensschreie auf der anderen Seite des Gebäudes hörte. Leider brachte ich das, was damals passiert war, nicht in Verbindung. Dass Kinder vor Schmerzen schreien, war normal, denn irgendwo wurde immer jemand verprügelt und schrie vor Schmerzen.

Patel versuchte, ihr mit Gewalt den Mund zuzuhalten, um sie am Schreien zu hindern. Stella wehrte sich mit all ihrer Kraft und biss so fest sie konnte in seine fleischigen Finger. Nach langem Ringen und Schreien gelingt es ihr, sich aus Patels Griff zu befreien. Sie weint unkontrolliert und zittert vor Angst. Sie rennt den Flur hinunter, krabbelt in mein Bett und versteckt sich unter den Decken.

Ich renne ihr hinterher und ziehe das Bettlaken zurück, um zu sehen, wie Blut an ihren nackten Beinen heruntropft. Wut kocht in mir hoch. Ich renne los, um ihre Mutter aus einem Gebetstreffen zu holen und ziehe sie in Richtung meines Etagenbetts. Die Spur der roten Flecken zieht sich den ganzen Flur hinunter. Zurück in meinem Zimmer sieht Stellas Mutter, was passiert ist und beginnt zu weinen und zu schreien

"Oh mein Gott! Wer hat das getan!?"

"Ich habe Angst, Mami, er könnte mir wehtun, wenn ich es dir sage."

Mami besteht darauf und Stella wimmert schließlich: "Patel"

Mami stürmt in die Küche, aber Patel ist nicht mehr da. Das Öl in der großen Eisenpfanne auf dem Herd hat Feuer gefangen und das Reiswasser kocht über.

Einige Erwachsene eilen in die Küche, um die Flammen zu löschen und andere eilen auf die Straße, um Patel zu jagen.

Patel war schon lange weg.

In den folgenden Tagen wurde Stella sehr, sehr krank. Sie verlor immer wieder das Bewusstsein und alle Handauflegungen, Gebete, Zungenreden und Hexencocktails halfen nicht.

"Gott muss wirklich wütend auf Stella sein." Ich hörte, wie ein Teenager-Mädchen einem anderen zuflüsterte. Ich schrie sie an: "Scheiß auf Gott!!! Scheiß auf Moses David!!! Gott hat damit nichts zu tun"!!! Die Mädchen erzählten den Erwachsenen, dass ich fluchte, schrie, mich verrückt aufführte und den Namen des Herrn missbrauchte. Für dieses abscheuliche Verbrechen wurde ich am nächsten Morgen nackt ausgezogen und wie immer gezwungen, eine der Säulen im Hof zu umarmen. Dann wurde ich vor zweihundert Männern, Frauen und Kindern, die während des Frühstücks zusahen, öffentlich mit einem Bambusstock verprügelt. Ich brach mehrmals zusammen, bevor meine Mutter eingriff und ihnen sagte, dass es genug sei.

Nach meiner Prügelstrafe wurde ich für zwei Wochen zu Einzelhaft verurteilt. Am ersten Tag durfte ich kein Essen bekommen, wie die Bibel in Hiob 23:12 sagt

"Auch bin ich nicht von dem Gebot seiner Lippen abgewichen. Ich habe die Worte seines Mundes mehr geschätzt als meine notwendige Nahrung."

Dieses Zitat wurde oft benutzt, um Kindern die grundlegenden Menschenrechte zu verweigern. Die Schläge waren meine Strafe und Ersatz für Frühstück, Mittag- und Abendessen. Als ich auf meinem Bett lag, tauchten die Bilder von dem, was passiert war, immer wieder auf.

Ein heftig wütender Hirte mit einem dicken Bambusstock ließ einen Schlag nach dem anderen auf meinen kleinen Rücken regnen, so fest er nur konnte. Kinder keuchten und schauten entsetzt zu, einige Erwachsene grinsten mich fast wahnsinnig an und sonnten sich in dem Vergnügen, zuzusehen, wie ein Gotteslästerer seine Strafe für die Beleidigung Gottes erhielt.

Alles wird dunkel. Als ich wieder zu mir komme, höre ich eine der Frauen weinen und den "Hirten" anflehen, aufzuhören. Meine Mutter kam schließlich zu meiner Rettung. Selbst für einige der anderen Erwachsenen war die Härte der Schläge, die ich bekam, weil ich "Scheiß auf Gott" gesagt hatte, zu viel, um es mit anzusehen. Sie waren zu weit gegangen. Ich erinnere mich bis heute an den Namen des Hirten, der mich schlug. Sein Name war Onkel David. Ich weiß noch, dass er Amerikaner war, ein gespaltenes Kinn, eine lange, leicht schiefe Nase und kurzes, dunkelbraunes Haar hatte. Seitdem habe ich mir geschworen, ihn zu töten, wenn ich jemals herausfinden sollte, wo er lebt.

David war entschlossen, den "Zorn Gottes" um jeden Preis auf mich zu übertragen. Die Schläge waren so brutal, dass er mir das Rückgrat hätte brechen und mich für immer zum Krüppel machen können. Der Zorn Gottes war ein Lieblingsspruch von Sadisten wie ihm. Ein Sprichwort, das auch mein Stiefvater Stefan gerne benutzte. Bis in meine späten Teenagerjahre trug ich die Narben von den Schlägen, die ich von Stefan, von Onkel David, von Onkel Tony, von Onkel Juan, von Tante Mercy, von Onkel Dave, von Onkel Silas, von Onkel John, von Onkel Jean-Paul, von den indischen Schülern und Sadisten, von Onkel Timothy und Onkel Arnie erhalten hatte. Die Liste geht weiter und weiter und weiter.

Ich habe keine Ahnung, wie viele Schläge ich an diesem Tag erhalten habe. Egal, wie sehr ich auch litt, alles, was ich wollte, war, an Stellas Seite zu sein, während sie litt, und selbst das wurde mir jetzt verwehrt.

In dieser Nacht, als alle schliefen, schlich ich mich aus dem Zimmer. Aus irgendeinem Grund hatte der Erwachsene, der mir den Pisseimer gebracht hatte, vergessen, mich wieder einzuschließen. Ich kroch zurück zu Stellas Bett und winselte wie ein kleines Hündchen. Stundenlang saß und lag ich abwechselnd neben ihr auf dem kühlen Steinboden. Ich hatte solche Schmerzen, aber das Schlimmste war, ihr blasses, gequältes und schweißnasses, schlafendes Gesicht in toter Stille anzustarren, unfähig zu helfen. Unfähig, einen Scheißdreck zu tun.

Zum ersten Mal in meinem Leben wusste ich, dass ich wirklich jemanden umbringen wollte. Es war keine Frage des Ob mehr, sondern des Wann. Ein Verlangen, eine Sehnsucht, diese Monster zu vernichten, die den Schwachen und Hilflosen solche Grausamkeiten zufügen. Es wuchs in mir wie eine giftige Saat, die viele Jahre später ihre hässlichen Früchte zeigen würde, wenn ich an denen, die Unschuldige und Wehrlose folterten, vergewaltigten und verletzten, gerechte Vergeltung üben würde.

Ich blieb die ganze Nacht bei ihr, streichelte ihr Haar und weinte mir die Augen aus. Ich konnte nicht riskieren, erwischt zu werden, also küsste ich sie gegen 4 Uhr morgens auf die Lippen und schlich mich zurück ins Zimmer, bevor ein Erwachsener bemerkte, was ich getan hatte.

Am nächsten Tag sah ich sie nicht, aber ich hörte Gespräche im Flur, dass Stella kaum noch atmete und totenblass war. Ich hörte den massiven Kampf und das Geschrei, das folgte. Genug war genug. Stellas Vater stellte sich schließlich gegen die Hirten. Er war wütend darüber, dass sie mich so erbarmungslos schlugen und mich dann in ein Zimmer ohne Essen sperren konnten. Er war wütend, dass Stella vergewaltigt wurde und niemand bereit war, ihr medizinische Hilfe zu besorgen, zur Polizei zu gehen oder irgendetwas anderes zu tun, als für sie zu beten. Das kotzte ihn zutiefst an. Die "Hirten" der Gemeinde waren wütend über sein Verhalten. Wenn Stellas Eltern sie in ein Krankenhaus bringen würden, würde das ihre Gemeinde ernsthaft gefährden. Die Gemeinschaft muss geschützt werden und das Leben eines Mitglieds kann sicher nicht wichtiger sein als die Sicherheit der Gemeinschaft.

Die Shepherds flehten Stellas deutschen Vater an, es sich noch einmal zu überlegen. Sie wollten die Vergewaltigung von Stella mit allen Mitteln vertuschen. Es war jedoch klar, dass

Beten nicht mehr ausreichen würde. Inzwischen hatte Stella extrem hohes Fieber und war dem Tod nahe.

Ihr Vater wollte sie in ein Krankenhaus bringen. Genug war genug! Die Hirten weigerten sich, ihn gehen zu lassen, aber dieser Mann wollte seine Tochter unbedingt am Leben erhalten. Am Nachmittag ging Stellas Mutter unter einem Vorwand nach draußen und rief heimlich ein Taxi. In der Zwischenzeit packte ihr Vater ihre Koffer. Als das Taxi eintraf, rannte die ganze Familie zum Haupttor. Stella in den Armen ihres Vaters. Draußen gab es einen großen Aufruhr, als die anderen Erwachsenen versuchten, sie daran zu hindern, die Gemeinde zu verlassen. Wenn nötig, auch mit Gewalt. Stellas Vater wehrte sie ab und übergab Stella an seine Frau. Sie stapelte die Kinder ins Taxi. Chastity schreit ihren Vater an, er solle sich beeilen. Der Kampf veranlasste die Menschen vor dem großen Eisentor, an dem das Taxi wartete, anzuhalten und zuzusehen. Um keine Aufmerksamkeit zu erregen, gaben die anderen Erwachsenen auf und ließen Stellas Vater gehen.

Wie nicht anders zu erwarten, wollten die Ärzte wissen, wie ein kleines Mädchen zu solch verheerenden Verletzungen kommen konnte, die nur durch gewaltsames Eindringen entstanden sein konnten, und riefen die Polizei. Stellas Vater zögerte nicht, die Sekte zu beschuldigen, Stellas Missbrauch und Vergewaltigung zu vertuschen, wenn nicht sogar zu dulden, sie und all die anderen Kinder zu schlagen und all die anderen kriminellen Dinge, die sie begangen haben. Ich kann mir nur vorstellen, dass sofort eine Untersuchung eingeleitet wurde. Allerdings zu spät. Die Gemeindeleiter gingen zu Recht davon aus, dass die Polizei vorbeikommen würde, und wie so oft löste die Sekte die Gemeinde mit über zweihundert Personen innerhalb weniger Stunden auf. Meine Eltern zogen mit uns Kindern in ein Hotel und als die Polizei noch am selben Abend auftauchte, hatte sich die riesige Kommune bereits in Luft aufgelöst...

Unsere Eltern sagten uns, dass wir, sollten wir jemals von den Behörden befragt werden, in Bezug auf unsere Sexualpraktiken ganz offen lügen sollten. Die Wahrheit zu sagen, wäre unsere einzige Chance auf Rettung gewesen, aber... wir waren weiße Kinder in einem fremden Land. Unsere Eltern erzählten uns Horrorgeschichten über indische Regierungen, die Kinder entführten, um sie als Sklaven an reiche indische Landbesitzer zu verkaufen. Von Kinderentführungen auf den belebten Straßen der Großstädte, Zwangsprostitution und sogar Kannibalismus der Entführten. Wir glaubten auch, dass wir unser Recht, in den Himmel zu kommen, verlieren würden, wenn wir als Verräter der Sache die Wahrheit sagten. Wir hatten Angst davor, in Gottes Augen zum Kotzen zu sein. Wir hatten so viel Angst vor allem, dass es uns wie ein Todesurteil vorkam, wenn man uns unsere Eltern wegnimmt, und deshalb taten wir, was man uns sagte. Später wurden viele Razzien gegen die Kinder Gottes durchgeführt. In London, Buenos Aires, Madrid, Sydney, Melbourne, Paris - die Liste lässt sich beliebig fortsetzen. Letztendlich waren es dieselben Kinder, die missbraucht wurden, die entscheidend dazu beitrugen, dass die oben genannten Fälle entlastet wurden. Tausende von Kindern auf der ganzen Welt glaubten, dass der Sex, die Vergewaltigung und die Zwangsarbeit normal seien und vor dem System versteckt werden müssten. Dass wir in den Himmel kommen und dass das alles ist, was zählt. Kein Kind will riskieren, seinen unsterblichen Platz im Paradies zu verlieren, weil es seine Familie und seine himmlische Sache verraten hat. Tausende von Kindern erzählen der Polizei, dass unsere Eltern uns niemals missbrauchen oder verletzen würden. Dabei könnte nichts weiter von der Wahrheit entfernt sein.

Ich weiß in meinem Herzen, dass ich diesen Mann und viele andere wie ihn ohne zu zögern töten werde, sollte ich ihn jemals wieder sehen.

Die Eltern von Stella und Chastity verließen die Children of God nach dem Vorfall. Stellas Vater versuchte, nachdem Stella sich erholt hatte und sie wieder in Deutschland waren, Anzeige zu erstatten. Die Anwälte sagten ihm, dass das deutsche Recht keine Zuständigkeit für Ausländer hat, die auf fremdem Boden Verbrechen begehen. Sie müssten sich physisch in Deutschland aufhalten, um auch nur die geringste Chance auf einen Prozess zu haben, und selbst dann würde es helfen, wenn die Vergewaltigung auf deutschem Boden begangen worden wäre, was nicht der Fall war. Auch das habe ich später herausgefunden. Ich wurde in Indien vergewaltigt, von Deutschen. Ich konnte sie in der Schweiz nicht für Verbrechen belangen, die sie nicht in der Schweiz begangen hatten. Das ist die harte Realität, wenn man Überlebender einer internationalen Kindersexsektenorganisation ist, um es vorsichtig auszudrücken.

...Ich weinte mich über ein Jahr lang in den Schlaf. Ich habe jahrelang gehofft, sie wiederzusehen, aber ich habe Stella und Chastity nie wieder gesehen.

Ein paar Wochen später flog meine Familie zum Glück zurück nach Deutschland. Als das Flugzeug abhob, dankte ich Gott, dass ich die Chance hatte, nach Europa zurückzukehren und nie wieder einen Fuß in dieses Höllenloch von einem Land zu setzen. Ich küsste buchstäblich den Boden im Frankfurter Flughafen

## Kapitel 14

### Meine Religion verlieren

Wie kam ich im Alter von vierzehn Jahren in den Besitz einer Waffe, der peng und du bist tot macht? Alles begann im Sommer 1994, als ich noch dreizehn Jahre alt war. Lange Rede, kurzer Sinn: Im Oktober 1993 wurde ich offiziell von den Kindern Gottes exkommuniziert. Danach war ich gezwungen, viele quälende Monate mit meinem psychotischen Stiefvater unterwegs zu sein. Wir reisten durch ganz Deutschland auf der Suche nach dem billigsten Internat, in dem wir mich absetzen konnten. Oft übernachteten wir entweder bei Freunden von Stefan, bei seinen Verwandten oder in beschissenen Hotels. Stefan, der noch nie in seinem Leben einen richtigen Job hatte, hatte kein Einkommen. Er war gezwungen, meine Großeltern anzuflehen, für alles zu bezahlen. Das war weder für ihn noch für sie gut. Meine Großeltern hatten keine Ahnung, wie schrecklich das Leben in der Sekte war, und hielten mich für eine undankbare verwöhnte Göre.

Die Sekte hatte sich inzwischen in "The Family" umbenannt, was wenig daran änderte, was hinter verschlossenen Türen vor sich ging. Selbst als Dreizehnjähriger schlug mich Stefan noch mit einem Gürtel für jede Kleinigkeit, die ich angeblich falsch gemacht hatte, während ich mit ihm unterwegs war. Selbst wenn ich in einem Hotelzimmer übernachtete, blieb ich nicht von Prügeln verschont. Während dieser Schläge berührte er mich immer noch zwischen meinen Beinen. Er bestand sogar darauf, dass ich die Toilette bei offener Tür benutzte, damit er "mit mir reden" konnte. In einem Internat, das wir besuchten, bemerkte eine Haushälterin einige rote Streifen an meinen Beinen unterhalb des Knies und meldete es dem Hausmeister, nachdem er uns alle Einrichtungen gezeigt hatte. Wie geplant, saßen Stefan und ich im Foyer des Büros des Hausmeisters und warteten auf unseren Termin. Ein außer Atem geratener, bierbäuchiger kleiner Mann Ende fünfzig öffnete die Tür und sah mich durch eine alte, verschmierte schwarze Hornbrille an. Der Mann stellte sich als Mr. Schroeder vor. Er schüttelte uns beiden die Hand und ließ uns in sein Büro. Es roch nach Rauch und billigem Parfüm.

Wir setzten uns und Stefan fing sofort an, dem Mann ein Ohr abzukauen. Gefasel und Lügen, dass ich ein schwieriges, aggressives Kind und eine verwöhnte Göre sei. Er beleidigte mich mit jedem Satz, der aus seinem verdammten Mund kam. Irgendwann hatte Herr Schroeder genug gehört und bat meinen Stiefvater, den Raum zu verlassen, damit er mit mir allein reden konnte. Stefan war beunruhigt, weil er mich alleine sprechen lassen wollte, ohne im Raum zu sein und zu hören, was ich sagte. Zuerst weigerte er sich. Herr Schroeder bestand ruhig, aber bestimmt darauf. Er sagte, das sei das übliche Verfahren. Als Stefan ging, fragte Herr Schroeder, ob Stefan mich geschlagen habe. Ich zuckte mit den Schultern. Der Hausmeister erzählte mir, dass der Hausmeister rote Streifen an meinen Beinen sah und mich aufforderte, mein Hemd zu heben und ihm den Rücken zuzuwenden. Ich hatte kein Interesse daran, Stefan zu beschützen und tat es bereitwillig. Dem alten Mann standen die Tränen in den Augen, als er die Striemen, Narben und blauen Flecken sah, die von lebenslangen Schlägen, Prügeln und anderen grausamen und unmenschlichen Bestrafungen herrührten.

Ich flehte ihn an, Stefan nicht zur Rede zu stellen, weil ich solche Angst hatte, dass er mich umbringen würde. Herr Schröder bestand darauf, dass Stefan ins Gefängnis gehörte, aber ich sagte ihm, dass ich Stefan los sein würde, sobald ich im Internat war. Ich hatte jüngere Geschwister zu Hause in Frankreich. Wenn Stefan verhaftet würde und nicht zu Hause anriefe oder, noch schlimmer, anrief und meine Mutter warnte, würde sie mit meinen Geschwistern aus dem Land fliehen, Gott weiß wohin, und ich würde meine Familie nie wieder sehen. Ich fühlte mich verpflichtet, meinen Geschwistern weiter zu helfen, und jeder Prügel, die ich bis dahin bekommen würde, war der Preis, den ich zu zahlen bereit war. Der Superintendent sagte mir, ich sei das mutigste Kind, das er je getroffen habe. Er schrieb seine Privatnummer auf einen Zettel und sagte mir, ich solle ihn anrufen, wenn ich meine Meinung ändere und seine Hilfe brauche. Er versicherte mir, dass er mich abholen würde, wo immer ich auch sei, und dafür sorgen würde, dass Stefan ins Gefängnis käme. Ich dankte ihm. Herr Schroeder rief Stefan zurück ins Büro und sagte ihm, dass ich an ihrer Schule aufgenommen werden würde, wenn wir uns dafür entscheiden würden. Ich glaube, Stefan war Herrn Schroeder gegenüber misstrauisch und entschied sich aus keinem anderen Grund dafür, dass ich in der Hölle von Marktbreit landen sollte. Ich behielt die Nummer von Herrn Schroeder viele Jahre lang, rief ihn aber nie an. Schließlich kannte ich den Mann nicht wirklich und Vertrauen war nicht etwas, das ich wahllos verteilte.

Marktbreit liegt an den Ufern des Mains. Eine kleine Stadt mit weniger als viertausend Einwohnern. Meinen Eltern gefiel das. Ein kleines Dorf bedeutete weniger Möglichkeiten, Drogen zu kaufen, und mehr Kontrolle über, was ich in meiner Freizeit tat. Meine Eltern glaubten wirklich, dass sie aus der Ferne immer noch die Kontrolle über mich haben würden. Sie erzählten den Hausmeistern in der Schule Lügen über Lügen: dass ich gewalttätig, stur und eigensinnig sei, heimlich Alkohol trinke und rauche und dass ich Gefahr laufe, Drogen zu nehmen. Sie baten die Betreuer, jeden meiner Schritte zu überwachen. Den Betreuern war jedoch klar, dass ihre Geschichte Blödsinn war. Ich sah überhaupt nicht wie ein jugendlicher Straftäter aus, und nachdem meine Eltern endlich gegangen waren, machten sie mir gegenüber viele schlimme Witze über sie. Das zeigte deutlich, dass sie meine arroganten, Jesus predigenden Hippie-Eltern nicht respektabel, glaubwürdig oder sympathisch fanden. Sie hatten sogar Mitleid mit mir. Und sie hatten Recht damit. Zu diesem Zeitpunkt war das Schlimmste, was ich je erlebt hatte, außer einer Vergewaltigung, ein alkoholfreies Bier. Trotzdem hatten meine Eltern die Absicht, mein Leben außerhalb der Sekte so schrecklich wie möglich zu machen, damit ich darum betteln würde, wieder in die Sekte und ihre Schrecklichkeit aufgenommen zu werden.

Die Tatsache, dass meine Eltern versucht haben, mir das Leben zur Hölle zu machen, hat mich mehr denn je dazu motiviert, meine Beziehung zu ihnen zu beenden und ein für alle Mal damit abzuschließen.

Das Wichtigste zuerst. Tommy muss die Schule beenden und einen Job finden. Es würde ein paar quälende Jahre dauern, aber irgendwann würde ich meine eigene kleine Wohnung und meinen eigenen blöden Job haben und weit weg von ihnen und ihrem missbräuchlichen Verhalten und ihrem Jesus-Geifer ziehen können. Ich wäre wahrscheinlich schon früher wieder weggelaufen, aber ich hatte die stärkste Motivation, weiterzumachen. So sehr ich meine Eltern auch hasste, taten mir meine jüngeren Geschwister leid. Der jüngste von ihnen war damals gerade mal acht Jahre alt. Ich vermisse ihn furchtbar. Er war ein energischer Junge mit einer großen Klappe und wurde deshalb natürlich auch oft geschlagen. Ich wollte



meine Geschwister retten und ihnen beweisen, dass ein Leben außerhalb der Sekte möglich war und dass all die Horrorgeschichten, die wir über das sogenannte System gehört hatten, einfach nicht wahr waren.

Ich habe meine Geschwister nie so gut gekannt. Das erste Mal wurde ich im Alter von fünf Jahren in Indien von ihnen getrennt. Danach waren wir die meiste Zeit meines Lebens in der Sekte in verschiedenen Altersgruppen, sodass ich sie eigentlich nie gesehen habe, außer am Sonntag, wenn wir Elterntag hatten. Dieser dauerte von acht Uhr morgens bis sechs Uhr abends. Das war die Zeit, in der ich mich mit ihnen treffen konnte und ich freute mich immer darauf. Ich fühlte mich schlecht, weil ich sie zurückgelassen hatte, aber ich konnte nichts tun. Ich war absolut machtlos. Diese Machtlosigkeit war wahrscheinlich auch der Grund dafür, dass ich schließlich die Dinge tat, die ich tat. Ich hatte den starken Wunsch, endlich Herr meines eigenen Schicksals zu sein, so sehr, dass meine Hemmungen schneller von mir abfielen als Wasser von einem Entenrücken.

Ich kam an einem Sonntag in Marktbreit an. Es war der elfte September 1994. 19 Tage vor meinem vierzehnten Geburtstag. Am ersten Tag im Internat wurde ich in einen Schlafsaal im deutschen Nordflügel eingeteilt.

Gleich am ersten Nachmittag lernte ich meinen 15-jährigen fremdenfeindlichen Mitbewohner namens Marcus kennen. Marcus war ein großer, übergewichtiger, blondhaariger und blauäugiger deutscher "Vaterlands"-Rohling. Er trug immer einen Schlagring in seiner Tasche und ein Butterfly-Messer in seinen Doc Martens. Er zeigte mir das Schulgelände und alle Einrichtungen, bevor er mich fragte, ob ich high werden wolle.

Es war ein sehr ereignisreicher erster Tag. Ich rauchte Haschisch mit Marcus und seinen beiden Freunden, zum ersten Mal in meinem Leben. Sie hatten eine behelfsmäßige Eimerbombe in einem Gebüsch auf einem Friedhof am Rande der Stadt versteckt. Er grenzte an einen Wald, der über einen kleinen Schotterweg mit dem Schulgelände verbunden war. Ich beobachtete neugierig die Prozedur, als sie nacheinander den Hut erhitzten, die Flasche hochzogen, um den Rauch zu erzeugen, und dann ihre Lippen auf die Flasche setzten und sie wieder ins Wasser tauchten. Sieht ganz einfach aus, denke ich mir. Als die drei fertig waren, sahen sie mich alle an. Komm schon, Tommy, sei nicht so ein Weichei. Marcus machte eine neue Mischung aus braunem Zeug, streute etwas weißes Zeug darüber und fügte ein wenig Tabak hinzu. Er rührte es mit einem Zweig im Hut um und zündete die Mischung an, während er die Flasche aus dem Wasser zog. Die Flasche füllte sich mit Rauch und es hieß jetzt oder nie. Wenn ich es nicht tun würde, würde ich als Streber verspottet werden. Solange ich lebe, würde ich niemals wieder cool sein. Ich fügte mich in mein Schicksal, umschloss meine Lippen mit der Colaflasche und inhalierte die ganze Menge, was gut ging. Das war ein Scherz.

Ich fing sofort an zu husten, zu keuchen und zu würgen. Ich dachte, ich würde sterben. In meinem Kopf drehte sich alles, ich hatte ein kribbelndes Gefühl im Gesicht, als ob Millionen von Ameisen über meinen Körper krabbeln würden. Die nächste Stunde kämpfte ich darum, zu sprechen, zu gehen und zu atmen. Ich wurde blass und meine Fingerspitzen wurden blau. Mir ging es sehr schlecht und meine drei Kameraden halfen mir sehr, indem sie mir versicherten, dass so etwas nur Anfängern passiert. Dann lachten sie und machten Witze auf

meine Kosten. Seltsamerweise half mir das tatsächlich, mich von der Paranoia des Sterbens abzulenken.

Ich war erleichtert, als wir in die Stadt gingen. Marcus kaufte mir ein billiges Eis am Stiel. Er wollte wohl nicht, dass ich vor seinen Augen sterbe... Der Zucker und die Kälte halfen mir, mich wieder ein bisschen normal zu fühlen, und nach ein paar quälenden Stunden ging es mir besser. Ich war fest entschlossen, cool zu bleiben, was mich nicht davon abhielt, ein paar Stunden später zu versuchen, einen Joint zu rauchen und am Abend waren wir ziemlich betrunken und high. Wir machten uns auf den Weg zum Jugendzentrum, um noch mehr Haschisch zu besorgen.

Das war auch das erste Mal, dass ich Smiley sah. Marcus ging rüber, um mit ihm zu reden und seine Einkäufe zu tätigen, während ich an der Bar saß und mit den Münzen, die ich meinen Eltern hier und da auf der Reise gestohlen hatte, eine Cola für eine Mark bestellte. Ich bemerkte dieses hübsche kleine Mädchen, das am anderen Ende der Bar saß und einen Whisky on the Rocks trank, aber ich war viel zu schüchtern, um mit ihr zu plaudern. Später erfuhr ich, dass ihr Name Saskia war. Sie nahm keine Notiz von mir, oder wenn doch, dann ließ sie mich nicht bemerken. Für mich war es Liebe auf den ersten Blick. Weder Smiley noch Saskia beachteten mich, bis viel später. Ich war nur ein schwächlicher, dunkelhaariger, ruhiger Dreizehnjähriger. Ich sprach Deutsch mit einem starken amerikanischen Akzent. Jedes Mal, wenn ich den Mund aufmachte, waren die Leute sofort neugierig und löcherten mich mit Fragen, woher ich käme. Ich war extrem schüchtern und nervös, weil ich mich im so genannten System bewegte, also hielt ich meistens den Mund. Das erwies sich später als meine wünschenswerteste Eigenschaft.

Die ersten Wochen im Internat war ein echter Albtraum. Ich sprach kaum Deutsch, war sozial unbeholfen, konnte nicht gut mit Drogen umgehen und war generell einfach ein "Spast", ein Idiot, der gerne Donald Duck, Asterix und Obelix und Lucky Luke Comics las. Das allein war schon Grund genug für eines der anderen Kinder, mir Scheiße ins Bett zu schmieren, mich beim Schlafen anzupinkeln, mich mit Seifenstücken in Socken zu schlagen, wenn ich nach dem Duschen den Flur hinunterging, Scheiße in meine Comics zu schmieren und in meine Schultasche zu scheißen. Die Quälerei war unerbittlich, jede Stunde am Tag. So sehr, dass das Leben in der Sekte im Vergleich dazu harmlos erschien. Meine Eltern waren erfolgreich.

Mein Leben drehte sich um ein einziges Gefühl. Furcht. Jedes Mal, wenn ich nicht im Unterricht war, wurde ich getreten, gegen Wände geschubst, die Treppe hinuntergeworfen und draußen auf dem Hof verprügelt. Der Grund dafür war, dass ich bei Marcus und seinen Freunden als Verräter galt, weil ich denjenigen aus ihrer Gruppe verpiffen hatte, von dem ich wusste, dass er Scheiße in mein Bett schmierte. Außerdem hatte ich das Pech, versehentlich mit einem der Mädchen zu flirten, in das Marcus verknallt war, und noch schlimmer war, dass sie auf meine Bemühungen reagierte. Er forderte mich zu einer Schlägerei im Innenhof heraus und ich lehnte ab. Ich zitterte vor Angst und vermied den Blickkontakt. Ich sagte ihm, dass ich nicht mehr mit ihr reden werde und nicht mit ihm kämpfen wolle. Christina, das Mädchen, für das Marcus schwärmte, sah zu, wie Marcus mich von dem Metallzaun, auf dem ich saß, packte und zu Boden warf. Er fing an, mir in den Rücken, in die Rippen und in den Kopf zu treten. Er setzte sich auf meinen Rücken, riss

meinen Kopf an den Haaren vom Boden hoch und schob mir Dreck und Kies ins Gesicht, damit ich ihn fresse.

Christina hielt mich danach für erbärmlich, weil ich mich nicht gewehrt hatte, und ging danach mit Marcus aus. Ich hatte den Eindruck, dass man in diesem Drecksloch nur als Rüpel und Rohling flachgelegt wird, und ich schwor mir von diesem Tag an, härter zu werden. Mich irgendwie zu wehren und mir vor allem eine Waffe zu besorgen. Der nächsten Person, die versuchen würde, mich zu verprügeln, würde ich den Hals aufschlitzen! Noch am selben Abend stahl ich eines der Buttermesser aus der Kantine und etwas Sandpapier aus dem Bastelraum. Nachts, über viele Stunden im Dunkeln, schlich ich mich nach draußen und arbeitete an meinem Projekt. Das nächste Arschloch, das mich im Schlaf angreift, sollte es verdammt noch mal erwischen.

Zum Glück bemerkten der Hausmeister und die Betreuer des Internats, dass es mir schlecht ging. Am Anfang habe ich mich nicht gewehrt, wenn ich gehänselt wurde. Sie sahen mich oft allein in einer Ecke stehen, mit dem Rücken zur Wand und blauen Flecken im Gesicht. Ich war generell ein Häufchen Elend. Innerhalb der ersten Woche riefen sie mich ins Büro und sagten mir, dass ich in den Westflügel des Wohnheims verlegt würde, wo die Ausländer untergebracht waren. Dort wäre es sicherer für mich. Es lag so viel Rassismus und Hass in der Luft, dass es nicht sicher war, die osteuropäischen und nahöstlichen Ausländer und Menschen wie mich, die nicht fließend Deutsch sprechen konnten, im selben Gebäude wie die einheimischen Tiere unterzubringen.

Es hat funktioniert. Ich wurde viel besser behandelt. Wenigstens hat mir niemand mehr Scheiße ins Bett geschmiert. Der schlimmste Streich im Vergleich war Popcorn unter meinem Laken. Als Marcus das nächste Mal versuchte, mich anzugreifen, war mein Messer bereit und er war überrascht, dass ein sehr scharfes Stück Metall in seinem Hals steckte. Einige meiner russischen Mitbewohner sahen den Tumult und rannten mir zu Hilfe. Während ich mit Marcus kämpfte, sorgten sie dafür, dass sich keiner seiner Freunde an mir vergreifen konnte. Sie waren der Meinung, dass ich jetzt, da ich in ihrem Flügel wohnte, zu ihrer Familie gehörte. Danach ließen mich die deutschen Schläger in Ruhe, denn ich war jetzt Teil der Ausländerbande und somit geschützt.

Da meine Eltern sich weigerten, mir Taschengeld zu geben, war es unausweichlich, dass ich andere Einnahmequellen finden musste. Rückblickend waren meine Eltern wirklich die dümmsten Menschen auf dem Planeten. Wenn du nicht willst, dass dein Sohn mit Drogen zu tun hat, ist das Letzte, was du tun solltest, ihm einen Anreiz zu geben, genau das zu tun. Meine Eltern waren jedoch keine logischen Menschen, was wohl dafürspricht, dass sie einer Sekte beigetreten sind. Sie weigerten sich, mir ein Taschengeld zu geben, um mich dafür zu bestrafen, dass ich sie verlassen hatte. Sie wollten nichts anderes, als mein schreckliches Leben auf der Erde noch mehr zur Hölle machen, indem sie dafür sorgten, dass ich vom ersten Tag an, ein Ausgestoßener war. Denn in diesem Alter kein Taschengeld zu haben, ist gesellschaftlich ein Todesurteil.

Als sozialer Außenseiter tat ich natürlich fast alles, um dazuzugehören und cool zu sein. So kam es, dass ich meine ersten Grass rauchte, meinen ersten Wodka trank und zum ersten Mal Ecstasy nahm. Und dass alles innerhalb von zwei Wochen nach meiner Ankunft. Diese

Stadt war ideal für alle Arten von kriminellen Aktivitäten und ich wurde schneller hineingesogen als der Penis eines Teenagers in ein Staubsaugerrohr.

Alle Fabriken und Lagerhäuser entlang des Flusses am Stadtrand von Marktbreit waren leer, baufällig und verlassen. Eine nach der anderen, viele Kilometer lang, lagen sie zwischen der Hauptstraße und dem Flussufer und erstreckten sich in Richtung Ochsenfurt. Hier am Rande der Stadt fanden jede Menge Sex, illegale Partys und Drogenhandel statt, denn die Gebäude waren nicht belebt und nachts nicht beleuchtet. Auch tagsüber war es ein guter Ort, um Dinge zu tun, bei denen man nicht gesehen werden wollte.

Viele Familien waren auf der Suche nach Arbeit und einem besseren Leben aus dieser kleinen Stadt weggezogen. Die Kinder der verbliebenen Einheimischen hatten keine andere Wahl, als in die einzige Schule zu gehen, die noch geöffnet war. Die Hölle auf Erden mit den Internatseinrichtungen. Das einzige andere Schulgebäude wurde ein Jahr, bevor ich ankam, wegen Asbest geschlossen und verbarrikadiert und zum Abriss bestimmt.

Das bedeutete, dass die verbleibenden Schulgebäude, das Gelände und die Klassenräume stark überfüllt waren. Wir waren mehr als dreihundert Kinder im Vorschul- und Teenageralter in einer Schule, die ursprünglich für weniger als die Hälfte dieser Schüler konzipiert und gebaut worden war. Schlägereien, Drogen und Mobbing waren so alltäglich, dass es fast unmöglich war, von der Schule verwiesen zu werden. Niemand wollte als Verräter dastehen und deswegen verprügelt werden.

Im Februar 1995 hatten wir einen Neuankömmling in unserer Klasse. Er muss ungefähr in meinem Alter gewesen sein. Ein typisch deutscher Junge mit kurzen blonden Haaren, dunkelbraunen Augenbrauen und blauen Augen. Alle fragten ihn, warum er sich die Augenbrauen färbte, dumme Kinder. Er überlebte nur einen Morgen, bevor er halbtot im Krankenhaus landete. Er wurde in der Mittagspause bis zur Unkenntlichkeit verprügelt, weil er ein paar Kinder an den Klassenlehrer verpiffen hatte, weil sie in der Pause eine Bong geraucht hatten. Das muss er gewesen sein. Niemand sonst wäre so dumm gewesen.

Der Junge erzählte mir, dass seine Eltern Immobilieninvestoren sind. Sie kauften billige Immobilien in der Gegend auf, weil sie unter dem Marktwert lagen. Er war ein ziemlicher Angeber, und ich war zu dem Zeitpunkt schon ein dealender Ausgestoßener. Er sah aus, als wäre er ohne meine Gesellschaft aufgeschmissen. Die Wölfe warteten nur darauf, sich an diesem kleinen Lamm zu laben. Ich dachte, ich könnte ihn wenigstens ein bisschen beschützen, denn jetzt legte sich niemand mehr mit mir an. Ich hatte von den Russen und anderen Osteuropäern im Westflügel Rückendeckung, die die ihren hartnäckig beschützten.

Zu diesem Zeitpunkt hatte ich mir auch schon den Ruf erworben, dass man sich nicht mit mir anlegen sollte. Wenn ich mich nach Einbruch der Dunkelheit allein in den Nordflügel oder in den Teil des Schulgeländes begeben hätte, in dem sich die Deutschen aufhielten, hätte ich natürlich einen Tritt in den Kopf bekommen. Viele der Teenager im Nordflügel waren Vaterlandsrassisten. Jedem das Seine, wie sie zu sagen pflegten. Für sie galt ich nicht als Deutscher, weil ich nicht fließend Deutsch sprach. Ich wurde in meinem eigenen Land von meinem eigenen angeblichen Volk nicht als Deutscher angesehen. So tief saß der Rassismus an dieser Schule.

## Kapitel 15

### Kauen von Glas kann dich bluten lassen

Die osteuropäischen Schülerinnen und Schüler im Westflügel waren alle älter als ich. Sie machten Bodybuilding oder zumindest Systema (eine russische Kampfsportart). Harte Kerle. Da ich in ihrem Flügel wohnte, stand ich automatisch unter ihrem Schutz. Als ich in ihrem Schlafsaal ankam, musste ich eine Glasscherbe kauen und sie mit einem Schuss Wodka herunterschlucken. Mein allererster Schuss! Das war das Initiationsritual, ohne Witz. Kleiner Tipp: Wenn du so lange kaut, dass das Glas zu Sand zermahlen wird, geht es durch dich hindurch. Wenn du es nicht richtig machst, kannst du im schlimmsten Fall dein Verdauungssystem ernsthaft verletzen oder sogar an inneren Blutungen sterben.

Ich habe es gut durchgekaut und zu meinem Glück ist nichts passiert. Ich wurde eingeweiht. Mein Zimmergenosse Dimitri verordnete mir sofort ein Muskelaufbau- und Trainingsprogramm. Er brachte mir bei, wie man richtig zuschlägt, im orthodoxen Stil. Jeden Tag stemmten wir Gewichte, machten Liegestütze und übten den Nahkampf im Keller oder draußen auf dem Fußballplatz. Wir schlugen uns immer wieder gegenseitig auf die Bauchmuskeln, um sie zu stärken. Um dir eine Vorstellung davon zu geben, was für ein verdammter Riese er war: Er war fünfzehn Jahre alt und konnte hundert Liegestütze machen, während ich auf seinem Rücken saß. Ich wog zu der Zeit fast fünfundsechzig Kilo. Das ist keine Erfindung.

Ich wage zu behaupten, dass ich im März 1995, nach etwa 6 Monaten hartem Training, für mein Alter schon ziemlich viel aushalten konnte und mein Körper, obwohl er dünn war, nur noch aus Muskeln und Sehnen bestand. Er gab mir auch sein zweites Butterfly-Messer und brachte mir bei, wie man es fließend benutzt. Ich übte jeden Tag mit diesem Ding und innerhalb weniger Wochen wurde es zu einer Verlängerung meines Körpers. Ich konnte alle Tricks mit geschlossenen Augen ausführen. Mein individuelles Buttermesser bewahrte ich unter meinem Kopfkissen auf, nur für den Fall der Fälle. Es war selten, aber es gab Geschichten darüber, dass die deutschen Nazis nach der Ausgangssperre unseren Flügel stürmten und die Ausländer im Nordflügel angriffen. Kurz bevor ich in Marktbreit ankam, schlichen sie sich um 2 Uhr morgens in das Zimmer eines Irakers und schlugen ihn halb tot. Ich glaube, das war auch der Grund, warum die Russen in meinem Stockwerk anfangen, sich für die anderen Ausländer in unserem Flügel einzusetzen, damit die Deutschen wussten, dass man niemanden im Westflügel angreifen darf, ohne ernsthaft bestraft zu werden.

Jedenfalls wollte dieser neue Junge nicht auf mich hören, als ich ihm sagte, er solle sich um seinen eigenen Kram kümmern. Er sagte mir sogar, dass er der Lehrerin etwas sagen würde, und ich sagte:

"Willst du getötet werden? Denn so wird man hier umgebracht. "

Er lachte und sagte mir, dass er vor niemandem Angst hat.

...Ich frage mich, ob er jetzt immer noch so furchtlos ist. Wie ich schon sagte, widersprach er dem gesunden Menschenverstand und beschloss, dass es besser wäre, mit den Lehrern auszukommen als mit den Schülern. Dummkopf. Nicht, dass die Lehrer sich einen Dreck um Mr. Goodie Two Shoes scherten. Seine Eltern waren entsetzt, als sie erfuhren, dass ihr Sohn noch keine sechs Stunden weg war und bereits mit einem schweren Schädelhirntrauma im Krankenhaus gelandet war. Mehr als zehn Jugendliche waren an der Schlägerei beteiligt. Ich habe es gesehen, aber diese deutschen Jugendlichen waren verdammte Tiere. Hätte ich etwas gesagt oder es gewagt zu helfen, hätte ich das gleiche Schicksal erlitten. Wahrscheinlich hätten mir nicht einmal meine russischen Freunde geholfen, denn sie hätten mich für einen Vollidioten gehalten und gedacht, dass ich mir die Prügel selbst eingebrockt habe. Abgesehen davon trugen die meisten deutschen Hooligans Butterfly-Messer bei sich und hätten mich wahrscheinlich sofort abgestochen, wenn ich mich eingemischt hätte. Es war völlig aussichtslos.

Der Krankenwagen wurde gerufen und der blutüberströmte und malträtierten Mr. Goodie Two Shoes wurde weggetragen. Seine Blutropfen befleckten noch tagelang den Betonboden. Die Polizei kam vorbei, um sich zu erkundigen, aber scheiß auf sie. Sie werden niemanden davor schützen, in den Arsch getreten zu werden. Selbst wenn sie es wollten, wie denn? Eine Wache rund um die Uhr neben ihnen postieren? Sobald ein Verräter alleine wäre, wäre er zehn Minuten später tot gewesen. Darf ich noch hinzufügen...? Verdammte Schweine, mit Schweinen redet man nicht, das ist nicht verhandelbar. Die Lehrer waren auch nicht besser. Ich habe oft gesehen, wie sie sich nachmittags auf das Dach der Schule geschlichen haben, um Gras zu rauchen und aus ihrer Flasche, Alkohol zu trinken.

Im ersten Monat meines Lebens in dem Film "Eastern Promises" habe ich oft Besorgungen wie Einkaufen, Kochen und Putzen für meinen Mitbewohner und seine Freunde gemacht. So verdiente ich mir das Privileg, umsonst zu saufen und zu kiffen. Manchmal nahmen sie mich auch mit, um in Würzburg in die Clubs zu gehen. Wenn wir ausgingen, bezahlte ich für nichts. Sie hatten Mitleid mit mir, weil ich kein Geld hatte, und ehrlich gesagt waren die osteuropäischen Jungs viel netter zu mir, als meine eigenen Landsleute es je waren. Ich wurde zu einem Rassisten gegen meine eigene Nationalität. Deutsche? Igitt!

Wie ich schon sagte, habe ich im Winter viel Zeit damit verbracht, meine Leber und Muskeln mit meinem russischen Mitbewohner und seinen Kumpels zu stählen. Es war viel Wodka im Spiel und ich war süchtig. Anfang 1995 war ich schon ein alter Hase im Trinken, und im Laufe einer Nacht konnte ich locker ein paar Flaschen Wodka mithalten. Ich wurde schnell zu einem kettenrauchenden Kiffer. Von morgens bis abends, tagein, tagaus war ich ständig high und bereit, mit jedem abzuhängen, der die gleiche Einstellung hatte.

So begann mein Abstieg in die Dunkelheit. Ich verlor meine Religion. Ich begann zu dealen und wurde ein Verbrecher. Während meines Aufenthalts in diesem Höllenloch begegnete ich zwei Menschen, die mein Leben komplett auf den Kopf stellen sollten.

Einer von ihnen war Dariusz alias Smiley.

Dariusz gab sich den Spitznamen Smiley, als er als junger Erwachsener mit dem Dealen begann. Das war Jahre vor meiner Zeit. Er wurde von den Ecstasy-Pillen inspiriert, die er in

den 80er Jahren zum ersten Mal verkaufte und war wahrscheinlich einer der ersten Ecstasy-Dealer überhaupt. Die Pillen hatten einen Smiley auf der Vorderseite aufgedruckt. Es war kein brillantes Pseudonym, aber andererseits war er ein tätowierter Rohling mit der Gehirnkapazität eines Radieschens. Nach einer Weile blieb der Name einfach hängen und wurde zu seinem Alter Ego. Er war in der Würzburger Unterwelt berüchtigt und bekannt für seine schlechte Laune und die Grausamkeiten, die er Leuten antat, die ihm in die Quere kamen.

Smiley schützte das Portfolio seiner Bande, zu dem behelfsmäßige illegale Bordelle in heruntergekommenen Wohnungen, Speed, geschmuggelte Zigaretten aus Osteuropa, Heroin, Haschisch und natürlich Ecstasy alias Molly gehörten.

In Marktbreit gab es ein Jugendzentrum, in das junge Leute jeden Alters gehen konnten. Es befand sich unten in der Nähe des Mains in einem alten Fabrikgebäude im Industriegebiet vor den Toren der Stadt. Die Gemeinde hatte es für kulturelle Zwecke zur Verfügung gestellt. Anfangs war die Einrichtung schlecht finanziert und wurde hauptsächlich von Freiwilligen, Gemeindemitgliedern und pensionierten Lehrern betrieben. Als ich ankam, waren sie alle längst weg. Smiley und seine Crew hatten das Gebäude übernommen und es mit dem Geld aus dem Drogenhandel in Ordnung gebracht. Er ließ das Gebäude von innen neu streichen, stellte neue Tischkicker, Billard- und Flipperautomaten, eine Jukebox und eine Bar auf... alles auf dem neuesten Stand der Technik. Die örtlichen Gemeindevorsteher waren naiv, aber glücklich. In ihren Augen war der Mann charmant, witzig, humorvoll und hatte Geld.

Er ließ den Laden von seinen Freunden führen und die Mutter seines ersten Sohnes, Nadja, arbeitete dort regelmäßig hinter der Bar. Er zahlte Einkommenssteuern und wusch einen Teil seines Drogengeldes durch die Bar. Er war ein willkommener Anblick, ein Einwanderer der zweiten Generation und ein Einheimischer. Geboren und aufgewachsen in Marktbreit selbst. Er setzte sich für die Jugend in diesem kleinen, bankrotten Drecksloch von einer Stadt ein.

Im zweiten Stock des Jugendzentrums hatte Smiley ein kleines privates Zimmer mit einem einfachen Bett und einem Bürotisch eingerichtet, ausgestattet mit einer einfachen Holztür und einem Riegel, den man von innen abschließen konnte. Die offizielle Idee war, dass man nach oben gehen konnte, um zu lernen, oder für Leute, die zu viel getrunken hatten, um zu übernachten usw. An der hinteren Wand waren ein paar zusätzliche Matratzen gestapelt. Offiziell war es ein Chill-out, aber es war unausgesprochen klar, wofür der Raum wirklich genutzt wurde. Drogenhandel, Sex und alle möglichen anderen Ausschweifungen. Eines Sonntagmorgens war ich im Jugendzentrum völlig fertig. Ich war schon mindestens die letzten zwölf Stunden dort gewesen. Die Toiletten im Erdgeschoss waren verwüstet worden und der Eingang war schon wieder vollem Erbrochenen. Ich drehte mich um und beschloss, mein Glück im Obergeschoss zu versuchen. Am oberen Ende der Treppe gab es eine einfache Toilette, ein Waschbecken und eine Dusche. Gott sei Dank war sie unbesetzt und relativ sauber. Ich wusch mich gerade und alberte ein wenig herum, als ich eine grunzende Stimme aus dem Zimmer hörte. Die Tür stand einen Spalt offen, also tat ich natürlich, was jeder Teenager tut. Ich schob die wackelige Holztür auf und war neugierig, was ich sehen würde. Mein junger und sehr blonder, blauäugiger Deutschlehrer, der übrigens auch unser

Klassenlehrer war, hatte seine Hose um die Knöchel. Die Musik war laut genug, dass er mich nicht die Treppe hochkommen hörte. Vielleicht dachte er, er hätte die Tür abgeschlossen. Hatte er aber nicht. Außerdem steckte er zu meiner großen Belustigung bis zu den Eiern in einer blonden Neuntklässlerin namens Gertrude. Sie schaute verlegen auf und schrie mich an, ich solle mich verpissen. Mein Lehrer stand unter Schock und hatte Mühe, seine Hose über seinen Schwanz zu ziehen, der noch das Kondom trug. Er schnappte sich sein Hemd und seine Jacke, schob sich an mir vorbei, murmelte "Arschloch" und rannte die Treppe hinunter. Gertrude hat mich in der Schule immer schikaniert. Sie versuchte sogar, ihre männlichen Freunde dazu zu bringen, mich zu verprügeln, den unehelichen Bastard, den dunkelhaarigen, persisch aussehenden Deutschen. Gertrudes stolze arische Muschi so zur Schau gestellt zu sehen, war einfach unbezahlbar. Ich bin sicher, es war absolut demütigend. Ich schloss die Tür und ließ sie in ihrer Peinlichkeit schwelgen. Sie hörte auf, sich über mich lustig zu machen und mied mich von da an ganz.

Im Gegenteil, mein Lehrer war danach überschwänglich freundlich. Er sorgte dafür, dass ich in seinem Deutschkurs viel Hilfe bekam. Es war die einzige Note, in der ich wegen mangelnder Sprachkenntnisse durchfiel, also verbesserte er meine Noten auf einen guten Durchschnitt. An manchen Tagen machte ich mir nicht einmal die Mühe zu erscheinen, wenn ich wusste, dass er die meisten Stunden des Tages unterrichtete. Er würde es nicht wagen, mich als abwesend zu melden. Ich hatte ihn buchstäblich an den Eiern. Auch wenn ich ihn nie aktiv erpresst habe, war er intelligent genug, um zu wissen, dass er sich nicht mit mir anlegen sollte.

Die örtlichen Behörden haben sich nie die Mühe gemacht, zu überprüfen, ob Smiley einen Alkoholschein hat. Normalerweise muss man in einem Jugendzentrum einen Ausweis vorzeigen, um ein Bier oder harten Alkohol zu bekommen. Damals war es gesetzlich vorgeschrieben, dass man mit 16 Jahren Bier und mit 18 Jahren harte Sachen trinken durfte. In diesem Jugendzentrum hat sich niemand die Mühe gemacht, das zu überprüfen. Du konntest viel jünger sein und dich trotzdem betrinken, kotzen, dich noch mehr betrinken, wieder kotzen, Speed nehmen oder tonnenweise Sex in den verfallenen, verlassenen Fabrikgebäuden am Flussufer haben und das alles, bevor du mit der achten Klasse fertig warst.

Fast jedes Wochenende sah ich sehr junge Mädchen mit einem älteren Typen in das Labyrinth der verlassenen Gebäude gehen. Einige von ihnen verschwanden sogar die Treppe hinauf in den privaten Raum, in dem ich Gertrude begegnete. Der Raum wurde in der Regel nach dem Prinzip "Wer zuerst kommt, bumst zuerst" unverschlossen gelassen. Ich war aber auch nicht besser und nutzte jede Gelegenheit, wenn ein Mädchen mich für süß genug hielt. Für mich war nichts tabu, außer wenn ein Mädchen viel zu betrunken oder komatös war. Das habe ich nicht gebilligt. Manchmal sah ich, wie jemand einem Mädchen etwas in den Drink schüttete und versuchte, sie zu warnen. Es gab sogar ein Schild über der Bar, das die Leute warnte, keine Getränke von Fremden anzunehmen oder ihre Getränke unbeaufsichtigt zu lassen. An den Wochenenden wimmelte es hier nur so von Leben und oft gab es nur Stehplätze. Dafür gab es einen Grund. Dies war der einzige Ort in der ganzen Region, an dem man freitags oder samstags bis weit nach Sonnenaufgang ausbleiben konnte. Manchmal waren sogar die Clubs in Würzburg schon am frühen Morgen geschlossen, aber das Jugendzentrum in Marktbreit war immer noch voll. Gegen vier Uhr am



Samstag- oder Sonntagmorgen konnte es dort plötzlich richtig voll werden. Schlägereien auf dem Parkplatz waren so alltäglich, dass wir Einheimischen sie kaum wahrnahmen.

Anfang 1995, an einem kalten Januarsamstag gegen 3 Uhr morgens, sah ich diesen Tom, der einem dunkelhaarigen Mädchen die Treppe hinaufhalf. Ich dachte, ich hätte sie aus der Schule wiedererkannt, aber die Luft war so voller Zigarettenrauch, dass ich nicht genau erkennen konnte, wer sie war. Ich dachte mir, dass ich sie wahrscheinlich schon in der Stadt gesehen hatte. Sie schien ziemlich fertig zu sein. Tom kicherte und war völlig bei der Sache, aber das Mädchen war fast schläfrig, wenn nicht sogar bewusstlos. Es sah eher so aus, als würde er sie tragen, als würde sie alleine gehen, was etwas seltsam erschien.

Tom war ein Frauenmagnet aus Ochsenfurt und ein ganzes Stück älter als ich. Er besuchte das Jugendzentrum oft an den Wochenenden und profitierte von dem endlosen Angebot an jungen Mädchen, die dort abhingen. Ich habe bei verschiedenen Gelegenheiten Billard und Kicker mit ihm gespielt, deshalb wusste ich, wer er war. Er ist schon ein paar Mal mit verschiedenen Mädchen nach oben gegangen, also war das nichts Ungewöhnliches. Das habe ich auch bei verschiedenen Gelegenheiten getan. Ich war mit meinem russischen Mitbewohner unterwegs. Wir hatten uns nach der mitternächtlichen Ausgangssperre rausgeschlichen, um mit zwei Mädchen aus Bulgarien zu feiern. Ich fand es etwas seltsam, dass das Mädchen, mit dem Tom zusammen war, sich kaum bewegte, aber ich nahm es erst einmal nicht ernst. Das, was danach geschah, erregte meine Aufmerksamkeit. Der Typ kam schließlich wieder nach unten und prahlte vor seiner Clique. Anhand seiner Lippenbewegungen und seiner Körpersprache sah es so aus, als würde er sagen, dass er sie gefickt hatte und sie völlig ohnmächtig war.

Mein Verdacht erhärtete sich, als kurz darauf einer seiner Freunde aufstand und diskret zu der gewundenen Metalltreppe hinüberging, die nach oben führte. Dann ein anderer. Dann ging Tom wieder nach oben. Das Mädchen war nicht wieder nach unten gekommen.

Inzwischen war es etwa 4 Uhr morgens und die bulgarischen Mädchen wollten nach Hause gehen. Es war klar, dass sie Dimitri noch nicht ranlassen würden und so gab mein Mitbewohner den Versuch auf, schrieb seine Nummer für die beiden Mädchen auf, verabschiedete sich von mir und ging. Nachdem er gegangen war, kamen die Mädchen zu mir und küssten mich zum Abschied auf die Wange. Eine von ihnen küsste diskret meine Lippenwinkel und steckte mir etwas in die Tasche. Sie flüsterte mir ins Ohr, dass ich sie bald anrufen sollte. Ich ging mit den beiden nach draußen und sah ihnen zu, wie sie die Einfahrt zur Hauptstraße hinuntergingen.

Ich wurde das schreckliche Gefühl nicht los, dass diese drei Typen etwas wirklich Abscheuliches machten also ging ich wieder hinein. Irgendetwas fühlte sich nicht richtig an. Es dauerte einen Moment, bis ich es begriff. Jetzt ging der dritte Kerl wieder nach oben und das Mädchen war immer noch nicht wieder heruntergekommen. Fuck! Jetzt wusste ich genau, was los war, und zu meiner Verteidigung muss ich sagen, dass ich ziemlich high von Ecstasy und Gras war, so dass meine Gehirnfunktion in diesem Moment nicht wirklich scharf war. Ich folgte dem Kerl aus der Bar, um zu sehen, was los war, bevor Tom mich am Fuß der Treppe aufhielt.

"Hey Tommy, bleib zurück. Das ist eine private Angelegenheit."

Es hat klick gemacht, was passiert ist.

"Scheiße! Das arme Mädchen!" dachte ich bei mir."

Ich stand in der Nähe der Treppe und überlegte unschlüssig, was ich tun sollte. Sollte ich Nadja holen, die an der Bar arbeitete, und eine Szene machen? Was ist, wenn sie gar nichts tun? Vielleicht nehmen sie oben nur Drogen und sie schläft nur. Aber ich musste es sicher wissen. Sein dritter Freund kam keine fünf Minuten später wieder herunter, immer noch dabei, sein Zeug neu zu ordnen. Er schob sich grinsend an mir vorbei. Tom geht zu mir rüber und zuckt mit den Schultern. Er zieht mich am Arm zu sich und flüstert mir etwas ins Ohr, das nach Wodka Red Bull riecht

"Ich denke, du kannst es auch mal versuchen. Keine Sorge, wir haben es alle schon ein paar Mal gemacht, sie ist total weggetreten, sie wird nichts mitbekommen. Aber ich schätze, du solltest besser ein Kondom benutzen, du weißt schon, wegen Geschlechtskrankheiten und so.

Ich war entsetzt, aber vielleicht war es an der Zeit, keine Angst mehr vor Konfrontationen zu haben und für mich und andere Opfer wie mich einzutreten. Ich war mir sicher, dass ich ein Problem bekommen würde, wenn ich mich einmischte. Entweder würde das Mädchen in Panik geraten und denken, ich wolle sie belästigen, oder die anderen Jungs würden mich verprügeln, weil ich ihr schmutziges Geheimnis aufgedeckt hätte. Aber Vergewaltigung ist Vergewaltigung, besonders wenn das Opfer nicht weiß, was passiert. Tom hat es seinen Freunden ermöglicht, sie zu vergewaltigen. Wer sagt, dass sie freiwillig mit Tom geschlafen hat? Vielleicht ging es ihr nicht gut oder sie wollte nur mit ihm rummachen. Vielleicht hat er sie die Treppe hinaufgezerrt und sie hat gar nicht gemerkt, was passiert ist, wie ich anfangs vermutet habe! Ich schiebe mich mit gespielter Interesse an Tom vorbei und beginne, die Treppe hochzugehen. Er folgt mir ein paar Schritte und grinst mich an.

"Viel Spaß", grinst er und klopft mir auf die Schulter.

Ich gehe die Wendeltreppe weiter hinauf. Mein erster Gedanke war, nachzusehen, ob es ihr wirklich gut geht.

Ich öffnete die Tür und sah sie von hinten in einer sehr unwürdigen Position. Sie war völlig weggetreten. Ich hob ihren Arm an und ließ ihn fallen. Er fiel wie ein Stück Gummi. Wenigstens atmete sie gleichmäßig.

Ich ging auf sie zu und erkannte sie, als ich ihr dunkelbraunes Haar aus dem Gesicht strich. Scheiße, das ist ja ausgerechnet Liesel. Gerade mal fünfzehn Jahre alt! Eines der nettesten, freundlichsten, gesprächigsten und hilfsbereitesten Mädchen auf der ganzen Welt. Ein absoluter Liebling! Scheiße! Ihr Klassenzimmer liegt gegenüber von meinem und sie wohnt im Mädchenschlafsaal im Südflügel. Ich hätte nie gedacht, dass sie der Typ ist, der sich nach der Ausgangssperre rausschleicht, um Party zu machen. Fuck! Wo ist Saskia? Sie und Liesel

hängen nach der Schule immer zusammen ab, warum ist sie nicht bei ihr? Warum ist sie hier ganz allein?

Liesel hat mir immer bei den Hausaufgaben und im Deutschunterricht geholfen und sich nie über meinen Akzent lustig gemacht. Ich mochte sie wirklich und war furchtbar wütend. Ich hatte sie noch nie in diesem Palast der Degenerierten gesehen. Es muss ihr erstes Mal gewesen sein. Verdammter Tom! Sie hatte das alles nicht verdient. In der Schule trug sie immer eine kleine goldene Kreuzkette, die sie über ihre Bluse gelegt hatte. Sie trug nie tiefe Oberteile, die ihr Dekolleté zur Schau stellten, wie es so viele andere Mädchen taten. Ihre Beine sind immer mit Strumpfhosen bedeckt und ihr Rock geht nie höher als bis zum Knie. Ein anständiges Mädchen und eine Christin obendrein.

Ich nehme an, dass Tom sie betäubt hat, da sie weder raucht noch Drogen nimmt. Es war unmöglich, dass sie nach nur ein paar Bier so tot war, denn der Geruch in ihrem Atem lässt vermuten, dass sie nur wenig getrunken hatte. Ich war seit Mitternacht mit Dimitri und den Mädels aus Bulgarien beschäftigt und fühlte mich schlecht, weil ich sie nicht beachtet hatte. Zu meiner Verteidigung: Der Laden war voll und ich kannte eine Menge Leute. Verdammt, sie hätte mich doch grüßen können oder so. Ich wusste, dass sie der Typ ist, der sich für die Ehe aufspart und ich hätte zumindest ein Auge auf sie geworfen.

Tom, das Schwein, meinte, er müsse jedes Mädchen im Jugendzentrum ficken, nur weil er gut aussah und muskulös war. Tom war halb Japaner, halb Deutscher und ich konnte verstehen, warum die Mädchen auf ihn standen. Leider war er aber auch ein Säufer und ein gewalttätiges Arschloch. Er war schon mehrmals wegen seines Verhaltens und der unangemessenen Berührung von Mädchen verwarnt worden. Er war bereit, Liesels Leben und ihre Jungfräulichkeit zu sabotieren, nur so zum Spaß, was für ein verdammtes Monster. Für was? Für zehn Sekunden sogenannten Spaß? Er war bereit, das ganze Leben eines Mädchens zu ruinieren, um damit zu prahlen. Liesels Leben. Ich dachte, wenn sie merkt, dass sie gerade von drei verschiedenen Typen vergewaltigt wurde, bringt sie sich um. Vor allem, wenn diese Wichser damit prahlen und es sich in unserer Schule herumspricht. So etwas spricht sich schnell herum. Liesel würde als Hure abgestempelt werden und dazu verdammt sein, für immer eine Ausgestoßene zu sein, ohne dass sie etwas dafür kann. Einen Kerl süß zu finden und ein paar Drinks von ihm anzunehmen, entschuldigt nicht und gibt ihm kein Recht auf sexuelle Ausbeutung. Was für verdammte Tiere!

Sie liegt auf dem Bauch, ihr Rock und ihr Höschen sind heruntergezogen und ihre Kleidung ist völlig durcheinander. Ich muss zugeben, dass ich ziemlich high von der Ekstase war, so dass es mich viel Willenskraft kostete, mich im Kopf zu organisieren. Ich zog ihr Höschen wieder hoch, zog ihren BH wieder richtig an, knöpfte ihre Kleidung zu und ordnete sie neu, so gut ich konnte. Ich hoffte, sie würde sich nicht daran erinnern, was passiert war. Je mehr Details ich sah, desto wütender wurde ich. Was zum Teufel haben diese Typen mit der armen Liesel gemacht? Wenigstens war sie noch bewusstlos. Ich überprüfte noch einmal ihren Puls. Er ist langsam, aber gleichmäßig. Nachdem ich mich vergewissert hatte, dass sie nicht im Sterben lag, deckte ich sie mit einer Decke zu und ging dann in aller Ruhe wieder nach unten zu Tom. Er hält die Wand auf der anderen Seite des Wohnzimmers hoch und wankt betrunken hin und her. Ich grinse ihn an und er grinst mich dümmlich zurück.

"Wie war die kleine Schlampe?"

Ich lächelte und drückte ohne Vorwarnung sein Kinn mit der linken Handfläche nach oben und schlug ihm mit der rechten Hand mehrmals in den Hals, so fest und so schnell ich konnte. Er war viel größer als ich, ich musste dreckig kämpfen, um mir sofort einen Vorteil zu verschaffen. Eine falsche Bewegung und ich hätte Blut gehustet. Er hatte immer noch dieses dämliche Grinsen im Gesicht, das sich in Fassungslosigkeit verwandelte, als sein Kehlkopf nach innen kollabierte und er anfang, heftig zu würgen und zu ersticken. Ich packte seinen Kopf und kniete ihm sofort in die Eier. Als er nach vorne kollabierte, nahm ich seinen Hals in den Würgegriff und begann mit ihm zu kämpfen. Wir wälzten uns beide in der Mitte des Raumes. Die ganze Zeit über schlug ich ihm so gut ich konnte in die Fresse.

Er bricht nach vorne zusammen und ich lasse ihn auf den Boden fallen. Ich trete auf seinen Arsch und seine Eier und er krächzt vor Schmerz.

"Du verdammtes Arschloch, was zum Teufel ist los mit dir!"

Ich schrie aus Leibeskräften, sagte keine Worte, sondern schrie einfach nur. Ich stolpere über seine Beine und falle auf die Knie, wobei ich es gerade noch schaffe, mich am Salontisch festzuhalten. Ich starrte auf seine beiden vergewaltigenden Freunde, die mir gegenüber auf der Couch saßen. Ich schreie

"Ihr alle drei! Ihr seid eine Bande von Vergewaltigern."

Ich war kurz abgelenkt und irgendwie schaffte es Tom, mich seitlich am Kopf an den Haaren zu packen und mich zu sich heranzuziehen, um mich zu überwältigen. Als er mich zu Boden zog, konnte ich glücklicherweise den Aschenbecher vom Tisch nehmen. Ich schlug ihm mit der flachen Seite ein paar Mal auf die Schläfe bis er bewusstlos wurde. Seine Freunde saßen einfach nur starr da, wie die kleinen Ferkel, die sie waren. Einige der anderen Teenager, die im anderen Raum waren, rannten herüber und mussten mich von ihm wegziehen, um zu verhindern, dass ich ihn umbrachte. In meiner Wut sah ich nur Schwarz. Ich bin mir ziemlich sicher, dass ich den Mann auf der Stelle umgebracht hätte, wenn niemand dazwischen gegangen wäre.

Smileys Ex, Nadja, arbeitete an diesem Morgen. Sie kam aus dem Barraum und fragte, was los sei, und ich erzählte es ihr. Voller Abscheu spuckt sie Toms in sein blutiges Gesicht und schreit seine Freunde an, sie sollen sich verpissen. Nadja rennt zurück, um den Aluminium-Baseballschläger hinter der Bar zu holen, für den Fall, dass seine Freunde versuchen, sich zu wehren, aber letztendlich sind sie Feiglinge. Ich schätze, weil sie mit ansehen mussten, wie ich Tom ins Koma geprügelt habe, waren sie nicht bereit, sich einzumischen. Nadja schreit, dass die Bar sofort geschlossen wird und alle verschwinden sollen. Als die letzten Leute gehen, hilft sie mir, Toms bewusstlosen Körper in die Bar zu schleppen. Wir finden Klebeband und fesseln seine Arme und Beine, bevor er das Bewusstsein wiedererlangt. Wir denken darüber nach, was wir mit ihm machen sollen. Nadja schlägt vor, die Polizei zu rufen.

Ich bin anderer Meinung. Liesel weiß vielleicht nicht, was passiert ist, aber sie könnte es später herausfinden. Wir müssen das Mädchen um jeden Preis schützen. Sie darf nicht wissen, dass sie von allen dreien vergewaltigt wurde; das würde sie zerstören. Wir könnten ihr einfach sagen, dass nur Tom sie belästigt hat. Je weniger, desto besser. Nadja schüttelt ungläubig den Kopf, dass so etwas vor ihrer Nase passieren konnte. Ich habe ihr gesagt, dass es meiner Meinung nach eine riesige Scheiße geben wird, wenn wir die Polizei einschalten, sie werden einen Vergewaltigungstest machen wollen, eine Untersuchung durchführen usw. All das wird Liesel noch mehr zerstören, vor allem, wenn die Scheiße in der Schule durchsickert. Sie wird lächerlich gemacht werden und ihr Leben wird vorbei sein.

Die tränenüberströmte Nadja stimmt mir zu und setzt sich ans Bar-Telefon, um Smiley anzurufen.

Sie sagt ihm schluchzend, dass es einen Zwischenfall gegeben hat und er sofort kommen soll. Ich bleibe auf dem Boden neben Tom und rauche Zigaretten, um sicherzustellen, dass er nicht weglaufen kann. Keine zehn Minuten später taucht Smiley auf und schäumt vor Wut. Er geht ohne ein Wort an uns vorbei die Wendeltreppe hinauf und öffnet die Tür, um nach Liesel zu sehen. Erstaunlicherweise schläft sie noch. Er kommt die Treppe wieder herunter und geht zu Tom hinüber. Er sieht mich an.

"Er hat sie vergewaltigt?"

"Nicht nur er, sondern auch zwei seiner Freunde."

"Hast du gesehen, wie sie es getan haben?"

"Ich habe nicht gesehen, wie sie sie tatsächlich vergewaltigt haben, aber ich habe gesehen, wie sie einer nach dem anderen nach oben gingen. Ich wurde misstrauisch und ging hin, um zu sehen, was los war. Tom sagte mir, dass sie bewusstlos ist und dass er und seine Freunde sie bereits gefickt haben und dass ich sie auch ficken kann, wenn ich will. Ich ging hoch, um nach ihr zu sehen und fand sie..."

Meine Stimme verstummt, ich balle meine Fäuste und Tränen steigen mir in die Augen.

"Ich fand sie völlig durcheinander, also dachte ich, ich mache sie wenigstens sauber und ziehe sie wieder an."

Ich beginne zu zittern und schaue in Smileys Augen.

"Ich war so wütend, dass ich die Treppe runtergerannt bin und ihn angegriffen habe. Ich habe ihn fertig gemacht. Ich wollte ihn umbringen."

Smiley packt Tom an den Haaren und schlägt ihm in den Magen. Du hast mit deinen Freunden ein Mädchen überfallen und vergewaltigt! In meiner verdammten Bar! Du Stück Scheiße! Ich sollte dich gleich hier und jetzt umbringen!"

In der Zwischenzeit wacht Liesel langsam auf. beunruhigt hören wir alle, wie sie langsam die Treppe hinuntergeht. Smiley geht zu ihr rüber und versucht, sie zu beruhigen, damit sie nicht ausflippt. Mit sanfter Stimme sagt er.

"Hey, Schlafmütze, du warst die ganze Nacht weggetreten."

Nadja hat inzwischen Kaffee gekocht und bringt ihn in den Aufenthaltsraum. Smiley half Liesel, an einem stark blutenden, geschlagenen, geknebelten und gefesselten Tom vorbeizugehen, der immer noch auf dem Boden zappelte. Wir setzten uns im Nebenraum auf die Couch und Nadja brachte Liesel eine Flasche Wasser aus dem Kühlschrank.

murmelte Liesel, als sie die Wasserflasche öffnete.

"Was ist passiert? Ich kann mich an nichts erinnern. Ich fühle mich ganz komisch und mein Kopf tut weh."

Wir sahen uns alle an und ich brach das Schweigen.

"Weißt du noch, wie du mit Tom nach oben gegangen bist?"

Sie schüttelte den Kopf

"Nun, ich sah dich mit Tom nach oben gehen und du sahst nicht gut aus, also bin ich dir gefolgt, um sicherzugehen, dass es dir gut geht. Du warst bewusstlos und er war... ich weiß nicht, wie ich es dir sagen soll..."

Liesel fängt an zu weinen, während sie an dem Wasser nippt.

"...Keine Sorge, ich habe ihn erwischt...", meine Stimme verstummt. "Ich habe ihn fertig gemacht."

fragte mich Liesel. "Ist das der Grund, warum er so gefesselt ist?" Sie weinte noch lauter: "Tommy sag mir die Wahrheit, hat er...? War er, du weißt schon... in mir?" Sie sah mich flehend an, ihre Augen waren besorgt und ihr Herz gebrochen. Ich murmelte und brach den Blickkontakt ab.

"Was zählt, ist, dass es vorbei ist, Liesel. Er hat bekommen, was er verdient hat."

Nadja ging zur Couch hinüber und umarmte Liesel, die sich jetzt die Augen aus dem Kopf schluchzte. Sie schlang ihre Arme um Nadja und weinte weiter in ihre Schulter.

Smiley schaute Tom durch den Bogen an, der die Lounge mit dem Barraum verband. "Hast du das gehört, du Schwein? Das arme Mädchen, das weint? Was ist los mit dir, Mann?"

Liesel sah mich zitternd an und Tränen kullerten über ihre Wangen. "Scheiße! Was für ein verdammtes Arschloch, Tommy, danke, dass du mir geholfen hast."

Ich hatte keine Worte in meinem Kopf. Nichts, was ich hätte sagen können, fühlte sich richtig an. Ich schämte mich so sehr und bedauerte, dass ich nicht früher reagiert hatte. Ich hätte ihre Freundin sein sollen, anstatt mit den bulgarischen Mädels zu flirten. Ich hätte meinen Instinkten folgen sollen, als ich spürte, dass etwas nicht stimmte. Es ist, wie es ist. Ich konnte mich nicht einmal dazu durchringen, ihr zu sagen, dass sie nicht nur von Tom vergewaltigt wurde, sondern auch noch von zwei anderen Typen.

Alles, was ich tun konnte, war, sie unbeholfen zu umarmen, um zu antworten. Immer noch zitternd vor Wut stand ich vom Sofa auf und zündete mir eine Zigarette an. Ich ging zu Tom hinüber, hielt ihn an den Haaren fest und drückte ihm die brennende Zigarette oberhalb des Wangenknochens ins Gesicht. Tom krümmte sich vor Schmerz. Ich sah zu, wie die Glut das Fett in seiner Haut zum Brutzeln brachte. Ich saugte erneut an der Zigarette, um sie heißer zu machen. Ich drückte sie immer wieder an dieselbe Stelle, bis ich ein Loch in das darunter liegende Muskelgewebe gebrannt hatte.

Ich sagte ihm: "Jedes Mal, wenn du jetzt in den Spiegel schaust, wirst du mein Brandzeichen in deinem dummen Gesicht sehen. Du wirst dich für den Rest deines Lebens daran erinnern, was du getan hast und wer du bist. Du bist ein verdammter Vergewaltiger."

Nadja half Liesel unterdessen auf die Beine und begleitete sie zur Bar. Sie saßen einen Moment an der Bar und unterhielten sich über etwas, das sie nicht hören konnten. Nadja griff nach vorne, nahm das Telefon und rief ein Taxi. Während sie warteten, bot Nadja Liesel eine Zigarette an, um ihre Nerven zu beruhigen. Liesel hatte noch nie geraucht, noch nie! Sie saugte und hustete unbeholfen an der Zigarette, während Nadja versuchte, Liesel davon zu überzeugen, mit ihr nach Hause zu kommen. Sie wollte nicht, dass Liesel über das Wochenende ganz allein im Wohnheim war, wer weiß, was sie sich dann angetan hätte. Schließlich nahm Liesel ihr Angebot an. Sie verabschiedeten sich von Smiley und mir, verließen das Gebäude und warteten draußen, bis das Taxi kam. Smiley gab mir seine Schlüssel und meinte, ich solle die Tür hinter ihnen abschließen. Ich tat, wie mir geheißen und beobachtete dann vom Fenster aus, wie die beiden einstiegen und losfuhren. Ich machte mir immer noch Sorgen um Liesel, aber ich war erleichtert, dass Nadja wenigstens für sie da war.

Smiley kam zu mir rüber, während ich noch am Fenster stand, drehte sich zu mir um und sagte: "Was ist mit ihm?"

"Ja, was ist mit Tom? Sagen wir ihm, er soll Marktbreit verlassen und nie wiederkommen?"

Smiley hob die Augenbrauen, "Oder?"

"Ähm, ihn in den Fluss werfen und ihn den ganzen Weg zurück nach Ochsenfurt schwimmen lassen?"

"Nee, das reicht nicht, er ist ein sehr gewalttätiges Arschloch, ich kenne ihn. Er wird sich zum Opfer von all dem machen. Morgen wird er seine Freunde versammeln und zu dir zurückkommen, Tommy. Aber im Ernst, er ist groß, wie zum Teufel hast du ihn fertig gemacht?"

"Ich weiß nicht, Mann, ich war voller Wut und habe nur schwarzgesehen."

"Ich weiß, wie das ist, Tommy, wenn du einfach durch jemanden hindurchgehen und ihn in eine Wolke aus Blut und Eingeweiden zerplatzen lassen willst."

"Ja"

Wir saßen beide da und überlegten, was wir mit Tom machen sollten und Smiley sah mich an.

"Tommy, gleich hinter diesem Gebäude gibt es eine verlassene Lagerhalle. Das Dach ist leicht fünfzehn Meter hoch und zugänglich. Bringen wir ihn dorthin."

"Was ist mit seinen Freunden? Sie kennen mein Gesicht."

"Wir werden es so aussehen lassen, als hätte er einen Unfall gehabt."

Tom wälzte sich auf dem Boden und versuchte, um Hilfe zu schreien. Smiley schlug seinen Kopf mehrere Male auf den Boden, bis er wieder bewusstlos war.

"Tommy, pass auf den Kerl auf. Ich fahre das Auto vor und wir laden ihn in den Kofferraum."

Smiley kam ein paar Minuten später zurück, packte Tom an seinen gefesselten Füßen und begann ihn wegzuschleifen. Tom kam kurz darauf wieder zu sich und erkannte, was wir mit ihm vorhatten. Alles, was er tun konnte, war zu weinen. Gut so! Endlich fühlte er sich genauso machtlos wie Liesel, nachdem er und seine Freunde sie vergewaltigt hatten.

Smiley und ich zogen ihn durch die Hintertür, die zum Main hinausging. Um diese Uhrzeit konnte uns dort niemand sehen. Wir schauten beide nach draußen, um sicherzustellen, dass niemand in der Nähe ist. Smiley schickte mich dann zur Auffahrt, um Ausschau zu halten. Er zog Tom einen schwarzen Müllsack über den Kopf und lud ihn in den Kofferraum. Wenige Augenblicke später hielt er neben mir an und kurbelte das Fenster herunter. Er sagte.

"Geh nach Hause, Tommy, das hast du gut gemacht. Das war eine wirklich gute Sache, die du für das Mädchen getan hast, aber jetzt bist du fertig. Ich kümmere mich um diesen Drecksack, okay? Wenn jemand nachfragt, hast du keine Ahnung, was passiert ist, verstanden? Du hast dich mit ihm geprügelt, weil er die belästigt hat...?"

"Liesel"

"Genau, Liesel, sag einfach, dass du ihr zu Hilfe gekommen bist und Nadja sie dann nach Hause gebracht hat. Danach bin ich gekommen, um alle rauszuwerfen und du bist nach Hause gegangen, Tommy! Wenn die Polizei dich fragt, sagst du, dass du Tom in Richtung des Gebäudes dort drüben hast laufen sehen, nachdem wir ihn verjagt haben. Du hast gesehen, wie ich danach die Bar geschlossen habe und nach Hause gefahren bin. Bleib bei dieser Geschichte, ok?!"



Er lächelte und grüßte mich, bevor er losfuhr. Ich sah zu, wie sein Auto ein Dutzend Meter die Straße hochfuhr, bevor es rechts abbog. Ich habe weder Tom noch seine beiden Freunde jemals wieder gesehen.

Tage später wurde ich ins Büro des Schulleiters gerufen. Zwei Polizisten waren dort, um Fragen zu stellen. Es stellte sich heraus, dass Toms Leiche auf dem Boden neben dem Lagerhaus hinter dem Jugendzentrum gefunden worden war. Es sah so aus, als hätte er sich versehentlich umgebracht, als er vom Dach fiel. Es war eher eine Formalität: Sie fragten jeden in der Schule, der an dem Wochenende im Jugendzentrum gewesen sein könnte, ob jemand etwas gesehen hat, das mit seinem Tod zu tun hat. Sie fragten mich nicht nach dem Streit, den ich mit ihm hatte, weil wie üblich niemand etwas gesehen hatte. Ich vermute, dass Toms Sturz vom Dach ihn so zugerichtet hat, dass nicht klar war, wie er sich seine Wunden zugezogen hat. In dieser Stadt redet niemand mit den Polizisten. Das hat mir gefallen. Eine Art gegenseitige "Scheiß auf die Polizei"-Haltung. Ich sagte, dass ich von nichts eine Ahnung hätte und sie ließen mich gehen. Schließlich war ich ja nur ein vierzehnjähriger Junge.

Es ging das Gerücht um, dass Tom völlig betrunken eine Feuerleiter hochkletterte, ausrutschte und in den Tod fiel. Die beiden anderen Vergewaltiger waren zu ängstlich, um etwas zu sagen, und leugneten, in dieser Nacht etwas gesehen zu haben, aus Angst, selbst belastet zu werden oder wie Tom zu enden. Er ist tatsächlich in den Tod gestürzt, wenn auch nicht ganz so. War ich ein Komplize bei Toms Mord? Und ob. War es mir egal, dass er tot war? Nicht im Geringsten, er hatte es verdammt noch mal verdient.

An diesem Montag habe ich Liesel gesehen. Sie trug einige von Nadjas alten Goth-Klamotten, schwarzen Nagellack, schwarze Wimperntusche und schwarzen Lippenstift. Es sah so aus, als hätte Nadja ihr über das Wochenende einen neuen Look verpasst. Sie hatte einen Walkman mit einer Black Flag-Kassette dabei. In der Morgenpause kam sie zu mir rüber.

"Willst du etwas Musik hören?"

"Ja"

Wir gingen schweigend zum Rand des Fußballfeldes hinüber. Sie reichte mir ein altes zweites Paar Kopfhörer und steckte es in einen Doppelstecker-Adapter. Wir saßen 15 Minuten lang da und hörten zu und vor dem Unterricht schaute sie mich an. Willst du dich nach dem Mittagessen wieder hier treffen?

"Ja"

"Ok"

Liesel hat sich total verändert. Sie fing an, die meisten Abende mit mir oder ihrer Mitbewohnerin zu trinken, wenn ich nicht verfügbar war. Sie trug weiterhin dunkles Make-up, schwarzen Nagellack, fügte einige Totenkopfringe hinzu und ihr goldenes Kreuz verschwand. Überall, wo sie nach der Schule hinging, hörte sie auf ihrem Walkman Dead Kennedys, Black Sabbath, Black Flag, Nine Inch Nails und Music for the jilted Generation von

Prodigy. Sie fing an, jeden und alles auszublenden, mit dem sie nicht unbedingt zu tun haben wollte. Wir entwickelten Zuneigung füreinander, aber auf eine Art von Kameradschaft, Kuseln und Welpenliebe. Wir haben nie wieder über diese Nacht gesprochen. Vielleicht hätten wir das tun sollen.

Wenn Tom tot ist, gibt es ein Monster weniger, um das man sich Sorgen machen muss. Ich war überglücklich. Die Autopsie hatte jedoch ein Brandloch in seiner linken Wange ergeben. Trotzdem gab es keine belastenden Beweise, die auf einen Verdächtigen hinwiesen. Smiley hat einen verdammt guten Job gemacht, Hut ab! Die Polizisten waren sich jedoch verdammt sicher, dass jemand ihm zu seinem Tod verholfen hatte. Sie führten eine weitere Ermittlungsrunde durch und befragten Hunderte von Einheimischen und Schülern, aber auch diesmal sah niemand etwas. Keiner hat etwas gesehen. Niemand wollte als Verräter abgestempelt werden, schon gar nicht ich, der etwas zu verbergen hatte. Ich schlug ihn zusammen und folterte ihn mit einer Zigarette. Ich half, ihn in das Auto zu laden, das ihn zu seinem endgültigen Bestimmungsort brachte. Glaubst du etwa, ich würde mein verdammtes Maul aufreißen? Auf keinen Fall. Ich war jedoch sehr beeindruckt von Smileys Kraft. Er muss den Mistkerl mehrere Stockwerke hochgetragen haben. Bis ganz nach oben auf das Dach, bevor er ihn runtergeworfen hat. Das ist ganz schön viel Ausdauer für einen Kerl mit einem so dicken Bauch.

Inzwischen gab es für mich keinen Zweifel mehr daran, wie gefährlich Smiley war. Ich wollte auf keinen Fall derjenige sein, der ihn verrät. Irgendwann gaben die Schweine das Herumfragen auf und verpissten sich zurück nach Ochsenfurt, wo sie hingehörten. Im Februar beruhigten sich die Dinge und bald war Tom im Dorf vergessen. Er war ja schließlich kein Einheimischer. Nach diesem Vorfall tauchten die Bullen vielleicht alle paar Wochen im Jugendzentrum auf. Sie durchsuchten die Leute nach Drogen und kontrollierten ihre Ausweise, nur um uns zu zeigen, dass sie uns immer noch im Visier hatten.

