

The German Stewardess

Prologue

LAX to Frankfurt this year, Airbus A380, as always a Lufthansa flight. I love it, flying for many hours, sitting in such a huge plane. And its strange. You hear only the silent sound of the engines, very seldom a turbulence, and it's very comfortable - even in the economy class. In fact it's quieter and more judder-free than a train ride. I like it to be awoken all the time, to enjoy the flight as much and long as possible. I like it to give my thoughts full scope. But this flight was something even more special.....

In the first moment I saw her she attracted my attention. At the start, and the landing, she sat diagonally opposite to me, face to face. I will not talk about my thoughts and why she fascinated me that much, she's no fictional character of a novel. But after the landing, as she said goodbye to me, I had the impulse to ask, whether she would have some time for me. I would had liked it, to talk with her, to ask her about my thoughts. Unfortunately I fear that I never will see her again. But then I decided that she should appear in a novel - "The German Stewardess".....

Tommy's Joynt

My last day in San Francisco, everything was done now. Tomorrow I would sit in a Greyhound bus, heading down the Interstate 5 towards Los Angeles, but I would never arrive in Los Angeles. I had decided to have a last late lunch at Tommy's Joynt, sat at the bar with my plate, one of the sandwiches, one with roast beef - and coffee of course. I thought about my future, about whether I would be, as somebody asked me: "Sorry, is this seat taken?" It was a woman's voice, with a very distinct accent, an accent, in which I was very familiar in: "No, of course not. Have a seat." I moved my head and looked at her - "Thank you!" - and I realized that the restaurant was very crowded now. As I had come was the restaurant not that much crowded. I decided to sit at the bar because I liked it to eat there. And during this hours it was also allowed to do so. But now the restaurant was very crowded and only a few seats at some tables and a few at the bar were available. She sat down, Buffalo Stew, and I had a closer look at her - without any doubt I was