Smiley hatte seine Finger und Ohren natürlich überall. So sehr, dass wir genau wussten, wann die Polizei auftauchen würde und natürlich alles vorbereitet hatten. Bei ihrer Ankunft würde das Jugendzentrum wie ein normales Gebäude aussehen, in dem nichts Ungewöhnliches zu finden war. Wir hatten sogar ein maßgeschneidertes Regenrohr, das an der Rückseite des Gebäudes entlanglief. Damit konnten wir alle Illegalen Stoffe in einen großen rostigen Eisenkübel werfen, der in den Büschen auf dem Boden hinter dem Gebäude versteckt war. Das Rohr war an einer versteckten Stelle in einem fallenden Winkel mit der Wand verbunden, sodass man die Sachen hinunterwerfen konnte. Die Sachen warteten dann bequem auf ihren Besitzer, der sie abholte, sobald die Polizei weg war. Wir ließen den sogenannten Arm des Gesetzes wie einen verdammt Witz aussehen und schließlich hörten sie auf, uns zu schikanieren.

Niemand von Bedeutung in der Stadt kümmerte sich darum, dass das Lokal weit über die gesetzlichen Öffnungszeiten hinaus geöffnet war, und viele wohlhabende Einheimische waren Hand in Hand mit Dariusz. Die Sozialarbeiter vor Ort schauten weg, wenn sie Berichte über minderjährige Mädchen erhielten, die im Jugendzentrum Sex für Geld hatten. Sie taten es als Hörensagen ab, was auch verständlich ist. Einige von ihnen waren Stammkunden. Am Nachmittag konnte man sehen, wie ein Mädchen mit einem älteren Herrn in einem Zimmer im Obergeschoss verschwand oder in ein teures Auto stieg und an einen diskreten Ort

gebracht wurde. Auf dem Campus konnte man sofort an der Kleidung, dem Make-up und dem Parfüm erkennen, welche Mädchen zu verkaufen waren und welche nicht. Einmal sah ich sogar, wie ein dreizehnjähriges Mädchen in eines dieser Autos stieg. Es fuhr ein paar hundert Meter die Straße hinunter und bog rechts ab. In einen anderen verfallenen Teil des verlassenen Industriegebiets. Keine halbe Stunde später wurde sie wieder vor dem Jugendzentrum abgesetzt.

Eines dieser Mädchen war Saskia. Mit 16 Jahren war sie bereits ein Profi. Sie war winzig, etwa 1,50 Meter klein, hatte lockiges blondes Haar und war weder besonders intellektuell noch besonders sportlich. Sie war einfach ein süßes, sanftmütiges, schönes Mädchen mit Schmolllippen, einer Knopfnase und blaugrünen, puppenhaften Augen. Aus irgendeinem Grund mochte sie mich genauso sehr wie ich sie. Ich mache vor allem Pheromone, Dummheit und mein jugendliches Alter dafür verantwortlich, dass ich so etwas Dummes wie in dieses Hornissennest gestochen habe.

Wie ich waren auch Saskias Eltern sehr missbräuchlich, aber sie wollte nie darüber sprechen. Ich nahm einfach an, dass die Dinge, die sie ab und zu von sich gab, furchtbar waren. Vor ein paar Jahren bemerkten ihre Lehrerinnen und Lehrer, dass etwas nicht stimmte, und so kam eins zum anderen. Sie wurde in Schutz genommen und ein örtlicher Sozialarbeiter wurde ihr zugewiesen, um sicherzustellen, dass sie die Schule abschließt. Er kümmerte sich auch um ihre finanziellen Angelegenheiten usw. So kam sie nach Marktfucking-Breit.

Saskia war für ihr Alter körperlich gut entwickelt und hatte sehr große Brüste für ihre Größe. Obwohl sie süß und sanftmütig war, konnte sie schnell zu einer harten, unsinnigen "Fick-dich"-Einstellung wechseln, wenn man ihr in die Quere kam. Ich habe mich sofort in sie verliebt, als ich sie das erste Mal sah. Das erste Mal, als ich sie sah, brachte sie den ganzen Raum zum Lachen. Ein deutscher Typ quatschte darüber, dass alle Osteuropäer gleich aussehen und sich gleich anhören und dass er die verschiedenen Nationalitäten nicht auseinanderhalten kann.

Saskia drehte sich leise zu ihm um und sah ihm direkt in die Augen.

"Ich kann auch keinen Unterschied zwischen deinem Gesicht und deinem Arsch erkennen. Es scheint, als käme aus beiden Enden Scheiße heraus und Schwänze hinein."

Es blieb kein Auge trocken, als das Lachen verstummte. Der Typ stand auf, um sie zu bedrohen, wurde aber schnell von Smiley gestoppt und gezwungen, das Gebäude zu verlassen.

Dariusz hatte Saskia vor ein paar Jahren durch eines der älteren Mädchen im Wohnheim kennengelernt, als sie gerade dreizehn war. Damals war sie die Neue im Block und ein älteres Mädchen zeigte ihr, wo es langgeht, was sie schicksalhaft ins Jugendzentrum brachte. Als sie sich das erste Mal trafen, besorgte das ältere Mädchen etwas Haschisch von Smiley und er bot den beiden netten Damen einen Drink an. Die Ältere verschwand mit ihm im Keller und ließ Saskia mit den strahlenden Augen an der Bar zurück. Als sie zurückkamen und die Klamotten ihrer Freundin merklich verrutscht waren, waren die drei den ganzen Abend high, bis es für die beiden Mädchen Zeit wurde, ins Internat zurückzukehren. Smiley,

der selbst ein bisschen pädophil ist, hatte ein Auge auf dieses neue, schöne und sehr junge Mädchen geworfen.

Am Anfang war es harmlos. Saskia ging ab und zu hin, um sich ein bisschen Haschisch zu besorgen, aber nichts allzu Hartes. Ihr Taschengeld war bestenfalls ein Tropfen auf den heißen Stein, und Saskia wurde klar, dass es einigen ihrer Freundinnen sehr gut ging. Sie besaßen Designerklamotten, teures Parfüm und Make-up, obwohl sie genau die gleiche Summe von der Sozialhilfe bekamen. An ihrem vierzehnten Geburtstag hatte Smiley das Jugendzentrum übernommen. Saskia verliebte sich langsam in dieses Gangsterleben.

Sie fing an, mit den gutaussehenden und tätowierten jungen Kriminellen herumzuhängen. Ihre getunten Autos, teuren Klamotten und ihr Schmuckleben waren verlockend für eine arme, kleine, hübsche Puppe wie sie. Smiley quatschte sie immer wieder an und verfolgte sie, kaufte ihr Drinks, führte sie zu teuren Essen aus, kaufte ihr Schmuck und so weiter. Es überrascht nicht, dass Smiley der erste Kunde von Saskia war. Angeblich kaufte er ihre Jungfräulichkeit für fünftausend Mark an ihrem fünfzehnten Geburtstag. Ich weiß nicht, ob das wirklich stimmt, aber Smiley hat es auf jeden Fall geglaubt und ständig damit geprahlt. Als ich Saskia einmal unter vier Augen fragte, rollte sie nur mit den Augen und sagte: "Ja, das kann er denken, wenn er will, es gibt einen Grund, warum ich in Schutz genommen wurde."

Sie war hübsch genug, dass sie danach hohe Preise verlangen konnte. Sie begann bei 200 Mark für eine halbe Stunde ihrer Zeit. Damals bekam man einen Blowjob für etwa 20 Mark und Sex ab etwa 50 Mark aufwärts, je nachdem, wie zugehöhnt die Prostituierte war. 200 Mark waren sicherlich ein kleines Vermögen für eine Muschi, aber es gab genug Männer, die diese Exklusivität mochten.

Die Männer, mit denen sie Sex hatte, waren in der Regel viel, viel älter, Mafiatypen, die in der Hierarchie der Drogenwelt ganz oben standen. Sie wurde ständig um ein Date gebeten. Es war üblich, dass sie teuren Goldschmuck, Designeruhren und Ähnliches geschenkt bekam. Ein Typ versprach ihr sogar, ihr einen verdammt Rolls Royce und eine Ferienvilla in Spanien zu kaufen, sobald sie 18 wurde, wenn sie ihn heiratete und mit ihm in Moskau leben würde. An nur einem Abend mit diesem verdammt hässlichen Oligarchen konnte sie Tausende von Mark in bar und in Geschenken bekommen.

Der hässliche Oger Smiley hingegen war nicht bereit, ständig zu zahlen. Er fand sogar, dass er genug bezahlt hatte, und begann nach einer Weile, sich ihr regelmäßig ohne Bezahlung aufzudrängen. Er wollte sie nicht vergewaltigen, er wollte nur nicht für ihre Dienste bezahlen und teilte ihr mit, dass Verweigerung keine Option sei. Wie konnte die kleine Saskia sich weigern oder ihn zur Kasse bitten? Niemand in der Stadt würde es wagen, einen Streit mit Smiley anzufangen. Als ich sie kennenlernte, verlangte er schon ein paar Mal pro Woche Sex von ihr. Meistens fuhr sie mit ihm in seinem Auto zu seinem Unterschlupf. Niemand außer ihm und ihr wusste, wo das war. Er wollte seinen Ruf nicht riskieren, indem er sie im Jugendzentrum fickte. Saskia war auf jeden Fall seine Schlampe, wenn man so will. Wenn er sie rief, erwartete er von ihr, dass sie alles stehen und liegen ließ und pflichtbewusst kam, um ihre Pflichten zu erfüllen. Wenigstens würde sie nicht in dem Bett dieses grässlichen Mannes übernachten müssen.

Zum Glück musste sie nie mit jemandem die Nacht verbringen, denn in dem Internat herrschte Ausgangssperre. Um 22 Uhr unter der Woche und um Mitternacht am Wochenende mussten alle Bewohner in ihren Schlafsälen sein. Das war für Saskia immer eine Ausrede, um sich von denjenigen zu verabschieden, die ihr nachstellten, denn sie musste ohne Ausnahme zurück in dem Wohnheim sein. Die Ausgangssperre schützte das Mädchen wirklich.

Es war auch eine gute Ausrede, um Männer wie Smiley davon abzuhalten, Saskias Leben komplett zu übernehmen. Das Internat war ihr Zufluchtsort, da Erwachsene, die nicht mit den Schülern verwandt waren, das Gebäude nicht betreten durften. Besucher mussten generell nach 20 Uhr gehen. Die Hausmeister und der Sicherheitsdienst sorgten dafür, dass Kriminelle wie Smiley die Flure des Mädchenwohnheims nicht verdunkeln konnten.

Der Wachmann eines jeden Flügels hatte ein kleines Zimmer im obersten Stockwerk. Sie mussten nicht die ganze Nacht aufbleiben, sondern nur anwesend sein, in Notfällen reagieren und kontrollieren, ob alle nach der Sperrstunde in ihren Zimmern waren. Sie waren dafür verantwortlich, die Polizei zu rufen, falls Gewalt ausbrach oder es einen Eindringling gab. Ihre Waffen waren nur Schlagstöcke und Pfefferspray, aber sie hatten auch keine Angst, sie einzusetzen.

Nachdem der Wachmann oder die Wachfrau seine oder ihre Sperrstunde-Runde gemacht und überprüft hatte, dass alle in ihrem Zimmer waren, gingen auch sie zurück in ihr Zimmer. Die Luft war rein, und natürlich haben sich einige von uns Rebellen wieder verpisst, oder? Saskia und ich schlichen uns, wie viele andere heimliche Liebhaber, oft im Schutz der Dunkelheit hinaus. Wir rauchten Dope und tranken Wodka mit unseren Freunden und Mitbewohnern oder suchten uns ein abgelegenes Plätzchen und trieben es dort. Der Keller war ein guter Ort dafür, oder im Wald, wenn es warm genug war. Einmal bemerkten wir, dass jemand vergessen hatte, die Messe abzuschließen, also kannst du dir vorstellen, was wir dort taten. Das war ziemlich dreist. An den Nachmittagen und an den Wochenenden mussten wir jedoch die Scharade im Jugendzentrum spielen, den Schein wahren und uns weiter abrackern. Ich musste zusehen, wie sie in Smileys Auto verschwand, um dann eine Stunde später schlecht gelaunt zurückzukommen. Ich wusste genau, was passiert war, und konnte nichts dagegen tun.

Anfang 1995 machte er ihr klar, dass er sie fertigmachen würde, wenn sie nicht mehr mit ihm schlief, und hatte zuvor aus Eifersucht andere Kunden von ihr angegriffen. Sie sollte ihm gehören und nur ihm, und er war wirklich so böse, dass sogar andere Freier sich zurückzogen. Das war, bevor sie und ich ein Paar wurden. Das war ein Problem für die kleine Saskia. Es machte ihr nichts aus, für Geld mit Männern zu schlafen, aber sie wollte nicht gezwungen werden, es gegen ihren Willen zu tun. Und jetzt kam noch hinzu, dass sie keine Entschädigung dafür bekam. Finanziell bedeutete das für sie, dass Dariusz sie jetzt in der Tasche hatte. Sie konnte nicht von ihren Fähigkeiten profitieren und wurde deshalb dazu degradiert, für Dariusz Heroin und Kokain in ihrer Muschi bis nach Frankfurt und München zu schmuggeln, um weiterhin Geld zu verdienen. Meiner ehrlichen Meinung nach war das immer noch eine bessere Masche, als viele fremde Männer an sie heranzulassen. Wenn Smiley nur endlich das Interesse daran verlieren würde, sie zu ficken, wäre das noch besser.

Am Anfang war meine Beziehung zu Saskia hauptsächlich schulisch und platonisch freundlich. An den Schultagen vor den Weihnachtsferien plauderte sie mit mir und sagte, ihr sei aufgefallen, dass ich Deutsch mit einem amerikanischen Akzent spreche. Sie fragte mich, ob Englisch meine Muttersprache sei. Ich nickte. Sie fragte mich, ob es mir etwas ausmachen würde, ihr bei den Hausaufgaben zu helfen, und sie würde mich sogar für meine Zeit bezahlen. Ich sagte ihr, ich würde es sogar umsonst machen, aber sie bestand darauf, mir 10 Mark pro Stunde zu zahlen. Von da an bestand sie darauf, dass ich nur noch auf Englisch mit ihr spreche. Ich sollte mich nur auf Deutsch wiederholen, wenn sie mich wirklich nicht verstehen konnte. Wir begannen, uns nach dem Mittag- und Abendessen zu treffen. Ich wusste, dass Saskia inzwischen Smileys sogenanntes Eigentum war, also beschränkte sich das Zusammensein auf das Schulgelände. Ich hätte mich nie getraut, sie anzumachen. Smiley hatte einige deutsche Kunden im Nordflügel, die nicht gezögert hätten, uns zu verpfeifen, wenn sie uns zu oft zusammen gesehen hätten oder, Gott bewahre, wenn wir Zärtlichkeiten ausgetauscht hätten. Mein Verlangen nach ihr konnte niemals ihre Sicherheit und ihr Wohlergehen aufwiegen, egal wie groß die gegenseitige Anziehung war. Ich schätze, sie mochte es, einen normalen Freund um sich zu haben, der nicht nach ihrer Muschi sabberte und ständig versuchte, ihr Geld hinterherzuwerfen. Es war unverkennbar, dass ich ihr Fang war und nicht andersherum.

Saskia wohnte im Mädchenschlafsaal des Internats auf der gleichen Etage wie Liesel, und sie gingen zusammen in den Unterricht. Saskia erzählte Liesel, dass ich gut in Englisch sei, und bald waren wir zu dritt. Am Anfang wollte ich wegen Smiley nicht so viel mit Saskia abhängen. Liesel war für meinen Geschmack ein bisschen prüde, deshalb passten wir anfangs nicht zusammen. Liesel rauchte und trank nicht und tadelte mich, wenn ich den Namen des Herrn missbrauchte oder Schimpfwörter im Gespräch benutzte. Nachdem ich den ganzen Nachmittag mit Liesel gelernt und auf meine Manieren geachtet hatte, brauchte ich meistens eine Pause von ihr. Saskia und ich erfanden die eine oder andere Ausrede, um uns zu zweit zu verpissen, damit wir einen Joint rauchen konnten, ohne dass Liesel uns sagen musste, wie schlimm es war. Im Laufe der Wochen lernte Liesel uns besser kennen. Sie wurde weniger voreingenommen und kompliziert. Sie wurde oft als hochnäsige Streberin abgestempelt und freute sich über jede Art von Gesellschaft. Wenn sie beim Fluchen und Haschischrauchen wegsehen musste, war das ein kleiner Preis für unsere Freundschaft. Sie vertraute uns an, dass viele andere, sie mieden, weil sie sie für arrogant hielten, obwohl sie eigentlich nur sehr einsam und unsicher war. Ihre Eltern waren gläubige Christen. Sie war hin- und hergerissen zwischen der Religion und dem Wunsch, ein normaler, geiler Teenager zu sein, der neue Dinge ausprobieren wollte. Das konnte ich sehr gut verstehen.

Der Vorfall im Januar hat Liesels Geist wirklich gebrochen und danach fiel es ihr sehr schwer, mit jemandem zu reden. Alle wurden gemieden, außer Saskia und mir. Wir wurden zu ihrer Festung des Vertrauens. Ich hatte auch nicht viele Freunde, außer Dimitri, aber der war ständig in seiner eigenen kleinen Welt und redete über Steroide und Bodybuilding, und das war mir alles scheißegal. Wir drei verbrachten die Abende oft mit Karten- oder Brettspielen, und ich brachte beiden das Schachspielen bei. Einmal habe ich versucht, Dimitri einzuladen, aber er meinte, Brettspiele seien etwas für Weicheier. "Mit dieser Einstellung wirst du nie eine Frau finden, mein Freund", dachte ich mir.

Wir drei hingen unter der Woche oft nach Einbruch der Dunkelheit ab, wurden high und reichten Wodka auf dem Friedhof hin und her. Inzwischen rauchte auch Liesel Gras und trank mit uns.

Normalerweise ging sie an den Wochenenden nach Hause. Ihre Mutter hatte Angst, dass sie sich auf einer Party mit jemandem treffen und schwanger werden könnte. Sie war immer noch misstrauisch, was im Januar passiert war, denn Liesel verhielt sich seither seltsam. Bevor sie nach Hause ging, ließ sie das Make-up und den schwarzen Nagellack weg, zog sich um und setzte ihr Kreuz wieder auf, aber ihr Verhalten hatte sich völlig verändert. Sie schaute die Leute nicht mehr an, wenn sie sprach, war desinteressiert und distanziert und ihre Noten fielen zusehends.

Es sollte eine so unschuldige Sache sein. Liesel erzählte mir später, dass sie ihre Mutter angelogen und ihr erzählt hatte, sie sei zu einer Übernachtung mit Freundinnen eingeladen. Da es harmlos aussah, erlaubte ihre Mutter es. Stattdessen hatte sie sich ganz allein ins Jugendzentrum geschlichen, um zu sehen, was es damit auf sich hatte. Alles, was sie wollte, war, ein normales Teenager-Mädchen zu sein. Etwas Abenteuerliches unternehmen, ganz allein. Sie glaubte nicht, dass ihr an einem Ort namens Jugendzentrum etwas passieren könnte. Sie sah, wie Tom mit ihr flirtete und ihr gefiel die Aufmerksamkeit. Er bot ihr an, ihr ein Bier zu kaufen, ihr erstes Bier überhaupt, und sie nahm an.

An einem warmen Freitagabend mitten im März lud uns Saskia zu einem Filmabend ein. Sie hatte ein kleines Kombigerät aus Fernseher und VHS-Gerät in ihrem Schlafzimmer. Der Plan war, eine romantische Komödie für die Mädchen, einen Actionfilm für mich und einen Horrorfilm für uns alle auszuleihen. Sie und Liesel riefen Liesels Mutter an, die unter der Bedingung zustimmte, dass keine Jungs dabei sind. Sie versprachen natürlich, dass sie nur zu zweit sein würden.

Nachdem die Mutter ihren Segen gegeben hatte, richteten die Mädchen den Boden in Saskias Zimmer mit zwei Matratzen, einem Eimer Eis mit Bier und Wodka darin und Snacks ein. Ich sollte das Haschisch besorgen. Der Plan war, dass ich mich nach der Ausgangssperre durch Saskias Fenster schleichen würde und wir drei die Nacht zusammen verbringen würden, um Filme zu schauen und Spaß zu haben. Wir schauten den ersten Film und begannen mit dem Spiel Wahrheit oder Pflicht. Ich forderte sie auf, miteinander zu knutschen, und sie taten es. Dann sagte Liesel zu Saskia, sie wolle ihr dabei zusehen, wie sie mich küsst, und Saskia willigte freudig ein. Dann kroch ich zu Liesel rüber und sagte ihr, dass ich gerne etwas ausprobieren würde, und küsste sie ebenfalls. Wir kuschelten zusammen auf den beiden Matratzen auf dem Boden, küsstes, kuschelten und zogen uns aus. Das ging eine ganze Weile so weiter. Saskia begann mit Liesels hübschem Körper zu spielen und Liesel war begierig. Ich küsste Liesel auf die Lippen und Brüste, während Saskia sie zum Kommen brachte. Es war ein wunderschöner Anblick. Saskia zog sich aus und schlang ihren Körper um Liesel. Ihre Hüften schlossen sich zusammen. Liesel stöhnte, krümmte sich und hielt sich den Mund zu, um nicht vor Lust zu schreien und die anderen Schüler zu alarmieren. Wir hatten fast einen Dreier auf den Matratzen. Saskia und Liesel lagen jetzt auf dem Rücken nebeneinander und ich streichelte sie beide und küsste sie abwechselnd.

Saskia flüsterte

"Liesel, willst du, dass Tommy dich fickt?"

Liesel lächelte und nickte. Ich kletterte hinüber, um mein Portemonnaie zu holen und holte ein Kondom heraus. Ich küsste ihre Muschi weiter und machte sie schön feucht. Als ich ihre Beine spreizte, um in sie einzudringen, fing Liesel auf einmal an zu weinen und fühlte sich sichtlich unwohl. Es wurde sehr unangenehm. Liesel schloss ihre Beine, drehte sich um und fragte mich, ob wir aufhören und es vielleicht ein anderes Mal machen könnten.

Natürlich machten Saskia und ich uns Sorgen um sie, also waren wir einverstanden. Noch nie in meinem Leben hatte ich so sehr mit der Enttäuschung zu kämpfen, aber es war das Richtige, das zu tun. Ich ließ Saskia rübergehen und sie trösten, während ich zu dem kleinen Waschbecken im Zimmer ging und meinen pochenden Schwanz in den Eiskübel hielt, bis meine Erektion endlich verschwunden war. Ich zog meine Unterwäsche wieder an und packte sie weg. Die immer noch nackten Körper von Liesel und Saskia bedeckte ich mit einer Decke. Ich brauchte nicht noch erregter zu sein, als ich ohnehin schon war. Wir kuschelten alle zusammen, Saskia und ich versicherten Liesel, dass niemand sie zu etwas zwingen würde, was sie nicht wollte, und dass wir beide sie wirklich mochten. Alles war in Ordnung. Ich drehte noch einen Joint und wir rauchten ihn gemeinsam, während wir die erste Flasche Wodka austranken. Nachdem wir uns noch einmal umarmt, gekuschelt und versichert hatten, dass niemand böse auf sie war, bat Liesel Saskia, sie zurück in ihr Zimmer zu begleiten, was sie auch tat. Liesel gab mir einen Gutenachtkuss und die beiden gingen aus dem Flur. Saskia blieb über eine Stunde lang bei Liesel und streichelte ihr Haar und ihren Rücken, bis sie einschlief.

Als Saskia zurückkam, war ich sehr betrunken und unangemessen geil. Ich fragte sie, ob es ihr nichts ausmachen würde, draußen spazieren zu gehen, weil ich Angst hatte, dass wir Sex haben würden, wenn wir in ihrem Zimmer blieben. Ich war wirklich erschüttert über Liesels Reaktion auf mich und hin- und hergerissen mit meinen Gefühlen für beide. Sie stimmte zu, dass es schön wäre, nach draußen zu gehen, um frische Luft zu schnappen. Ich kletterte aus ihrem Fenster, und wir trafen uns in der Nähe des Friedhofs. Wir liefen und redeten und fanden schließlich ein lauschiges Plätzchen in einer grasbewachsenen Ecke hinter dem Fußballfeld und den angrenzenden Büschen unter dem Sternenhimmel. Wir machten es uns gemütlich, rauchten weiter Joints und tranken Wodka. Nach viel pseudointellektuellem Reden und Trinken führte eines zum anderen und wir fingen unweigerlich an, miteinander zu knutschen. Ich schob meinen Kapuzenpullover unter Saskias perfekten kleinen nackten Körper und küsste sie am ganzen Körper.

Ich durchsuchte alle meine Taschen nach einem weiteren Kondom, aber wie ich befürchtet hatte, hatte ich das einzige, das ich bei mir hatte, bei Liesel benutzt.

"Hast du ein Kondom dabei, Saskia?"

Sie schüttelte den Kopf.

"Sei einfach vorsichtig, Tommy, okay? Komm nicht in mir."



Ich war so aufgeregt. Ich hatte mich kaum in sie hineingesteckt und wäre fast sofort gekommen. Ich musste meinen Schwanz packen und festzudrücken, um nicht zu kommen, und hätte mich fast selbst gedemütigt. Auch als wir anfangen, es zu treiben, musste ich mich ein paar Mal zurückziehen und mich zurückhalten. Sie fand es unterhaltsam, auch wenn ich noch nicht viel Erfahrung hatte. Ich war schließlich erst fünfzehn und hatte noch nicht viel Erfahrung mit der Kontrolle einer Ejakulation. Schließlich geschah das Unvermeidliche und als sie mich ritt, konnte ich sie nicht schnell genug aufhalten und explodierte in ihr. Es hat sich so viel Volumen angesammelt, dass es unmöglich zu leugnen war. Sie schaute leicht verärgert auf mich herab, aber es war zu spät, also was soll's. Sie ritt mich weiter, bis auch sie kam, bevor sie sich wieder auf das Gras rollte.

"Tommy, ich hoffe wirklich, dass ich nicht schwanger werde, ich nehme nicht die Pille."

"Da können wir doch jetzt nichts machen, oder?"

Sie lachte.

"Nö"

Sie drehte sich zu mir um und küsste mich am ganzen Körper. Verdammt, keine zwanzig Minuten waren vergangen und ich war wieder wach.

Bald hatten wir betrunken zum zweiten Mal ungeschützten Sex, abgeschirmt durch das Gebüsch und die Dunkelheit. Es war magisch. Es überrascht nicht, dass Saskia sich mit dem Körper eines Mannes auskannte und ich etwas mehr Selbstbeherrschung hatte. Sie war unersättlich toll und bei der dritten Runde war ich so überreizt, dass ich nicht mehr kommen konnte, also schien zumindest dieses Problem gelöst zu sein. Wir waren völlig erschöpft und gaben auf. Ich ließ sie auf mir liegen und streichelte und küsste sie sanft. Ich war immer noch in ihr, als wir beide einschliefen, unsere Lippen in den Armen des anderen zusammengepresst. Wenig später wachte ich auf und zitterte vor Kälte, denn es hatte angefangen zu regnen. Ich drehte mich um und bedeckte Saskias kalten Körper mit meinem Kapuzenpulli und ihrer Jacke, bevor ich im Dunkeln nach meiner Unterwäsche suchte und mich unbeholfen wieder anzog.

Inzwischen war es etwa vier Uhr morgens und die Temperaturen waren auf etwa fünf Grad gesunken. Ich weckte Saskia auf. Sie war etwas verwirrt, als wir in der Dunkelheit nach ihren Unterhosen und anderen Klamotten suchten. Als wir sicher waren, dass wir alles gefunden hatten und sie angezogen war, eilten wir zurück, jeder in seinen respektablen Schlafsaal. Ich bat Saskia, Liesel bitte nichts zu sagen, und sie sagte, dass sie das selbst für eine gute Idee halte. Ich sagte Saskia, dass ich nach Liesel sehen würde, sobald ich aufgestanden war, und dass wir uns vielleicht morgen Abend treffen könnten. Saskia sagte, dass der heutige Abend so anstrengend für sie gewesen sei, dass sie ein oder zwei Tage für sich bräuchte, und dass ich es nicht persönlich nehmen sollte. Wir knutschten ein bisschen und verabschiedeten uns eine Million Mal, bevor wir einander loslassen konnten. Ich rannte zurück in meinen Schlafsaal, war leichter als Luft und stürzte mich unter eine sehr lange und heiße Dusche. Ich fühlte mich fantastisch und ging mit Schmetterlingen im Bauch ins Bett.

Nicht einmal sechs Stunden später wachte ich auf. Seit ich mich erinnern kann, hatte ich mich nicht mehr so gut gefühlt, trotz des starken Katers. Ich ging in die Stadt, um als romantische Geste ein paar Croissants und Süßigkeiten in der Bäckerei zu kaufen. Als ich zurückkam, hatten meine Kopfschmerzen etwas nachgelassen, und ich klopfte voller Vorfreude an Liesels Tür. Sie war wirklich froh, mich zu sehen. Sie entschuldigte sich dafür, dass es am Vorabend so komisch war, und ich versicherte ihr, dass weder Saskia noch ich etwas anderes von ihr hielten. Wir saßen auf ihrem kleinen Bett, frühstückten und redeten stundenlang. Sie sagte immer wieder, dass sie das Gefühl hat, mir nicht geben zu können, was ich brauche, aber dass sie mich wirklich mag. Ich mochte sie auch sehr, aber ich hatte es nicht eilig. Ich war es nicht gewohnt, so viel weibliche Aufmerksamkeit zu bekommen, und ich war auch noch dabei, mich zurechtzufinden. Sie fragte mich, ob Saskia und ich miteinander schliefen, nachdem sie gegangen war, aber ich wollte Liesel nicht verletzen. Wenn Smiley jemals herausfindet, dass ich sein Mädchen gefickt habe, würde er mich und Saskia sicher auch umbringen. Um alle Beteiligten zu schützen, habe ich den Teil mit dem ungeschützten Sex im betrunkenen Zustand weggelassen. Meine Affäre war nur auf einer "Need-to-know"-Basis.

Stattdessen erzählte ich Liesel, dass Saskia und ich, nachdem wir sie zurück in ihren Schlafsaal begleitet hatten, weiter über das Schulgelände gelaufen waren, noch einen Joint geraucht und den Wodka ausgetrunken hatten. Danach ging sie zurück in ihr Zimmer und ich auch. Ich sagte Liesel, dass das Rummachen mit Saskia ohne sie nicht so viel Spaß macht, was sie zum Lachen brachte. Ich sagte ihr, ich hätte es nicht eilig. Sie sagte mir, dass sie mich wirklich mag und ich gestand ihr, dass ich dasselbe für sie empfinde. Ich war ehrlich, dass ich Saskia auch wirklich mochte, aber dass wir alles erst einmal offenlassen könnten. Wenn Liesel sich mit anderen Leuten treffen wollte, konnte sie das gerne tun. Sie sagte, sie sei nicht gerne mit anderen zusammen, außer mit Saskia und mir, und was wir beide ohne sie machten, sei unsere Sache. Sie hatte nichts gegen diese Art von Dreiecksbeziehung, die sich scheinbar entwickelt hatte. Sie betonte: "Wenn du jemanden magst, musst du ihn so akzeptieren, wie er ist, und entweder damit klarkommen oder es bleiben lassen."

Sie wollte nur, dass ich ehrlich zu ihr bin, das war alles. Ich mochte sie jetzt sogar noch mehr. Sie machte mein Leben nicht noch komplizierter, als es ohnehin schon war. Wir verbrachten den ganzen Nachmittag und Abend damit, zu kuscheln, zu küssen, zu streicheln und Musik zu hören. Sie sagte mir, dass ich sie berühren dürfe, aber dass sie keinen penetranten Sex haben wolle. Das war für mich in Ordnung. Saskia hatte mir zuvor jeden Milliliter Flüssigkeit und jedes Quäntchen Durchhaltevermögen geraubt. Ich musste mich erholen.

Liesel hatte, wie Saskia, einen wirklich hübschen Körper. Doch sie war das genaue Gegenteil von Saskia. Liesel war so groß wie ich, hatte lange Beine, eine dünne Taille und Arme, kompakte, freche Brüste mit kleinen, festen Warzenhöfen und braunen Brustwarzen. Ihr Gesicht war sehr symmetrisch und auffällig. Ihre Nase war sehr ausgeprägt, fast wie aus dem Nahen Osten, aber ihre Wangenknochen, Kiefer und Lippen sahen eher osteuropäisch/russisch aus.

Wenn sie lächelte, hatte sie Grübchen in den Wangen, die ihr makellooses, perlweißes Gebiss in ihrem wunderschönen Lächeln zur Geltung brachten. Ihre haselnussbraunen Augen und

ihr sehr langes, glattes, dunkelbraunes Haar, das ihr bis über die Brüste reichte, ergänzten ihren schönen Körper und ihren zarten Hals. Ihre Hautfarbe war für eine Deutsche ziemlich braun, aber sie bestand darauf, dass das ihre natürliche Farbe sei. Auf jeden Fall war sie in jeder Hinsicht umwerfend schön. Wenn du sie tagsüber gesehen hättest, mit ihrer unauffälligen Kleidung und den Jeans, die ihren Körper verdeckten, und der Brille im John-Lennon-Stil, die ihr Gesicht verbarg, hättest du sie vielleicht gar nicht bemerkt. Später, als sie zum Goth wurde, bedeckte sie immer noch ihren ganzen Körper. Nur viel mehr schwarzes Make-up und Nagellack usw. Ich mochte sie unabhängig davon, was sie anhatte, denn sie war einfach ein wunderschönes und absolut liebenswertes menschliches Wesen.

Saskia war im Vergleich dazu überschwänglich, direkt und gesprächig. Sie war immer komplett aufgetakelt. Makellos gepflegte Nägel, teures Parfüm, enge Miniröcke und freizügige Oberteile, die ihre Brüste zeigten, die etwas zu groß für ihre kleine und kompakte Körpergröße waren. Ihr nackter Körper war im Vergleich dazu blass mit einem leichten weißen Flaum, der ihr Gesicht und ihre Arme bedeckte und keine dunklen Muttermale oder Flecken aufwies. Ihre Brüste waren trotz ihrer Größe sehr fest und hatten große rosa Warzenhöfe und passende Brustwarzen. Ihr Gesicht war viel weicher und runder, fast ein bisschen kindlich. Eine Knollennase, weiche, volle Lippen und unheimlich niedliche, große blaugrüne Augen. Mit ihrem perfekt gepflegten, lockigen blonden Haar zog sie meine Aufmerksamkeit auf sich. Als geiler Teenager entdeckte ich, dass es schöne Frauen in allen Formen und Größen gibt. Spaß, Spaß, Spaß!

Wir genossen den ganzen Nachmittag und bis in den späten Abend hinein den Körper des jeweils anderen. Sie schien meine Zunge sehr zu schätzen. Sie zitterte und krümmte sich vor Lust. Als es auf Mitternacht zuging, waren meine Kiefermuskeln wund, mein Gesicht und meine Lippen total aufgeraut und rot vom Küssen und Lecken in der Nacht. Es war eine ganz andere Erfahrung, mich ausschließlich darauf zu konzentrieren, eine Frau zu befriedigen, ohne eine Gegenleistung zu erwarten. Es machte mir nichts aus, dass Liesel anfangs ausflippte. Schließlich war ich dabei, als die Scheiße passiert ist. Ich liebte dieses Mädchen wirklich und wollte derjenige sein, der für sie da war. Ich wollte zuerst ihre Bedürfnisse befriedigen und mit der Zeit konnte sie sich vielleicht wieder öffnen. Ich schätze, deshalb hat sie gesagt, dass sie nichts gegen meine Beziehung zu Saskia hat. Ich tat mein Bestes, um Liesel zu geben, was sie brauchte, und es war nur fair, dass auch ich Befriedigung bekam.

In wenigen Minuten war Zapfenstreich und ich musste verschwinden. Ab und zu öffneten die weiblichen Wächterinnen während der Abendkontrolle unangekündigt die Zimmer der Mädchen, um sicherzugehen, dass sich kein Mann herumschlich. Wenn du die Tür abgeschlossen hast, standen sie da und warteten, bis du sie öffnest. Natürlich wäre dann jeder Dummkopf längst aus dem Fenster geklettert. Es war Zeit, gute Nacht zu sagen, Liesel war müde und wollte schlafen gehen. Ich gab ihr einen Abschiedskuss und schlich mich aus ihrem Fenster. Ich war im Oxytocin-Himmel.

Gegen eine Uhr nachts rief ich Mamet an und fragte ihn, ob er noch in seiner Partybude sei. Das war er. Ich sagte ihm, dass ich auf dem Weg sei und mich darauf freue, mit ihm ein paar Runden Schach zu spielen. Das würde mir helfen, mich von diesem Schlamassel abzulenken.

Als ich die Hauptstraße entlanglief, dachte ich darüber nach, was mit unserer kleinen Clique passiert war. Im Laufe von nicht einmal vierundzwanzig Stunden waren wir drei von Freunden zu Liebhabern geworden. Liesel und ich, nun ja, so viel war klar. Saskia und ich sind nach der letzten Nacht auch ein Paar, daran besteht kein Zweifel. Diese Art von Liebe mit ihr war viel zu unglaublich und intensiv, um nur ein One-Night-Stand zu sein. Ich kam in ihr, ich fühlte, dass ich jetzt eine körperliche Verbindung zu ihr hatte. Liesel sagte, sie sei einverstanden mit allem, was Saskia und ich ohne sie machten, aber ich hatte immer noch Angst, sie zu verletzen. Ich wollte nicht, dass sie das dritte Rad in dieser Beziehung ist. Ich grübelte. Wir drei haben uns schon einmal fast geliebt, vielleicht könnten wir es noch einmal schaffen. Ich sollte versuchen, Saskia und Liesel dazu zu bringen, miteinander zu schlafen. Vielleicht war es nur meine Einbildung, aber ich glaube, dass sie sich irgendwie zueinander hingezogen fühlen. Wenn Liesel etwas Zeit mit Saskia allein verbringen würde, könnte sie langsam Vertrauen aufbauen, so dass wir uns beide im selben Zimmer und im selben Bett wohlfühlen würden. Liesel, Saskia und ich. Es schien einfach richtig zu sein, wie auch immer man das nennen kann.

Ich habe auch darüber nachgedacht, was Saskia gestern Abend gesagt hat. Dass sie Smiley die Stirn bieten und ihm sagen wollte, dass es vorbei ist. Was hätte er denn tun sollen? Sie schlagen? Genau! Sie würde ihm die Bullen auf den Hals hetzen und ihn wegen Sex mit einer Minderjährigen, Erpressung, Dealerei und vielem mehr ins Gefängnis bringen. Er hatte so viel Dreck am Stecken, dass es plausibel erschien, dass er vielleicht sogar zustimmen würde. Oder er würde sie einfach auf der Stelle umbringen. Auch das war eine sehr reale Möglichkeit. Ich machte ihr klar, wie tödlich gefährlich eine solche Konfrontation sein könnte und schlug ihr stattdessen vor, ihn immer seltener zu besuchen und sich Ausreden einfallen zu lassen, um nicht in seine Wohnung zu gehen und dort abzuhängen. Ich sagte ihr, dass Smiley andere Mädchen hatte. Das wusste ich ganz genau. Wahrscheinlich hat er sie auch für Sex erpresst, die armen Dinger.

Nach dieser wundervollen Nacht funktionierte es ein paar Wochen lang. Er schien sich nicht allzu sehr daran zu stören, wenn sie anfang, sich zu entschuldigen. Wenn ich ihm begegnete, war es nicht zu leugnen, dass er immer noch etwas für die kleine Saskia übrig hatte. Er stellte mir viele Fragen über sie, und das machte mich verdammt nervös. Sie würde ihm nicht ewig aus dem Weg gehen können. Nachdem sie nicht mehr im Jugendzentrum auftauchte, gab es nur eine logische Lösung. Ich fing an, das Jugendzentrum ebenfalls zu meiden.

Es war eine unschuldig gefährliche Liebesaffäre für uns beide.

Ich, mehr als Saskia, kannte die bittere Wahrheit. Ich wusste, dass Smiley stolz darauf war, seine Familie oder seine Gemeinschaft zu haben, wie er es nannte. Seine Mentalität war, dass jedes Mädchen, das mit ihm oder für ihn arbeitete, zu ihm gehörte. Ich wusste, dass es dumm von Saskia wäre, ihn damit zu konfrontieren, dass er sie gegen ihren Willen zum Sex mit ihm zwang. Sich auf dem Internatgelände zu verstecken, außerhalb seiner Reichweite, schien eine bessere Lösung zu sein, wenn auch nur vorübergehend.

Smiley war böartig und hatte ein sehr kurzes Temperament. Vor ein paar Wochen im Februar war eine Gruppe von uns in einem Nachtclub außerhalb von Würzburg. Er löste eine heftige Schlägerei aus, nur weil ein Typ ihn daran hinderte, Getränke zu bestellen, während

er an der Bar stand. Er hat Smiley nicht gesehen und es war keine Provokation. Nachdem Smiley ein paar Minuten hinter ihm stand, wurde er wütend. Anstatt mit dem Mann zu reden, schlug er ihm auf den Hinterkopf und sagte ihm, er solle sich verpissen. Der andere Typ, der wahrscheinlich aus dem Nahen Osten stammte, stürzte sich sofort auf ihn und schlug Smiley seinen Bierkrug auf den Kopf. Von da an ging es nur noch bergab. Ehe ich mich versah, war der ganze Ort ein einziges großes Schlachtfest. Smiley war eindeutig in der Unterzahl und mindestens fünf andere Typen aus dem Nahen Osten kamen hinzu und verprügelten Smiley. Ich hatte den Beginn der Schlägerei gar nicht bemerkt, weil ich im Bad war und Koks schnupfte. Als ich zurückkam, sah ich die Schlägerei und rannte instinktiv zu Saskia hinüber, um sie zu beschützen. Zum Glück hatten wir einen Stand, unter dem wir uns verstecken konnten, als Schüsse fielen und die Leute in Panik zum Ausgang rannten.

Unnötig zu erwähnen, dass die Polizei ausnahmsweise mal auftauchte und Dutzende von Leuten verhaftete. Smiley schaffte es, seinem Arschtritt zu entkommen, hinter die Bar zu springen, durch die Luke zu entkommen und durch den Kellerausgang zu verschwinden. Zum Glück für Saskia und mich war die Polizei so sehr damit beschäftigt, sich mit Smileys Idioten und den immer noch kämpfenden Nahostlern zu beschäftigen, dass sie keine Notiz von uns Minderjährigen nahm. Während der Schlägerei klaute ich eine Flasche Whisky von unserem Nachbartisch. Das Paar war in Panik geraten, nachdem Schüsse gefallen waren, und hatte eine fast volle Flasche Jack Daniels zurückgelassen. Ich hätte mich nicht einmal getraut, es zu tun, aber auf Saskias Geheiß tapste ich aus unserer Deckung unter den Tisch, schnappte mir die Flasche und flitzte wieder unter unseren Tisch zurück. Ich wurde für meine Tapferkeit mit einem Kuss auf die Wange belohnt.

Als sich der Ansturm auf die anderen Partygäste gelichtet hatte, eilten wir zur Vordertür hinaus und verließen das Lokal. Ich war Arm in Arm mit der Sehnsucht, und der Whisky war in der Innentasche meiner Jacke. Als wäre es die normalste Sache der Welt. Saskia schien durch die Schüsse nicht im Geringsten beunruhigt zu sein. Ich hingegen fühlte mich viel weniger mutig, aber verdammt, wenn ich mir das von einem Mädchen, das fast zwei Köpfe kleiner ist, anmerken lassen würde.

Wir hatten uns selbst auf den Heimweg gemacht, da Smiley in Panik losgefahren war und Saskia und mich im Stich gelassen hatte. Wir nahmen ein Taxi zurück in unser Dorf und landeten auf dem Friedhof neben dem Internat, wo wir den gestohlenen Whisky tranken. Irgendwie wusste ich in dieser Nacht, dass es mit Saskia und mir etwas werden würde, nicht ob, sondern wann. Nachdem wir die Flasche ausgetrunken hatten, begleitete ich sie galant nach Hause zurück. Diesmal küsste sie mich ganz kurz auf die Lippen.

## Kapitel 16

### Wallah Habibi's Party Pad

Während ich mich langsam aber sicher mit Smiley und den Leuten im Jugendzentrum anfreundete, lernte ich auch andere Leute kennen. An einem frühen Oktobernachmittag, kurz nach meinem vierzehnten Geburtstag, war ich nach Schulschluss mit einigen Klassenkameraden unterwegs. Der Grund für mein ungewöhnliches Zusammensein mit Kindern aus meiner Klasse war ein Junge mit dem Namen Amir. Er war halb Deutscher und halb Algerier. Er war erst kürzlich aus Frankfurt hierhergezogen, kurz nachdem das Schuljahr bereits begonnen hatte. Er war ein hässlicher, dürrer Kerl mit dicken, schwarzen, lockigen Haaren, einer Brille und jeder Menge Pickeln. Was ihn aber interessant machte, war, dass er einen Freund eines Cousins eines anderen Freundes hatte, eine Art Verbindung zu einem Dealer, der richtig gutes schwarzes afghanisches Haschisch besorgen konnte. Cool! Natürlich wollten wir etwas abgreifen, also gingen wir mit Amir zur Wohnung des Cousins seines Freundes.

Wir kamen an einem Konglomerat aus fünfstöckigen Betonblöcken an. Wir gingen bis in den obersten Stock eines der Gebäude. Im Treppenhaus roch es feucht und schimmelig, gemischt mit dem starken Geruch von frisch gewaschener Wäsche. Ich fand es leicht eklig und hielt beim Hinaufsteigen den Atem an, so dass ich oben nach Luft schnappte, was die anderen Jungs zum Lachen brachte. In der überfüllten, aber ziemlich sauberen Wohnung angekommen, stellte uns Amir seinen desinteressierten entfernten Verwandten bzw. Freund Wallah Habibi, Sippy a Go-go, vor. Wir saßen im Wohnzimmer und rauchten abwechselnd aus einer Bong, während der leicht genervte Dealer kleine Haschischstücke schnitt, die nicht die Menge waren, die er sonst verkaufte. Ein Kind nahm zehn Mark, ein anderes fünf Mark und so weiter und so fort. Ich war pleite, also war ich froh, einen Zug von allem zu bekommen, was mir in die Finger kam.

Irgendwann tauchte Mamet auf. Sein kurzes schwarzes und leicht ergrautes Haar ließ darauf schließen, dass er um die vierzig war. Alles an ihm war tadellos. Er war perfekt rasiert und trug ein dunkelblaues, gut geschneidertes Outfit aus Rohseide. Der ganze Raum roch nach einem teuren Designer-Aftershave, als er an uns vorbeiging. Um sein Handgelenk trug er eine teure, aber unauffällige schwarze Lederarmbanduhr. An seiner rechten Hand ruhte ein einzelner silberner Ring mit einem großen geschliffenen Onyx auf seinem kleinen Finger. Perfekt polierte schwarze italienische Lederschuhe vervollständigten seinen Look. Seine Ausstrahlung war gelassen, ruhig und doch unbestreitbar dominant, er bewegte sich und sprach mit Autorität. Mamet war zu dieser Zeit der einzige andere nennenswerte Dealer in Würzburg. Er und seine Freunde handelten hauptsächlich mit Haschisch und Heroin, aber wie ich später herausfand, verkauften sie auch gestohlene Autoteile, Waffen und Industriemaschinen. Mamet war halb Afghane, halb Iraner und sprach fließend Arabisch, Farsi, Englisch, Deutsch, Französisch, Ungarisch und Russisch. Der Mann war eine wandelnde Sprachbibliothek. Wenn du Arbeit brauchst und bescheiden bist, ruhig und unauffällig, kommst du bei Mamet schnell unter. Ich selbst habe einen dunkleren Teint, lockige braune Haare, behaarte Arme und braune Augen. Ich sehe anderen Menschen aus

dem Mittleren Osten ähnlich, und ich schätze, das machte mich ihm irgendwie instinktiv sympathisch.

Ich hatte zuvor ein wunderschönes Schachbrett auf dem Regal unter dem gläsernen Wohnzimmertisch bemerkt und den Mut aufgebracht, beiläufig zu fragen, ob jemand spielen könne. Meine Klassenkameraden lachten mich aus und sagten mir, dass sei ein Spiel für alte Leute. Mamet hörte jedoch, was ich sagte und sagte meinen Freunden in kristallklarem britischem Englisch, dass sie alle Idioten seien.

"Schach ist ein Spiel für intelligente Menschen, also kann ich verstehen, warum ihr es nicht spielen wollt."

Oh BURN! dachte ich bei mir. Dieser Kerl ist verdammt geil!

Meine Klassenkameraden zogen sich zurück und hielten den Mund.

"Er sieht mich an und spricht

"Wie ist dein Name?"

"Ich bin Tommy." Er greift nach meiner Hand und schüttelt sie mit festem Griff.

"Mein Name ist Mamet, bist du gut?"

"Ich bin mir nicht sicher, es ist schon eine Weile her, also wirst du mir wahrscheinlich in den Arsch treten."

"Sei nicht so bescheiden", grinst er. "Komm, lass uns diese Idioten verlassen und in der Küche abhängen. Bring das Schachbrett mit."

Er geht in die Küche und ich schnappe mir zaghaft das Schachbrett, das dazwischen liegt, wo meine Klassenkameraden auf der Couch sitzen, und folge nervös seinen Anweisungen. Er zündet sich einen fetten Joint an, während ich beginne, die Schachfiguren aus der Holzkiste zu nehmen und sie auf das Brett zu stellen. Er reicht mir neugierig den Joint.

"Du rauchst, Tommy?"

Ich nehme einen kräftigen Zug und halte ihn für viele, viele Sekunden in der Lunge, bevor ich eine riesige Rauchwolke in die kleine Küche ausatme. Wir fangen beide laut an zu lachen.

"Beeindruckend", sagt er kichernd. "Ich habe erwartet, dass du dir die Lunge aushustest wie ein Anfänger."

Danach haben wir uns gut verstanden, gespielt und geredet. Irgendwann kam einer meiner Klassenkameraden in die Küche und teilte mir mit, dass sie ins Jugendzentrum gehen würden. Ich lehnte ab. Meine letzte Schachpartie in der Sekte war schon eine Ewigkeit her und ich vermisste, dass spielen sehr, also blieb ich und hing mit ihm ab. Wir spielten den ganzen Nachmittag eine Partie nach der anderen, beide mit völlig blutunterlaufenen Augen, high wie Drachen, während die Musik von Bob Marley und Peter Tosh im Hintergrund lief.

Irgendwann musste ich leider zurück ins Internat gehen, weil ich das Abendessen nicht verpassen wollte. Im Laufe des Nachmittags hatte ich erwähnt, dass ich in einer Sekte aufgewachsen und ein paar Mal weggelaufen war, bevor ich schließlich ins Internat landete in der ich jetzt lebte. Ich erwähnte Mamet gegenüber beiläufig, dass ich mir während meines Aufenthalts auf dem Campus etwas dazuverdienen wollte.

Als wir zusammenpacken, ruft er seinen Dealer-Freund in die Küche und stellt mich ihm förmlich vor. Dann holt er aus einem versteckten Fach einer Küchenschublade einen 50-Gramm-Block schwarzen Afghanen hervor, klappt ein Butterfly-Messer heraus und erhitzt es mit einem Feuerzeug, bis es rot glüht. Er schneidet ein Stück von etwa 10 Gramm ab und reicht es mir, während er mit seinem Partner auf Arabisch spricht. Das Wesentliche ist, dass ich 80 Mark für das Stück zahlen soll, wenn ich es verkaufe, und dass ich danach einen kleinen Kredit haben darf, bis ich Kapital aufbauen kann.

Mamet schreibt mir die Nummer seines Partners auf, die ich anrufen soll, wenn ich mehr brauche. Sobald ich es verkauft habe, muss ich ihm spätestens innerhalb von 48 Stunden 80 Mark zahlen, sonst muss ich das Stück komplett zurückgeben. Wenn ich etwas davon rauche, muss ich den vollen Einzelgramm-Preis von 10 pro Gramm bezahlen. Ein sehr gutes Geschäft für mich, denn damals kostete selbst ein Gramm des schlechtesten marokkanischen Haschischs auf der Straße 20 D-Mark. Entweder gab ich das ganze Stück zurück oder ich brachte ihm das Geld, was mir fair erschien. Wenn ich es verlor oder ihn nicht bezahlte, konnte ich mir nur vorstellen, dass das Schnappmesser einem anderen Zweck dienen könnte. Mamet lächelt und schüttelt mir energisch die Hand

"Ich hoffe, dass ich bald gegen dich spielen kann."

"Mir auch, es war wirklich ein Vergnügen."

Nachdem Mamet gegangen war, erklärte mir Sippy, wie ich weitere Einkäufe tätigen konnte. Ich wurde angewiesen, von einem Münztelefon aus anzurufen. Der Code lautete: "Bist du in der Eisdielen?" Dann sollst du warten, bis der Typ sagt, ob oder wann er da ist, bevor du auflegst. Das Telefonat sollte nie länger als 30 Sekunden dauern. Zu besagter Zeit konnte ich dann zurück in die Wohnung gehen, wo ich das Geld übergeben und noch etwas Material abholen konnte. Ich steckte das Stück in meinen Schuh und machte mich auf den Weg zurück in die Kantine.

Nach dem Abendessen bringe ich das Stück in den Schlafsaal und zeige es meinem Mitbewohner, um ihn zu fragen, ob er jemanden kennt, der es vielleicht kaufen möchte. Er knabbert ein wenig davon ab und ist sichtlich überrascht.

"Wie kommst du an so gute Sachen ran? Respekt!"

Er erhitzt eine kleine Ecke und schnüffelt daran, bevor er aufgeregt den Raum mit dem Stück in der Faust verlässt. Eine Sekunde lang dachte ich, er hätte es einfach geklaut und mein Herz sank zu Boden. Fünf quälende Minuten später kam er mit zehn, zwanzig Mark Scheinen wieder herein. Er nahm mir 160 ab und erzählte mir, dass er das Stück für 200 Mark verkauft hatte und sagte mir, dass 40 sein Anteil sei. Für mich ist das in Ordnung. Er hat weit über



dem Marktwert verkauft. Seine Seltenheit und Qualität rechtfertigten den hohen Preis im Internat. Wo hättest du sonst welche bekommen können? Die anderen Schüler, die mich vorstellten, waren keine Dealer. Sie konnten sich kaum ihre eigene Gewohnheit leisten und sie wohnten nicht im Wohnheim.

"Habt ihr noch mehr?"

"Nein, aber ich kann welche besorgen."

"Er kramt in den Taschen seines Adidas-Turnschuhs und holt weitere 100 Mark in kleinen Scheinen heraus, sodass er mir insgesamt 140 Mark überreicht.

"Hier, kauf mir auch welche. Wie viel hast du bezahlt?"

"Ich habe 12 pro Gramm bezahlt."

"Ok, ich kann für 20 verkaufen. Wir teilen den Gewinn. Ja?"

"Klar."

Vor lauter Begeisterung bin ich fast zum nächsten Münztelefon gerannt. Sippy nimmt ab und sagt, dass er den ganzen Abend in der Eisdiele ist. Wunderbar! Ich eile rüber und zahle ihm zuerst, was ich ihm schulde. Dann investiere ich alles, was ich gerade verdient habe, plus die hundertvierzig von meiner Mitbewohnerin. Sippy sagt, er würde mir lieber nur das 40-Gramm-Stück geben, das übriggeblieben ist, weil es zu viel Aufwand wäre, es zu schneiden. Er sagt mir, dass ich ihm immer noch 180 Mark schulde. Normalerweise würde er nie jemandem etwas auf Kredit geben, aber weil er gesehen hat, dass der Chef mir beim ersten Mal Kredit gegeben hat, wird er nur eine Ausnahme machen, aber das war's. Von nun an müsste ich alles in bar bezahlen, bevor ich es mitnehme. Ich danke ihm für sein Vertrauen.

"Sippy, ich bin zuversichtlich genug, dass ich dir die Differenz noch heute Abend zurückgeben kann."

Sippy schüttelt den Kopf.

"Nein, mein Freund, das sind schon zu viele Besuche an einem Tag. Komm in zwei Tagen wieder. Das ist besser für uns beide."

Er warnt mich, dass ich bis dahin sicher sein muss, dass ich bezahlen kann. Keine Rückgabe, keine Rückerstattung. Ich packe das Teil ein und stopfe es in meine Unterwäsche. In dieser Stadt gibt es nicht einmal mehr eine Polizeistation, also mache ich mir keine Sorgen, mit der Stoff herumzulaufen.

Ich ging so schnell wie möglich zum Wohnheim zurück, ohne Verdacht zu schöpfen. Ich nahm den Hintereingang und schlich mich erst durch die Waschküche und dann durch den Fitnessraum im Keller wieder ins Haus. Ich hatte Angst, dass einer der Hausmeister am Haupteingang patrouillieren würde, wie sie es manchmal taten. Sie forderten die Kinder wahllos auf, ihre Taschen auszuleeren und durchsuchten sie. Wenn du wegläufst oder dich weigerst, passiert zwar nicht sofort viel, aber du kannst sicher sein, dass der Hausmeister

mit dem Sicherheitsdienst zurückkommt und dein Zimmer durchsucht. Ich habe das einmal erlebt und sie waren sehr gründlich, ohne Rücksicht darauf, dass dabei persönliche Gegenstände zu Bruch gingen. Das würde wahrscheinlich bedeuten, dass du später von deinem Mitbewohner verprügelt wirst. Wenn ich beim Dealen auf dem Campus erwischt werden würde, wären die Konsequenzen brutal. Es würde bedeuten, dass ich direkt in Polizeigewahrsam genommen und auf der Stelle von der Schule verwiesen würde. So lauteten die Regeln. Ich glaube nicht, dass sie jemals wirklich durchgesetzt wurden. Ich wusste damals schon, dass auf allen Ebenen der Verwaltung viel Korruption im Spiel war, aber trotzdem war es besser, das nicht herauszufinden.

Mein Mitbewohner und ich fingen sofort an, das Haschisch in 1-Gramm-Stücke zu zerschneiden. Wir teilten uns auf, jeder 20 Gramm, und gingen unverfroren von Zimmer zu Zimmer, klopfen an die Türen und fragten die, die da waren, ob sie Haschisch kaufen wollten, so lässig, als wollten sie eine Zigarette schnorren. Wir wussten, wer den Verrätern waren, und so war es einfach, sie zu umgehen. Nicht eine Person, die wir fragten, sagte nein. Einer von Dimitris Kameraden konnte nichts kaufen, weil er kein Bargeld bei sich hatte. Als er mit dem Geld in der Hand zurückkam, waren Dimitri und ich bereits ein Stockwerk höher und ausverkauft. Der Kamerad ließ mich versprechen, dass ich als erstes an seine Tür klopfen würde, sobald ich mehr Stoff hätte. Ich sagte ihm, dass ich übermorgen wieder bereit sein würde. Er gab mir sogar drei Zigaretten als Bestechung, damit ich mich an ihn erinnern würde. Die gesamten vierzig Gramm waren in weniger als dreißig Minuten verkauft. So einfach ist das. Unser Gebäude im Westflügel war mit über achtzig Schülerinnen und Schülern bevölkert. Vierzig Gramm verschwinden zu lassen, war nicht einmal ein Tropfen auf einen heißen Stein im Vergleich zu der potenziellen Nachfrage.

Mein Mitbewohner und ich rechnen ab. Er nimmt seinen Lohn von hundertvierzig plus vier Mark pro Gramm zurück, wie wir es ausgehandelt hatten. Dimitri weiß nicht, dass ich eigentlich viel weniger bezahlt habe, aber das ist nicht seine Sorge. Er hat Glück, dass er bei dieser Masche dabei sein darf.

Ich sage ihm, dass ich in zwei Tagen wiederkommen kann, um Nachschlag zu holen. Der Dealer achtet streng darauf, dass nicht jeden Tag zu viele Leute kommen und gehen. Wir wussten auch, dass in zwei Tagen alles, was wir verkauft hatten, verbrannt sein würde und die Leute mehr kaufen wollten.

Dimitri und ich haben genau das getan. Wir stiegen gleich zweimal ein. Bald verkauften wir auch andere Sachen wie gefälschte Zigaretten und Designer-Parfüm usw... Als ein Monat vergangen war, hatte ich meinen ersten Tausender gespart und gab leicht das doppelten für Kleidung, Drogen und Lifestyle aus... Wir hatten eine ausgezeichnete kleine Marktlücke gefunden. Genau hier im Studentenwohnheim. Die faulste Masche überhaupt. Die meisten deutschen Jugendlichen im Nordflügel gingen zum Jugendzentrum, um das beschissene marokkanische Haschisch zu kaufen, das Smiley verkaufte. Wir waren hier im Westflügel isoliert. Solange wir in unserem eigenen Revier zu unseren eigenen Leuten dealen gingen und unsere verdammte Klappe hielten, war das kein Problem. Wir waren nicht so dumm, außerhalb unseres eigenen Westflügels zu verkaufen, geschweige denn in der Nähe des Jugendzentrums. Das war Smileys Revier und wir wollten nicht im Krankenhaus landen.

Wenn ich zurückdenke, bin ich wahrscheinlich schuld daran, dass Mamet dieses schicksalhafte Treffen mit Smiley hatte. Manchmal entwickeln die Dinge im Leben ganz von selbst eine eigene Energie. Du warst einfach nur zur richtigen Zeit am falschen Ort. In diesem Fall war ich der unglückliche Katalysator, der die ganze Scheißshow aus Versehen ins Rollen brachte.

Im Laufe von etwa vier Monaten nach unserer ersten Begegnung lernte ich Mamet kennen. Ich war der junge Teenager, den er mit seinen Sprach- und Schachkenntnissen beeindruckten konnte. Er sprach sehr gerne Englisch und ich konnte ihn dabei verwöhnen.

Bald fand ich heraus, warum er sich auf den Drogenhandel verlegt hatte. Immerhin war er ein überdurchschnittlich intelligenter Mann, sah nicht schlecht aus und hatte Stil. Sicherlich konnte er mehr aus seinem Leben machen, als mit Drogen und gestohlenen Waren zu handeln. Aber weißt du, Mamet hatte auch eine Schwäche. Er war von seinem Vater zum Medizinstudium nach Europa geschickt worden und fiel bei seiner sehr konservativen Familie in Ungnade. Es half auch nicht, dass seine Schwäche darin bestand, viel Alkohol zu trinken und auf weiße, blonde europäische Mädchen zu stehen. Sehr junge europäische Mädchen. Er kam ein paar Mal wegen Ordnungswidrigkeiten mit dem Gesetz in Konflikt und saß wegen bezahlten Sex mit einer Dreizehnjährigen im Gefängnis. Das brachte seine Ausbildung zu einem jähen Ende. Da seine persische Seite der Familie die deutsche Staatsbürgerschaft hatte, besaß er neben seinem iranischen und afghanischen auch einen deutschen Pass. Die beiden letzteren waren sorgfältig gehütete Geheimnisse, die nur in seinem vertrauten Freundeskreis bekannt waren. Die deutschen Behörden konnten ihn nicht aus dem Land werfen, aber er konnte auch nicht nach Hause zurückkehren. Sein Vater sagte, dass er ihn persönlich umbringen würde, wenn er jemals die Türschwelle seines Vaters verdunkeln würde, um den Ruf der Familie zu ruinieren.

Seine afghanischen Cousins waren mehr als bereit, mit ihm Geschäfte zu machen. Er hatte einen Fuß in der Tür zu Europa. Er konnte einen Laden eröffnen, ein Geschäft führen. Sie waren mehr als glücklich, die Rechnung zu bezahlen, solange Mamet bei bestimmten Gelegenheiten wegschaute. So fing alles vor über einem Jahrzehnt an. Es stört Mehmet, dass seine Cousins mit den Taliban, der Scharia und all dem, wie er sagt, rückständigen islamischen Quatsch sympathisieren, aber hey, Geld ist Geld, oder? Er findet es ironisch, dass seine Cousins nach Europa kommen, Prostituierte ficken, Schweinefleisch essen und sich jeden Tag mit deutschem Bier betrinken, um dann nach Hause zurückzukehren und zu drohen, ihre Frauen oder Töchter zu schlagen, wenn sie das Haus ohne männliche Begleitung verlassen oder westliche Musik hören. Er fand das, wie er es ausdrückte, psychotisch.

Mamet war ein bisschen einsam. Er hatte viele, viele Bekannte, Verwandte usw., aber die waren entweder blutsverwandt oder arbeiteten für ihn. Seine Cousins waren Psychopathen und so wurde ich sein einziger Freund, mit dem er neben dem Geschäftlichen gerne abhing. Ich habe nicht wirklich für ihn gearbeitet, sondern nur Sachen gekauft und verkauft. Seine Angebote, für ihn zu arbeiten, habe ich immer abgelehnt. Es war besser für mich, ihn keine Macht über mich haben zu lassen. Ich konnte mein Haschisch kaufen und jedes Mal vollständig bezahlen, so dass die Machtverhältnisse gleichblieben. Er war in unterschiedlichem Maße am Import verschiedener Waren, orientalischer Gewürze und

natürlich, auch Drogen aus Afghanistan nach Europa beteiligt. Sein Hauptgeschäft war ein kleines Geschäft für Bedarfsartikel in Würzburg. Es war allerdings nicht sehr erfolgreich beim Verkauf der hochpreisigen Teppiche, Vasen und allerlei anderer Decken, Essgarnituren, Kronleuchter, Küchen- und Esswaren sowie des üblichen Krimskrams, den die Menschen aus dem Nahen Osten gerne kauften. In harten Zeiten hielt der Drogenhandel seiner Cousins sein Geschäft über Wasser. Im Laufe der Jahre war der Laden kaum mehr als eine Wäscherei. Inzwischen machte Mamet mehr Geschäfte im Hinterzimmer des Ladens als im Verkaufsraum.

Smiley und Mamet sind sich wahrscheinlich in der Vergangenheit über den Weg gelaufen. Das Nachtleben in und um Würzburg war zu dieser Zeit eher begrenzt. Wenn du oft genug ausgegangen bist, hast du irgendwann immer die gleichen Gesichter gesehen, egal wo du hingegangen bist. Viele der jungen Prostituierten und der zu illegalen Bordellen umfunktionierten Wohnungen in der Gegend wurden von Smileys Bande organisiert und wie ich schon sagte. Mamet liebte es zu ficken. Je kleiner und jünger, desto besser.

Ich glaube nicht, dass Mamet jemals wirklich auf Smileys Radar war, bis Smiley dank mir herausfand, wer er war. Er war einer der größten Importeure von Haschisch und Heroin in der Region. Mamet hielt sich sehr bedeckt und ging nicht oft in die Clubs. Wenn er feiern wollte, lud er die Leute in seine Party-Bude ein, wie er sie nannte. Sie befand sich in Marktbreit nah der Ochsenfurter Straße. Er hatte ein altes Fabrikgebäude gekauft und etwas restauriert. Irgendwo auf dem Gelände lagerte er große Mengen an Schmuggelwaren. Auf der anderen Seite des Gebäudes, zum Main hin, ließ er sich im zweiten Stock über der Fabrikhalle eine Wohnung einrichten, in der er sich ausruhen konnte.

Es gab einen Flipper, Karaoke, einen Billardtisch, eine Bar, eine Tanzfläche mit Schwarzlicht, ein paar Pflanzen und natürlich ein tolles Soundsystem mit zwei riesigen Subwoofern. Auf der betonierten Terrasse, die Richtung Fluss hinausging, gab es einen Whirlpool. Für den Ort und die Zeitepoche war es ziemlich schön. Ich hing lieber bei ihm ab als in dem schrecklichen Jugendzentrum mit Smiley und seinen Schlägern. Ich habe mich immer gefragt, wie zum Teufel er den Whirlpool da oben hingekriegt hat. Das ganze Ding war so gebaut und ummauert, dass man, wenn man von der Hauptstraße aus vorbeifuhr, absolut nichts sehen konnte. Das war ziemlich clever, das muss ich ihm lassen.

Trotzdem war der Mann ein richtiger Grusel. Er war fast vierzig Jahre alt, hat aber immer über sein Alter gelogen. Er hat immer noch versucht, Mädchen zu ficken, die kaum älter waren als ich. Nicht, dass es mich etwas angehe. Wenn die Mädchen ihn ficken wollten, war das ihr Problem. Ich war nicht ihr Vater. Ich meine, komm schon, er hatte Geld. Die Prostituierten sahen in ihm einen willkommenen Kunden, der immer weit mehr als den geforderten Preis bezahlte. Außerdem hatte er immer gute Drogen dabei. Er liebte es, Basucos zu rauchen und Prostituierte zu ficken. Wenn er gut gelaunt war, holte er meist mehrere gleichzeitig. Er hat mir am Bauch eines Mädchens gezeigt, was Crisscrossing ist. Wenn ich mit ihm abhing, teilte er gerne sein Dope mit mir und bezahlte sogar ein paar Mal ein zusätzliches Mädchen, das mit mir herumspielte. Das war der Vorteil an meiner Jugend. Ältere Männer wie Mamet gaben gerne an und spielten den Paten. Ich genoss die Aufmerksamkeit. Vielleicht nicht gerade stolz auf die Dinge, die wir beide in diesem Whirlpool getan haben, aber hey, ich war unerfahren. Damals war es das Paradies. Mein ganzes Leben lang war ich ein Sklave, der geschlagen und bis auf die Knochen ausgebeutet

wurde. Jetzt bekam ich dank ihm mehr Pussy und nahm mehr Drogen, als ich mir je hätte vorstellen können. Zum ersten Mal in meinem Leben war Geld kein Problem.

Damals habe ich mir nie etwas Schlimmes dabei gedacht. Ich war pleite und er gab mir eine Lösung. Im Gegensatz zu meinen schrecklichen Eltern zwang er weder mich noch sonst jemanden gegen unseren Willen. Manchmal hatte ich den Verdacht, dass seine Kindheit vielleicht wirklich verkorkst war und er sich deshalb in seinem Alter immer noch wie ein Teenager verhält, der nicht alt werden will.

Meinen russischen Zimmernachbarn im Internat ist das viele Feiern und lange Wegbleiben nicht entgangen. Manchmal schlich ich mich nachts aus der Schule und kam am nächsten Tag ohne Schlaf direkt vom Feiern in die Schule. Ich stank dann nach Gras, Wodka, Red Bull und Latex. Seitdem Saskia und ich zusammen sind, gehe ich Smiley und seinen paranoiden Fragen aus dem Weg und werde immer seltener im Jugendzentrum gesehen. Mein Mitbewohner Dimitri wollte unbedingt wissen, wo ich mich herumtreibe. Ich sagte ihm einfach, dass ich nichts sagen dürfe. Er sollte einfach froh sein, dass das Geschäft gut läuft.

Irgendwann bekam Smiley mit, dass ich im Westflügel vom Internat, Afghan verkaufte. Jemand rauchte etwas von dem Afghan im Jugendzentrum, das ich verkauft hatte. Er musste nicht lange nachfragen, bevor alle Wege zu mir zurückführten. Er beschloss, in meinem Wohnheim eine Nachricht zu hinterlassen, dass ich zu einem Gespräch ins Jugendzentrum kommen sollte. Ich war super nervös, aber es war alles sehr freundlich. Ich ging am Mittwochnachmittag rein und wollte es einfach hinter mich bringen. Er grinst von einem Ohr zum anderen und kommt mit weit ausgebreiteten Armen auf mich zu und drückt mir den Rücken fest an sich.

"Tommy! Mein Freund! Wie schön, dich zu sehen." Er fängt an, mich vor seinen Freunden anzupreisen.

"Das ist Tommy, Jungs. Er ist ein richtig harter Kerl. Ich habe gesehen, wie er im Januar einen Mann verprügelt hat, der doppelt so groß war wie er, stimmt's, Tommy?"

"Ich zucke mit den Schultern, ja, so groß war er nicht, er hat bekommen, was er verdient hat."

"Verdammt richtig, Tommy. Es scheint, als hättest du ein gutes Geschäft gemacht und deinen Stoff ist wirklich gut, mein Freund. Wo hast du sie gekauft?"

"Ein arabischer Freund von mir, aber im Ernst, ich verkaufe nur kleine Ein- und Zwei-Gramm-Stücke, ich weiß nicht, ob ich die Menge bekommen kann, die du willst."

"Ja, Tommy, aber weißt du, Drogen sind wie eine Pyramide. Tommy, Du stehst vielleicht ganz unten in der Nahrungskette, aber dein Lieferant hat einen Lieferanten und so weiter und so fort, stimmt's Tommy?"

"Ich denke schon."

"Ich möchte, dass du herausfindest, wer dieser Lieferant eines Lieferanten ist und ihm sagst, dass ich Schwergewicht will. Kannst du das für mich tun?"

"Ich kann nichts versprechen, aber ich werde es versuchen, Smiley."

"Okay, Tommy, das ist alles, was ich will. Willst du was trinken?"

"Ich nehme einen Whiskey."

"Mit Redbull?"

"Nein, nur pur, ohne Eis."

"Verdammt Tommy, du trinkst wie ein echter Mann. Ich mag das."

Dariusz geht zur Bar und holt eine Flasche Jack Daniels und zwei Schnapsgläser heraus. Wir haben jeder drei Shots getrunken und ich habe den vierten abgelehnt. Dariusz hat keine Trink-Etikette. Was soll's. Dann eben Whisky-Shots. Das wird mich schon high machen und ich werde mich nicht mit Smiley darüber streiten, in welches Glas ich mein Gratisgetränk bekomme, denn er könnte mir genauso gut das Gesicht einschlagen. Ich weiß, dass die Betreuer im Internat meine Drogen- und Alkoholsucht langsam durchschauen. Tagsüber sollte ich klug sein und zumindest nicht nach Alkohol stinkend ins Internat zurückkehren.

Ich ließ Smiley eine ganze Woche lang warten, bevor ich Mamet von Smileys Bitte erzählte. Das Arschloch musste einfach warten, weil ich ihn wirklich hasste. Um nicht Gefahr zu laufen, dass man mir doch noch in den Hintern tritt, habe ich Mamet schließlich von dem Interesse erzählt, das Smiley an einem Großeinkauf hat. Mamet wusste, wer Dariusz war und war nicht gerade erfreut über die Nachricht.

Wir standen auf seiner Terrasse und zündeten uns einen Basuco an, während wir über die Situation nachdachten. Mamet sagte mir geradeheraus, dass er Smiley und seine Höhlenmenschenfreunde nicht mag. Er hält sie für Idioten. Schläger, die in Springerstiefeln und Bomberjacken mit aufgenähten Aufnähern mit der Nummer 88 herumlaufen, die im Allgemeinen sehr gewalttätig sind und daher leicht von der Polizei entdeckt werden. Abgesehen davon, dass er ein Dealer ist, war Mamet fast ein Einsiedler. Ein ruhiger, korrekter Geschäftsmann mit einem gewissen Maß an Ethik und Moral, ein Gentleman. Kein Hip-Hop-Schläger, rassistischer, auf Bewährung schreiender, ungebildeter Irrer wie Smiley...

Mamet war zwar kein guter Mensch, wie man ihn sich vorstellt. Er war ein Drogendealer und sexsüchtig, aber zumindest hatte er eine Menge Klasse. Er hat sich Frauen nicht aufgedrängt, er hat keine Drinks gespiked oder Mädchen hinter der Billardhalle in Würzburg oder im Keller des Jugendzentrums vergewaltigt, wie es Smileys Schläger taten. Er fuhr einen Mercedes in der Standardausführung. Nicht irgendeine röhrende, getunte, extravagante Monstrosität. Er trug keine unverschämt auffälligen Golduhren oder Goldketten. Er verachtete Idioten, die mit ihrem Geld prahlten und sagte immer:

"Tommy, wenn du viele Jahre in diesem Geschäft überleben willst, musst du reich sein, aber du darfst es nicht zur Schau stellen. Entweder kriegt dich die Polizei oder irgendein Junkie bringt dich wegen deines 1000-Dollar-Blings um und wofür? Damit du nur ein weiterer toter Idiot bist."

...Smiley hingegen war ein halb polnischer, halb russischer Mochtegern-Alphamännchen-Schläger mit einer Million Tattoos, vergoldeten Zähnen, Bling, Goldketten, einem teuren weißen Gucci-Tank-Top, weißen Baggy-Hip-Hop-Jeans, einer goldenen und mit Bling besetzten Totenkopf-Gürtelschnalle, Plateauschuhen, einer Gucci-Mütze und sah verdammt auffällig aus. Er stank nach Drogendealer. Was sein Aussehen anging, war er der Vorvater der Brabbeln-Rappern, ohne es zu wissen. Außerdem hasste er braune Menschen, Menschen mit Turbanen, Kopftüchern, langen Bärten und anderen orientalischen Merkmalen. Er ließ auch keine Meinung unausgesprochen und nannte Menschen mit Ethnien wie Mamet oft liebevoll Sandnigger, Ziegenficker, Dünenköter und andere bunte und fantasievolle Spitznamen. Mamet wusste, dass Smiley gefährlich war, aber wir waren der Meinung, dass es klüger wäre, ihm entgegenzukommen, als ihm ein Treffen zu verweigern. Wenn Mamet Smileys Bitte ablehnte, könnten wir auf einen totalen Krieg zusteuern und ich könnte ernsthaft verprügelt werden oder Schlimmeres. Smiley hätte mich der Revierverletzung beschuldigt. Beim letzten Treffen machte er seinen Standpunkt sehr freundlich, aber unmissverständlich klar. Ich sollte den Verkauf sofort einstellen, es sei denn, ich bekäme die Ware von ihm. Seine Preise waren die gleichen, aber von viel schlechterer Qualität. Ich dachte mir, wenn ich Smiley eine Gefälligkeit tu, als Belohnung, würde er mich meine kleine Nische in Ruhe lassen.

Ich erklärte Mamet meine Gedanken und er stimmte mir schließlich zu. Ich hätte dieses verdammte Treffen nie stattfinden lassen sollen. Bis zu meinem Todestag werde ich mit den Konsequenzen meines Handelns leben müssen.

Mamet weist mich an, Smiley zu sagen, dass er mindestens 5 und höchstens zehn Kilo Afghanen für achttausend Mark pro Stück haben kann. Ein Kilo für zehntausend. Braunes Heroin kostete etwa neuntausend DM pro halbes Kilo, wenn ich mich recht erinnere.

Ich gab Smiley im Jugendzentrum diese Informationen zusammen mit den kleinen Musterproben mit. er sagte mir, ich solle das Treffen arrangieren. Ich solle fünf Kilo Haschisch und ein Kilo braunen Zucker für ihn bereithalten. Mamet und ich waren sehr misstrauisch, dass Smiley versuchen würde, uns auszurauben, waren also bewaffnet und bereit. Mamet beauftragte zusätzliche schwere Jungs, die an wichtigen Stellen Wache hielten. Wir waren etwas überrascht, als Smiley und seine beiden Begleiter auftauchten und sich völlig korrekt verhielten. Sie kamen zu dem Termin auf einem verlassenen Parkplatz in der Nähe des Lagerhauses, Mamet verschwand mit Smiley im Büro, um das Geld zu zählen.

Er hatte, wie angewiesen, saubere 100er und 50er Scheine mitgebracht. Mamet signalisierte mir, dass das Geld vollständig war. Ich holte den Stoff aus dem Versteck und übergab es. Smiley überprüfte es schnell, lud es ein und ging. Kein Drama, kein gar nichts. Fast zu schön, um wahr zu sein. Mamet forderte seine Leute in der Nähe auf, sich zurückzuhalten. Hätten Smiley und seine vaterlandstätowierten Schläger etwas versucht, wären sie in einem Hagel pakistanischer Kalaschnikow-Schüsse niedergeschossen worden. So blöd war Smiley wohl doch nicht.

Nachdem sie gegangen waren, zahlte Mamet seinen Jungs jeweils ein paar Hundert für die Sicherheitsdienst und sie gingen. Kurze Zeit später kam ein Kurier, der das meiste Geld zu einem Unterschlupf brachte, wo auch immer der sein mochte. Mamet klopf mir auf die Schulter.

"Du hast dir gerade 10 Prozent Provision von meinem Nettogewinn verdient, wusstest du das?"

Ich sah ihn erstaunt an

"Wow, ich habe nur versucht, nicht verprügelt zu werden."

"Tommy, ich bin ein Geschäftsmann. Du hast mich ins Geschäft gebracht, ich bin korrekt, also hier ist dein Anteil!"

Er überreicht mir einen Umschlag mit 2900 DM darin. Ich hatte noch nie in meinem Leben so viel Geld in der Hand gehalten und weiß nicht einmal, wohin damit. Ich schiebe es wahllos in meine Unterwäsche. Ich dachte bei mir.

"Ich bin jetzt wirklich ein schwergewichtiger Dealer, oder? Mist! So etwas hatte ich wirklich nicht geplant."

Als ich in dieser Nacht zurück zu meinem Schlafsaal ging, lief ich Umwege durch den Friedhof und den angrenzenden Wald. Ich wäre nur verprügelt und ausgeraubt worden, wenn ich so viel Geld im Wohnheim aufbewahrt hätte. Ich hatte bereits ein Versteck für das Geld, das ich zuvor gespart hatte. In der Nähe einer Steinmauer auf der Waldseite des Friedhofs. Ich entscheide mich, ein zweites Versteck anzulegen, falls das erste entdeckt wird. Ich habe eine neue Stelle unter einem Gebüsch gefunden. Das sollte schön unsichtbar sein und ich werde es mir leicht merken können.

Ich nehme ein paar hundert D-Mark heraus und packe den Rest in eine Hundekottüte. Mit einem Stein grabe ich ein tiefes Loch in den Boden, wobei ich sehr darauf achte, nicht gesehen zu werden. Es ist schon dunkel, als ich mich sicher genug fühle, um zurück zu laufen. Meine Tage des Dealens sind erst einmal vorbei. Ich muss herausfinden, wer mich an den verdammten Smiley verpiffen hat, damit ich allen anderen sagen kann, dass er eine Ratte ist. Jetzt bin ich gezwungen, im Jugendzentrum abzuhängen und mit dem selbsternannten Oberhirsch über die Bedingungen zu verhandeln. Was für ein Scheiß.

Smiley hatte inzwischen andere Pläne. Der Kauf der Sachen war nur eine Finte. Was ich nicht gesehen habe, sind die Jungs, die das Treffen umgingen. Jeder verfolgte einen von Mamets Leuten unauffällig aus der Ferne. Sie haben herausgefunden, wo er sein Geld und einen Teil der Stoff versteckt hat. An diesem Wochenende, von Samstag auf Sonntag, feierten Mamet und ich die ganze Nacht. Drogen, Mädchen, das Übliche. Am späten Nachmittag erzählte er mir, dass er nach Würzburg fahren würde, um sich mit Smiley für ein weiteres Kilo Heroin zu treffen. Scheiß auf Smiley, sagte ich, ich kann in meinem Wohnheim kein Haschisch mehr verkaufen. Dariusz drohte mir mehr oder weniger indirekt damit, mich fertig zu machen. Er



behauptet, Marktbreit sei sein Revier und deshalb falle mein Wohnheim unter seine Zuständigkeit. Verdammter Schwanzlutscher!

Mamet hat mir versichert, dass er mit Smiley reden wird. Wenn er weiterhin gute Afghanen kaufen will, muss er mich in Ruhe lassen. Außerdem erinnerte mich Mamet daran, dass ich unter seinem Schutz stehe. Seine Freunde haben Waffen und sind bereit, in den Krieg zu ziehen, falls Dariusz eine Dummheit begeht.

"Ja, Mamet, aber es gibt keinen Krieg ohne Opfer. Weißt du, wer die Opfer des Krieges sind? Die Fußsoldaten. Leute wie ich. Ich will kein Opfer in Markt-fucking-Breit werden."

"Entspann dich Tommy, du spielst jetzt in der großen Liga, wir beschützen dich und du bekommst jedes Mal zehn Prozent Provision von meinem Gewinn, wenn dieser Idiot etwas kauft. Du wirst in einer Woche das Zehnfache von dem verdienen, was du je zuvor verdient hast, vertrau mir, ich bin dein Freund. Er wird noch ein ganzes Kilo H Tommy kaufen. Das sind fast weitere tausend Mark Provision für dich, also brauchst du nicht einmal mehr kleine Gramme Haschisch zu verkaufen, ok?"

Er hatte Recht, dachte ich bei mir. Ich habe das große Ganze nicht gesehen. Ich war so sehr darauf konzentriert, in kleinem Rahmen zu überleben, dass ich dachte, meine Provision sei nur eine einmalige Sache. Ich hätte nie erwartet, dass Mamet mir jemals wieder eine Provision für die Connection zahlen würde. Ich glaube er tat das nur, weil Mamet mich wirklich gerne hatte. Ich mochte ihn auch wirklich, ich meine, verdammt, wir haben eine Menge Mädchen zusammen gefickt, wir haben uns nackt im Whirlpool gesehen und betrunken auch ein paar andere peinliche Dinge getan. Du kannst dir vorstellen, was ich damit sage. Immerhin war er kein schlecht aussehender Typ und hatte einen ziemlich schönen Körperbau.

Sippy, sein Fahrer, kam schließlich an und ein sehr bekiffter Mamet stieg hinten in seinen schlichten Mercedes ein. Als sie losfuhren, war ich wirklich glücklich. Endlich hatte ich einen echten Freund gefunden, einen richtig guten Freund. Er würde mit Smiley ins Geschäft kommen und wenn ich ihn das nächste Mal sehen würde, wäre ich um fast tausend Mark reicher. Wir würden zusammen abhängen, Schach spielen, ein paar Mädchen im Whirlpool ficken und uns zudröhnen. Ein halbes Jahr nachdem ich in Marktbreit angekommen war, war das Leben fantastisch. Ich hatte Unmengen von Sex, Geld und schöne Klamotten. Praktisch alles, was ich wollte, außer Saskia. Ich wollte, dass das für den Rest meines Lebens so bleibt, aber es sollte nicht sein.

## Kapitel 17

### Töten eines Arabers

Das Leben ist gut für den kleinen Tommy. Ich hatte einen guten Deal zwischen Smiley und Mamet ausgehandelt. Mir ging es jetzt finanziell sehr gut. Die Aussicht auf zukünftigen Reichtum erregte mich sogar. Ich rauchte Haschisch, nahm ein wenig Ecstasy, kaufte meinen Freunden ein paar Drinks und genoss meinen neu gefundenen Reichtum. Ich hatte das Gefühl, dass ich jetzt in Smileys guter Gesellschaft war. Mamet hatte mir auch seinen Schutz zugesichert. Wenn Smiley den ganzen Abend nicht da war, warum sollte ich misstrauisch sein? Ich musste mich um andere Dinge kümmern. Die Bulgarin, die ich vor einiger Zeit kennenlernte, und die mir ihre Nummer gegeben hatte. Schließlich rief ich Yordanka an und verabredete mich noch am selben Abend mit ihr.

Ich mache mir keine Sorgen, dass die Mädchen im Internat es herausfinden könnten. Saskia kommt nicht mehr ins Jugendzentrum, geschweige denn, dass sie das Gelände verlässt, aus Angst, Smiley zu begegnen. Liesel verlässt nach der Schule kaum noch ihr Zimmer, außer zum Essen oder um mit Saskia oder mir auf dem Gelände spazieren zu gehen. Liesel geht an den meisten Wochenenden nach Hause zu ihren Eltern. Das bedeutet, dass ich am Freitag- und Samstagabend die Sau rauslassen kann. Wenn Saskia nicht wissen soll, was ich vorhabe, muss ich ihr nur sagen, dass ich vorhabe, mit Dimitri und seinen russischen Freunden auszugehen. Saskia verabscheut sie. Sie sind laut, obszön und vulgär, aber es macht verdammt viel Spaß, mit ihnen abzuhängen. Ich will nicht, dass Saskia in meiner Nähe ist, wenn ich mich mit diesen Jungs wie ein Vollidiot aufführe. An diesem Abend habe ich einen Grund zum Feiern. Ich habe einen großen Treffer gelandet. Ich bin in der Drogenwelt aufgestiegen und brauche eine Pause von meinen eigenen Problemen. Ich liebe Saskia, aber sie ist ein bisschen zu anhänglich, seit sie nicht mehr das Schulgelände verlässt.

Es fällt mir wirklich schwer, mit der Tatsache umzugehen, dass Saskia sich früher prostituiert hat, wenn ich ganz ehrlich bin. Ich bin in einer Sekte aufgewachsen, in der Frauen zur Prostitution gezwungen wurden. An den meisten Abenden trank meine Mutter ein paar Gläser Wein, um sie "in Stimmung zu bringen". Sobald sie genug Alkohol getrunken hatte, machte sie sich brav hübsch, legte Make-up und Parfüm auf und gab meinem kleinen Bruder und mir einen Gute-Nacht-Kuss. Manchmal sah ich sie am nächsten Tag nicht, weil sie die Nacht mit einem einflussreichen Geschäftsmann oder Politiker verbracht hatte. In der Sekte galt es als weltlich und verpönt, sich aus irgendeinem anderen Grund zu schminken oder sich die Achselhöhlen zu rasieren. Nach den Lehren von Moses David waren wir alle schön, so wie Gott uns gemacht hat. Diese Norm schien jedoch nicht für Frauen zu gelten, die ahnungslose Männer in die Fänge der Kinder Gottes locken wollten. Als kleiner Junge, der ich damals war, assoziierte ich Frauen, die Parfüm und Make-up tragen, mit Huren. Es war nicht verwunderlich, dass ich, als ich erwachsen wurde, immer noch automatisch annahm, dass Mädchen, die viel Make-up und Parfüm trugen, Schlampen waren. Jede einzelne von ihnen. Es sollte viele Jahre dauern, bis ich mich von diesen Vorurteilen gegenüber Frauen im Allgemeinen befreien konnte.

Ich hasste es, dass meine Mutter ausging, um andere Männer zu ficken. Ich hatte den Eindruck, dass ihr buchstäblich jede andere Aktivität wichtiger war, als ihre Abende mit uns,

ihren eigenen Kindern, zu verbringen. Ich hatte mein ganzes Leben lang das Gefühl, dass ich immer nur an zweiter Stelle stand, wenn es um Frauen ging. Es gab immer einen anderen Mann, mit dem ich meine Liebe zu einer Frau teilen musste. Angefangen hat alles mit meiner eigenen Mutter. Diese Schlampe zwang mich, sie zu ficken, als ich fünf und sechs Jahre alt war, aber sie wollte mir kaum eine verdammte Gute-Nacht-Geschichte vorlesen. Das hat eine bleibende Narbe hinterlassen, in meinem Herzen und meiner Seele. Ich glaube nicht, dass ich einen Ödipuskomplex hatte. Ich wollte nie meine eigene Mutter ficken. Ich wollte nur, was jedes Kind will. Dass sie etwas Zeit mit mir verbringt, ein Buch liest, ein paar Spiele spielt. Alles wäre besser gewesen, als wenn sie mit anderen Männern gevögelt hätte. Vielleicht sollte ich erwähnen, dass ein Großteil der Belästigungen, die ich erlebte, genau dann geschah, wenn meine Mutter nicht da war!

Es scheint mir, dass ich mich zu gebrochenen Frauen hingezogen fühle. Ich fühle mich zu allen hingezogen, die wie ich selbst traumatische Erfahrungen gemacht haben. Ich verspüre den Drang, anderen Frauen zu zeigen, dass ein Mann auch freundlich, fürsorglich und einfühlsam sein kann und nicht nur ein testosteronriefender, vergewaltigender Stier. Ich habe so viele meiner männlichen Freunde sagen hören: "Wenn eine Frau von ihrem Vater missbraucht wurde, könnte ich sie nicht anfassen, das ist ekelhaft" oder "Wenn meine Freundin vergewaltigt würde, würde ich mit ihr Schluss machen, weil ich den Gedanken nicht ertragen könnte, dass ein anderer Mann ihr eingedrungen ist." Ich fragte mich, ob Frauen sich vor mir ekeln würden, wenn sie herausfinden würden, dass mein Stiefvater mich vergewaltigt hat. Was würde Saskia denken, wenn ich ihr sagen würde, dass meine Mutter mich gezwungen hat, meinen Penis in sie zu stecken?

Wenn ich selbst eine Frau wäre, würde ich wahrscheinlich auch niemanden wollen, der "beschädigte Ware" ist. Das bringt mich zu dem Grund, warum ich mich mit Yordanka treffen wollte. Ganz einfach, weil ich nichts über ihre Vergangenheit wusste. Ich hatte keine Ahnung, was sie Schlimmes erlebt haben könnte, und deshalb würde ich mich nicht damit befassen. War es falsch von mir, ein "normaler" Junge sein zu wollen, der ein "normales" Mädchen fickt? Ich hatte ständig das Gefühl, ein gebrochener Mensch zu sein, wenn ich mit anderen gebrochenen Seelen zusammen war, die bereits psychisch beschädigt waren. Einen Abend lang wollte ich einfach nur wissen, ob es so etwas wie "normal" überhaupt gibt.

Ich will damit nicht sagen, dass ich Saskia oder Liesel nicht liebe. Im Gegenteil, ich würde für jede von ihnen mein Leben geben. Aber so sehr ich die beiden auch liebe, so anstrengend ist es manchmal wegen ihrer Vergangenheit, mit ihnen umzugehen. Ich habe Saskia nicht gezwungen, ihre Jungfräulichkeit zu verkaufen. Das war ihre Sache. Was mit Liesel passiert ist, war unvorstellbar schrecklich. Trotzdem war ich nicht derjenige, der sie vergewaltigt hat. Wenn ich in ihrer Nähe bin, werde ich immer noch das ekelhafte Gefühl der Schuld oder sogar der passiven Beteiligung nicht los. Ich wusste sofort, dass etwas nicht stimmte, als ich Tom sah, wie er sie die Treppe hochzog. Unabhängig davon, ob ich sie erkannte oder nicht, hätte ich zumindest nachsehen müssen.

Ich wurde auch furchtbar missbraucht, aber im Moment versuche ich, im Moment zu leben. Ich hoffe wirklich, dass Liesel eines Tages auch dazu in der Lage sein wird. Wenn ich mit den beiden zusammen bin, fühle ich mich zu sehr verantwortlich für Dinge, die außerhalb meiner Kontrolle liegen. Ich will einfach nur ein Mädchen, mit dem ich etwas unternehmen,

albern sein, lachen, trinken, ficken und nicht zu viel über dieses deprimierende Zeug nachdenken kann. Das ist nicht böse gemeint, ich brauche einfach eine Pause. Mit diesem Gedanken gehe ich rüber zum Mädchenwohnheim und sage Saskia, dass ich heute Abend mit Dimitri und ein paar anderen Russen abhängen werde. Es macht ihr nichts aus. Wir küssen uns und sie sagt mir, dass ich vorsichtig sein soll. Ich verspreche ihr, am Sonntagmorgen mit ihr abzuhängen. Sie wird mich zum Frühstück einladen und wenn ich Glück habe, zwinkert sie mir zu, gibt es dann eine Runde heißen Sex in den Duschkabinen. Der Sonntag ist perfekt dafür. Der Mädchenschlafsaal ist um diese Zeit wie eine Geisterstadt. Alle Mädchen werden entweder schlafen oder zu Hause bei ihren Eltern sein. Wenn wir früh anfangen, so gegen 7 Uhr, können wir den ganzen Morgen in den Gemeinschaftsduschen ficken, ohne Angst haben zu müssen, dass uns jemand dabei erwischt. Die Sicherheitspersonal, verlassen ihr eigenes Quartier normalerweise nicht so früh. Zum Glück wohnte Saskia im ersten Stock, weit weg von neugierigen Augen und Ohren.

Nachdem ich mir den Arsch absicherte, rief ich Yordanka von einer Telefonzelle aus an. Ich sagte ihr, sie solle ihre Freundin dazu bringen, mitzukommen. Dimitri und ich würden nach Mitternacht im Jugendzentrum sein und auf sie warten. Ich eilte zurück ins gemeinsame Zimmer und sagte Dimitri, er solle sich für die Ischen parat machen. Dimitri sah, gleich wie ich so aus, als könnte er 18 oder älter sein, weil er so viel trainierte. Wir trafen uns mit den Mädchen, ich spendierte uns ein paar Drinks und wir plauderten eine Weile. Dimitri und ich nahmen die Mädchen schließlich mit auf einen Spaziergang entlang des Flusses und zeigten ihnen die Umgebung mit den verfallenen alten Lagerhäusern am Flussufer. Es war klar, was wir alle wollten, und es schien, dass sie dasselbe vorhatten. Wir einigten uns darauf, uns zu trennen und uns später in der Bar wieder zu treffen. Yordanka und ich fanden einen abgelegenen Platz, weit weg von die anderen zwei. Das ganze Gebiet war überwuchert und wir waren gut versteckt. Bald knutschten wir in der Abgeschlossenheit. Sie hatte nur einen winzigen Minirock an und darunter einen Tanga. Mit ihren Plateau-Turnschuhen war sie fast so groß wie ich und bei Gott, war sie beweglich. Sie hob ihr Bein an und ließ es auf meiner Hüfte ruhen. Ich zog ihren Tanga zur Seite und schlüpfte in sie hinein. Wir standen da und knutschten, aber es war keine so ideale Position. Sie drehte sich um und sagte mir, ich solle sie von hinten ficken, was ich auch tat.

Als diese Position unbequem wurde, sah ich mich nach einem bequemeren Platz um. In der Nähe gab es einen Stapel Betonplatten, der perfekt aussah. Ich drehte sie zu mir und hob sie von den Füßen, woraufhin sie ihre Beine um meine Taille schlang und sich mit ihren Armen um meinen Hals festhielt. Ich schob mich wieder in sie hinein und es war ein ziemlicher Spaß, aber es erforderte viel Ausdauer. Ich dachte mir: "Das sollte ich mit Saskia probieren, sie ist so winzig und leicht und es wird bestimmt lustig". Immer noch in ihr drin, ging ich mit ihr zu den Platten und legte sie sanft hin, so dass ich sie ansehen konnte. Das war die perfekte Höhe. Ich zog ihr T-Shirt hoch, damit ich einen guten Blick auf ihren nackten Körper werfen konnte. Das Licht zwischen den Bäumen ließ sie fast märchenhaft aussehen. Sie gerät in Panik und fragt mich, ob ich ein Kondom benutzt habe. Mist! Ich habe es vergessen. Ich ziehe mich zurück und ziehe so schnell ich kann eines über, um den Moment nicht zu ruinieren. Sie sieht mich erleichtert an und hebt ihre Hüften an, damit ich so tief wie möglich in sie eindringen kann. Schon bald schreit, stöhnt und grunzt sie so laut, dass ich mir sicher bin, dass ganz Marktbreit uns hören kann. Es klang unglaublich! Bisher musste ich den

Sex immer heimlich machen und die Mädchen mussten sich ihr Stöhnen verkneifen. Wow! So hört es sich also an, wenn eine Frau beim Orgasmus schreit! Tommy gefällt das. Sie sagte mir, ich solle ihr sagen, wann ich komme. Bald war ich so weit. Sie setzte sich auf und kniete sich vor mich. Sie zog das Kondom ab und begann, meine Eier und meinen Schaft zu lecken. Sie nahm meinen ganzen Schwanz in den Mund und das Gefühl war so stark, dass ich fast sofort kam. Sie spülte es mit etwas Wodka herunter und setzte sich wieder auf die Betonplatten. Sie spreizt ihre Beine weit und spreizt ihre Schamlippen mit ihren Fingern.

"Ich bin dran"

Dem komme ich gerne nach.

Manche Menschen verlieren ihre Jungfräulichkeit so, wie sie ins Wasser gehen: ein kleiner Zeh nach dem anderen. Tommy jedoch hatte sich einen riesigen Stein ans Bein gebunden und sprang vom tiefen Ende des Pools. Yordanka und ich zündeten uns einen Joint an und tranken noch etwas Wodka. Nach dem Sex war es schwierig, mit ihr zu reden. Ich merkte, dass wir absolut nichts gemeinsam hatten. Sie sprach noch schlechteren Deutsch als ich und kein Englisch. Nach dem Knutschen und Ficken war es unmöglich, ein richtiges Gespräch in Gang zu bringen, und mir wurde klar, dass die liebe Yordanka vielleicht etwas älter ist, als ich anfangs dachte. Wahrscheinlich sogar Mitte zwanzig. Ich war total gelangweilt und beschloss, dass es an der Zeit war, sie nach Hause zu bringen. Außer ihrem fantastischen Körper und tollem Sex hatte sie nichts zu bieten, und wenn ich mich nicht mit ihr unterhalten konnte, wozu sollte das gut sein? Dimitri sprach wenigstens etwas Bulgarisch, damit hatte er wenigstens etwas, worüber er mit seinem Date reden konnte.

Ich begleitete Yordanka zurück in die Bar, aber unsere Freunde waren nirgends zu sehen. Sie fragte sich, ob ihre Freundin schon abgehauen war und rief von einer Telefonzelle aus zu Hause an. Ihre Freundin war tatsächlich zu Hause. Sie erzählte ihr, dass sie Dimitri mit in ihre Wohnung genommen hatte. Sie mochte den Sex draußen nicht so sehr und machte ihn lieber in ihrem Bett. Gut für ihn, dass er endlich Sex hatte! Yordanka schaute leicht genervt. Es war offensichtlich, dass unser Date schnell in die Hose ging. Wir konnten uns nicht wirklich verständigen und nachdem wir ein paar Shots getrunken hatten, beschlossen wir, die Nacht zu beenden.

Ich bat den Barkeeper, Yordanka ein Taxi zu rufen und begleitete sie nach draußen, um zu warten. Wir knutschten weiter, denn das war buchstäblich das Einzige, was wir tun konnten. Als das Taxi ankam, fragte mich Yordanka in gebrochenem Deutsch, ob ich mit ihr nach Hause kommen wolle. Ich hatte Saskia bereits versprochen, am Sonntagmorgen zu kommen, und ich musste noch duschen und ein paar Stunden schlafen, also lehnte ich ab. Sie fragte mich, wann wir uns wiedersehen würden. Ich sagte ihr, dass das ein Problem sein könnte, da ich erst vierzehn bin. Sie fing an zu lachen und glaubte mir nicht. Ich zeigte ihr meinen Ausweis. Als sie merkte, dass ich 1980 geboren bin, warf sie ihn wütend auf den Boden und schlug mir hart ins Gesicht. Sie beschimpfte mich auf Bulgarisch mit einer Obszönität, bevor sie wütend davonlief. Sie stieg in das Taxi ein und starrte mich an, bis das Auto wegfuhr.

Um ehrlich zu sein, hätte ich das vielleicht verdient, aber hey, sie hat mich nie gefragt, wie alt ich bin. Ihrer schockierten Reaktion nach zu urteilen, muss ich mit ihrem Alter richtig

gelegen haben. Aber was soll's, ich hatte meinen Spaß und sie ihren. Sie war diejenige, die mir ihre Nummer gegeben hat, und ich habe nicht gehört, wie sie sich über mein Alter beschwert hat, als sie sich vor Vergnügen gewälzt und Obszönitäten geschrien hat, als ich sie am Flussufer Orgasmen bescherte. Ich bin mir sicher, dass Liesel und Saskia mir auch eine Ohrfeige gegeben hätten, wenn sie gewusst hätten, dass ich sie hintergehe.

Als ich merkte, dass Frauen mich heiß fanden, wurde ich ein bisschen süchtig nach der Aufmerksamkeit. Ich probierte so viele verschiedene Frauen wie möglich aus. Wie bei Eiscreme, sozusagen. Wenn der Eismann zu dir kommt und dir sagt, dass du die anderen Geschmacksrichtungen kostenlos und ohne Konsequenzen probieren kannst, würdest du dann nicht wenigstens ein paar andere Sorten probieren? Ich habe sie alle probiert. Wenn du früher ein anständig aussehendes Mädchen warst und mit mir schlafen wolltest, hätte ich niemals nein gesagt. Es sei denn, ich hätte gewusst, dass ich in Schwierigkeiten geraten könnte. Mein Appetit wurde gerade erst aufgewärmt. Ich hatte keine Familie mehr. Jeden Tag konnte sich alles Gute zum Schlechten wenden. Warum sollte ich zu jedem Vergnügen, das sich mir anbot, nein sagen?

Weiter flussaufwärts, ein paar hundert Meter entfernt, hatte es Smiley mit Mamet und seiner Crew zu tun. Manchmal frage ich mich wirklich, ob es einen Grund für die extreme Gewalt gab. Vielleicht war Mamet gar nicht der gute Kerl, den er mir vorspielte zu sein. Das ist möglich. Ich meine, vielleicht hat er eines von Smileys Mädchen gefickt oder jemand ist an einer Überdosis Heroin gestorben und er wurde dafür verantwortlich gemacht. Vielleicht hatte die russische Mafia, für die Smiley arbeitete, die Hinrichtung von Mamet aus territorialen Gründen angeordnet. Ich habe viele Jahre lang über das Warum gegrübelt. Es war die schiere, viszerale Brutalität, mit der Mamet hingerichtet wurde, die mich nicht in Ruhe ließ. Vielleicht war Smiley einfach ein verdammt sadistischer Mörder.

An dem Abend, an dem ich mich mit Yordanka traf, schlugen Smileys Schläger hart, gnadenlos und überwältigend schnell zu. Ich kann die Geschichte nur aus dem zusammensetzen, was Saskia mir erzählt hat, aber es muss ungefähr so passiert sein:

Smiley ließ jemanden den Ort auskundschaften. Er beobachtete, dass Mamet nur in Begleitung seiner beiden Cousins im Laden war. Sie warteten darauf, dass Smiley zum Austausch auftaucht. Er ließ Mamet und seine beiden Cousins über eine Stunde warten, bis klar war, dass er nicht auftauchen würde. Als Mamet und seine Cousins die Sicherheit des Gebäudes durch den Hintereingang verlassen, stürzen sich acht Typen mit brutaler Gewalt auf die drei. Mit Gewehren und Baseballschlägern schlugen sie die drei brutal nieder. Während des Kampfes wurde einem Cousin durch einen Schlag mit einem Baseballschläger das Genick gebrochen, was ihn tötete. Danach war der Punkt, an dem es kein Zurück mehr gab, überschritten. Der andere Cousin versuchte verzweifelt, sich zu wehren, aber er wurde überwältigt. Sie schlugen ihm mit einer Eisenstange den Kopf ein und töteten auch ihn.

Smiley hatte nie die Absicht, Mamet freizulassen. Es war zu riskant, er würde Vergeltung üben und einen Krieg anzetteln. Smiley wusste, dass er jeden in Angst und Schrecken versetzen musste, der auch nur mit der Wimper zucken würde, gegen ihm in den Krieg zu ziehen. Diese Brutalität war Bandenstrategie in Reinkultur. Mach der Konkurrenz so viel Angst, dass sie sich winselnd und mit eingezogenem Schwanz in ihre Höhlen verkriecht. Am

Ende stahl Smileys Bande viele Kilos Haschisch und Heroin sowie fast eine Viertelmillion Mark in bar aus den verschiedenen Lokalen.

Die Schläger zerrten Mamet im Lieferwagen. Mit einem Baseballschläger brachen sie seine Beine während sie ihn zu einem verlassenen Industriegelände brachten. Dort zerhackten sie die Leichen und tauchten sie in schnell trocknenden Beton. Sobald sie getrocknet waren, warfen sie die Teile in den Main. Die ganze Aktion wurde mit Plastikplanen abgedeckt. Anschließend wurde alles in einem alten Ölfass verbrannt. Von Anfang bis Ende waren sie in weniger als einer Stunde fertig.

Mamet wurde an einen Stuhl gefesselt und gezwungen, bei der Zerstückelung seiner beiden Cousins zuzusehen. Danach erlitt er das gleiche Schicksal. Ich vermute, dass sich das Ganze in einem verlassenen dreistöckigen Lagerhaus gleich um die Ecke des Jugendzentrums abspielte. Das Gebäude lag direkt am Ufer des Flusses und hatte eine Rampe, die in einen großen Keller hinunterführte, der sich perfekt für einen solchen Mord eignete.

Ende April ging ich im Schutz der Dunkelheit mit einer Taschenlampe dorthin, um nach Spuren zu suchen, aber sie waren beeindruckend gründlich. Die Morde geschahen wahrscheinlich nur fünfhundert Meter von Mamets Partybude entfernt. Ich muss mit der Tatsache leben, dass an jenem schicksalhaften Sonntagmorgen, dem 2. April 1995, während ich das Leben genoss und feierte, mein Freund gleich um die Ecke brutal ermordet wurde.

Alles, was ich damals wusste, war, dass Mamet meine Anrufe nicht entgegennahm und niemand ihn gesehen hatte. Mamet war verschwunden. Ich hätte mir nie vorstellen können, dass ihm etwas so Schreckliches zugestoßen war. Irgendetwas fühlte sich wirklich komisch an. Ich konnte mich nicht mehr auf die Schule oder irgendetwas anderes konzentrieren, weil mein Instinkt mir sagte, dass etwas ganz und gar nicht stimmte. Die Tage zogen sich in die Länge, aber er reagierte immer noch nicht. Montag, Dienstag, Mittwoch, nichts! Ich hatte nicht die leiseste Ahnung, was passiert war und rief verzweifelt dutzende Male sein Telefon an, ging zu seiner Partybude und schlug sogar ein Fenster ein, um es zu durchsuchen. Ich war besorgt, dass er eine Überdosis genommen haben könnte oder so, aber ich fand nichts. Ich rief Sippys Telefon an und ging zu seiner Wohnung, aber er ging nicht ran. Ich ging zu seinem Laden in Würzburg, aber es war niemand da. Es war alles dunkel und verschlossen, mitten am Tag.

Nichts, was ich tat, brachte mich der Suche nach ihm näher. Jeder, der etwas mit Mamet zu tun hatte, war wie vom Erdboden verschwunden. Ich konnte das alles nicht verstehen. Ich wollte nicht glauben, dass er unsere Freundschaft einfach so beendet hatte und verschwunden war. Es machte keinen Sinn. Ich hatte nichts getan, was einen solchen Rauschmiss gerechtfertigt hätte, und doch war es unheimlich. An einem Tag verdiente ich ein kleines Vermögen mit ihm, und am selben Abend verschwand er wie vom Erdboden verschluckt.

Wenn er ermordet wurde, bedeutete das, dass entweder Smiley darin verwickelt war oder dass es sich um eine afghanische Familienangelegenheit handeln musste. In jedem Fall bedeutete das, dass ich möglicherweise auch in Gefahr war. Schließlich war ich bis zu seinem Verschwinden fast jeden Tag mit Mamet zusammen. Smiley, der Soziopath, der er

war, behielt die Fassung und war sehr freundlich zu mir. Ich hatte keinen Grund, irgendetwas zu vermuten, schließlich hatten wir beide gerade einen großen Geschäftsabschluss gemacht und es schien mir zu diesem Zeitpunkt mehr als wahrscheinlich, dass unsere Geschäftsbeziehung fortbestehen würde. Als ich ihn nach diesem Wochenende das nächste Mal sah, sagte er mir sogar, dass ich bei ihm denselben Afghanen kaufen könne, den ich von Mamet zum Kilo-Großhandelspreis bekommen hatte, weil ich ihm einen Gefallen getan hatte. Außerdem durfte ich überall in Marktbreit Geschäfte machen, wo ich wollte. Das war natürlich eine gute Nachricht für mich. Jetzt weiß ich auch warum. Der verdammte Bastard hat meinen Freund ermordet und seinen Stoff gestohlen. Er hat die Drogen meines toten Freundes wieder an mich verkauft! Was für ein Stück Abschaum.

Als Mamet weg war, hatte ich keine andere Wahl, als wieder im Jugendzentrum herumzuhängen. Natürlich wollte ich nicht aufhören zu dealen. Warum sollte ich auch? Mamet hatte mich entweder im Stich gelassen oder er wurde ermordet. So oder so, selbst wenn er noch lebte, war es klar, dass er nicht zurückkehren würde, und selbst wenn, würde es mir verdammt schwerfallen, ihm zu vergeben. Erst viel später hatte ich die leiseste Ahnung, dass Smiley tatsächlich etwas mit seinem Verschwinden zu tun hatte. Smiley hat mir nie offiziell gesagt, was er getan hatte. Bis zu jener verhängnisvollen Nacht im Juni tat er immer noch so, als wäre er der beste Freund, den ich je hatte. Als ich es besser wusste, hatte ich keine andere Wahl, als die Farce ebenfalls fortzusetzen.

Niemand sonst in der Stadt vermutete, dass Mamet ermordet worden war. Einige unidentifizierte Finger waren am Mainufer ein paar Kilometer hinter Karlstadt aufgetaucht. Dann begann der Klatsch und Tratsch über das Verschwinden von Sippy, Mamet und seinen Cousins. Marktbreit ist klein, deshalb verbreiten sich Gerüchte schnell. Ich vermute, dass die Finger am Flussufer gelandet sind, weil sie bei der Entsorgung von Mamets Leiche ein bisschen schlampig waren. Die Presse nannte es einen verrückten Unfall, einen Unbekannten, der im Fluss ertrunken war und dessen Leiche von einer Schiffsschraube zerfetzt wurde. Die kleinen Überreste der Leiche waren zu beschädigt, um sie zu identifizieren. Es wurde gemunkelt, dass er aufgrund einer Familienfehde ermordet wurde. Es gab eine Vermisstenanzeige für Mamet, aber seine beiden Cousins hielten sich illegal im Land auf. Die Behörden wussten nicht einmal von ihrer Existenz.

Was auch immer Smiley sich davon versprochen hatte, dass er Mamet loswerden würde, das Gegenteil war der Fall. Eine Woche nach dem Mord war die Abrechnung fällig. Am 9. April war Smiley am Sonntagmorgen gegen vier Uhr allein in der Bar und machte Feierabend. Ein einzelner schwarzer Mercedes hielt in der Einfahrt, und zwei Männer stiegen aus, eröffneten das Feuer auf ihn durch die Fenster des Jugendzentrums und fuhren eilig wieder davon. Leider wurde er nicht getötet und nichts Lebenswichtiges wurde getroffen, aber immerhin bekam er eine Kugel in die Schulter, den Brustkorb und eine in den Hintern. Eine vierte Kugel streifte die Seite seines Kopfes. Verdammt! So verdammt nah dran! Er hatte Glück, eine Kugel wurde von seiner Rippe aufgehalten und drang nicht in sein Herz ein. Eine verdamnte Schande. Die Polizei tauchte auf, um die Sache zu untersuchen, und riegelte das Jugendzentrum bis Anfang Mai ab. Er hatte im Alleingang sein lukratives Deckungsgeschäft ruiniert und außerdem die Stimmung in der ganzen Stadt angespannt.



Dariusz ließ die Kugeln entfernen, und die Stimmung war mies. Im Gegenzug wurden ein paar Verhaftungen vorgenommen. Wie üblich sagte niemand ein Wort.

Selbst wenn es eine Untersuchung gegeben hätte, hätte das wenig bis gar keinen Unterschied gemacht. Die meisten Leute, die Bescheid wussten, waren entsetzt über die Gerüchte, die im Umlauf waren und von denen ich hoffte, dass sie nicht wahr waren. Die Menschen hatten Angst. Niemand hätte sich getraut, etwas zu sagen, geschweige denn auszusagen oder zur Polizei zu gehen.

Leider muss ich sagen, dass nicht lange nachdem Smiley fast getötet wurde, auch Saskia gezwungen war, sich noch einmal mit ihm zu treffen. Nachdem er aus dem Krankenhaus entlassen wurde, bat er mich, ihr zu sagen, dass er Saskia eine Art Bonuszahlung für all ihre Bemühungen geben wollte. Er behauptete, er wolle nicht, dass sie Angst vor ihm habe und dass Er sich ohne böse Gefühle trennen wollten. Ich hatte immer noch keinen Grund zu glauben, dass Smiley fähig war, Mamet zu ermorden, und so stimmte ich zu, es ihr zu sagen. Sie beschloss, es hinter sich zu bringen und ging zu seiner Wohnung, von der sie dachte, dass es das letzte Mal sein würde. Da hat er ihr das Video gezeigt.

Es war eine Aufnahme von Mamets Folterung und Mord. Wenn sie wegschaute, drohte Smiley, sie zu töten. Sie konnte danach tagelang weder essen noch schlafen. In der Öffentlichkeit war sie nicht gesprächig und hatte Angst, sich mit mir zu treffen. Smiley sagte, sie müsse sehen, was mit Leuten passiert, die ihm in die Quere kommen.

Später erzählte sie mir nur so viel: "Mamets Gesicht war bis zur Unkenntlichkeit zertrümmert. Smiley machte sich einen Spaß daraus, Mamets Kopf mit einer Säge abzutrennen. Sie konnte Smiley sagen hören: "Ich bin ein gottverdammter Künstler, das ist mein Meisterwerk."

Sie zog sich zitternd und schluchzend zurück und ich hielt sie so gut ich konnte.

Es war unsubtil, warum er es ihr zeigte. Sie würde ihn niemals verlassen dürfen. Der Bonus war eine List. Sie kam weinend auf das Gelände zurück und weinte sich unter einer dunklen Sonnenbrille die Augen aus. Ich folgte ihr in ihr Zimmer und sie erzählte mir alles. Sie wusste, dass sie ihren Dienst wieder aufnehmen musste, sonst würde er sie foltern und töten. Sie wollte sich umbringen, so schlimm wurde es. Ich musste jede Minute nach der Schule mit Saskia verbringen, um sicherzustellen, dass sie von einem Tag auf den anderen überleben würde. Von da an wurde das arme Mädchen fast jeden Tag nach der Schule abgeholt. Smiley wartete draußen vor dem Tor. Sie stieg pflichtbewusst ein und sie fuhren los. Ein paar Stunden später kam sie zurück und weinte den ganzen Abend unter der Dusche, während sie sich schrubbte. Liesel und ich sagten ihr beide, sie solle einfach zur Polizei gehen und alles über die sexuelle Erpressung erzählen, aber sie hatte so viel Angst vor ihm und hielt aus gutem Grund den Mund, weil sie dachte, dass er früher oder später das Interesse an ihr verlieren würde. Diesen Bonus hat sie auch nie bekommen.

Gleichzeitig eskalierte die Gewalt zwischen verschiedenen rivalisierenden Banden in der ganzen Region. Von Frankfurt über Mannheim bis nach Nürnberg. In unserer Stadt konnte

man etwa alle paar Wochen nach Einbruch der Dunkelheit sporadische Schüsse im Industriegebiet hören und Autos, die mit aufheulenden Motoren in Richtung Ochsenfurt davonfahren. Ich habe keinen Zweifel daran, dass die übriggebliebenen von Mamet inzwischen sicher waren, dass Smiley etwas damit zu tun hatte und auf Blutrache aus waren. Abends sah man oft schwarze BMWs oder Mercedes die Hauptstraße entlang am Jugendzentrum vorbeifahren. Es kursierten Gerüchte, dass es jeden Moment zu einem großen Showdown kommen würde. Das machte uns alle sehr nervös und deshalb gingen die meisten Leute, mich eingeschlossen, nicht mehr ins Jugendzentrum, nachdem es wieder geöffnet hatte. Wenn ich ging, dann nur, wenn ich unbedingt mehr Drogen besorgen musste. Ich wollte nicht, dass Smiley denkt, ich wüsste etwas. Jedes Mal, wenn wir uns trafen, versuchte ich, mich normal zu verhalten, aber glaub mir, ich zitterte innerlich vor Angst.

Die Wände und Fenster im Erdgeschoss des Jugendzentrums waren nach der Wiedereröffnung mit Einschusslöchern übersät. Der Vorfall im April schaffte es nicht einmal in die Nachrichten und wurde nur kurz in der Tagesschau erwähnt. (Das war für mich der Beweis, dass wie so vieles im Deutschland der 90er Jahre die Dinge unter den Teppich gekehrt und ignoriert wurden, um Städte wie Marktbreit fortschrittlich, drogenfrei und idyllisch aussehen zu lassen. Anfang Mai wurden die zerbrochenen Fensterscheiben ersetzt und das Jugendzentrum wurde wieder geöffnet, als wäre nichts geschehen. Es gab jedoch einen gravierenden Unterschied. Zu viele Leute hatten inzwischen Angst vor Smiley, und die Geschäfte gingen für ihn in die Hose. Je schlechter seine Geschäfte liefen, desto mehr wollte er die arme Saskia sehen.

Mitte Mai wussten die meisten von uns in der Unterwelt, dass Smiley Mamet ermordet hatte. Unter vier Augen prahlte er sogar damit, wie er ihn gefoltert hatte, bevor er ihn tötete. Er war sehr stolz auf sich und wusste, dass es niemand wagen würde, ihn zu verraten. Wenn Smiley wollte, dass sich die Leute vor ihm fürchten, hat das funktioniert. Er folterte und tötete Menschen und kam damit davon. Er zwang Mädchen im Teenageralter zur Prostitution und kam ungestraft davon. Menschen starben wegen seines Rauschgifts und er kam damit durch.

## Kapitel 18

### Willkommen auf der dunklen Seite

Am Dienstag, den 23. Mai 1995, wurde Saskia wieder einmal gezwungen. Sie konnte es nicht mehr ertragen. Genug war genug und sie weigerte sich, sich auszuziehen. Sie hatte den Mut aufgebracht, Smiley zu sagen, dass sie keine Angst vor ihm hatte. Wenn er sie töten wollte, sollte er es einfach hinter sich bringen. Sie weinte sich die Augen aus und machte unweigerlich den Fehler, ihm zu sagen, dass sie Gefühle für mich hatte. Sie sagte, es sei nicht fair, dass er andere Frauen ficken dürfe, sie aber keinen anderen Mann haben dürfe. Obendrein bezahlte er sie nicht einmal für ihre Dienste.

Ausnahmsweise war Smiley erstaunlich rational. Er sagte, er verstehe ihre Logik und sie habe Recht. Er hatte Sex mit anderen Frauen, also ist es nur fair, dass sie auch tun konnte, was sie wollte. Wenn sie wirklich keine Gefühle für ihn hegte, würde er sie nicht zwingen, mit ihm zu schlafen. Wenn sie Geld wollte, war er immer noch bereit, sie für Sex zu bezahlen, aber nur, wenn sie es wirklich wollte. Dann erzählte er ihr, wie sehr er mich mochte, dass er mich für einen wirklich guten Kerl hielt und dass er große Pläne mit mir hatte. Er meinte natürlich nichts von dem, was er sagte. So arbeiten die Soziopathen nicht. Sie sagen, was immer nötig ist, um dich auf ihrer Seite zu haben, damit sie dich weiter missbrauchen und erpressen können. Seine großen Pläne für mich waren etwas ganz anderes.

Nachdem er Saskia beruhigt hatte, zog Smiley fünf Hundertmarkscheine heraus und bezahlte sie ausnahmsweise tatsächlich. Sie war hier, da konnten sie es genauso gut ein letztes Mal tun, um der alten Zeiten willen. Widerwillig stimmte sie zu, als er ihr das Geld gab, ihr den Slip herunterzog und er sie dann in der Hündchenstellung fickte. Wenigstens musste sie nicht in sein hässliches Ungeheuerge Gesicht schauen. Für Smiley ging es beim Sex um Dominanz. Eine echt beschissene Art, Saskia zu zeigen, was er von ihr hielt. Für ihn war sie nur eine weitere dreckige Hure. Saskia konnte den Sex mit Smiley an diesem Tag vielleicht nicht vermeiden, aber sie hat sich zumindest endlich gegen ihn gewehrt. Seine Worte schienen vernünftig und glaubwürdig, selbst als er sagte, er würde sie nicht mehr zwingen, wenn sie das Geld nicht wollte. Saskia ging nach Hause, duschte noch einmal und weinte den ganzen Abend, bevor sie schließlich tränenüberströmt zu mir ins Zimmer kam. Sie sagte mir, dass sie denkt, sie sei endlich aus dem Schneider mit diesem schrecklichen Mann. Die kleine Saskia hatte keine Ahnung, was seine wahren Absichten waren.

An jenem schicksalhaften Freitag, dem 2. Juni, sollte alles ans Licht kommen. Es war etwas mehr als eine Woche her, dass Saskia ihre Dienste bei dem hinterhältigen Biest verweigerte und beendete. Sie und ich hatten unsere Zuneigung nie öffentlich gezeigt. Aus Angst vor Repressalien wollten wir auch jetzt nicht damit anfangen, aber zumindest waren wir nicht mehr nervös, wenn wir zusammen in der Öffentlichkeit gesehen wurden. An diesen Tag werde ich mich bis zu meinem Tod erinnern. Nach unserem Abendessen in der Mensa sagte ich Saskia, dass ich noch schwarzer Afghan besorgen müsse und deshalb ins Jugendzentrum gehen würde. Saskia beschloss, mich zu begleiten, als Zeichen des Vertrauens, dass sie Smileys Wort vertraute. Ich sagte ihr, dass ich schnell mein Butterflymesser aus meinem

Zimmer holen würde, nur für den Fall, dass etwas schief gehen würde. Das war die klügste Entscheidung, die ich je in meinem Leben getroffen habe.

Als wir ankamen, war das Lokal leer. Ein junger Kerl bediente die Bar, den weder Saskia noch ich zuvor gesehen hatten. Wir bestellten ein paar Getränke und machten es uns in der Lounge bequem. Wir wurden high und warteten darauf, dass Smiley auftauchte. Wir waren beide überrascht, wie menschenleer der Laden um diese Uhrzeit war, und der neue Typ stimmte uns zu. Seit die Araber eine Ladung Kugeln in den Laden gejagt hatten, trauten sich die Leute nicht mehr hierher und das Geschäft lief wirklich schlecht. Ich nahm immer noch an, dass Smiley keine Ahnung hatte, dass ich Saskia schon seit Monaten hinter seinem Rücken gefickt hatte. Jetzt, da sie ihre Vereinbarung gekündigt hatten, war alles, was ich brauchte, dass das niemals herausgefunden werden würde. Saskia hatte schicksalhaft verschwiegen, dass sie Smiley ihre Gefühle für mich gestanden hatte. Das hätte in meinem Kopf viele Alarmglocken läuten lassen, aber leider war ich unerschrocken und daher geistig völlig unvorbereitet auf die Schwere dessen, was passieren würde.

Nach einigen Stunden, gegen 21 Uhr, kommen Smiley und zwei Kunden endlich im Zentrum an. Eine von ihnen war eine junge Prostituierte, die ich nicht erkannte, sie muss etwa 16-17 Jahre alt gewesen sein. Ein fetter Zuhälter hielt ihre Hand. So wie er aussah, könnte er ihr Vater sein. Mittlerweile war es für mich normal, solche Dinge zu sehen und ich nickte lässig mit dem Kopf in ihre Richtung, als sie sich zu uns in die Lounge setzten. Wie immer hatte ich meine Sonnenbrille auf und meinen Kapuzenpulli weit über den Kopf gezogen. Der Teenager, der uns an der Bar bedient hatte, saß jetzt bei uns und rauchte, weil wir zu wenig Gäste hatten. Insgesamt sind wir jetzt nur noch sechs Leute. In der Nähe liefen die Geschäfte besser. Dort gab es ein weiteres besetztes Gebäude, das einige Einheimische aus dem Nahen Osten in eine Untergrundbar verwandelt hatten. Wegen des Revierkampfes bekamen sie das ganze Geschäft. Sie waren auch sehr hartnäckig und ließen Smiley und seine Partner nicht einmal in die Nähe des Lokals. Smiley verkauft dem Zuhälter zunächst etwas Heroin und dem Mädchen etwas schwarzes Haschisch. Dann wendet Smiley seine Aufmerksamkeit mir zu.

Er fragt mich, wie viel ich kaufen möchte. Ich sage ihm, dass ich mit 50 Gramm zufrieden bin. Während ich meinen Einkauf tätige, schenkt er sich noch einen Wodka ein und fängt dann plötzlich an, sich über mich lustig zu machen. Er schimpft über mein Aussehen, dass ich ein Loser sei. Er fragt Saskia spöttisch, wie ein Mädchen mit mir Sex haben könne, ohne zu kotzen? Das übersteigt seine Vorstellungskraft usw. Ich spüre, wie mir die Farbe aus dem Gesicht weicht. "Verdammt, er weiß es!!!" Dann bestätigt er, dass er tatsächlich von Saskia und mir weiß. Jemand hatte uns vor Monaten beim Knutschen gesehen und es hatte sich herumgesprochen. Verdammt! Wir dachten, wir wären so vorsichtig! Er fängt an zu schreien, dass wir Verräter sind, dass wir ihm in den Rücken fallen, nach allem, was er für uns getan hat. Jetzt weiß ich, dass ich ausgeraubt werde. Natürlich schnappt er sich das Geldbündel, das ich auf den Tisch gelegt hatte, und steckt es in seine Tasche.

Ich schaue Smiley und dann Saskia erschrocken an: "Oh fuck", denke ich mir. Smiley springt auf und zieht mich an meinem Kapuzenpulli über die Rückenlehne des Sofas, während er mir einen Schlag auf den Hinterkopf verpasst. Saskia springt auf seinen Rücken und fleht ihn

an, aufzuhören. Smiley wirft Saskia mühelos gegen die Wand hinter ihm. Er dreht sich zu mir um und zieht seine Pistole hinter seinem Rücken hervor.

Er wirft mich zu Boden und schlägt mich mit dem Griffende der Pistole grün und blau. Blut strömt aus den Wunden in der Nähe meiner Augen, Wangenknochen und Nase, mein Gesicht ist blutverschmiert. Er schreit und spuckt mir Spucke in den Mund. Ich bin so geschockt und starr vor Angst, dass ich sogar kurz vergesse, dass ich ein Messer bei mir habe.

"Wie kannst du es wagen, mein Mädchen hinter meinem Rücken zu ficken und dann so zu tun, als wärst du mit mir befreundet, du Sohn einer Hure!!! "

Er geht zum Eingang des Jugendzentrums und schließt ihn ab. Er steckt die Schlüssel zurück in seine Tasche. Mein ganzer Körper zittert vor Angst. Das war's. Ich werde genau hier und jetzt ermordet werden. Ich versuche, mich wieder aufzusetzen und mich auf die Couch zu ziehen, aber Smiley tritt mir an den Kopf und alles wird schwarz. Als ich wieder zu mir komme, höre ich Saskia schreien. Er zerrt sie nur an den Haaren über den Boden und in eine der Toilettenkabinen. Er fängt an, sie heftig zu schlagen und zu vergewaltigen.

Je mehr sie weint und schreit, desto mehr schlägt er sie. Der junge Barkeeper steht seufzend auf, geht hinüber zur Bar und dreht die Musik lauter, um Smileys und Saskias Schreie zu übertönen. Er setzt sich an die Bar, nachdem er sich einen Whiskey genehmigt hat, und sieht lässig zu, wie die Kacke am Dampfen ist. Ich kann es nicht mehr ertragen. "Wenn ich sterbe, dann sterbe ich", denke ich mir, "aber ich werde nicht hier auf dem Boden liegen und ihr Schicksal akzeptieren. Wenn es das Letzte ist, was ich tue, um Saskia zu beschützen, dann werde ich bei dem Versuch sterben." Bilder von Patel mit seinem fettigen, schwarzen Schnurrbart, der lacht, tauchen vor meinen Augen auf. Ich sehe nur Dunkelheit und Tod, während ich mich langsam vom Boden hochziehe, mich an der Rückenlehne der Couch festhalte und mir das Blut aus den Augen wische.

Der Zuhälter schreckt vor mir zurück. Sein Mädchen ist zu Tode erschrocken und angewidert von der Situation. Sie vergräbt ihr Gesicht im Nacken des fetten Zuhälters und fleht ihn an, dass sie gehen sollen. Ich mache mich auf den Weg zu den Toilettenkabinen. Wie eine Maschine, die darauf programmiert ist, sich nur vorwärts zu bewegen, kann ich mich nicht mehr aufhalten, ich weiß, dass ich in meinen sicheren Tod laufe, aber genug ist genug!

Der Zuhälter schüttelt den Kopf, als ich an ihm vorbeigehe.

"Hey Kumpel, geh da nicht rein. Lass es geschehen. Ihr müsst beide eure Bestrafungen akzeptieren und eure Lektionen lernen. Was hast du denn gedacht, was passieren würde? Es ist deine Schuld. Die Schlampe wird deinetwegen verprügelt und vergewaltigt!"

Ich gehe weiter auf die offene Tür der Einrichtung zu. Er schreit mich an.

"Hast du Todessehnsucht, mein Sohn? Was zum Teufel ist los mit dir?!"

Der Typ an der Bar schüttelt nur den Kopf über mich.

Ich ziehe mein Fliegenmesser aus dem Riemen um meinen Knöchel und balle meine Faust darum. Ich forme die Worte mit meinen Lippen an den Zuhälter:

"Halt dein verdammtes Maul!!!"

Sobald ich die Räumlichkeiten betrete, schließe ich die Tür leise hinter mir. Mit dem Messer in der Hand und zitternd vor Wut gehe ich langsam zur letzten Toilettenkabine auf der rechten Seite hinüber. Das Geschrei wird noch lauter. Saskia wimmert und weint und fleht ihn an, aufzuhören, aber er ist jetzt wie ein Tier und schlägt um sich. Ich kann sehen, wie Dariusz auf die gefliesten Wände hinter ihr einschlägt, und zwar so heftig, dass seine Faust inmitten der Tonscherben blutet. Er schreit, dass sie eine Hure ist, dass er sie dafür bestraft, dass sie eine Verräterin ist. Dass sie ihm gehört und nur ihm.

Es scheint, dass ihre Hilfeschreie und Tränen ihn noch mehr erregen. Er ist so sehr darauf konzentriert, Saskia zu vergewaltigen, dass er seine Umgebung gar nicht wahrnimmt und nicht merkt, dass ich mich anschleiche. Ich schwinge mein Klappmesser auf. Meine erste Absicht ist es, ihn zu töten, als ich sehe, wie er Saskia in der Toilettenkabine vergewaltigt und seine Hose offen hängt. Sein blonder haariger Arsch versucht, sich seinen Weg zu bahnen. Saskia wehrt sich mächtig, aber er ist zu stark. Er drückt sie gewaltsam gegen die Rückseite des Toilettenspülkastens. Ihre Nase und ihre Lippen sind aufgeschlagen und bluten, Blut strömt aus einem Schnitt über ihrer linken Augenbraue und ihre Kleidung ist völlig zerrissen.

Tränen steigen mir in die Augen, als ich sehe, wie sie nach Luft schnappt, unkontrolliert zittert und vergeblich versucht, ihn wegzustoßen.

Eine unkontrollierbare Wut flammt in mir auf. Ich springe auf seinen Rücken und während ich ihn mit der linken Hand an den Haaren packe, stoße ich mit der rechten Hand das Messer in seinen Hals. Unglücklicherweise verfehle ich die Halsschlagader. Ich ziehe das Messer heraus und versuche es erneut. Er wehrt sich heftig. Das Blut spritzt überall hin. Nichts von dem, was ich gerade getan habe, scheint ihn zu bremsen, so voll ist er mit Adrenalin.

Er versucht, mich von sich zu stoßen. Ich komme mit dem Messer nicht mehr an seinen Hals heran. Wir greifen beide gleichzeitig nach seiner Waffe, die auf dem Boden neben der Schüssel liegt. Zu seinem Pech zieht Saskia seinen Kopf an seinem fettigen Pilzschnitt nach unten in Richtung Toilette und schreit: "TÖTE IHN!!! TÖTE IHN!!!"

Sie hält ihn so fest sie kann an den Haaren, so dass er sie nicht erreichen kann.

Es kommt zu einem heftigen Kampf. In Panik stoße ich mein Messer in Smileys Rückenfett, während ich nach der Waffe zwischen seinen baumelnden Eiern greife. Zum Glück erwische ich sie, bevor er sie sich schnappen kann. Er reißt sich die Haare von Saskia aus, die sich mit einer Hand daran festhält. Riesige herausgerissene kahle Stellen zieren die Vorderseite seines Schädels. Als er sich umdreht, stolpert er wegen seiner Hose um die Knöchel und sein Schwanz schlägt mir ins Gesicht, während ich mich abmühe, auf meine Füße zu kommen. In Panik versucht er, mir an den Hals zu greifen, und während ich versuche, mein Messer aus

seinem unteren Rücken zu ziehen, verliere ich das Gleichgewicht. Wir fallen zusammen auf den Boden.

Ich lande auf dem Rücken, mein Kopf knallt auf die Fliesen und ich verliere fast das Bewusstsein. Smiley, der locker 40 Kilo schwerer ist, liegt jetzt halb auf mir. Ich schaffe es, meine linke Hand wieder um mein Messer zu legen und steche auf ihn ein, wo immer ich kann. Irgendwie feuert die Pistole und trifft ihn in den Bauch. Er schreit vor Schmerz auf, aber es gelingt ihm, mich im Würgegriff zu halten. Er ist zu schwer, als dass ich unter ihm wegkommen könnte. Ich stoße das Messer in seine Arme, seine Schultern und steche ihm dann in Panik wiederholt ins Gesicht. Ich treffe ihn in die Nase, die Augen und den Mund, das Messer schlitzt seine rechte Wange weit auf. Ich verwunde ihn so sehr, dass er loslässt und versucht, das herausspritzende Blut zu stoppen. Ich stoße mich mit beiden Beinen nach hinten ab und schaffe es irgendwie, mit meiner linken Hand, in der ich immer noch die blutgetränkte Waffe halte, unter ihm hervorzukommen. Er ist jetzt damit beschäftigt, sein aufgerissenes Gesicht und seine Kehle geschlossen zu halten. Es nützt nichts, er ist zu schwach durch den Blutverlust von den Schuss- und Stichwunden.

Endlich schaffe ich es, wieder auf die Beine zu kommen.

Die Kacheln sind glitschig vom Blut und ich muss mich an einer der Wände der Toilettenkabine abstützen, damit ich nicht wieder abrutsche. Smiley windet sich auf dem Boden in einer Lache seines eigenen Blutes und schreit, dass ihm jemand helfen soll, aber die Musik übertönt seine Schreie. Er versucht verzweifelt, wieder auf die Beine zu kommen, aber genau wie ich rutscht er in seinem eigenen Blut herum. Inzwischen hat er so viel verloren, dass seine Bewegungen immer schwächer werden. Irgendwann ist es so weit, dass ich ihn nicht mehr als Bedrohung ansehe. Die Musik ist so laut, dass ihn entweder niemand hört oder niemand den Mut hat, einzugreifen. Saskia sitzt immer noch auf der Toilettenschüssel und grölt sich die Augen aus dem Kopf. Ihr Oberkörper ist mit Smileys Blut bespritzt, während sie ihren Kopf in den Händen hält. Ihr Körper zittert vor Schock, sie ist immer noch völlig entblößt, ihre Hände und Beine zittern. Ich stolpere zu ihr hinüber.

"Steh auf", sage ich ihr. "Wir müssen hier weg!"

Sie schüttelt den Kopf und weint noch heftiger.

"Tommy ich kann nicht, ich kann mich nicht bewegen!"

Ich stecke die Pistole hastig in meine Jeansjackentasche und klappe das Messer zu, damit ich versuchen kann, sie hochzuheben. Ich muss sie schnell von Smiley wegbringen, solange er beschäftigt ist und verzweifelt versucht, sich mit seinen Händen vor dem Verbluten zu schützen. Er macht einen schwachen Versuch, mein Bein zu packen, aber sofort spritzt wieder Blut aus seinem Hals. Er lässt mich los und klammert seine Hand über das spritzende Blut, während er immer noch versucht, auf die Beine zu kommen. Ich trete auf seinen Kopf, so fest ich kann. Das Licht ist aus.

Ich habe keine Zeit zu verlieren, hebe Saskia hoch und trage sie über seinen blutigen Körper aus der Kabine. Sobald sie auf ihren eigenen Füßen steht, humpelt sie zum Waschbecken

neben dem Eingang und beginnt, sich zu waschen. Das Blut ist jetzt überall, an den Wänden, Fliesen, Toilettenkabinen, Waschbecken und Spiegeln.

Schluchzend und zitternd umklammert sie ein Waschbecken und starrt in den Spiegel, während sie sich das Blut aus dem Gesicht wäscht und in tiefer Trauer und wahrer Agonie stöhnt.

Smiley kommt wieder zu sich und versucht, durch das blutige Glucksen hindurch zu sprechen.

"Ich werde dich zerhacken, ich werde dich töten, ich werde dir deine Eier in den Hals stopfen, und du wirst mich um den Tod anflehen!"

Das sind Smileys erbärmliche letzte Worte. Als er versucht zu atmen, blubbert knorriger rosa Schaum aus den offenen Wunden in seiner Kehle.

Ich verhöhne ihn.

"Wie willst du das denn machen, du schwanzlutschender Wichser?"

Smileys Gesicht verschwindet und ich sehe jetzt Patel, der mich ängstlich anschaut. Sein großes buschiges Gesicht und seine großen braunen Augen sind voller Angst und Schrecken. Ich schaue fast sanft in seine Augen zurück. Als ob ich ihm einen letzten Akt wahrer Freundlichkeit erweisen würde. Ich lächle.

"Du wirst nie wieder jemandem wehtun"

Ich halte die Waffe auf ihn gerichtet, während ich mich triumphierend auf seine blutverschmierten Schultern knie. Smiley hat aufgehört, sich zu wehren, er hat zu viel Blut verloren. Ich lege die Pistole weg und ziehe mein Messer heraus. Ein letztes Mal stoße ich es in seinen Hals und schneide es wie eine Säge über die gesamte Vorderseite seiner Kehle. Ich treffe seinen Kehlkopf und höre, wie die Luft seltsame Zischlaute von sich gibt und weitere blutige Blasen bildet. Blut strömt in seine Luftröhre. Ich spüre, wie die Spitze meines Fliegenmessers auf den Knochen trifft, als ich mich quer durch seinen Hals schneide. Ich bin ganz ruhig und starre ihn voller Verachtung schweigend an. Er bewegt sich nicht, es ist vorbei. Ich halte den Augenkontakt mit ihm aufrecht, bis sein Körper schlaff wird. Seine Pupillen weiten sich. Dariusz, der Monster, ist tot.

Der Zuhälter und der Teenager, der an der Bar war, kommen durch die Badezimmertür gestürmt und fragen sich, was hier los ist. Ich ziele mit der Waffe auf sie und schiebe das Schmetterlingsmesser über den Boden zu Saskia. Wir sind beide blutverschmiert. Sie sehen Smileys verstümmelten Körper auf dem Boden und heben abwehrend die Hände. Sie sehen sich ungläubig an. Der Teenager hält sich die Hand vor den Mund und schreit auf.

"Oh mein Gott!"

Saskia richtet das Fliegenmesser auf sie und schreit sie an.



"Komm uns in die Quere und du wirst verdammt noch mal sterben!!! "

Sie ziehen sich zurück. Ich suche eilig nach den Schlüsseln für den Eingang und nehme ihm sein Portemonnaie, sein Handy, seine Goldketten, seine Uhr, mein Geld und alles andere Wertvolle ab. Saskia und ich machen uns auf den Weg zum Ausgang, während wir die Waffe auf den Zuhälter, seine Freundin und den jungen Idioten gerichtet halten. Sie starren uns ungläubig an wie Goldfische mit himmlischen Augen. Ich krame die Schlüssel aus meiner Tasche und reiche sie Saskia, damit sie die Tür aufschließt. Als wir durch die Tür eilen, ziehe ich die Schlüssel wieder heraus und stecke sie ein.

Wir rennen so schnell wir können flussabwärts durch das verlassene Industriegebiet, entlang des Mains. Wir sind dem Jugendzentrum geschlagen, blutig, gebrochen, aber lebendig entkommen. Smiley ist endlich tot! Die Dunkelheit ist jetzt mehr denn je unseren Freund. Wir erreichen einen alten Betonsteg, wo wir nicht gesehen werden und unsere Ruhe haben. Wir ziehen uns völlig nackt aus und beginnen, das Blut von uns und unserer Kleidung zu waschen.

Saskia wäscht sich weinend immer und immer wieder die Unterleibsregion. Sie taucht ganz in den Fluss ein und für einen Moment denke ich, dass sie sich von der Strömung mitreißen lässt und ertrinkt. Ich packe sie unter den Schultern, ziehe ihren Kopf über das Wasser und umarme sie so fest ich kann. Sie wird in meinen Armen schlaff. Ich ziehe sie aus dem Wasser und befürchte, dass sie das Bewusstsein verloren hat, aber ihre Augen sind offen. Sie steht nur unter Schock. Ich setze mich hinter ihren Rücken und wiege sie in meinen Armen auf dem schmutzigen Boden. Ich streichle ihr immer wieder über die Haare und wiege sie sanft wie ein Baby.

Ich flüstere.

"Es ist vorbei, es ist erledigt, er wird dir nie wieder wehtun, wir werden das durchstehen, du und ich, Saskia, ich liebe dich, es wird alles gut."

Ich spüre, wie sich ihre Muskeln wieder bewegen. Sie reißt sich zusammen und fängt an, meine Finger schwach mit ihren zu streicheln. Mein Gesicht brennt von den Schlägen und eines meiner Augen ist halb zugeschwollen. Ich kann mir nur vorstellen, welche Schmerzen sie haben muss. Irgendwann schafft es Saskia, so lange mit dem weinen aufzuhören, damit wir unsere Kleidung auswringen und wieder anziehen können. Ich zerschlage Smileys nagelneuen Siemens in Dutzende von Teilen und werfe sie in den Fluss.

Die ganze Zeit frage ich mich, warum es keine Sirenen gibt. Es scheint, als hätte noch niemand Smileys Leiche gesehen, oder wenn doch, dann hatte er sich nicht die Mühe gemacht, die Polizei zu rufen. Ich wusste, dass sich das im Handumdrehen ändern konnte. Jede Sekunde könnte jemand Smileys Leiche finden. Dann würde sicherlich die Hölle losbrechen. Ich fragte mich nur, wer würde sich die Mühe machen, die Polizei zu rufen? Keiner, den ich kannte, würde sich die Mühe machen, so etwas zu melden. Alle hatten eine Heidenangst vor Smiley. Niemand würde in Zusammenhang mit seinem Tod verwickelt oder befragt werden wollen. Trotzdem bin ich immer noch davon überzeugt, dass ich am Ende des Tages entweder tot oder in einer Zelle eingesperrt sein werde. Es ist unmöglich, dass ich damit durchkomme, aber das ist auch egal. Was zählt, ist, dass ich Smiley davon abgehalten

habe, Saskia weiter hin zu vergewaltigen, und uns umzubringen! Wenn Gefängnis oder Tod meine Belohnung wäre, würde ich sie erhobenen Hauptes annehmen. Das heißt aber nicht, dass ich es der Polizei oder Smileys Schlägern leicht machen werde, mich zu fangen. Auf keinen Fall.

Wir laufen so schnell, wie es unsere angeschlagenen Körper zulassen, zurück zum Internat. Unserem sicheren Hafen. Wir machen einen großen Umweg, auf winzigen Pfaden durch den Wald, am Rande der Stadt. Der Wald führt uns in Richtung des Friedhofs, der an die Fußballplätze und Sportanlagen der Schule angrenzt. Es ist wichtig, dass uns überhaupt niemand sieht. Wir halten unsere Köpfe gesenkt, damit niemand sehen kann, wie verprügelt wir sind. Wir versuchen, so zu tun, als wären wir nur ein paar dumme Teenager, die aus Versehen in den Fluss gefallen sind. Wir haben es geschafft, uns klatschnass in mein Schlaftsaalzimmer zu schleichen. Als wir eilig mein Zimmer betreten, sitzt Dimitri auf seinem Bett und stemmt Gewichte.

Er schaut zu uns hoch. Wir tun so, als ob wir lachen würden, weil wir in den Fluss gefallen sind. Er schüttelt den Kopf über mein Lachen, aber dann bemerkt er die blauen Flecken und die Blutungen in unseren Gesichtern. Sein Gesicht wird besorgt und wütend.

"Wer hat dir das angetan?"

"Dimitri, hast du eine Zigarette für mich?"

Er reicht mir eine ungeöffnete russische Packung geschmuggelter Marlboros aus unserem Versteck unter dem Bett.

"Danke", sage ich zu Saskia und gehe hinüber, um das Fenster des Schlaftsaals zu öffnen und beide Zigaretten anzuzünden. Ich gebe eine an Saskia und inhaliere die Hälfte der anderen in einem Zug, während ich versuche, meine zitternden Hände unter Kontrolle zu halten.

"Tommy, ich habe dich etwas gefragt. Wer hat dir diese schrecklichen Dinge angetan?"

"Dimitri, ich möchte wirklich nicht darüber reden."

"Tommy, ich bin dein Freund, sind wir keine Freunde? Wie kann es sein, dass du und Saskia halb totgeprügelt hier reinkommt und du mir nicht sagen willst, was passiert ist?"

"Dariusz hat Saskia vergewaltigt! Ok?"

"Er hat was!!!"

"Ja, er hat Saskia vergewaltigt, und ich habe versucht, sie zu verteidigen, und wurde verprügelt."

Dimitri zieht bereits seine Schlagringe an, steckt ein Fliegenmesser in seine Socke und holt den Baseballschläger hinter der Tür hervor.

"Okay, Tommy, du bleibst hier. Wir alle aus diesem Stockwerk gehen da runter und bringen den Mistkerl um. Keiner legt sich mit der Familie an."

Ich muss ihn festhalten, als er gerade in den Flur stürmen will, um allen zusammenzurufen.

"Dimitri, halt! Warte!"

"Warum sollte ich warten? Wir müssen jetzt sofort los!"

"Es ist zu spät, Dimitri. Er ist tot!"

"Wer ist tot?"

"Smiley!"

"Wie?"

Ich habe ihn getötet, er ist tot."

"Bist du sicher?"

"Ja, Dimitri, er hat bekommen, was er verdient hat, ich habe ihm den Kopf fast mit meinem Messer abgetrennt."

"Ich ziehe seine Pistole und mein Fliegenmesser aus der Tasche und zeige ihm. Etwas mit Blut vermisches Wasser sickert noch hervor."

"Du? Du hast Smiley getötet? War das seine Waffe? Wie? Er war doppelt so groß wie du!"

"Ich hatte Glück."

Ich zünde mir noch eine Zigarette an und Dimitri reicht mir etwas Wodka. Ich nehme drei große Schlucke, bevor ich ihn an Saskia weitergebe.

"Dimitri sieht Saskia an.

"Ist das wahr?"

Sie nippt an ihrem Wodka, nickt und fängt wieder an zu weinen.

Ich nehme Saskia die Flasche weg, bevor sie zu viel trinkt, und wische ihr die Tränen ab. Ich setze die Willkommenen Flüssigkeit an meine Lippen und nehme einen weiteren Schluck.

"Dimitri, wir müssen das für uns behalten. Smileys Freunde sind verrückt. Sie werden sicher hinter Saskia und mir her sein, sie werden ihn rächen wollen. Hier in Marktbreit ist es nicht mehr sicher für uns."

"Wer hat dich noch gesehen?"

"Eine Prostituierte mit einem älteren Mann und ein anderer junger Kerl, der hinter der Bar arbeitete."

"Sonst niemand?"

"Nein."

"Wer war der Barkeeper?"

Ich weiß nicht, ich habe niemanden erkannt, wahrscheinlich aus Ochsenfurt oder Würzburg. Das Gleiche gilt für den Zuhälter, ich habe sie noch nie gesehen.

"Würden sie dich erkennen?"

"Das glaube ich nicht, ich hatte meinen Kapuzenpulli über dem Kopf, aber Saskia würden sie vielleicht erkennen."

"Ja, Tommy, ich glaube nicht, dass irgendjemand reden wird, wenn er nicht dazu gezwungen wird. Ich bin mir sicher, dass sie sich alle verpisst haben, nachdem du gegangen bist, hast du Fingerabdrücke hinterlassen?"

"Sicherlich Dimitri, es war überall Blut, ein riesiger Kampf, ich bin mir sicher, dass es Fingerabdrücke geben wird."

Ok, bleib hier, ich begleite Saskia zum Dormitorium und dann sehe ich nach, was los ist. Verlass das Zimmer nicht, Tommy! Schließe es sogar ab, wenn ich weg bin. Wenn ich zurückkomme, werde ich SOS im Morsecode klopfen, damit du weißt, dass ich es bin." Lass dich von niemandem sehen!

Saskia weigert sich, mein Zimmer zu verlassen, aber wir bringen sie zur Vernunft. Es ist bald Ausgangssperre, und alles muss normal aussehen. Es würde reichen, wenn sie sich in ihrem Zimmer einschließt und nur durch die Tür ruft, wenn die Sicherheitspersonal die Runde macht. Die Sicherheitskräfte sind uns Teenagern gegenüber ziemlich entspannt. Normalerweise machen sie sich nicht einmal die Mühe, die Türen zu öffnen. Ein einfacher Ruf unserer Namen im Flur und ein durch die Tür zurückgeschrienes "Ja" würden ausreichen. Ich kann Dimitris starken russischen Akzent gerade so weit imitieren, dass es so klingt, als wäre er mit mir im Zimmer. Saskia hat wie auch Liesel inzwischen, ihr eigenes Zimmer, da nicht so viele Mädchen mehr auf dem Campus wohnten. Das ist auch gut so. Wir brauchen keine schwatzhafte Mitbewohnerin, die uns verrät.

Ich gebe Saskia ein trockenes T-Shirt und meinen Ersatzkapuzenpulli, damit sie sich umziehen kann. Der übergroße Kapuzenpulli geht ihr bis zu den Knien hinunter. Dimitri gibt ihr seine zusätzliche Sonnenbrille, um die schlimmsten Blutergüsse im Gesicht zu verdecken. Ich küsse Saskia sanft auf die Stirn und verspreche ihr, dass ich sie heute Abend wieder besuchen werde, sobald Dimitri von der Erkundung des Ortes zurück ist.

Sie gehen beide und ich schließe die Tür ab und fange sofort an zu packen. Ich werde nicht bleiben und darauf warten, dass ein paar Gangster in der Nacht auftauchen und mich töten oder die Polizei mich verhaftet. Ich nippe am Wodka und rauche Zigaretten pausenlos, bis ich etwas ruhiger geworden bin. Der Alkohol entspannt mich etwas und ich warte nervös mit der Pistole unter meinem Kopfkissen und meinem Butterfly-Messer in der Tasche. Ich laufe und laufe und laufe. Ich rauche und laufe noch ein bisschen weiter. Es kommt mir wie eine Ewigkeit vor. Der Wachmann kommt und ruft durch die Tür. "Tommy?" "Ja, Chef" "Dimitri?" "Da, Chef!" "Ok, gute Nacht." Der Wachmann geht den Flur entlang und ruft noch andere Namen, bevor er sich für die Nacht in sein Zimmer verpisst. Keine fünf Minuten vergehen, da klopft Dimitri SOS an die Tür. Ich bin erleichtert, dass er unbegleitet ist.

"Tommy, gib mir eine Zigarette." Ich reiche ihm eine. "Jemand beschützt dich wirklich, Tommy, weißt du das?"

"Was hast du wirklich gesehen?"

"Gerade als ich ankam, sah ich einen jungen, dünnen Mann das Gebäude verlassen. Ich ging auf ihn zu und er begann zu rennen. Ich rannte hinter ihm her, packte ihn, als ich ihn einholte, und drückte ihn gegen eine Wand. Er fing an zu sagen, "Ich wars nicht ich wars nicht!!!" Ich beruhigte ihn und sagte ihm, dass ich nicht hier bin, um ihn zu verletzen. Ich sagte, ich will nur meinen Freund und dem Mädchen, das vergewaltigt wurde, helfen, damit die Polizei nichts herausfindet. Er nickt mir zu. Ich frage ihn, warum noch keine Polizei hier ist, und er sagt:"

"Nachdem die beiden abgehauen waren, sagten mir der Zuhälter und seine Schlampe, dass sie keine Probleme haben wollen. Was sie betrifft, so waren sie nie hier und haben nichts gesehen. Sie stiegen in ihr Auto und fuhren davon. Ich dachte, es wäre nicht klug, die ganzen blutigen Fingerabdrücke überall zu hinterlassen. Es war ekelhaft, was Dariusz getan hat, und nicht zu rechtfertigen. Ich denke, es hat Smiley recht geschehen, er hat bekommen, was er verdient hat."

Dimitri zündete sich eine Zigarette an und fuhr fort, während er ausatmete.

"Der Typ sagte, er fühle sich wirklich schlecht, weil er nicht geholfen hat und möchte, dass du das weißt, Tommy. Er war zu dem Zeitpunkt sehr verängstigt und wusste nicht, wie er reagieren sollte. Es war für ihn unvorstellbar, dass es zu so etwas eskalieren würde. Nachdem alle gegangen waren, hängte er das "Sorry, wir haben geschlossen"-Schild an die Tür. Er fand den Feuerlöschschlauch und benutzte die Hockdruck, um alles abzuwaschen. Den Körper, die Spiegel, den Boden, die Türgriffe, die Türen, die Kabinen. Er hat alles geflutet, damit die Bullen hoffentlich keine Beweise finden. Er sagte, er habe die Fingerabdrücke von den Toilettenkabinen entfernt und die Bar und andere Oberflächen abgewischt, von denen er dachte, dass sie jemand angefasst haben könnte. Er sagte, das sei das Mindeste, was er tun könne. Ich soll dir sagen, dass er großen Respekt vor dem hat, was du getan hast. Er hofft auch, dass es dir und dem Mädchen gut geht.

"Ich folgte ihm in die Toilettenkabinen und sah Dariusz dort liegen. Blut vermischte sich mit Wasser und sein halber Hals war durchgeschnitten. Verdammst Tommy, ich habe noch nie eine Leiche gesehen, geschweige denn etwas so Abgefahrenes und ich musste mich fast übergeben.

Ich habe eine nasse Zigarettenschachtel auf dem Fliesenboden gefunden. Ich nehme an, sie sind dir aus der Tasche gefallen, als du mit Dariusz gekämpft hast, also habe ich sie aufgehoben. An den Wänden waren noch ein paar blutige Fingerabdrücke, die der Typ übersehen hatte. Ich suchte nach etwas, mit dem ich alles wieder abwischen konnte und fand zum Glück ein paar Handtücher hinter der Theke. Ich gab eines davon dem anderen Kerl und wir wischten in aller Eile den Loungetisch, die Bar und alle anderen Oberflächen, die mir einfielen, ein zweites Mal ab, nur um sicherzugehen. Ich hoffe wirklich, dass wir alles erwischt haben. Es war ein totales Durcheinander, verdammt. Als wir fertig waren, wischten wir unsere eigenen Fußabdrücke ab und gingen. Der andere Typ eilte in Richtung Bahnhof und ich kam hierher zurück. Ich spülte die Handtücher im Keller aus und warf sie dann ganz unten in einer der Wäschesäcke. Deine nassen Zigaretten habe ich in den Mülleimer der Schule geworfen. Irgendwann wird jemand Smileys Leiche finden und die Polizei rufen, aber ich glaube nicht, dass sie nach dir suchen werden, es sei denn, jemand verpfeift dich.

Ich sehe ihn mit Bewunderung an.

"Scheiße, vielen Dank! Ich hoffe, es hat euch niemand gesehen."

"Wie? Es war stockdunkel, als ich ankam. Die einzigen Lichter, die an waren, waren in den Toilettenkabinen. Ansonsten war der Ort wie eine Geisterstadt."

"Ja, seit die Afghanen kamen und den Laden zusammengeschossen haben, gehen die Leute nicht mehr hin. Kannst du es ihnen verübeln, dass sie ihr Getränk nicht mit einem Stück Blei wollen?"

Wir kichern beide, dass mir die Rippen wehtun.

Erleichtert setze ich mich auf mein Bett, aber immer noch im Kampf- oder Fluchtmodus. Ich weiß, dass jeden Moment die Kacke am Dampfen sein kann. Mit etwas Glück denken Smileys Leute, dass die Araber ihn erwischt haben, wenn mich niemand verpfeift. Ich hasse es, nicht die Kontrolle zu haben. Das ist ein schreckliches Gefühl! Im schlimmsten Fall verpfeift mich der Zuhälter an die Russen in Ochsenfurt. Es wird etwa 30 Minuten dauern, bis sie hier sind und weitere 30 Minuten, bis auch meine Leiche zerstückelt und auf dem Grund des Mains versenkt wird. Vielleicht habe ich Glück und er hat mein Gesicht nie gut genug gesehen. Soweit ich mich erinnern kann, hat Dariusz mich auch nie mit Namen erwähnt. So viele lose Enden, die sich noch entwirren könnten. Kurz vor Mitternacht hören wir Sirenen und sehen die Blaulichter in der Ferne aufblitzen.

"Scheiße, sie haben ihn gefunden." Denke ich. "Wie lange wird es dauern, bis wir die Schritte von Polizeistiefeln in diesen Gängen hören, die nach Hinweisen suchen und jedem Fragen stellen. Ich bin zu verwundet und angeschlagen, um zu rennen, geschweige denn irgendwo hinzugehen. Manchmal ist das beste Versteck direkt neben dem Tatort."

Ich sage Dimitri, dass Saskia zu Tode erschrocken sein muss und dass ich nach ihr sehen will. Er versucht, mich davon zu überzeugen, dass es keine gute Idee ist, sich so zugerichtet zu zeigen, aber ich ignoriere ihn und gehe in die Dunkelheit hinaus. Jetzt, wo das Adrenalin abgeklungen ist, leuchtet der Schmerz in meinem Gesicht und meinem Körper wie eine Benzinexplosion in meinem Gehirn auf. Plötzlich, intensiv und sehr stark. Ich versuche, die pulsierenden Wellen des Schmerzes so gut wie möglich zu ignorieren und schleiche über das Schulgelände zu Saskias Zimmer, klopfe, und sie flüstert: "Wer ist da?"

"Ich bin's, Tommy."

Sie öffnet die Tür und zieht mich eilig hinein.

Wir stehen dort in fast völliger Dunkelheit und umarmen uns für die längste Zeit, ohne ein Wort zu sagen. Sie bringt mich zu ihrem Bett und legt mich hin.

"Halte mich Tommy"

Sie dreht mir den Rücken zu und wir liegen schweigend auf ihrem kleinen Bett. Mein Brustkorb ist eine pulsierende Hölle von all den Quetschungen.

Ich flüstere

"Sie werden mich töten, wenn ich hierbleibe, früher oder später wird jemand schlau daraus"

"Ja, ich weiß, damit hast du wahrscheinlich dein eigenes Todesurteil unterschrieben."

"Vielleicht nicht. Der Typ von der Bar hat die Sauerei aufgewischt, nachdem wir weg waren, um die Polizei von unserer Spur abzulenken. Ich bin mir immer noch nicht sicher, ob er mich nicht an Smileys Partner verraten wird. Dimitri weiß, dass ich Dariusz getötet habe, aber er wird mich nicht verraten. Dann sind da noch der Zuhälter und sein Mädchen. Das sind vier Leute, die den Mund aufmachen und der Russenmafia in Würzburg sagen könnten, dass ich ihn getötet habe. Egal was passiert, sie werden Vergeltung wollen, denn einer ihrer Anführer wurde getötet. Ich habe ihn getötet.

Für diese Leute spielt es keine Rolle, ob es gerechtfertigt war oder nicht. Mein Leben und dein Leben sind für sie bedeutungslos, glaub mir. Wenn sie Smiley befohlen haben, Mamet und seine Cousins zu töten, nur weil sie in der gleichen Gegend wetteifern, dann stell dir vor, was sie mit mir, mit uns machen werden! Das Risiko ist zu groß. Wir können hier nicht bleiben, wir werden immer über unsere Schultern schauen müssen. Ich will hier wirklich weg, kommst du mit mir? "

Sie schüttelt den Kopf und ihr stehen die Tränen ins Gesicht geschrieben.

"Das kann ich nicht. Das wäre ein Schuldeingeständnis. Wenn wir beide weglaufen, wird es sonnenklar sein, dass wir etwas damit zu tun haben. Wenn sie fragen, sage ich ihnen, dass Smiley sich mit einem Typen aus dem Nahen Osten geprügelt hat. Ich habe gesehen, was

passiert ist und bin weggelaufen, während sie sich gestritten haben, und habe nicht gesehen, was danach passiert ist. Ich bin ein Mädchen, diese schwachsinnigen Rassisten werden das glauben, aber du, du solltest gehen. Du wirst sicher umgebracht, und sei es nur, weil du mit Mamet zusammen warst. Sie werden dich sicher verdächtigen."

Sie dreht sich zu mir um und umarmt mich ganz fest. Auch mir steigen Tränen in die Augen. Ich streiche ihr sanft über die Wange, als wir auf dem Bett liegen und uns für eine gefühlte Ewigkeit umarmen. Ich küsse sie zaghaft auf ihren Hals. Langsam dreht sie ihren Mund zu meinem und wir umarmen uns mit den Lippen. Langsam. Einatmen, ausatmen, ein- und ausatmen. Ich atme die Luft aus ihrer Lunge tief in meine ein und atme sie wieder in ihre ein. Atme ein, atme aus, atme ein und atme aus. Unser ganzes Leid wird mit der Luft geteilt, die von ihrem Körper in meinen und zurück in ihren strömt.

Leise, fast unheimlich, sind wir vom Tod umgeben. Die Hüllen der erloschenen Hoffnungen und Träume. Sie schlafen jetzt für immer, verloren in einer Welt, außer Sichtweite und unerreichbar. "Ich liebe dich", flüstere ich. Sie presst ihre Lippen fest auf meine und atmet die Luft ein, die ich ausstoße. Wieder und wieder. Wir sind fast unbeweglich. Wie eine Statue, die eine Shakespeare-Tragödie darstellt, zwei Liebende, die von einer bösen Zauberin in Stein verwandelt wurden.

Unsere Hände berühren sich. Langsam spüre ich, wie mein Blut durch mein verwundetes Fleisch strömt und mein Herzschlag in meinen Ohren pocht. "Sie hält mich fest und lässt mich nicht mehr los. Mit Tränen in den Augen ziehe ich mich zurück. Sie hält mich zurück und fängt an zu weinen: "Verlass mich nicht, Tommy, ich liebe dich!

"Dann komm mit mir, wen kümmert schon ein Schuldeingeständnis? Du und ich haben zusammen genug Geld, wir könnten das Land verlassen."

Sie wimmert

"Und was dann? Für immer weglaufen? Nie die Schule beenden? Womit werden wir unser Geld verdienen, wenn es uns ausgeht? Wie sollen wir überhaupt ein Hotel oder eine Wohnung mieten? Wir sind beide minderjährig, irgendwann wird uns die Polizei aufhalten. Und was dann? Auf lange Sicht ist das eine schlechte Idee. Ich würde lieber das Risiko eingehen und hierbleiben, die Schule beenden und mein Leben in den Griff bekommen. Das kann ich nicht. Tommy, bitte geh nicht. Ich bin sicher, dass wir uns mit den Russen etwas einfallen lassen können. Sag ihnen die Wahrheit. Smiley hat den Tod verdient, vielleicht verstehen sie, dass du tun musstest, was nötig war. Denk an Liesel, es wird ihr das Herz brechen, dass du gehst. Was wirst du ihr sagen?"

Ich schüttele den Kopf. "Die Russen werden mich niemals am Leben lassen, wenn sie wissen, was ich getan habe. Für sie bist du nur eine weitere Hure, Saskia. Das weißt du. Dein Leben bedeutet ihnen nichts.

"Sobald ich sicher von diesem Ort weg bin, rufe ich Liesel an und sage ihr die Wahrheit. Ich werde ihr sagen, dass ich dein verdammtes Leben gerettet habe und dabei fast getötet worden wäre. Dass ich diesen Abschaum getötet habe, der dein Leben, unser Leben,



zerstört hat. Scheiße, Saskia, es hieß er oder wir, er wollte uns beide töten. Es ist Liesel, verdammt noch mal. Gerade sie wird uns niemals verraten. Ich werde Dariusz' Pistole hinter der Steinmauer des Friedhofs vergraben. Es wird die Mauer sein, die an den Wald grenzt. Drei Schritte links von dem kleinen rostigen Tor und ein Stein unter dem Gebüsch markiert die Stelle. Nimm einen Löffel oder etwas anderes zum Graben mit. Falls du jemals um dein Leben fürchtest, gehst du hin, gräbst das Scheißding aus und pustest jedem den Kopf weg, der die Frechheit besitzt, dich zu verfolgen, ok? Es sind noch fünf Kugeln drin, ich habe sie gezählt. Stell sicher, dass die Waffe entsichert ist und halte sie mit beiden Händen fest, wenn du abdrückst. Versprich mir, dass du sie verdammt noch mal benutzen wirst, wenn du es musst. Ich will nicht in den Nachrichten hören, dass du getötet wurdest oder vermisst wirst. Das würde mich zerstören!"

"Ich hoffe, ich muss es nie benutzen, Tommy."

Ich setze mich neben sie auf den Boden und lege meinen Kopf in ihren Schoß. Sie streichelt mein Haar, das immer noch vor Traurigkeit zittert. Ich schaue zu ihrem armen, süßen Gesicht auf.

"Ich werde dir immer schreiben oder dich anrufen, hier ist es wirklich nicht sicher für mich. Sobald ich an einem sicheren Ort bin, werde ich dir sagen, wo ich bin. Vielleicht überlegst du es dir dann noch einmal und kommst nach?"

Sie sieht mir in die Augen.

"Versprich es mir, Tommy! Du musst es tun!"

Ich nicke, zünde mir eine Zigarette an und gebe sie ihr. "Ich verspreche es, ich schwöre es." Das scheint sie etwas zu beruhigen, während wir sie gemeinsam rauchen. Als die Zigarette gelöscht ist, stehe ich langsam auf und öffne das Fenster ihres Zimmers. Als ich die Wand hinuntersteige, halte ich inne, aber ich schaue nicht zu ihr hoch. Ich habe Angst, dass ich sie nie verlassen werde, wenn ich es tue. Tränen kullern mir über die Wangen und werden von dem starken Regen weggespült, als ich mich auf den Weg zurück in mein Zimmer mache. Ich warte darauf, dass Dimitri einschläft. Es ist jetzt Samstag, der 3 Juni um 2 Uhr in der Frühe. Ich nehme all meinen Mut zusammen und packe meine Sachen in der Dunkelheit zusammen. Dimitri ist stark genug, um mich am Weggehen zu hindern, und ich weiß, dass er es versuchen wird, wenn ich ihn aufwecke. Es wird ihm das Herz brechen, wenn er es herausfindet, aber ich muss mich zuerst schützen. Ein toter Freund ist kein Freund mehr, oder? Ich hinterlasse ihm einen Zettel und hoffe, dass er mir verzeihen wird.

"Lieber Dimitri. Danke für deine Treue und Freundschaft. Kümmere dich bitte um Saskia und Liesel für mich. Sag ihnen, dass ich sie beide sehr liebe. Danke, dass du ein guter Freund bist. Bitte vernichte diesen Zettel, nachdem du ihn gelesen hast. Ich klebe den Zettel an den Spiegel über dem kleinen Waschbecken. Schließlich hole ich die Pistole unter meinem Kopfkissen hervor und stecke sie in die Innentasche meiner schwarzen Jeansjacke. Auf Zehenspitzen verlasse ich unser Zimmer und gehe in Richtung Friedhof.

## Kapitel 19

### Der einsame Drifter

Meine Solo-Reise in die große, unbekannte Welt beginnt in den frühen Morgenstunden des Samstags im Schutze der Dunkelheit. Als Erstes muss ich die restlichen paar tausend Mark aus meinem Versteck ausgraben, dann packe ich die Waffe in eine Plastiktüte und lege sie in das Loch. Ich benutze einen Löffel und einen Stein, um den Boden zu verdichten, und werfe etwas Kies und totes Laub darüber, damit niemand sieht, dass der Boden aufgewühlt wurde. Wer weiß? Wenn Saskia jemals in Lebensgefahr gerät, kann sie es hoffentlich gut gebrauchen. Ich gehe nach Westen und folge der Ochsenfurter Straße in Richtung Ochsenfurt. Ich muss mich von neugierigen Blicken fernhalten und beschränke mich deshalb so weit wie möglich auf Nebenstraßen, Wald- und Feldwege. Ich fahre in Richtung Nordwesten, zuerst nach Sommerhausen und dann nach Würzburg.

Während meiner Zeit in der Sekte hatte ich gelernt, wie man sich in unbekanntem Gebiet mit Hilfe eines Kompasses und des Nachthimmels zurechtfindet. Als Junge mochte ich diese Survival-Trainingseinheiten sehr. Dieses Wissen könnte sich als nützlich erweisen, aber im Moment ist meine Route einfach. Ich muss nur darauf achten, dass ich dem Fluss folge. Während ich durch die Dunkelheit laufe, singen die Pet Shop Boys in meinem Kopf "Go west, life is peaceful there". Ich stapfe weiter und weiter. Ich weiß nicht einmal, was ich tun werde, wenn ich in Würzburg bin. Soll ich meine Großeltern anrufen und ihnen lässig erzählen, dass ich gerade einen Mann getötet habe und sie gerne besuchen würde? Wie würde das ankommen? Nicht sehr gut, nehme ich an. Ich schätze, ich kann jetzt einfach weitergehen, die ganze Nacht hindurch. Freddie Mercury singt auch für mich...

"Mama, ich habe gerade einen Mann getötet, ihm eine Waffe an den Kopf gehalten und abgedrückt, jetzt ist er tot, Mama, das Leben hatte gerade erst begonnen, aber jetzt habe ich alles weggeworfen..."

Die Dunkelheit ist mein Freund, mein Retter. Während ich weiterstapfe, denke ich über alles, was passiert ist, immer wieder nach. Das Wie, das Warum und die Konsequenzen. Eine halbe Molly-Pille senkt meine Schmerzgrenze. Sobald die Wirkung einsetzt, scheint alles nicht mehr so schlimm oder traurig zu sein. Ich denke immer wieder über all die Dinge nach, die in den letzten Monaten passiert sind, und warum ich all die Entscheidungen getroffen habe, die mich in diese Situation gebracht haben. Es war wie ein Schachspiel. Ich hatte meinen ersten Zug gemacht, indem ich die Sekte verließ. Zug um Zug sah ich mich einem immer komplexeren Spiel gegenüber. Die Risiken jedes Zuges wurden höher und höher. Am Ende war ich mir nicht mehr so sicher, ob ich das Spiel gewonnen hatte. Ich erlitt herzerreißende Verluste und bin jetzt auf der Flucht. Ich bin die letzte Figur auf dem Brett, ich habe alle zur Selbsterhaltung geopfert, aber ist das nicht der Sinn des Schachspiels? Dass der König lebt, auch wenn alle anderen sterben müssen, um ihn zu schützen? Ist es nicht das, was ich getan habe? Alle zurückgelassen, um mich selbst zu retten?

Ich kam als verängstigter kleiner Junge nach Marktbreit, der sich vor allem und jedem fürchtete. Die Umstände und die schlimmen Folgen meiner Entscheidungen haben diese Verwandlung vom Jungen zum Mann bewirkt. Als ich Dariusz tötete, habe ich auch einen

Teil von mir selbst zerstört. Ich tötete den schwächlichen und schwachen Drängler, der um Anerkennung kroch und dabei sein eigenes Selbstwertgefühl aufs Spiel setzte. Ich werde nicht länger ein Rehkitz sein. Ich habe mich mit dem Blut meines Feindes getauft. Ich habe meine Schwächen und Ängste im Main weggespült, ich habe mich von meiner Angst gereinigt. Ich lasse Marktbreit und mein altes Ich hinter mir.

Während ich weiterstapfe, erinnere ich mich an meine Ankunft im Internat. Ich erinnere mich an meinen Stiefvater Stefan, der sich weigerte, mir Taschengeld zu geben, als ich ihn darum bat. Er ließ mich lieber bei den deutschen Irren zurück, ohne auch nur einen Pfennig in der Tasche. Er sagte sogar wortwörtlich:

"Ich gebe dir keinen Pfennig. Du solltest dankbar sein, dass wir dir überhaupt erlaubt haben, unsere Gemeinschaft zu verlassen. Glaubst du wirklich, dass ich deine Lust auf Drogen und Alkohol finanzieren werde?"

Alter! Damals habe ich nicht einmal an Drogen oder Alkohol gedacht! Oh, die Ironie ist mir nicht entgangen. Der einzige Grund, warum ich um Taschengeld bat, war, dass ich sofort erkannte, dass es gesellschaftlich gesehen ein Todesurteil war, als Kind kein Geld zu haben. Es bedeutete, dass ich ein Außenseiter sein würde. Es bedeutete, dass ich schikaniert, geschlagen und verspottet werden würde. Es bedeutete, dass ich niemals mit Menschen außerhalb der Schule in Kontakt kommen würde. Ich würde Dinge tun müssen, die ich nicht tun wollte, um gesellschaftlich akzeptiert zu werden.

Wie hätte ich mich sonst auf Smiley einlassen sollen? Es war einfach aus Verzweiflung, weil ich das wollte, was alle anderen hatten. Es war Marcus, der mich zum ersten Mal in diese Parallelwelt einführte, die innerhalb und außerhalb der Schlafsaalmauern existierte. Das Leben im Untergrund, das unter dem Radar und den Vorschriften des deutschen Bildungs- und Rechtssystems durchschlüpfte. Dann war es wieder Marcus, der mir bewusst machte, wie krank und verdorben Menschen sein können, ob sie nun in der Sekte sind oder nicht. Ich war so verzweifelt, akzeptiert zu werden und einen normalen Umgang mit meinen Mitbewohnern zu haben, dass ich bereit war, mich in große Gefahr zu begeben, um das zu erreichen, was für die meisten Kinder zu dieser Zeit normal war.

Alles, was ich wollte, waren ein paar Adidas-Schuhe, anständige Sportklamotten und ein paar Dollar, die ich im Eiscafé ausgeben konnte, um nicht wie ein totaler Verlierer dazustehen. Meine Bitten stießen bei Stefan auf taube Ohren. Erst hat er mich vergewaltigt und dann meine Kindheit in der Sekte mit Schlägen und Unterernährung ruiniert. Als ob das nicht schon genug wäre, wollte er auch noch meine Jugend ruinieren und dafür sorgen, dass ich als sozialer Außenseiter und Verlierer gebrandmarkt wurde. All das nur, um mich davon zu überzeugen, dass das Leben, das er für mich gewählt hat, in den Kindern Gottes, die einzige Wahl ist, die ich jemals haben werde. Jede andere Wahl, die ich treffen könnte, wäre in seinen Augen mit Sicherheit die Hölle auf Erden. Wenn nicht, würde er dafür sorgen, dass es so wäre. Doch ironischerweise waren all seine Bemühungen ein großer Teil des Katalysators, der meine Überzeugungen festigte. Ich wusste jetzt mehr denn je, dass alles, was ich tat, besser war, als in diesem Sündenpfehl aus Lügen, Betrug und Tyrannei zurückzukehren.

Ich war froh, dass ich das Privileg hatte, Mamet, Dimitri und all die anderen verrückten, aber coolen Jungs in meinem Wohnheim zu kennen. Wahre Liebe erlebte ich mit Saskia und Liesel. Es war gut, solange es dauerte. Mamet half mir, eine Identität zu entwickeln. Er machte mich mit Bob Marley, Hip-Hop, RnB und anderen Künstlern bekannt, von denen ich noch nie etwas gehört hatte.

(In der COG wurde es streng bestraft, überhaupt Radio zu hören oder, Gott bewahre, fernzusehen!!!)

Dimitri hat mir beigebracht, welche Klamotten cool sind, welcher Jargon akzeptabel ist und mit welchen Wörtern man sich wie ein Idiot, ein Nerd oder einfach wie eine hasserfüllte alte Oma anhört. Smiley hingegen zwang mich, ein Mann zu werden. Er brachte mich dazu, mich meinen Ängsten zu stellen und ihm endlich die Stirn zu bieten. Ich habe es nicht für mich getan, sondern für das Mädchen, das ich liebte. Ich wollte keinen Mord begehen, aber er ließ mir keine andere Wahl. Ich bin wirklich wütend auf dieses Arschloch, er hat meine einzige Chance auf ein normales Leben versaut! Meine Großeltern werden mir nie verzeihen, was ich getan habe und was ich jetzt tue, weil ich einfach so weggelaufen bin. Wie soll ich es ihnen nur sagen?

"Hey Leute, kennt ihr Stefan, euren Sohn? Nun, es hat sich herausgestellt, dass er ein Vergewaltiger und Pädophiler ist. Oh, und übrigens, dein ältester Enkel ist ein verdammter Drogendealer und Mörder.

Es würde sie zerstören. Es ist besser, sie in Unwissenheit leben zu lassen. Wie das Gedicht von Thomas Gray sagt: "Wo Unwissenheit Glückseligkeit ist, ist es töricht, wissend zu sein."

Am Montag rief die Schule meine Eltern an. Sie wollten wissen, warum ich nicht im Wohnheim war oder nicht zum Unterricht erschienen bin. Meine idiotischen Eltern wollten nicht die Schande auf sich nehmen, zuzugeben, dass ich möglicherweise weggelaufen war. Sie logten. Sie sagten, ich sei seit dem Wochenende zu Hause, weil ich eine Grippe hatte. Dann informierten sie die Schule, dass sie in Erwägung zögen, mich ganz von der Schule zu nehmen. Vor allem meine Mutter war wegen des Mobbings unglücklich.

Dieser Teil war tatsächlich wahr. Am ersten Wochenende, als ich nach Hause kam, brach ich in Tränen aus. Ich flehte sie immer wieder an, ein anderes Internat zu finden. Ich sagte ihnen, dass ich um mein Leben fürchtete. Damals beharrten meine Eltern kaltschnäuzig darauf, dass es nicht so schlimm sein könne. Sie fuhren mich am Sonntagabend gleich wieder dorthin und ich fügte mich in mein Schicksal wie ein kleines Lamm, das zur Schlachtbank geführt wird. Jetzt macht sich ihr dummer Stolz zu meinem Vorteil bemerkbar. Ohne dass ich es wusste, bestätigten meine Eltern, dass ich an diesem Wochenende tatsächlich bei ihnen in Frankreich war. Fünfhundert Kilometer entfernt. Es schien also unmöglich, dass ich etwas mit den Ereignissen zu tun hatte.

Das bedeutete, dass ich Dariusz unmöglich ermordet haben konnte. Theoretisch war ich an diesem Wochenende nie dort. Viel später sollte ich herausfinden, dass die Polizei mich nie als Verdächtigen in Betracht gezogen hatte. Wer war ich denn schon? Niemand. Nur ein schüchterner vierzehnjähriger Junge. Keiner gab zu, etwas über den Tod des größten Arschlochs der Welt zu wissen. Das war ja auch zu erwarten. Die Polizei führte den

ungelösten Mord an Dariusz auf Bandengewalt zurück. Ich jedoch wusste das alles nicht. Zu diesem Zeitpunkt war ich ein Flüchtling vor dem Gesetz.

Als die Polizei eintraf, war der Tatort bereits verlassen. Der Zuhälter hat nie ein Wort zu irgendjemandem gesagt. Ich verdanke meine Freiheit, wenn nicht sogar mein Leben, Dimitri und dem Teenager, der aufgeräumt hat, nachdem Saskia und ich geflohen waren. Wenn sie noch am Leben sind, bewahren sie zweifellos mein Geheimnis, solange sie leben. Ich wünsche diesen Männern wirklich ein langes Leben und alles Glück der Welt. Ich bin ihnen zu größtem Dank verpflichtet. Diejenigen, die mir in dieser Nacht geholfen haben, wissen, wer ihr seid, falls ihr das hier jemals lesen solltet! Ich danke euch!

In der Zwischenzeit navigiere ich durch diese neue Welt, die sich mir immer wieder eröffnet, seit ich von den Kindern Gottes weggelaufen bin. Ich glaube, Stefan wollte mir das Leben außerhalb der Sekte so schwer wie möglich machen, so schrecklich wie möglich. Er dachte, ich würde zu ihm zurückkommen. Wirklich Stefan? Du dachtest wirklich, ich würde zu deinem Missbrauch, deinem Lebensstil und deinem totalitären Konzept von "Freiheit" zurückkommen? Du kannst mich mal! Ich hoffe, dass Ratten dein Fleisch fressen, solange du noch lebst, und Maden deine Eier abnagen! Auf jeden Fall ist genau das Gegenteil passiert.

Was Stefan nicht begreift, ist, dass, egal wie schlecht es für mich in Marktbreit war, es immer noch viel besser war als das, was er zu bieten hatte. Deshalb bin ich high von Molly und marschiere in der Dunkelheit der Nacht Richtung Würzburg. Denn ich bin überzeugt, dass, egal was mich sonst noch erwartet, nichts davon schlimmer ist, als von der Außenwelt abgeschnitten zu sein. Es gibt nichts Schrecklicheres, als geschlagen zu werden, bis auf die Knochen zu arbeiten, kein Recht auf freie Meinungsäußerung zu haben, schreckliches Essen zu essen und keine Bildung zu bekommen. Buchstäblich alles andere ist besser als das! Sogar Gefängnis oder Tod.

Mit jeder Stunde, die vergeht, werden meine Schritte leichter und mein Geist erhebt sich zu den Sternen. Alles, was ich brauche, ist, alles ins rechte Licht zu rücken. Ich bin frei! Ich bin am Leben! Niemand sperrt mich mehr ein oder schlägt mich. Ich habe mein eigenes Geld, ich kann essen, was ich will, trinken, was ich will. Die Regeln der Sekte und ihre Unterdrückung haben keinen Einfluss mehr auf mich. Ich bin frei, meinen eigenen Weg im Leben zu wählen. Ich denke ernsthaft darüber nach, meine Großeltern endlich mit all den Qualen zu konfrontieren, die ich durch die Hand ihres jüngsten Sohnes Stefan erlitten habe. Vielleicht werden sie verstehen, warum ich aus dem Internat weggelaufen bin. Vielleicht werden sie mir glauben und mir helfen, meine Geschwister von diesem schrecklichen Mann zu befreien und ihn verhaften zu lassen.

Ich habe mich entschlossen. Ich kann meine Großeltern nicht in Unwissenheit leben lassen! Ich werde sie darüber informieren, dass ihr Sohn, mein Stiefvater, mich schwer misshandelt und als kleinen Jungen sogar vergewaltigt hat. Ich hoffe, dass sie mir helfen werden, eine eigene Wohnung zu finden, damit ich wieder in Langenfeld zur Schule gehen kann. Dann kann ich weiter Deutsch lernen und habe eine zweite Chance auf ein normales Leben.

Vielleicht würden sie mich verstehen und nicht verurteilen, wenn ich ihnen von dem Trauma erzähle, das ich im Internat erlebt habe. Ich könnte Saskia und Liesel wiedersehen, wenn

sich der Staub gelegt hat. Ich habe meine Großeltern schon seit einigen Jahren nicht mehr gesehen. Das letzte Mal war, als ich neun Jahre alt war. Meine letzten Erinnerungen davor sind, dass sie uns in Indien besuchten, als ich ein kleiner Junge war. Ich habe sie als sehr nett, liebevoll und großzügig in Erinnerung. Ich hoffe, meine Erinnerungen sind nicht naiv.

Dreihundertvierzig Kilometer liegen zwischen mir und Langenfeld, wo meine Großeltern leben. Wenn ich zehn Stunden am Tag nonstop laufen würde, bräuchte ich ungefähr eine Woche für die Strecke. Ich habe Molly, etwas Haschisch und genug Geld für Essen. Das könnte Spaß machen, ganz ohne alles, allein, nur ich und die Natur. Ich kann mich warmhalten, wenn ich nachts laufe, und ich kann tagsüber in den Wäldern schlafen, wenn ich mich gut genug verstecke.

Die Regenwolken werden langsam vom Wind weggeblasen. Der Mond und die Sterne scheinen durch die Löcher in den Wolken. Ich halte meinen Kurs entlang des Flussufers. Ich komme an so vielen Häusern vorbei, in denen liebevolle Familien leben. Ich stelle mir vor, wie die Kinder tief und fest in ihren wohlverdienten Betten schlafen. Leider gehöre ich nicht zu ihnen. Als ich die Festung Marienberg am Rande von Würzburg erreiche, geht die Sonne langsam auf. Es ist früher Samstagmorgen und ich bin schon ganz schön kaputt von der Molly. Ich muss dringend eine Pause einlegen. Hinter den Festungsmauern gibt es einen Platz unter Bäumen und ich setze mich dorthin, wo mich hoffentlich niemand beim Schlafen sieht. Ich wickle meine Hand um mein Messer und stecke es zum Wärmen in die Tasche meiner Jeansjacke. Ich vergewissere mich, dass mein Bargeld immer noch gut im Schritt versteckt ist, und schnalle mir den Rucksack auf die Brust. Ich fühle mich immer noch verletztlich, aber mein Gehirn ist zu keinem einzigen Gedanken mehr fähig. Kaum habe ich die Arme um meinen Rucksack geschlungen, sinkt mein Kopf nach vorne und ich schlafe ein.

Als ich wieder zur Besinnung komme, steht die Sonne schon hoch am Himmel. Mir ist heiß, ich bin ausgedörrt und verschwitzt. Während ich schlief, war ich in eine fötale Position gefallen. Ein paar Ameisen krabbeln an meinen Armen und im Gesicht hoch. Ichbürste sie ab und ziehe meinen Kapuzenpullover aus. Mein T-Shirt ist durchgeschwitzt. Ich ziehe es aus und ziehe ein anderes aus meiner Tasche an. Ich muss eine Wasserquelle und eine Toilette finden, damit ich mich um meine Körperfunktionen kümmern und mich reinigen kann. Ich staube mich ab und laufe in die Stadt, um einen Supermarkt oder irgendetwas mit sanitären Anlagen zu finden. Schließlich finde ich ein Einkaufszentrum. Na endlich! Endlich kann ich mich erleichtern. Danach mache ich mein altes T-Shirt nass und wasche es mit etwas Seife aus. Ich gehe wieder in eine der Toilettenkabinen und ziehe mich nackt aus. Ich benutze das nasse T-Shirt, um meinen Körper zu reinigen. Ich schaue durch die Tür, aber es ist niemand zu sehen. Immer noch nackt, eile ich mit all meinen Sachen zurück zum Waschbecken, spüle das Tuch mit der Seife aus und wische mich ab. Es fühlt sich toll an und ich bin guter Dinge, dass dieser Tag ein guter Tag werden könnte. Ein alter Mann kommt herein, während ich noch völlig nackt bin. Er sieht mich seltsam an, sagt aber nichts. Während er stöhnt und in die Toilette furzt, werfe ich meine Unterwäsche in den Müll, lege die Plastiktüte mit meinem Geldbündel in meine frische Unterwäsche und ziehe mich an. Etwas Essen und Wasser sollten ausreichen, um meine Reise ein wenig erträglicher zu machen. Außerdem kaufe ich versiegelte Packungen mit Roggen- und Pumpnickelbrot und etwas geräuchertes Fleisch. Es wird eine harte Reise werden, aber das muss reichen, bis die Läden am Montag wieder

öffnen. Nachdem ich das erledigt habe, mache ich mich auf den Weg zurück zur Hauptstraße entlang des Flusses.

Sobald ich sicher bin, dass ich in die richtige Richtung laufe, werfe ich noch einen halben Molly ein und lasse mich von meinen Beinen vorwärts tragen, während mein Kopf in den Wolken schwebt. Es ist ein guter Tag, um high zu sein. Der Wind weht sanft und es gibt viele kleine, weiße Wolken am Himmel. Sie blockieren die volle Kraft der Sonnenstrahlen. Ein Polizeiauto fährt vorbei. Ich bin etwas beunruhigt, aber sie wissen ja nichts. Ich bin nur ein Typ, der die Straße entlangläuft und sich um seinen eigenen Kram kümmert. Ich denke daran, was Dimitri mir beigebracht hat. Wenn du nicht auffallen willst, musst du immer so aussehen, als wüsstest du, wohin du gehst.

Ich dachte an alles, was ich von Dimitri gelernt hatte. Wenn dich jemand anstarrt, als wolle er eine Konfrontation, halte den Kopf unten und tu so, als hättest du ihn nicht gesehen oder gehört. Wenn sie dich bedrängen, schau ihnen direkt in die Augen. Sei freundlich, aber zeige keine Angst. Du kannst sogar hinter ihren Kopf schauen, als ob jemand hinter ihnen stünde. Das wird sie nervös machen. Wenn dich jemand verfolgt, laufe niemals weg. Du willst einem möglichen Angreifer nicht den Rücken zuwenden. Dreh dich lieber um, starre ihn an und geh auf ihn zu. Das könnte sie dazu bringen, es sich zweimal zu überlegen, ob sie sich mit dir anlegen. Wenn sie dich immer noch angreifen wollen, frag sie laut, was ihr Problem ist. Wenn alles andere fehlschlägt, zeige keine Gnade. Kämpfe dreckig. Die meisten Idioten sind feige, wenn sie mit echten Verrückten konfrontiert werden. Benutze alle möglichen Gegenstände als Waffe, Steine, Aschenbecher, Flaschen, und vor allem: Sei laut. Ein schreiender Verrückter erregt Aufmerksamkeit und lässt deinen Angreifer zweimal überlegen, ob er angreifen soll. Tritt ihm in die Knie, in die Eier oder in den Solarplexus oder schlag ihm mit der Faust in die Kehle. Wenn er einen Schlag ausführt, greife seinen Arm und breche ihm mit deinem eigenen Körpergewicht den Ellbogen. Wenn sie versuchen, dich zu packen, brich ihnen ein paar Finger oder renke ihr Handgelenk aus. Wenn sie dich schlagen oder stechen wollen, nutze ihren eigenen Schwung gegen sie. Ein harter Tritt gegen die Außenseite des Knies kann deinen Gegner dazu bringen, das Gleichgewicht zu verlieren und zu fallen. Im Nahkampf kannst du ihm einen Schlag gegen die Leber versetzen und ihm mit der Stirn einen Schlag auf die Nase verpassen.

Wenn alles andere scheitert, versuche es mit dem Töten. Wenn dein Gegner langsam genug ist, dass du von hinten an ihn herankommst, versuche einen Würgegriff von hinten. Oder du packst eine Seite des Kiefers, nimmst die andere Seite des Kopfes in deinen Arm und drehst mit einer plötzlichen, ruckartigen Bewegung den Hals nach oben. Wenn du es richtig machst, wird das das Letzte sein, was sie jemals spüren. Das Brechen ihres eigenen Genicks. Sobald du deinen Gegner außer Gefecht gesetzt hast, verschwinde so schnell wie möglich.

Eine meiner Lieblingskampfwaffen, mit der ich gerne übe, ist eine einfache industrielle Metallkette von etwa einem Meter oder etwas länger. Ich habe an jedem Ende ein Metallschloss angebracht, um den Schwung zu erhöhen. Bei voller Länge kann ich den Angreifer in sicherer Entfernung halten und habe eine größere Reichweite als jemand, der ein Messer trägt. Wenn ich sie in der Hälfte zusammenfalte, kann ich sie als Dreschflegel oder Peitsche für kurze Distanzen verwenden. Ich kann ihn um den Hals einer Person fliegen lassen, um einen Würgegriff vorzubereiten. Es ist sehr effektiv, wenn ich es als diagonalen

Rotor benutze, um Arme, Schultern und Beine zu treffen oder jemandem das Gesicht einzuschlagen. Eine ordentliche Beule im Gesicht kann sogar tödlich sein.

Mein Rat ist, wenn du wirklich effektiv damit sein willst, solltest du täglich üben, bevor du es im Kampf einsetzt. Ein unerfahrener Benutzer kann sich selbst schwer verletzen. Die Kette ist nur so mächtig wie die Fähigkeiten desjenigen, der sie führt. Es ist ratsam, auch andere Kampfkünste zu beherrschen.

Während der Wind über mein zerschlagenes Gesicht weht, wandern meine Gedanken zu den Gewissensbissen der armen Saskia. Ich hoffe, sie erholt sich bald von diesem schrecklichen Erlebnis. Arme Liesel. Morgen wird sie wissen, dass ich verschwunden bin. Ich muss sie bald anrufen und sie wissen lassen, dass es mir gut geht. Ich hoffe, sie wird mir verzeihen. Ich frage mich, ob Saskia ihr sagen wird, dass ich Dariusz getötet habe. Was wird sie von mir denken? Wird sie mich hassen? Zum Glück betäubt der Molly meine Traurigkeit. Sonst würde ich wahrscheinlich weinen. Stunden vergehen und ich beschließe, in Marktheidenfeld am Kriegerdenkmal anzuhalten. Ich bin seit über sechs Stunden unterwegs und jetzt ist es fast 14 Uhr. Es ist an der Zeit, mich auszuruhen und meine Route für den Rest des Tages zu planen. Vielleicht etwas essen? Laut der Karte, die ich im Supermarkt gekauft habe, könnte ich am frühen Abend im Rohrbrunner Wald sein. Dort gibt es eine Autobahn, die Richtung Frankfurt führt, und eine Tankstelle. Ich kann mir einen Platz zum Schlafen suchen und die Autobahnraststatt benutzen, um mich zu waschen.

Es gibt nur eine weitere Person, die sich in diesem Kriegsdenkmalpark aufhält. Ein hippieartiger Typ mit einem langen blonden Bart, schulterlangem Haar, das zu einem Pferdeschwanz gebunden ist und es sieht aus, als würde er einen Joint drehen. Er trägt eine blau getönte, ovale Sonnenbrille mit einem goldenen Metalldrahtgestell. Ich habe ihn bemerkt, weil er auf einer silbernen Konzertflöte spielte. Ich bin kein Experte, aber es klang wirklich gut. Ich bin immer noch ziemlich high und die Musik war eine willkommene Ablenkung von dem Chaos in meinem Kopf. Ich bin immer an anderen Musikern interessiert und gehe deshalb näher zu ihm, um ihn zu begrüßen.

"Hey, schönes Flötenspiel."

"Danke, willst du was davon rauchen?"

"Eigentlich hat mir dein Flötenspiel gefallen, also bin ich rübergekommen, um zuzuhören, aber warum nicht."

"Ok, klar kannst du hier abhängen, wenn du willst."

Wir sitzen schweigend da, während er sich eine ansteckt und die Hälfte davon raucht. Dann gibt er sie mir und sagt, ich könne den Rest haben. Er nimmt seine Flöte und beginnt etwas zu spielen, das sich wie Santana anhört, aber ich bin mir nicht ganz sicher. Ich nehme den Joint in die Hand und inhaliere ihn, um nicht mit den Lippen eines Fremden in Kontakt zu kommen. So habe ich immer mit Fremden geraucht. Ich wollte mir nicht grundlos eine fiese Geschlechtskrankheit von den Lippen holen. Er spielt weiter auf seiner Flöte, während ich den Joint zu Ende rauche. Ich muss nirgendwo hin, also lege ich mich ins Gras und lasse mich von diesem Rattenfänger berauschen und verzaubern.



Eine Stunde oder so vergeht und ich komme immer mehr, langsam von den Molly runter. Das ist nicht angenehm und so hole ich eine Flasche Wodka aus meiner Tasche, um den Entzug zu erleichtern. Ich biete dem Hippie einen Schluck an, als Zeichen des guten Willens.

"Nein, Mann, den Scheiß fasse ich nicht an. Alkohol ist die Droge der einfachen Arbeiter, die vom Mammon und den verborgenen Mächten versklavt werden. Die Unterdrücker wollen, dass wir trinken und unsere Gehirnzellen abtöten, damit wir aufhören, selbst zu denken und die Unterdrückung, unter der wir leben, nicht bemerken."

"Lol" Ich denke mir: "Das klingt wie etwas, das ein Sektenmitglied sagen würde."

Ich schaue ihn an: "Arbeitest du für deinen Lebensunterhalt?"

"Alter, ich muss nicht für meinen Lebensunterhalt arbeiten, ich lebe schon. Ich spiele Musik, um mich zu ernähren. Aber ich sehe das nicht als Arbeit an, weil ich es liebe. Siehst du die Vögel am Himmel? Sie arbeiten auch nicht, um zu leben, sie leben bereits. Sie erhalten sich selbst, aber das ist auch schon alles. Ansonsten fliegen sie einfach umsonst herum, ohne Miete, ohne Hypothek und ohne Steuern. Sie leben einfach, lieben sich mit anderen Vögeln, füttern ihre Jungen und werden dann alt und sterben. Sie machen nicht so viel Aufhebens davon, für ihren Lebensunterhalt zu arbeiten, wie wir Menschen es tun."

"Wir Menschen haben etwas kompliziertere Bedürfnisse. Ein Vogel wird nie einen Joint drehen und high werden oder in einen Supermarkt gehen, um Essen zu kaufen, zur Schule gehen oder ein Haus bauen."

"Wie heißt du, Kumpel?"

"Ich bin Tommy, wie heißt du?"

"Ich bin Roland."

"Woher kommst du, Roland? Du klingst nicht wie ein Amerikaner."

"Ich komme aus einer winzigen Stadt im Nordosten Kanadas, Churchill Falls, aber das merkt man nicht. Ich bin nach Europa gekommen, weil ich reisen und die alte Welt sehen wollte, und ein befreundeter Gitarrist aus Ontario hat mir erzählt, dass Deutschland ein cooler Ort ist, um Geld zu verdienen und dass die Frauen auf Musiker stehen. Ich hatte es satt, in diesem Orchester zu spielen, in Hotels einzuchecken, tagein tagaus zu üben, Musik zu studieren, meinen Bachelor zu machen und ich dachte mir: "Scheiß drauf, ich will einfach einen Van kaufen und schlafen, wo ich will, spielen, wo ich will und wenn die Leute zuhören wollen, dann können sie das, und wenn nicht, ist mir das auch egal. Ich wollte andere Sachen spielen als nur langweilige klassische Musik. Also steckte ich zehntausend Dollar in die Tasche, kaufte mir ein Flugticket nach München, kaufte mir einen Van, bin seit über einem Jahr unterwegs und jetzt rede ich mit dir."

"Wie alt bist du?"

"Ich werde dieses Jahr 25 Jahre alt, und du?"

Ich lüge: "Ich bin 16, Mann."

"Du sprichst so fließend Englisch, Tommy. Ist einer deiner Eltern Amerikaner oder so?"

"Ja, das ist eine lange Geschichte, aber um es kurz zu machen, ich bin mit vielen Amerikanern aufgewachsen, falls das hilft."

Er legt seine Flöte in den Schoß und dreht sich zu mir um. "Weißt du, Tommy, ich weiß natürlich, dass das Leben der Menschen in vielerlei Hinsicht komplexer ist als das der Vögel, aber ich glaube, wir machen uns ohnehin schon zu viele Gedanken. Natürlich weiß ich, dass ich Knete brauche, um über die Runden zu kommen, aber ich will nicht, dass sie mein Hauptaugenmerk ist. Die Gesellschaft macht uns so viel Angst davor, dass wir nicht genug Geld verdienen, dass wir Sachen haben, die wir nicht brauchen, dass wir Klamotten haben, die wir nur einmal tragen, und all den Scheiß, den man kaufen soll, damit man das Gefühl hat, dass man etwas im Leben erreicht hat. Aber in Wirklichkeit erreichst du gar nichts, Tommy, du kaufst nur noch mehr Scheiß, das war's. All die Arbeit, damit du sagen kannst: "Seht euch den ganzen Scheiß an, den ich gekauft habe, ich bin doch der Beste". Und dann stirbst du und verlierst deinen ganzen Scheiß. Dann kommen andere Leute und streiten sich darum, wer deinen Scheiß bekommt, bis sie sterben, und andere streiten sich auch um ihren Scheiß. Es ist eine nicht enden wollende Scheiß-Show. Der Scheiß ist total bescheuert. Und dann gibt es noch so viele Regeln, Gesetze und Vorschriften, wie du deinen Scheiß haben darfst. Du kannst deinen Scheiß hier abstellen, aber du kannst ihn nicht dort abstellen. Du kannst diesen Scheiß haben, aber nicht jenen Scheiß. Du kannst deinen Verstand und deine Leber mit diesem Scheiß vergiften, aber du kannst diesen Scheiß nicht rauchen. Wie können sie es wagen, einem erwachsenen Mann vorzuschreiben, welche Scheiße er in seinen Körper stecken darf und welche nicht! Das ist Faschismus, Tommy, schlicht und ergreifend. Und dann sitzt du in der Scheiße, weil irgendein Arschloch dir deine Scheiße wegnehmen will, weil du nicht genug Scheiße gemacht hast, um für deine Scheiße zu bezahlen. Jetzt musst du entweder den Scheiß wissen oder jemanden bezahlen, der den Scheiß studiert, nur damit du deinen Scheiß zurückbekommst."

"Wie ein Anwalt?"

"Ja, Tommy, warum zum Teufel brauchen wir Anwälte, um zu wissen, was richtig und falsch ist, Tommy? Ich kann ein guter Mensch sein und niemandem etwas zuleide tun, aber dann kommt ein Polizist und sagt, dass ich hier nicht sitzen darf, dass ich dort nicht Flöte spielen darf, dass ich meinen Van nicht hier parken darf, dass ich nicht an den Baum da drüben pissen darf, das ist verrückt, Tommy. Siehst du die alte Dame mit ihrem kleinen rattenähnlichen Hund? Sieh dir den Hund an, er pisst gegen den Baum, und niemanden kümmert es. Aber wenn ich jetzt da rübergehe und gegen denselben verdammten Baum pisse, wird die Dame einen Riesenstunk machen und die Polizei rufen. Wahrscheinlich bekomme ich ein Bußgeld und wenn ich mich weigere, das Bußgeld zu zahlen, wird mich ein Richter zu einer Gefängnisstrafe verurteilen. Warum darf dieser eklige Hund dort pinkeln und ich nicht? Das macht keinen Sinn."

"Ich schaue ihn an, na ja, ich denke, wenn jeder Mensch gegen diesen Baum pinkeln würde, dann würde es wirklich übel riechen und niemand würde dort sitzen wollen. Das war das Problem vor Hunderten von Jahren. Die Menschen hatten keine Toiletten oder geschlossene Abwasserkanäle, also haben sie einfach überall hingeschissen und gepisst. Viele Menschen wurden krank und starben an furchtbaren Krankheiten. Deshalb hat man die ganze Scheiße unter die Erde verlegt, damit wir nicht von unserer eigenen Pisse und Scheiße krank werden. Ich sage nicht, dass ich nicht mit dir übereinstimme. Eine Geldstrafe zu bekommen, weil du gegen einen Baum gepinkelt hast, wenn du wirklich musst, und es keine öffentlichen Toiletten gibt, ist lächerlich. Wenn sie nicht wollen, dass du in der Öffentlichkeit pinkelst, sollten sie dir wenigstens eine Alternative anbieten."

"Ja, Mann, was ist mit dir los, Alter? Bist du ein Herumtreiber oder so?"

"Warum fragst du?"

"Es ist in deiner Aura, Mann, du hast eine dunkle Aura, überall um dich herum ist Scheiße, als ob du vor etwas wegläufst oder etwas wirklich Beschissenes passiert ist, mit dem du nicht umgehen willst. Außerdem ist dein Gesicht total verkorkst." Er kichert: "Hast du dich selbst gesehen, Junge? Wer hat dir das angetan? Dein Vater?"

"Ja, mein Vater wäre definitiv in der Lage, mich so zu verprügeln... Ja, deshalb laufe ich weg."

"Ich mache dir keine Vorwürfe und ich verurteile dich auch nicht, ich habe auch meine Dinge, die ich in meinem Kopf in Ordnung bringen muss. Wir alle haben Dämonen, denen wir uns stellen müssen. Sonst fressen sie langsam an unserer Seele und wenn wir sterben, ist unsere Seele komplett aufgefressen und wir hören auf zu existieren."

Ich schaue in den Himmel: "Das ist ein verdammt gruseliger Gedanke."

"Warum schlägt dich dein Vater, Tommy? Was glaubst du, warum es ihm Spaß macht, ein Kind zu verprügeln?"

"Ich weiß nicht, weil er ein verdammter Sadist ist? Wenn ich in seiner Nähe bin, schlägt er mich wegen jeder Kleinigkeit. Zum Beispiel, wenn ich eine andere Meinung habe, wenn ich etwas nicht tun will oder wenn ich ihm widerspreche. Das ist total beschissen."

"Warum gehst du nicht zur Polizei?"

"Ja, so einfach ist das nicht, ich habe Geschwister und wenn ich zur Polizei gehe, verschwinden sie einfach in ein anderes Land, ich bin in einer verdammten Sekte aufgewachsen, die sich "Kinder Gottes" nennt. Sie benutzen falsche Namen und Identitäten, verdammt, ich wusste bis letztes Jahr nicht einmal den richtigen Namen meiner Mutter!"

"Das ist scheiße, ich sag dir was, du siehst aus, als könntest du einen Freund gebrauchen. Ich fahre heute Abend nach Frankfurt, um mir auf der Straße ein paar Münzen zu holen und

diese alte Flöte zu spielen. Du kannst in meinem Van mitfahren, wenn du willst. Danach fahre ich zu diesem Festival in der Nähe von Essen."

"Essen klingt gut. Meine Großeltern wohnen in der Nähe von Essen in Langenfeld. Ich wollte eigentlich in diese Richtung gehen, weil ich dachte, sie sollten wissen, dass ihr Sohn ihren Enkel schlägt. Ich habe mir gedacht, dass ich dorthin gehen werde."

"Zu Fuß dorthin? Du weißt doch dass, das Hunderte von Kilometern sind, oder?"

Ich zucke mit den Schultern: "Ich habe Zeit und außerdem, sieh mich an, ich habe nichts zu verlieren und mein Gesicht ist total im Eimer."

"Ja, du siehst aus wie ein schief gelaufenes Halloweenkostüm, aber wie kommst du darauf, dass deine Großeltern dir glauben werden? Vielleicht werden sie es nicht tun und dich direkt an deinen Vater zurückgeben. Dann wird er dich nur noch mehr schlagen. Meiner Erfahrung nach ist Missbrauch in Familien weit verbreitet, sogar über Generationen hinweg. Wenn dein Vater dich schlägt, ist es gut möglich, dass sein Vater ihn auch geschlagen hat und so weiter. Wer weiß, vielleicht irre ich mich, aber es besteht auf jeden Fall die Gefahr, dass sie dich zum Schweigen bringen oder dir sogar die Schuld für das Problem geben wollen."

"Ich weiß nicht, Roland, ich überlege im Moment noch. Ich werde diese Brücke überqueren, wenn ich dort bin. Um wie viel Uhr fährst du?"

"Ich fahre heute Abend los. Ich werde heute Nacht in der Nähe von Frankfurt zelten und morgen in der Altstadt auftreten. Du kannst mitkommen, aber du kannst nicht im Van schlafen, weil ich keinen Platz habe. Hast du ein Zelt oder so was, Mann?"

"Nee, nur ein Schlafsack, aber ich komme schon klar."

Ok, das ist deine Entscheidung. Ich hoffe, die Wildschweine kommen nicht und lecken dir das Gesicht oder kauen dir den Schädel ab, während du schläfst."

"Warum zum Teufel sollte mir ein Wildschwein den Schädel reinbeißen, Roland?"

"Keine Ahnung, ich mache nur Witze. So, ich bin fertig mit meiner Pause, ich werde mir in der Stadt ein paar Münzen holen und wir sehen uns dann gegen Sonnenuntergang wieder hier?"

Ich denke mir: "Sonnenuntergang ist so gegen 22 Uhr. Wenn er mich sitzen lässt oder mich vergisst, weil er zu viel Dope geraucht hat, habe ich den ganzen Tag umsonst verschwendet, also gehe ich lieber mit ihm in die Stadt und Sorge dafür, dass er sich nicht ohne mich verpisst."

"Was dagegen, wenn ich dir beim Spielen zuschaue? Ich dachte, du wärst eigentlich ziemlich gut auf der Flöte, um ehrlich zu sein."

"Na gut, du kannst sogar auf den Terrassen Geld für mich sammeln, wenn du willst, und ich werde dir was abgeben, wenn wir gut verdienen."

"Ok, du sagst also, du bezahlst mich dafür, dass ich den Hut herumreiche?"

"Jep."

"Cool, dann machen wir es."

Er packt seine Sachen zusammen. Ich bin bereit zu gehen, ich habe nicht viel bei mir. Ich bemerke, dass er eine Art batteriebetriebenen Kassettenrekorder hat, der oben in seinem Rucksack verstaut ist. Das macht mich neugierig. Wir gehen zu einer Terrasse voller Menschen und er stellt seinen Kassettenspieler auf, drückt auf "Play" und fängt an, die Musik auf seiner Flöte zu spielen. Es ist eine Mischung aus Jethro Tull, klassischer Flötenmusik und anderen Liedern, die ich zu kennen glaube. Er spielt zu einem Instrumentalstück des Songs "What a Wonderful World" und anderer kubanisch klingender Musik. Er lässt das alles mühelos brillant klingen. Schon während des ersten Liedes bleiben die Leute stehen und schauen ihm beim Spielen zu. Die Menge wird immer größer und applaudiert zwischen den Stücken ausgiebig. Ich denke mir: "Dieser Typ ist ein verdammter Profi!"

Er spielt noch ein paar Stücke, bevor er mir signalisiert, dass ich das süße, süße Geld einsammeln soll. Ich schnappe mir einen großen, leeren Aschenbecher von einem der Tische und gehe zuerst zu den Leuten hinüber, die ihm beim Spielen zuhören. Ich spreche Deutsch mit meinem amerikanischen Akzent

"Etwas für die Musik?" Ich versuche, durch mein zerschlagenes Gesicht hindurch zu lächeln. Zuerst sind die Leute erstaunt über meine blauen Flecken, aber sie wollen nicht unhöflich erscheinen, also zücken sie ihre Brieftaschen und stecken Geld in den Aschenbecher.

Nachdem ich bei den Stehenden Geld eingesammelt habe, gehe ich zu den Leuten hinüber, die an den Tischen auf der Terrasse sitzen und die Musik hören können. Als mir die Leute zum Sammeln ausgingen, signalisierte ich Roland, dass ich mit dem herumreichen des Hutes fertig bin. Er beendet sein Lied und es gibt noch mehr Beifall. Er dankt dem Publikum fürs Zuhören. Ich schleiche mich zur Seite und beginne, das Geld zu zählen. Verdammt! Über 70 D-Mark in weniger als 15 Minuten.

Roland kommt vorbei und erkundigt sich, wie es gelaufen ist. Ich erzähle ihm die guten Neuigkeiten. Er ist beeindruckt von meinen Sammelfähigkeiten und fragt mich, ob ich weiter mit ihm zusammenarbeiten möchte. Ich willige gerne ein. Wir suchen weiter nach Terrassen und bald haben wir einen guten Rhythmus gefunden.

Die Arbeit mit Roland erinnerte mich ein bisschen an die Zeit, als mein Stiefvater mich als Kind als Straßenmusiker mitnahm. Der Unterschied war, dass ich gerne mit Roland zusammenarbeitete. Er zahlte mir sogar die Hälfte von dem, was ich für ihn im Aschenbecher sammelte. Ich fand das sehr großzügig von ihm und sagte ihm zuerst, dass das viel zu viel für meine Mühe sei. Er sagte, dass er nicht gerne um Geld bittet und gab zu, dass er viel weniger verdienen würde, wenn er nur passiv auf der Straße spielen und darauf warten würde, dass die Leute Geld in seinen Hut stecken. Wenn er wegen mir mehr als

doppelt so viel Geld verdiente, war es nur fair, dass ich die Hälfte davon bekam. Das war verdammt geil, wenn man bedenkt, was ich früher mit dem Arschloch von Stiefvater erlebt hatte.

Als ich mit Stefan als Straßenmusiker unterwegs war, habe ich natürlich nie auch nur einen verdammten Schweizer Franken behalten, nachdem ich den ganzen Tag mit ihm gearbeitet hatte, anstatt in die Schule zu gehen. Ich sollte dankbar sein, dass ich ein Dach über dem Kopf und kaputte Schuhe an meinen Füßen hatte. Jesus sorgte doch für mich, oder? Es schien, als wäre Jesus ein verdammter Sadist, der es liebte, wenn seinen Gläubigen im Winter die Füße abfroren, weil sie zu wenig Kleidung hatten. Ich erinnere mich daran, wie ich als Elfjähriger mit zerrissenen Sommerschuhen, die auseinanderfielen, im Winterschlamm herumstapfte. Schuhe, die kaum noch Sohlen hatten und sogar durchlöchert waren. Ich lebte in einem der reichsten Länder der Welt, aber wenn du mich gesehen hättest, hättest du gedacht, ich sei ein weißer Abschaum aus den Slums von Detroit.

Stefan hat mich von morgens bis abends bis zum Äußersten gefordert. Zuerst haben wir auf der eiskalten Straße gebettelt, Traktate verteilt und Zeugnis abgelegt. Danach ging es weiter zum Mittagessenauftritte. Je nach Jahreszeit war das auf der Straße, auf den Terrassen oder sogar in Restaurants möglich. Im Winter wärmten wir uns in der öffentlichen Bibliothek auf oder er nahm mich mit in ein Restaurant, wo er sich ein warmes Tee kaufte und ich zur Belohnung ein Glas verdammtes Leitungswasser bekam. Im Laufe des Tages musste ich mir anhören, wie er immer wieder seine schrecklichen Jesus-Lieder sang. Ich hatte das Privileg, mitzusingen und meine verdammten Bongos zu spielen. Igitt! Wenn ich es wagte, aus dem Takt zu kommen, zu laut oder zu leise zu spielen oder irgendetwas, das ihm nicht gefiel, wurde ich angeschrien. Manchmal rastete er aus und schrie mich mitten in der Vorstellung an. Ich bin dann weinend weggelaufen. Aber wohin sollte ich rennen? Ich wartete irgendwo um die Ecke, und sobald er sich beruhigt hatte, sagte er: "Es tut mir leid, dass ich dich angeschrien habe, ich habe weiß Gott ein Problem mit meinem Temperament..."

...Ohne Scheiß, Dumpfbacke, nicht nur der Herr, jeder um dich herum weiß, dass du Probleme mit der Wutbewältigung hast! Jeder, der länger als eine gute Stunde mit dir zu tun hat, hält dich sofort für einen stotternden, sabbernden, cholerischen, Braunnase, koprophagen Wichser. Du meinst, die ganzen Male, die du mich grundlos verprügelt hast, liegen daran, dass du ein Problem mit Wut hast? Also, ist es eigentlich nicht deine Schuld? Du kannst nichts dafür, dass du mich schlägst, weil du ein verdammtes Problem hast. Du beschissener, wahnhafter, arschfickender, schleimigen Kotfresser von einem Vater.

Abends spielten Stefan und ich in den Restaurants und Kneipen bis zum Feierabend. Manchmal fuhren wir stundenlang in weit entfernte Teile der Schweiz, so dass wir nicht immer in denselben Lokalen und vor demselben Publikum spielten. Manchmal fragten mich die Leute im Publikum: "Musst du nicht morgen zur Schule gehen? Willst du das überhaupt machen?" Ich täuschte ein Lächeln vor und sagte ihnen, dass ich zu Hause zur Schule gehe. Wenn ich die Leute zum Schweigen bringen wollte, sagte ich normalerweise: "Willst du darüber reden, dass du Jesus in dein Herz lässt?" Das reichte in der Regel aus, um selbst den besorgtesten Bürger zum Schweigen zu bringen.

Als wir unser Tagesziel von mindestens fünfhundert Schweizer Franken erreicht hatten, durfte ich endlich mit ihm nach Hause fahren. Wenn ich aufhören wollte, bevor das Ziel erreicht war, wurde ich als egoistisch, bedürftig, faul und lethargisch beschimpft. Vergiss nicht, dass ich ein heranwachsender pubertierender Junge war, der manchmal seit dem Frühstück nichts mehr gegessen hatte. Jedes Cent musste gespart, das wir verdienten. Nachdem ich an einem Tag über 12 Stunden gearbeitet hatte, war ich natürlich verdammt hungrig und träge. Wenn ich mich danebenbenahm oder etwas sagte, was er für respektlos hielt, kannst du dir denken, was mich später zu Hause zierte. Manchmal hatte ich Glück, und er vergaß es, weil er so müde war. Für ihn galten andere Maßstäbe, denn er verschlang das Freibier, das in jeder Bar, in der wir spielten, angeboten wurde. So oft, dass die Heimfahrt gelinde gesagt prekär war. Mehr als einmal schlief er fast am Steuer ein und brachte uns auf der eisigen Bergstraße, die sich zurück zur Kommune schlängelte, fast um.

Manchmal musste ich 7 Tage die Woche arbeiten, wenn die Kommune knapp bei Kasse war, was oft der Fall war. Oft frühstückte ich gegen 7 Uhr morgens und meine zweite Mahlzeit des Tages gab es gegen Mitternacht, wenn wir nach Hause kamen. Ich war so hungrig, dass ich die kalten Fischstäbchen oder das Hackfleisch mit Reis direkt aus dem Kühlschrank aß. Alles, was ein paar Kalorien hat. Seltsamerweise verschlinge ich auch heute noch manchmal die Reste aus dem Kühlschrank nach einem langen Arbeitstag.

Im Gegensatz dazu war die Arbeit mit Roland wunderbar. Er kümmerte sich um seinen angeschlagenen Partner. Ab und zu hielten wir an, um auf einer Terrasse etwas zu trinken, oder wenn die Einheimischen uns einluden. Er schien wirklich daran interessiert zu sein, einem armen, vernarbten, kleinen Drogendealer helfen, einen Sinn im Leben zu finden. Ein paar besorgte Erwachsene fragten mich, als ich den Hut reichte, ob Roland mich geschlagen hätte. Armer Kerl. Ich habe mir spontan eine Geschichte ausgedacht. Ich hatte vor ein paar Tagen einen Skateboard-Unfall und habe den Asphalt gefressen. Einige Leute fragten mich, wie ich mit Roland verwandt sei. Ich erzählte ihnen, dass Roland mein älterer Halbbruder väterlicherseits aus Kanada ist. Ich erklärte, dass er ein sehr talentierter Musiker ist, der normalerweise in einem Orchester in seiner Heimat spielt. Wir sind den Sommer über zusammen unterwegs und ich helfe ihm, Geld zu verdienen, um unsere Ausgaben zu decken. Am Ende des Tages hatte ich unsere "Geschichte" auswendig und Roland spielte mit. Nicht, dass es ihn gestört hätte. Ich vermute, dass er ein bisschen einsam ist und einfach nur froh ist, jemanden zu haben, mit dem er Englisch sprechen kann.

Meine Skateboard-Unfall-Anekdote funktionierte von da an. Manchmal machte sie sogar aus zwei Mark Trinkgeld einen Fünfer. Bis zum Sonnenuntergang hatten wir in den Nachmittags- und Abendstunden jeweils über 180 D-Mark gesammelt. Fetter Gewinn, Hoss! Gegen 22 Uhr sagt mir Roland, dass er nicht mehr spielen soll, weil uns sonst die Polizei auf die Pelle rücken könnte. Ich für meinen Teil möchte nicht in der Nähe eines Polizisten sein. Es bleibt uns nichts anderes übrig, als für heute Schluss zu machen. Wir machen uns auf den Weg zurück zu Rolands Van. Ein alter VW T3. Hinten gibt es ein kleines Bett, einen kleinen Kocher und einen winzigen Gaskühlschrank. Er gibt mir einen Campingstuhl zum Sitzen und ich schaue zu, wie er das Abendessen zubereitet. Ich bin inzwischen so hungrig, dass der gekochte Reis und die Bohnen mit einem Hauch Salz wie ein Gourmetessen schmecken. Nach dem Essen rauchen wir einen fetten Joint und ich nippe an meinem Wodka. Roland bittet mich, von meinem Teil des Geldes die Hälfte des Essens, der Drogen und des Benzins

für die Fahrt nach Frankfurt zu bezahlen. Er meint, dreißig Mark würden reichen. Ich zahle gerne, denn ich habe nicht erwartet, dass er so freundlich ist. Außerdem hatte ich dank Roland jetzt noch mehr Geld, als ich am Anfang hatte.

Wir verlassen den Parkplatz gegen Mitternacht. Es ist ein tolles Gefühl zu wissen, dass ich nicht den ganzen Weg nach Langenfeld laufen muss. Noch besser ist es, in der Gesellschaft eines begabten Straßenmusikers zu sein. Ich denke an Saskia und Liesel, während der Van mit knapp 90 km/h über die Autobahn ruckelt. Ich lehne mich zurück und zünde mir einen weiteren Joint aus meinem eigenen Vorrat an, während ich den Blick auf die vorbeiziehende offene Straße genieße. Bei diesem Tempo dauert die Fahrt nach Frankfurt mindestens eine Stunde und wir müssen noch einen Platz zum Schlafen finden. Ich dachte mir, wenn ich bis zum Sonnenlicht aufbleibe, fressen mir die Wildschweine nicht den Kopf ab. Scherz beiseite, ich fühlte mich nicht wohl bei dem Gedanken, ganz allein ohne Zelt im Wald zu schlafen. Wenigstens habe ich jetzt Gesellschaft. Es war eine epische Reise, ich bin so weit gekommen, dass ich mich damit abgefunden habe, das Schicksal über meinen Ausgang entscheiden zu lassen.

Aus den kleinen Lautsprechern in Rolands Van ertönt Jethro Tull, als wir am Sonntagmorgen kurz nach 1:30 Uhr von der Autobahn abfahren. Roland fährt zu diesem schönen kleinen Gewässer in der Nähe von Frankfurt, dem Langener Waldsee. Er parkt den Van am Waldrand, in der Nähe eines Campingplatzes. Wir steigen aus und gehen zum Ufer und einem künstlichen Sandstrand. Wir plaudern über dies und das. Er hat zu allem eine Meinung und ich höre ihm gerne zu, nicht weil ich ihm unbedingt zustimme, sondern weil es mich von all den Dingen ablenkt, die ich verarbeiten sollte, aber lieber nicht darüber nachdenke. Bald gähnt er und sagt mir, dass er ins Bett geht, aber wenn ich will, kann ich auf den Vordersitzen schlafen. Er lässt die Beifahrertür unverschlossen, falls mir kalt wird. Ich wünsche ihm eine gute Nacht und erkunde weiter den Sandstrand und das umliegende Seeufer. Gegen vier Uhr morgens überkommt mich schließlich die Müdigkeit und ich gehe zurück zum Van. Leise öffne ich die Tür und rolle mich auf dem Beifahrersitz zusammen. Das Sandmännchen entführt mich einmal mehr in das Reich der Albträume.

Als ich aufwache, fährt Roland bereits in Richtung Frankfurter Innenstadt. Ich bin immer noch eingeschlafen, als Roland einen Parkplatz findet. Er fragt mich, ob ich ihn bei einer weiteren Runde Busking begleiten möchte. Ich denke mir, dass ich noch mehr Geld gebrauchen kann und sage zu. Das Wichtigste zuerst: Tommy braucht Kaffee und eine Toilette. Wenn das erledigt ist, kann unser Arbeitstag beginnen.

Der größte Teil des Sonntags ist ziemlich ruhig. Die Leute scheinen nicht annähernd so großzügig zu sein wie in der kleinen Stadt, in der wir gestern waren, aber hey, ein Mann muss ein Soldat sein, oder? Schließlich werden wir hungrig und machen eine Pause in einem Imbiss. Roland bestellt nur Pommes und Salat, weil er Veganer ist. Er erklärt mir, dass vegan zu sein bedeutet, dass man überhaupt keine tierischen Produkte isst, ich wusste gar nicht, dass es dafür ein Wort gibt. In diesem Alter hätte ich solche Leute einfach als Spinner bezeichnet. Ich wusste, dass es Religionen gab, die das Verletzen oder den Verzehr von Tieren in Indien nicht erlaubten. Extremisten, die beim Gehen den Boden vor sich kehrten, damit sie nicht einmal einem Insekt etwas zuleide tun konnten, weil alles Leben gleich



wertvoll ist. Was für eine Verschwendung von Atem, denke ich mir. Töten und getötet werden ist grausam, aber es ist die Grundlage allen Lebens auf der Erde.

Nachdem er mir erklärt hat, warum er Veganer ist, habe ich eine eigene Meinung, die ich mit ihm teilen möchte.

"Warum, glaubst du, suchen die Menschen immer nach Wegen, um sich besser zu fühlen? Warum nicht einfach aufhören, zu viel Fleisch zu produzieren, damit es nicht direkt im Müll landet, und vielleicht so viel wie möglich vom Tier verwenden? Vielleicht den Geistern der Tiere für ihr Opfer danken? Wenn wir sie zum Leben und als Nahrung brauchen, könnten wir die Tiere wenigstens mit dem Respekt behandeln, den sie verdienen. Ich bin nicht der Meinung, dass wir aufhören sollten, Fleisch zu essen. Aber Tiere zu quälen und sie wie Scheiße zu behandeln, damit sollten wir auf jeden Fall aufhören."

Wir sind uns einig, dass wir uns nicht einig sind. Roland sagt, er sei als Fleischesser aufgewachsen, sein Vater habe in einem Schlachthaus gearbeitet. Als Roland zwölf war, nahm ihn sein Vater einmal mit zur Arbeit. Er war so traumatisiert von dem, was er sah, dass er nie wieder Fleisch anrührte. Ich denke, das ist verständlich. Vielleicht würde ich genauso empfinden, wenn ich eine Kuh sehen würde, die vor Schmerzen stöhnt, während sie kopfüber aufgehängt und bei Bewusstsein aufgeschlitzt wird, weil der Bolzenschussapparat seine Aufgabe nicht erfüllt hat. Vielleicht sind wir alle Monster. Wir wachsen heran, um unseren eigenen Kindern einen Gutenachtkuss zu geben und sie ebenfalls zu mörderischen, fleischfressenden Monstern zu erziehen. Vielleicht hat Roland recht.

Unser Mittagessen hat viel mehr von dieser Art von Diskussion. Ich verschlinge die Innereien und den Schlachthofabfall, aus dem mein Dönerfleisch gemacht ist. Ich bin zu hungrig, um über meine fleischfressenden Sünden nachzudenken, und esse meinen Döner mit gefräßiger Begeisterung auf, bevor ich mir den verschmierten Joghurt und die Cocktailsauce aus dem zerschrammten Gesicht wische. Ich war offensichtlich ein hungriger kleiner Aasgeier. Den Rest des Nachmittags verbringen wir damit, durch die Frankfurter Altstadt zu laufen und zu versuchen, wo immer möglich aufzutreten. Die Polizei und viele Restaurantbesitzer sind nicht gerade erfreut über uns. Wir merken schnell, dass Frankfurt keine gute Stadt für Straßenmusiker ist.

Roland erzählt mir, dass er von anderen Musikern gehört hat, dass die Städte entlang des Rheins wie Koblenz, Bonn, Köln und Essen großartig zum Busking sind. Vielleicht sollten wir für heute Schluss machen und morgen weiter nach Westen fahren. Wir beschließen, uns auf den Weg zurück zum kleinen See und seinem Sandstrand zu machen, um zu entspannen und zu schwimmen. Es ist ja schließlich Sonntag und wir könnten es auch ruhig angehen lassen. Roland bezahlt mit unserem Verdienst eine Nacht auf dem Campingplatz, damit wir die Einrichtungen nutzen können. Den Rest des Geldes teilen wir auf, sobald wir unser Lager aufgeschlagen haben. Es ist wunderschönes Wetter und wir machen uns auf den Weg zum Strand.

Der Sand fühlt sich gut an unter meinen nackten Füßen und das Wasser ist erfrischend. Ich möchte schwimmen, aber ich habe keine Badesachen dabei. Es macht mich nervös, mein ganzes Geld in Rolands Van einzuschließen, aber er kommt mir nicht wie jemand vor, der

mein Geld stehlen und abhauen würde. Ich beschließe, zum FKK-Bereich (FKK-Strand) zu gehen und Roland zu fragen, ob er mich begleiten will. Roland zögert zunächst ein wenig, aber ich erkläre ihm, dass Nacktbaden in Deutschland etwas ganz normales ist. Als wir weitergehen, sieht er all die anderen Deutschen mit ihren Bierbäuchen, schlaffen Brüsten und verschrumpelten Schwänzen. Er fängt an zu lächeln und denkt sich, dass er nackt auch nicht schlechter aussehen kann als sie. Er nimmt den Mut zusammen und zieht sich aus. Sobald wir beide im Wasser sind, wirkt er entspannter. Wir spielen sogar eine Runde Ball mit ein paar anderen Leuten hin und her. Es ist ein schöner, entspannter Tag. Hier wird mich nie jemand suchen, denke ich mir. Smiley, seine Bande, die Polizei, Saskia, Liesel und Dimitri scheinen alle so weit weg zu sein.

Das Wasser ist so klar. Ich halte die Luft an, tauche unter die Oberfläche und schwimme am sandigen Grund entlang. Als ich auftauche, habe ich mich schon gut fünfzig Meter vom Ufer entfernt. Roland scheint paranoid zu sein und ruft meinen Namen. Ich winke ihm zu und er beruhigt sich. Sobald wir uns abgekühlt haben, treffen wir auf unsere neuen Freunde, mit denen wir im Wasser gespielt haben. Sie laden uns beide auf ein kühles Bier ein und ich nehme gerne an.

Roland sagt, er wolle zurück zum Van, duschen, sich anziehen und vielleicht etwas essen. Wir entschuldigen uns bei unseren neu gewonnenen Freunden und sagen ihnen, dass wir sie vielleicht später sehen.

Zurück am Van, holen wir unsere Sachen und gehen zu den Gemeinschaftsduschen. Er bietet mir noch ein paar Bohnen und Reis an, aber ich ziehe das Pumpernickelbrot und das Trockenfleisch vor, das ich noch dabei habe. Nach dem Abendessen packen Roland und ich seine Flöte und seinen Kassettenrekorder, eine Flasche Wasser und ein paar Decken ein. Wir kehren zum Strand zurück. Unsere Freunde sitzen dort immer noch unter dem Sternenhimmel, lachen und singen. Jemand spielt auf einer Gitarre, zwei Frauen tanzen herum und sind immer noch sehr nackt. Als sie sehen, dass wir auf sie zugehen, jubeln sie und winken uns zu sich. Roland kommt mit dem nackten Gitarristen ins Gespräch und beide beginnen zu spielen. Niemand schien sich daran zu stören, dass wir wieder Kleidung trugen. Als die Sonne unterging und die Luft abkühlte, begann einer nach dem anderen, auch seine Kleidung wieder anzuziehen

Ich weiß nicht, ob es die Auswirkungen des perfekten Sonnenuntergangs am Strand waren, aber die Gitarre und die Flöte klangen fantastisch. Ich hätte ihnen die ganze Nacht lang zuhören können. Es kommen immer mehr Leute, die Snacks, Bier und Decken mitbringen, und bald ist es fast wie eine Schlummerparty. Da ist eine wunderschöne Frau, die Anfang zwanzig sein muss. Sie nimmt immer wieder Blickkontakt mit mir auf und so gehe ich zu ihr hinüber.

"Hey, du bist mir sofort aufgefallen, wie heißt du?"

"Ich bin Sarah und du bist?"

Ich bin Tommy."

"Willst du mir Gesellschaft leisten, Tommy?"

"Ja, bitte."

Sarah lacht und tätschelt den Platz auf ihrer Decke neben sich. Ich hole schnell meinen Schlafsack und eile zu ihr zurück, bevor ein anderer Kerl auf dieselbe Idee kommt. Als ich zurückkomme, zeigt sie mir zwei kleine Zettel.

"Willst du eine?"

"Ja, bitte"

Sie nimmt einen Klecks in den Mund und schluckt ihn herunter. Dann legt sie den zweiten auf ihre Zungenspitze, nimmt mich im Nacken und küsst mich auf die Lippen. Ich lasse zu, dass sie mir den Klecks in den Mund schiebt.

"Du bist wirklich hübsch, Sarah."

Sie küsst mich wieder. "Gefällt dir das, Tommy?"

Ich nicke. Zwanzig Minuten später schweben wir nach oben und weg von der Realität. Wir liegen stundenlang da, starren in den Himmel, reden, machen Blödsinn und knutschen im weichen Sand. Als die Drogen stärker wirken, werde ich unruhig und frage sie, ob sie mit mir am Strand spazieren gehen will. Wir wandern ziemlich weit weg von allen anderen. Als wir uns dem Rand des Strandes nähern, fragt sie mich, ob ich nackt baden möchte. Natürlich will ich! Wir ziehen uns aus und waten in den See. Ihr nackter Körper sieht im Mondlicht fantastisch aus. Wir schwimmen, planschen und albern herum. Wir gehen tiefer ins Wasser. Sie lässt sich auf dem Rücken treiben und ich lege sanft eine Hand unter ihren Rücken und die andere zwischen ihre Beine. Ich küsse sie leidenschaftlich, während sie vor Vergnügen stöhnt.

Wir lieben uns, bis es stock dunkel wird. Als wir zurückkommen, liegen einige Leute schlafend am Strand. Andere sitzen im Kreis, trinken und singen. Der Mond scheint hell und Roland ist eingeschlafen, während er seine Flöte in seinen Armen hält. Sie sieht ihn an, als wäre er ein süßer kleiner Welpen.

"Oh, dein Freund sieht so süß aus, wenn er schläft", sagt sie in gebrochenem Englisch zu mir. "Wie ist sein Name?"

"Roland."

Wir lachen beide, als wir Roland mit einer Decke zudecken, während ich nach Rolands Schlüsseln aus seiner Tasche krame. Sarah und ich holen meinen Wodka aus dem Wagen und etwas zum Rauchen. Ich nehme auch mein Geld mit. Ich will nicht einschlafen und feststellen, dass der Van ausgeraubt wurde oder dass Roland ohne mich weggefahren ist. Ich möchte Roland vertrauen, aber es ist besser, wenn ich kein Risiko eingehe. Als Sarah und ich wieder am Strand sind, rauchen wir einen Joint, sehen uns den Sonnenaufgang an und

finden bald ein schönes Plätzchen, wo wir uns im Sand zusammenrollen und in den Armen des anderen einschlafen.

Es ist schon nach Mittag, als Sarah und ich von Rolands Flötenspiel geweckt werden. Als ich die Augen öffne, lächelt er mich an.

"Guten Morgen, du glücklicher kleiner Mann."

Ich lache. Mein Körper fühlt sich wie ein Chaos an und ich brauche dringend einen Kaffee und eine Toilette. Ich löse mich aus Sarahs Armen und stolpere in Richtung der Toiletten. Jeder Knochen in meinem Körper schmerzt noch von dem Kampf mit Dariusz. Ich hoffe wirklich, dass ich heute Abend bei meinen Großeltern in einem bequemen Bett schlafen kann. Mein Plan ist einfach. Ich verabschiede mich von Sarah, lasse mir ihre Nummer geben, falls ich jemals wieder hierherkomme, trinke einen Kaffee, setze mich in Bewegung und gehe den ganzen Nachmittag mit Roland in Bonn auf Busking-Tour. Am frühen Abend werden Roland und ich bei meinen Großeltern klingeln, nachdem sie zu Abend gegessen haben. Wenn alles gut geht, bleiben wir die Nacht dort.

Wenn Roland recht hat und meine Großeltern versuchen, meinen Stiefvater oder sogar die Polizei zu rufen, würden wir uns verpissen. Dann wüsste ich wenigstens, was Sache war. Wenn es blöd läuft, würden wir weiter in den Norden nach Essen fahren, wo am nächsten Wochenende ein Festival stattfindet. Es gibt noch viele andere Städte in der Umgebung, in denen wir spielen können. Köln, Düsseldorf, Wuppertal und Duisburg sind alle in der Nähe. Es gibt genug Städte, die uns die ganze Woche über beschäftigen können. Ich wollte meine Großeltern nicht im Voraus anrufen, weil ich Angst hatte, dass sie die Polizei anrufen und auf uns warten würden. Außerdem hatte ich keine Ahnung, ob die Polizei schon etwas über mich in Bezug auf Smileys Mord wusste. Um auf Nummer sicher zu gehen, war ich, soweit es mich betraf, ein gesuchter Mann. Lieber zu vorsichtig sein als dumm und in einer Gefängniszelle oder tot zu enden. Ich war mir ziemlich sicher, dass Smiley einige Freunde hatte, die für die Polizei in Ochsenfurt arbeiteten. Deshalb wusste er immer, wann die Polizei eine Razzia bei ihm durchführen würde. Außerdem gab es Gerüchten über Menschen, die unter mysteriösen Umständen in Polizeigewahrsam starben.

Sarah liess mir versprechen, dass ich sie anrufen würde. Ich fickte sie noch einmal in der Campingdusche, bevor Roland und ich uns aus dem Staub machten. Auf dem Weg nach Bonn hatte Roland viele Fragen zu dem, was ich in der Nacht zuvor mit Sarah gemacht hatte, und ich war, wie jeder Vierzehnjährige, begierig darauf, mit meiner neuesten Eroberung zu prahlen, sozusagen.

Wir kamen in Bonn an und es war ein Spaß. Wir haben in der ganzen Altstadt gejobbt. Es gab Dutzende von Terrassen. Im Vergleich zu Frankfurt mochten die Leute Roland hier wirklich. Die Café-Besitzer beschwerten sich nicht, als ich den Hut reichte, und die Polizei blieb sogar stehen, um Roland spielen zu sehen, und applaudierte ihm zwischen den Liedern. Das machte mich verdammt nervös, aber sie waren abgelenkt. Wir haben einen Riesenerfolg erzielt. Um 18 Uhr hatten wir insgesamt mehr als vierhundert Mark eingenommen. Roland und ich sahen uns erstaunt an. Wie versprochen, fuhr Roland mich gegen Abend nach Langenfeld, damit ich endlich meine Mission erfüllen konnte, meine

Großeltern zu konfrontieren. Während er uns fuhr, gestand ich ihm, dass ich eigentlich vierzehn war. Er hat nicht einmal geblinzelt. Er dachte sich das, war aber zu nett, um es zu sagen. Auf jeden Fall war er der Meinung, dass ich einen Freund bräuchte und er wollte mir helfen. Er sagte, ich sei reif, weit über mein Alter hinaus. Er hält mich für eine sehr alte Seele im Körper eines jungen Mannes, und mein Alter war ihm eigentlich egal. Er mochte mich so, wie ich war. Wir waren uns einig, dass er, falls die Polizei uns jemals anhalten sollte, einfach sagen würde, er hätte mich per Anhalter mitgenommen. Manchmal erstaunt es mich heute noch, wie gelassen Erwachsene reagierten, nachdem sie herausgefunden hatten, wie jung ich war.

Roland hält auf einem Parkplatz an der Hauptstraße an. Ich frage ihn, ob er eine Stunde oder so warten kann. Er sagt mir, ich solle mir so viel Zeit nehmen, wie ich brauche. Er wird abwarten und sich etwas zu essen machen. Ich solle ihn abholen, wenn alles in Ordnung sei und er vielleicht einen letzten Abend mit mir verbringen kann. Ich habe versprochen, dass ich meine Oma fragen werde, ob er wenigstens die Waschmaschine benutzen kann und vielleicht eine anständige Dusche bekommt, als Dankeschön für die Hilfe. Ich werde auf jeden Fall wiederkommen, es sei denn, die Polizei verhaftet mich vorher. Wir lachen und ich winke zum Abschied, während ich die Straße überquere. Ich balle meine Fäuste und sage zu mir selbst. "Okay Tommy, atme durch, entspann dich, du schaffst das!"

Ich biege links ab, dann rechts. Es scheint, als träumte ich. Endlich stehe ich vor dem Haus meiner Großeltern. Ich war nicht mehr hier, seit ich neun Jahre alt war. Alles wirkt kleiner, als ich es in Erinnerung hatte, und weniger pompös. "Erstaunlich, dass einem als Kind alles so viel größer vorkommt", denke ich, als ich die Klingel läute.

Ich höre die schroffe Stimme meines Opas, der meiner Oma sagt, sie solle nachsehen, wer es wagen würde, sie zu dieser Stunde zu stören. Sie späht durch den Türspion und reißt die Tür weit auf. Ein Lächeln erhellt ihr Gesicht und sie umarmt mich fest.

"Tommy, mein Gott! Was machst du denn hier? Warum bist du nicht in Marktbreit? Ah, ich bin sicher, du hast einen guten Grund. Komm rein! Oh! Schön, dich zu sehen." Sie ergreift meine Hand und führt mich in den Essbereich. "Komm! Setz dich! Ich mache dir etwas zu essen, du bist sicher am Verhungern."

Oh, ich war wirklich am Verhungern! Sie sagt mir, ich solle meinen Kapuzenpulli ausziehen und macht sich daran, köstlich duftenden Hackbraten und Kartoffel-Lauch-Gratin aufzuwärmen. Oh Freude! Wie himmlisch! Während die Mikrowelle den Teller mit dem Essen aufwärmt, schenkt sie mir ein alkoholfreies Bier ein. Ich trinke das Bier hinunter und kaum steht das Essen vor mir, verschlinge ich es innerhalb weniger Minuten. Während ich kaue, hat sie viele Fragen. Ich versuche, ihre Fragen so kurz wie möglich durch meinen vollen Mund zu beantworten. Es gibt einen Grund, warum ich hier bin. Sie muss die Wahrheit erfahren. Ich muss ihnen endlich die Stirn bieten und ihnen sagen, was für ein sadistisches Schwein ihr Sohn ist. Ich muss ihnen sagen, dass Stefan mich missbraucht und verprügelt hat. Dass er mich meine ganze Kindheit lang gezwungen hat, als Sklave zu arbeiten und dass er mich obendrein als kleinen Jungen wiederholt vergewaltigt hat. Meine Mutter hat sich sogar aktiv daran beteiligt und mich ebenfalls mehrfach sexuell missbraucht.

Wie kann man einer süßen Oma in die Augen sehen und schreckliche Dinge über ihren Lieblingssohn sagen? Jetzt war meine Chance, aber es fühlte sich so seltsam an, überhaupt etwas sagen zu wollen.

"Weisst du Oma? Stefan, er hat mich früher sehr viel geschlagen."

Das gefällt Oma nicht und sie wechselt ständig das Thema. Sie fragt mich immer wieder, warum ich nicht in der Schule bin. Ich habe ihr gesagt, dass ich weggelaufen bin, weil ich oft verprügelt wurde. Sie kann mein Gesicht sehen, sie sieht die ganzen blauen Flecken. Warum ignoriert sie das alles? Stattdessen fragt sie mich, warum ich so etwas tun würde, warum ich sie dazu bringen wollte, sich Sorgen um mich zu machen. Habe ich überhaupt Dankbarkeit oder Respekt für ihre Bemühungen und Gefühle? Sie fängt an, mich zu beschimpfen, dass ich ihnen gegenüber undankbar sei. Sie zahlen für meine Ausbildung. Ich sollte dankbar sein, dass meine Eltern meinen ganzen Unsinn mitmachen! WAS!!! Sie hofft, dass ich zur Vernunft kommen werde. Ich fühle mich verraten und auf die Seite gedrängt. Ihr Verhalten lässt mich vermuten, dass etwas ganz und gar nicht stimmt. Während einer Pause in unserem Gespräch höre ich meinen Großvater in ihrem Schlafzimmer telefonieren. Ich kann nicht jedes Wort verstehen, aber ich höre definitiv etwas über die Polizei!

Ich war mir nicht bewusst, dass Stefan alles darangesetzt hatte, meine Großeltern gegen mich zu vergiften. Aber da war es mir klar! Ich war zu spät dran. Er hatte sie bereits davon überzeugt, dass ich gewalttätig und ungehorsam war. Dass ich meine jüngeren Geschwister dazu anstiftete, gegen ihn zu rebellieren. Er hat mich nach Strich und Faden überlistet, mit allen möglichen Lügen. Angeblich habe ich gekifft und Drogen genommen. Er behauptete, ich sei eine Gefahr für ihn, für meine Mutter und für meine jüngeren Geschwister. Er erzählte ihnen, dass ich ihn ohne Grund körperlich angegriffen hätte!!! Er überzeugte meine Großeltern davon, dass ich ein hoffnungsloser Fall sei, mit dem man nicht umgehen könne. Eine eklatante Lüge! Mein ganzes Leben lang war ich diejenige, die von ihm verprügelt wurde, ich war diejenige, die Todesangst vor ihm hatte. Ich habe über ein Jahrzehnt gebraucht, bis ich endlich den Mut hatte, mich ihm entgegenzustellen. All die Lügen, die er über mich erzählte, waren eigentlich passende Beschreibungen seiner selbst.

Das ging natürlich furchtbar schief. Zum Glück wartete Roland weiter oben auf der Straße auf mich, denn er ahnte, dass so etwas passieren würde. Er sagte voraus, dass meine Großeltern sich auf Stefans Seite stellen würden, nicht auf meine. Sie hätten mich festnehmen lassen, wenn ich so dumm gewesen wäre, dort zu bleiben. Wie ich Jahrzehnte später herausfand, hörte ich, wie mein Großvater in seinem Schlafzimmer mit meinen Eltern darüber diskutierte, ob er mich der Polizei ausliefern sollte. Meine Eltern wollten nicht, dass die Polizei eingeschaltet wird, aber mein Großvater, ein altmodischer, rechter und konservativer Mann, bestand darauf, dass es das Richtige sei. Zum Glück hörte ich das Gespräch mit, und so rannte ich natürlich sofort aus der Haustür und so schnell wie möglich die Straße hinunter. Völlig außer Atem sprang ich zurück auf den Vordersitz von Rolands Van. Roland sah nicht einmal von seinem Reis und seinen Bohnen auf und sagte nur

"Ich habe es dir ja gesagt!"

Ich war immer noch schwer am Atmen, als ich ihm sagte, er solle uns bitte hier rausbringen. Ich dachte, dass die Polizei jeden Moment eintreffen würde und dass sie bestimmt einen hippiemäßig aussehenden Bus untersuchen würden, der am Straßenrand geparkt war, also sollte er lieber Gas geben. Widerwillig ließ er mich seinen Teller mit Essen in meinem Schoß halten, während er auf den Fahrersitz kletterte und den Motor startete. Es war wie in einem Actionfilm. Nur, dass unsere Flucht die langsamste in der Geschichte war. Das war wirklich nicht beeindruckend. Nichtsdestotrotz rumpelte der Van langsam zurück auf die Straße und ich flüchtete. Als wir uns entfernten, zog ich mir den Kapuzenpulli über den Kopf. Im Nachhinein sah ich dadurch wahrscheinlich noch verdächtiger aus, aber ich war ja auch noch ein dummer Vierzehnjähriger. Als wir wieder auf dem Highway waren, fühlte ich mich wieder ein bisschen sicher. Roland bestand darauf, an der nächsten Raststätte anzuhalten, damit er seine Mahlzeit beenden konnte. Mein Großvater war zu langsam unterwegs. Wahrscheinlich dachte er, ich wäre zu Fuß unterwegs und er würde mich leicht einholen. Als er in sein Auto stieg, um mich zu verfolgen, war ich natürlich schon längst weg. Am Ende beschloss mein Großvater, dass der vermisste Bastard nicht sein Problem war und machte sich nicht die Mühe, die Polizei zu rufen. So gesehen war das wahrscheinlich das Beste, was mir passieren konnte. Wenn die Polizei eine Fahndung nach mir ausgeschrieben hätte, wäre mein Abenteuer wahrscheinlich viel kürzer gewesen. Ich hätte Ollie, Angela, Melanie und viele andere wunderbare Menschen, die ich noch kennenlernen musste, nie getroffen.

Im Moment bin ich noch ein freier Mann. Das typische rhythmische Geräusch des guten alten Otto-Motors setzt sich in Bewegung. Er schiebt uns nach Norden, in Richtung Essen. Roland entpuppt sich als ein felsenfester Freund für mich. Ich bin gesund und munter. Wen kümmert es, dass ich keine Ahnung habe, was ich tue oder wohin ich fahre? Es ist verdammt egal. Das Gefühl der Freiheit ist alles, was ich brauche. Ich brauche keine Pläne. Ich werde von jetzt an eine Woche, Tage oder sogar Minuten im Voraus denken. Ich werde im Moment leben und jede einzelne davon genießen. Mir gefällt die Idee, zu diesem Festival in Essen zu gehen. Ich war noch nie auf einem Festival! Klingt cool. Ich denke, das würde mir auch gefallen. Ich zucke innerlich mit den Schultern. Ich habe jedoch vor, diesen Joint zu inhalieren. Soweit meine Planung. Das wird meine Paranoia beruhigen. Während ich das Haschisch tief in meine Lungen sauge, wippe ich in meinem Sitz hin und her. Mann, ist das ein guter Stoff. Meine Augen werden schwer von all den Gedanken und Gefühlen, ich fühle mich so müde und erschöpft. Das muss daran liegen, dass ich letzte Nacht kaum geschlafen habe. Als der Highway sanft unter Rolands Van vorbeirauscht, nicke ich ein und schlafe fest.

Meine Erinnerungen jagen mich in meinem Unterbewusstsein. Sie tauchen auf, wenn ich in die Dunkelheit gleite. Jedes Mal, wenn ich die Augen schließe, kommen sie zu mir und feiern ein süßes Wiedersehen. Meine Dämonen und ich sind für immer in verdrehter Besessenheit miteinander verschmolzen. Sie sind ich und ich bin sie. Das laute Echo in meinem Kopf, das mich täglich in den Kommunen umgibt. Das ständige Weinen, Weinen, Reden in Zungen, Schreien, Schlagen, Musik, Töpfe und Pfannen, die in der Küche krachen. Jemand liest im Esszimmer aus der Bibel vor, über die schreckliche Lautsprecheranlage mit all ihren kreischenden Rückkopplungen. Ich schlüpfte in die Erinnerungen an die schmerzhafteste Verwandlung vom Jungen zum Mann.

Nachdem ich viele Jahre unter dem Lärm von Hunderten von Menschen aufgewachsen war, die in einer einzigen Kommune lebten, war es für mich nur noch ein weißes Rauschen, und

ich lernte, es zu übertönen. Ich war aus Indien geflohen, aber ich sollte herausfinden, dass man die Slums der Dritten Welt nicht einfach so hinter sich lassen kann. Ich landete in einem der reichsten Länder der Welt, aber wir lebten immer noch im Elend. Ich aß verrottetes Gemüse, Joghurts mit abgelaufenem Haltbarkeitsdatum und kratzte Schimmel von altem Brot. Wir wühlten uns durch verwelkten Salat und Tomaten, auf denen bereits Schimmel wuchs. Das Essen, das wir zu uns nehmen mussten, war wirklich schrecklich. Es gab nichts Gutes oder Angenehmes am Zusammenleben in der Einheit. Es gab Durchfall und Magenkrämpfe, eine Grippe und eine Krankheit nach der anderen. Fast jeden Monat gab es irgendeine Krankheit, die einen großen Teil der Kommune heimsuchte, und wieder einmal musste Tommy das Erbrochene all der Kinder mit Magenverstimmungen aufräumen. Juhu!

Mittendrin wurde mir klar, dass die Lehren der Sekte wieder einmal falsch waren, was etwas viel Verheerenderes betraf. Homosexualität. Inmitten all der Belästigung, Vergewaltigung und des sexuellen Missbrauchs von Kindern hatte die Sekte eine ganz klare Regel. Liebe zwischen Männern war eine Abscheulichkeit, sie war in den Augen Gottes zum Kotzen. Homosexualität war ein Verbrechen gegen die Natur. Der liebe Gott hat nie gewollt, dass zwei Männer zusammen liegen. Wenn Gott mich so geschaffen hat, dass ich nicht homosexuell bin, warum habe ich mich dann zum ersten Mal in einen anderen Jungen verliebt? Wie kommt es, dass ein erwachsener Mann mich als kleinen Jungen vergewaltigen konnte und damit davonkam? Hätte ich dagegen meine Sünden des Verlangens nach einem anderen Mann offen gebeichtet, würde ich wahrscheinlich tief in der Scheiße stecken oder sogar riskieren, für eine solche Beleidigung Gottes exkommuniziert zu werden. Es machte einfach keinen Sinn, genau wie der ganze andere Quatsch, den sie mir auftischten.



## Kapitel 20

### Ein erfüllter Wunsch und ein untröstlicher Junge

Eines Morgens im Juni 1989, als ich knapp neun Jahre alt war, riefen meine Eltern uns vier Kinder in ihr Schlafzimmer, um uns eine aufregende Nachricht zu überbringen. Wir würden meine Großeltern in Deutschland besuchen. Sie bereiteten unsere Abreise vor und noch im Oktober würden wir Indien verlassen. Sie teilten uns mit, dass wir uns wahrscheinlich eine Unterkunft in der Schweiz oder in Deutschland in der Nähe unserer Großeltern suchen würden.

Mein Herz machte einen Sprung vor Freude. Bald würde ich diese elenden, sadistischen Hippies, ihr Gebräu und ihre schreckliche Küche verlassen. Bald würde ich in einem normalen Zuhause leben, mit gutem Essen auf dem Tisch, und endlich wieder in Europa sein. Das größte Problem bei meinem Plan, wegzulaufen, war endlich gelöst. Es wäre absolut unmöglich gewesen, in Indien zu fliehen, aber jetzt, da wir zurück in die "Zivilisation" flogen, schien es mir, dass meine Tage des Leidens endlich zu Ende gingen. In den folgenden Monaten vor unserer Abreise bemerkte ich nicht einmal mehr die strenge Arbeit, das Geschrei und die Schläge. All das würde bald vorbei sein, wenn meine liebevollen Großeltern uns in ihrem Haus willkommen heißen würden. Ich wusste, dass Stefan uns nie vor seinen Eltern schlagen würde. Er war zu respektvoll gegenüber seiner Mutter. Sie hatte eine sehr strenge "Keine Kinder schlagen"-Politik. Stefan verehrte den Boden, auf den sie trat. Das war eine gute Nachricht für uns Kinder. Solange wir bei ihnen waren, in ihrem Haus, konnte mir nichts Schlimmes zustoßen.

Nach einem langen und mit erbrochenem erfülltem Flug an Bord einer alten Aeroflot-Maschine und einer Zwischenlandung in Moskau kamen wir endlich in Frankfurt an. Ich weiß noch, dass es in Strömen regnete. Unsere Großeltern begrüßten uns aufgeregt im Terminal und waren sehr froh, uns zu sehen. Ich freute mich noch mehr, sie zu sehen. Schließlich war ich damals schon neun Jahre alt und fest entschlossen, Oma zu sagen, dass ich nicht mehr bei Stefan leben wollte. Würde sie mich bitte stattdessen bei ihr und Opa wohnen lassen? Ich war begierig darauf, aber ich musste auf die richtige Gelegenheit warten, zum Beispiel wenn Stefan das Haus verließ, um mit Opa einkaufen zu gehen oder so etwas. Zuerst musste ich Oma auf meine Seite bringen. Sie mochte mich, zumindest dachte ich das zu diesem Zeitpunkt.

Opa nahm mir übel, dass ich nicht Stefans leiblicher Sohn bin. Er wurde ein paar Mal für sein beleidigendes Verhalten mir gegenüber gescholten. Bis zu seinem Tod hat er mich nie gemocht. Allerdings wurde er etwas toleranter gegenüber dem Gedanken, dass ich nicht sein biologischer Enkel bin. Ich hatte wirklich große Hoffnungen, als wir in Großvaters Auto fuhren. Es waren zwei Stunden Fahrt vom Frankfurter Flughafen, bis wir bei ihnen zu Hause ankamen. Als ich mich an diesem Abend ins Bett kuschelte, dachte ich darüber nach, was ich meiner Oma sagen würde, wenn sie und ich allein wären. Ich könnte ihr endlich die Wahrheit über Stefan sagen. Ich würde sie anflehen, uns Kinder von ihm wegzunehmen. Als wir in Opas luxuriösem Audi 100 schweigend über die Autobahn fuhren, starrte ich in den strömenden Regen und schmiegte meine Wangen an die schicken Ledersitze. Ich stellte mir

vor, wie toll das Leben sein würde, wenn ich erst einmal von meinen sadistischen Eltern weg war.

Wir kamen in ihrem malerischen roten Backsteinhaus an, mit einem großen Garten und einem Teich auf der Rückseite. Da ich an die schrecklichen Wohnverhältnisse in Indien gewöhnt war, kam es mir vor, als würden hier Milliardäre wohnen. Es roch so gut nach Parfüm, Seife und teurem Rasierwasser. Ein Dienstmädchen empfängt uns. Sie hilft uns, unsere Sachen in unsere Zimmer zu bringen, und beginnt dann, den Tisch für uns zu decken. Ich trete in das offene Wohnzimmer. Die Lederbezüge sind plüschig und schwarz. Die dreiteilige Couch umgibt einen passenden schwarzen Glastisch. Über dem schwarzen Glastisch baumeln mundgeblasene, bunte Glaslampen von der Decke. Jede von ihnen ist in verschiedenen Blau- und Gelbtönen gehalten und mit kleinen Blasen im Glas versehen. So etwas habe ich noch nie gesehen. In Indien hatten wir nackte Glühbirnen, die von der Decke baumelten, oder Leuchtstoffröhren in den größeren, gemeinschaftlichen Räumen. Wer hätte gedacht, dass Licht so schön sein kann? Die Wände sind voller Bücher und Schmuckstücke aus dem Orient. Viele Masken und Bildnisse von indischen und asiatischen Göttern und Geistern schmücken die Wohnzimmerwände. Stefan glaubt, dass die Bildnisse böse Geister transportieren, und bittet meine Oma, sie abzudecken oder abzunehmen. Sie spottet und lässt ihn abblitzen. Auf der anderen Seite des Wohnzimmers erstrecken sich massive Glasschiebetüren über die gesamte Breite des Wohnzimmers. In der Ecke steht ein riesiger Bang & Olufsen-Fernseher mit der gesamten Mediene Ausstattung von damals. Satellitenlautsprecher, VHS-Player, CD und Kassette. An der Seite steht natürlich der obligatorische Plattenspieler auf einem schicken Podest. Die unteren Reihen aller Regale auf der linken Seite sind mit Schallplatten gefüllt. Das müssen über tausend Stück sein, denke ich mir. Opa wählt pflichtbewusst ein paar Klassiker aus seiner Sammlung aus und zeigt mir, wie ein Plattenspieler funktioniert.

Das Foyer öffnet sich zu einem Kamin und ein schöner, mundgeblasener Glasleuchter begrüßt dich in imposanter Weise über dem Esstisch. Große, frische Blumen schmücken die hochglanzpolierte, massive Eichenholzoberfläche. Wunderschönes Porzellangeschirr liegt ordentlich in Stoffservietten. Das Silberbesteck ist sorgfältig in weitere Leinenservietten eingewickelt, und ein zweites Papierbildnis eines Schwans ziert den Mittelteil. Alles sieht so schön aus, dass ich nicht einmal aus etwas davon essen möchte. Die großen Glasfenster im Esszimmer geben den Blick auf einen wunderschön angelegten Garten mit dem Teich frei. Der Wind weht den Duft von frischem Regen durch das offene Fenster im angrenzenden Wohnzimmer. Der tadellose Garten war Großvaters ganzer Stolz. Nach dem Abendessen nahm er uns drei Kinder sofort mit in den Garten, um uns die erstaunlichen Pflanzen und Blumen zu zeigen, die er über viele Jahrzehnte hinweg angepflanzt und gesammelt hatte.

Auch das Essen war unglaublich gut. Oma hat viele typisch deutsche Köstlichkeiten zubereitet. Es gab viel Fleisch und deftige Portionen. Würstchen aller Art, serviert mit köstlicher Soße. So viele leckere Dinge, die ich nie hatte, als Sklave des Herrn. Stefan war wütend und stritt ständig mit seiner Mutter. Er wollte nicht, dass seine Kinder Schweinefleisch essen, aber sie ignorierte ihn einfach und servierte uns Kindern so viel Wurst, wie wir nur essen konnten. Wenn ich so darüber nachdenke, bin ich mir sicher, dass sie das absichtlich gemacht hat, um ihn zu ärgern. Jedenfalls habe ich mich so sehr überfressen, dass ich eine Stunde später alles wieder erbrochen habe. Mein Körper war es

nicht gewohnt, solche Mengen an Fleisch zu essen. Aber das war mir egal. Es schmeckte beim Erbrechen, fast genauso gut wie beim hinunterschlingen. Unbeirrt säuberte ich mein kleines Gesicht und eine Stunde später verschlang ich bereits mein nächstes Sandwich mit noch mehr Salami.

Stefan benahm sich seinen Eltern gegenüber wie ein kleiner Junge und bettelte ständig um Sachen von seiner Mutter. Es war wirklich erbärmlich, das mit anzusehen. Ein erwachsener Mann sagt Dinge wie: "Mami, darf ich bitte eine neue Gitarre oder eine Videokamera haben? Kann ich bitte etwas Geld haben, um dies oder das zu kaufen? Mein Bruder und ich lachten über seine versteckten Versuche, seine Eltern auszunehmen, obwohl er schon über dreißig Jahre alt war. Wenn wir es wagten, ihn zu ärgern oder eine andere Meinung zu haben, warf er uns immer noch diesen Blick zu, den wir alle nur zu gut kannten. Der Blick, der bedeutete, dass er uns später den Hintern auspeitschen würde. Wir wussten jedoch, dass seine Eltern jede Art von Gewalt gegenüber Kindern verabscheuten. Wenn ich laut genug heulte, kam Oma die Treppe hochgerannt. Sie schrie Stefan an und drohte sogar damit, die Polizei zu rufen, wenn er uns noch einmal so etwas antun würde. Es war ein Glücksfall. Mit Oma an unserer Seite waren wir vorerst in Sicherheit.

Als die Wochen vergingen, wurde Stefan immer unruhiger. Er hatte Angst, dass unsere Großeltern uns gegen unseren Glauben und die Lehren von Moses David aufhetzen würden. Selbst wenn das so wäre, hätten sie es gar nicht erst versuchen müssen, denn ich hasste die Sekte, Stefan, meine Mutter und mein Leben bereits. Als ich sah, wie meine Großeltern in Komfort, fließendem Wasser, Klimaanlage und Luxus lebten, wurde mir klar, dass der Sündenpfuhl, in dem ich aufgewachsen war, falsch, schrecklich und eine Schande für die Vernunft, die Heiligkeit und die Menschheit war.

Wie ich feierlich vorausgesagt hatte, war unser Himmel auf Erden mit Oma und Opa nur von kurzer Dauer. Stefan verkündete uns eines Morgens zu meinem Entsetzen, dass er eine kleine Sektengemeinde in Zürich gefunden hatte, die aus zwei anderen Familien mit Kindern und ein paar alleinstehenden Erwachsenen bestand. Sie waren bereit, uns aufzunehmen. Er kündigte an, dass wir schon am nächsten Tag abreisen würden. Mein Herz wurde schwer. Ich wollte meiner Oma von den Schlägen, dem Mangel an Essen, der Gehirnwäsche, dem Fehlen der Grundbedürfnisse und meinem allgemeinen Wunsch, einfach wie ein normaler Mensch leben zu können, erzählen. In diesem Alter hatte ich noch so viel Angst vor Stefan, dass ich mich nicht traute, sie in seiner Nähe mit den Misshandlungen zu konfrontieren. Doch bald war es zu spät. Bevor ich etwas sagen konnte, saßen wir in einem Zug, der von meinen Hoffnungen und Träumen wegrollte, hin zu dem mir nur allzu bekannten Leben, das ich abgrundtief hasste. Ein Leben ohne Rechte, ohne Gedanken-, Meinungs- und Redefreiheit und mit vielen, vielen Schlägen.

Wir lebten schließlich fast ein Jahr lang in dieser Kommune. Es war eine winzige Wohnung mit drei Schlafzimmern im dritten Stock eines alten Blockhauses. Wir vier Kinder waren in einem winzigen Schlafzimmer zusammengepfercht, zusammen mit unseren Eltern. Igitt! Du musst dir vorstellen, dass wir zeitweise mit bis zu zwanzig Personen auf einer Fläche von vielleicht nicht einmal achtzig Quadratmetern lebten! Der Horror! Wenn die Erwachsenen ihre gemeinsamen Nächte hatten, gab es lauten Sex im selben Raum. Buchstäblich meterweit entfernt von dem Raum, in dem wir Kinder versuchten, etwas Schlaf zu finden.

An den Wochenenden und manchmal auch unter der Woche betranken sich die Erwachsenen abends oft. Sie fickten, wo sie wollten, ohne Scham, sogar vor uns Kindern.

Am nächsten Tag waren sie sehr verkatert. Die ganze Wohnung stank dann nach Sex und Alkoholschweiß. Das bedeutete oft, dass niemand Frühstück für uns machte. Wir Kinder waren oft hungrig, und ich als einer der Ältesten im Haus übernahm es oft, für die anderen hungrigen Kinder Haferschleim zu kochen. Manchmal hatte ich nur Wasser, um den Hafer zu kochen, wenn die Erwachsenen vergessen hatten, Milch zu kaufen, weil sie das Geld lieber für billigen Wein ausgaben.

Andererseits machte Stefan, sobald er sich von seinem Kater erholt hatte, normalerweise üppige Brunch Gerichte mit Orangensaft, Kaffee, Omelette mit Käse, Wurst und Toast für die Erwachsenen. Ich wusste, dass ich das Zeug nicht anrühren durfte. Dieses Essen war ein Privileg, das nur den "hart arbeitenden" Erwachsenen vorbehalten war. Obwohl wir Kinder den Großteil des Kochens, Putzens und Babysittens übernahmen, während die Erwachsenen nachts ihre Saufgelage hatten, tagsüber verdammte Gebetstreffen abhielten, in Zungen sprachen, teilten und all den anderen alltäglichen Unsinn, von dem ich vorhin sprach.

In dieser Wohnung wurde ich oft krank. Ich war das kalte Klima nicht gewohnt und die Pollen im Frühling verursachten bei mir Asthma. Infolgedessen hatte ich ständig mit bronchialen Infektionen und Allergien zu kämpfen. Außerdem bekam ich Keuchhusten, Masern und so ziemlich alle anderen Viren und Krankheiten, die ein Kind bekommen kann. Meine Mutter hatte endlich den Anstand, mit mir zu einem Arzt zu gehen. Wir mussten es heimlichtun, gegen Stefans Willen. Dieses Arschloch war der Meinung, dass Gott alles für ihn tun wird. Wenn Gott wollte, dass der kleine Tommy krank ist, sollte Stefan sich verdammt noch mal nicht gegen den Willen des Herrn stellen. In Stefans krankem, verdrehtem Gehirn war es in Ordnung, seine Kinder zu vernachlässigen und ihnen die grundlegenden Menschenrechte zu verweigern, weil Gott uns allen beibringen wollte, ihm und niemandem sonst zu vertrauen.

Wir lebten in einem sauberen, modernen Land. Trotzdem kam es mir vor, als hätten wir Indien nie verlassen. Beim Arzt wurde schließlich zum ersten Mal eine bestimmte Art von allergisch bedingtem Asthma bei mir diagnostiziert. Der Arzt empfahl mir Cortisol-Inhalationen und Ventolin, eine Art Asthma-Inhalator. Dies und die Antibiotika bekam meine Mutter aus der Güte des Arztes heraus KOSTENLOS, da meine Mutter wie alle anderen Hippies in der Sekte kein Geld hatte.

Er gab mir ein kleines Plastikding zum Inhalieren und oh, wow, ich konnte wieder richtig atmen. Es fühlte sich so gut an, dass ich fast geweint hätte. Ich hatte es so satt, ständig außer Atem zu sein, zu keuchen, zu husten und als faul und lethargisch bezeichnet zu werden, weil ich nicht so viel Energie hatte wie die anderen Kinder. Ich wurde bestraft, weil ich verdammt noch mal nicht atmen konnte!!!

Ich war so froh, endlich eine Behandlung für mein ständiges asthmabedingtes Leiden zu bekommen. Stellen Sie sich mein Entsetzen vor, als meine Mutter nach Hause kam und Stefan sie damit konfrontierte, was sie getan hatte. Stefan verpasste meiner Mutter eine Ohrfeige, weil sie ihren Glauben an Gott verloren hatte und sich auf weltliche Medizin verließ, die von den Systemiten hergestellt wurde. Er machte ihr schwere Vorwürfe, weil sie

den Glauben an Gott verloren hatte. Er warf die Medikamente demonstrativ in den Müll und zerschlug in seinem Zorn sogar den Inhalator mit seinem Fuß.

Manchmal frage ich mich bis heute, wie ich überhaupt nicht gestorben bin. Mein kleiner Körper musste ständig gegen all die Krankheiten ankämpfen, die ich als Kind ertragen musste, ohne auch nur ein Antibiotikum, Aspirin oder Asthmamedikament zu bekommen. Um die Dinge ins rechte Licht zu rücken: Ich wurde als Baby nie gegen irgendetwas geimpft und meine Geschwister auch nicht. Meine erste Tetanusimpfung bekam ich erst im Alter von vierzehn Jahren. Stefan hat mich sogar stolz daran erinnert, dass Gott mich als Kind von Tuberkulose geheilt hat. Was soll der Scheiß? Ich war dabei, das hat der Arzt überhaupt nicht gesagt. Ich weiß noch, was passiert ist, du Arschloch. Erst nachdem ich im Krankenhaus war, ging es mir besser, du verdammter Rotzlöffel und Pferdeschliessmuskellecker.

Seit ich fünf Jahre alt war, wusste ich in meinem Herzen, dass der beste Weg, diese Verrückten zu überleben, darin bestand, mich zusammenzureißen, zu lächeln, höflich zu sein und niemals meine eigene Meinung zu äußern. Glaube mir, innerlich hätte ich jeden Erwachsenen in dieser verdammten Sekte im Schlaf umgebracht. Leider fehlte mir der Mut, die Kraft und vor allem die Größe, um es durchzuziehen. Ich hatte tödliche Angst vor den Erwachsenen. Einige von ihnen waren wirklich total verrückt und gewalttätig. Wenn du den falschen Leuten in die Quere kommst, kannst du im Handumdrehen total am Arsch sein. Wer weiß? Ich hätte leicht der jüngste Massenmörder werden können, den die Welt je gesehen hat. Wenn mein Körper nur ein bisschen größer gewesen wäre. Als Teenager wollte ich vor allem eines: ein muskulöser, furchtloser Koloss werden. Das wäre der einzige Weg, wie ich jemals meine Vergeltung bekommen könnte.

Im Jahr 1991 zogen wir nach Wetzikon. Wenn ich dachte, dass mein Leben bis dahin schon schlecht war, sollte es jetzt noch schlimmer werden. Wetzikon war eines der ersten "Jumbo-Heime" in der Schweiz. "Jumbo" bedeutet, dass es mehr als zweihundert Sektenmitglieder und ihre Nachkommen aufnehmen konnte. Die Kinder waren fast zwei zu eins in der Überzahl und wir wurden, wie in Gemeinden dieser Größe üblich, in Altersgruppen aufgeteilt, wie ich bereits erwähnt habe. Wir hatten Schlafsäle für jede Altersgruppe bis hin zur Gruppe der älteren Kinder - die Betten waren gemischt und Jungen und Mädchen schliefen zusammen. Sobald die Kinder in die Pubertät kamen, wurden die Schlafbereiche der Mädchen und der Jungen durch einen großen Vorhang in der Mitte getrennt. Jede Altersgruppe hatte zwei "Hirten", einen Mann und eine Frau, die für unser tägliches Leben, die Sprechzeiten, die Hausarbeit, die Schule und natürlich die Schläge verantwortlich waren.

Wir wurden als Gottes "Endzeitararmee" erzogen. Das bedeutete, im Wald herumzumarschieren oder Überlebenstraining zu machen. Toiletten putzen, Böden waschen, sich um Babys kümmern, Windeln wechseln, Wäsche waschen, Geschirr spülen, kochen usw. Und das alles, während wir mit geradem Rücken und hoch erhobenem Kopf herumlaufen. Selbst wenn man mit dem Rücken schief lag oder sich an eine Wand lehnte, wurde man mit einem Plastik- oder Bambusstab gegen den Rücken bestraft.

Unser Tag war ausgefüllt mit sinnlosen Hausarbeiten, Putz- und Kochaufgaben und gelegentlichem Schulunterricht. Unsere Schulbücher stammten aus den 1960er Jahren und basierten auf dem amerikanischen Bildungssystem. Moses David war stolz darauf, dass alle

seine "Kinder" klüger waren als das durchschnittliche amerikanische Kind. Zumindest wurde uns das gesagt. Doch das stimmte überhaupt nicht. Durch die vielen verschiedenen Schulsysteme, Lehrerinnen und Lehrer, die kein richtiges Englisch sprechen konnten, und Schulfächer, in denen nur das gelehrt wurde, was dem Glauben der Sekte entsprach, war unsere Bildung bestenfalls lückenhaft und löchrig.

Einer der Gründe, warum mein Englisch etwas besser war als der Durchschnitt, war die Tatsache, dass ich alles las, was ich in die Finger bekam. Wir hatten ziemlich viele Almanache, Enzyklopädien und andere Zeitschriften, die als "lehrreich" galten, wie z. B. alte Ausgaben von National Geographic, die hauptsächlich für Collagen und Kunstprojekte verwendet wurden. Die fehlenden Bilder machten mir aber nichts aus, denn ich war mehr an den Artikeln interessiert.

Leider wurden viele Dinge geschwärzt, die nicht mit dem Glauben der Sekte übereinstimmten, wie Evolution, Fossilien, Dinosaurier usw. Bei einer armen Enzyklopädie war fast die Hälfte der Seiten herausgerissen oder geschwärzt. In einigen Gemeinden, in denen es mehr Europäer gab, war der Missbrauch der Enzyklopädien weniger drastisch. Die Amerikaner in der Sekte waren in der Regel viel heiliger, sadistischer und unerbittlicher in ihrem Streben nach den Lehren Moses Davids als ihre europäischen Kollegen. Ich habe offenbar gemerkt, dass ich die Amerikaner auch hasse...

Nach dem Mittagessen war der obligatorische Mittagsschlaf angesagt. Wir wurden gezwungen, in unseren Stockbetten zu liegen und unsere Augen zu schließen. Wir durften keinen einzigen Laut von uns geben, nichts war erlaubt. Nicht einmal aufstehen, um zu pinkeln. Zur Mittagszeit zwangen uns die Erwachsenen oft dazu, Unmengen von Wasser zu trinken, weil das "gut für uns" sei. Das führte natürlich dazu, dass ich eine halbe Stunde später, zu Beginn des Mittagsschlafs, meist sehr dringend pinkeln musste. Wir wurden jedoch bestraft, wenn wir um Punkt ein Uhr nicht im Bett waren. Das bedeutete, wenn alle anderen schon Schlange standen, um eine der wenigen Toiletten zu benutzen, hattest du Pech und musstest mit einer platzenden Blase bis nach der Schlafenszeit warten. Jeder Ungehorsam wurde mit Schlägen bestraft, gefolgt vom Schreiben von wiederholten Sätzen für eine Stunde, während die anderen Kinder nach dem Mittagsschlaf draußen spielen durften. Infolgedessen beschädigte ich meine Blase so sehr, dass ich anfang zu pinkeln, weil sie so voll war, dass ich es nicht mehr zurückhalten konnte. Die Schmerzen, die dabei auftraten, waren für einen Jungen in meinem Alter ziemlich außergewöhnlich und ich machte oft ins Bett oder in die Hose. Das wurde natürlich als vorsätzlicher Ungehorsam gegen die Regeln gewertet und führte dazu, dass du es erraten hast...

Hier findest du Erfahrungsberichte von Menschen, die in Wetzikon und anderen solchen Heimen auf der ganzen Welt aufgewachsen sind.

Sara, B.

"Mein persönlicher Favorit war in Wetzikon. Wir wurden gezwungen, mittags ein großes Glas Wasser zu trinken und danach sofort ein Nickerchen zu machen. Im Erdgeschoss gab es nur eine Toilette für weiß Gott wie viele Kinder. Wenn du nicht vor dem Mittagsschlaf pinkeln konntest, musstest du es zwei Stunden lang zurückhalten. Ich habe mich

buchstäblich vor Schmerz eingepinkelt, nachdem ich es so lange zurückgehalten hatte, bis ich dachte, meine Blase würde explodieren, und ich weinte und zitterte vor Schmerz und Angst. Wenn ich ins Bett machte, musste ich das tun: Alles abreißen, die Matratze umdrehen und das Bett neu beziehen, während des Sportunterrichts 100-mal einen Bibelvers über Ungehorsam aufschreiben und eine Tracht Prügel von mindestens fünf Hieben bekommen. Bis heute habe ich deswegen Probleme mit der Blase...

M.

...Seife in den Mund, Schläge mit Linealen auf die Fingerspitzen, schwere Bücher in jeder Handfläche halten, die Arme ausstrecken und wenn die Muskeln ermüden und man den Arm unter 90 Grad fallen lässt, bekommt man eine Tracht Prügel. Ich wurde auch einmal von einem Onkel geohrfeigt, weil ich ein christliches Lied sang, das nicht "von der Familie geschrieben" war. Er sagte, es sei "Systemmusik" und ich solle nicht so einen Dreck singen. Ich war so verwirrt, weil ich buchstäblich über Jesus gesungen habe. Verdammter Spasti!

Christian, F.

Als ich in Peru 5 Jahre alt war, durften wir nach der Schlafenszeit um 8.30 Uhr nicht mehr auf die Toilette gehen. Jedes Kind im Schlafzimmer, das nach dieser Zeit auf die Toilette ging, bekam eine Tracht Prügel. Wir gingen alle auf den letzten Drücker auf die Toilette. Ich weiß noch, wie ich aufwachte und ein kleines Mädchen in meinem Bett schlafen wollte, weil sie in ihres gepinkelt hatte, und wir mussten das auch vor der wütenden Lehrerin geheim halten, die am Morgen hereinkam. Das wurde von unserer Aufseherin gemacht und nicht von unseren Eltern. Ich glaube nicht, dass unsere Eltern wussten, dass wir eine Toiletten-Sperrstunde hatten. Meine Mutter erinnert sich nicht daran.

Ich erinnere mich, dass ich mich ein paar Mal mitten in der Nacht erfolgreich auf die Toilette schleichen konnte. Aber es gab einen anderen Jungen in meiner Klasse, der fast jede Nacht aus dem Zimmer gezerrt und geschlagen wurde, weil er ins Bett gemacht hatte.

Sam, S.

...Die Köpfe wurden mit den Knöcheln eingeschlagen, zwei Köpfe wurden zusammengeschlagen (ich hatte so oft eine Gehirnerschütterung), mit einem Gartenrohr auf den Rücken geschlagen, mit Bambusstöcken, Kricketschlägern und verschiedenen Paddeln geschlagen, mit Gürteln ausgepeitscht, die Haare an den Wurzeln ausgerissen, gezwungen, auf den Zehenspitzen zu stehen, während die Ohren nach oben gezogen wurden, mit offenen Händen ins Gesicht geschlagen, nach dem Rausgehen kein Wasser zu bekommen, (Sportunterricht) Stoffwindeln zu waschen, den Boden mit einer Zahnbürste zu schrubben, bei +40 Grad Celsius 45 Minuten lang ununterbrochen Runden zu laufen, wegen schlechter Haltung in den Rücken gekniet zu werden, Schweigegebote (Sprechverbot) und Einzelhaft, die zwei Wochen dauerte, eine Woche Pause und wieder zwei Wochen.

Joy, T.

Ein 12-Jähriger rasierte sich den Kopf und sein Vater wurde so wütend, dass er ihn für 6 Wochen in seinem Zimmer einsperrte. Der Junge musste in einen Eimer pinkeln und durfte

nicht einmal zum Essen raus. Derselbe Vater schlug seine 13-jährige Tochter wiederholt so fest, dass ihre Nase zu bluten begann.

Uns allen wurde der Mund mit Seife ausgespült und Seifenstücke in den Hals geschoben, bis wir uns übergeben mussten.

Früher gab es Runden mit Prügeln. Man bekam also eine Runde und musste sich wieder anstellen, bis der Schäfer fertig war. Ich weiß noch, wie ich in der Schlange stand, um eine Tracht Prügel zu bekommen, und das war als Kind schon schlimm genug.

Nasse Unterwäsche vom Bettnässen auf dem Kopf tragen zu müssen. Ich persönlich nicht, aber mein kleiner Bruder schon.

Thomas, D.

Meine kleine Schwester hatte einen Monat lang Schweigepflicht, durfte nichts essen und ich durfte sie nicht sehen. Ich war damals 14 und sie 11 Jahre alt und lebte in einem der Schulheime. Meine Mutter musste 6 Monate lang mit einem anderen Mann als "Ehemann" im Jumbo leben, weil sie eine rebellische Frau war und sich weigerte, zu teilen.

Melissa L.

Ich habe miterlebt, wie meine Mutter einen Onkel gefickt hat, der mich belästigt hat. Ich habe auch miterlebt, wie mein jüngerer Bruder einen kompletten Anfall hatte und wie er als dämonische Besessenheit behandelt wurde. Z. B. ihn festhalten und es aus ihm herausprügeln

Auch ich wurde in ein Lager für "böse Äpfel" mit völlig Fremden geschickt und wie ein Gefangener behandelt, als ich erst 12 Jahre alt war. Ich schlief auf einem nackten Betonboden, aß spärlich und schlecht, wurde geschlagen, belästigt und missbraucht, hatte aber niemanden, mit dem ich mich austauschen konnte, da ich schon vor langer Zeit gelernt hatte, niemandem zu vertrauen.

Diese Hölle auf Erden ging von Jahr zu Jahr und von Kommune zu Kommune weiter. All die Straßenauftritte, die Straßenmusik, das Betteln um Essen in den Restaurants, die Gebetswachen, das Geschrei, die öffentlichen Demütigungen, das schlechte Essen, die Schläge und die Liste geht noch weiter. Das machte mich depressiv, selbstmordgefährdet und immer lethargischer. Ich kümmerte mich um nichts und niemanden mehr, selbst meine eigenen Geschwister waren mir fremd.

Ich habe gesehen, wie mein Stiefvater ein achtjähriges Mädchen in einer Besenkammer vergewaltigt hat, als wir dort wohnten. Ein anderes Mal versuchte er, im Gartenhaus Sex mit ihr zu haben. Er belästigte sie wiederholt über ein Jahr lang. Sie war in meiner Altersgruppe. Ich konnte nichts tun, um ihr zu helfen. Stefan ist bis heute für nichts von alledem bestraft worden. Das ist auch der Grund, warum ich in meinem Buch seinen richtigen Namen benutze. Verklag mich doch, du Kinderficker! Ich hoffe, die Polizei erwischt dich vor mir, denn ich werde keine Gnade walten lassen.



Nach Wetzikon zogen wir in eine andere Gemeinde im Westen der Schweiz. Sie hieß einfach "SB" oder "Swiss Base".

Umzüge, die aufgrund von polizeilichen Ermittlungen und sogenannter Verfolgung fast jedes Jahr stattfanden, waren als Kind immer schrecklich. Lange Stunden des Schrubbens, Sortierens, Kistenpackens und Beladens von LKWs. Wenn du als Kind groß genug warst, um eine Kiste zu heben, musstest du mithelfen. Morgens, mittags und abends. Wenn du murrst oder dich beschwerst, bekommst du Schläge. Du konntest sogar Prügel bekommen, wenn du "nachlässig" warst, z. B. wenn du scheißen gingst und zu lange in der Toilettenkabine gebraucht hast. Du wurdest beschuldigt, "die Zeit des Herrn zu verschwenden".

Kurz vor Weihnachten 1992 kam ein sehr charismatischer junger Lehrer mit seiner jungen Frau, einem kleinen Jungen und einem sehr kleinen Mädchen aus London zu uns in die Kommune Swiss Base. Sein Name war Mark. Er war ein ziemlich großer schwarzer Mann und Anfang zwanzig. Mark kam aus England und hatte das Pech, in die Kinder Gottes hineingeboren zu werden. Ich mochte ihn, er war lustig und sehr umgänglich. Er liebte Sport, konnte rappen, war immer cool zu uns Jungs und brachte uns bei, wie man ringt, kämpft, Baseball und Rugby spielt. Die anderen Erwachsenen waren etwas irritiert, dass er uns das Kämpfen und Ringen beibrachte, aber er behauptete, dass wir dadurch bessere Soldaten für die "Endzeitararmee" werden würden, also wurde es toleriert.

Die jungen Mädchen mochten Mark auch deshalb, weil er sie nicht betatschte oder unangemessen berührte, sobald sie ihre erste Periode bekamen. Im Allgemeinen schien er sich nicht allzu sehr für Frauen zu interessieren, aber wie viele heimliche Homosexuelle schaffte er es, zwei Kinder zu zeugen und eine Frau zu haben. Wenn es gemeinsame Abende für die Erwachsenen gab, meldete er sich oft freiwillig, um auf uns jüngere Kinder aufzupassen, damit die anderen erwachsenen Männer sich an den Teenagermädchen und jüngeren Frauen vergreifen konnten. Sogar Mädchen im Alter von zwölf Jahren.

Bald war es Frühling 1993 und ich war zwölfteinhalb Jahre alt. Mitten in dieser Hölle auf Erden kam ich in die Pubertät und entwickelte ein stärkeres und anderes sexuelles Verlangen, als ich es bisher gewohnt war. Ich verknallte mich in viele der älteren Teenagerinnen. Sie waren natürlich schon mit Erwachsenen und anderen älteren Jungen sexuell aktiv. Deshalb wurde ich von den Mädchen, in die ich verknallt war, meistens verspottet und ignoriert. Ich war unbeholfen, schlaksig und hatte abgesehen von der Akne alle peinlichen Eigenschaften, die ein junger Teenager so hat. Ich war dabei zu erkennen, dass Sexualität, Anziehung und Begehren nicht unbedingt nur auf Mädchen oder Frauen beschränkt sind.

Wie immer nach dem Sportunterricht (Sport, Outdoor-Aktivitäten, Rugby-Fußball usw.) gingen wir Jungs in die Gemeinschaftsdusche, um uns zu waschen. Es war ein offener Raum mit einem Dutzend Duschköpfen. Damals war es nichts Ungewöhnliches, nackt voreinander zu duschen. Mark duschte auch mit uns.

Es gab einen Dushraum, der durch eine etwa 10 cm dicke beige geflieste Wand vom Hauptraum getrennt war und einen Vorhang hatte, um die Lücke zu schließen. Dieser separate Raum hatte einen eigenen Handtuchhalter und eine kleine Holzbank.

Mark zog sich mit dem Rest von uns aus und ging dann zum Duschen in diesen privaten Bereich. Er bat mich, ihm Seife zu bringen. Als ich ihm das erste Mal Seife brachte, bot er mir an, meinen Rücken mit dem Seifenstück zu waschen. Ich ließ ihn gewähren.

Während er meinen Rücken schrubbte und meine Haare wusch, drückte er sich sanft zwischen meine Pobacken. Aus irgendeinem Grund schreckten mich seine Annäherungsversuche nicht ab, ganz im Gegenteil. Es fühlte sich gut an. Ich nahm ihn in meine Hand und stimulierte ihn. Als kleiner Junge musste ich das gegen meinen Willen tun, aber das hier war anders. Jetzt wollte ich es plötzlich tun. Ich wollte Mark... Ich weiß nicht, warum es geschah, aber das Verlangen überwand meine Hemmungen. Ich konnte mir nicht helfen. Ich war fasziniert von seiner Größe, seinem Umfang und seiner Länge. Er war wunderschön. Ich hatte schon viele erwachsene Männer und Frauen nackt gesehen, aber noch nie in meinem Leben etwas, das auch nur annähernd so groß oder so perfekt geformt war. Mark war einfach umwerfend. Ich sank auf die Knie...

Es war mir klar, was passiert war, als ich die Dusche verließ. Ich hatte einen homosexuellen Akt der Sünde begangen! Oh je! Ich bin so unanständig. Aber ich fühlte dieses Verlangen als angebliches Kind Gottes. Ich dachte mir, wenn Gott mich nach seinem Ebenbild geschaffen hat, warum sollte er mich dann etwas so sehr begehren lassen, was ich nicht haben darf? War das nicht eine Grausamkeit seinerseits? Ich kam in die Pubertät und masturbierte bis zu fünf Mal am Tag. Jetzt ertappte ich mich dabei, dass ich mir nicht nur auf Mädchen, sondern auch auf Mark einen runterholte. Es fühlte sich gut an und ich mochte es, da unten stimuliert zu werden.

Seltsamerweise fühlte ich mich bei ihm wie ein Mädchen. Mit seinem riesigen, muskulösen Körper, seinem schönen schwarzen, lockigen Haar und seinem großzügigen Glied. Ich spürte ein anderes Verlangen... dass er meinen Rücken streichelte und zärtlich meinen Hals küsste, während er mich vollendete. Er gab mir das Gefühl, schön zu sein, und das gefiel mir. Ich wusste, dass es falsch war, aber es fühlte sich natürlich an, es fühlte sich gut an. Mir fehlten die Worte. Die Vernunft schrie mich an, aufzuhören, aber mein Herz sagte mir, ich solle weitermachen.

Für mich war es auch aus einem anderen Grund seltsam. Ich dachte, ich mag Mädchen! Ich wusste, dass ich Mädchen mochte, denn ich hatte während meiner gesamten Kindheit Sex mit vielen von ihnen. Echte Eifersucht habe ich bis jetzt noch nie erlebt. Aber das? Das war etwas ganz anderes. Ich war eifersüchtig auf Mark. Sogar eifersüchtig auf seine Frau. Jetzt war ich eifersüchtig auf einen erwachsenen Mann. Warum passiert das mit mir? Was ist los mit mir? Warum will ich auf einmal einen erwachsenen Mann? Ich konnte nicht einmal mit jemandem darüber reden. Ich konnte nicht einmal mit Mark über meine Gefühle sprechen. Er ging mir generell aus dem Weg, wenn wir nicht gerade zusammen duschten. Alles, was ich wissen wollte, war, ob er Gefühle für mich hatte, so wie ich für ihn?

Manchmal, wenn ich nicht in der Stimmung war, hat er einen anderen Jungen gebeten, ihm Seife zu bringen. Das mochte ich nicht! Es machte mich wütend. Mark hatte mich schon. Warum zum Teufel musste er es riskieren, etwas mit einem anderen Jungen zu unternehmen. War ich nicht genug für ihn? Befriedigte ich nicht sein Verlangen? Wie zu erwarten war, gefiel es einem Jungen nicht, auf diese Weise berührt zu werden, und er zeigte Mark wegen sexuellen Fehlverhaltens an.

Natürlich war Homosexualität völlig tabu und konnte die Exkommunikation bedeuten, also war es hoffnungslos. Zum ersten Mal hatte ich eine persönliche Krise in meinem Leben und weder Jesus noch meine Eltern konnten mir helfen. Wozu ist diese verdammte Religion gut, wenn sie mir nicht einmal helfen kann, meinen eigenen Körper, meine Bedürfnisse und Wünsche zu verstehen? Ich glaubte aufrichtig, dass mit mir alles in Ordnung war. Ich war gerettet worden, ich trug den Helm der Erlösung. Sollte mich das alles nicht vor den Versuchungen des Teufels schützen? Wenn es die Versuchung des Teufels war, warum fühlte sie sich dann so gut an und warum fühlte ich mich so machtlos, mich den Versuchungen zu widersetzen? Das ist ganz einfach. Weil das, was ich fühlte, wonach ich mich sehnte und was ich begehrte, wozu sich mein Körper entwickelt hatte, all diese sexuellen Wünsche und körperlichen Triebe völlig normal waren.

Leider konnte ich meine Bisexualität nie richtig genießen, weil ich wirklich glaubte, dass ich nicht normal war. Die Gehirnwäsche und der Psychoterror in meiner Kindheit hatten irreversible Schäden angerichtet. Ich war nicht in der Lage, meine eigene Sexualität vollständig zu verstehen oder zu akzeptieren.

Wie bereits erwähnt, rieb sich Mark eines Tages an dem falschen Jungen, dem das überhaupt nicht gefiel. Er zeigte den Vorfall bei seiner Mutter an. Das kam zu einem denkbar ungünstigen Zeitpunkt, denn die umbenannte Sekte, die jetzt als "Familie" bekannt war, sah sich weltweit mit Dutzenden von Klagen wegen sexuellen Fehlverhaltens konfrontiert. Hunderte von Kindern wurden vorübergehend weggebracht, die ansässigen Erwachsenen und Eltern der Gemeinden ins Gefängnis geworfen. Ich sag's dir. Es regnete viel Scheiße auf die so genannte Familie der Liebe. Aber in der Schweiz war niemand für uns da. Den Behörden war das scheißegal. Damit du dir ein Bild davon machen kannst, wie groß das Ausmaß der Polizeirazzien war, findest du hier eine Liste aller Städte weltweit, in denen von 1992 bis 1994 Razzien gegen die Sekte durchgeführt und diese verfolgt wurden.

Melbourne, Sydney, Manila, Tokio, Texas, Buenos Aires, Bogota, Rio de Janeiro, Madrid, Barcelona, Paris, London, Amsterdam.

Die Sekte war in jedem einzelnen Fall siegreich, weil die meisten Kinder entweder einer Gehirnwäsche unterzogen wurden oder zu viel Angst hatten, um auszusagen. Sie waren so stark konditioniert, dass sie glaubten, egal wie schlimm es für sie in der Sekte war, draußen, weg von den sogenannten liebenden Eltern, wäre es noch viel schlimmer. Kein Kind verrät freiwillig seine Eltern oder trennt sich freiwillig von seinen eigenen Freunden, Angehörigen und Geschwistern.

Zurück zu meiner Geschichte. Weil Markus' Vorliebe für kleine Jungen zu einem so ungünstigen Zeitpunkt kam, wurde er natürlich als Sündenbock benutzt und mit großem

Tamtam exkommuniziert. Hätte er bestraft werden müssen? Auf jeden Fall. War ich glücklich darüber? Nein, ich wünschte, sie hätten all die anderen Sadisten und Vergewaltiger exkommuniziert, die kleine Kinder vor zweihundert Leuten mit einem Gürtel oder einem Paddel verprügelten, als wäre das etwas Normales.

Mark war ein Perverser, sicher, aber er wuchs sein ganzes Leben lang mit dieser Perversion auf. Ich konnte es ihm nicht verübeln. Abgesehen davon, dass er ein wenig belästigend war, hat er niemanden vergewaltigt und er war auch nicht gewalttätig. Die meisten von uns Jungen mochten ihn, weil er uns so viel Mist durchgehen ließ, für den uns andere Erwachsene streng bestraft hätten. Natürlich sprachen viele von uns nicht mehr mit dem Jungen, der Mark stolz geoutet hatte, was zu seiner Exkommunizierung führte. Das hat seine Familie auseinandergerissen. Seine Frau und seine Kinder wurden zwangsverheiratet mit einem anderen alten, unheimlichen Hirten. Aus einem der weltweit verbreiteten Rundbriefe der Sekte erfuhr ich, dass Mark sich kurz darauf durch einen Sprung von einer Brücke in Bern in der Schweiz umbrachte. War ich traurig? Ehrlich gesagt, habe ich nicht einmal geweint. Ich war kaum zu anderen Gefühlen als Angst fähig. So verkorkst war ich.

Selbstmord war bei Menschen, die die Sekte verließen, so häufig, dass die Sekte anfang, dies in ihrer Propaganda zu verwenden, um uns Kinder vom Verlassen der Sekte abzuschrecken. Stell dir vor, wie krank man sein muss, um so etwas zu tun.

Ein paar Monate bevor Mark wegen unsittlichen Verhaltens angezeigt und exkommuniziert wurde, zog eine andere amerikanische Familie in die Kommune ein. Ihre Familie hatte einen Jungen, der bereits dreizehn Jahre alt war, also etwas älter als ich. Er war so hübsch, dass ich auf den ersten Blick dachte, er sei ein Mädchen. Er hatte die Art von androgynem Gesicht, das man umwerfend finden würde, egal ob er ein Junge oder ein Mädchen war. Er bekam das Etagenbett unter meinem zugewiesen und bald wurden wir natürlich gute Freunde. Ich war total verliebt in ihn, aber ich wusste nicht, wie ich es ihm sagen sollte. Ich hatte Angst, dass er seltsam reagieren oder mich sogar als "schwul" verpetzen würde. Ich war mir sicher, dass ich nicht komplett schwul war, aber ich wusste nicht, dass es so etwas wie Bisexualität gibt. In meinem Kopf redete ich mir ein, dass ich nur meine Liebe mit einem anderen Menschen teilen wollte. Schließlich hat sogar Moses David zugegeben, dass er anderen erwachsenen Männern einen geblasen hat, warum sollte es also bei mir anders sein?

Der Name dieses Jungen war wie der vieler anderer Jungen zu dieser Zeit: David. David war mein zweiter männlicher Schwarm und meine erste männliche Liebe. Habe ich Mark geliebt? Ich weiß es ehrlich gesagt nicht. Sicherlich wollte ich ihn, ich war von seinem Körperbau angetan, vielleicht war ich sogar in ihn verliebt, aber es war ein rein fleischliches Verlangen. Zumindest redete ich mir das ein. Bei David war das anders. Ich weiß nicht, warum, aber ich glaube, ich habe mich wirklich in ihn verliebt. Er hatte wunderschöne grüne und blaue Augen mit einem Hauch von feurigem Orange um die Pupillen herum, leicht gewelltes, rötliches Haar, das für einen Jungen etwas zu lang war, und ein paar ausgeprägte Sommersprossen von der Nase bis hinunter zu den Wangen. Wenn er lächelte, hatte er die tollsten Grübchen, schöne volle Lippen und eine zierliche, fast puppenhafte Nase. Er sah mehr wie eine Puppe als wie ein Mensch aus und wurde von den anderen Jungen oft verspottet, weil er wie ein Mädchen aussah.

Ich war vernarrt in David und verbrachte jede freie Minute mit ihm und versuchte, ihn dazu zu bringen, mich auch zu mögen und Freunde zu werden. David war anscheinend auch nicht so sehr an den Mädchen interessiert, was mir bei unseren Tanzabenden am Wochenende klar wurde. Er saß lieber da und unterhielt sich mit mir, bis wir ermahnt wurden und uns sagten, wir sollten uns verpissen und ein Mädchen finden, mit dem wir einen Trockenbums machen konnten. An solchen Abenden und in unserer allgemeinen Freizeit hatten wir nur Augen füreinander. Wenn er mich anlächelte, lachte oder, Gott bewahre, mir auf die Schulter klopfte, ließ seine bloße Berührung meine Knie schwach werden und meine Seele vor Verlangen erzittern. Das machte mich immer neugieriger: Könnte das Liebe sein? Warum muss ich mich in einen Jungen verlieben, warum kann ich nicht einfach normal sein? Argh!!!! Warum kann David nicht ein Mädchen sein, verdammt noch mal? Im Laufe der Wochen verwandelte sich meine Verliebtheit in brennendes Verlangen. Ich war bereit, meine ganze Gelassenheit für einen Kuss, eine Umarmung aus dem Fenster zu werfen. Und sei es nur, um meine Sehnsucht ein einziges Mal zu stillen.

Traurigerweise war der hübsche kleine David ein sehr gläubiger Anhänger der Lehren der Kinder Gottes und von Mose David. Ganz im Gegensatz zu mir, dem geilen kleinen Rebellen. Ich versuchte, seinen eigenen Glauben zu meinem Vorteil zu nutzen. Ich empfahl ihm ständig Kultbücher, in denen es explizit um Liebe machen, Sex und all das unanständige Zeug geht.

Ich zeigte ihm alle Stellen in den verschiedenen "Mo-Briefen", die ich finden konnte, in denen Moses David über Oralsex mit anderen Männern schreibt, und dass es laut dem Propheten nicht falsch sein kann, wenn man etwas auf eine liebevolle Weise tut. Ich habe das Thema ausführlich mit ihm besprochen. Schließlich stimmte er mir zu, dass nur tatsächliche Sodomie falsch ist. Alle anderen Liebesakte zwischen zwei verschiedenen Menschen waren in Ordnung. Unabhängig davon, welches Geschlecht die beiden hatten. Endlich! Nachdem das vom Tisch war, beschloss ich, am nächsten Tag beim Sportunterricht zuzuschlagen. Unsere Gruppe spielte gerade Verstecken. Als die Zählung begann, rannten David und ich weit weg in die Büsche, bis wir weit außerhalb der Grenzen waren. Es schien mir, dass wir beide die gleiche Idee hatten. Wir fanden ein schönes Fleckchen Gras unter einem Baum, das nicht zu sehen war. Wir setzten uns hin und fingen an, uns gegenseitig zu kitzeln. Bald war er auf mir und ich zog ihn sanft zu meinen Lippen. Er beugte sich zu einem Kuss vor und ich erwiderte ihn. Wir knutschten fast eine ganze Stunde lang, bevor wir uns wieder zu unserer Klasse gesellten und für unser Fernbleiben verwarnt wurden. Wir entschuldigten uns und zum Glück war es Mark, der den Sportunterricht beaufsichtigte. Ich nahm an, dass er wusste, was wir vorhatten. Er lächelte, sagte aber nichts weiter. Er meldete uns auch nicht bei den Hirten. Ich vermute, dass David genau wusste, was ich mit Mark in der Duschkabine gemacht habe, aber er hat nie etwas gesagt oder mich danach gefragt. Wir haben alle schon sehr früh gelernt, unsere Nasen nicht in Dinge zu stecken, die uns nichts angehen. Merkwürdigerweise hat Mark David nie gebeten, ihm die Seife zu bringen. Ich hatte das Gefühl, dass Mark mich vielleicht sogar ein bisschen respektierte.

Echter Sex war für David immer noch ein absolutes Tabu. Ich war keine Jungfrau mehr, ich hatte es schon mit Mark getan. David brauchte das nicht zu wissen. Es war, als wäre ich der dunkelhaarige Teufel, der David mit der Sünde der Fleischeslust verführte. Er wiederum war mein Engel, der so sehr versuchte, mich zu überzeugen, dass die Lehren von Moses David

richtig waren. Ich wollte unbedingt mit David schlafen, und ich war fest entschlossen, ihn dazu zu bringen, mit mir zu schlafen.

Im Laufe der Zeit habe ich David oft gesagt, dass ich mit vielem, was Moses David sagte, nicht einverstanden war. Ich fand viele Beweise dafür, dass Moses David sich oft selbst widersprach, was er auch tatsächlich tat. David war manchmal genervt von meiner ständigen Frustration über die Sekte und ihre Lehren, aber er verriet mich nie an die Erwachsenen. Zweifel am Sektenführer zu äußern, wurde als Hochverrat angesehen und hätte dazu führen können, dass ich fast totgeschlagen oder sogar exkommuniziert worden wäre. Ganz zu schweigen von dem schrecklichen psychologischen Missbrauch, der mir als homosexuellem Abtrünnigen und Verräter in aller Öffentlichkeit zugefügt worden wäre. David war der Meinung, dass Liebe und Verständnis ein besserer Weg sind, um einen enttäuschten, rückfälligen Christen zu heilen, als eine gnadenlose Bestrafung.

Eines Tages war ich für die Wäsche zuständig. Die meisten der anderen Erwachsenen und Kinder waren auf einem großen Ausflug in den Zoo unterwegs. Der Ausflug war schon seit Monaten geplant, aber natürlich wurde ich wieder einmal bestraft. Ein Kind hörte, wie ich den Namen des guten Gottes verhöhnte, wie ich es oft tat, und verpetzte mich! Sie brauchte die Anschuldigung nicht einmal zu beweisen. Es war allgemein bekannt, dass ich ein Rebell war, so sehr, dass andere Kinder mich erpressten, ihre Aufgaben für sie zu erledigen. Die Drohung war, dass sie einfach behaupten würden, ich hätte etwas Unverschämtes über unseren obersten Führer gesagt, und dass man ihnen mehr glauben würde als mir. Deshalb habe ich eine Menge Hausarbeiten für andere Kinder erledigt. Scheiß auf diese Bastarde.

Seltsamerweise hat mir diese kleine Schlampe, die mich verpiffen hat, den größten Gefallen getan, den ich mir damals hätte wünschen können. Auch wenn sie nie herausfand oder wusste, warum. Ich war dieser kleinen Rotznase dankbar, dass sie mir diese einmalige Chance gab.

David und ich hatten schon alles geplant. Am Morgen des Ausflugs gab er vor, krank zu sein. Da er ein Spitzenschüler und ein echter Jünger unseres Herrn war, stellte niemand seine Aussagen in Frage und glaubte ihm aufs Wort. Ich war genau das Gegenteil. Jedes Mal, wenn ich den Mund aufmachte, wurde ich der Lüge bezichtigt, selbst wenn ich die Wahrheit sagte. Nachdem alle Erwachsenen gegangen waren, ging es David auf wundersame Weise besser. Er kam in den Keller und half mir beim Sortieren, Waschen und Falten von Hunderten von Hemden, Unterwäsche, Socken, Laken und allem, was man sich nur vorstellen kann, einschließlich der wiederverwendbaren Windeln und der Plastikhüllen, die darübergelegt werden. Es war ein heißer Sommertag, also arbeiteten wir oben ohne und barfuß, nur mit unseren Shorts bekleidet.

Um die Mittagszeit machten wir eine Pause. Da das ganze Haus außer uns beiden buchstäblich leer war, gingen wir natürlich los, um in allen Zimmern zu spionieren. Wir stellten fest, dass eines der Schlafzimmer der Shepherds versehentlich unverschlossen war. Das war höchst ungewöhnlich! Haben wir uns getraut, drinnen herumzuzschnüffeln? Aber natürlich! Dort stand ein luxuriöses Doppelbett mit bronzenen Bettpfosten und einem Netz, das rundherum ging. Ein Luxus, der eindeutig den obersten Anführern der Gemeinde

vorbehalten war. Die Matratze war weich und mit Seidensatin überzogen. So etwas hatten wir noch nie gesehen, und ich stürzte mich sofort in sein einladendes Gemüt.

David war sehr nervös, dass wir in Schwierigkeiten geraten könnten, aber ich habe unsere Überzeugungen gegen seine Logik eingesetzt. Unsere Sekte glaubte, dass wir alle eine große Familie sind und alle Besitztümer Gottes Eigentum sind. Deshalb sollten sie mit denen geteilt werden, die sie brauchen. Wir waren müde, spottete ich, und wir hatten es dringend nötig, in diesem Bett zu liegen. Nachdem er seine Angst überwunden hatte, kletterte David zu mir ins Bett. Wir lagen beide auf dem Rücken und schauten auf den bronzenen Rahmen und das weiße Netz, als er mich fragte

"Glaubst du, es ist falsch, mit jemandem Liebe machen zu wollen, auch wenn er genauso ist wie du?"

Oooh, mein ganzer Körper zitterte vor Erregung. Ich schaute ihn verführerisch an.

"Warum sollte es falsch sein? ", entgegnete ich. Ich meine, die Erwachsenen teilen sich die ganze Zeit, sogar Moses David hatte Oralsex mit einem anderen Mann. Solange beide es wollen und sich lieben, finde ich es in Ordnung. Warum sollte Gott uns Lust geben, um uns zu bestrafen? Das erscheint mir ziemlich unlogisch und grausam, oder?"

David sieht mich an und drückt seine süße kleine Nase direkt an meine. Er schaut mich mit seinen wunderschönen Augen direkt an. Ich kann spüren, wie mein Herz wild flattert.

"Ich glaube, ich möchte wirklich mit dir schlafen. Ist das falsch von mir, dass zu wollen?"

"Ich sehe ihn sanft an: "Nein, David, ganz und gar nicht."

Ich berühre sein schönes Gesicht und wir küssen uns sanft. Wir werden mehr und mehr leidenschaftlich. David verzehrt mein Gesicht sanft mit seinem köstlichen Mund, während ich langsam seine Shorts und Unterwäsche ausziehe, dann zieht er mich aus. Wir drehen uns um, so dass er jetzt auf dem Rücken liegt und wir unsere Nacktheit gegenseitig umarmen. David stöhnt in Ekstase, während ich mit ihm spiele, so gut ich es kann. Bald stößt er mich auf den Rücken und erwidert den Gefallen. Er gibt mir das Gefühl, dass mein Bauch voller Schmetterlinge ist, ich fühle mich verliebt in diesen großartigen Jungen, der zum Mann wird. Mein Geist erhebt sich über die Grenzen von Traurigkeit und Depression, die Qualen und Demütigungen, die ich in meinem Alltag erlebe. Ich fühle mich wie neu geboren.

Ich flüstere: "Kannst du meinen Rücken küssen?"

Ich drehe mich auf den Bauch und David beginnt, meinen Nacken zu küssen und meine Ohrläppchen zu lecken. Ich zittere vor Erregung. Das dringende Verlangen, ihn zu haben, lässt alle Härchen an meinem Körper vor Erregung aufstehen.

"Mach Liebe mit mir, David"

Er kann sich kaum noch beherrschen, Begierde ersetzt Bigotterie, und Leidenschaft ersetzt giftige Doktrin. Wie anatomisch perfekte Taucher, die das Wasser unter sich teilen, stürzen wir uns in die Tiefe. Ich stöhne laut vor Erregung. All seine Zweifel und Vorurteile über die Liebe zwischen zwei menschlichen Körpern, ob männlich oder weiblich, verschwinden aus dem Fenster. Unsere Körper schließen sich in einer körperlichen Umarmung zusammen und pulsieren immer heftiger. Ich stöhne, als David sein Gesicht in meinem Nacken vergräbt und leise keucht. Mein Körper bittelt, sehnt sich, ist hungrig. Er küsst mich auf meine Arme, meinen Nacken und meine Schultern. Er füllt alle meine Sinne aus. Jede Nervenzelle in meinem Körper erwacht, in einem glorreichen Überfluss an allen Empfindungen, die ein Mensch nur gleichzeitig empfinden kann. Ich spüre, wie er mir einen Schauer bis zu den Füßen jagt. Sein ganzes Gewicht zwingt meinen Körper in völlige Hingabe...

Irgendwann müssen wir leider in die Realität zurückkehren. Aber eine riesige Last war mir von der Brust genommen worden. Mein Verlangen und meine Begierde wurden über meine kühnsten Vorstellungen hinaus befriedigt. Ich fühlte mich überhaupt nicht schmutzig oder unmoralisch. Ich fühlte mich völlig normal. Den Rest des Nachmittags kichern wir und sind verspielt miteinander. Wir verteilen die sortierte Wäsche auf die verschiedenen Zimmer und sind rechtzeitig fertig, bevor alle anderen Kinder und Erwachsenen nach Hause kommen.

David nahm seine kranke Position auf seinem Etagenbett wieder ein und ich meldete mich bei einem der Hirten zur Kontrolle. Er überprüfte meine Arbeit und bemerkte, dass ich alles richtig gemacht hatte. Ich folgte dem Hirten in sein Schlafzimmer. Er bemerkte, dass er vergessen hatte, die Tür abzuschließen, aber da war nichts Ungewöhnliches aufgefallen. Puh! Ok, er wollte nun mein Geständnis hören. Ich beichtete mein eigenwilliges Verhalten und gelobte Mose, David und Jesus unsterbliche Treue, während ich eine Hand auf mein Herz legte und die andere auf eine ledergebundene Bibel. Ich untersuchte den Raum noch einmal heimlich, um zu sehen, ob wir irgendwelche Spuren oder belastende Beweise hinterlassen hatten, aber wir waren äußerst gründlich gewesen.

Der Hirte teilt mir mit, dass ich diesmal keine Prügel bekommen werde, weil ich mich aufrichtig entschuldigt, meine Strafe ernst genommen und die Wäsche noch rechtzeitig gewaschen habe. Ich musste mir etwa eine halbe Stunde lang anhören, wie er weiterredete und die üblichen "Ja, du hast Recht", "Ja, ich sollte es besser wissen" und andere Beschwichtigungen sagte. Endlich war die Tortur fast vorbei! Er wies mir ein paar Bibelstellen zu, die ich lesen sollte, um mich besser zu bilden. Endlich durfte ich gehen und mich auf den Weg zurück in meinen Schlafsaal machen.

Den Rest des Abends verbrachte ich damit, die heiligen Schriften zu lesen, wie es sich gehört. Die Erwachsenen wussten nichts von dem eklatanten Verbrechen gegen die Natur, dass wir in ihrer Abwesenheit begingen. Und dass ausgerechnet im Schlafzimmer eines Hirten. Ich gebe es nur ungern zu, aber das war das erste und letzte Mal, dass David und ich uns nähergekommen sind.

Traurigerweise fühlte David Scham und Schuld für das, was wir getan hatten. Die Gehirnwäsche der Sekte war zu stark, zu tief in seinem jungen, unschuldigen Geist verwurzelt. Danach verhielt er sich seltsam. Wenn wir für einen kurzen Moment allein waren, suchte ich seine Lippen und sehnte mich nach seinem Körper, aber er wandte sich



immer ab. Ich versuchte, mit ihm zu reden und ihm zu sagen, dass es uns gut geht, dass wir nicht in die Hölle kommen und dass ich mir sicher bin, dass uns im Himmel vergeben wird.

Ist es nicht genau das, was Jesus ausmacht? Liebe und Vergebung? Aber es war sinnlos. Es war ein aussichtsloser Kampf gegen die Angst und die Vorurteile, die uns täglich eingetrichtert wurden. David war vor allem über sich selbst verärgert. Er glaubte aufrichtig, dass der Teufel mich an diesem Tag benutzt hatte, um ihn mit fleischlicher Lust zu verführen. Dass der Teufel ihn immer noch in Versuchung führte und mich als sein Gefäß der Versuchung benutzte. Er sagte immer wieder, dass es nicht meine Schuld sei, aber ich konnte nicht anders, als mich darüber ziemlich beleidigt zu fühlen. Er war vehement dagegen! Vielleicht hatte er einmal der Versuchung nachgegeben, aber es lag an ihm, uns davon abzuhalten, wieder zu sündigen. Es hatte keinen Zweck, er würde mir nicht geben, was ich wollte. Trotzdem waren wir immer noch unzertrennliche Freunde. David hatte große Hoffnungen, dass er mich für das Licht zurückgewinnen könnte. Er sagte, er liebe mich, aber wie einen Bruder; nur nicht mehr so.

Im Mai 1993 teilten Davids Eltern bei der Frühstücksankündigung allen mit, dass sie nach Texas ziehen würden. Als ich die Nachricht hörte, wollte ich mich übergeben. Ich rannte aus dem Zimmer, schloss mich in einer Toilettenkabine ein und weinte mir die Augen aus. Schließlich kam der Tag der Abreise und ich half ihm beim Packen. Mir standen die Tränen in den Augen, und ich konnte sehen, dass er auch kurz vor dem Weinen war. Doch er wollte nicht, dass ich ihn traurig sehe.

Wir tauschten T-Shirts als Brüder aus, damit wir uns immer aneinander erinnern würden. Bald waren alle anderen nach unten gegangen, um zu Mittag zu essen. Wir sind ein letztes Mal allein im Schlafsaal. Komm schon, Tommy! Du schaffst das! Ein letztes Mal! Ich sagte dem Hirten, der uns an diesem Tag beaufsichtigte, dass ich David beim Packen helfen würde. Er gab uns noch zehn Minuten Zeit, bevor wir mit dem Rest der Gemeinde zum Mittagessen anschliessen mussten.

David sieht zu mir auf und sagt so leise, dass ich ihn kaum verstehen kann.

"Wir sollten sie niemals gewinnen lassen", sagt er. "So können wir nicht mehr lange leben. In dem Moment, in dem ich sechzehn bin, verlasse ich diese heuchlerischen Arschlöcher. Ich habe es satt, ständig umzuziehen, meine Freunde zu verlieren, in jeder Kommune neue Leute kennenzulernen und wieder von vorne anzufangen. Ich weiß nicht wie, aber ich werde einen Ausweg aus all dem finden. Ich hoffe, du findest ihn auch."

Er lacht wütend.

"Ich kann mir nicht vorstellen, dass du ein Endzeitsoldat des Herrn bist, ich bin sicher, du willst auch weglaufen." Seine Augen füllten sich langsam mit Tränen: "Ich nehme an, ich werde dich nie wieder sehen." Ich weinte und wischte ihm die Tränen aus den schönen Augen. Ich sagte: "Dann lass uns zusammen wegrennen, David. Jetzt gleich! Alle essen gerade zu Mittag, wir können einfach unsere Sachen packen, in den Wald rennen und nie mehr zurückkommen!"

David blickte wehmütig in Richtung Wald.

"Und was dann? Glaube mir, ich würde sofort mit dir durchbrennen. Daran habe ich schon oft gedacht, aber wir sprechen weder Deutsch noch Französisch. Wir haben kein Geld. Wie sollen wir leben, Tommy?"

Ich schüttelte traurig den Kopf und lächelte ihn verblüfft an. Ausgerechnet David, der geistliche, David, der fest an das Ende der Welt glaubte, an die Wiederkunft Jesu, an all die Gehirnwäsche, die der Kult zu bieten hatte. Ein vorbildlicher Soldat Christi. Derselbe Mensch sagte mir plötzlich ins Gesicht, dass er weglaufen wollte. Wow! Ich bin also doch zu ihm durchgedrungen! Er öffnete sich mir auf der Stelle. Er wollte sich normal fühlen, weil er dachte, dass die Leiter der Sekte ein Haufen heuchlerischer Arschlöcher sind. Kurz bevor ich ihn nie wieder sah, sagte er zu mir.

"Du hast recht, Tommy, unsere Eltern ändern ständig ihre Überzeugungen, sie sagen ständig das Ende der Welt voraus und es passiert nie. Ich sehe Erwachsene, die Kinder ohne Grund schlagen. Kleinkinder werden mit Ledergürteln versohlt, weil sie "aufmüpfig" sind, wenn wir unsere Meinung sagen, sie zwingen uns, das Geschirr für hundert Leute ganz allein abzuwaschen, wir werden in der Öffentlichkeit vor allen Leuten ausgepeitscht, sie nehmen uns das Essen weg, weil wir respektlos sind, sie sind wie gesagt (flüsternd) verdammte Arschlöcher. "

Er flüsterte mir ins Ohr.

"Ich bin froh, dass ich mit dir geschlafen habe. Dadurch habe ich gemerkt, dass das hier alles Schwachsinn ist. Mit dir zusammen zu sein, gab mir das Gefühl, normal zu sein. Ich wollte normal sein, 'wir' wollten normal sein. "

Dann küsste er mich plötzlich und unerwartet auf die Lippen. Er zog sich zurück, bevor ich ihn erwidern konnte. Er lächelte frech und lachte, während ihm Tränen über die Wangen kullerten.

"Lass uns zu Mittag essen, bevor hier jemand herumschnüffelt."

Er stand auf, ergriff meine Hand und zog mich zu sich heran. Nachdem ich mich vergewissert hatte, dass die Tür geschlossen ist und uns niemand sehen kann, drückte ich ihn sanft gegen die Tür. Ich weinte, als ich ihn küsste und meinen Mund fest auf seine Lippen presste. Er erwiderte den Kuss und wir küssten uns ein letztes Mal tief und leidenschaftlich.

"Ich liebe dich David", flüsterte ich

"Ich liebe dich auch, Tommy"

Als wir den Flur in Richtung Treppe hinuntergingen, sagte ich David, dass ich auf die Toilette gehen muss. Als David unten war, schloss ich mich erneut in einer Toilettenkabine ein und weinte bitterlich und wütend. Als ich mich wieder unter Kontrolle hatte, war das Mittagessen schon vorbei. Ich war am Verhungern, aber ich hatte so viele Knoten in meinem

Magen, dass ich mich am liebsten übergeben hätte. Davids Familie fuhr an diesem Nachmittag weg. Ich sah zu, wie der hübsche Junge, die Nase fest an die Fensterscheibe gepresst, die kurvenreiche Landstraße hinunterfuhr. Monatelang, nachdem er weg war, drückte ich sein T-Shirt vor dem Schlafengehen an meine Brust und versuchte, mich an seinen Geruch, sein wunderschönes Gesicht, sein Haar, seine Puppennase und den Geschmack seiner Lippen zu erinnern. Nacht für Nacht weinte ich mich in den Schlaf.

Einen Monat später, nachdem mir die Sekte wieder einmal alles geraubt hatte, gab es beim Frühstück eine weitere Ankündigung.

Wir wurden aus dem Haus rausgeschmissen. Der Besitzer hatte herausgefunden, dass wir nicht, wie wir behaupteten, ein christliches Ferienlager waren, sondern eher ein, du weißt schon, sektenartiges Sklavenlager/Gefängnis. Die Kommune sollte sich in verschiedene kleinere Gruppen aufteilen, die jeweils aus zwei bis drei Familien oder einzelnen Erwachsenen bestanden. Das war nur eine vorübergehende Maßnahme, bis die Sektenführer ein anderes Grundstück mit genügend Platz für mehrere hundert Menschen finden würden. Unsere Gruppe bestand aus meiner unmittelbaren Familie, einem französischen Ehepaar und ihrer Tochter Carla und ihrem Sohn Marc. Ein weiteres Schweizer Ehepaar mit fünf Kindern schloss sich uns ebenfalls an. Die Mutter der Schweizer Familie hatte ein Holzchalet oben in den Bergen, im Wallis, gefunden. Es lag in einem abgelegenen Skigebiet. Wir durften dort bis Ende Juli wohnen. Es war zwar nur vorübergehend, aber wenigstens waren wir nicht obdachlos.

Ich freundete mich mit ihrem ältesten Jungen namens Peter an. Peter war zwei Jahre älter als ich und fast einen Kopf größer. In der letzten Kommune schikanierte er mich mit den anderen Teenagern und tat Dinge wie meinen Kopf unter das Spülwasser zu halten, wenn wir Geschirr spülten, oder die Ofentür auf meine Arme zu schlagen, wenn ich Fischstäbchen herausnahm, so dass ich seitliche Brandnarben an den Unterarmen hatte. Knöchelbrötchen oder nasse Pillendreher waren an der Tagesordnung. Eines Tages setzte ich mich zur Wehr und fragte ihn, wie er es fände, wenn ich die Starke wäre und ihn herumschubsen würde. Das schien ihn zu überzeugen. Von da an beschützte er mich tatsächlich vor den anderen, älteren Teenagern.

Deshalb waren wir, als wir an der Hütte ankamen, schon so etwas wie Freunde. Carla gehörte auch zu unserer Gruppe. Carla hatte das typisch niedliche französische Gesicht, lockiges braunes Haar und war auch sonst auf ihre eigene Art süß. Sie hatte eine wirklich hässliche Brille, aber das war nicht ihre Schuld. Die Brille war spottbillig und wie alles andere, was wir besaßen, totaler Mist.

Als sie ihre hässliche Brille abnahm, sah es für Tommys Libido allerdings ganz anders aus. Ich war auch froh, denn das bestätigte mir, dass ich mich tatsächlich zum anderen Geschlecht hingezogen fühlen konnte. Leider stand sie nicht auf mich, oder vielleicht gefiel ihr einfach nicht, dass Stefan mein Stiefvater war. Weil er so versessen darauf war, alle hübschen Mädchen zu belästigen, hatte ich nie eine Chance, denn ich war schon allein durch die Assoziation mit ihm als Fiesling gebrandmarkt. Also vielen Dank, Arschloch.

Oben in der Hütte, weit weg von der Zivilisation, bedeutete eines. Uns Kindern war sehr, sehr langweilig. Ja, in der vorherigen Kommune waren wir auch weit weg von der Zivilisation, aber dort gab es mehr als hundert Kinder. Jetzt gab es niemanden in meinem Alter außer Carla und Peter. Wir drei gingen viel nach draußen, liefen durch die Gegend, warfen Steine, malten im Dreck, spielten Verstecken, Fangen und warfen Tannenzapfen auf vorbeifahrende Autos, die aus dem Wald auf die Straße fielen. Wenn ein Auto anhielt, rannten wir in den Wald und kicherten uns den Arsch ab. Zumindest dann, wenn wir keine Hausarbeiten zu erledigen hatten. Inzwischen nahmen meine Mutter und Stefan meine jüngeren Geschwister meistens mit, um Zeugnis abzulegen, Lebensmittel zu besorgen und Spenden zu sammeln. Das bedeutete, dass wir an manchen Tagen nur zu dritt im Haus waren. Einmal fand ich eine halbvolle Zigarettenschachtel, die auf einer Parkbank lag. Oh, wie schön! Also habe ich sie versteckt. Manchmal schlichen Carla und ich uns nachts hinaus, um im Wald zu rauchen. Wir machten den typischen Teenager-Unfug.

Peter war zu dieser Zeit fast fünfzehn und hatte mit Akne und schwerem Asthma zu kämpfen. Außerdem machte er viele Peniswitze und bezog sich auf alles auf sexuelle Art und Weise und war sehr phallisch in seinem Verhalten. Die meisten anderen, jüngeren Kinder fanden ihn unreif und seltsam, aber ich mochte den phallischen Peter, er kicherte sogar über seinen eigenen Peter. Sein "Es". Es machte Spaß, mit ihm herumzuhängen. Ich wollte mir immer noch nicht eingestehen, dass ich auf Jungs stand, und so versuchte ich, Carla dazu zu bringen, mit mir herumzumachen. Wenn ich das Glück gehabt hätte, aufgeschlossener erzogen zu werden, wer weiß? Vielleicht hätte ich Peter mehr gemocht. Ich glaube, er war zumindest neugierig, ich meine, ich habe ihn einmal geküsst, nachdem wir ein gestohlenes Bier geteilt hatten. Er war auf jeden Fall erregt, daran bestand kein Zweifel, seine Erektion sagte alles. Er brach es ab und sagte, dass es ihn verwirrte. Er tadelte mich, ich solle es bitte nicht mehr mit diesem Homo-Scheiß versuchen. Mir war das egal, wenn er mich nicht ficken wollte, war das in Ordnung. Seit ich denken kann, war ich so sehr mit Sex überfordert, dass es mir egal war, ob Jungs oder Mädchen, ich trieb es so oder so. Wenn jemand nicht wollte, würde ich ihm nicht hinterherlaufen. Ich sehnte mich immer noch nach David.

Je mehr wir drei zusammen abhingen, desto mehr sprachen wir über die unsinnigen Glaubenssätze der Sekte, in der wir geboren und aufgewachsen waren. Wir hassten die Langeweile, weil uns ständig gesagt wurde, was wir denken, tun, sagen und wie wir uns verhalten sollten. Peter war im Alter von fünfzehn Jahren für das Kochen zuständig. Wir wussten nicht, dass normale Kinder in unserem Alter zur Schule gehen, eine Ausbildung machen und sich auf das Leben als Erwachsene vorbereiten. Wir nahmen einfach an, dass Jesus irgendwann zurückkommt und die Gesellschaft, die die Menschheit über Jahrtausende hinweg perfektioniert hatte, kaputt macht und unser Ökosystem zerstören würde, um die Welt mit dem Blut aller Antichristen und Ungläubigen zu überfluten. Als rebellische Teenager machten wir uns oft über den Glauben unserer Eltern lustig. Ich könnte stundenlang über all die Details des zweiten Kommens des Gesetzgebers schimpfen, die für mich keinen Sinn ergaben.

Normalerweise lief es ungefähr so ab.

Wenn Millionen von Satans Anhängern ohne jeden Grund abgeschlachtet werden, nur weil das Gute über das Böse triumphiert, haben wir ein Problem. Was ist mit all den verrottenden Leichen, die jeden noch so kleinen Fleck Erde und sauberes Trinkwasser auf der ganzen Welt verfaulen lassen? Lasst uns das für einen Moment ignorieren, oder? Ja, dann wären wir endlich die neuen Herrscher der Welt auf der Erde. Plötzlich und auf magische Weise entsteht eine neue Weltordnung. Regiert von Dummköpfen, die keinen Schulabschluss haben und von nichts eine Ahnung haben!

Aber zurück zu den Kadavern auf dem globalen Schlachtfeld. Wie wollen sie die alle loswerden? Ich meine, die Leichen sind über den ganzen Globus verstreut. Unsere Städte sind zu Asche verbrannt, Ernten, Vieh und Lebensmittel vernichtet. Die Überlebenden des Großen Krieges sind ohne jede Infrastruktur, Unterkunft, Nahrung oder Transportmittel zurückgeblieben. Wer organisiert die Rettung der Menschheit? Ach ja, die dreckigen Hippies, die dachten, dass Lesen, Schreiben und Rechnen alles ist, was man zum Erhalt der Menschheit braucht. Autsch! In diesem Szenario haben diese dreckigen Hippie-Idioten alle Anhänger des Antichristen abgeschlachtet, verbrannt, getötet und vernichtet, die, seien wir ehrlich, nur die armen Teufel waren, die wussten, wie man Geräte bedient, den Müll rausbringt, Zentralheizungen betreibt, Lebensmittel transportiert, Unterkünfte baut und Feldfrüchte anbaut. Ihr Wichser habt sie alle umgebracht, nur weil sie dem Antichristen gefolgt sind und sich geweigert haben, an der heiligen Spermaspritze zu glauben.

Glückwunsch! Ihr habt jeden einzelnen Menschen mit einem Gehirn ermordet. Wow, sehr schlau. Und jetzt, da jeder mit einem Gehirn tot ist, sagt mir bitte, wie genau ihr all die verwesenden Leichen der Armeen des so genannten Bösen loswerden wollt, die ihr mit euren Schwertern auf himmlischen Pferden zerhackt habt. Dachtet du, sie würden einfach auf magische Weise verschwinden? Pah! Wieder falsch! Nein! Sie liegen buchstäblich überall um dich herum. Sie sind zermatscht, zerquetscht, zerschlagen und lecken Eiter, Blut und Fäkalien aus. Ein schrecklicher Gestank erfüllt diesen sogenannten Himmel auf Erden. Was für ein großartiger Anfang ist das! Ihr habt all die klugen Leute zerhackt, weil ihr mörderischen, kleinen, stinkenden Hippie-Fotzen dachtet, ihr wüsstet es besser als alle anderen. Ihr musstet es einfach für alle anderen versauen, wow! Vielen Dank, dass du uns vor dem Teufel gerettet hast. Jetzt, wo du uns gerettet hast, geh bitte an die Arbeit! Baue mein Haus wieder auf, repariere mein Auto und bewässere die Felder! Oh! Du weißt nicht, wie das geht? Daran hättest du vielleicht zuerst denken sollen, bevor du dich auf eine köstliche Mordtour begeben hast, oder?

Gib es einfach zu: Du hast keine Ahnung vom Hausbau, vom Pflanzen oder von der Müllentsorgung. Ihr verdammten Idioten, die ihr kein Hirn habt! Keiner von euch hat einen naturwissenschaftlichen Abschluss oder andere grundlegende Fähigkeiten als vielleicht ein bisschen Holz mit einem Hammer zusammenschlagen. Juhu, sehr schlau, wow. Allein die Wissenschaft und die Technik, die nötig wären, um das wiederherzustellen, was beim Armageddon zerstört wurde, und ein Paradies auf der Erde zu schaffen, wären unmöglich zu bewerkstelligen, denn wie wir schmerzlich festgestellt haben. Alle klugen Menschen sind... Ach, hast du es endlich erraten, du verdammter Tölpel? Richtig, sie sind tot! Oh, du hast einen Plan, sagst du? Ja, du hast mir deinen Plan erzählt. Ich kenne ihn schon seit meiner Kindheit, lass mich deinen genialen Plan rekapitulieren, du Schwachkopf!

Dein Plan ist es, uns alle ins finstere Mittelalter zurück zu versetzen. Männer werden auf Bauernhöfen arbeiten. Frauen werden ein Baby nach dem anderen zur Welt bringen, bis ihnen die Schamlippen bis zu den Knien hängen. Wir Kinder würden Hausarbeiten machen und uns gegenseitig oder unsere eigenen Geschwister ficken, damit wir Gottes erstes Gebot, fruchtbar zu sein und uns zu vermehren, praktizieren können. Der gute Gott hat uns einen wirklich fruchtbaren Scheiß gegeben, an den wir glauben können, also danke der ober Spermaspritzer Jesu, dass du uns den Weg gezeigt hast. In diesem Utopia auf Erden sitzt der gute Spermaspritzer Jesu auf einer Wolke und beobachtet alles. Wahrscheinlich reibt er all den Millionen von Menschen, die bereitwillig ihren Mund öffnen, damit er ihn füllt, einen ab. Wenn er fertig ist, packt er seinen Riesenschwanz ein und beginnt, seinen wahren Gläubigen durch ein Mega-Megaphon im Himmel aus seinen eigenen Schriften vorzulesen. Stell dir vor, was das für ein fieses Rückkopplung geben würde.

Aber eine stinkende Leiche bist du immer noch nicht losgeworden, oder? Nein? Dachte ich es mir doch.

Fürs Erste, oder zumindest bis Spermaspritzer Jesu zurückkehrte, arbeiteten Peter und ich in der Küche und kochten drei Mahlzeiten am Tag, spülten ab, deckten Tische und planten Menüs. Den ganzen Tag, jeden Tag. Wir wussten, was für schreckliche Gekotze einige der hirntoten Tanten kochen würden, also zogen wir es vor, die Arbeit einfach selbst zu machen. So stellten wir wenigstens sicher, dass die schrecklichen Zutaten, die der Herr uns zur Verfügung gestellt hatte, halbwegs genießbar waren.

Alles in allem war das Leben in der Hütte aber nicht schlecht. Da nur wenige Erwachsene anwesend waren und es nicht so viel zu tun gab, wie für zweihundert Leute zu kochen, war das Leben ausnahmsweise erträglich. Bald jedoch kamen der September und ich wurde dreizehn. Das bedeutete, dass ich jetzt offiziell ein Teenager war und an erwachseneren Dingen teilnehmen durfte, wie lange aufbleiben, Filme für Erwachsene ansehen und wo es angebracht war, konnte ich sogar offiziell mit anderen Teenagern oder Erwachsenen teilen. Das Problem war, dass erwachsene Männer auf Mädchen im Teenageralter standen und erwachsene Frauen auf erwachsene Männer, na ja, außer meiner Mutter, aber igitt, warum sollte ich das tun? Mädchen im Teenageralter standen auf muskulöse, gutaussehende Männer im Teenageralter und auf erwachsene Männer. Das vermeintliche Gesetz, seine Liebe mit allen zu teilen, galt also nicht, wenn man ein dünner, unterernährter Zwerg von einem Jungen war. Ironischerweise hatte ich als Kind mehr Sex als pubertierender Teenager innerhalb der Sekte. Ich hatte die Kunst der Verführung noch nicht gelernt, also waren meine Annäherungsversuche bestenfalls grob und unheimlich. Ich versuchte immer noch, Carla dazu zu bringen, mit mir herumzumachen, aber irgendwann erzählte mir Carla, dass Stefan sie gelegentlich belästigt und sie gezwungen hatte, ihn mit ihren Händen sexuell zu stimulieren. Sie war den Tränen nahe, als sie mir erzählte, Stefan habe sie zurechtgewiesen, weil sie egoistisch sei und seine Bedürfnisse und Wünsche nicht respektiere. Das bedeutete natürlich, dass ich als sein vermeintlicher Nachkomme niemals mit Carla zusammenkommen würde, weil mein Vater ein vergewaltigender Widerling war. Danke noch mal, Arschloch! So war es auch! Die Sekte hat mir nie das Glück gegönnt, das ich brauchte.

Stefan war ziemlich krank im Kopf. Er dachte, wenn ein anderes Mädchen oder eine andere Frau ihn auch nur anlächelte, würde sie ihn begehren. Eines Abends, nicht lange danach,

versuchte er, Carla zu vergewaltigen. Als er versuchte, ihr das Höschen herunterzuziehen, trat sie ihm in die Eier und wich ihm erfolgreich aus, als er versuchte, sie im Keller über der Waschmaschine zu vergewaltigen, und rannte davon. Sie versteckte sich im Schlafzimmer ihrer Mutter und erzählte es ihr. Ihre Mutter hatte keine netten Worte für Stefan übrig und beschimpfte ihn auf Französisch. Er leugnete es natürlich rundheraus und sagte, Carla sei rebellisch und weigere sich, bei der Wäsche zu helfen. Er habe nur versucht, sie zu disziplinieren.

Er missbrauchte disziplinarische Maßnahmen. Wenn er ein Kind züchtigte, war das meist ein Vorwand, um seine Genitalien zu berühren. Besonders gerne peitschte er Mädchen aus. Es war immer das Gleiche. Er ließ sich die lahmsten Ausreden einfallen, um ein Kind zu disziplinieren. Sie mussten dann mit ihm in ein Zimmer gehen. Er schloss die Tür ab und zog ihnen die Hose und die Unterwäsche herunter, während er ihre Geschlechtsteile anfasste oder versuchte, einen Finger hineinzustecken. Wenn er dich dann nicht dazu bringen konnte, mitzumachen, peitschte er dich trotzdem aus und schickte dich nach draußen, während er "fertig wurde". Wenn du mitgemacht hast, hat er dich weniger hart und oft geschlagen. Das geschah auch bei mir. Wieder und wieder und wieder! Ich weigerte mich, mitzumachen, also bekam ich immer die volle Härte des Zorns Gottes ab.

Da es keine Zeugen gab, war Stefan teilweise aus dem Schneider. Carlas Mutter hat Stefan nie geglaubt und ihn auch nicht mehr mit Carla allein gelassen. Sie verbot Stefan, ihre Tochter danach zu versohlen. Wenn ihre Tochter bestraft werden sollte, würde sie es tun, nicht er. Gut für sie, das war definitiv die richtige Entscheidung.

Nicht alle Erwachsenen in der Sekte waren pädophil oder befürworteten Sex mit Minderjährigen. Zum Glück für Carla. Auch wenn sie nicht beweisen konnte, dass Stefan sie vergewaltigen wollte, war ihre Mutter auf ihrer Seite. Andere Mädchen hatten nicht so viel Glück. Stefan streitet vehement ab, dass er jemals jemanden gezwungen oder vergewaltigt hat. Alle, mit denen er "Liebe gemacht hat", haben das freiwillig und aus Liebe getan. Wirklich Stefan? Auch die achtjährigen Mädchen? Waren sie auch deine "geistlichen Ehefrauen"? Oder in meinem Fall: "Ich weiß nicht, wovon du redest, das ist nie passiert".

Es gab viele Gerüchte, dass Stefan die Teenager-Mädchen in den Combos, in denen wir wohnten, ziemlich vergewaltigte und betatschte. Er war der Organisator der Musikprojekte, einschließlich der Übersetzung und Aufnahme unserer Kultmusik ins Deutsche. Das bedeutete, wenn du ein junges und talentiertes Mädchen in der Sekte warst, wurde Stefan dich belästigen. Das war eine Tatsache. Er nahm die Teenager oft mit in das Musikstudio der Sekte in Rom. Außerdem gab es viele andere Tanz- und Performance-Projekte, an denen er beteiligt war. Natürlich hatte er reichlich Gelegenheit, viele junge und hübsche heranwachsende Mädchen zu belästigen, und du kannst dir verdammt sicher sein, dass er sie auch fickte. Leider sind bis heute nur sehr wenige der Mädchen bereit, gegen ihn auszusagen. Und selbst wenn, wäre es wegen der Verjährungsfristen zu spät, um ihn anzuzeigen. Besser ist es, das Schwein zu kastrieren und ihm beim Ausbluten zuzusehen.

Leider lief unser Mietvertrag für das Ferienhaus aus. Peters Mutter hatte noch ein anderes verlassenes Hotel in einem kleinen Ort namens Les Giettes gefunden, das günstig zu mieten

war. Es war sogar ganz in der Nähe. Nur eine Bergseite weiter, nahe der französischen Grenze, mit Blick auf den Kanton Wallis.

Dieses verlassene Hotel sah so aus, wie man es in einem Horrorfilm erwarten würde. Und auch die Bewohner waren ziemlich schrecklich, wie man sich denken kann. Wir lebten wieder in einer Kommune... wieder... yaaaaay... Wenigstens gab es vielleicht ein paar andere Mädchen in meinem Alter, die noch nicht von Stefan vergewaltigt oder belästigt worden waren...

In der neuen Combo begann es für Peter und mich richtig schlimm zu werden. Peter wurde öffentlich gedemütigt und verprügelt, weil er seine Zweifel an Moses David und unserem Glauben geäußert hatte. Er wurde von ein paar jüngeren Taugenichtsen belauscht, die ihn verpetzten. Auch ich hatte die Nase voll von der sadistischen Behandlung, die Peter erfuhr, und begann, meine Meinung laut zu äußern. Dieses Verhalten, das kannst du dir vorstellen, endete für mich mit Schweigegebot, Schlägen und im August 1993 wurde ich erneut in Einzelhaft gesperrt.

Wie es Tradition war, gab es einen Raum mit vernagelten Fenstern, die in die Wand geschraubt waren, sodass ich während meiner Gefangenschaft kein Sonnenlicht hatte. Eine winzige Leselampe stand mir zur Verfügung und eine Matratze auf dem Boden. Für meine so genannte Bildung gab es einen Tisch, an dem ich gezwungen wurde, jeden Tag mindestens fünf Bücher von Moses David zu lesen, bevor ich meine Ration von drei Scheiben Brot und einer Flasche Wasser für den ganzen Tag bekam. Für die sanitären Einrichtungen bekam ich einen offenen Eimer mit frischem Wasser und einen Eimer daneben, in den ich scheißen und pissen konnte. Glaube mir, bis zum heutigen Tag. Diese Erfahrung hat mich total gezeichnet. Wenn ich mich weigerte, zu lesen oder meine Aufgaben zu erledigen, wurde mir das Brot und das Wasser verweigert. Ich hielt fast drei Tage durch, bevor ich endlich nachgab und tat, was mir gesagt wurde.

Während meiner Zeit in der Zwillingseinrichtung von Guantanamo Bay kamen die Erwachsenen abwechselnd zwei- bis dreimal am Tag zu mir, um für mich zu beten. Sie sprachen in Zungen und fragten mich nach den Bibelstellen, die ich lesen sollte. Wenn ich sie nicht auswendig aufsagen oder zumindest beweisen konnte, dass ich sie gelesen hatte, wurde mir meine Essensration verweigert. Am ersten Tag in der Einzelhaft wurde ich so brutal geschlagen und die Treppe hinaufgeschleift, dass ich wirklich um mein Leben fürchtete.

Später fand ich heraus, dass Peter ähnlich behandelt worden war, aber er war schlauer als ich. Er gestand einfach seine Verbrechen und wurde nach zwei Wochen entlassen. Ich hingegen weigerte mich, zuzugeben, dass ich etwas Falsches getan hatte, und drohte immer wieder damit, die Polizei zu rufen, sobald ich rauskäme. Nach vier Wochen ohne Sonnenlicht, in denen ich im Gestank von Fäkalien lebte und atmete, wurde ein Plan in die Tat umgesetzt

Ich bin mit Peter in die Freiheit geflohen... zumindest dachten wir das.

Spul zurück in die Zeit vor meiner Inhaftierung.



Es ist morgens, 5:30 Uhr. Wie immer haben wir eine halbe Stunde Zeit, um uns anzuziehen, zu duschen, unsere Betten zu machen und nach unten zu gehen. Peter und ich haben Frühstücksdienst, also sind wir dafür verantwortlich, dass das Frühstück zwischen 6:45 und 7:15 Uhr serviert wird. Da es in der Gemeinde verschiedene Gruppen gibt, essen die Erwachsenen und Jugendlichen, die als Zeugen auftreten, Spenden sammeln oder als Straßenclowns unterwegs sind, zuerst. Nachdem sie gegessen haben, räumen wir die Tische ab und machen sie wieder für die nächste Runde bereit. Die Jett's (Junior End Time Teens im Alter von 10 bis 12 Jahren) und OC's (Older Children im Alter von 8 bis 10 Jahren) und die Erwachsenen und Teenager, die für sie verantwortlich sind.

Nach dem Essen frühstücken die schwangeren Mütter, die Erwachsenen, die Teenager, die einen offiziellen "freien Tag" haben, sowie die jüngeren Kinder und die Kleinkindgruppen.

Die Küchendienste essen zuletzt, wenn alle satt sind und die Küche gereinigt und für den Abwasch und die Zubereitung des Mittagessens vorbereitet ist.

Normalerweise wird das Geschirr von den Jett's und den OC's abgewaschen, aber wenn jemand bestraft wird, kommt es vor, dass ein einzelner OC oder Jett gezwungen wird, das gesamte Geschirr selbst abzuwaschen. Das kann natürlich bis zur Mittagspause dauern. Wie ich bereits erwähnt hatte, wurde Peter wie so oft beim Frühstück geschlagen, weil er ein abscheuliches Verbrechen begangen hatte, z. B. einem Erwachsenen widersprochen oder die Autorität in Frage gestellt hatte. Wie immer musste er das gesamte Geschirr allein abwaschen, nachdem er das Frühstück für alle gekocht hatte. Damals kam mir das wie eine große Ungerechtigkeit vor. Aus Solidarität blieb ich mit Peter in der Küche, um ihm bei seiner Bestrafung zu helfen. Da Peter auch für das Kochen des Mittagessens verantwortlich war, schien mir klar, dass die Strafe auch wirklich unlogisch war. Wie kann man Geschirr, Töpfe und Pfannen für hundert Leute abwaschen und gleichzeitig das Mittagessen kochen, damit um 11:45 Uhr alles fertig ist? Ich geriet in einen heftigen Streit mit Stefan und sagte ihm

"Ihr seid alle verdammt dumm"

Er schnappte zu und zerrte mich sofort an meinem Ohr eine ganze Treppe hoch. Diesmal habe ich mich gewehrt und versucht, mich von ihm wegzuziehen. Er fing an, mir mit der offenen Hand ins Gesicht und auf den Kopf zu schlagen. Ich hob meine Hände, um mich zu schützen. Das ließ er nicht auf sich sitzen. Er schloss seine Faust und schlug mir mit voller Wucht ins Gesicht, in den Nacken, auf die Brust, überall, wo er einen Schlag landen konnte. Er packte mich am Hals, warf mich in die kleine Toilettenkabine neben der Treppe und versuchte, mir mit Gewalt die Hose herunterzuziehen und mich mit seinem Gürtel auszupeitschen. Da fing ich an, mich zu wehren und zu schreien. Ich wollte nicht mehr zulassen, dass er mich auspeitscht, ohne sich zu wehren. Er schlug meinen Kopf so hart gegen die Kachelwand, dass ich fast ohnmächtig wurde. Dann peitschte er mit seinem Gürtel auf meinen Hinterkopf, meinen Nacken und meine Beine ein. Ein Schlag nach dem anderen ging nieder, und ich fing viele mit meinen Händen ab, als ich versuchte, mich zu wehren. Als ich versuchte, mich umzudrehen, wurde nicht einmal mein Gesicht verschont. Nachdem ich mehrere Schläge ins Gesicht abbekommen hatte, gelang es mir schließlich, Stefans Gürtel zu packen.

Ich stehe auf und verpasse Stefan einen Kopfstoß ins Gesicht, so dass seine Brille herunterfällt und zerbricht. Stefan, der jetzt aus der Nase blutet, schreit mich wütend an, dass ich mir jetzt den Zorn Gottes zugezogen habe. Ich dränge mich an ihm vorbei und renne zitternd aus dem Bad, während ich versuche, meine Hose wieder hochzuziehen. Mit tränenüberströmtem Gesicht renne ich die Treppe hinunter in die Küche, um Peter weiter beim Abwaschen zu helfen. Stefan schrie mir hinterher, dass es noch nicht vorbei ist, aber er folgte mir nicht nach unten, wofür ich dankbar war.

Ein paar Stunden lang war es ruhig. Peter und ich wuschen das Geschirr ab und ich traute mich nicht aus der Küche. In der Zwischenzeit schlich ich mich zum Frühstück und begann, die riesige Industriepfanne vorzubereiten, in der ich den Reis für das Mittagessen kochen wollte. Ich dachte mir, wenn ich Stefan aus dem Weg gehe, bis er sich beruhigt hat, und Buße tue, indem ich Hausarbeit mache, wird er mir verzeihen und vergessen. Immerhin hatte er mich ordentlich verprügelt. Es tropfte sogar etwas Blut über mein Gesicht, meine Hände und meinen Rücken, wo er mich mit der Gürtelschnalle erwischt hatte.

Es war kurz vor der Mittagszeit, als plötzlich einige der anderen erwachsenen Männer und Frauen in die Küche kamen und mich zu Boden drückten. Währenddessen standen einige andere Erwachsene dort und beteten und sprachen in Zungen. Mir standen alle Haare zu Berge, denn ich wusste, was passiert war. Stefan hatte die anderen Erwachsenen, die als Zeugen unterwegs waren, aufgefordert, ins Haus zurückzukommen. Er sagte ihnen, dass ich dämonisch besessen sei. Ich stand kurz davor, meinen ersten Exorzismus zu erleben.

Nachdem ich mich heftig gewehrt hatte, wurde ich schließlich überwältigt und auf den Boden gezwungen. Ein Erwachsener kniete sich mit seinem ganzen Gewicht auf meinen Kopf und die anderen Erwachsenen drückten meine Beine fest. Meine Arme wurden hinter meinem Rücken verschränkt und zwei Erwachsene hielten meine Beine fest. Als ich merkte, dass ich keine Chance zur Flucht hatte, ließ ich meinen Körper schlaff werden. Sie schleppten mich zwei Stockwerke hoch in einen Raum, den sie für mich vorbereitet hatten, während ich Geschirr spülte.

Das Fenster war mit dicken Sperrholzplatten, die an die Wand geschraubt waren, komplett zugenagelt worden. Es war dunkel in dem Raum, bis auf eine schummrige Leselampe auf einem kleinen Tisch. Da der Raum normalerweise als Bibliothek für die ganze Sektenliteratur genutzt wurde, waren die Wände jetzt meist nur noch leere Stahlregale. Ein paar waren noch übrig. Diejenigen, die ich zu lesen bekommen sollte. Alles, was mir gefiel, wie die Enzyklopädien, Almanache, Wörterbücher und National Geographic, war natürlich nirgends zu sehen. Nur die Schriften von "Moses David" und natürlich eine Bibel. Es gab einen einzigen Tisch und einen Stuhl, einen leeren Eimer und einen Putzeimer mit etwas Wasser darin. Auf dem Tisch lagen ein einzelner Bleistift, ein Anspitzer, ein Radiergummi und ein paar A4-Blöcke.

Die vier Erwachsenen zerrten mich in den Raum. Uns folgten die betenden und weinenden Erwachsenen. Sie warfen mich auf den kalten, gefliesten Boden des Raumes und begannen mit dem Exorzismus. Sie schrien mir in Zungen ins Ohr, legten mir die Hände auf den Körper, befahlen den Dämonen, mich zu verlassen, und andere Gebete. Es schien den ganzen Tag so

weiterzugehen. Jedes Mal, wenn ein Erwachsener ging, nahm ein anderer seinen Platz ein. Ich blieb stundenlang auf dem Boden liegen, ohne Essen, Wasser oder eine Möglichkeit, auf die Toilette zu gehen. Am Ende pinkelte ich auf mich selbst, was dem Exorzismus ein gnädiges Ende setzte. Sie waren verblüfft, was das bedeuten könnte.

Sie entschieden, dass ich geheilt sei. Die Dämonen hätten meinen Körper durch das Pinkeln verlassen und ich solle jetzt natürlich gründlich aufräumen, um die Dämonen mit heiliger Seife und Wasser auszurotten. Unter den wachsamen Augen einiger erwachsener Frauen wurde ich gezwungen, mich völlig nackt auszuziehen. Ich wurde gezwungen, mich selbst und dann den Boden mit kaltem Wasser und Seife in einem Eimer zu reinigen. Als Ersatz für die verschmutzten Kleidungsstücke wurden mir einige unauffällige Kleidungsstücke gebracht. Dann wurde mir befohlen, meine Kleidung mit der Hand zu waschen und sie zum Trocknen auf den einzigen Stuhl im Raum zu hängen. Danach kam einer der eher sadistischen Erwachsenen zurück. Er hatte eine Liste mit Dingen dabei, die ich lesen sollte. Wenn ich damit fertig war, sollte ich einen Aufsatz darüberschreiben. Er sagte zu mir: "Ein untätiger Geist ist die Werkstatt des Teufels". Mir wurde versprochen, dass ich, sobald ich alle Aufgaben gelesen und meinen Aufsatz fertiggestellt hatte, etwas Brot und Wasser bekommen würde. Es gab so viele Hunderte von Seiten zu lesen und einen Aufsatz darüber zu schreiben, also lehnte ich ab. Ich hatte doch nichts falsch gemacht! Ich wusste bereits, dass ich in nächster Zeit nichts zu essen bekommen würde. Es würde drei Tage dauern, bis ich etwas zu essen sehen würde.

Gegen Mitternacht tauchte meine Mutter auf und fragte mich, wie es mir geht. Unter Tränen fragte ich meine Mutter, ob ich wenigstens das Zimmer verlassen könnte, um zu scheißen. Sie schüttelte traurig den Kopf und sagte mir, dass sie das nicht entscheiden könne, sie zeigte auf den Putzeimer in der Ecke.

"Wenn du fertig bist, klopfst du an die Tür und ich oder jemand anderes kommt und leert sie für dich."

Auf die Frage, warum sie glaubten, ich sei besessen und warum ich in diesem Raum eingesperrt sei, antwortete sie einfach

"Ich weiß es nicht, aber ich kann nichts dagegen tun. Es war Stefans Entscheidung."

Meine Mutter kam nie zurück, um den Eimer zu leeren. Und auch sonst niemand. Ich schlief in meinem eigenen Gestank, ohne auch nur das Fenster öffnen zu können. Als sich jemand an mich erinnerte, war es bereits Nachmittag des nächsten Tages. Wie bereits erwähnt, beteuerte ich vehement, dass ich nichts falsch gemacht hatte! Ich war nicht von einem Dämon besessen! Ich wurde grundlos geschlagen und zerbrach Stefans Brille, als ich versuchte, mich gegen seine brutalen Angriffe zu wehren. Stefans Geschichte war jedoch ganz anders. Er sagte, ich hätte ihn schon in der Küche angegriffen und als er versuchte, mich zu disziplinieren, habe ich ihn mehrfach geschlagen, seine Brille zerbrochen und sogar gedroht, ihn umzubringen. Mein Blut kochte vor Wut über. Ich wusste, sobald mein Körper groß genug war, würde ich diesen Wichser ein für alle Mal fertig machen.

Ich fing an, Liegestütze, Sit-ups und Hampelmänner zu machen - alles, was meine Körpermitte stärken und Muskeln aufbauen würde. Ich musste das Spiel des Wartens spielen. Je länger ich in der Isolation blieb, desto mehr konnte ich trainieren, um mich für meine Flucht fit zu machen. In den ersten drei Tagen weigerte ich mich jedes Mal, wenn die Erwachsenen mich aufforderten, meine Sünden zu beichten. Die Sache ist die. Mein Kampfgeist war vielleicht vorübergehend gebrochen, aber meine Rachegefühle waren es nicht. Nach ausgiebigem Training starrte ich an die Decke und malte mir aus, wie ich Stefan, ja jeden einzelnen Erwachsenen, der mich jemals geschlagen, vergewaltigt und unterdrückt hatte, auf grausamste Weise töten würde. Ich würde sie alle umbringen. Schon bald entdeckte ich eine sehr nüchterne, dunkle Seite in meiner Seele. Sie existiert bis zum heutigen Tag. Ich sehne mich danach, Monster zu foltern und zu ermorden, genauso wie andere Menschen darüber nachdenken würden, ihren Kindern ein Eis zu kaufen. Meine Gedanken können von Folter und Mord über das Sezieren von Leichen bis hin zum Abwasch und einem schönen Spaziergang im Park reichen. Meine Dämonen und ich sind ein und dasselbe. Diese erwachsenen Idioten haben keine Dämonen aus mir herausgetrieben. Sie haben mich nicht auf den Pfad der Rechtschaffenheit gebracht, sie haben mich nicht "vom Bösen befreit". Nein, sie haben vielmehr die Türen weit aufgerissen und jeden Dämon in der Hölle angefleht, mein Begleiter zu sein. Ich mag meine Dämonen. Ich betrachte sie als "notwendiges Übel", wenn man so will. Sie leisten mir gute Dienste.

Im Laufe der Wochen beschäftigte ich mich mit Lesen, Schreiben und schließlich durfte ich auch Bilder malen. Die Erwachsenen erkannten mein Talent, so ziemlich alles zeichnen zu können, wenn ich visuellen Input hatte. Sie baten mich, Sachen für Dankeskarten, Spendenbriefe und so weiter zu zeichnen und zu malen. Kleiner Sweatshop Tommy. Wenigstens musste ich jetzt keine langen Aufsätze mehr über die Tiraden von Moses David schreiben und durfte wieder ein paar National Geos und andere Enzyklopädien haben, weil ich hilfsbereit war und mich gut benahm. Ich durfte sogar ab und zu auf eine richtige Toilette gehen und duschen. Natürlich unter Aufsicht und meistens, wenn alle anderen Kinder schon schliefen.

Mir wurde unmissverständlich klargemacht, dass ich mich immer noch auf dünnem Eis befand. Sollte ich auch nur ein Wort sagen, das unseren Glauben und unsere Lebensweise außerhalb meines Zimmers verunglimpft, würden mir alle Privilegien entzogen und ich müsste sofort wieder bei Brot und Wasser leben, Aufsätze schreiben und in einen Eimer scheißen.

Ich weigerte mich immer noch, meine Fehler zuzugeben, damit die Erwachsenen mich nicht zurück in die "Herde" ließen. Manchmal kam mein jüngerer Bruder vorbei, wenn keine Erwachsenen in der Nähe waren, und versuchte, mich davon zu überzeugen, einfach aufzugeben und zu "gestehen". Er weinte und sagte, dass "wir dich alle vermissen", was mich auch zum Weinen brachte. In meinem unlogischen Gehirn war ich jedoch fest entschlossen, diesen Kampf zu gewinnen. Das war natürlich Unsinn, denn fast kein Kind in der Geschichte der Menschheit hat einen Kampf gegen einen anderen Erwachsenen gewonnen. Und wenn es doch geschah, wurde das Kind so berühmt, dass es wie David und Goliath noch viele tausend Jahre später in den Geschichtsbüchern erwähnt wurde.

Ohne dass die Erwachsenen es wussten, hatte ich einen Plan. Peter hatte mich regelmäßig spät in der Nacht besucht. Er wusste, wie er an den einfachen Schlüssel kommen konnte, mit dem ich eingesperrt wurde. Seine Mutter war eine der "Hirten" und da das Gebäude auf ihren Namen gemietet war, hingen alle Schlüssel in ihrem Büro. Obwohl sie die Tür abschloss, bemerkte sie nicht, dass Peter einmal einen Ersatzschlüssel für ihr Büro angefertigt hatte, als er in die Stadt zu Mister Minute gehen sollte, um weitere Schlüssel für die Eingangstür zu bestellen. Da es sich um eine wichtige Aufgabe handelte, vertraute sie ihm ihren Büroschlüssel an, damit er bei seiner Rückkehr die neuen Schlüssel abschließen konnte. Diese Fehleinschätzung erwies sich als meine Rettung ... vorerst.

Spät in der Nacht, wenn alle schliefen, schmuggelte Peter mir Eis, Joghurt und andere Sachen aus der Speisekammer. Wir saßen zusammen und diskutierten über das Weglaufen. Ich brauchte fast eine Woche, um ihn davon zu überzeugen, dass wir wirklich eine Chance haben würden, und Ende August 1993 war er endlich überzeugt, es zu versuchen. Peter begann, unseren Plan in die Tat umzusetzen. Er sammelte Kleidung, einen Rucksack und das Nötigste für unsere Flucht. Eines frühen Nachmittags, als die meisten Erwachsenen mit den anderen Kindern schwimmen waren, kam Peter mit einem voll beladenen Rucksack zu mir. Wir gingen in das Büro seiner Mutter und stahlen das wenige Geld, das in einer Schublade lag. Offenbar hatten die "Hirten" erst Tage zuvor einen Tresor gekauft, um die Zehntausende von Schweizer Franken, die wir zu stehlen gehofft hatten, unter Verschluss zu halten. Sehr zu unserem Leidwesen. Noch vor zwei Tagen hätte sich das ganze Geld in einer einfachen, abschließbaren Schublade im Büro seiner Mutter befunden. Da die Sekte nicht an Bankkonten glaubte, hatten sie ihr ganzes Geld auf dem Grundstück. Peter und ich nahmen an, dass es ein Leichtes sein würde, alles zu stehlen und in die Welt zu verschwinden, die uns draußen erwartete. Doch leider war alles, was wir finden konnten, nicht einmal annähernd vierzig Schweizer Franken. Entmutigt wollte Peter die Idee aufgeben, aber ich weigerte mich kategorisch, in meine Zelle zurückzugehen und so zu tun, als wäre nichts passiert. Ich sagte Peter, dass ich mit oder ohne ihn abhauen würde. Widerwillig stimmte Peter unserem Plan zu und wir verließen das Gelände durch das Hintertor, das in den Wald führte, und machten uns auf den steilen Abstieg durch die Bergwälder in die Freiheit.

Wir wanderten etwa vier Stunden lang die steilen Hänge hinunter, mieden die Straßen und alles, wo man uns sehen könnte. Ohne dass wir es wussten, hatten einige Erwachsene bereits bemerkt, dass wir geflohen waren, und ein Such- und "Rettungsteam" gerufen, das die Straßen und den Wald absuchte. Wir hatten jedoch eine gute Stunde Vorsprung vor ihnen und da wir nicht so dumm waren, uns ins Freie zu wagen, fanden sie uns nicht. Der Abstieg war sehr glitschig. Einen Großteil des Abstiegs verbrachten wir damit, uns buchstäblich von einem Baum zum nächsten zu schleudern und sie als "Bremsen" zu benutzen, um unseren Sturz den Berg hinunter zu kontrollieren. Da wir beide in unserer Kindheit eine Menge Überlebenstraining und "militärisches" Training absolviert hatten, waren wir froh, unser Wissen in die Praxis umsetzen zu können. Während wir den Berg hinunter flohen, stellte ich mir vor, dass die "antichristlichen" Kräfte uns einholten und dass wir sicher getötet würden, wenn sie uns erwischten. In der Nähe der Bergstraße, die sich durch den Wald schlängelte, hatten wir beinahe einen schweren Unfall. Glücklicherweise waren unsere Verletzungen nicht lebensbedrohlich. Da wir in der Luftlinie unterwegs waren, war es unvermeidlich, dass wir die Straße mehrmals überqueren mussten. Mein Herz war

volles Adrenalin und als dreizehnjähriger Junge hatte ich in Anbetracht der Umstände sogar eine Menge Spaß dabei.

Jedes Mal, wenn wir die Straße wieder überqueren mussten, versteckten wir uns hinter Büschen oder Bäumen und warteten, bis wir keine Autos mehr kommen hörten. Dann rannten wir so schnell wir konnten, um auf der anderen Seite in Deckung zu gehen. Am Fuße des Berges hatte sich ein Suchtrupp der Sekte an einer Ecke der kurvenreichen Straße postiert. Da sie den Berg hinuntergefahren waren, hatten sie uns in der Zwischenzeit überholt und standen mit Ferngläsern neben dem Auto und schauten in alle Richtungen. Zum Glück bemerkten wir sie, bevor wir uns aus dem Staub machten, und nachdem wir eine gefühlte Ewigkeit in den Dornen und Büschen gelegen hatten, während alle möglichen Insekten über uns krabbelten, beschloss der Suchtrupp, seinen Standort zu wechseln und weiter in Richtung der Stadt am Fuße des Berges zu fahren.

Wir wussten nun, dass sie nach uns suchten, also gaben wir unsere ursprüngliche Idee auf, in der Luftlinie abzustiegen und in die kleine Stadt Monthey am Fuße des Berges zu gehen. Stattdessen wanderten wir am Berghang entlang immer weiter nach Südosten in Richtung Martigny.

Als wir uns so weit entfernt hatten, dass wir das Tal für sicher hielten, war es schon weit nach 22 Uhr. Der Mond schien hell am Himmel und wir konnten durch die Weizen- und Maisfelder, Apfel- und Birnbaumplantagen navigieren, bis wir vor Erschöpfung zusammenbrachen und irgendwo am Stadtrand von Martigny zwischen Reihen von Apfelbäumen einschliefen.

Selbst am Ende des Sommers kann es in der Schweiz nachts ziemlich kalt werden und die Temperaturen sinken unter 10 Grad. Damit hatten Peter und ich nicht gerechnet und so umarmten wir uns gegen drei Uhr morgens vor Kälte zitternd, um uns gegenseitig zu wärmen. Als die Sonne aufging, gaben wir den Gedanken an Schlaf auf und setzten unseren Fußmarsch nach Martigny fort. Wir kamen dort gegen 8 Uhr morgens an. Wir beschlossen, zum Bahnhof zu gehen und von den Einheimischen etwas Geld zu erbetteln. Da ich kein Französisch konnte und Peter auch nicht, beschränkte sich unser Betteln auf

"Avez-vous un peu d'argent pour appeler mes parents ?"

Haben sie etwas Kleingeld, damit ich meine Eltern anrufen kann?

Das lief nicht überraschend schlecht und nach zwei Stunden hatte ich gerade mal 15 Franken verdient. Zum Glück sahen wir aber ein geparktes Auto mit einer Damenhandtasche auf dem Beifahrersitz. Das Fenster war gerade so weit geöffnet, dass meine Finger hineinpassten. Peter hielt Ausschau und ich drückte das Fenster so weit herunter, dass ich den Hebel im Inneren des Autos betätigen und die Tür öffnen konnte. Leider war es kein Jackpot, aber ein 20-Franken-Schein und etwas Kleingeld waren immer noch besser als nichts. Noch besser als das Geld war das Wenger-Taschenmesser, das ich in ihrer Handtasche fand. Damit konnten wir im schlimmsten Fall ein Kaninchen jagen und häuten oder aus einem der vielen Flüsse fischen. Wir hatten gelernt, mit rudimentären Hilfsmitteln wie einem Stock, etwas Seil und einem Messer zu überleben. Das waren die grundlegenden Dinge, die man braucht, um überall zu überleben, außer vielleicht dort, wo es wirklich kalt

ist. Wir hatten jedoch noch nie ein Kaninchen gefangen und waren vielleicht nur einmal angeln gegangen. Unser gesamtes Training war theoretisch. Wir wussten zwar, wie man eine Leine baut, eine Falle aufstellt und ein Feuer ohne Streichhölzer macht, aber wir hatten das noch nie im wirklichen Leben gemacht, wenn unser Leben davon abhing.

Peter war der Meinung, dass es uns besser gehen würde, wenn wir betteln und versuchen würden, etwas Geld zu sparen, um ein paar billige Fahrräder zu kaufen. Das war unser genialer Plan für den Moment. Da Betteln nicht half und ich Angst hatte, dass die Polizei uns stoppen könnte, schlug ich vor, dass wir uns wieder auf den Weg machen und versuchen, per Anhalter Richtung Brig zu dem Campingplatz zu fahren, auf dem wir mit unseren Eltern einmal übernachtet hatten. Da ich wusste, dass die Sicherheitsvorkehrungen lax waren, schien es mir zumindest eine gute Idee, dorthin zu kommen, zu duschen, ein bisschen schwimmen zu gehen und uns zu überlegen, was wir mit unserer neu gewonnenen Freiheit anfangen wollten. Wir liefen viele Stunden lang und versuchten, eine Mitfahrgelegenheit zu finden, aber niemand wollte zwei Straßenkinder mitnehmen.

Schließlich hatte ein Einheimischer mit einem Pickup genug Erbarmen und hielt an. Er war auf dem Weg zum Steinbruch direkt gegenüber vom Campingplatz und fuhr uns direkt zum Eingang. Das Problem war nur, dass wir weder Zelt noch Schlafsäcke dabei hatten. Wir wussten, dass die Nacht eiskalt und erbärmlich werden würde. Wir mussten uns überlegen, wie wir uns das Nötigste besorgen konnten. Als wir am Zeltplatz ankamen, war es schon früher Nachmittag. Wir hatten nur ein paar Äpfel gegessen, die wir von den Obstplantagen gepflückt hatten, unreifen Mais und etwas Brot, das wir für 1 Schweizer Franken gekauft hatten, und ich fühlte mich schon ziemlich krank, weil mir das richtige Essen fehlte.

Die Duschen auf dem Campingplatz boten uns die dringend benötigte Privatsphäre. Wir nahmen uns jeder eine Duschkabine und gaben jeweils einen Schweizer Franken aus, um uns von Kopf bis Fuß zu reinigen. Wenigstens war es schön, sich wieder wie ein Mensch zu fühlen.

Es war klar, dass wir Essen brauchten. Der Campingplatz war jedoch horrend teuer und die Sicherheitskräfte beobachteten uns bereits mit Argwohn, also machten wir uns wieder auf den Weg und versuchten, per Anhalter nach Sion zu fahren. Nicht eine Person hielt an. Für die Strecke, die mit dem Auto nicht einmal zwanzig Minuten gedauert hätte, brauchten wir fast vier Stunden zu Fuß und als wir in Sion ankamen, war es schon fast sechs Uhr abends. Nachdem wir in den letzten drei Stunden nur Wasser getrunken und in den letzten 24 Stunden keine richtige Mahlzeit zu uns genommen hatten, begannen mein Körper und mein Geist zu zerbrechen.

Wir fanden einen großen Supermarkt und gingen hinein, um endlich mehr Brot und Salami zu kaufen. Die erste richtige Mahlzeit, die wir den ganzen Tag hatten. Wir stellten fest, dass dieser Supermarkt auch Campingzubehör und fast alles andere verkaufte. Das billigste Zelt kostete jedoch fast hundert Franken. Ein Schlafsack kostete fast vierzig für einen billigen Ding. Wie um alles in der Welt sollten wir so schnell so viel Geld auftreiben?

Ich wandte mich an Peter

"Lass es uns klauen"

"Tommy, stehlen ist falsch"

"Und? Ist es nicht auch falsch, geschlagen zu werden, monatelang in einem Raum eingesperrt zu sein, Zwangsarbeit zu leisten und all die andere Scheiße, die wir durchmachen mussten?" Wir tun das nicht, weil wir es wollen, sondern weil wir es müssen. Willst du heute Abend wieder erfrieren? Ich ganz sicher nicht."

Peter zuckt mit den Schultern.

"Okay, gut. Wir verstecken unsere Sachen aus dem Rucksack hinter ein paar Büschen und kommen mit einem leeren Rucksack zurück. Wir werden versuchen, das Zelt und einen Schlafsack hineinzulegen und hoffen, dass wir nicht erwischt werden."

Wir verlassen den Laden und setzen unseren Plan in die Tat um. Wir hatten einen ziemlich großen Wanderrucksack dabei, in den ein Zelt und ein paar Schlafsäcke passen würden, wenn wir ihn ganz leer machen würden. Hinter dem Supermarkt, wo die Lastwagen ausliefern, war niemand zu sehen und es gab viele Büsche, in denen wir unsere Kleidung verstecken konnten. Nachdem wir uns vergewissert hatten, dass uns niemand gesehen hatte, betraten wir den Supermarkt mit unserem nun leeren Rucksack. Ich trug den Rucksack auf der Seite, so dass der Tasche Richtung Boden hing. So sah es so aus, als wäre er voll und nicht leer.

Mit meinem neu erworbenen Taschenmesser machte ich mich daran, die Sicherheitsetiketten von einem Zelt und zwei Schlafsäcken zu entfernen. Wir nahmen verschiedene Modelle gleichzeitig heraus, um jeden zu verwirren, der etwas zu genau hinschauen könnte. Kaum hatte ich ein Zelt und zwei Schlafsäcke in den Rucksack gepackt, stellte uns ein Mann vom Sicherheitsdienst zur Rede. Mein Herz sank und ich war sicher, dass unser Abenteuer vorbei war. Er wandte sich zuerst an Peter. Er lenkte den Mann ab und sagte ihm, dass er nur Englisch sprechen könne. Zum Glück konnte ich die Gelegenheit nutzen um die drei Sicherheitsanhänger unter einige andere Schlafsäcke im Regal zu schieben. Der Sicherheitsmann dreht sich zu mir und sagt in gebrochenem Englisch.

"Es tut mir sehr leid, aber ich wollte deinem Freund sagen, dass es verboten ist, mit einer großen Tasche wie der deinen in den Supermarkt zu gehen. Du kannst sie zur Information bringen und wenn du mit deinem Einkauf fertig bist, kannst du sie dort abholen."

Ich traue meinen Ohren nicht! Offenbar hat er nicht gesehen, wie ich den Rucksack mit dem Zelt und den Schlafsäcken vollgestopft habe! Er wollte nur, dass wir den Rucksack an den Informationsschalter bringen!

Wir folgen ihm zu einer Sicherheitstür. Er klopft daran und eine hübsche blonde Frau auf der anderen Seite öffnet sie. Er spricht mit ihr auf Französisch, wünscht uns einen schönen Tag und geht. Die Frau erklärt uns, dass wir unseren Rucksack auf der anderen Seite des Inforezeption in der Nähe des Haupteingangs abholen können, sobald wir fertig sind.



Peter und ich gehorchen und sind uns sicher, dass sie die Tasche und ihren Inhalt durchsuchen werden. Aber wir können uns nicht verdächtig verhalten und tun, was man uns sagt. Wir kaufen noch ein paar billige Lebensmittel und eine Wasserflasche. Als wir an der Kasse vorbeikommen, beschließen wir, dass wir es nicht riskieren wollen, den Rucksack einzusammeln und lassen ihn aus Angst, erwischt zu werden, ganz stehen. Die nette blonde Frau winkt uns aber bereits vom Informationsschalter aus zu. Sie war besorgt, dass wir unsere Sachen nicht vergessen. Sie übergibt uns unseren Rucksack und erkundigt sich in recht gutem Englisch, wohin wir reisen. Wir sagen ihr, dass wir mit unseren Eltern auf einem nahe gelegenen Campingplatz Urlaub machen. Sie gibt uns Empfehlungen für lokale Touristenattraktionen und wünscht uns eine gute Reise.

Sie lächelt immer noch, als sie uns zum Abschied winkt. Wir winken zurück und verlassen eilig den Haupteingang. Mein Herz klopft mit zweihundert Schlägen pro Minute. Ich bin mir so sicher, dass jeden Moment Polizeiautos vor uns zum Stehen kommen und große, stämmige Männer mit gezogenen Waffen herausspringen und "FREEZE ASSHOLES" schreien, genau wie in den Filmen. Es ist nichts passiert. Es passierte immer noch nichts. Überhaupt nichts... Wir waren mit einem schweren Diebstahl direkt vor der Nase des Sicherheitsdienstes davongekommen. Wenn das kein Glück ist, weiß ich es nicht. Vielleicht hat Spermaspritzer Jesu uns ja doch gesegnet. Mit zitternden Knien gehen wir zurück zu unserer versteckten Kleidung hinter dem Supermarkt.

Wir packen alles zusammen und machen uns dann, nachdem wir uns mit dem Nötigsten gestärkt haben, auf den langen Weg zurück zum Zeltplatz.

Wir kommen zurück am Campingplatz an, als die letzten Sonnenstrahlen über den Baumwipfeln verschwinden und gehen so weit wie möglich von der Rezeption weg. Es ist stockdunkel und wir können kaum erkennen, wie wir unser Zelt aufstellen sollen. Wir haben Angst, unsere Taschenlampe zu benutzen, da wir keine Pässe oder Ausweise dabei haben und wir nicht von der nächtlichen Sicherheitspatrouille bemerkt werden wollen. Bald sind die Schlafsäcke mit zwei todmüden Teenagern gefüllt. Diese Nacht fühlt sich wie absoluter Luxus an. Wenigstens werden wir heute Nacht nicht zittern.

Lange Rede, kurzer Sinn: Wir hielten es etwas mehr als eine Woche aus, bevor ich die Dinge beim Namen nannte. Es gab keine Zukunft für das, was wir taten. Ich war krank, musste mich sogar übergeben, weil ich mir einen Magen-Darm-Virus eingefangen hatte, und Peter ging es schlecht, weil ihm seine Asthma-Medikamente ausgingen. Ich rief die Kommune von einem Münztelefon aus an und sagte ihnen, dass ich das Handtuch werfen würde. Ich wollte die "Familie" verlassen, aber nicht auf diese Weise. Ich stimmte zu, zurückzukommen und mich wieder einsperren zu lassen, unter der Bedingung, dass Stefan seine Großeltern anruft und ihnen sagt, dass ich entweder bei ihnen, bei meinem Onkel, in einem Internat oder sonst wo leben möchte. Nur weg von ihnen. Ich wollte eine Ausbildung und einen Job und um sie zu beruhigen, sagte ich ihnen, dass ich die Sekte weiterhin jeden Monat mit Geld unterstützen würde, sobald ich einen Job hätte. Das erschien ihnen vernünftig und so wurden Peter und ich getrennt, ich wurde wieder in Einzelhaft gesteckt

Frühmorgens, kurz nach meinem dreizehnten Geburtstag, begann ich mit Stefan die quälende Reise, um einen Ort für mich zu finden, an dem ich außerhalb der Enge der Sekte

und all ihrer Schrecken leben konnte. Ich hatte Mitleid mit meinen Geschwistern und wusste, dass es nicht nur bei mir bleiben würde. Der Plan war, einen Job zu finden, eine Wohnung zu mieten und meine Geschwister langsam aber sicher ebenfalls zu befreien. Es sollte über ein Jahrzehnt dauern, bis ich sie wiedersehen würde, und es vergingen mehr als fünfzehn Jahre, bis Peter und ich auf Facebook wieder fanden.

## Kapitel 21

### Kollateralschaden

Mehr als ein halbes Jahr, nachdem die ganze Scheiße passiert war, rief ich Saskia von einer Telefonzelle aus an. Ich habe die ganze Zeit den Drang abgewehrt, sie anzurufen, weil ich dachte, dass ich immer noch Gefahr lief, von Dariusz' Freunden oder den Bullen entdeckt zu werden. Ich war so paranoid, dass ich dachte, selbst Saskia oder Liesel anzurufen wäre ein Risiko, denn wer wusste das schon? Vielleicht wären sie in Gefahr, nur weil ich sie anrufe. Ich war erstaunt, als Saskia mir sagte, dass sich in der Schule kaum noch jemand an mich erinnert oder nach mir fragt. Ich bin verschwunden und war für die meisten meiner Mitschülerinnen und Mitschüler so unauffällig, dass ich nur noch eine flüchtige Erinnerung war.

Ein bemerkenswertes Detail meines Gesprächs mit ihr war, dass nicht lange nachdem ich weggelaufen war, zwei von Smileys Mitarbeitern, tagsüber auf dem Schulgelände auftauchten und nach Saskia suchten und mit ihr reden wollten. Obwohl sie tödliche Angst vor ihnen hatte, willigte sie ein, mit ihnen Kaffee zu trinken

Ihre Ängste waren unbegründet. Die Jungs schienen sich nur dafür zu interessieren, ob es ihr gut ging. Sie hatten von anderen Prostituierten gehört, dass Dariusz sie gegen ihren Willen zu Sex zwang und sie nicht bezahlte. Sie waren darüber sehr empört und wollten wissen, ob das stimmte. Saskia bestätigte, dass Dariusz sie tatsächlich gegen ihren Willen ausgenutzt hatte. Sie fühlten sich schrecklich deswegen und entschuldigten sich dafür, dass sie ihr nicht geholfen hatten. Sie wussten, dass Dariusz gefährlich labil war, und als er getötet wurde, dachten sie, dass es irgendwann passieren würde.

Im Endeffekt dachten sie, dass Sippy oder die Afghanen ihn erwischt hatten. Sippy war also noch am Leben! Gut zu hören!

Saskia war immer noch misstrauisch, dass sie versuchten, ihr Vertrauen zu gewinnen und sie hatte eine sehr wertvolle Lektion von Smiley gelernt. Traue niemals den Worten eines Kriminellen. Woher sollte sie wissen, dass die beiden nicht auch Soziopathen waren?

Ihr Verdacht erhärtete sich, als sie ausgerechnet sie fragten, ob sie wüsste, wo ich sein könnte. Sie sagten ihr, dass sie uns ein paar Mal zusammen gesehen hatten, bevor die Scheiße losging, und fragten sich, ob wir noch Kontakt hätten. Sie erzählte ihnen, dass meine Eltern mich aus dem Internat genommen hatten, weil ich gemobbt wurde, und dass ich ihr gesagt hatte, dass ich zurück zu meinen Eltern nach Frankreich ziehen würde. Sie erwähnte auch, dass sie gesehen hat, wie meine Eltern mich am Freitagnachmittag abgeholt haben und dass ich versprochen hatte, sie anzurufen oder ihr zu schreiben, aber sie hat seitdem nichts mehr gehört. Das war auch die offizielle Geschichte, die die Schule erzählte, dass ich von meinem Wochenendbesuch bei meinen Eltern nicht nach Hause gekommen war. Ihre Geschichte wurde bereits von anderen, die sie befragt hatten, bestätigt, also waren sie zufrieden und beließen es dabei.

Sie sprachen weiter über Smiley und all den Scheiß, den er gemacht hat, über die Leute, die er wegen Kleinigkeiten verprügelt hat und darüber, was für ein verdammter Betrüger,

Lügner und Arschloch er eigentlich war. Saskia war immer noch besorgt, dass sie versuchen würden, sie dazu zu bringen, etwas Negatives über ihn zu sagen oder einen Fehler zu machen, also hielt sie ihre Unterhaltung minimal und neutral. Sie fragten sich, warum keine große Drogenrazzia oder Razzia in Smileys Unterschlupf erwähnt wurde. Vielleicht hatte die Polizei es noch nicht herausgefunden und Saskia würde den Drogenversteck kennen? Das brachte Saskia auf eine Idee! Vielleicht würde sie endlich eine Entschädigung für all die Schrecken bekommen, die sie durchleben musste! Natürlich sagte sie ihnen, dass sie nicht die geringste Ahnung hatte. Als sie mit dem Verhör fertig waren, boten sie ihr an, sie telefonisch zu kontaktieren, falls sie wieder arbeiten wolle, aber sie lehnte ab. Sie wünschten ihr alles Gute, gaben auf und gingen.

Saskia hatte gelogen. Sie wusste genau, wo Dariusz Unterschlupf war, aber sie würde verdammt sein, wenn sie zulassen würde, dass diese beiden Mafiosi sein ganzes Geld in die Hände bekamen. Nach all den Qualen, die dieser Mann ihr angetan hatte, hatte sie es mehr als jeder andere verdient. Der Kaffee entpuppte sich für die kleine Saskia als ein sehr lukrativer Augenöffner. Sie war im Begriff, die reichste Schlampe der Stadt zu werden. Das Monster war tot, die einzigen Leute, die da waren, hatten nie etwas gesagt und es schien, als wäre ich mit einem Mord davongekommen. sie würde jetzt damit durchkommen, ihm jeden letzten Penny zu rauben, den er je verdient hatte!

Wir sprachen am Telefon darüber, dass Smiley eine tickende Zeitbombe war, er war laut, frech und prahlte zu viel. Er war zu auffällig mit seinem AMG, seinen Goldketten und seinem teuren Geschmack. Das kam bei der russischen Mafia, die Smileys Vorgesetzter und Lieferant von Drogen usw. war, nicht gut an. Ich vermute, dass Smiley so oder so auf dem Grund des Mains gelandet wäre, wenn er in dieser Nacht nicht sein Ende gefunden hätte. Er war eine Katastrophe, die auf sich warten ließ, ein verdammtes Schwein, das weder Loyalität noch Gnade verdiente.

Das Jugendzentrum war für immer geschlossen worden und die Polizei hatte wieder einmal eine Untersuchung eingeleitet. Das Problem war, dass es am Tatort um die Leiche herum keine verwertbaren Spuren gab, und da es sich um einen öffentlichen Ort handelte, mussten diese Spuren nicht unbedingt mit etwas Relevantem zu tun haben. Außer uns beiden und den anderen vier Personen, die wussten, was passiert war, gab es keine Zeugen, aber die sollten sich auf gar keinen Fall anschließen. Am Standort des Jugendzentrums gab es keine Straßenkameras und außerdem lag es in einer ziemlich abgelegenen Gegend am Stadtrand. Saskia wusste, warum in den Nachrichten immer noch kein Wort über Dariusz' Unterschlupf, irgendeine Drogenrazzia oder das ganze Bargeld, das er besaß, zu lesen war, und zwar aus einem einfachen Grund. Er vertraute niemandem, schon gar nicht den Banken, also setzte er sozusagen alles auf eine Karte. Saskia wusste, wo es war, aber nur als Machtdemonstration seinerseits. In seinem Unterschlupf nahm er sie mit, um sie dutzende Male zu ficken. Er hat sich immer damit gebrüstet, dass er sie auf einem Berg von Geld ficken würde. Sie machte sich über diese Vorstellung lustig. Der so genannte Berg von Bargeld war genauso unscheinbar wie Smileys Schwanz. Er war nicht so, wie er ihn darstellte.

In den folgenden Tagen sprach sie das Thema vage an, wenn sie Leute traf, die vielleicht Bescheid wussten, aber niemand war schlauer. Vielleicht wäre es das Risiko wert, nachzuschauen, ob der Ort vielleicht immer noch unentdeckt ist und Smileys ganzer

Reichtum zum Greifen nahe ist. Immerhin wusste Saskia, dass der Mann über eine halbe Million D-Mark, Schweizer Franken und Dollar in bar besaß. Dazu kamen noch Schmuggelware, Goldschmuck und Waffen, die in einem scheinbar baufälligen dreistöckigen Gebäude am Rande der Stadt versteckt waren.

Die Unterlagen der Stadt für dieses Gebäude waren gefälscht. Smiley war gut im Beschaffen von gefälschten Zeugnissen und Pässen. Er heuerte kleine Junkies und Dealer an, um seine Geschäfte zu finanzieren. Das reichte von der Untervermietung von Kellern zum Grasanbau bis hin zu gefälschten Mietverträgen für seine illegalen Bordelle und Parkplätze, auf denen er Autos mit Waffen und Munition im Kofferraum abstellte. Die Idioten wurden dafür bezahlt, dass sie entweder mit ihrer echten Identität oder mit ihrem Gesicht für einen gefälschten Pass herhalten mussten. Er hatte einen wirklich guten russischen Fälscher. Für etwa 2000 D-Mark konnte man einen echt aussehenden Führerschein kaufen. Für das Doppelte einen deutschen Ausweis. Keiner von ihnen hatte natürlich eine Ahnung, was Smiley mit ihren gekauften und bezahlten Identitäten vorhatte, denn sie waren Idioten, die nichts zum Leben hatten. Auch mir wurde ein solches Angebot gemacht, aber ich war klug genug, nein zu sagen. Ich wusste, dass das nur mit Schlägen, gebrochenen Knochen und möglicherweise dem Tod enden konnte. Wir hielten alle den Mund und taten, was man uns sagte. Fast so schlimm wie die Sekte, in der ich aufgewachsen bin.

Saskia dachte bei sich, dass man nur raten kann, welcher falschen Identität das Gebäude gehört, in dem sich der Unterschlupf befindet. Wahrscheinlich wurde es mit Bargeld gekauft und bezahlt. Da Dariusz tot ist und er der Einzige war, der außer Saskia von dem Standort wusste, sind alle Drogen, das Bargeld und die Waffen für jeden zu haben, der sich in die Höhle des Löwen wagt. Smiley hatte seine Finger überall drin und auch die örtlichen Beamten hatten ihre Hände tief in seinen Taschen. Die Gemeinde Marktbreit war bitterarm. Wenn also ein gut gekleideter junger Mann auftauchte und 20 % mehr als den geforderten Preis für ein altes Gemeindegebäude in bar mitbrachte, nun ja, sagen wir einfach, dieser Idiot konnte es kaufen, ohne dass weitere Fragen gestellt wurden.

Der Schlüssel zu diesem geheimen Königreich? Nun, Saskia besaß jetzt den einzigen Schlüssel dazu, nicht wahr? Bevor ich ging, gab ich ihr Smileys Schlüsselbund. Sicherlich würde es sich als nützlich erweisen, Zugang zur gesamten Operation des toten Mannes zu haben. Es war nicht nur der Schlüssel zum Safe House dabei. Er enthielt Schlüssel zu zwanzig verschiedenen Gebäuden, Lagerbunkern, Garagen usw., aber nur ein Schlüssel war wirklich von Wert. Smileys persönliches Versteck! Ich hatte Recht. Wenn nicht zufällig irgendein Junkie das Haus im letzten halben Jahr bereits ausgeraubt hatte, müsste alles noch da sein. In Marktbreit gab es eigentlich keine Obdachlosen, also war das nicht sehr wahrscheinlich. Saskia sagte mir, dass es von außen wie ein verwunschener und miserabler Ort aussah, in den man sich nicht hineinwagen sollte.

Saskia setzte ihren Plan in die Tat um. Sie holte ihren großen Rucksack unter dem Bett hervor und leerte den wenigen Inhalt aus, der sich noch darin befand. Es war jetzt Winter und die Sonne war schon um sechs Uhr abends untergegangen. Nach dem Abendessen, im Schutze der Dunkelheit, trug die kleine Saskia ihren Rucksack hinunter zur Ochsenfurter Straße, überquerte die Brücke und lief dann eine gute halbe Stunde durch die Vorstadt zu dem Ort, den sie nur zu gut kannte.

Das Haus war stockdunkel. Sie probierte einen Schlüssel nach dem anderen aus, bis Heureka! Ihr Herz klopfte wie wild, als sie das Haus betrat und mit einer kleinen Taschenlampe herumstöberte. Wenigstens war sie schlau genug, den Safe mit Handschuhen zu öffnen. Sie kannte die Kombination. Natürlich war es das Datum, an dem Smiley sie zum ersten Mal eingedrungen ist.

Er sagte es ihr sogar stolz. Sie sollte seine Nummer eins werden! Was für ein Idiot. Er hätte nie gedacht, dass Saskia ihn ausnehmen würde, aber genau das ist passiert. Als sie den Tresor öffnete, befand sich noch fast eine halbe Million D-Mark darin. Sie nahm fast alles mit, ließ aber etwa zwanzigtausend in kleineren Scheinen zurück. Sie räumte auch alle seine Uhren und Goldketten aus...

Es gab noch Afghan Haschisch und Heroin, von dem sie annahm, dass es von Mamet stammte. Aber sie rührte nichts davon an.

Sie klang so begeistert und aufgeregt, wie sie die Geschichte erzählte, und ich freute mich aufrichtig für sie. Ich fand das unglaublich mutig, aber auch wirklich dumm. Sie ließ die Tür weit offen, damit jemand irgendwann Verdacht schöpft und die Polizei ruft. Da die Polizei nun Beweise hatte, wurden auch viele andere große Dealer verhaftet. Smiley hatte einen Notizblock mit vielen belastenden Adressen, Orten, Namen und Telefonnummern. Saskia hatte ihn praktischerweise oben auf dem Safe liegen lassen. Smiley war wirklich ein absoluter Vollidiot.

Jetzt liegen seine weltlichen Besitztümer in einem Rucksack unter dem Bett einer siebzehnjährigen Schülerin.

"Ich bin so froh, dass du das Geld von diesem Bastard bekommen hast, wenn es jemand verdient hat, dann du. Hast du es Liesel erzählt?"

Saskia wird ganz still und ich kann sie wimmern hören. Die Sekunden zählen weiter, 20, 30, 40... Ich muss mehr Münzen in den Automaten stecken.

"Saskia? Bist du noch da? Was ist los mit dir? "

Saskias Stimme klingt ganz gebrochen und erschüttert durch den Hörer, durch ihre Schluchzer höre ich,

"Liesel ist tot, Tommy."

"Was? Nein!" Meine Hände fangen an zu zittern und Tränen schießen mir in die Augen. Ich traue meinen Ohren nicht, mein Gehirn weigert sich, zu registrieren, was ich da höre. Ich will, dass dies ein schrecklicher Traum ist.

"Sie ist letzte Woche gestorben."

"Wie"

"Selbstmord, sie hat sich erwürgt."

Ich sinke auf den Boden der Telefonzelle und breche weinend zusammen. Ich hörte, wie Saskia durch den baumelnden Hörer fragte, ob ich noch am Telefon sei, aber ich brachte es nicht über mich, zu sprechen, geschweige denn zu atmen. Es fühlte sich an, als ob meine Lungen plötzlich zu Stein geworden wären und mir die Luft wegblieben. Ich ließ die Münzen, die noch in der Telefonzelle waren, auslaufen und murmelte etwas wie "Ich rufe dich bald an". Das Letzte, was ich von Saskia hörte, war: "Ich mache mir Sorgen um dich, bitte ruf mich zurück. Ich murmelte etwas und die Leitung war tot. Sie versuchte, mich erneut anzurufen, aber ich ignorierte das Klingeln, stand auf und rannte aus der Telefonzelle, wobei mir die Tränen über das Gesicht liefen.

Liesel war wieder im Internat angekommen, begrüßte Saskia, ging den Flur entlang, betrat ihr Zimmer und war kurz darauf tot. Saskia fand, dass mit Liesels Verhalten etwas nicht stimmte, aber sie schob es darauf, dass sie einfach wie immer war. Sie wurde das komische Gefühl nicht los und ging hinüber, um nach ihr zu sehen und stellte fest, dass sie sich eingeschlossen hatte. Saskia hämmerte an die Tür, aber niemand antwortete. Als der Sicherheitsdienst die Tür aufbrach, war es schon zu spät. Jetzt versuchte Saskia verzweifelt, sich daran zu erinnern, wie sie Erste Hilfe leisten konnte, während der Sicherheitsmitarbeiter den Notdienst rief. Es war bereits zu schmerzhaft eindeutig. Liesel hatte das Gebäude verlassen. Sie hatte sich nicht einmal verabschiedet, nicht einmal einen Zettel mit einer Erklärung. Wir waren alle untröstlich. Sie war ein so liebevoller, fürsorglicher Engel und hatte sich entschieden, uns zu verlassen. Nur weil ein paar Arschlöcher ihre 10 Sekunden Spaß haben wollten. Ich schätze, sie hat sich nie davon erholt. Ich weinte bitterlich und gab mir selbst die Schuld. Ich hatte sie verdammt noch mal im Stich gelassen, schon wieder! Ich bin einfach verschwunden. Ich hätte dortbleiben und die Konsequenzen meines Handelns akzeptieren sollen, so schwerwiegend sie auch gewesen wären, aber was hätte ich ihr schon nützen können, wenn ich tot oder im Gefängnis gewesen wäre?

Ich hätte schon früher anrufen sollen. Ich habe diesen Anruf vermieden, weil ich nicht wusste, was ich sagen sollte. Ich hatte keine Lösung oder ein Versprechen für eine nahe Zukunft, in der Liesel, Saskia und ich glücklich und zusammen sein würden. Ich fühlte mich schon wie ein Mistkerl, weil ich weggelaufen war, ohne mich zu verabschieden, und jetzt werde ich nie dazu kommen. Das hat mich eine wertvolle Lektion gelehrt. Manchmal muss ich die Entscheidungen, die ich treffe, einfach akzeptieren, selbst wenn sie gerechtfertigt sind. Selbst wenn ich davon überzeugt bin, dass ich alles, was ich tue, aus den richtigen Gründen tue. Diese Entscheidungen können trotzdem unkontrollierbare und sogar katastrophale Auswirkungen auf die Menschen haben, die ich liebe. Ich habe Liesel geliebt, aber es war zu wenig zu spät. Wer weiß? Vielleicht hätte sie sich, selbst wenn ich geblieben wäre, dafür entschieden zu gehen. Vielleicht hatte es nichts mit mir zu tun. Vielleicht bin ich narzisstisch, wenn ich glaube, dass sich Liesels Tod nur um mich dreht. Es gibt so viele unbeantwortete Fragen, die ich nie beantworten können werde. Wenn ich an sie denke, kommen mir immer noch Tränen in die Augen.

Ich versuche mein Bestes, um meine gequälte Seele zu verbergen, während ich mich auf den Weg zurück in mein neues Leben hier mit Melanie mache. Um meine eigene Logik in meinem Kopf zu bestätigen. Ich war doch kein furchtbarer Mensch! Ich war Saskia und Liesel

nichts schuldig. Ich hatte Saskias Leben unter großer Gefahr für mein eigenes und meine Zukunft gerettet. Ich war wütend auf Liesel. Warum zum Teufel tat sie mir das an? Es war ja nicht so, dass ich eine Wahl gehabt hätte. War sie nicht klug genug, meine Entscheidung zu verstehen und darauf zu vertrauen, dass ich in ein paar Jahren, wenn sich die Lage beruhigt hatte, zu ihr zurückkommen würde? Ich habe keine Ahnung, ob ich in der Lage wäre, zurückzukommen, aber Gott weiß, dass ich es später versucht hätte... Es machte einfach keinen Sinn, Liesel hatte ihr ganzes Leben noch vor sich. Sicher, ich war weg, aber Saskia war noch da. Die beiden wurden so enge Freunde! Die arme Saskia! Sie muss so sehr leiden! Liesel, warum? Warum!? Warum!!!? Warum hast du das getan? Du wusstest, dass ich dich innig liebte. Vielleicht habe ich dich sogar mehr geliebt als Saskia. Vielleicht sage ich das nur, weil du tot bist. Es bricht mir jeden verdammten Tag das Herz, dass ich nicht mit beiden zusammen sein kann, und jetzt nimmt Liesel sich einfach ganz aus der Gleichung heraus. Arme Saskia, an wessen Schulter wird sie sich jetzt ausweinen, wo ich weg bin?! Wenigstens habe ich Melanie, Angela und Ollie. Ja, ich hätte sogar Lars, den schmierigen, Drogen handelnden, hurenden, größenwahnsinnigen Arzt, der mir Gesellschaft leistet und mich im schlimmsten Fall von meinem eigenen Kummer ablenkt. Sie sind jetzt die Familie, die ich verloren oder vielleicht nie wirklich gehabt habe.

Arme Saskia, es muss so schwer sein, mit diesem Herzschmerz ganz allein fertig zu werden. Ich hoffe, dass Dimitri wenigstens mit ihr abhängt. Vielleicht finden sie ja etwas Gemeinsames. Dimitri war in dieser Nacht so hilfreich und ich hoffe wirklich, dass er auf Saskia aufpasst und sie beschützt. Das sollte er verdammt nochmal! Er weiß, was das arme Mädchen durchmachen musste. Saskia hat außer mir auch keine wirkliche Familie, denke ich bei mir. Verdammt! Eine kalte Erkenntnis schießt mir durch den Kopf. Was, wenn Saskia etwas Dummes macht! Du Schwachkopf! Sie hat dir von dem Geld erzählt, weil sie will, dass du zurückkommst, um sie aus dem Internat zu retten. Sie will mit dir durchbrennen, nicht wahr!?

Verdammt!!!

Ich gehe zurück zur Telefonzelle und rufe Saskia zurück. Ein anderes Mädchen nimmt den Hörer ab und ich bitte sie, Saskia zu rufen. Ich warte und warte und endlich höre ich sie.

"Ja?"

Die Sekunden verrinnen. Sie sagt nichts. Ich denke: "Tommy, du Idiot! Sie wartet darauf, dass du etwas sagst!"

Ich beginne zu stammeln. "Es tut mir leid, dass ich so reagiert habe. Es war ein großer Schock, ich wusste nicht, was ich sagen sollte."

Saskia sagt nichts. Ich fahre fort: "Also sag schon, was soll ich tun? Meinst du, es ist sicher, wenn ich zurückkehre? Ich meine, wird das nicht alle möglichen Fragen aufwerfen? Wenn die Leute merken, dass ich vielleicht in etwas verwickelt bin? Außerdem bin ich mir ziemlich sicher, dass meine Eltern mich inzwischen als vermisst gemeldet haben. Ich kann nicht einfach in Marktbreit auftauchen. Die Leute könnten mein Gesicht erkennen. Vielleicht können wir uns woanders treffen? Ich weiß nicht, du könntest hierherkommen, nach Bingen



am Rhein? Ich könnte Ollie, meinen Freund, bitten, dich unterzubringen? Wir könnten es irgendwie hinbekommen..."

Saskia seufzt und bricht schließlich das Schweigen. "Mein Schatz... Es gibt keine Zukunft für mich und dich. Zumindest nicht jetzt. Wenn ich mit dir durchbrenne, zögere ich nur das Unvermeidliche hinaus. Selbst mit all dem Geld, das ich gefunden habe, werde ich, wenn ich mit dir durchbrenne, immer noch keine Ausbildung oder einen Job haben und, seien wir ehrlich, du auch nicht. Ich bin wirklich traurig, dass du nicht hier bist, aber ich muss jetzt dranbleiben, ich bin fast mit der Schule fertig und dann kann ich eine Lehre machen oder sogar studieren, einen Abschluss in Medizin machen oder Tierarzt werden. Etwas, worauf ich stolz sein kann.

Wenn ich einfach weglaufe, wird mein Sozialarbeiter mich bei der Polizei als vermisst melden und sie werden nach mir suchen, nach uns. Dann sitze ich in der gleichen Scheiße wie du jetzt. Das wird keinem von uns helfen. Wer weiß, wann dieser Zeitpunkt kommt? In ein paar Jahren, wenn ich volljährig bin, aus diesem Höllenloch rauskomme, meine eigene Wohnung habe, mein eigenes Leben, weg von Marktbreit und all dem Scheiß, kannst du zu mir ziehen. Das wäre wirklich schön, aber bis dahin hoffe ich, dass du die Dinge in den Griff bekommst und bis dahin überlebst. Ich glaube an dich, Tommy. Es gibt einen Grund, warum ich mich zu dir hingezogen fühle. Du bist zäh und hartnäckig im Inneren, du bist mehr Mann als all diese Möchtegern-Hardliner, die doppelt so alt sind wie du. Ich möchte wirklich, dass du weißt, dass ich dich liebe, Tommy. Aber ich möchte, dass du weißt, dass ich nirgendwo hingehen werde. Ich werde diese Chance ergreifen und etwas aus meinem Leben machen.

Du hast Recht! Jedes Szenario, indem du nach Marktbreit zurückkommst, bringt alles in Gefahr. Weißt du, ich habe über diese Situation nachgedacht und egal, welchen Ausgang ich mir vorstelle, es ist alles scheiße. Shit happens. Ich wollte, dass du mich das nächste Mal direkt erreichen kannst, wenn du anrufst und deshalb habe ich mir eines dieser modernen Handys gekauft. Ich habe es mit einem gefälschten Ausweis registriert, den Smiley vor ein paar Jahren für mich gemacht hat, um in Clubs und so reinzukommen. Wer hätte gedacht, dass es sich jetzt als nützlich erweisen würde. Jetzt habe ich meine eigene Nummer und man muss nicht mehr immer die Nummer des Mädchenwohnheims anrufen. Hast du etwas zu schreiben?"

"Nein, tut mir leid, warte, ich laufe raus und schaue, ob ich etwas finde."

Ich lasse das Telefon hängen und laufe über die Straße zu einem Kiosk. Ich frage verzweifelt nach einem Stift und Papier und der Mann hinter dem Kiosk lacht mich nur wissend an. Anscheinend bin ich weder der erste noch der letzte Idiot, der das tut. Ich eile zurück, gerade als die letzten zehn Sekunden auf meinen Münzen gezählt werden. Eilig stecke ich die letzten Zehn-Pfennig-Stücke in die Münzschlitze und zum Glück fallen sie nicht einfach unten in die Wechselgeldkasse. "Ok, ich bin wieder da"

"Meine Nummer ist also... Hast du das, Tommy?"

"Ja, das habe ich."

"Versprich mir, dass du mich ab und zu anrufst, wenn du mal Geld brauchst. Ich will, dass du weißt, dass du immer auf mich zählen kannst, ok, Baby?"

"Saskia... Gibt es jemanden, den du kennst, der für dich da sein kann? Jemanden, mit dem du dich treffen kannst, damit du nicht alleine bist? Soll ich Dimitri fragen, ob er nach dir sehen kann?"

"Mach dir keine Sorgen, Tommy, ich bin ein großes Mädchen und kann die Dinge selbst regeln. Dimitri ist nett, aber er versucht nur, mir an die Wäsche zu gehen, und das kann ich nicht leiden."

"Ich hoffe, dass es bei dir klappt und ich hoffe wirklich, dass wir uns eines Tages wiedersehen. Sobald ich wieder einen Pass habe und mein Leben geordnet ist, werde ich auch versuchen, ein Telefon zu bekommen, aber das kann noch ein paar Jahre dauern..."

Wir lachen beide und ich wische mir die Tränen aus den Augen.

"Das war's dann wohl, Saskia, meine Liebe. Ich weiß nicht, was ich sagen soll, aber ich hoffe wirklich, dass es dir gut geht und ich verspreche, dich ab und zu anzurufen. Ich hoffe, dass du alles erreichst, was du dir wünschst."

"Pass auf dich auf, mein Schatz, ich werde jede Stunde an jedem Tag an dich denken. Vergiss mich nicht, Tommy, versprochen!"

"Das werde ich nicht, ich verspreche es." Die Leitung ist tot. Ich verweile in der Hoffnung, dass Saskia die Nummer zurückruft. Nachdem ich fünf Minuten gewartet habe, wird mir klar, dass sie es nicht tun wird.

Ich verlasse diese stinkende Telefonzelle mit einem etwas besseren Gefühl. Ich brauchte das, was auch immer das war, ich fühle jetzt wirklich, dass es Saskia gut gehen wird, dass ich mir keine Sorgen um sie machen muss. Ich will ihr Geld nicht, ich brauche ihre Hilfe nicht. Ich habe das, was ich für sie getan habe, aus Liebe und Mitgefühl für meine Mitmenschen getan. Selbst wenn sie mich nie wiedersehen wollte, verdankt sie mir die Tatsache, dass sie lebt und es ihr gut geht. Das macht mich stolz, am Leben zu sein. Ich bin kein Opfer mehr, ich bin ein Überlebender, ein Bestrafter, und ich werde immer ihr Ritter in glänzender Rüstung sein, solange sie lebt. Das ist ein verdammt gutes Gefühl und es erfüllt mich mit Stolz.

Wenn ich ehrlich zu mir selbst bin, möchte ich nicht, dass die Liebe meines Lebens am Ende Saskia ist. Ich bin viel zu jung und muss erst einmal herausfinden, was ich überhaupt in einer Beziehung will, geschweige denn als Geliebte. Schließlich ist sie eine Prostituierte, oder war es zumindest. Sie hat Männer für Geld gefickt. Sex hat für sie nicht die gleiche Bedeutung wie für mich. Ich bin zwar auch eine Hure, aber ich habe noch nie eine Frau für Geld gefickt, für die ich keine Gefühle hatte - bis jetzt. Wie kannst du mit jemandem Sex haben, für den du absolut kein Verlangen hast? Dazu bräuchte ich schon eine sehr gefühllose Mentalität, um das zu erreichen. Ich spreche natürlich nicht von der Scheiße, die ich als Kind erlebt habe. Wie kann ich einer solchen Frau jemals etwas bedeuten? Woher soll ich wissen, dass

sie wirklich in mich verliebt ist und nicht nur pragmatisch handelt, weil sie denkt, dass der einzige Weg, mit einem Mann befreundet zu sein, darin besteht, mit ihm zu schlafen? Freunde? Klar! Gelegenheitssexpartner? Warum nicht? Liebhaber? Eher nicht.

Selbst wenn sie wirklich in mich verliebt ist, stößt mich der Gedanke ab, dass so viele schreckliche Männer Sex mit ihr hatten. Ich dachte, ich könnte wirklich darüber hinwegsehen, aber jetzt, wo ich mich seit einem halben Jahr distanziert habe, glaube ich ehrlich gesagt nicht, dass ich sie nach all dem Scheiß, der passiert ist, einfach wieder umarmen und mit ihr schlafen könnte.

Abgesehen davon, dass ich ein Ritter in glänzender Rüstung war, war ich in den Augen der meisten Leute ein Verlierer. Von dem was er tat, niemand wirklich zu wissen schien. Über den niemand wirklich Fragen stellte, weil er gerne so unbedeutend und unsichtbar wie möglich blieb. Ich hatte Geld, check, ich hatte immer noch meine Drogenreserve, check, ich hatte eine Wohnung, check, und ich hatte sogar so etwas wie eine Bande von Außenseitern, die ich gerne als meine Familie bezeichnete, check! Im Moment, oder zumindest bis ich wusste, was ich mit meinem Leben anfangen wollte, verbrachte ich meine Tage und Abende damit, zu Hause zu sitzen, mich zuzudröhnen, zu trinken, Kunst zu machen und Gedichte und Kurzgeschichten über meine bisherigen Reisen und Abenteuer zu schreiben. Eine absolut unverantwortliche und sinnlose Existenz. Ich liebte es.

An diesem Abend schrieb ich ein Gedicht, um mich von den schrecklichen Nachrichten des Tages abzulenken. Ich wollte mir vergewissern, dass ich nicht mehr nach Marktbreit zurückkehren würde. Dieses Kapitel meines Lebens war offiziell vorbei. Es war an der Zeit, mich voll und ganz auf die Gegenwart zu konzentrieren. Auf Melanie, Angela und Ollie und darauf, herauszufinden, wer Tommy ist. Ist er ein Dichter? Ein Künstler? Vielleicht sogar ein Musiker? Vielleicht muss sein Talent erst noch entdeckt werden. In den frühen Morgenstunden, nachdem Melanie eingeschlafen ist, drehe ich einen großen Joint und setze einen Stift und Papier auf den kleinen Küchentisch. Ich schreibe diese Worte auf.

Auf dem Marktplatz ist es ruhig in der alten rostigen Hülle  
Seine zeitlosen Augen beobachten die ahnungslosen Menschen in diesem Nebel  
Leise flüstert der Wind  
Lang läutet die alte Glocke

Es ist nicht so kalt, aber ich scheine zu zittern  
Himmel aus Betongrau, keine Wärme hier  
Menschen gehen vorbei, die ihr Lächeln geleert haben  
Vielleicht sind sie betäubt und weinen unsichtbare Tränen

Noch immer stehe ich hier still im Regen  
Eine Statue, die weint und die niemand sieht  
Verblichenes Lächeln verbirgt stählernen Schmerz  
Abgehärtet und verwittert, beginne ich zu frieren

Etwas liegt tot im stillen Schnee,  
Ein eisiger Speer hat sein Herz durchbohrt

Ich muss die Kraft finden, die Glut des Lebens am Glühen zu halten  
Selbst wenn ich gefroren und ganz allein bin

Ich starrte zu lange in diesen bodenlosen Brunnen  
Die sich wiederholende Existenz in der Hölle des Lebens  
Ein unsterbliches Wesen, gefangen in einer hohlen Hülle  
Träumen in der Stille

Es ist so kalt, dass ich zu zittern scheine  
Das Asphaltgrau verwandelt sich in Weiß  
Meine Gedanken sind nur sinnloses Geschwätz  
Ich kann mich nie von diesem ewigen Flug erholen  
Vielleicht bin ich nur voller Angst  
Aber du wirst meine unsichtbaren Tränen nie sehen

## Kapitel 22

### Ich mag die Drogen und die Drogen mögen mich

Melanie und ich haben unsere Beziehung im November gefestigt. Seit Dezember lebte sie mehr oder weniger mit mir in der Wohnung und ging nur noch am Wochenende nach Hause, um sich frische Kleidung und ab und zu ein selbst gekochtes Essen zu holen. Es hat mich irgendwie gestört, dass Melanie mir nicht ein einziges Mal angeboten hat, mich ihren Eltern vorzustellen, aber das war nicht meine Entscheidung. Ich schätze, Melanie ist sich nicht einmal sicher, ob der einsame Reisende, also ich, in einer Woche, einem Monat oder einem Jahr noch da sein wird. Es gibt wirklich nichts, was mich hier hält. Wenn ich morgen einfach abhauen würde, hätte das buchstäblich keine Konsequenzen, außer vielleicht ein paar gebrochene Herzen. Ich glaube, ihr ist schmerzlich bewusst, wie zerbrechlich unsere Beziehung ist. Ich liebe Melanie ohne Zweifel. Sie ist für mich der Inbegriff von Trost, Zuflucht und Zuhause. Ich wünschte nur, ich könnte meine Gefühle für sie besser zum Ausdruck bringen. Oft ertappe ich mich dabei, dass ich meine Gedanken aufschreibe und sie ihr zum Lesen gebe, weil ich nicht gut darin bin, meine Gedanken in Worte zu fassen. Oft sage ich Dinge, die extrem verletzend oder bigott und sexistisch klingen, ohne es zu wollen. Ich habe keinen Filter, wenn ich rede. Das hat mich in der Vergangenheit oft in Schwierigkeiten gebracht. Wenn ich meine Meinung sage, ist es manchmal fast so, als hätte ich unfreiwillige mentale Ejakulationen. Dann höre ich mich selbst reden und merke, dass ich allen in die Suppe gespuckt habe! Ups, vielleicht hätte ich das nicht sagen sollen...

Ollie, Melanie und Angela haben großes Verständnis für meine Situation und verzeihen mir meine Unzulänglichkeiten. Sie sehen über meine Tourette-geplagte, unterentwickelte Persönlichkeit hinweg und sehen mich als den freundlichen und liebevollen, wenn auch anstrengenden Menschen, der ich bin. Wenn es nach mir ginge, würde ich für immer hier leben, mit Drogen dealen, herumvögeln und vielleicht eines Tages, wenn ich achtzehn bin, wieder zur Schule gehen und versuchen, eine Ausbildung zu machen, wenn ich sicher bin, dass die Polizei nicht mehr nach mir suchen wird. Aber im Moment habe ich keine Ahnung, ob die Polizei eines Tages vorbeikommt und mich festnimmt, bevor sie mich zu meinen missbrauchenden Eltern zurückschickt.

Die andere harte Realität ist, dass ich den dreien viel mehr anvertraut habe, als ich wahrscheinlich hätte tun sollen. Melanie weiß, was ich in Marktbreit getan habe. Ich glaube, die Tatsache, dass ich jemanden umgebracht habe, ist nicht einfach für sie zu akzeptieren. Auch wenn es wohlverdient war. Ich musste sicher sein, dass dieser Wichser nie wieder töten oder vergewaltigen würde. Etwas in mir hat sich nach diesem Tag verändert, zum Beispiel bin ich viel weniger stabil im Umgang mit Gefühlen. Auch mein Verhalten ist nicht mehr berechenbar. An einem Tag bin ich glücklich, fröhlich und angenehm im Umgang. An anderen Tagen bin ich fast unnahbar, schnippisch, launisch und aggressiv. Vor allem, wenn sie mir Dinge sagt, die sie an meiner Persönlichkeit stören. Es ist sogar schon vorgekommen, dass sie einfach abgehauen ist, weil sie sich nicht mit mir streiten wollte und ich sie tagelang nicht gesehen habe.

Ich werde nie körperlich aggressiv gegenüber ihr oder jemandem, den ich liebe, um ehrlich zu sein. Ich kann aus Wut ein Glas auf dem Boden zerschmettern, auf eine Wand

einschlagen, bis meine Fäuste bluten, mir das T-Shirt von der Brust reißen oder mich mit einem Messer schneiden oder stechen, aber ich habe nie die Absicht, einem anderen Menschen körperlich zu schaden. Mich selbst zu verletzen oder leblose Gegenstände zu zerstören, hilft mir, meine Wut zu kanalisieren, damit ich andere nicht verletze. Ich glaube, ich mache ihr richtig Angst. Ich glaube, sie sieht das Böse, die in mir lauert, die ich vielleicht selbst nicht immer sehe. Es ist schwer, innerlich ein wütendes Tier zu sein, aber nach außen hin ruhig, sanft und freundlich zu wirken. Ich fühle mich oft altklug, weil ich mir meiner selbst bewusst bin. Ich bin viel zu jung, um zu allem Überfluss auch noch mein eigener Psychiater sein zu müssen.

Angela hat Melanie gegenüber nie ein Wort über den Vorfall verloren. Lars hat alles getan, um Angela zurückzugewinnen, und es hat geklappt. Während ich dies schreibe, leben sie und Lars wieder zusammen. Ich treffe mich sogar ein paar Mal in der Woche mit Lars, um Snooker zu spielen. Er fragt mich nie, ob zwischen Angela und mir etwas vorgefallen ist. Ich werde es ihm ganz sicher nie erzählen. Karma ist ein Miststück, denke ich. Jetzt ist alles wieder beim Alten. Ollie ist endlich von seinem hohen Ross heruntergestiegen und hat aufgehört allen zu predigen nüchtern zu sein. Wie Digger vorausgesagt hatte, innert der Monat nach seiner Entlassung aus der Klinik war er schon wieder der Alte. Im Dezember begann Ollie, regelmäßig bei uns vorbeizukommen und mit uns abzuhängen. An den Wochenenden wimmelt es in Angelas Wohnung oft von Leuten, die Ollie und ich eingeladen haben. Er hält es für besser, in Angelas Wohnung zu feiern, um nicht zu viel unerwünschte Aufmerksamkeit in seiner Wohnung zu erregen. An Weihnachten war es fast so, als hätte sich nie etwas geändert.

Ollie hat mich nie nach dem Drogengeld gefragt und ich habe es auch nie erwähnt. Es war eine schlechte Erinnerung und wir beide haben das Thema unbewusst um jeden Preis vermieden. Auch Digger habe ich nie erwähnt, obwohl ich wusste, dass Ollie sich mit ihm getroffen hatte.

Zwei Wochen nach Ollies Entlassung aus der Reha war Weihnachten! Das erste richtige Weihnachten fernab von meinen stinkenden Eltern! Lars wollte uns allen etwas Besonderes bieten und lud uns in sein luxuriöses Haus ein, um Heiligabend mit ihm und Angela zu verbringen. Eine Einladung mit offenem Ende und Übernachtung! Klingt nach einer Menge Spaß!

Mittlerweile sind wir zu sechst, denn Ollie hat in der Reha jemanden kennengelernt. Ihr Name ist Isabella. Sie ist Bauchtänzerin, Tarotkartenlegerin und Spiritualistin. Isis, wie sie sich selbst nennt, ist ein bisschen seltsam, aber auf ihre eigene Art wunderschön. Sie ist groß, schlank, hat lange schwarze Haare, die ihr fast bis zu den Knien reichen, grüne, katzenartige Augen und sehr starke Wangenknochen. Ihre Brust und ihre Handgelenke sind mit vielen magischen Kristallen geschmückt, die ihre Aura reinigen sollen. Sie trägt schwarze Samtkleidung mit vielen Rüschen und riecht nach Patchouli. Isis geht sicher auf die Vierzig zu, aber hey, wer urteilt schon darüber?

Isis und Ollie kommen, um Melanie und mich in Rolands altem VW-Bus abzuholen. Wir tuckern in die Vorstadt, wo Angela und Lars schon sehnsüchtig auf uns warten. Angela rennt zu Melanie hinüber und umarmt sie mit einem Schrei. Lars gibt mir ein High-Five. Ollie stellt

Lars seine Freundin vor und wir gehen alle zusammen hinein. Das Foyer öffnet sich zu einem sehr opulenten, offenen Wohnbereich mit einem riesigen Steinherd und einem knisternden Feuer.

Ich habe das Haus von Lars noch nie von innen gesehen und es ist genauso, wie ich es mir vorstelle. Ein großer Wohnbereich mit weißem Veloursleder, ein Glastisch, minimalistische moderne Kunst an den Wänden. Eine weiße Bose-Surround-Anlage ist hoch oben an die Wände geschraubt. Ein riesiger Fernseher ist direkt in ein weißes Wandregal mit Schiebetür eingebaut. Einige kleine Bonsai-Bäume, chinesisch anmutende Vasen und ein paar Bücher schmücken den Raum um den Fernseher. Seine Elektronik ist gut versteckt, aber er besitzt einen VHS- und einen Plattenspieler. Über der Feuerstelle steht sein Prunkstück. Ein handgeschmiedetes Samurai-Schwert aus gefaltetem Stahl, das so scharf ist, dass man sich damit die Haare vom Arm rasieren kann, wie Lars gerne demonstriert.

Drei Eiskübel aus rostfreiem Stahl mit Cristal Champagner sind im offenen Raum verteilt. Einer steht auf dem Wohnzimmertisch, einer auf dem massiven Oakwood-Esstisch und einer auf dem Küchentresen. Es gibt kleine Glasteller mit Käse, Oliven, Crackern mit Lachs und anderen Aperitifsorten, die ich noch nie gesehen habe. Lars sagt den Damen, dass sie sich amüsieren sollen und bittet uns Herren, ihm zu folgen. Er führt uns in einen angrenzenden Raum, in dem es einen Miniatur-Snookertisch, einen Humidor voller Zigarren, der in die holzgetäfelte Wand eingebaut ist, und eine Bar mit verschiedenen teuren Whiskeys und anderen Alkoholsorten aus der ganzen Welt gibt.

Er fragt uns, ob er ein paar Martinis mixen soll, aber da ich all den guten Whisky sehe, lehne ich sein Angebot ab und trinke lieber einen puren Whisky mit einem Tropfen Wasser.

Er holt einen 1980er Bruichladdich Single Malt heraus und giesst jedem von uns einen Finger davon in handgeblasene, Glencairn Gläsern.

Mit einer Pipette entnimmt er etwas Wasser aus einem stillen Evian und lässt drei einzelne Tropfen in jedes Glas fallen. Er nimmt sein Glas in die Hand und hält seine Nase an den Rand, um das aromatische Bouquet zu genießen. Wir verbringen Zeit damit, seine Sammlung und die schöne holzgeschnitzte Bar zu bewundern.

Wir unterhalten uns und spielen ein paar Runden auf seinem exquisiten Tisch und bald ertönt ein Zeitschaltuhr in der Küche, der anzeigt, dass es Zeit für das Abendessen ist. Lars hat ein einfaches, aber gut zubereitetes Roastbeef mit Kartoffeln, vielen verschiedenen Beilagen und reichlich köstlichem Wein zum Herunterspülen vorbereitet.

Wir halfen alle, den Tisch zu decken und warteten gespannt auf das Festmahl, während Lars den Braten in großzügige Portionen für jeden von uns zerlegte. Nach einer langen Rede darüber, wie glücklich er ist, uns alle hier zu haben, über Gesundheit, Erfolg, das Leben, yak, yak, yak, sagte Ollie ihm, dass er verhungert und dass er bitte die Klappe halten soll. Wir alle lachten und fingen an zu essen.

Die Unterhaltung beim Abendessen wurde von Isis und Lars dominiert. Ganz einfach, weil die beiden in jeder Hinsicht so unterschiedlich waren und wir anderen viel zu betrunken und high waren, um uns um Unterhaltung zu scheren, also ließen wir die beiden gewähren. Lars machte sich über sie lustig, wenn sie über das Lesen der Aura von Menschen, die Heilkraft

von Kristallen, Spiritismus und das Lesen von Handflächen sprach. Sie machte sich über ihn lustig, weil er so materialistisch und unvoreingenommen war. Zuerst argumentierte er mit medizinischen und wissenschaftlichen Fakten, um ihr zu widersprechen. Aber nach ein paar Flaschen Wein, Grappa und Espresso bestand Lars darauf, dass er tatsächlich aufgeschlossen sei und forderte Isis auf, ihm im Wohnbereich die Tarotkarten zu lesen, aus der Hand zu lesen und so weiter. Wir alle sollten dann entscheiden, ob wir glaubten, dass sie richtig lag oder nicht. Er nannte es ein wissenschaftliches Experiment.

Wir versammelten uns um ihn und sahen zu, wie sie ihm die Zukunft voraussagte. Sie erzählte ihm alle möglichen interessanten Dinge über sich selbst, seine Vergangenheit und seine Zukunft. Lars war so erstaunt, dass sie ihm so präzise Dinge über sich selbst sagen konnte. Für mich als Zuschauer war es peinlich, dass sie ihm eigentlich nichts Neues sagte, was sie nicht schon wusste. Wie konnte Lars nur darauf reinfallen? Er war nicht gerade ein Buch mit sieben Siegeln, und jeder Handleser hätte seine helle Freude an ihm, weil er bereitwillig vor dem Handleser prahlte und alles über sich preisgab, bevor dieser überhaupt die Chance hatte, etwas zu sagen.

Wir mussten alle besonders lachen, als Isis auf eine kleine Linie auf seiner Hand zeigte und sagte: "Laut dieser Linie hier, scheinst du wirklich gerne viel zu reden. Da ahnten wir schon, dass sie sich ein bisschen über ihn lustig machen würde. Aber wir waren ihr nicht böse und als sie fertig war, applaudierte ihr ein strahlender Lars und schlug vor, Nachtsch zu essen.

Im Laufe des Abends versuchte ich immer wieder, Augenkontakt mit Angela herzustellen, aber sie schien wieder so zu sein, wie sie war, als ich sie zum ersten Mal traf. Distanziert, weit weg und unbeteiligt. Die ganze Party spielte sich um sie herum ab und sie nahm kaum daran teil. Ich merkte, dass sie traurig war und irgendetwas sie wirklich beunruhigte. Mir fiel auf, dass sie oft im Badezimmer verschwand und so beschloss ich nach dem Abendessen, während alle damit beschäftigt waren, Lars und Isis im Wohnbereich zu beobachten, ihr zu folgen. Sie schleicht sich ins Badezimmer, das am Ende des Flurs um die Ecke liegt. Als sie die Tür schließt, schiebe ich mich hinter ihr hinein. Sie sieht mich an, als wolle sie sagen: "Was soll's?", während sie ein kleines Tütchen aus ihrer Brust zieht und beginnt, zwei kleine Beulen aus Kokain auf dem flachen Porzellanwaschbecken zu machen.

"Willst du was?"

"Ok"

Sie reicht mir einen zusammengerollten Zehner und ich schnupfe einen davon.

"Angela, ist alles in Ordnung?"

Sie sieht mich an und Tränen brechen ihr aus den Augen

"Bitte geh, Tommy, ich will nicht, dass du mich so siehst, ich will nicht, dass Lars uns zusammen sieht."

"Warum? Hat er dir wehgetan?"



"Nein, Tommy! Nein, natürlich nicht. Ich will ihm nicht wehtun und jetzt verschwinde!"

"Ok, entschuldige, dass ich mir Sorgen mache."

"Hey! Tommy!" Sie packt mich am Arm und zieht mich zu einem Kuss heran, flüstert sie.

"Ich bin einfach so verwirrt über alles. Ich hasse es, dich und Melanie so glücklich zusammen zu sehen und ich merke, dass ich nicht glücklich bin. Lars hat alles und er ist super nett zu mir, aber ich wäre lieber in meiner beschissenen Wohnung zu Hause. Ich habe das Gefühl, dass ich nur ein Objekt bin, etwas aus einer von Lars' vielen Sammlungen hier. Ich dachte, ich könnte darüber hinwegkommen, aber es hat sich nichts geändert, ich fühle mich einfach nicht wie ich selbst."

"Dann komm mit uns nach Hause"

"Nein, nicht jetzt. Es ist Weihnachten, lass uns ein bisschen Spaß haben. Wir können das ein anderes Mal klären."

Sie fächelt sich die Tränen aus den Augen.

"Geh jetzt, bevor Lars merkt, dass wir beide fehlen"

Ich schließe die Tür, gehe zurück in den Raum mit dem Snookertisch und gieße mir einen Whisky ein. Ich bin mir sicher, dass Lars mir das eher verzeihen wird, als mich in seinem Badezimmer zu sehen, in seinem Haus, wie ich mit seiner Freundin Kokain schnupfe und Gott weiß was noch alles mache.

Ich kehre mit meinem Whisky in der Hand ins Wohnzimmer zurück. Lars sieht zu mir auf

"Ah, ich sehe, du hast noch mehr gutes Zeug gefunden, welches gefällt dir?"

"Das? Das ist ein Caol Ila Islay, ich liebe die Torfnoten, ich hoffe, es macht dir nichts aus, dass ich mich bedient habe."

"Nein, ganz und gar nicht, das ist eine gute Wahl. Jetzt komm und setz dich zu uns. Isis hat mir so gut die Zukunft vorausgesagt, mal sehen, ob sie mir auch alles über meine vergangenen Leben erzählen kann."

Ich lache und setze mich hin, während auch ich etwas zur Party beitragen will. Ich ziehe ein Stück schwarze Afghan heraus und rolle einen Joint, um ihn herumzureichen.

Der Kokainstoß, der Wein, der Whiskey und das Haschisch treffen genau ins Schwarze. Bald vergesse ich Angelas Drama und kuschle mich zu Melanie auf die Couch. Angela kommt etwa zehn Minuten später zurück, gibt vor, sich unwohl zu fühlen, geht ins Bett und wünscht uns allen eine schöne Nacht.

Der Rest von uns bleibt bis in die frühen Morgenstunden auf und Lars überlässt Melanie und mir das Gästezimmer zum Schlafen. Ollie und Isis ziehen sich schließlich in den Van zurück, um sich von all den Drogen und dem Alkohol zu erholen. Nachdem alle verschwunden waren, waren nur noch Lars und ich wach. Wir gingen in seinen Billardraum, um eine Zigarre zu rauchen, ein bisschen Koks schnupfen und natürlich mehr Whisky zu trinken. Bei ein paar Runden Miniatur-Snooker schüttete Lars mir sein Herz aus.

Angela wirkt distanziert, nicht mehr verliebt. Manchmal will sie ihn nicht einmal berühren oder küssen. Er hat Angst, dass sie auf einen anderen steht. Er erzählt immer wieder, wie viel Mühe er sich für diesen Abend gegeben hat und dass er ihre Freunde eingeladen hat, in der Hoffnung, dass sie das aufmuntern würde, aber es scheint, als ob sie es kaum bemerkt hat.

Ich habe ihn gefragt, ob er weiß, dass ihr Vater sie vergewaltigt und sie gezwungen hat, mit seinen Freunden Sex zu haben, als sie jünger war. Von den Schwangerschaften usw. Er schüttelte schockiert den Kopf.

"Alter, ich meine, ja, ich wusste, dass er sie belästigt hat, aber das, das ist eine ganz andere Ebene. Das ist entsetzlich."

"Ja, Lars, ich glaube, deshalb ist sie so distanziert zu dir, weil sie das Gefühl hat, dass sie mit dir nicht über diese Dinge reden kann."

"Warum weißt du so viel, Tommy?"

"Ich lebe mit ihr zusammen, wir sind befreundet, sie kann mit mir reden und ich höre zu, ich wurde als Kind auch von meinen Eltern missbraucht, also kann ich mich in sie hineinversetzen."

"Was ist passiert, Tommy?"

"Nun, zunächst einmal hat mich mein Stiefvater auch vergewaltigt, als ich ein kleines Kind war. Bis ich ungefähr sechs Jahre alt war."

"Oh, Gott, dieses Gespräch wurde superschnell dunkel. Nichts für ungut, Tommy, aber es ist wirklich spät und ich sollte jetzt ins Bett gehen. Vielleicht können wir ein andermal reden, aber ganz ehrlich, dass hier, du, Angela, Vergewaltigung, Missbrauch, das kann ich einfach nicht ertragen. Das ist zu viel für mich."

"Lars, ich glaube, genau das ist der Punkt, den Angela dir sagen will. Sie hat das Gefühl, dass sie in deiner Nähe nicht sie selbst sein kann, weil du sie nur so sehen willst, wie du sie sehen willst und nicht so, wie sie ist. Sie ist ein Vergewaltigungsopfer und zwar ein sehr geschädigtes."

"Ja, aber wie ich schon sagte, das ist im Moment zu viel für mich." Er holt eine kleine Tüte aus seiner Jeans. "Hier, noch etwas Kokain und bediene dich gerne am Whisky, wenn du willst, aber ich fürchte, ich gehe jetzt ins Bett. Wir sehen uns später."

"Ok Lars, schlaf gut und danke nochmal für die Party, ich hatte viel Spaß und ich bin sicher, alle anderen auch. Ich bin mir sicher, ihr werdet das schon hinkriegen."

Lars stolpert zu mir rüber und umarmt mich erwartungsvoll. Ich fühle Nässe auf meinem T-Shirt und schaue nach unten. Der große Macho weint.

"Es tut mir leid, ich bin einfach so überfordert, ich weiß nicht, wie ich ihr helfen soll."

"Sie will keine Hilfe, Lars, sie will nur, dass du zuhörst."

"Ich werde es versuchen."

"Gut."

"Gute Nacht, Tommy."

"Gute Nacht Lars."

Er löst sich aus meiner Umarmung und dreht sich schnell zur Tür, damit ich seine Tränen nicht sehen kann. Er schließt die Tür hinter sich und ich beginne, meine Zigarre wieder anzuzünden.

Ich verbringe die kalten Morgenstunden damit, mit meinen nackten Füßen durch seinen Garten und auf seiner Veranda im Schnee herumzulaufen. Ich habe diese Tageszeit immer geliebt, wenn alle anderen noch schlafen. Es ist beruhigend für meinen Geist und meine Seele. Um neun Uhr morgens kann ich es nicht mehr aushalten und rolle mich leise neben einer schnarchenden Melanie zusammen, um in die Höhle des Sandmann zu driften.

Als ich wieder aufwache, ist es dunkel, ich bin desorientiert und verwirrt. Ollie und Isis sind schon weg. Melanie spricht mit Lars im Wohnzimmer und Angela ist nirgends zu sehen.

Melanie sieht zu mir auf.

"Hey Schlafmütze, wie geht's dem Kater?"

"Dem Kater geht es gut, mir nicht so sehr."

Wir lachen alle.

Lars bietet uns an, uns zurück zu unserer Wohnung zu fahren und wir nehmen das Angebot gerne an. Als wir zu Hause ankommen, gibt es ein einfaches Abendessen mit Spaghetti, Tomatensoße und Käse, um den Kater zu vertreiben, und zum Nachtisch einen Wodka. Lars hatte mir eine verpackte Flasche geschenkt, die ich noch nicht geöffnet habe. Ich dachte mir, sie ist teuer, also mache ich sie lieber auf, wenn ich nüchtern genug bin, um sie zu genießen. Schade, dass ich nichts für Lars mitgebracht habe. Ich hatte nicht damit gerechnet, dass das hier eine Art Geschenkaktion wird, aber ich werde ihm etwas Nettes

schenken und vielleicht versuchen, seine Freundin in Zukunft nicht mehr zu ficken. Ich habe ein schlechtes Gewissen, aber ich konnte einfach nicht anders. Ich dachte wirklich, Angela wäre kurz davor, Lars zu verlassen, als das passierte. Scheiß drauf, ich kann genauso gut zugeben, dass ich eine Hure bin. Du solltest mich nicht die ganze Nacht mit einer schönen blonden Frau allein lassen. Das ist einfach eine schlechte Idee.

Melanie und ich duschen lange und ausgiebig. Eins führt zum anderen und schon bald lieben wir uns auf jeder Oberfläche und in jedem Zimmer des Hauses. Wir klettern auf das kleine ausklappbare Sofa im Wohnzimmer und schalten den Fernseher ein. Bald schlafen wir beide wieder in liebevoller Umarmung ein.

Ein paar Tage später beschlossen Angela und Lars, nach Mallorca zu fliegen, um an ihrer Beziehung zu arbeiten. Ich persönlich hielt das für eine sehr dumme Idee. Alles war zum Scheitern verurteilt, es sei denn, Lars beschloss, seine Angst und vielleicht auch seinen Stolz zu überwinden und zu akzeptieren, dass die Liebe seines Lebens in ihrer gesamten Kindheit vergewaltigt worden war. Damit musste er irgendwie klarkommen.

Schreckliche Gedanken begannen seinen Verstand zu trüben. Er würde damit leben müssen, dass es keinen Schwiegervater oder keine Schwiegermutter geben würde, keine aufeinanderfolgenden Familientreffen mit einem gebratenen toten Vogel zu Weihnachten und nicht zuletzt jedes Mal, wenn er und Angela Sex hatten, den nagenden Gedanken im Hinterkopf haben, dass ihr eigener Vater bereits in ihr gewesen war und sie sogar geschwängert hatte.

Lars wird mit furchtbaren Unsicherheiten konfrontiert werden. So etwas wie "Vielleicht war Angela eine Schlampe? Immerhin war sie mit ihm zusammen, einem Mann, der leicht ihr Vater sein könnte. Vielleicht fragte er sich, ob sie nicht nur darauf wartete, dass er um ihre Hand anhielt, nur um sich dann von ihm scheiden zu lassen und ihn auf die Hälfte seines Vermögens zu verklagen?"

Die Saat des Zweifels war aufgegangen.

Mit ihr allein in einem schicken Haus zu sein, viel zu trinken und haufenweise Drogen zu nehmen, schien seine Ängste nur noch zu verstärken. Es schien ihm, als wolle Angela nur dann in seiner Nähe sein, geschweige denn Sex haben, wenn sie völlig high von einem Drogencocktail war. Nur dann schien sie wirklich glücklich zu sein. Ihm kam nicht in den Sinn, dass der Kern des Problems darin lag, dass vielleicht er es war, der nicht aufgeschlossen war. Er war es, der sie für ein Problem verurteilte, über das sie weder die Kontrolle hatte noch etwas zu sagen hatte. Angela wollte, dass er sich einfach hinsetzt und ihr zuhört, so wie ich es getan hatte. Damit alles offengelegt werden konnte und sie ihre traumatischen Erfahrungen in dieser Beziehung nicht allein tragen musste.

Ich wusste, dass Angela Lars sehr liebte. Sie kümmerte sich nicht um sein Geld. Sie sagte mir und ihm mehrmals, dass sie mit ihm in einer Hütte im Wald glücklich wäre, denn abgesehen von seiner Eitelkeit war Lars ein absolut liebenswerter Kerl, mit dem man zusammen sein konnte. Er sah gut aus, war witzig, intellektuell, albern und ein guter Zuhörer... Außer wenn

es um das Thema ging, dass ein bestimmter Vater die Liebe seines Lebens vergewaltigt und geschwängert hatte. Das wollte er auf gar keinen Fall ansprechen.

Meiner Meinung nach war der wahre Grund, warum er es nicht wissen wollte, dass er Angst hatte, seine sexuelle Anziehung zu ihr zu verlieren. Dass er sich ständig vorstellen würde, wie ihr Vater mit ihrem Sex hat, und dass ihn das anekeln und er sie schließlich für etwas hassen würde, worauf sie keinen Einfluss hatte. Ich verstand ihn nur zu gut. Damals im Internat hatte ich einem Mädchen gestanden, dass ich sowohl von meiner Mutter als auch von meinem Stiefvater vergewaltigt worden war. Sie brach unser Date sofort ab und verachtete mich. Sie sagte mir, dass ich nicht nur ein echter Mutterficker sei, sondern auch ein echter Vaterficker. Sie fragte, ob ich auch meine Geschwister ficken wolle. Ich sage dir, manche Leute sind einfach krank im Kopf, da kann man nichts machen.

Lars, wenn ich du wäre, würde ich aufhören, Angela Drogen zu kaufen. Stattdessen, eine Flasche Rotwein besorgen, sie in den Arm nehmen und sie die ganze Nacht mit dir reden lassen. Wenn sie mit dem Reden fertig ist, nimmst du die Informationen, packst sie in eine kleine Schachtel in deinem Kopf, schließt sie ab und wirfst den Schlüssel weg.

Von da an konzentrierst du dich jedes Mal, wenn du mit ihr schläfst, auf sie. Ihr schönes Gesicht, ihren Körper, ihre Bedürfnisse und ihre Seele. Was auch immer davor passiert ist, gehört der Vergangenheit an. Es gibt keinen Grund, dich oder sie für etwas zu bestrafen, auf das du keinen Einfluss hast. Und stemple sie wenigstens nicht als Schlampe ab, nur weil ihr Vater sie missbraucht hat. Kein Kind, egal wie knapp die Kleidung ist oder wie sehr es mit einem Erwachsenen flirtet, hat eine solche Behandlung verdient. Sonst könnten wir alle wieder mit Steinen nach Frauen werfen und Teenager-Mädchen von Kopf bis Fuß verhüllen, nur weil bestimmte Männer ihren Drang, alles zu ficken, was ein Loch hat, nicht kontrollieren können. Angela ist ohne Zweifel, vor allem nach dem, was sie durchgemacht hat, einer der nettesten Menschen auf diesem Planeten. Es ist deine Entscheidung, Kumpel. Wirst du deinen Stolz und deine Angst herunterschlucken oder wirst du dich von ihr auffressen lassen?

Ollie, Isis, Melanie und ich hatten ein wundervolles Treffen bei Ollie zu Silvester. Es war das erste Mal seit Wolfgangs Tod, dass ich wieder dort war. Es kostete mich all meinen Mut, auf den Balkon zu gehen, aber nach mehreren Runden Haschisch, Bier und Schnaps war ich wieder in meinem Element und Wolfgang schien nur noch ein entfernter Albtraum zu sein, den ich vor langer Zeit hatte.

Ollie und ich haben die Nacht und die frühen Morgenstunden des ersten Januars damit verbracht, die Punkte bei Super Nintendo zu sammeln. Mario Bros, Duck Hunter und Mortal Combat. Die Mädchen hatten weniger Lust zu spielen und saßen sich lieber am Esstisch gegenüber und tranken eine Flasche Wein nach der anderen. Ab und zu kamen sie zum Zuschauen rüber. Vor allem, wenn einer von uns einen lauten Siegeschrei von sich gab oder in meinem Fall eine Niederlage. Ich war im Vergleich dazu ein miserablen Gamer. Schließlich besaß ich keine Konsole und Ollie spielte jeden Tag. Das brachte Ollie auf eine Idee. Er kam mit einer Plastiktüte aus seinem Schlafzimmer zurück. Darin befanden sich sein älteres Nintendo NES mit zwei Controllern und eine Super Mario-Kassette. Jetzt konnte ich auf Angelas kleinem Fernseher zu Hause spielen. Mein Herz flatterte vor Aufregung und ich

schrie und umarmte Ollie ausgiebig, um ihm für das wunderbare Geschenk zu danken. Vielleicht habe ich ihn sogar auf die Wange geküsst. Ollie lachte. Leise deutete er mir an, dass er vorhatte, Isis ausgiebig auf jeder Oberfläche seiner Wohnung zu ficken. Wenn wir wollten, könnten wir bleiben und zusehen, aber es würde unangenehm werden. Ich lehnte höflich ab und fragte Isis, ob sie so nett sein könnte, ein Taxi zu rufen. Isis war mehr als glücklich, ein Taxi für Melanie und mich zu organisieren. Wir verabschiedeten uns und stiegen in das Taxi nach Hause. In der Wohnung angekommen, schloss ich schnell den Nintendo an den Fernseher an und wir beide spielten ein paar Runden, bis wir der Lust auf mehr körperliche Erregung erlagen.

Keiner von uns hörte etwas von Angela, bis die Schule wieder anfing und Melanie ihr begegnete. Angela wirkte unhöflich und distanziert. Melanie kam weinend nach Hause und fragte sich, warum Angela ihr gegenüber so feindselig war. Ich wusste warum, aber bevor ich ein verdammtes Wort gesagt hätte, wäre die Hölle zugefroren.

Die Tristesse des Januars ist über Deutschland hinweggefegt, aber in gewisser Hinsicht war es schön. Melanie und ich hatten nach der Schule viel zu tun. Ich kochte, putzte, sorgte dafür, dass die Wäsche gewaschen wurde und arbeitete an meinen Schreib- und Kunstfertigkeiten. Angela lebte immer noch als Dauergast bei Lars. Gegen Ende Januar kam sie an einem Montagmorgen spontan in der Wohnung vorbei. Melanie war in der Schule und Lars arbeitete in seiner Praxis. Ich war wirklich froh, sie endlich wiederzusehen, und entmutigt, sie so zu sehen. Sie wirkte sehr abgemagert, hatte dunkle Ringe unter den Augen und war, gelinde gesagt, sehr bedrückt. Sie weinte den ganzen Morgen und redete ununterbrochen mit mir darüber, wie unglücklich sie ist und dass sie mit Lars Schluss machen will. Sie konnte sich einfach nicht dazu durchringen, weil sie Angst hatte, ihm das Herz zu brechen oder dass er sogar gewalttätig werden und ihr vielleicht wehtun würde. Sie hatte das Gefühl, dass sie ihm etwas schuldete, weil er ihr so viel Geld, einen teuren Lebensstil und Reisen ermöglichte. Er verwöhnte sie so gut und sie wollte nicht wie ein undankbarer Mensch erscheinen. Ich nahm sie in den Arm und versuchte, sie zu beruhigen. Eins führte zum anderen und wie ich schon sagte, konnte ich ihr keinen Wunsch abschlagen und wir liebten uns schließlich wieder. Sie schien danach besser gelaunt zu sein, aber ich sagte ihr, dass wir so nicht weitermachen können. Sie wird Melanie als Freundin verlieren, ganz zu schweigen davon, was Lars mit uns beiden machen würde, wenn er es herausfindet. Ich habe versehentlich den Dreck, den Digger über Lars erzählt hat, Angela erzählt.

Angela wurde sehr wütend und fragte mich, wie lange ich schon von Lars' geheimem Leben wusste. Ich erzählte ihr, dass ich schon seit November einen Verdacht gegen ihn hegte, aber ich hatte keine Gelegenheit, es ihr zu sagen, weil wir jedes Mal, wenn wir alleine waren, so intensive Momente hatten und es nie der richtige Zeitpunkt zu sein schien. Ich gestand ihr, dass der Grund, warum ich von all den Dingen wusste, die Lars unter der Hand machte, war das auch ich, ihr gegenüber nicht ganz ehrlich war. Ich erklärte ihr das Problem das ich hatte. Nach Wolfgangs Tod musste ich Ollies Drogen loswerden. Ich habe versucht, ihn vor dem Gefängnis zu bewahren.

Schließlich erzählte ich ihr die ganze Geschichte. Sie hatte es verdient, dass wenigstens ein Mann in ihrem Leben endlich ganz ehrlich zu ihr war. Sie saß schweigend da, hörte sich jedes Wort an, das ich sagte und stand dann leise auf und verließ einfach die Wohnung.

Neun ganze elende und paranoide Tage vergingen, bevor ich sie wieder sah. Ich hatte solche Angst, dass sie Lars erzählen würde, dass ich ihn verpiffen hatte. Ich hatte Angst, dass sie ihm ins Gesicht sagen würde, dass sie direkt vor seiner Nase eine Affäre mit mir hatte. Wir hatten uns sogar in seinem Badezimmer geküsst.

Ich versuchte, lässig zu bleiben und Melanie meine Ängste nicht spüren zu lassen. Wenn es zu einem Showdown kommen sollte, war ich bereit. Ich hatte schon einen Mann getötet, der viel größer war als Lars, und egal wo ich hinging, trug immer noch mein bewährtes Butterfly-Messer bei mir. Lars würde mir nichts antun, ohne selbst dabei schwer verletzt zu werden. Wenn Lars Angela auch nur ein Haar krümmen würde, würde ich ihm den Garaus machen. Melanie erzählte mir, dass ihr aufgefallen war, dass Angela gar nicht mehr in der Schule auftauchte. Es war an der Zeit, meine Ängste beiseite zu schieben und erwachsen zu werden, ein echter Freund zu sein und sich später um die Konsequenzen zu kümmern.

Ich konnte meinen Instinkt, dass mit Angela etwas nicht stimmte, nicht mehr ignorieren. An diesem Freitagmorgen rief ich Lars in seiner Praxis an. Er war so freundlich wie immer. Nichts in seiner Stimme deutete darauf hin, dass er mir auf der Spur war. Gut! Ich fragte Lars, warum Angela nicht in der Schule gesehen wurde, und er wich immer wieder aus und blieb vage. Ich wurde wütend auf ihn und er vertraute mir schließlich an, dass sie tatsächlich die Schule geschwänzt hatte. Sie blieb jede Nacht wach, hörte laute Musik, trank und nahm Molly oder Kokain.

Sie hatte seinen Wohnbereich in ein riesiges Durcheinander aus Farbe und Malutensilien auf den Tischen und dem Boden verwandelt. Sie malte ununterbrochen und hatte sogar ein Wandgemälde auf seine Wände gemalt. Seiner Meinung nach war sie wenigstens wieder zärtlich zu ihm. Sie wollte Sex Kunst machen, wie sie es nannte, und ihn von Kopf bis Fuß mit verschiedenen Farben bedecken und ihn dann auf einer riesigen Leinwand mitten auf dem Fliesenboden des Foyers ficken. Sein Haus war ein einziges Chaos, aber er war glücklich damit. Was soll's, wenn sie nicht mehr zur Schule ging. Er war reich, er konnte sie unterstützen. Ich wurde richtig wütend und sagte ihm, dass er es ihr ermöglicht, ihr Leben zu ruinieren. Sie kann nicht ihr Leben in Abhängigkeit von ihm verbringen. Sie war so weit gekommen und hatte so viel durchgemacht, sie musste zurück zur Schule gehen und das durchziehen.

Lars fing an, mich zu beleidigen. Er sagte mir, ich sei selbstgerecht und solle die Klappe halten. Ich würde auch nichts aus meinem Leben machen. Ich sei nur ein Schmarotzer, der umsonst im Haus seiner Freundin lebt. Wie kann ich es wagen, ihn so zu beleidigen? Er sagte, ich solle nicht mehr vor seiner Haustür auftauchen oder ihn anrufen und mich von Angela fernhalten. Er legte auf, bevor ich etwas sagen konnte. Ich war außer mir vor Wut. Okay Lars, das bedeutet Krieg! Du wirst Angela nicht zu deinem kleinen Junkie, deiner Fickmarionette und deiner Trophäenfrau machen!

Das Wochenende kam und ging. Montag und Dienstag auch. Um neun Uhr am Mittwochmorgen reicht es mir, ich muss direkt mit Angela sprechen und herausfinden, ob es ihr gut geht. Ich bin krank vor Sorge. Wütend rufe ich von einem Münztelefon aus Lars' Privatnummer an. Ich hoffe, dass Angela abnimmt und bin fest entschlossen, das Telefon so lange klingeln zu lassen, bis sie es endlich tut. Wenn sie nicht abnimmt, fahre ich zu dem

verdammten Haus. Damit ist jetzt Schluss! Ich gehe davon aus, dass Lars auf der Arbeit ist und Angela alleine ist. Stattdessen hebt er den Hörer ab.

"Hey, Lars! Warum bist du nicht bei der Arbeit? Warum lässt du Angela die Schule schwänzen? Sie ist geistig noch ein Kind! Du bist ein Arzt und hast die Verantwortung, dich um sie zu kümmern! Du kannst nicht einfach deine Freunde ausschließen und die Tatsache ignorieren, dass das, was ihr beide tut, total verkorkst ist.

murmelt Lars, völlig high und betrunken.

"Tommy, bist du das? Halt die Klappe, warum rufst du an? Ich dachte, ich hätte dir gesagt, dass du mich nie wieder anrufen sollst! Hör auf, dich in unser Leben einzumischen, es ist in Ordnung. Ich habe die Situation unter Kontrolle!

"Lars! Wie spät ist es?"

"Warum, ähm, es muss doch mindestens, ich weiß nicht, 18 Uhr sein?"

"Nein! Es ist erst kurz nach neun Uhr morgens! Bitte sag mir nicht, dass du die ganze Nacht mit Angela gekokst hast und vergessen hast, zur Arbeit zu gehen!"

"Fick dich, Tommy! Was glaubst du, wer du bist? Vielleicht bin ich ein bisschen betrunken und high, aber es ist fiiiiin! Tommy, ich habe es dir gesagt! Ich habe die Situation unter Kontrolle!"

"Nein, das bist du nicht, Lars! Du bist verdammt betrunken und high, du bist ein Arzt, verdammt noch mal. Angela muss zur Schule gehen, Lars! Sie braucht das! Du benimmst dich wie ein verdammter verwöhnter Teenager. Komm schon, Lars! Es ist genug, schick Angela zu mir nach Hause, sie darf nicht weiter die Schule schwänzen, sonst bekommt sie Ärger!"

"Fick dich Tommy, ich bin vielleicht ein bisschen high, aber ich weiß, was los ist. Du willst sie einfach nur ficken, Tommy, du verdammter Verräter! Das ist es doch, oder? Du bist mein Freund, gibst mein Geld aus und fickst dann meine Freundin. Ich sollte dich umbringen."

Schreie im Hintergrund von Angela

"Fick dich Lars! Hör auf, eifersüchtig auf Tommy zu sein, was zum Teufel ist los mit dir? Du bist immer so verdammt paranoid! So verdammt paranoid, dass du ein kleines Kind umbringen willst, das halb so alt ist wie du! Werd erwachsen, Arschloch!"

Lars:

"Fick dich, du Schlampe, du willst nur meine Drogen, mein Geld, du machst immer jedem hübschen Kerl schöne Augen, ich kann dich nicht ausstehen, du verdammte Hure."



"Lars! Lars! Beruhige dich, verdammt noch mal. Du bist im Moment nicht du selbst. Ich bin's, Tommy! Kumpel, wir sind Freunde! Ich würde nie deine Freundin ficken! Beruhige dich, Mann, verdammt! Lass mich vorbeikommen und Angela nach Hause bringen, sie muss wirklich zur Schule gehen und du musst zurück zur verdammten Arbeit gehen, Lars. Ihr seid beide Gift füreinander, siehst du das nicht?"

Lars beginnt ins Telefon zu weinen

"Es tut mir leid, Tommy, ich kann nichts dafür, ich liebe Angela und ich würde mich umbringen, wenn sie mich verlässt! Es tut mir so leid, du hast recht, Tommy, ich bin wirklich im Arsch. Ich kann so nicht weitermachen!"

Lars hat weiterhin einen totalen Nervenzusammenbruch durch die Telefonzelle, während ich darum kämpfe, genug Münzen in der Telefonzelle zu haben, um die Verbindung aufrechtzuerhalten! "Lars! Kannst du mich zurückrufen? Ich habe fast keine Münzen mehr!"

"Was soll das bringen, Tommy?"

"Lars! Angela muss nach Hause kommen und ihr beide müsst euch eine Auszeit nehmen. Ich sage ja nicht, dass ihr euch trennen sollt. Nimm dir einfach eine Auszeit!"

"Ok Tommy, ich rufe dich zurück!"

Piep... Lars hat aufgelegt! Mist! Ich habe keine Münzen mehr! Ich hoffe, er schlägt Angela in seinem Rausch nicht zu Tode

Zum Glück klingelt das Münztelefon!

"Ja?"

"Hey, bist du es, Tommy?"

"Ja"

"Ok! Ich habe ein Taxi gerufen! Angela ist auf dem Weg zu dir nach Hause, zurück in ihre Wohnung! Tommy! Ich vertraue dir. Wir sind doch Freunde, oder? Bitte fick sie nicht, ich liebe sie!"

"Mensch, Alter, entspann dich, ich werde deine Freundin nicht ficken! Jetzt hör auf, paranoid zu sein und geh schlafen. Du bist ein Arzt, verdammt noch mal, und du musst zurück zur Arbeit und deinen Scheiß auf die Reihe kriegen."

"Ja, ich gehe morgen wieder zur Arbeit."

"Was auch immer, Alter! Bleib einfach cool, Mann. Wenn du geschlafen hast und so, treffen wir uns, ok?"

Lars fängt wieder an zu weinen

"Es tut mir leid, Tommy."

"Warum?"

"Es tut mir leid, dass ich mich so verhalten habe, du bist ein guter Kerl. Ich vertraue dir. Pass auf sie auf, ok?"

"Ok!"

Ich lege den Hörer auf und gehe zurück zu dem Gebäude, in dem ich wohne. Ich sitze draußen und rauche eine Zigarette nach der anderen, in der Hoffnung, dass Angela tatsächlich auftaucht, und das tut sie auch. Zu meiner Erleichterung hat Lars sie nicht verprügelt.

Sie steigt aus dem Taxi aus und stolpert sofort zu mir hinüber. Überschwänglich erklärt sie mir ihre Wut und dass sie ihn nie wieder sehen will. Sie stürmt an mir vorbei und lässt ihren Schlüssel fallen, als sie versucht, durch die Haustür zu kommen. Ich hebe den Schlüssel vom Boden auf und lasse sie herein. Ohne ein Wort rennt sie die Treppe hinauf und schlägt die Tür zu ihrem Schlafzimmer zu. Ich höre sie weinen, knirschen, schluchzen. Ich öffne die Tür, aber alles, was ich höre, ist: "Verpisst dich, ihr Männer wollt mich doch nur ficken, ihr Schweine!"

Ich gehe in die Küche und setze den Kessel für den Tee auf. Bis das Wasser kocht und ich etwas Kamille zubereitet habe, liegt Baby Angela in der Fötusstellung und ist bewusstlos. Sie ist tränenverschmiert und vollständig bekleidet.

Ich hebe ihre Beine bis zur Mitte des Bettes hoch und decke sie mit einer Decke zu. Eine halbe Stunde später prüfe ich ihren Puls und stelle sicher, dass sie noch atmet. Das tut sie. Ich habe meine Pflicht getan! Wenn sie bis morgen überlebt, werden wir weitersehen. Ich finde mich damit ab, den Tag auf dem Sofa zu verbringen. Ich habe auch die ganze Nacht nicht geschlafen, weil ich über den ganzen Scheiß nachgedacht habe und so rauche ich noch einen Joint und trinke ein bisschen zu viel Wodka, bevor ich ebenfalls einschlafe. "Hey, wenigstens ist sie wieder zu Hause! Immerhin habe ich etwas erreicht. Mit dem zweiten Joint brenne ich fast ein Loch in den Schaum unter der Bettwäsche, während ich einschlafe.

Zum Glück ging der Joint von alleine aus. Als ich aufwache, ist es schon später Nachmittag und Melanie ist wieder da. Ich erzähle ihr, was passiert ist und wir besprechen es ausführlich. Wir lassen das arme Mädchen so lange schlafen, wie sie will, während wir beide essen gehen und ein paar Bierchen trinken und die Gesellschaft des anderen genießen.

Gegen 21 Uhr kehren wir zurück. Angela wacht langsam auf und ist verwirrt, warum sie in ihrem eigenen Bett liegt und sich an nichts erinnern kann, was passiert ist. Ich versuche, es ihr zu erklären. Sie macht sich Sorgen, dass Lars sie hasst und will zurück zu ihm laufen, um sich mit ihm zu versöhnen. Ich bitte sie stattdessen, hier bei uns zu bleiben und sich etwas Zeit zu nehmen, um über alles nachzudenken. Vielleicht sogar wieder zur Schule zu gehen und ein paar nüchterne und normale Tage zu haben, bevor sie Lars wieder kontaktiert. Sie

lässt sich nicht überreden und stopft ein paar Klamotten in eine Plastiktüte, ruft ein Taxi und fährt zurück zu Lars. Melanie und ich sind verärgert über ihre Entscheidung, aber wir können sie ja nicht zwingen, oder? Wir beschließen, dass wir für heute alles für sie getan haben, was wir konnten, und nachdem Angela gegangen ist, gönnen wir uns ein schönes warmes Bad und gehen früh zu Bett.

Überraschenderweise erzählte mir Melanie am nächsten Nachmittag, als sie nach Hause kam, dass Angela tatsächlich in der Schule erschien. Das tat sie auch in der darauffolgenden Woche. Lars hatte sich endlich durchgesetzt, oder vielleicht hatte Angela erkannt, dass sie ihr Leben wieder in den Griff bekommen musste. Auf jeden Fall war ich erleichtert, dass es wenigstens einen kleinen Hoffnungsschimmer für die beiden gab.

Leider war es nur von kurzer Dauer und die Dinge fingen wieder an, wie früher. Lars wurde mir gegenüber immer feindseliger, Angela erschien nicht in der Schule, sie ging nicht ans Telefon. Ich versuchte, zu ihrem Haus zu gehen. Lars sah mich durch das Fenster kommen, kam nur in Unterwäsche heraus und griff mich in der Einfahrt körperlich an. Er schlug auf mich ein, bevor ich überhaupt etwas sagen konnte. Es war helllichter Tag, also bin ich einfach weggerannt. Ich brauchte keine Zeugen, wenn die Scheiße losging. Ollie kam an diesem Abend vorbei und ich erzählte ihm, was passiert war. Er sagte, ein Dealer, der mit Ephedrin und Fentanyl zu tun hat, habe erzählt, dass er sich vor ein paar Tagen mit Lars getroffen habe. Er sah aus wie ein verdammter Zombie. Ollie fragte mich, ob das wirklich wahr sein könnte. Ich rollte mit den Augen und bestätigte das Gerücht.

Ich musste mir einen Plan einfallen lassen, um Angela von ihm wegzubringen. Ich hatte mehr Geld, als Lars dachte. Ich konnte Angela abholen, während Lars auf der Arbeit war, und für sie ein billiges Motel mieten, wo er sie nicht finden würde. Ich bin sicher, Ollie würde mir helfen, ein Zimmer auf seinen Namen zu mieten. Das Problem war, dass Lars so sporadisch zur Arbeit ging, dass ich sein Haus überwachen musste. Er wohnte in einem Vorort mit privaten Sicherheitskameras an jeder Straßenecke. Es wäre fast unmöglich, lange in der Straße zu bleiben, bevor jemand die Polizei rufen würde.

Jeder Plan klang schrecklich. Ich überlegte, ob es nicht klüger wäre, Melanie oder Ollie um Hilfe zu bitten. Ich sprach mit Ollie. Er war der Meinung, dass Lars und Angela zwei erwachsene Menschen sind und wir uns nicht einmischen sollten. Lars wird auf Dauer nicht mit ihr mithalten können und irgendwann so genervt sein, dass er sie rausschmeißt, weil er sich dann zwischen seiner Karriere und ihr entscheiden muss. Er hatte Recht und es passierte schneller als erwartet.

Ende Februar hatte sich Lars tatsächlich sein eigenes Grab geschaufelt. All die drogengetriebenen Sexkapaden beeinträchtigten seine Fähigkeiten als Arzt. Sie hielt ihn die ganze Nacht wach, jede Nacht. Anfangs wäre es vielleicht noch machbar gewesen, aber es gab einen großen Unterschied. Angela konnte tagsüber schlafen, wenn Lars tatsächlich zur Arbeit ging. Aber er schlief wenig oder gar nicht. Angela war neunzehn Jahre alt, Lars war locker doppelt so alt. Er hat die ständige Bestrafung einfach nicht verkräftet. Nach einer durchzechten Nacht mit Angela, Drogen und Alkohol musste er nur noch zur Arbeit gehen. Und das jeden Tag. Er fing an, bei der Arbeit Fehler zu machen. Er verwechselte zwei Patienten mit ähnlichen Familiennamen und brachte einen von ihnen fast um. Ich weiß nicht genau, was schiefgelaufen ist, aber ich weiß, dass er Ende Februar eine Vereinbarung treffen

musste, dem Opfer eine ungenannte, aber sehr hohe Summe zu zahlen, damit er Lars nicht wegen Fahrlässigkeit verklagt. Das hat Lars und sein Portemonnaie wirklich gebrochen.

Am ersten Samstag im März 1996 kam er eines Abends in unsere Wohnung. Ich öffnete die Tür und er stand einfach da und weinte. Ich umarmte ihn und fragte ihn, ob er reinkommen wolle.

Er setzte sich auf das kleine ausziehbare Sofa und ich zündete ihm eine Zigarette an und gab sie ihm. Wir saßen da und er begann sich dafür zu entschuldigen, wie unsere letzte Konfrontation geendet hatte.

Lars' Problem war eigentlich ganz einfach. Er war zu sehr in Angela verliebt, als dass es für ihn gut gewesen wäre. Er konnte nicht nein sagen, weil er Angst hatte, sie zu verlieren. Ich habe mich in ihm getäuscht. Er wollte sie nicht in eine kleine Junkie-Trophäefrau verwandeln. Er wollte sie einfach nicht enttäuschen. Er dachte, wenn er sich darauf einließ, würde sie diesen Eskapaden Phase irgendwann abarbeiten. Es schien aber, als würde es ihn finanziell ruinieren und ihn möglicherweise aus Schlafmangel umbringen.

Er erzählte mir etwas, das auch mir aufgefallen war. So schön Angela auch von außen war, so sah man ihr an, dass etwas wirklich hässliches direkt unter ihrem Augenhorizont lag. Manchmal konnte man es sehen, wenn man sie unvorbereitet erwischte, wenn sie nicht lächelte, scherzte oder sorglos war. Eine tiefe Traurigkeit und Angst, die sie mit Ausgelassenheit, Lachen, Kunst, Alkohol und Kokain zu überdecken versuchte. Das war nicht etwas, das von alleine wieder verschwinden würde. Sie brauchte eine Therapie, Stabilität und Menschen, die sie im Zaum hielten und die Nein zu ihr sagen konnten.

Ich war froh, dass Lars zur Vernunft gekommen war. Sie musste zurück nach Hause kommen. Hierher, damit sie wieder zur Schule gehen und ihren Abitur-Abschluss nachholen konnte, mit dem sie schon ein Jahr im Rückstand war. Lars würde sich bessern und versuchen, in ihrer Beziehung fester zu werden. Angela würde ausziehen müssen. Lars würde sie aus seinem Haus schmeißen müssen. Wenn sie ihn dafür hasste, war das der Preis, den er dafür zahlen musste. Melanie und ich würden viel zu tun haben und auch ich würde gezwungen sein, meinen Lebensstil zu ändern. Es ging um Angelas Wohlbefinden. Von nun an würden wir alle Opfer bringen müssen.

## Kapitel 23

### Die blauen Flecken, die verbinden

Sonntagnachmittag, 3 März 1996, kam eine ruhige und überraschend freundliche Angela mit dem Taxi zu uns nach Hause. Sechs Wochen waren vergangen, seit ich sie gesehen hatte. Melanie war noch bei ihren Eltern und ich war allein. Ich hörte sie zur Haustür hereinkommen und lief hinaus, um sie zu begrüßen. Sie war allein. Ein paar Kunstsachen in Plastiktüten und Leinwände klemmten unter ihren Armen. Ich half ihr eilig, die Sachen ins Haus zu tragen und ging in die Küche, um uns Kaffee zu machen. Als ich mich umdrehe, steht sie da mit schüchtern ausgestreckten Armen.

"Tut mir leid, aber könntest du mich umarmen?"

Ich umarme sie so fest, wie ich nur kann. Wir stehen viele Minuten lang in einer Umarmung und bleiben so, lange nachdem der Kaffee fertiggekocht ist. Ich breche die Umarmung ab, um sie vom Herd zu nehmen, bevor sie rot zu glühen beginnt. Ich muss dem Drang widerstehen, sie zu küssen, und suche stattdessen Zucker und zwei saubere Tassen, in die ich die schwarze Flüssigkeit gießen kann.

Wir sitzen schweigend in der Küche und nippen an unserem Kaffee. Schließlich unterbricht sie.

"Tommy, liebst du mich?"

"Natürlich liebe ich dich, was ist das denn für eine Frage?"

"Liebst du Melanie?"

"Ja, sehr sogar. Ich liebe euch beide."

"Oh"

"So, das war's dann wohl, hast du Melanie erzählt, dass wir uns geliebt haben?"

"Nein, natürlich nicht. Hast du es Lars erzählt?"

"Ja, das habe ich."

"Oh, Scheiße. Wann?"

"Heute, kurz bevor ich hierherkam. Ich wollte sichergehen, dass ich nie wieder zu ihm zurückkehre."

"Wie hat er reagiert?"

"Er zertrümmerte einen Haufen Sachen, brüllte, schrie und brach weinend im Foyer zusammen."

"Verständlich."

"Er könnte versuchen, dich zu töten, Tommy."

"Ja, verständlich, warum hast du es ihm gesagt?"

"Er war so belehrend und wie ein Vater. Er sagte mir, ich solle mich bessern und war ganz arrogant. Ich habe ihm gesagt, dass er so ein Heuchler ist. Ich sagte ihm, dass ich weiß, dass er verschreibungspflichtige Medikamente auf dem Schwarzmarkt verkauft und mit Drogen handelt. Ich sagte ihm, dass ich von den Prostituierten und Digger und all dem weiß. Ich hatte es satt, dass er mit mir wie mit einem Kind sprach, mich nicht respektierte und nicht ehrlich war. Wie kann ich mit einem Mann zusammen sein, der nichts über meine Vergangenheit wissen will und mich ständig anlügt, was er tut und wer er ist?"

"Er hat mich gefragt, woher ich all das Zeug über das Fentanyl weiß. Ich habe ihm gesagt, dass du es mir erzählt hast. Ich habe ihm die ganze Geschichte von der Nacht erzählt, in der wir zusammen waren. Wie ich wieder meine Krämpfe bekam und wie du mir geholfen hast. Lars hatte gar nicht bemerkt, dass ich seit Monaten keine Krämpfe mehr hatte. Das ist ein perfektes Beispiel dafür, wie wenig er eigentlich über mich weiß. Letztes Jahr, als ich bei ihm noch Krämpfe hatte, hätte er mich einfach mit Schmerzmitteln beworfen und mich allein gelassen, um damit fertig zu werden. Du hast mich nicht alleingelassen Tommy, du hast mich berührt, dich um mich gekümmert und die Krämpfe irgendwie auf unerklärliche Weise verschwinden lassen. Du hast mir zugehört und mir geholfen, mich selbst zu heilen. Ich habe Lars gesagt, dass du für mich ein viel besserer Freund bist, als er es je sein könnte, weil du mir zuhörst und dich nicht dafür schämst, wer ich bin oder was ich durchmachen musste. Er war wütend und antwortete: "Wenn er so ein guter Freund ist, warum fickst du ihn dann nicht zusammen mit deinem Vater?"

"Das war's! Wie kann er es wagen, mir zu unterstellen, ich würde freiwillig meinen eigenen Vater ficken! Widerlich! Nach allem, was er mir angetan hat!" Sie beginnt vor Wut zu zittern. "Da habe ich ihm gesagt, dass wir Sex hatten. Um ihn noch wütender zu machen, habe ich ihm erzählt, dass du mich beim Weihnachtsessen in seinem Badezimmer gefickt hast, bevor du dich an seiner teuren Whiskeysammlung bedient hast. Er war so sehr in seinem Ego gefangen, dass er nicht merkte, was direkt vor seiner Nase passierte. Mann, war er wütend! Geschieht ihm recht, dem herablassenden Bastard."

"Ich verstehe, Angela, aber erstens haben wir nicht in seinem Haus gefickt und zweitens hast du mich in große Gefahr gebracht. Hättest du nicht einfach herkommen und ausziehen können, ohne alle Brücken abzubrennen und uns alle in große Gefahr zu bringen?"

"Es tut mir leid, Tommy, ich war so verdammt wütend auf diesen Bastard, ich bin so verdammt dumm, nicht wahr?"

"Nein, eigentlich ja, du warst verdammt dumm, aber jetzt ist es vorbei. Manchmal übermannen uns die Gefühle und wir schalten die rationalen Teile unseres Gehirns aus.

"Eigentlich glaube ich nicht, dass er hinter dir her sein wird, Tommy."

"Warum ist das so?"

"Er ist immer noch in mich verliebt. Ich habe ihm gesagt, wenn er dich jemals anrührt, werde ich der Polizei alles über seine schmutzigen Geschäfte erzählen. Vielleicht hängst du einfach nicht mehr in der Billardhalle ab und hältst dich von Digger fern. Tommy, er ist ein abgefuckter Typ."

Ich verlasse die Küche, um meine Gedanken zu sammeln und sage Angela, dass ich duschen werde. Ich fange an, mich auszuziehen und starre mein Gesicht lange und intensiv im Spiegel an. Worauf hast du dich da eingelassen, Tommy? Erinnerst du dich an das letzte Mal, als du dich in die Angelegenheiten eines anderen eingemischt hast? Wie ist das für dich ausgegangen? Idiot. Ich drehe das Wasser auf und lasse es über mein Gesicht laufen. Ich spüre, wie eine Hand meine Schulter berührt und drehe mich um. Angela steht völlig nackt da und fragt mich, ob ich ihr den Rücken waschen kann. Sie dreht sich um und ich sehe viele blaue Flecken auf ihrem Rücken. Einige davon sehen frisch aus, andere sehen viel älter aus. Lars hatte sie tatsächlich geschlagen. Ich schätze, das war ihre Art, es mir zu sagen.

Ich flüstere,

"Dieser verdammte Bastard. Ich sollte ihn umbringen"

"Schatz, bitte lass es einfach gut sein. Du musst es nicht noch schlimmer machen."

Tränen schießen mir in die Augen. "Wie kann dir jemand so etwas antun, zu irgendjemandem?"

Sie dreht sich zu mir und wir umarmen uns unter dem Wasserstrahl und ich schließe meine Augen. Ich spüre, wie sie meinen Hals küsst, meine Lippen, es ist so unpassend, aber ich kann nicht anders.

Ich reiße mich von ihr los und nehme etwas Duschgel in die Hand. Ich wasche ihre Schultern, ihre Brüste, ihre Beine und ihre Füße. Ich bete den Boden an, auf dem sie steht, und ich möchte denjenigen töten, der ihr etwas antun würde.

Sie ist an der Reihe, auch meinen Körper zu waschen. Bald siegt die Lust über die Logik und wir lieben uns unter dem fließenden Wasser.

Als wir fertig sind, sieht sie mich an.

"Wir müssen es Melanie sagen."

"Bitte nicht, Angela, es würde ihr das Herz brechen."

"Was soll ich also tun?" Sie lächelt süffisant: "Dich einfach mit ihr teilen?"

"Im Moment weiß ich nicht, welche andere Lösung es geben könnte, ich meine, ist es so schlimm? Melanie ist ein absoluter Schatz und sie hat es nicht verdient, dass wir ihr so das Herz brechen."

"Aber es ihr nicht zu sagen, ist auch falsch."

Ja, aber eine Brücke nach der anderen. Ich meine, du hast Lars erst vor ein paar Stunden verlassen, können wir um Himmels willen nicht alle Dramen am selben Tag haben?"

"Ich schätze, du hast recht."

Wir einigen uns darauf, das Thema zumindest vorerst auf Eis zu legen. Angela braucht Zeit, um sich einzuleben und ihr Schulleben wieder in den Griff zu bekommen. Mir ist klar, dass Melanie jeden Moment nach Hause kommen könnte, und ich lasse Angela schnell in der Dusche, damit sie sich abtrocknen und anziehen kann. Kaum habe ich meinen Gürtel fertig gemacht, kommt Melanie durch die Haustür.

"Hey Tommy."

"Hey Baby." Ich küsse sie sanft auf den Mund. "Rate mal, wer wieder zu Hause ist?"

"Angela?"

"Ja, sie ist aus dem Haus von Lars ausgezogen. Sie hatten einen heftigen Streit. Angela besteht darauf, dass es endlich vorbei ist."

Melanie sieht etwas nervös aus.

"Oh... Es ist schade..."

"Warum?"

Sie geht auf Zehenspitzen auf mich zu und flüstert mir ins Ohr.

"Ich trage kein Höschen. Ich wollte dich überraschen."

"Oh!!! Wow!!! Shiiiiit!!!" Ich flüstere: "Lass uns einfach warten, bis sie eingeschlafen ist."

Angela verbringt genug Zeit im Bad, um sich neu zu formieren und es so aussehen zu lassen, als hätte sie gerade unschuldig allein geduscht. Sie kommt mit einem Handtuch um den Kopf und ihrem Bademantel über dem Körper heraus. Oh Gott, verdammt, dieser verdammte Bademantel! Er ist zu freizügig. Angela winkt Melanie schüchtern zu, die sofort herbeieilt und sie fest umarmt und auf die Wange küsst. Ich gehe stattdessen in die Küche, um mir



einen Kaffee zu kochen und einen Joint zu drehen, während ich ihrem Gespräch aufmerksam zuhöre.

Melanie spricht so schnell, dass sie über ihre eigenen Worte stolpert.

"Ich bin so froh, dass du endlich zu Hause bist. Ich habe diesen Lars nie gemocht. Ich dachte immer, du könntest es besser." Melanie folgt Angela ins Schlafzimmer und sie plaudern über Männer, lästern über Lars. Meinen Namen wird auch erwähnt woraufhin sie beide kichern. Ich denke mir, es ist gut, dass sie ihren eigenen Funken wiedergefunden haben, am besten lassen wir die beiden erst einmal ihre Freundschaft neu ausrichten. Schließlich geht es am Ende des Tages nur um Sex. Das sollte nicht über Freundschaft entscheiden.

Meine Gedanken werden durch ein lautes Hämmern der Eingangstür unten unterbrochen. Das Klopfen sendet dröhnende Echos in den Flur, gefolgt von einer nur allzu erkennbaren Stimme.

"ANGELA, DU VERDAMMTE HURE!!! Komm raus und hol dir, was du verdienst!!! TOMMY!!! DU ARSCHLOCH!!! ICH HABE DIR GESAGT, DASS ICH DICH UMBRINGE, WENN DU MEINE FREUNDIN FICKST!!!

Zum Glück sind Angela und Melanie noch im Schlafzimmer. Ich hoffe, sie haben das nicht gehört!

Ich gehe nach draußen auf den Balkon und schließe die Glastür hinter mir.

"Hey Lars! Verpiss dich! Geh und such eine Frau in deinem Alter. Hör auf, Angela zu belästigen. Ich sollte dich fertigmachen für das, was du ihr angetan hast!"

"ICH HABE IHR NICHTS ANGETAN!"

"ACH JA, UND WAS IST MIT DEN BLAUEN FLECKEN AUF IHREM RÜCKEN? SIE HAT SIE MIR GEZEIGT!"

"WAS?"

"DIE BLAUEN FLECKEN, LARS!" Du hast sie verprügelt, oder? Und jetzt verpiss dich, bevor ich die Polizei rufe! Wenn du ihr oder einem von uns jemals wieder zu nahekommst, Sorge ich dafür, dass du nie wieder laufen kannst."

BULLSHIT!!! Du hast Angst vor mir, Tommy, deshalb stehst du auf dem Balkon, anstatt mir von Mann zu Mann gegenüber zu stehen!!!"

Das war's! Ich schnappe mir mein Schmetterlingsmesser vom Wohnzimmertisch, stürme durch die Wohnung, renne die Treppe hinunter und reiße die Haustür weit auf. Lars ist sehr betrunken und überrumpelt. Ich lasse ihm keine Sekunde Zeit zu reagieren und trete ihm mit der Ferse direkt in die Brust, gefolgt von einem zweiten Sprungtritt gegen den Kiefer. Als er weiter nach hinten taumelt, trete ich vor und schlage ihm mit meiner rechten Faust um das Fliegenmesser ins Gesicht und breche ihm die Nase auf. Ich schlage ihm mit der linken

Faust ein paar Mal in den Magen, bevor er schließlich auf dem Gehweg zusammenbricht. Ich schwinge mich hinter ihn, klappe mein Messer auf und stoße es an seinen Hals. Nicht genug, um die Haut zu durchbrechen, aber genug, um ihn zu Tode zu erschrecken. Ich packe ihn an den Haaren.

"Komm verdammt noch mal nie wieder hierher!!! Nicht mit Digger, nicht mit deinen Freunden, nichts. Ich will keinen verdamnten Ärger! Halt dich verdammt noch mal fern von uns! Deale mit deinen verdamnten Drogen oder was auch immer, aber wenn du Angela jemals wieder anfasst oder auch nur mit ihr sprichst, steckst du das nächste Mal ein Messer in deinen Hals! Hast du das verstanden, verdammt?"

"HAST DU DAS VERSTANDEN!!!?"

Er nickt.

Ich trete zurück und gebe ihm einen Tritt in den Hinterkopf. Er kippt um. Ich sehe auf und bemerke, dass Melanie und Angela von der Tür aus zusehen.

"Wie viel davon hast du gesehen?"

"Alles davon."

"Ah." Ich klappe mein Klappmesser zu und stecke es in meine Gesäßtasche.

"Melanie schaut auf das blutverschmierte Gesicht von Lars.

"Kommt er wieder in Ordnung?"

"Er ist ein Arzt, er wird es herausfinden."

Melanie ist sichtlich beunruhigt über das, was sie gesehen hat. "Es tut mir leid, verdammt! Das war zu viel für mich. Ich, ähm, ich werde jetzt gehen. Ich kann jetzt nicht hier sein.

Ich sehe Melanie an, Liebling, hör auf!

"NEIN TOMMY, ich kann das nicht mehr ertragen. Ständig die ganze Nacht aufbleiben, weinen, gegen Wände schlagen, Sachen zertrümmern, wenn du wütend wirst und jetzt kommt Lars vorbei und deine Lösung ist natürlich, was soll ich sonst erwarten? Gewalt! Du bist ein Psychopath, Tommy! Du brauchst Hilfe!"

Melanie geht zu Lars hinüber und hilft ihm, sich gegen die Hauswand zu lehnen. Er fragt sie, ob sie ihm eine Zigarette anzünden kann und sie tut es.

"Du musst mit dir ins Reine kommen, Tommy, so kann ich nicht mit dir zusammen sein. Du machst mir verdammt noch mal Angst! Angela, um Himmels willen, hol dem Mann Eis und ein Handtuch! Tommy, geh wieder rein! Ich will dich nicht mehr sehen!"

Angela unterbricht Melanies Geschrei, indem sie Melanie den Rücken zudreht, ihr Shirt hochhebt und ihr alle blauen Flecken zeigt.

"Tränen steigen Melanie in die Augen: "Oh mein Gott! Hat Tommy dir das angetan?"

Ich schreie Melanie zu "Das war Lars! Ist das nicht offensichtlich?".

Sie dreht sich wütend zu Lars um und schlägt ihm die Zigarette aus dem Mund.

"WIE KANNST DU ES WAGEN, DAS MEINEM FREUNDIN ANZUTUN, DU SCHWEIN?"

Lars fängt an zu weinen. "Es tut mir so leid. Ich wollte nie, dass es so endet. Ich weiß nicht, was in mich gefahren ist!"

"VERDAMMT RICHTIG, DASS ES DIR LEID TUT."

Sie packt Lars' Kinn und zwingt ihn, Angela anzuschauen.

"Schau dir diese schöne Frau an. SIEH SIE DIR AN!!! Du wirst sie nie wieder anfassen können! Ich habe auch Freunde, Lars. Weisst du, was Tommy mit dir grad gemacht hat? Meine Freunde werden zwanzigmal schlimmeres tun, wenn du ihr jemals wieder zu nahekommst, hast du das verstanden? Und jetzt verpiss dich!

Lars schaut zu Angela auf

"Es tut mir so unendlich leid! Kannst du mir jemals verzeihen?"

Angela beginnt zu weinen und wischt sich die Tränen aus den Augen.

"Nein! Bitte geh einfach!"

Er dreht sich um und taumelt den Bürgersteig hinunter, wobei er sich die Brust hält. Wir stehen alle ungläubig da und zünden uns Zigaretten an, während der Mann um eine Ecke biegt und für immer verschwindet. Es ist wirklich eine Schande. Abgesehen davon, dass er am Ende durchdrehte, begann ich den Mann fast zu mögen. In gewisser Weise tat er mir leid. Ich fragte mich, wie ich reagieren würde, wenn Melanie mir sagen würde, dass sie mich betrügt...

...nun, ich würde sie sicherlich nicht schlagen. Vielleicht ein paar Sachen zerschlagen, aber körperliche Gewalt? Ich wusste nur zu gut, wie sich das anfühlt. Ich könnte einem anderen Menschen niemals das antun, was mein Vater mir angetan hat... Zumindest nicht ohne einen verdammt guten Grund.

Melanie sieht mich an.

"Es tut mir leid, dass ich an dir gezweifelt habe, Tommy. Du bist verdammt verrückt, aber auf eine gute Art und Weise."

Sie kommt zu mir herüber und küsst mich auf die Wange. Ich sehe Angela an, die immer noch weint und ihr Gesicht in den Händen hält.

Ich wende mich an Melanie.

"Bringen wir das arme Mädchen rein und machen ihr einen Joint und einen Tee.

Melanie geht zu Angela hinüber und umarmt sie. Arm in Arm steigen sie die Treppe hinauf und gehen ins Wohnzimmer. Ich schließe die Haustür ab, falls Lars zurückkommen will.

Nach dem Tee und ein paar Joints hat sich die Stimmung ein wenig entspannt. Wir schauen Otto beim Blödeln im Fernsehen zu und um Mitternacht sind wir alle drei auf der Couch eingeschlafen. Es ist später Morgen, als ich aufwache und Angela und Melanie haben sich pflichtbewusst rausgeschlichen, um zur Schule zu gehen. Ich habe so einen tiefen Schlaf, denke ich mir. Wenn mich jemand umbringen wollte, würde ich sicher tot aufwachen.

Meine größte Sorge in den folgenden Wochen war es, dafür zu sorgen, dass Angela in der Schule bleibt und sie zumindest an Schultagen vom harten Alkohol fernhält. Es ist gut, dass Melanie hier ist, um mir zu helfen. Ich bin selbst ziemlich labil und nicht in der Lage, früh aufzustehen, geschweige denn, mich um eine grenzwertige Kokainsüchtige zu kümmern. Für mich wird es wahrscheinlich genauso schwierig sein, clean zu werden wie für Angela. Melanie wurde in den kommenden Wochen zu unserer Mutterhenne. Sie bestand auch darauf, dass ich jeden Morgen mit ihnen aufwachte und mit ihnen frühstückte, bevor sie losgingen. Ich habe meinen Teil dazu beigetragen, meine Gefühlsausbrüche unter Kontrolle zu halten, und dass ich keinen Alkohol mehr trinke, hat mir dabei sehr geholfen. Tagsüber, wenn ich alleine war, arbeitete ich an meiner Kunst und meinen Schreibfähigkeiten. Ich bin sogar joggen gegangen, anstatt mich zuzudröhnen und den ganzen Tag fernzusehen.

Abends beschränkte ich mich auf maximal zwei Bier und ein paar Joints. Melanie schüttete unsere Sammlung von hartem Alkohol in den Abfluss. Von nun an sollte das Leben ein bisschen sauberer werden. Ehrlich gesagt, war ich zu dem Zeitpunkt schon ein verdammter Alkoholiker. Es hat mir gutgetan, mit dem harten Zeug aufzuhören und mich zu zwingen, mich um die Menschen zu kümmern, die ich liebte, und mich um mich selbst zu kümmern.

Schau dich an, Tommy! Endlich trägst du als 15-jähriger Teenager Verantwortung. Ich helfe im Haus, koche, putze und mache die Wäsche. Ich bin froh, dass ich im Moment nicht obdachlos bin. Ich bin froh, wieder eine kleine Familie zu haben. Ich habe alles getan, was die beiden von mir verlangt haben, um meine Dankbarkeit zu zeigen. Ich liebe Angela wirklich. Und Melanie liebe ich genauso sehr. Wie lange kann ich so weitermachen?

Ich brauchte eine Beschäftigung. Etwas, das mich aus dem Haus bringt. Schließlich gab ich nach und sagte Ollie, dass ich wieder mit dem Dealen anfangen wollte. Ihm gefiel die Idee nicht und er hielt es für klüger, sich noch ein halbes Jahr zurückzuhalten, bis ich sechzehn wurde. Er war besorgt, dass ich, wenn ich erwischt würde, wirklich die Konsequenzen tragen müsste. Die ganze Scheiße würde über mich hereinbrechen wie ein Güterzug. Ich bin mit so

vielem davongekommen, ich sollte das Schicksal nicht herausfordern. Er hatte Recht. Ich habe mich damit abgefunden, mich bedeckt zu halten.

Bald würde ich sechzehn sein. Mit sechzehn Jahren durfte ich meinen eigenen Pass besitzen und ohne meine Eltern reisen. Vielleicht würde ich einen juristischen Präzedenzfall haben, damit ein Richter mich wegen der Vernachlässigung und des Missbrauchs meiner Eltern für volljährig erklären konnte. Es schien, als würde Marktbreit stagnieren. Es verfolgte mich nicht. In den Nachrichten war nichts zu lesen, was mir Ungemach prophezeite. Meistens musste ich mir nur Sorgen darüber machen, dass ich als vermisst gemeldet hätte sein können. Ich kann mir nicht sicher sein, was meine Eltern vorhaben. Sie mochten die Polizei nicht, also haben sie sich vielleicht gar nicht erst die Mühe gemacht, mich als vermisst zu melden.

Vielleicht sucht ja gar niemand nach mir. Wie ironisch wäre das nach all der Paranoia, dem Bleichen der Haare und dem Verstecken vor dem Gesetz? Nur um dann festzustellen, dass das alles gar nicht nötig war. Erst als ich von der Polizei in Bern, Schweiz verhaftet wurde, wurde mir klar, wie wenig es meine Eltern eigentlich interessierte, wo ich war und ob ich lebte oder starb. Das passiert, wenn man in einer Sekte ist, schätze ich. Nicht einmal das Leben deines eigenen Kindes ist dir mehr wichtig. Schließlich war ich es, der sich von Gott abgewandt hat. Alle Konsequenzen meines Verrats gingen auf meine Kappe und ich musste mein Kreuz tragen. Doch dazu später mehr.

Ollie wurde, wie vorhergesagt, aus dem Wohnblock seiner Eltern geworfen, weil er wieder eine Party geschmissen hatte. Ende März hatte er keine andere Wahl, als in das Haus zu ziehen, in dem wir wohnten. Er wohnte jetzt eine Etage über uns. Aber er war schlau. Im Laufe der Jahre hatte er eine Menge Geld verdient und es auf unauffindbaren Offshore-Konten versteckt. Der Typ war verdammt schlau. Als seine Eltern ihm den Geldhahn zudrehten, hatte er schon eine Menge Geld verdient, indem er mit Investitionen, der Börse und ähnlichem spekulierte. Ich war immer sehr gelangweilt, wenn er davon erzählte, denn ehrlich gesagt ging das alles weit über meinen Horizont hinaus.

Ich hatte noch über zehntausend Mark übrig und war mehr als glücklich, etwas zu unseren Ausgaben und zum Essen beizutragen. Angela bekam Geld von Staat und Melanie half, wo sie nur konnte. Manchmal brachte sie selbst gekochte Mahlzeiten aus dem Haus ihrer Eltern mit und half bei der täglichen Hausarbeit. Wir lebten ziemlich sparsam und hatten genug Geld für gelegentliches Haschisch und ein paar Biere übrig. Ollie kam oft vorbei und versorgte uns an den Wochenenden. Er nahm uns mit in billige Restaurants und bezahlte die Drinks in den Clubs, und so begann mein Leben einen eigenen Rhythmus zu bekommen.

Das Einzige, was darunter litt, war das Sexleben. Für Melanie und mich war es fast unmöglich, richtigen Sex zu haben, denn sie fühlte sich unwohl, wenn ihre Freundin auch zuhause war. Wir mussten es heimlich tun und eine Lösung war dringend nötig. An den Wochenenden, wenn Angela und ich allein waren, sah die Sache ganz anders aus. Wir fickten stundenlang und taten buchstäblich die ganze Samstagnacht und den Sonntagmorgen nichts anderes. Ich fühlte mich immer schlechter dabei, Melanie anzulügen, aber ich liebte sie auch.

Es war manchmal sehr seltsam für mich, aber Angela schien sich nicht darum zu scheren und sagte uns sogar, wenn wir ficken wollten, sollten wir es einfach tun und sie würde uns dann im Wohnzimmer alleine lassen. Melanie war immer noch ein bisschen komplizierter. Sie hatte ein schlechtes Gewissen, dass sie mit mir in der Wohnung ihrer Freundin Sex hatte, während ihre Freundin gerade über eine kaputte Beziehung hinwegkam. Wir taten es trotzdem, heimlich und nicht so schreiend wie sonst. Ansonsten war das Leben ziemlich schön. Angela und Melanie waren beste Freundinnen und sie gingen oft ohne mich aus, nur zu zweit, was mir sehr gefiel. So konnte ich mich mit Ollie treffen oder etwas lesen und zeichnen.

Da ich viel Zeit hatte, setzte ich mein Projekt fort, alle Menschen und ihre Charaktere zu zeichnen, denen ich begegnete. Sie waren alle da. Einige von ihnen waren tot, aber sie lebten und atmeten in den Bildern, die ich aus der Erinnerung zeichnete. Da waren Smiley und Dimitri, Mamet und Liesel. Roland, Ollie, Wolfgang, Sippy, Yordanka, Tom, und viele, viele andere. Ich habe eines von Saskia gezeichnet. Es dauerte Tage, bis ich es fertiggestellt hatte, und als ich fertig war, war es keine gewöhnliche Comic-Zeichnung mehr. Es war ein Foto. Ihre Augen schimmerten leuchtend und lebendig. Ihre Brust hob und senkte sich mit jedem Atemzug und ihre Lippen forderten den Betrachter auf, sich für einen warmen, sanften Kuss zu ihr zu beugen. Es war, als wäre sie auf dem A4-Papier zum Leben erwacht. Melanie war sichtlich beeindruckt von der Liebe und den Details, die ich dem schönen Gesicht geschenkt hatte, und war sehr neugierig, wer das sein könnte. Ich erklärte Melanie, dass das Mädchen auf dem Bild nur ein Phantasieporträt sei. Wie bei allen meinen Porträts erzählte ich ihr, dass es sich nur um Gesichter handelte, die ich irgendwo gesehen hatte, und dass ich Ideen für eine Graphic Novel sammelte. Die Idee war, dass die Geschichte in verschiedenen Dimensionen spielen sollte. Alle Figuren würden in beiden Realitäten existieren, aber unterschiedliche Eigenschaften und Kräfte haben, je nachdem, in welcher Ebene der Existenz sie leben. Am Ende des Buches würden all diese Charaktere in einer kleinen schäbigen Bar namens "The Green Lounge" aufeinandertreffen, was übrigens auch der Titel meines Projekts war.

## Kapitel 24

### Es braucht viel Liebe, um ein Haus zu einem Zuhause zu machen

Angela war, wie ich bereits erwähnt habe, eine außergewöhnliche Künstlerin. Gelegentlich verbrachten wir ein Wochenende mit Skizzieren und Rauschzuständen. Das bedeutete auch, dass in der Küche und im Wohnzimmer jede Menge Malutensilien herumlagen, um mich zu beschäftigen. Wir hielten uns nicht mehr an unsere ursprünglichen Regeln und bald war der Wodka wieder da. Wenigstens haben wir nur an den Wochenenden hartes Zeug gesoffen. Zwei Wochen nach Angelas Rückkehr beschloss Melanie, das Wochenende bei uns zu bleiben. Ihre Eltern stritten sich wieder mal, und sie kam damit nicht zurecht. Ich vermutete auch, dass sie sichergehen wollte, dass wir beide keinen Spaß ohne sie haben würden.

Wir verbrachten den Freitagabend mit Isis und Ollie, tranken, spielten Brettspiele und Karten, eben das Übliche. Nachdem sie gegangen waren, schliefen wir alle auf dem Sofa ein. Am Samstagmorgen, tranken und berauschten wir uns weiter. Wir begannen mit einigen Kunstprojekten. Angela und ich fragten Melanie, ob sie für uns posieren würde, was sie mit Freude tat. Wir zeichneten viele Skizzen von Melanie, wie du dir vorstellen kannst, in immer unanständigeren Positionen. Melanie hatte Spaß daran, unsere Muse zu sein. Im Laufe der Stunden zogen wir sie mehr und mehr aus und schließlich lag die schöne Melanie splitternackt auf dem Sofa im Wohnzimmer.

Meine nächste Idee war, sie von oben zu zeichnen, als würde sie durch den Himmel fallen und sich in die Tiefe stürzen. Der Titel des Werks sollte "The Slip" lauten. Ich schaffte es nicht, die Proportionen für meine Idee zu finden und musste immer wieder von vorne anfangen. Ich schaute mir Angelas Skizze an. Sie hatte Melanie einfach so gezeichnet, wie sie da lag, mit ausgestreckten Armen, und ich stand mit meinem Klemmbrett und Bleistift in der Hand über ihr und versuchte herauszufinden, was ich da tat. Melanie sah wunderschön aus! So viele lebendige Details, wie auf einem Schwarz-Weiß-Foto. Meine nackten Beine und Füße standen in perfekter Symmetrie über ihr. Wow, dieses Mädchen kann wirklich verdammt gut zeichnen! Ich war tief beeindruckt.

Proportionen waren schon immer meine Nemesis gewesen, ich konnte sie nie richtig in einer dreidimensionalen Umgebung einfangen, wenn es zu viele verschiedene Dinge gab. Menschliche Körper und Gesichter konnte ich sehr gut zeichnen, aber sobald ich versuchte, sie in einen Raum oder eine Handlung einzubauen, fiel es mir schwer, auf dem Papier zu visualisieren, wie es aussehen sollte. Ich ließ mich nicht entmutigen und Angela war mehr als hilfreich, indem sie mir kleine Techniken und Tricks zeigte, um an meiner Tiefenwahrnehmung zu arbeiten. Ich hatte in meinem Leben noch nie Kunstunterricht und so waren alle meine Fähigkeiten stundenlanges Ausprobieren.

Angela legt ihr Kunstwerk ab und sagt, dass sie direkt auf Melanies Körper malen möchte. Melanie lacht und nickt. Angela holt etwas Acrylfarbe und ich mache mit. Wir beginnen, ihr Gesicht, ihre Schultern, ihre Brust und ihren Bauch zu bemalen. Sie schaut zu mir auf und ich beuge mich vor, um sie zu küssen.

Angela streichelt sie mit dem Pinsel zwischen ihren Beinen und fährt damit spielerisch an ihren Innenschenkeln auf und ab, so dass die Farbe auf dem Sofa verteilt wird.

"Du hast so schöne Beine"

Angela lässt ihre Finger zwischen ihre Schenkel gleiten. Melanies Beine spreizen sich weiter und Angelas Finger gleiten in sie hinein. Während wir uns küssen, beginnt sie sich zu winden und stöhnt vor Lust. Ich schaue rüber und sehe, dass Angelas Kopf zwischen Melanies Beinen verschwunden ist. Angela fährt mit ihren Fingern über ihren Bauch, während ich mit Melanies Brustwarzen spiele.

Sie drückt meinen Arm und beißt mir vor Vergnügen auf die Lippen. Sie schiebt ihre Hand in meine Shorts und beginnt mit mir zu spielen, während ich mein T-Shirt ausziehe. Bald bin auch ich nackt und Angela beginnt, sich selbst auszuziehen. Wir liegen zusammen völlig nackt auf dem Sofa. Die Mädchen küssen sich und mich abwechselnd, während ich meine Finger ihren Körper erforschen lasse und sie meinen. Es ist schön, dass die beiden Mädchen auch auf einander scharf sind und die ganze Sache wirkt natürlich. Nicht lange nachdem wir alle nackt sind, klingelt Ollie an der Tür. Er ist ganz aufgeregt und besteht darauf, dass ich die Tür öffne. Ich krame nach meiner Unterwäsche und gehe mit Farbe beschmiert und nach Sex stinkend an die Tür und lege meine Hand um meine dicke Beule. Er sieht, was los ist, grinst von Ohr zu Ohr und sagt

"Das ist eine wirklich tolle Idee, was dagegen, wenn ich sie klaue?"

"Ähm, klar, es war eigentlich Angelas Idee."

"Angela? Ah! Ähm, also ist sie jetzt bei dir? Okay! Wow! Was ist mit Melanie?"

Ich sehe ihn leicht verlegen an

"Ähm, sie ist auch mit Farbe beschmiert, was war so wichtig, dass du immer wieder geklingelt hast?"

Ollie schüttelt lachend den Kopf und geht davon. Als er die Treppe hinaufgeht, murmelt er, dass er morgen vorbeikommen und mir alles erzählen wird und wünscht mir einen guten Appetit. Er dreht sich um und grinst noch einmal, bevor er die letzten Stufen um die Ecke hochspringt.

Später hören wir lauter Stösse über uns. Isis stöhnt in hohen Tönen vor Erregung und Ollie fickt sie, wie man hört. Es ist ein altes Haus. Du wirst die Nachbarn hören. Wir drei kichern über die lustigen Geräusche, die Ollie und seine Liebste von sich geben, bevor wir uns wieder unseren eigenen Vorstellungen von Vergnügen widmen.

Melanie genießt Angela genauso wie ich. Es schien mir, dass wir drei abwechselnd den ganzen Tag und fast den ganzen Abend Sex hatten. Als es draußen dunkel wurde, war ich völlig am Ende meiner Kräfte und schlief zwischen den beiden für etwa eine Stunde ein. Als



ich wieder aufwachte, wehte ein Joint über mein Gesicht und beide sahen lächelnd auf mich herab.

"Wach auf, Schlafmütze!"

Sie waren immer noch nackt! Oh Gott, gib mir Kraft. Wie geil kann ein Mann im Alter von fünfzehn Jahren sein? Die Antwort ist: sehr. Melanie begann mich zu küssen, während Angela mein volles Glied in ihren Mund nahm. Ich dachte bei mir. Ich muss gestorben und ins Paradies gekommen sein. Ich versuchte, beide so gut wie möglich zu befriedigen und schlug ihnen vor, das Ganze unter der Dusche zu beenden. Wir drei versuchten sehr ungeschickt, in dem winzigen Badezimmer gemeinsam zu ficken und zu duschen, was damit endete, dass wir den Boden überfluteten. Um Mitternacht konnte ich vor lauter Dope, Alkohol und Sex kaum noch geradeaus laufen. Wir räumen die riesige Sauerei auf und wechseln endlich die Laken auf dem Sofabett. Ich glaube nicht, dass sie jemals gewechselt wurden, seit ich hier angekommen bin. Wir drei sind jetzt spärlich bekleidet und unersättlich hungrig. Wir plündern die kleine Gefriertruhe, um uns an gefrorenen Fischstäbchen, Reis, Wodka und noch mehr Bier zu laben.

Angela, Melanie und ich verbrachten die Nacht vor dem Fernseher und sahen uns MTV-Musikvideos an, bis wir einer nach dem anderen in den Armen des anderen einschliefen. Es war zweifelsohne die beste Nacht, die ich bisher in meinem Leben hatte.

Am Sonntagnachmittag lädt Ollie uns zu einem improvisierten Brunch ein. Isis kichert und erzählt immer wieder von all den Orgasmen, die sie letzte Nacht und heute Morgen hatte und macht großzügige Komplimente über Ollies Ausdauer und seine dicke Männlichkeit. Für Melanies Geschmack ist das ein bisschen zu viel Information, aber sie kichert trotzdem ein bisschen. Isis bietet uns an, uns allen drei die blauen Flecken auf ihrem Hintern zu zeigen, die Ollie, der Hulk, ihr zugefügt hat. Wir lehnen höflich ab.

Dann verkünden sie die aufregende Nachricht. Ollie hat Isis einen Antrag gemacht! Oh, wow! Damit habe ich nun wirklich nicht gerechnet! Nun, Ollie ist halt so. Erwarte das Unerwartete, denke ich. Wir gratulieren den beiden und fragen sie, wann sie heiraten wollen. Isis muss noch die astrologischen Berechnungen und Tarot-Lesungen machen, um den besten Zeitpunkt und Ort für ihre Hochzeit zu bestimmen. Sie quasselt und quasselt und mir ist jetzt schon langweilig. Ich entschuldige mich höflich vom Tisch und gehe hinüber zur Couch, um Ollies Super-Nintendo einzuschalten. Ollie gesellt sich kurz darauf mit zwei kalten Bieren zu mir.

Nach diesem Wochenende war Melanie ein bisschen, wie soll ich sagen? Na ja, eigentlich abgeschreckt. Ich vermute, dass sie sich wirklich fragte, wie es mit dieser Beziehung weitergehen sollte, denn zumindest für sie war klar, dass sie eine Beziehung nur zu zweit wollte. Ihr wurde klar, dass Angela und ich uns in vielerlei Hinsicht sehr ähnlich waren und sie, nun ja, im Vergleich dazu völlig normal war. Ich meine, wir hatten immer noch Sex, machten rum, aber oft entschuldigte sich Melanie und schlief in Angelas Zimmer oder verbrachte sogar die Nacht bei ihren Eltern. Das ging ungefähr anderthalb Wochen so weiter und am darauffolgenden Donnerstag, dem 28 März, stand ich gegen 3 Uhr morgens auf, um zu pissen. Ich konnte hören, wie Melanie sich im Bad die Augen ausweinte. Ich kniete mich

vor sie hin und umarmte sie. Als ich ihr die Tränen aus dem Gesicht wischte, sagte sie mir, dass es für sie offensichtlich war, dass Angela und ich wirklich ineinander verliebt waren. Sie bat mich, ihr die Wahrheit zu sagen. Hatte ich etwas mit Angela, bevor wir, du weißt schon, zusammen waren?

Ich habe ihr die Wahrheit gesagt. Es war nicht fair, es länger vor ihr zu verheimlichen. Ich sagte ihr, dass ich sie wirklich sehr liebe, aber dass ich auch Angela liebe. Wenn es nach mir ginge, wäre ich glücklich, mit beiden zusammen zu sein und hätte sogar kein Problem damit, wenn Melanie nebenbei noch jemanden treffen wollte. Ich war fest entschlossen, dass es funktionieren würde. Ich nahm sie in meine Arme und hielt sie eine ganze Weile fest. Ich küsste sie und sagte ihr, dass ich sie wirklich liebe und dass ich möchte, dass wir zusammen sind.

Sie waren beide beste Freunde und jede Entscheidung meinerseits würde die Dinge nur noch komplizierter machen, also wählte ich als Feigling den einfachen Weg. Ich meine, ist die Idee der Monogamie nicht etwas altmodisch? Kann es nicht möglich sein, dass ein Mann oder eine Frau mehr als einen anderen Menschen liebt? Zumindest in diesem Punkt stimmte Melanie mir zu. Auch wenn sie immer noch traurig war, dass ich es ihr nicht schon früher gesagt hatte. Sie hätte sich gerne selbst eine Meinung gebildet und wäre bei der Entscheidung nicht außen vorgelassen worden. Angela schlief die ganze Zeit über im Wohnzimmer. Seit dieser denkwürdigen Nacht schliefen wir drei meistens zusammen auf der ausziehbaren Couch. Es war das einzige Bett, das groß genug für uns drei war.

Ich nahm Melanie bei der Hand und wir gingen auf Zehenspitzen in Angelas Bett. Ich begann, ihren Hals und ihre Hände zu küssen und ihr zu sagen, wie sehr ich den Boden, auf dem sie stand, verehrte. Ich ging auf die Knie und küsste ihre Füße, ihre Beine und ihre Innenseiten der Oberschenkel. Sie öffneten ihre Beine ein wenig und ließ mich sie befriedigen. Sie zog mich zu sich, während sie sich rückwärts auf das Bett fallen ließ. Ich kletterte schnell auf sie, während ich mir mein T-Shirt auszog, und liebte sie heiß und innig. Nur wir beide. Ich stellte sicher, dass ich ihr jedes Quäntchen meiner Kraft geben konnte. Ich wollte, dass sie weiß, wie viel sie mir bedeutet. Bald lagen wir da und starrten völlig außer Atem an die Decke.

Während mein Herz immer noch pochte, stand Melanie ruhig auf, zog sich an und teilte mir mit, dass sie zurück zu ihren Eltern gehen würde, um über alles nachzudenken. Um selbst zu entscheiden, ob sie so weitermachen könnte oder nicht. Zu diesem Zeitpunkt war mir klar, dass ich sie nicht umstimmen werde. Mir kamen die Worte in den Sinn: "Wenn du jemanden liebst, lass ihn frei."

Ich fügte mich in mein Schicksal, zog mich an und begleitete sie zum nächsten Münztelefon. Ich wartete mit ihr, bis das Taxi kam und bezahlte den Fahrpreis im Voraus. Ich konnte nicht anders, als mich vor der ungewissen Zukunft zu fürchten und mir wurde klar, wie sehr ich sie vermissen würde. Es war seltsam, Melanie wie Angela hatten jeweils einen einzigartigen Platz in meinem Herzen, den nur sie füllen konnten. Jetzt fehlte etwas in mir, ich fühlte mich leer, halb leer und irritiert. Ich rauchte eine halbe Schachtel Zigaretten und ein paar Joints. Nach einem Schluck Wodka zog ich mich wieder aus und kuschelte mich an Angela, als sie gerade aufwachte. Sie brauchte einen Moment, um zu merken, dass Melanie weg war. Sie

schien nicht einmal beunruhigt darüber zu sein. Sogar fast erleichtert. Es schien, dass Angela es vorzog, diese Beziehung nur zwischen ihr und mir weiterzuführen. Ich dagegen, nun ja, ich wollte mich nicht entscheiden müssen. Ich war hin- und hergerissen zwischen den beiden. Ja, so wie Nathalie Imbruglia mir die Seele zerrissen hat, als sie den Song "Torn" coverte "Yay, schön für dich Nathalie! Du hast mir den verdammten Song ruiniert. Ihn zu einem poppigen und peppigen Lied gemacht. Hast du dir den Text nicht angehört? Es ist ein wirklich trauriges Lied. Welcher Teil davon, zerrissen und nackt auf dem Boden zu liegen, ist ein fröhlicher und verspielter Anlass? Liebe Nathalie, du bist verdammt gut und ehrlich gesagt habe ich auf dich gestanden. Umso schlimmer, dass du einer meiner Lieblingsongs abschlachtest.

Im Moment ist es noch 1996. Ednaswap ist in dieser Region kaum bekannt, aber ich habe ihre Lieder von einem meiner russischen Ex-Schulkameraden auf einer Bootleg-Kassette. Die Russen wissen wirklich, wie man an geschmuggelte Musik herankommt. Ich habe die Kassette für zehn D-Mark gekauft, was wohl gemerkt der Freundschaftspreis war! Ich mochte sie sehr und hörte sie mir oft an, wenn ich in emotionaler Not war. Angela und Melanie teilten meinen Geschmack und ich schenkte ihnen jeweils eine Kopie. Damals wurde alles, was nicht in den Charts war, durch Mundpropaganda, alternative Radiosender und illegal auf Partys verbreitet. Kassetten mit unbekanntem Bands aus Amerika oder England wurden getauscht, vervielfältigt und mit der gleichen Ehrfurcht behandelt, die normalerweise dem Drogenmarkt vorbehalten ist. Ask Jeeves und Google werden erst in einem Jahr öffentlich zugänglich sein, Napster ist noch drei Jahre entfernt und Winamp? Hahaha, der kommt erst 1997 auf den Markt. Abgesehen davon besitzen die meisten jungen Leute nicht einmal einen Computer.

Wir leben immer noch in einem dunklen Zeitalter, was das Teilen von Musik angeht. Unsere Piratenbucht ist unser Kassettenspieler. Pass lieber auf, dass sich deine Kassetten nicht in irgendeinem Arschloch-Kassettenspieler verheddern, sonst bist du sehr traurig, wenn du deine einzige Kopie deines Lieblingsongs verlierst! Hipster? Ich bitte dich! Allesamt ein Haufen von Arschlöchern! Sie haben den Kindern, die in den 80er und 90er Jahren aufgewachsen sind, in Sachen Originalität nichts voraus. Wir nickten betrunken am Lagerfeuer mit dem Kopf und sangen zu lahmarschigen Texten über den Kampf der Menschheit und "Fuck the powers that be" und all den anderen Scheiß, den ein aufstrebender Gitarrist in den Wind schlug, lange bevor der erste Drecksack-Hipster nach Mama schrie.

Die Wochen vergingen und bald war ein Monat vergangen. Melanie tauchte immer noch nicht auf. Angela sah sie immer noch in der Schule, war aber traurig, dass sie nicht mehr vorbeikommen würde. Die Chemie stimmte ohne sie einfach nicht mehr. Manchmal rief Melanie Angela an, um sich mit ihr in der Stadt zu treffen oder in einen Club zu gehen. Jedes Mal war ich aufgeregt, aber Angela sagte immer das Gleiche. Melanie wollte mich vorerst nicht mehr sehen. Sie fühlte sich von mir betrogen. Ich hätte ihr schon früher sagen sollen, dass Angela und ich eine Affäre hatten. Aus irgendeinem Grund fühlte sie sich von mir mehr betrogen als von Angela, warum ist mir immer noch ein Rätsel. Vielleicht lag es daran, dass Angela eine Konstante in ihrem Leben war und ich der Fremde, der einsame Reiter. Wenn ich jemals weggehen würde, wäre Angela wenigstens noch da und ist es nicht das, was Freunde tun? Einander verzeihen?

Ich hätte mir einen Tritt geben können. Ich hätte nie etwas sagen sollen. Ich hatte das Problem gelöst, aber zu welchem Preis? Es war unausweichlich, dass Angela und ich zusammen sein würden, aber ich hatte mir irgendwie gewünscht, dass Melanie noch Teil des Bildes sein würde. Wenn schon nicht als Geliebte, dann wenigstens als Freundin. Wenigstens hat sie nie gesagt, dass sie mich nie wieder sehen will, sie hat nur gesagt, nicht jetzt.

Ende Mai teilte Melanie Angela mit, dass sie mit ihrer Familie einen Wochenendtrip zu ihren Verwandten in den Schwarzwald machen würde. Sie hatte ihre Familie noch immer nicht über unsere Beziehung oder die Trennung informiert und soweit es sie betraf, hatte Melanie bisher mehr oder weniger allein mit Angela in ihrer Wohnung gelebt. Sie kamen nie zu Besuch. Ich schätze, sie wollten es nicht wissen oder sich nicht aufdrängen. Auf jeden Fall schickte ihre Mutter jeden Sonntagabend Essen für die beiden mit. Das war oft das einzige richtig gute Essen, das wir in der ganzen Woche zu uns nahmen, denn wie alle Teenager bestand unsere Ernährung hauptsächlich aus Junkfood wie Tiefkühlpizza, Kartoffelbrei, Spaghetti und Dosenravioli. Nur selten gab es aus gesundheitlichen Gründen einen Tomaten-Mozzarella-Salat dazu. Ich war süchtig nach Thunfisch und öffnete oft einfach die Dose, mischte Mayo hinein, aß ihn mit einem Löffel direkt aus der Dose und spülte ihn mit Bier herunter. Ich vermisse diese selbst gekochten Abendessen, Melanies Mutter war eine gute Köchin.

Ich hatte den Verdacht, dass ihre Eltern vielleicht super christlich oder irgendwie konservativ sind, weil Melanie das Thema immer vermieden hat. Ich meine, sie ließen sie immer noch in voller Goth- oder Punkmontur herumlaufen oder was auch immer für ein Mezzo-Mix ihr Stil war. Meistens schwarz mit schwarzem oder rotem, manchmal auch blauem Haar. Manchmal rasierte sie sich die Seiten ihres Kopfes. Jede Menge Ringe, Piercings und Nieten. Aufgebügelte Aufnäher mit Slogans wie Antifa oder das Hakenkreuz mit einem roten Schrägstrich usw. Vielleicht hatten ihre Eltern sie einfach aufgegeben und waren froh, dass sie mehr oder weniger ausgezogen war. Ich weiß nicht, ob sie es gutheißen würden, dass sie in Sünde lebt, geschweige denn, dass sie schwulen Sex mit ihrem besten Freundin hat, aber was soll's? Ich frage mich, was sie ihnen erzählt hat, warum sie nicht mehr mit Angela zusammenlebt, aber das geht mich ja auch nichts an.

Es war mir klar, dass Melanie nicht bereit war, mich ihren Eltern vorzustellen, und ehrlich gesagt ging es mir genauso. Je weniger Leute von meiner Existenz wussten, desto besser. Bald war Melanies 17. Geburtstag am 28. Mai. Ich fühlte mich schlecht wegen der aktuellen Situation und war fest entschlossen, das irgendwie wiedergutzumachen, bevor das passierte. Nur noch ein Wochenende. Mein Geburtstag war eine beschissene, aber dennoch sehr denkwürdige Nacht gewesen. Die Nacht, in der Melanie und ich uns zum ersten Mal trafen und unweigerlich zusammenkamen. Irgendwann erzählte ich den beiden, dass Wolfgang an meinem Geburtstag gestorben war. Ihre Reaktionen waren, wie du dir vorstellen kannst, ziemlich gemischt. Am Freitagnachmittag, kurz bevor Melanie mit ihren Eltern abfuhr, rief sie Angela an. Zu ihrer Überraschung wollte sie direkt mit mir sprechen.

Eifrig nehme ich das Telefon und antworte. Melanie klingt ruhig und doch entschlossen. Sie teilt mir mit, dass sie mir meinen Seitensprung mit Angela verzeihen könnte. Sie war nicht bereit, mich deswegen zu verlieren und schließlich waren Angela und ich uns so ähnlich,

dass es ihr hätte auffallen müssen, dass das passieren würde. Tief in ihrem Inneren hat sie es immer irgendwie gewusst, aber sie wollte sich einfach nicht damit auseinandersetzen. Ihrer Meinung nach waren Angela, Melanie und ich nicht nur ein Liebespaar, sondern auch beste Freunde. Sie wollte, dass Angela glücklich war, und wenn das bedeutete, dass sie mit dem, was wir hatten, klarkommen müsste, würde sie lernen, damit umzugehen. Vielleicht war ihre Vorstellung von Beziehungen, die sich nur um zwei Menschen drehten, antiquiert und altmodisch. Vielleicht war sie genau das, was sie ihren Eltern immer vorwarf. Dass sie nicht bereit waren, über den eigenen Tellerrand zu schauen und andere Menschen so zu akzeptieren, wie sie sind. Sie sagte, sie würde unter einer Bedingung zu uns zurückkommen. Ich sollte sie nie wieder anlügen. Sie musste ein gleichberechtigter Teil dieser Familie sein, wenn das mit uns dreien jemals funktionieren sollte. Ich war sehr froh, das zu hören und versprach ihr, ihr von nun an immer die Wahrheit zu sagen. Sie sagte, es sei ihr unangenehm, sofort zu uns zu kommen, aber sie würde an ihrem Geburtstag, den darauffolgenden Dienstag, uns besuchen kommen. Ich sagte ihr immer wieder, wie sehr ich sie liebte, bis ich ihre Mutter im Hintergrund schreien hörte, dass sie aufhören sollte zu telefonieren und dass es super teuer wird, yak, yak, yak.

Melanie fuhr mit ihren Eltern in den Schwarzwald und ich hatte wieder einmal Schmetterlinge im Bauch. Bald würde ich wieder mit meiner Liebe vereint sein und wir würden damit beginnen, eine Zukunft zu planen, in der wir drei die gleiche Chance haben würden, ein Leben und die Liebe miteinander zu teilen. Es fühlte sich für mich fast so an, als würde ich meine eigene kleine Sekte gründen, genau hier in Bingen am Rhein. Nachdem ich aufgelegt hatte, erzählte ich Angela von der guten Nachricht und wir gingen fröhlich nach oben, um Ollie und Isis zu besuchen. Sie war seit dem Heiratsantrag bei ihm eingezogen. Wir saßen da und plauderten und Isis brachte die Idee eines Roadtrips für uns vier ins Spiel. Heute Abend beginnt eine illegale GOA-Party, die einige ihrer Freunde im Süden Deutschlands in Richtung Freiburg im Breisgau nahe der Grenze zu Frankreich und der Schweiz am Wochenende organisieren. Das wird episch werden!

Weder Angela noch ich hatten Pläne und so gingen wir schulterzuckend wieder nach unten, um etwas Wodka, eine Dose Thunfisch, ein paar Klamotten und Decken einzupacken. Gegen 19 Uhr machten wir uns an diesem Abend auf den Weg. Wir brauchten über 4 Stunden, um zu dem geheimen Ort im Wald zu gelangen. Das lag zum Teil an den vielen falschen Abzweigungen und daran, dass Isis sich über Ollie lustig machte, weil er ein Dummkopf war, aber schließlich sahen wir bunte Lichter, die in den Nachthimmel strahlten, und einige sehr hohe Einheimische mit ihren orangefarbenen Westen und Leuchtstäben, die uns zeigten, wo wir parken sollten. Der unverwechselbare Klang eines Hippie-Trommelkreises hallt durch den Wald, begleitet von den pulsierenden Beats der Trance- und Goa-Musik. Jeder dort war super entspannt und freundlich.

Ollie steigt aus und fängt an, Leute zu umarmen, die ihn offenbar kennen. Angela geht sofort zu den großen Lautsprechern und der beleuchteten Lichtung im Wald und beginnt zu tanzen.

Die Freunde von Ollie stellen sich mir vor und wir gehen gemeinsam durch die Gegend. Sie zeigen uns den behelfsmäßigen Campingplatz, der sogar einige richtige Toilettenkabinen für die Gäste hatte. Ollie erklärt mir, dass er einige der Hochleistungsgeneratoren gesponsert

hat, die benötigt wurden, um das alles zu ermöglichen. Es war erstaunlich, wie gut alles organisiert war.

Eine schöne Bambus-Bar, die in der Nähe eines alten Food Trucks gebaut wurde, ist in grünem und blauem Neon beleuchtet. Jede Menge Schwarzlicht-Spots und hübsche Dekorationen überall im Gras. Jemand hatte sich viel Mühe gegeben, diesen Ort super psychedelisch zu gestalten und sobald die Sonne unterging, verwandelte er sich in ein fantastisches Märchenland voller Pilze, Feen und allerlei mystischer, neonbeleuchteter Kreaturen. Ich war noch glücklicher, als Ollie mir zwei Löschblätter reichte. Ohne zu zögern, legte ich sie mir auf die Zunge und wartete darauf, dass sich die Magie entfaltet. Das war mit Abstand einer der besten LSD-Trips, die ich je gemacht habe.

Ich hatte den Eindruck, dass jede einzelne Person entweder von Pilzen oder LSD high war.

Ollies LSD war ziemlich stark und in den ersten fünf oder sechs Stunden konnte ich kaum unterscheiden, ob ich meine Augen offen hatte oder nicht. Die visuellen Eindrücke und Farben waren intensiv. Menschen, die vor Farbe nur so triefen und eine regenbogenfarbene Aura ausstrahlten, lächelten mich an und ich lächelte zurück. Die Musik erfüllte jede Pore meiner Haut und jeder Follikel schien einen eigenen Willen zu haben. Ich erinnere mich daran, wie Angela sich auf meinen Schoß kuschelte, als das Acid einsetzte, und ich ihr langes blondes Haar streichelte, während sie ebenfalls völlig aufgedreht auf meinem Schoß lag. Sie sagte, sie sei mit meinem Schoß verschmolzen. Wir waren wie ein Wesen, ich muss sie fünf Minuten lang auf meinem Schoß liegen lassen haben? Zwei Stunden? Keine Ahnung.

Als Angela und ich uns langsam an den Trip gewöhnen, wandern wir Hand in Hand durch den Wald. Überall gibt es Feen und alle möglichen Schwarzlicht- und Neonformen, die den Wald über Hunderte von Metern in jede Richtung schmücken. Schwarzlicht- und orangefarbene Neonpfeile weisen den Besuchern den Weg, der von den Veranstaltern sorgfältig und wunderschön angelegt worden ist. Ich erzählte Angela, dass sie wie eine Fee aussah, ihr Haar war reinweiß und sie hatte diese schöne weiße Aura um sich herum. Es scheint, als ob wir mehr schweben als durch den Wald laufen. Bald schweben wir über dem Wald und sehen all die kleinen beleuchteten Feen und Kreaturen unter uns, die im Rhythmus des Herzschlags pulsieren. Wir schauen uns tief in die Augen und schmiegen unsere Körper eng aneinander, während Angela ihre Hüften zu den Wellen der Musik schwingt.

Wir halten uns eng aneinander, unser Rhythmus ist halbwegs im Takt der Musik. Es ist fast so, als wäre es ein langsamer Highschool-Tanz. Wir sehen uns liebevoll an und ich streichle ihr Haar, berühre sanft ihren Nacken und bewege meine Finger langsam zu ihren Lippenwinkeln. Sie bewegt ihren Kopf sanft zur Seite und unsere Lippen umarmen sich, während wir im Wald unter einer hohen Kiefer weitertanzen.

"Du bist so eine hübsche Fee", rufe ich ihr zu.

"Und du siehst aus wie Peter Pan!"

Wir lachen und stolpern gegen einen Baumstamm, unsere psychedelisch angehauchte Romanze fiebert mit, als sie ihr Bein über meine Hüfte hebt, ich stütze es mit meinem linken Arm, während meine Hand unter ihr Kleid greift und ich sanft ihre Lippen massiere. Erregt gleitet mein Mittelfinger ganz in ihren Körper. Sie fühlt sich an wie eine Sauna, ihre heißen Lippen stöhnen und sie atmet schnell, als sie mich einen weiteren Finger in sich gleiten lässt. Ich platze jetzt unter meiner Jeans und küsse sie leidenschaftlich, als ich merke, dass einige Leute an uns vorbeigehen. Keiner hält an oder scheint sich dafür zu interessieren und ich bekomme sogar von ein paar Typen, die halb verlegen an mir vorbeilaufen, einen Daumen hoch. Im Großen und Ganzen scheint es eine ganz normale Sache zu sein. Ich nehme Blickkontakt mit zwei Mädchen und ein Typ, der aus der anderen Richtung vorbeilaufen. Unser gutes Beispiel, bringt auch sie auf Ideen. Eines der Mädchen packt den Typen an der Hand. Die drei biegen ab und verschwinden im Wald. Ich kichere vor mich hin, als ob ich zu dem zufälligen Typen sagen würde

"Gern geschehen"

Angela schiebt meine Hand weg, als wolle sie sagen

"Nicht hier und nicht jetzt"

Ich respektiere ihren Wunsch, auch wenn meine Hose aus den Nähten platzt. Ich helfe ihr, ihr Höschen zurechtzurücken, während sie liebevoll meine unverwechselbare Beule in die Hand nimmt und mich schüchtern anlächelt.

"Lass uns etwas trinken gehen und vielleicht sehen, was Ollie und Isis vorhaben."

Ich lache

"Ollie steckt wahrscheinlich, irgendwo hinter einem Baum, bis zu den Eiern in Isis drin. Ist dir nicht aufgefallen, dass sie ständig ficken, seit sie bei ihm eingezogen ist?"

Angela rollt mit den Augen und wir lachen noch etwas mehr

Sie ergreift meine Hand und zieht mich durch die Bäume zum Licht, zur Musik und zur Bar. Wir bestellen beide ein Bier und bald taucht Ollie auf.

"Hey ihr Frechdachse, hattet ihr Spaß im Wald?" Er lacht und klopft mir auf den Rücken.

"Nun", er schaut nach unten und zieht seinen Reißverschluss wieder hoch, "Isis und ich haben da hinten schon einen schönen Moosfleck ausprobiert, falls ihr das machen wollt, nette Party oder?"

Ich stimme zu: "Die Dekoration ist unglaublich, und es ist wirklich erstaunlich, was deine Freunde auf die Beine gestellt haben!"

Wir stehen zu dritt da und schwärmen von den schönen Lichtern und der Landschaft. Dieser Wald ist offenbar in Privatbesitz und sie veranstalten ständig solche Partys. Nachts ist es

ziemlich kalt, aber es gibt jede Menge Feuerstellen, um alle warm zu halten und Tipis mit Stroh auf dem Boden zum Schlafen. Das Wetter ist an diesem Wochenende einfach perfekt, kaum Regen und selbst in den dunkelsten Stunden der Nacht noch locker um die zehn Grad Celsius. Da wir auf LSD waren, hatte keiner von uns wirklich das Problem, dass uns kalt war.

Isis kommt zu uns rüber und nippt an einem Rotwein, wie sie es abends immer tat. "Komm, lass uns zur Bühne gehen, da gibt es ein Live-Drum-and-Bass-Ding, das gleich beginnt".

Wir gehen hinüber zu den Musikern, die sich für ihr Debüt vorbereiten. Ollie hatte dem Bassisten ohne mein Wissen gesagt, dass ich sehr gut Gitarre spiele und ihn überredet, mich auf die Bühne zu rufen. Es gibt dort eine billige Stratocaster-Kopie und einige Chorus-, Flanger- und Delay-Pedale auf der Bühne, also beschließe ich, es auszuprobieren. Mir scheint, dass ein Song einfach in den nächsten übergeht und ich versuche so gut wie möglich, die Melodien und Rhythmen zu treffen, ohne die Musik zu sehr mit unnötigem Gedudel zu verunstalten. Mein Fokus liegt auf Einfachheit und Rhythmus. Es scheint zu funktionieren und bald ist unser improvisiertes Trio in vollem Gange. Ich schaue in die Menge und alle lächeln und tanzen. Ich denke mir, es ist verdammt cool, so auf der Bühne zu stehen. Daran könnte ich mich gewöhnen.

Inzwischen haben sich fast alle versammelt, um uns zuzusehen, und schon bald bewegen sich viele Menschen auf dem freien Platz vor der Bühne zu den Rhythmen, die wir spielen. Irgendwann gesellt sich ein Djembe-Spieler zu uns und ein Mädchen singt leise in das Mikrofon. Ihre Stimme prallt melodisch von den Bäumen ab. Auch der Djembe-Spieler ist ziemlich begabt. Zumindest für meine Ohren und für den Zustand, in dem ich mich befand, klang es magisch. Ich muss noch eine ganze Weile geblieben sein, aber nach ein paar Stunden verspürte ich den Drang, mich zu erleichtern und noch etwas zu trinken. Ich gab die Gitarre gerne an ihren Besitzer zurück und stieg zu den vielen Leuten hinunter, die mir gratulierten. Es war wunderbar. "So müssen sich Rockstars die ganze Zeit fühlen", dachte ich bei mir.

Ollie, Angela und Isis warten darauf, dass ich mich von all meinen neuen Fans befreie, damit wir in eine Ecke gehen und einen Joint rauchen können. Angela sieht mich mit angenehmer Überraschung an.

"Ich wusste gar nicht, dass du so gut Gitarre spielen kannst, wow! Du könntest ein Rockstar werden."

Ich zuckte mit einem Lächeln und bedanke mich bei Angela für ihr Kompliment, bevor ich mich entschuldigte, um mich hinter einem Baum zu erleichtern, denn meine Blase droht zu platzen. Als ich meinen Kopf an den Baum lehnte, um mich zu erleichtern, dachte ich über Ollies Vorschlag nach, das Moosfeld im Wald auszuprobieren. Das hörte sich nach Spaß an. Wie kann ich Angela dazu überreden, hier draußen Sex mit mir zu haben? Das wäre doch der absolute Hammer, oder?

Nun, manchmal ist der einfachste Plan der beste. Wir tranken unsere Getränke aus und ich entschuldigte Angela und mich mit den Worten, dass ich Angela etwas Wichtiges zeigen wolle. Sie grinste amüsiert und ließ sich von mir auf die Beine helfen und in den Wald zu



dem Moosfleck führen, den Ollie erwähnt hatte. Es war erkennbar, was ich wollte und Angela schien mehr als bereit zu sein, mitzuspielen. Was auch immer sie dazu brachte, ihre Meinung zu ändern, ich war glücklich. Ich legte meine Arme um sie und wir begannen uns unter den Sternen zu küssen. Ich zog sie sanft auf das Moos hinunter, zog meinen Mantel aus und ließ sie auf mich klettern. Wir knutschten weiter und bald wanderte ich mit meinen Fingern zwischen ihre Beine. Ich half ihr, ihre Strumpfhose und ihr Höschen auszuziehen, hob ihren Rock an und mit einem Halleluja lässt sie mich in sich hineinschlüpfen. Sie beugt sich vor und wir umarmen uns. Ich spüre ihren Atem an meinem Hals, der an meinem T-Shirt herunterläuft. Sie hebt es hoch und küsst meine Brust, wobei sie meine Nippel mit ihrer Zunge umkreist. Ich lasse zu, dass sie mich im Rhythmus der Musik in der Nähe reitet. Ich setze mich ihr gegenüber auf und wir lieben uns eine gefühlte Ewigkeit auf diesem wunderschönen kleinen Fleckchen grüner Erde unter dem Halbmondhimmel. Viel später und triefend vor Schweiß machen wir uns auf den Weg zurück zum Rest der Menge, um einen Drink zu bestellen und eine dringend benötigte Zigarette zu rauchen.

Kurz gesagt, das ganze Wochenende war genial. Die meisten Leute waren völlig durchgeknallt, aber trotzdem wurde niemand belästigt, es gab keine Schlägereien, keine Machos, die Angela oder andere Frauen belästigten, und auch keine Leute, die versuchten, uns auszurauben. Du konntest dein Portemonnaie, deine Zigaretten und Drogen buchstäblich irgendwo auf dem Gras liegen lassen und sie blieben dort liegen. Das war so viel anders als jede Party, auf der ich in Deutschland gewesen war. Ich mochte die GOA-Szene von da an und es war der Beginn einer lebenslangen Liebesbeziehung mit elektronischer Musik.

Joints wurden in Hülle und Fülle herumgereicht, meistens war es Schweizer Outdoor und typisch für die Schweiz, laut Ollie schmeckte es wie Schweinescheiße. Ich hingegen mochte die Schweinescheiße sehr. Es war leichter zu rauchen als das Haschisch, das Ollie und ich hatten, und weniger stark, sodass man viel mehr rauchen konnte. Ein Typ fragte mich, ob er meinen Haschisch-Joint probieren dürfe, also brach ich etwa eine Fingerspitze Haschisch von meinem Vorrat ab und gab sie ihm einfach. Es war zu beobachten, dass er super high auf Acid war. Er war so glücklich, dass er später mit einer Plastiktüte zurückkam, die mit etwa hundert Gramm Outdoor-Gras gefüllt war. Er hatte es selbst angebaut und seine Brust schwoll vor Stolz an, als er mir von den riesigen Knospen erzählte, die dieses Outdoor-Gras produziert hatte. Ich konnte sehen, dass er nicht gelogen hatte. Einige der Knospen in der Tüte waren locker so groß wie meine ausgestreckte Hand und drei Finger dick. Sie waren voller Samen und mir kam der Gedanke, dass ich vielleicht ein paar Pflanzen im Hinterhof unseres Hauses anbauen könnte, sobald ich wieder zu Hause bin. Wenn man sich wirklich die Zeit nahm, die Samen herauszunehmen, schmeckte das Gras sogar ziemlich gut. Obwohl, ich war sehr high, meine Meinung ist irrelevant.

Am Samstagmittag fing ich an vom Trip wieder herunterzukommen. Alles sah blass und komisch aus. Ich dachte daran, wie froh ich war, dass ich meine Sonnenbrille dabei hatte, als ich zufällig wieder mit dem Kiffer zusammenstieß. Er schien aufgeregt zu sein. Offenbar hatte er sein Gras verlegt und suchte nach mir, in der Hoffnung, dass er nicht den ganzen Weg zurück zu seinem Auto laufen musste. Angela und ich waren auf dem Weg zu einem der Tipis, um einen Platz zum Schlafen zu finden. Sobald er mein Gesicht erkannt hat, strahlt er und lächelt. Er fragt sich, ob ich noch Gras aus der Tasche habe, die er mir gegeben hat.

Ich habe fast alles davon noch in die Zusatztasche meiner Jacke gestopft. Ich lache müde und gebe ihm seine Tasche zurück. Er wollte nur ein paar Knospen und sagte mir, dass er zurück zu seinem Auto gehen würde, um mehr zu holen und später wiederzukommen. Ich lasse ihn nehmen, was er will. Er besteht darauf, mir die Tasche zurückzugeben und ich stopfe sie lässig in meine Tasche zurück, sage ihm, dass ich jetzt ein bisschen schlafen gehe und wünsche ihm eine tolle Party. Er bedankt sich herzlich und torkelt davon. Wir beide betreten das Zelt. Isis winkt uns aus der gegenüberliegenden Ecke zu. Ollie schläft bereits tief und fest. Isis macht uns ein Zeichen, dass wir uns zu ihnen auf das Heu kommen sollen. Sie wollte unbedingt einen Platz für uns reservieren und hat sogar ein paar Decken aus ihrem Wagen bereitgelegt. Für mich sieht das wie der Himmel aus. Ich lasse mich auf die Decke fallen und nehme Angela in meine Arme. Isis deckt uns beide liebevoll mit einem Schlafsack zu und Sekunden später schlafe ich bereits fest ein.

Als ich aufwachte, waren Ollie und einer seiner Schweizer Freunde in die Stadt gegangen, um Essen und Getränke zu kaufen. Sie liessen Angela und mich schlafen. Ab und zu rühre ich mich und höre einen Mann im Tipi Gitarre spielen und singen. Ich erkenne eines der Lieder als das des Berner Liedermachers Mani Matter. Es sind so viele Schweizer hier. Es ist ziemlich lustig, sie reden zu hören.

Als ich nach draußen stolpere, sehe ich, wie andere auf der Bühne ihre Gedichte vortragen, während ein anderes Mädchen einen Balanceakt vollführt und ein anderer muskulöser Mann ohne Hemd einen riesigen Hula-Hoop herumwirbelt, der mit einem Stock angezündet wird. Ein paar andere Mädchen tanzen hypnotisch zu den Klängen von einem Dutzend Djemben, und die Spieler sind in rhythmischer Trance gefangen. Die Party scheint einfach nahtlos zu sein

Ich legte mich neben einen beliebigen Typen ins Gras und spürte, wie all die Angst und der Kummer, all die Traurigkeit und die Dunkelheit meinen Geist verließen. Es war, als hätte ich alle Fenster geöffnet und die dringend benötigte frische Luft durch meine zerfledderte Seele wehen lassen.

"Ollie", denke ich mir, "du Genie! Das war die beste Idee aller Zeiten, ein epischer Trip."

Bald war ich wach genug und ging los, um beim Verteilen von Brot zu helfen und Unmengen von Bier und Wasser für alle Partygäste auszuschenken. Weder Angela noch ich hatten wirklich daran gedacht, genug Geld mitzunehmen. Das war kein großes Problem, denn es gab nur wenig Personal. Isis war mehr als glücklich, uns der bunt zusammengewürfelten Truppe vorzustellen, die dafür sorgte, dass alles nicht im Chaos versank. Wir boten unsere Hilfe im Tausch gegen Zigaretten, Essen und Drogen an. Angela schenkte Getränke aus und ich half beim Grillen von Fleisch und Würstchen, bei der Zubereitung von Hot Dogs und Salat und wir hatten sogar eine Propan-Fritteuse für Pommes frites. Außerdem halfen wir, das Gelände sauber und frei von Müll zu halten. Ich war beeindruckt, dass die meisten Leute nicht einmal ihre Zigarettenstummel auf dem Boden liegen ließen. Die Leute würden den Kopf schütteln oder dich ausschimpfen, wenn du eine Zigarette in Mutter Natur vergräbst. So etwas hatte ich noch nie gesehen.

Als der Abend den Wald verdunkelte, erschienen das magische Schwarzlicht und die Feen wieder. Mein Schweizer Kiffer Freund war wie versprochen mit noch mehr Gras zurück!!!

YAY! Endlich erfuhr ich seinen Namen: Chrigu. Es war nicht so, dass ich noch mehr Gras brauchte, ich hatte noch jede Menge von der ersten Tüte übrig, die er mir gegeben hatte, aber er war so aufgeregt, mich zu sehen, warum auch immer, und das machte mich aufgeregt. Schließlich fragten viele Leute nach Gras, warum also nicht davon profitieren? Es gab eine Nachfrage und wir hatten ein Angebot. Chrigu hatte offenbar im letzten Oktober eine riesige Ernte eingefahren und es gab einfach zu viel, um es in der Schweiz loszuwerden. Das lag auch daran, dass es eine Menge Samen enthielt, und laut Chrigu sind die deutschen Kiffer nicht so wählerisch. Der verrückte Bastard lud einfach einen Hundertlitersack mit wahllos getrocknetem und gestutztem Gras in den Kofferraum seines Autos und überquerte damit die Grenze nach Deutschland, in der Hoffnung, vielleicht etwas zu verkaufen, vielleicht auch nur zu verschenken, so weit dachte er nicht. Er war sich sicher, dass er die Grenze nicht noch einmal damit überqueren wollte und so beschloss ich, ihn Ollie vorzustellen.

Ich sagte ihm, dass es keine schlechte Idee wäre, wenn wir eine Tonne Rolling Papers besorgen und einen gemeinsamen Stand aufbauen würden, und Chrigu war von der Idee begeistert. Er eilte zurück in die nahe gelegene Stadt und kam mit einer Plastiktüte voller Rolling Papers zurück. Ich entschuldigte mich vom Grillen und bat Isis und Angela, hunderte von Joints für den Samstagabend zu rollen. Es wurde geflüstert, dass an diesem Abend Hunderte von Leuten ankommen würden. Und das taten sie auch. Um Mitternacht wimmelte es im Wald nur so von Leben und an unserem "Joint-Stand" bildete sich manchmal eine lange Schlange von Leuten, die darauf warteten, bedient zu werden, sobald sich das herumgesprochen hatte.

Wir müssen Hunderte von den Dingen verkauft haben und irgendwann haben Angela und Isis gestreikt. Schließlich waren wir ja zum Feiern hier. Ich behielt ein Dutzend für Angela, Ollie, Isis und mich und die letzten verschenkten wir. Es gelang mir, zwischen Chrigu und Ollie einen Deal für den Rest des Grases auszuhandeln. Sie handelten danach unter sich. Chrigu brachte den stinkenden schwarzen Müllsack voller Gras zu Ollies Van. Nachdem der Deal abgeschlossen war, gingen wir drei zu den Essensständen und holten uns etwas ethnisches Essen von einem Stand, den einige Inder aufgebaut hatten. Es war sehr lecker und erinnerte mich an zu Hause. Wir spülten das vegetarische Curry mit viel Bier hinunter und dann entschuldigte ich mich, um Angela zu suchen, während die anderen beiden das Geld zu Ende zählten.

Angela und Isis hatten ein Feuer gefunden, um das sie zum Takt eines Trommelkreises in der Nähe tanzten. Als ich näherkam, zeigte Isis mir ein paar Pilze, die sie von einem Freund bekommen hatte, und fragte mich, ob ich welche wollte. Es hörte sich nach Spaß an und war neu für mich. Bisher hatte ich nur chemische halluzinogene Produkte probiert, also wollte ich es unbedingt ausprobieren.

Sie warnte mich, dass es Durchfall und/oder Erbrechen verursachen könnte, aber ich sagte ihr, dass ich damit leben könnte... Nun... Mir wurde fast sofort übel und etwa zwanzig Minuten später rannte ich in den Wald und verabschiedete mich von meinem leckeren indischen Abendessen und dem ganzen Bier, das ich getrunken hatte. Es schien, als ob das Erbrechen die psychedelische Wirkung in meinem Kopf auslöste und bald ging es mir wieder

besser. Die Wirkung war nicht annähernd so stark wie LSD, aber auf ihre eigene Art und Weise war sie sehr angenehm.

Als ich den Wald verlasse, sieht mich Ollie und lacht. "Hast du die Pilze gegessen, die Isis verteilt hat?" Ich nicke.

"Ja, das sehe ich, du bist blass wie ein Geist."

"Hattest du was, Ollie?"

"Scheiße nein, von dem Zeug kriege ich die Scheißerei, ich bevorzuge LSD."

Ollie gibt mir etwas Wodka und sagt mir, dass das die beste Medizin ist, um den Magen zu beruhigen. Ich zucke mit den Schultern und nehme ein paar große Schlucke davon. Ja, das scheint zu wirken. Ich fühle mich nicht mehr ganz so übel. Ollie und ich gehen hinüber zur Bar und holen uns ein paar Bier und eine weitere Flasche Wodka aus dem Geheimversteck, das für die Helfer und Mitarbeiter reserviert ist. Wir setzen uns ans Feuer und sehen Angela und Isis zu, wie sie tanzen und albern sind. Ich muss ziemlich viel getrunken haben, denn ich kann mich nicht daran erinnern, dass ich auf dem Rücksitz von Ollies Van eingeschlafen bin. Wir müssen die Party irgendwann am frühen Sonntagmorgen verlassen haben. Ollie fuhr nach Hause, während wir hinten in seinem Van in einem betrunkenen Koma schliefen. Ich habe erst gemerkt, was los war, als wir vor unserem Haus geparkt hatten. Ollie öffnete die hintere Tür, wo das Bett stand, und weckte uns kichernd auf. Die Sonne knallte auf uns herab und ich konnte kaum etwas sehen. Er hielt es für einen urkomischen Streich, dass er uns rund 350 Kilometer nonstop nach Hause gefahren hatte, ohne dass wir es überhaupt bemerkten. Wir fanden es auch ziemlich lustig.

Angela bot Ollie an, auf einen Kaffee zu uns zu kommen, da sie schon wieder hellwach war, aber Ollie war dem Zusammenbruch nahe. Wir halfen ihm und Isis beim Auspacken und schleppten die große Tüte mit dem stinkenden Gras die Treppe hinauf in seine Wohnung, bevor wir uns in unser gemütliches Zuhause zurückzogen. Das ramponierte Ausziehsofa fühlte sich noch nie so gemütlich an, als Angela und ich hineingetaumelt kamen, zwei Bier aufmachten und den Nachmittag zwischen Schlafen und Wachen, Duschen und Liebe machen verstreichen ließen. Irgendwann am frühen Abend, als wir uns eine weitere sinnlose Sendung im Fernsehen ansehen, wendet sich Angela plötzlich eindringlich an mich. "Tommy, es gibt etwas sehr Wichtiges, das ich vergessen habe, dir zu sagen, bevor wir losgefahren sind! Ulf ist aus dem Gefängnis raus!"

"Wow! Das macht die Stimmung kaputt! Fuck!"

"Weißt du noch, was du mir versprochen hast?"

"Ja."

"Wirst du dein Versprechen halten?"

"Ja."

"Wir müssen es jetzt tun, bevor er herausfindet, wo ich bin."

"Können wir morgen gehen? Vielleicht ruhen wir uns erst mal aus und erholen uns?"

"Okay, ich rufe die Schule an und sage ihnen, dass ich morgen krank bin. Das sollte uns ein paar Tage Zeit geben, oder?"

"Ok, können wir das Thema wechseln?"

"Bist du hungrig?"

"Hungrig."

Haben wir etwas im Haus?"

"Nicht, dass ich wüsste."

"Sollen wir einen Kebab holen?"

"Ja."

Wir ziehen uns an und gehen runter zu dem kleinen Istanbuler Kebab-Laden. Mittlerweile sind wir dort schon Stammgäste. Wir nehmen unser Essen mit und stapfen nach Hause, schlingen es hinunter, rauchen einen Joint und gehen schlafen. Als ich einschlafe, denke ich immer wieder darüber nach, wie schwer das war, was ich gerade versprochen hab. Dieses Mal konnte ich nicht so tun, als wäre es ein Unfall gewesen. Dies Mal wird es vorsätzlich geschehen. Es war notwendig, aber trotzdem. Wenn wir auch nur den kleinsten Fehler machten, würde die Polizei hinter uns her sein. Oder schlimmer noch, Ulf's Freunden würden uns bis zu unserem Tod verfolgen. Ich dachte sogar daran, mich einfach davonzuschleichen und Angela und Ollie auf Nimmerwiedersehen zu verlassen. Aber. Ich liebte Angela sehr. Das war ihr Kreuz, das sie zu tragen hatte, und ich würde verdammt sein, wenn ich sie im Stich ließe und sie es allein tragen ließe. Als ich einschlafe, bin ich mir über meine Absichten im Klaren. Ich werde Angela helfen, dieses Monster zu töten.

## Kapitel 25

### Glas kauen wird dich bluten lassen

Es ist Montagmorgen um fünf Uhr. Wir wollen uns früh auf den Weg machen, damit wir genug Zeit haben, alles zu erledigen und vor Einbruch der Dunkelheit zurück zu sein. Nach einer Menge starken schwarzen Kaffees packen wir einige notwendige Dinge ein. Was würdest du für einen Mord einpacken Tommy? Wie wäre es mit einem weißen Kissenbezug, etwas Klebeband, Zellophan und deinem Schmetterlingsmesser. Ja, das sollte genügen. Für den Fall, dass wir untertauchen müssen, habe ich mein ganzes Bargeld mitgenommen, das ich im Badezimmer versteckt hatte. Ich sage Angela, dass sie darauf achten soll, dass an ihre Kleidung keine Markenlogos oder verräterischen Spuren hat, die man leicht erkennen könnte. Ich entscheide mich für eine schwarze Jeansjacke mit großen Innentaschen, und Hoodie, eine schwarze Jogginghose und schwarze, namenlose Laufschuhe. Angelas weiße Adidas-Streifen auf ihren Schuhen habe ich mit Edding geschwärzt. Es war wichtig, dass nichts, was wir trugen, leicht zu erkennen war. Bald sind wir fertig und gehen ein paar Blocks von Angelas Haus entfernt zu einem gemeinsamen Außenparkplatz, wo unser kleiner rostbrauner 1984er VW Polo steht. Ich habe ihn vor Monaten mit der Idee gekauft, dass wir zu dritt ein paar Roadtrips machen können. Es schien eine gute Idee zu sein, aber wir haben ihn seitdem nicht viel benutzt. Im Winter sind wir meistens zu Fuß oder mit öffentlichen Verkehrsmitteln unterwegs gewesen. Wenn wir irgendwo hinfahren, dann meistens mit Ollie in seinem Van. Das Auto steht nun schon seit einigen Monaten da und die Batterie ist leer.

Angela hat so etwas noch nie gemacht, also sage ich ihr, dass sie von hinten schieben soll, während ich den Leerlauf einlege. Zum Glück steht das Auto in Fahrtrichtung auf dem Schotterweg, der gut fünfzig Meter lang ist, bevor er nach links auf die Hauptstraße abbiegt. Mit etwas Glück kriegen wir es gerade noch zum Laufen. Im Rahmen des Mechanikunterrichts hatte ich in der Sekte, Autos auf Nebenstraßen gefahren und wusste definitiv, wie man mit einer leeren Batterie einen Rollstart durchführt. Der meiste Schrott, der in der Sekte als Fahrzeuge galt, wurde mit Klebeband und einem Gebet zusammengehalten. Also wenn ich dieses Ding nicht zum Laufen bringen konnte, dann würde niemand es schaffen.

Ich schalte den Wagen in den Leerlauf, löste die Handbremse, stelle mich neben den Fahrersitz und beginne, den Wagen mit dem Türrahmen nach vorne zu schieben. Angela verstärkt den Schwung von hinten. Sobald das Auto rollt, lasse ich sie so viel Geschwindigkeit wie möglich aufnehmen, bevor ich wieder ins Auto springe. Mit getretener Kupplung lege ich den zweiten Gang ein, trete das Gaspedal leicht durch und lasse die Kupplung langsam kommen. Als der Motor anfang zu stottern, drehte ich ihn hoch, bevor ich sofort die Kupplung mit der Bremse zusammendrückte. Jetzt, wo der Motor lief, schaltete ich zurück in den Leerlauf, zog die Handbremse und liess der Motor aufheulen, um die Batterie ein wenig aufzuladen.

Wir fahren in einen Baumarkt, kaufen einen Anlasser, ein paar Überbrückungskabel, einen kleinen Werkzeugkasten mit einer Auswahl an Schraubenschlüsseln und anderen Dingen, um die Batterie auszubauen und mit destilliertem Wasser zu füllen, und billige Gummihandschuhe. Der Kassierer schaute nicht einmal zu uns auf. Mit einer halben Stunde Verspätung sind alle Flüssigkeiten aufgefüllt, der Reifendruck geprüft und wir sind endlich bereit für unseren Roadtrip. Das Letzte, was ich wollte, war, einen Mord zu begehen und dann nicht vom Tatort fliehen zu können, weil das verdammte Auto genau dann, nicht anspringen wollte. Dumme Dinge passieren dummen Menschen und ich wollte um jeden Preis, nicht in diese Kategorie fallen.

Es war gut, dass ich damals etwas über Autos wusste, denn ich nahm an, dass das jeder Junge in Deutschland tat. Ich war ein Fan von Rallye, F1 und anderen Motorsportarten. In der Sekte hatten wir einmal in der Woche obligatorischen Mechanikunterricht. Wir lernten über die verschiedenen Teile des Motors, die Wartung eines Autos und die grundlegende Instandhaltung. Die bescheidenen Anfänge der Sekte begannen als Autokorso durch die USA und eines der ersten Handbücher, das der Sektenführer veröffentlichte, trug den Titel "Have Trailer will Travel". Darin ging es darum, wie du dich und dein Fahrzeug in der Wildnis mit dem Nötigsten am Leben erhältst.

Mit dem fahrbereiten Auto beginnen wir den ersten Teil unserer Reise. Zweihundert Kilometer zurück zu dem Ort, an dem alles begann. Zu der Waffe, die zuerst half, Saskia von ihrem Peiniger zu befreien und die nun hoffentlich das tödliche Instrument sein würde, um Ulf ein für alle Mal aus dieser Welt zu entfernen. Paranoia, Zweifel und Angst flüstern in meinem Kopf. Was, wenn jemand die Waffe entdeckt hat? Was, wenn man herausfindet, dass ich es war? Was ist, wenn Saskia sie genommen hat oder mich mit Angela sieht? So viele Was-wäre-wenn-Fragen, da schließe ich lieber die Augen und schlafe noch eine Stunde.

Mit dem Knistern des Radios im Ohr fahren wir auf der windigen Autobahn in Richtung Frankfurt in Richtung... möglicher Tod... Ich sage Angela, sie soll an Winterhausen vorbei und über Ochsenfurt fahren. Auf diese Weise würden wir es vermeiden, durch Marktbreit zu fahren und könnten das Auto außerhalb der Stadt in der Nähe des verlassenem Industriegebiets parken, wo hoffentlich, uns niemand bemerken sollte. Es ist besser, wenn man mein Gesicht nicht sieht, geschweige denn unsere Nummernschilder.

"Was für eine Waffe ist es, Tommy?"

"Woher soll ich das wissen? Ich bin kein Waffenexperte. Es ist eine Art Pistole. Wenn du Kugeln in sie steckst und den Abzug drückst, knallt es. Sie hat einen Lauf und sechs Kammern? Ich bin mir nicht mehr sicher. Das letzte Mal, als ich sie hatte, habe ich ehrlich gesagt nicht darauf geachtet, was für eine Waffe es war. Ich war in Panik und es war dunkel. Ich habe sie vergraben, bevor ich die Stadt verließ. Das ist alles, was ich weiß, aber ich hoffe, dass sie ihren Zweck erfüllen wird.

"Was genau ist passiert, Tommy?"

"Wie gesagt, ein Typ vergewaltigt ein Mädchen, Tommy will helfen, er schießt aus Versehen auf den Bösewicht und tötet ihn." Dass ich ihm die Kehle aufgeschlitzt habe und in seinem Blut getränkt war, habe ich weggelassen... Ich wollte nicht, dass Angela denkt, ich sei ein totaler Psychopath... Schließlich war ich erst vierzehn, als es passierte, und es war Selbstverteidigung. Tommy rennt mit der Waffe verängstigt davon und vergräbt sie in seiner Panik im Wald.

"Warum hast du es nicht weggeworfen?"

"Weil ich dachte, dass ich sie vielleicht noch einmal brauche, ich weiß nicht. Angela, weißt du, wie schwer es ist, als Vierzehnjährige in Deutschland eine richtige Waffe zu bekommen?"

"Nein, ich habe nie darüber nachgedacht, Tommy. Normale Menschen denken nicht darüber nach, woher sie eine echte Waffe bekommen, außer mir...", sagt sie und wischt sich eine Träne aus dem Auge.

"Du hast also darüber nachgedacht." sage ich rhetorisch und sie rollt mit den Augen.

"Natürlich"

"Angela, es ist nicht so, dass ich ausdrücklich nach einer Waffe gesucht habe... Es ist einfach passiert... Damals habe ich nicht viel darüber nachgedacht, aber... Ich kann mir vorstellen, dass es fast unmöglich ist, ohne Beziehungen eine Waffe zu bekommen, vor allem in meinem Alter. Ich bin immer noch auf der Flucht, Angela, ich muss mir alle Optionen offenhalten, vielleicht richte ich sie eines Tages in eine Schädelhöhle und bin fertig mit allem..."

Angela platzt wütend heraus

"DENK NICHT MAL DRAN!!!"

"War nur ein Scherz, entspann dich"

"Das ist nicht lustig..." Sie fängt an zu weinen. "Weißt du, wie oft ich mich umbringen wollte, Tommy?"

Sie dreht sich zu mir um, ihre Augen sind jetzt blutunterlaufen und tränenverschmiert

"Öfter als man sich vorstellen kann, manchmal jede Stunde am Tag!"

Als sie mich ansieht, schwenkt das Auto auf den Standstreifen Ich greife das Lenkrad und schiebe das Auto zurück auf die Straße

"Mein Gott, Angela"

" Der einzige Grund, warum ich es nie getan habe, ist, dass ich dem Schwein, das mir das angetan hat, die Eingeweide bei lebendigem Leibe herausreißen wollte..."

Ich versuche, ihr die Tränen von den Wangen zu wischen, als wir an einem Schild vorbeifahren, auf dem steht, Raststatt, 1000 Meter.



"Lass uns eine Pause machen, du kannst sicher einen Spaziergang gebrauchen."

Angela nickt und biegt vom Highway ab. Auf der Autobahnparkplatz drehen wir einen Joint und sitzen in fast unheimlicher Stille. Ich breche ihn

"Angela, ich habe das noch nie in meinem Leben zu jemandem gesagt und wirklich gemeint, aber du weißt, dass ich dich liebe".

Sie starrt geradeaus, als wolle sie nicht hören, was ich gerade gesagt habe... Wahrscheinlich war der letzte Mann, der ihr gesagt hat, dass er sie liebt, der Mann, der sie brutal missbraucht und vergewaltigt hat... Oder ihr Ex, der sie auch verprügelt hat... Jetzt fühle ich mich schrecklich, aber das ist es, was ich gefühlt habe... Ich wollte, dass sie weiß, dass jemand sie bedingungslos lieben kann

Sie grinst: "Du liebst mich, Tommy?"

"Ja"

"Warum?"

"Weil ich so fühle und vor allem, weil ich möchte, dass du es auch weißt. Liebe ist nicht gut, wenn man sie für sich selbst behält. Wie Kunst oder ein schönes Musikstück funktioniert sie nur, wenn man sie teilt."

Sie spottet

"Was ist mit Melanie?"

"Ich liebe sie auch... anders. Meine Liebe zu ihr ist wie das, was du fühlst, wenn du einen Hundewelpen siehst, eine glückliche, sorglose und freudige Liebe."

"Meine Liebe zu dir ist... Sie ist umgeben von Dunkelheit, Herzschmerz, Rache und Tod, es ist eine schöne, aber sehr dunkle Liebe. Sie besteht aus..."

Ich halte inne und betrachte die zarte Silhouette ihres Halses, die leicht gespitzten Ohren und die schön geformte Kieferpartie

"... Lieblichkeit, weißt du? Wie ein riesiger Blumenstrauß bei einer Beerdigung. Eine unermessliche Schönheit gepaart mit unerträglicher Trauer."

Angela lacht

"Manchmal ist es wirklich offensichtlich, dass du fünfzehn bist, Tommy?"

"Ist das schlimm?"

"Nein... ganz und gar nicht. Männer, die doppelt so alt sind wie du, sind nur halb so charmant. "

Sie zündet den Motor und wir beschleunigen. Ob ich heute lebe oder sterbe, eines ist mir jetzt klar. Ulf wird den heutigen Tag nicht überleben. Wenn das Letzte, was ich tue, ist,

einen weiteren grässlichen Menschen von diesem Planeten mitzunehmen, dann habe ich in diesem Leben gut gearbeitet und meine Aufgabe erfüllt. Hab Angst vor dem Mann, dessen einziger Wunsch es ist, dein Leben zu beenden. Die nächste Stunde oder so sitzen wir schweigend da. Die ganze Zeit über fühle ich mich unbehaglich... Ich habe versucht, Angela zu sagen, wie ich mich fühle, und ich habe mich so sehr bemüht, auch nur ein bisschen intellektuell zu sein, aber es schien den gegenteiligen Effekt zu haben...

"Sie findet mich süß... mich!" Ich lächle und zucke imaginär mit den Schultern.

"Wenn die Leute denken, dass ich süß bin, werden sie mich zumindest stark unterschätzen."

"Tommy", flüstert sie

"Ich glaube, ich liebe dich auch."

Ich strecke mich zu ihr wie ein Hündchen, küsse ihre Wange und lege meine Hand in ihren Schoß. Wir fahren den Rest des Weges schweigend. Sogar die Stimmen in meinem Kopf sind jetzt still. Ausgelöscht wie eine entmagnetisierte Kathodenstrahlröhre.

Wir parken das Auto, wie ich es vorgeschlagen habe, und gehen zu Fuss, etwa einen Kilometer lang in Richtung Friedhof. Es ist mitten am Montagvormittag. Niemand da. Wir gehen zur nördlichen Steinmauer, die den Friedhof vom Wald trennt. Ich zähle meine Schritte, knie nieder und beginne zu graben. Bald kommt der pistole zum Vorschein.

"Ich habe es, lass uns hier verschwinden."

Ich schiebe die Waffe in meine Innentasche, wir sind beide nervös und paranoid. Wir überqueren den Friedhof schnell und fahren schweigend los. Wir machen uns auf den Weg zu unserem nächsten Teil der Mission. Eine Stunde vergeht, bevor die Stille gebrochen wird, Angela sieht mich an.

"Glaubst du, dass die Waffe überhaupt noch schießen wird?"

Ich öffne den Zylinder. Wie zu erwarten, fehlt eine Kugel. Fünf sind noch da. Die Hülse von der Kugel, mit der ich Smiley erschossen habe, steckt auch noch drin. Ich kippe sie um und lasse sie alle in meine Hand fallen.

"Ich gehe davon aus, dass es funktioniert, solange die Kugeln nicht durch die Feuchtigkeit versaut sind. Sollen wir in den Wald fahren und einen Schuss abgeben?"

"Vorsicht ist besser als Nachsicht."

"Ich stimme zu."

Wir verlassen den Highway und fahren, bis wir mitten im Nirgendwo sind. Weg von den ausgetretenen Pfaden und hinein in den Wald. Nachdem wir uns vergewissert haben, dass niemand in der Nähe ist, ziehe ich der Waffe, spanne den Hahn, wie ich es in jedem Film gesehen habe, und richte es direkt auf einen Baum. Der Knall hallt durch den Wald, als das Projektil in den Baum einschlägt.

"Ich sehe sie an und sie lächelt."

"Es funktioniert."

"Jep."

"Ok, wir haben noch vier Kugeln übrig, lass uns die nicht vergeuden."

Ich fange an, mich wie Bonnie und Clyde zu fühlen. Als wir zurück zum Auto gehen, murmle ich

"Und wie wollen wir das machen, Schatz? Hast du einen Plan?"

"Ich habe keine Ahnung, ich will nur nicht erwischt werden oder ins Gefängnis kommen, Tommy, wenn das Risiko zu groß ist, kehren wir vielleicht einfach nach Hause zurück... aber ich werde immer Angst haben, bis das Schwein sechs Meter unter der Erde ist..."

"Ich stimme zu, es ist eine Wahl zwischen dem kochenden Öl und dem Feuer auf dem Herd. Wie wäre es, wenn wir nahe genug an Ulfs Haus parken, damit wir die Umgebung auskundschaften und uns einen Plan ausdenken können."

"Ja, Tommy, das ist nicht nötig, ich kenne die Gegend, ich bin dort aufgewachsen, ich weiß, wo wir parken können und ich werde mir einen Plan ausdenken, sobald wir angekommen sind. Ich denke, das muss einfach so schnell wie möglich gehen. Weißt du, ich bin früher immer im Park am Fluss spazieren gegangen, um den Kopf frei zu bekommen oder einfach nur für ein paar Stunden abzuschalten. Sein Haus steht an einer Ecke mit nicht allzu vielen Nachbarhäusern. Hinter seinem Haus führt ein Weg durch den Wald, also sollte es ziemlich einfach sein, ihn zu überraschen, ohne die Nachbarn zu alarmieren oder dass er es merkt. Ich denke sogar, du schleichst dich durch den Garten ins Haus, ich lenke ihn an der Haustür ab, du schießt von hinten. Ich drehe mich um und laufe weg. Du sorgst dafür, dass er tot ist, und dann treffen wir uns beim Auto. "Okay, ich denke schon, aber du musst mir den genauen Grundriss des Hauses erklären."

"Das werde ich."

Viele Stunden vergehen in Stille. Wir beide stählen unsere Köpfe für die bevorstehende Aufgabe. Mir ist klar, dass es für Angela in Wirklichkeit nicht in Frage kommt, die Mission aufzugeben. Wenn ich mich von meiner Angst überwältigen lasse und die Sache vermassle, wird Angela mir das nie verzeihen. Ich sage mir, dass ich ruhig bleiben und nicht darüber nachdenken soll, bis der Moment gekommen ist.

Ich schlafe ein und habe einen sehr lebhaften Albtraum...

... voll Adrenalin wache ich auf in dem sich noch immer bewegenden braunen VW-Polo. Ich bin aufgeputscht und durchgeschwitzt. Es war nur ein Traum. Sehr lebhaft, aber trotzdem ein Traum. Puh, denke ich mir ... Das wäre sehr unschön und sehr dumm gewesen, wenn wir es so gemacht hätten. Das Auto rast immer noch über den Highway, Angela fährt immer noch im Halbschlaf. Die Wolken sind dunkel und verdecken die Sonne...

"Gut, dass du wach bist, wir sind fast da. Was zur Hölle hast du geträumt? Du hast dich hin und her gewälzt und zusammenhanglos gebrabbelt."

"Ähm, es ist besser, wenn ich es dir nicht sage, dann bringen wir es einfach hinter uns."

Wir parken am Ende der Straße, gleich um die Ecke von einem kleinen Wald. Es ist Montagnachmittag und zu unserem Glück ist in dem kleinen Waldstück hinter Ulf's Haus niemand zu sehen. Ich überprüfe meinen Rucksack, um sicherzugehen, dass wir alles haben, was wir brauchen, denn wir haben keine Ahnung, was uns erwartet. Ich habe Klebeband und andere Dinge mitgenommen, die ich für nötig halte, falls wir ihn überwältigen und fesseln müssen. Es ist nicht so, dass ich jemals einen Mord geplant hätte, also dachte ich, dass es besser ist, zu viel Zeug dabei zu haben, als uns in Gefahr zu bringen, weil wir ein wichtiges Detail vergessen haben. "

Bevor wir einbrechen, nehme ich den Kopfkissenbezug aus meinem Rucksack und zerreiße ihn in zwei Teile, um unsere Gesichter damit zu bedecken. Ich reiche Angela ein Paar Gummihandschuhe und ziehe mir das andere Paar an. Wir schleichen uns in den Garten, indem wir über einen hüfthohen Metallzaun klettern, der mit Sträuchern und verschiedenen Pflanzen überwuchert ist. Wir hocken uns hinter ein paar Büsche, um die Lage einzuschätzen und sehen Ulf durch die leicht geöffnete Glasschiebetür, die keine vier Meter entfernt auf der anderen Seite des Rasens liegt, nur in Unterwäsche ins Wohnzimmer gehen. Er kratzt sich mit einer Hand an den Eiern, während er in der anderen eine Tasse Kaffee hält. Er schnappt sich die Fernbedienung, setzt sich auf die Couch und schaltet den Fernseher ein. Er wendet uns den Rücken zu. So sieht er uns nicht, wenn wir uns nähern. Jetzt oder nie. Angela geht in die Hocke und stürmt mit dem offenen Messer in der Hand auf die Glasschiebetür der Veranda zu. Ich folge ihr mit der Waffe. Das Gras ist vom Regen klatschnass und plätschert geräuschvoll. Sie schiebt die Glastür geräuschlos gerade so weit auf, dass ich mich mit der Waffe hindurchzwängen kann. Ulf hört uns zunächst nicht, weil die Tagesschau läuft.

Ich spanne die Pistole, er hört das und dreht seinen Kopf nach links, um zu sehen, was zum Teufel los ist. Ich lasse ihm keine Zeit zu reagieren, stürme vor und eröffne das Feuer. Der Schuss trifft voll ins Schwarze. Ein Loch klafft direkt über seinem Ohr in der Seite seines Gesichts, während er versucht, aufzustehen, aber er verliert fast sofort das Bewusstsein, sackt zurück auf die Couch und kippt zur Seite. Ich laufe um die Couch herum, wische die Waffe mit meinem Kapuzenärmel ab, nur für den Fall, dass noch alte Fingerabdrücke von mir oder jemand anderem darauf sind, lege sie in seine tote Hand und lege den Zeigefinger auf den Abzug. Ich drehe mich um und sehe Angela an. Sie sieht sehr überrascht aus. Es ging alles so schnell, dass sie nicht glauben konnte, dass ich ihn bereits getötet hatte.

"Lass uns von hier verschwinden."

Ich schaue nach unten und sehe meinen nassen Fussabdrücken. Scheiße, ich ziehe schnell meinen Kapuzenpullover aus und wische den Boden damit ab, während ich rückwärts zur Glastür der Veranda gehe. Zufrieden, dass ich alle meine Fußabdrücke weggewischt habe, schiebe ich die Tür zu. Wir drehen uns um und eilen den Weg zurück, den wir gekommen sind. Immer noch kein Mensch in Sicht, verdammt! Das war zu einfach! Mein Herz rast eine Meile pro Minute. Während wir durch das Gebüsch eilen und über den kleinen Metallzaun

klettern, reißen wir uns die Gesichtsmasken und Handschuhe vom Leib. Ich mache ihr ein Zeichen, dass sie sie mir geben soll und stecke sie in meine andere Innentasche.

Ich sage ihr, sie soll langsamer laufen, damit wir nicht verdächtig aussehen, und lege meinen Arm um ihre Taille. Ich küsse sie auf den Hals.

"Wir haben es geschafft. " Sie sieht mich mit Freude in den Augen an und lächelt

"Der Mistkerl ist tot, ich kann es nicht glauben, es ging alles so schnell. Bist du sicher, dass er tot ist?"

"Glaub mir, er hatte ein Loch in der Seite seines blöden Gesichts." Das ist nichts, was man reparieren kann."

"Sie schluckt: "Träume ich?"

"Ich fürchte, nein, Liebling."

Mit klopfenden Herzen und voller Adrenalin gehen wir so normal wie möglich zum Auto. Es fühlt sich an, als würde sich mein Hals mit jedem Herzschlag ausbeulen und als wir im Auto sitzen und losfahren, atmen wir beide aus und dann in tiefen, panischen Atemzügen ein. Es ist, als würden wir ertrinken und hätten es mit letzter Kraft geschafft, an die Oberfläche zu kommen. Auf dem langen Weg nach Hause sind wir völlig nervös und jedes Mal kurz vor einer Panikattacke, wenn ein Polizeiauto in Sichtweite ist. Angela hält nicht einmal an, um mich pinkeln zu lassen. Als wir zu Hause ankommen, ist es Abend.

Wir lassen das Auto auf dem Parkplatz stehen und laufen zurück nach Hause. Die ganze Zeit über bin ich völlig paranoid, ob ich etwas übersehen habe, das uns verraten könnte. Ein Haar, ein Schuhabdruck, aber ich habe mir gesagt, dass das jetzt nicht mehr wichtig ist. Wenn ich einen Fehler gemacht habe, werde ich dafür bezahlen, wenn nicht, dann nicht. Was geschehen ist, ist geschehen. Genieße lieber das Leben jetzt und kümmere dich um die Konsequenzen, wenn sie eintreten. Immerhin habe ich es wie Selbstmord aussehen lassen, hoffe ich...

Als wir die Wohnung betreten, versuchen wir so leise wie möglich zu sein, damit die Nachbarn hoffentlich nicht bemerken, dass wir überhaupt gegangen sind. Unser Plan ist es, uns gegenseitig als Alibi zu benutzen, falls wir befragt werden. Angela war krank, also habe ich mich um sie gekümmert. Weder Ollie noch Isis haben gesehen, wie wir das Haus verlassen oder wieder betreten haben. Das würde unsere Geschichte glaubwürdig machen. Die Wohnung im Erdgeschoss steht leer, seit ich hier wohne. Außer uns wohnt sonst nur Ollie und Isis im Haus. Wir mussten uns also keine Sorgen wegen neugieriger Nachbarn machen.

Als ich drinnen bin, renne ich zur Toilette, weil meine Blase jetzt buchstäblich zu platzen droht. Während ich pinkle, steht Angela mit zwei kalten Bieren in der Hand in der Badezimmertür und strahlt vor Glück

"Wir haben es geschafft! Das Arschloch ist endlich tot." Sie sieht mir beim Pinkeln zu und lacht

"Es ist so praktisch, einen Schwanz zu haben, nicht wahr?"

Ich nicke, "Ok? Ja, das ist es wohl."

"Komm Tommy, lass uns ein Bier trinken, einen Joint rauchen und feiern. Warum gehen wir heute Abend nicht einfach aus und essen irgendwo nett?"

"Was ist mit unserem Alibi, dass du krank bist?"

"Sag diesen neugierigen Arschlöchern, dass ich mich besser fühlte. Komm schon Tommy, das wird ein Tag in meinem Leben sein, den ich immer feiern werde. Das habe ich alles dir zu verdanken. Meine Krämpfe sind weg, du hast mir geholfen, mit Lars Schluss zu machen und jetzt hast du den Mann getötet, der mich mein ganzes Leben lang gequält hat. Sie beginnt zu weinen und lächelt: "Ich werde nie vergessen, was du für mich getan hast, Tommy."

Eifrig nehme ich ihr ein Bier aus der Hand, wir jubeln und ich umarme sie fest.

"Liebling, WIR haben das alles gemacht, nicht nur ich, sondern wir. Wir sind ein Team." Ich küsse sie auf den Mund und gehe ins Wohnzimmer, zünde mir eine Zigarette an und mache ihr ein Zeichen, dass sie sich zu mir aufs Sofa kuscheln soll. Wir sitzen eng aneinander gekuschelt da, trinken noch mehr Bier und zünden eine Zigarette nach der anderen an. Ich leide unter starkem Nikotinentzug, weil meine Nerven völlig am Ende sind. Ich hatte heute Morgen ganz vergessen, Zigaretten mitzunehmen und wir wollten nicht unnötig irgendwo anhalten, wo Kameras sein könnten und man uns versehentlich sehen könnte.

Ding Dong

Angela sieht mich nervös an

"Was sollen wir tun?"

Hey, entspann dich, verhalte dich normal, ich sehe nach, wer es ist.

Melanie steht vor der Tür. Seltsam, sie sagte, sie würde morgen vorbeikommen. Nun, ich werde sie nicht einfach so dastehen lassen und mich weigern, sie hereinzulassen, also öffne ich die Tür. Ihr Verhalten zeigt keine Emotionen. Das ist sehr untypisch für sie. Als sie durch die Tür kommt, will ich sie umarmen und küssen, aber sie dreht den Kopf und lässt sich stattdessen von mir auf die Wange küssen. Okay, das ist seltsam. Ich hatte auf ein enthusiastischeres Wiedersehen gehofft, schließlich hatten wir uns seit vielen Wochen nicht mehr gesehen. Ich bin nervös und platze heraus.

"Happy Birthday Melanie"

"Oh, dass, das ist morgen, danke, denke ich."

Sie zieht an mir vorbei und geht auf Angela zu. Wieder keine Freude, kein Geschrei, keine Umarmung, nur ein lässiges Winken, als sie in die Küche geht, sich ein Bier nimmt, eine Zigarette anzündet und einen Stuhl aus der Küche ins Wohnzimmer trägt. Sie dreht ihn nach hinten und setzt sich, während sie ihre Arme auf die Rückenlehne stützt. Ich folge ihr und setze mich wieder neben Angela auf das Sofa. Das scheint etwas Ernstes zu sein. WTF?

Angela und ich starren sie leise und ungläubig an. Wir haben Melanie noch nie so distanziert gesehen. Sie nimmt einen langen Zug an ihrer Zigarette und durchbricht die Stille.

"Ich habe jemanden kennengelernt. Sein Name ist Phillippe, er ist wirklich nett, süß und fängt nächstes Jahr an, Medizin zu studieren. Die Ironie ist, dass er aus Koblenz kommt, der Stadt, in der ich geboren wurde. Jetzt lebt er in Mannheim. Ich glaube, er ist der Richtige, Leute. Ich habe ihn am Wochenende, bevor ich mit meinen Eltern in den Urlaub fuhr, in einem Club kennengelernt. Er nahm mich mit ins Haus seiner Eltern und der Sex war einfach fantastisch. Er war so abenteuerlustig und sorgte dafür, dass ich es wirklich genoss. Zuerst war ich nur auf der Suche nach einem One-Night-Stand, um es dir unter die Nase zu reiben, Tommy. Ich dachte mir, wenn Tommy mich betrügen kann, warum sollte ich nicht auch andere Typen ficken. Am nächsten Tag blieb ich bei ihm und wir fickten den ganzen Tag lang in seinem Zimmer. Dann wurde es mir klar. Warum zum Teufel sollte ich mit euch beiden Losern abhängen, wenn ich jemanden haben kann, der sich wirklich um mich sorgt und sich um meine Bedürfnisse kümmert? Ohne einen lügenden Mistkerl mit jemand anderem teilen zu müssen. Es war ziemlich egoistisch von euch beiden, mich so im Dunkeln zu lassen und ich dachte, ich könnte damit umgehen, aber ich kann es nicht."

Ich habe mit Philippe darüber gesprochen und er sieht das genauso wie ich. Er und ich sind beide der Meinung, dass das, was ihr beide getan habt, beweist, dass wir keine Freunde sind. Wir können keine Freunde, Liebhaber oder sonst was sein. Ihr beide habt mich verraten, mein Vertrauen..." sie sieht mich an und fängt an zu weinen, "...Wie konntet ihr mir das antun... Tommy!" Sie schnippt mir die brennende Zigarette ins Gesicht. "Ihr könnt mich beide mal, das ist alles, was ich sagen will: Fick dich Tommy und fick dich Angela! Wir waren beste Freunde. Machen beste Freunde so einen Scheiß miteinander? Nein! Das tun sie nicht."

Sie steht auf, schüttet den Rest ihres Bieres auf den Teppich und wirft mir die Bierflasche an den Kopf. Sie verfehlt mich nur knapp und explodiert hinter mir an der Wand, wobei das Sofabett mit Glassplittern bedeckt wird. Ohne ein weiteres Wort steht sie auf, geht aus der Wohnung, knallt die Tür hinter sich zu und verlässt das Gebäude. Ich schaue zu Angela hinüber und sie ist ein einziges Tränenmeer. Melanie!!! Angela rennt auf den Balkon und ruft ihr hinterher, dass es ihr leidtut, dass sie mit ihr reden soll, sie bettelt und weint, aber Melanie sieht nicht einmal auf und geht weiter, bis sie außer Sichtweite ist.

Ich gehe zu Angela hinüber und lasse sie sich an meiner Schulter ausweinen. Ich wusste, dass das passieren würde, ich bin so ein Idiot. Heute sollte ein Tag des Feierns sein, nicht so etwas!

"Komm Schatz, lass uns spazieren gehen, etwas essen, dann geht es uns beiden besser. Hier zu sitzen, wird nichts ändern."

Sie nickt in meine Schulter, ich halte ihre Hand und führe sie zurück ins Haus. Sie lässt sich auf das Sofa fallen, zieht mich auf sich und küsst mich mit gebrochenem Herzen. Wenn sie mich braucht, um sie zu trösten, werde ich alles tun, was sie von mir verlangt. Sie beginnt, mich auszuziehen und wir lieben uns. Ich gebe ihr alles, was ich geben kann, und als wir fertig sind, hat sie keine Lust mehr, rauszugehen. Obwohl ich hungrig bin, gebe ich mich

damit zufrieden, mit ihr zu kuscheln, bis sie eingeschlafen ist. Als sie eingeschlafen ist, verspüre ich immer noch den Drang nach frischer Luft und Nahrung. Ich dusche, ziehe mich an und hinterlasse Angela einen Zettel, den ich an den Fernseher klebe. Ich will nicht, dass sie aufwacht, sieht, dass ich weg bin und denkt, ich hätte sie auch im Stich gelassen.

Ich küsse sie auf die Stirn und mache mich auf den Weg nach draußen. Ziello, einfach egal. Dorthin, wo ich Essen, Zigaretten und mehr Alkohol bekommen kann. Der Regen fühlt sich erfrischend auf meinem müden Gesicht an. Wir haben in den letzten 24 Stunden fast 900 Kilometer zurückgelegt und ich bin draußen und drinnen wie tot. Ich ziehe meinen Kapuzenpulli so weit wie möglich über meinen Kopf und nehme meine Ray Bans heraus. Ich vermeide den Blickkontakt mit den Passanten und mache mich auf den Weg ins Stadtzentrum. Ich lasse mich ziellos herumtreiben und wandere von Kneipe zu Kneipe. Sobald die Bars schließen, eile ich zur Tankstelle, um zwei Flaschen Wodka und eine Schachtel Zigaretten zu kaufen. Ich laufe hinunter zum Fluss, während ich den Wodka schlucke und kettenrauche. Je länger ich draußen bleibe, desto mehr schreit mich der Gedanke an: "Hau einfach ab und komm nicht zurück!" Ich bin ihr nichts schuldig! Ich meine, ich habe Angela mehr geholfen, als irgendjemand vorher oder nachher jemals tun wird, aber ich bin nicht gut für sie. Sie ist so ein gutes Mädchen. Sie muss mich vergessen und einen Mann heiraten, der sich um sie kümmert und ihr Stabilität gibt. Ich habe das Gefühl, dass ich jeden verfluche, mit dem ich in Kontakt komme. Ich habe das Blut von drei Menschen direkt oder indirekt an meinen Händen. Ich habe Saskia verlassen, Liesel und Melanies Herz gebrochen. Jetzt werde ich unweigerlich Angela verletzen, egal, ob ich bleibe oder ob ich gehe. Alles, was ich tue, wird entweder das Unvermeidliche sein oder ein Aufschub davon.

"JUST LEAVE", schreit meine innere Stimme mich immer wieder an.

"Du verdienst kein Happy End. Du verdienst es nicht, geliebt zu werden. Elend und Tod verfolgen dich und berühren alle, die deinen Weg kreuzen und versuchen, dich zu lieben oder zu umsorgen. Du bist kein Engel des Lebens. Du bist ein Engel des Todes."

Diese Gedanken durchströmen mich wie sintflutartiger Regen, unerbittlich und frustrierend. Mir wird klar, dass ich mich irgendwie ziemlich weit von der Stadt entfernt hatte. Ich war völlig in den automatischen Modus übergegangen und so sehr mit dem Denken beschäftigt, dass ich schon sehr betrunken war, als ich aus dem Mobile Perpetua in meinem Kopf stieg. Der Fluss winkt mir zu. Seine kraftvolle Strömung zieht mich zu ihm hin. "Wie fühlt es sich an, zu ertrinken?" dachte ich bei mir. Die Leute sagen, dass es der schlimmste Tod ist, wenn man nicht sterben will und bis zum letzten Atemzug dagegen ankämpft. Aber. Wenn du den Tod umarmst und dich bereitwillig vom Wasser durchfluten lässt, wirst du schnell und ruhig sterben. Ich fange an zu bereuen, dass ich die Waffe in Ulfs Haus gelassen habe. Ich bin am Punktum Terminus. Ich sehe keinen Grund, weiterzumachen, keine Zukunft. Ich habe genug von der ständigen Angst, der Furcht, dem Schmerz und der Trauer, die ich jeden verdammten Tag mit mir herumtrage. Keine Drogen, kein Alkohol und kein Sex können den Schaden reparieren, den mir die Monster meiner Kindheit zugefügt haben. Ich brauche massive Vergeltung oder Selbstzerstörung.



"Gut, dass ich die Waffe nicht dabei habe. Ich habe keinen Zweifel, dass ich mich mit einem Fingerdruck ein für alle Mal aus dem Spiel nehmen würde, während mein Körper in den Fluss stürzt. Meine Geschwister werden weiterhin zu Kindern Gottes heranwachsen. Nach heute Abend werden sie mehr denn je davon überzeugt sein, dass sie wie ihr toter älterer Bruder enden würden, wenn sie vom schmalen Pfad abwichen. Meine Eltern würden gewinnen. Ein tödliches 0:1. Ich meine, hatte ich es überhaupt verdient, zu leben? War ich in Gottes Augen nicht zum Kotzen? Was machte ich mit meiner neu gefundenen Freiheit? Ich tat alles, buchstäblich alles, was man laut der Bibel nicht tun sollte. Was für ein gutes Beispiel könnte ich denn noch sein?"

Ich fürchte, Angela ist auch nicht die Richtige für mich. Sie hat mich um ihren kleinen Finger gewickelt. Ich habe einen Mann, den ich nicht einmal kannte, wegen ihrer Geschichte buchstäblich umgebracht und einen anderen Mann verprügelt, nachdem ich gesehen hatte, dass sie blaue Flecken auf dem Rücken hatte. Vielleicht hält sie mich zum Narren. Wer kann schon sagen, wer Ulf war? Wusste ich wirklich, was passiert ist? Hatte ich Beweise dafür, dass er im Gefängnis war, weil er Angela vergewaltigt hatte? Nein, wenn ich es mir recht überlege, habe ich keine Dokumente gesehen, nichts. Ich habe nie auch nur den kleinsten Beweis dafür gesehen, dass ihre Geschichte wahr ist. Soweit ich weiß, war er wegen etwas völlig anderem im Gefängnis. Sie wollte sein Geld und wusste, dass sie automatisch alles von ihm erben würde, da ihre Mutter auch tot war. Wenn ich es mir recht überlege, dummer Tommy, warst du es, der den Abzug gedrückt hat, nicht Angela! Du hast es wie Selbstmord aussehen lassen, und das wäre für die meisten Polizeibeamten absolut glaubhaft gewesen. Ein Typ kommt aus dem Gefängnis, wird depressiv und schießt sich das Hirn weg. Hast du irgendwelche Beweise gesehen, die Angelas Geschichte untermauern? Nein! Du leichtgläubige Sau! Wer weiß! Vielleicht verrät Angela dich morgen bei der Polizei?

Sei nicht paranoid, Tommy! Das würde sie nicht tun! Alles, was Angela dir gesagt hat, war die Wahrheit. Du hast einen bösen Mistkerl getötet und solltest stolz auf dich sein. Angela hat dich gebraucht und du warst für sie da. Wenn du das Gefühl hast, dass sie nicht die Richtige für dich ist, dann sag es ihr einfach, aber werde nicht paranoid. All diese schicksalhaften Entscheidungen waren deine und nur deine! Du hast Angela von der Waffe erzählt. Sonst hätte sie nie davon erfahren. Es ist unmöglich, dass sie dich manipuliert hat, etwas zu tun, was du nicht wolltest. Wenn überhaupt, dann hast du Angela dazu gebracht, ihren Vater zu töten, oder? Du hast ihr von der Waffe erzählt, weil du ihn töten wolltest, nachdem sie dir ihre Geschichte erzählt hatte. Du hast den Drang verspürt, jemandem das Leben zu nehmen, auch weil dir der Gedanke Freude bereitet hat. Das Gefühl der absoluten Macht über ein anderes menschliches Wesen. Wie Gott, der darüber entscheidet, wer lebt und wer stirbt. Du, Tommy, warst dein ganzes Leben lang machtlos und hast jetzt durch einen Schicksalsschlag dieses Schicksal auf den Kopf gestellt. Du bist kein Opfer mehr, sondern ein Rächer und dieses Gefühl gefällt dir, oder?

Mal ehrlich, wenn du dich nicht so sehr für dein eigenes Elend schämen würdest, wen würdest du als Nächstes umbringen? Digger? Lars? Beide sind Drecksäcke, die das Leid und Tod anderer auf dem Gewissen haben. Was wirst du tun? Auf dieser Erde wandeln und dein eigenes Utopia der selbstgerechten Gerechtigkeit schaffen? Du weißt, dass du dich erst

dann genährt fühlen wirst, wenn du Stefan, Annette, Onkel David, Patel, die Hexe, Tante Mercy, Onkel Juan, Onkel Tim und all die anderen Sadisten, die deine Unschuld geraubt und dir deine Kindheit gestohlen haben, getötet hast. Du willst sie ausrotten, weil sie dich vergewaltigt, geschlagen, von der Welt weggesperrt und dir deine Jungfräulichkeit geraubt haben. Tommy, sieh es ein. Du wirst deine Mordlust niemals stillen können, solange du nicht die ersten Monster von allen ausgerottet hast. Diejenigen, die dich ernähren, beschützen und versorgen sollten. Tommy muss überleben, er muss zumindest lange genug leben, um schreckliche Rache an denen zu nehmen, die ihn, seine Lieben und seine Familie verletzt haben. "

Ich schreie über den dunkel fließenden Fluss

"Tommy muss leben!"

"...muss ich lange genug leben, um schreckliche Rache an all denen zu nehmen, die meine Familie und meine Lieben verletzt haben."

Ich bin immer noch überzeugt, dass ich die Waffe gegen mich selbst eingesetzt hätte, wenn ich sie behalten hätte. Das wäre der einfache Ausweg gewesen. Ich kippe den letzten Rest des zweiten Wodkas ohne Pause hinunter und beschließe, nach Hause zu gehen. Vielleicht sterbe ich an einer Alkoholvergiftung und höre im Schlaf auf zu atmen. Wer weiß, vielleicht breche ich auf dem Rückweg zusammen und sterbe irgendwo hier draußen im Nirgendwo.

Ich taumle den langen Weg zurück. Als ich in der Nähe der Wohnung ankomme, geht die Sonne durch den düsteren Himmel auf. Ich sehe alles doppelt und leide definitiv an einer Alkoholvergiftung. Als ich durch die Tür stolpere, höre ich Angela aus dem Flur, die im Schlaf wimmert.

"Tommy, Tommy, bitte... komm zu mir. Bitte komm zu mir, Tommy"

Ich betrete das Wohnzimmer, Angela liegt in Fötusstellung, den Kopf zwischen zwei Kissen vergraben. Sie weint bitterlich und hat die Augen geschlossen, ihr ganzer Körper zittert vor Kummer. Sie streckt ihre Hand nach mir aus. Ich nehme sie und streichle sie mit meinem Daumen. Ich löffle sie auf das ausziehbare Sofa und umarme sie fest. Sie hört auf zu weinen. Wir liegen in völliger Stille und ich streichle trunken ihr Haar, während sie langsam ins Traumland abdriftet. Ich küsse sie auf die Wange und murmle lallend: "Gute Nacht". Meine Augen sind schwer vor Erschöpfung und Kummer, und als ich in den Abgrund der Unterwelt falle, höre ich in meinem Kopf nur noch, wie es still wird,

"Einatmen, ausatmen, einatmen, ausatmen, einatmen, ausatmen, einatmen, ausatmen, einatmen, ausatmen..."

## **Eine der ursprünglichen Anklagen gegen Stefan Thomas Seibel**

Schriftliche Erklärung gegen Stephan Seibel wegen sexuellen Missbrauchs von Minderjährigen.

Schriftliche Erklärung gegen Annette Seibel wegen Beihilfe zum sexuellen Missbrauch von Minderjährigen.

Hiermit möchte ich gegen Stephan Seibel aussagen, der mich 1990, als ich 10 Jahre alt war, in Wetzikon mehrmals sexuell missbraucht hat.

Meine Eltern waren in der gleichen Sekte wie Herr Seibel, und ich wurde für drei Monate in die Obhut einer Kommune gegeben und Herrn Seibel als Pflegekind "zugeteilt".

Ich habe dort nachts viel geweint, weil ich meine Eltern vermisst habe, und das wurde Herrn Seibel gemeldet. Ich wurde aus dem Bett geholt und er brachte mich in einen kleinen Heizungsraum. Zuerst dachte ich, ich würde gezüchtigt, denn das war Usus in der Sekte, Erwachsene durften Kinder wahllos schlagen. Stattdessen sprach Herr Seibel ganz sanft mit mir und strich mir über die Wangen, damit ich mich beruhigte. Er zog mich auf seinen Schoß und umarmte mich, und ich merkte, dass er eine Erektion hatte. Er hielt mich eine Weile fest und bewegte mich hin und her, so dass ich auf seinem Schoß herumrutschte, um ihn zu stimulieren, während er meine Pobacken massierte und mich zwischen den Beinen streichelte. Da dies nicht meine erste Erfahrung mit sexueller Belästigung in der Sekte war, erstarrte ich einfach und reagierte nicht, bis er nach einiger Zeit von mir abließ und mich ins Bett schickte. Er selbst blieb noch im Heizungsraum.

Obwohl die meisten Erwachsenen in der Gemeinde Wetzikon Zimmer im Gebäude hatten, wohnte Herr Seibel mit oder manchmal ohne seine Frau in einem "Gartenhäuschen" auf dem Gelände. An den Wochenenden übernachteten seine Kinder und auch ich oft dort; unter der Woche schlief ich mit meiner Gruppe im Gebäude. Eines Abends weckte mich Frau Anette Seibel nachts gegen 23:00 Uhr und sagte mir, dass ich ins Gartenhaus kommen könne, um Zeit mit ihnen zu verbringen. Sie sagte, dass ich in meinem Pyjama verschwitzt und zu warm sei, also zog sie ihn aus. Sie ging zurück ins Hauptgebäude. Dann wurde mir gesagt, ich solle mich zu Herrn Seibel ins Bett legen, der nur eine knappe grüne Unterhose trug. Ich muss Angst gezeigt haben, denn er fragte mich, ob ich nie "Liebeszeit" mit meinem Vater verbringen würde. Aus Angst habe ich nicht geantwortet. Er zog mich ins Bett und unter die Decke, wo er sein Glied an mir rieb und mir wieder zwischen die Beine griff. Ich schloss meine Augen und tat so, als würde ich einschlafen, und nach einer Weile ließ er nach.

Das geschah wöchentlich, vor allem, wenn Frau Seibel nicht da war. Manchmal durfte ich mit seiner Tochter im selben Bett schlafen, und dann wurde ich verschont.

Herr Seibel unterrichtete uns in Musik, und eines Abends wurden drei oder vier von uns Mädchen zum Vesper in sein Haus eingeladen. Es war auch eine junge Frau dabei, die mit ihm musizierte. Er schien sich sehr zu ihr hingezogen zu fühlen, denn er machte immer

wieder anzügliche Bemerkungen, die sie ablehnte. Trotzdem zwang er sie zum Geschlechtsverkehr, obwohl wir Mädchen mit ihm in dem kleinen Schlafzimmer waren. Die Frau fühlte sich offensichtlich unwohl, aber sie fügte sich, während wir Kinder verlegen versuchten, uns abzuwenden. Herr Seibel sagte uns, wir sollten nicht so viel Aufhebens machen, schließlich wüssten wir, wie Babys gemacht würden.

Unter anderem wurde ich Zeuge, wie Herr Seibel seinen Sohn John David körperlich züchtigte, obwohl er noch ein Kleinkind war, und wie er wiederholt andere Kinder in unserer Gruppe schlug und anschrie.

Ich habe kaum einen Menschen gekannt, der sadistischer und gewalttätiger war als er. Ihn auf die Menschheit loszulassen, ist eine Gefahr für jedes Kind.

Ich bitte darum, dass er nicht nur für seine Verbrechen bestraft wird, sondern auch, dass er keine Möglichkeit hat, weiterhin Kinder zu missbrauchen oder dies in Zukunft zu tun.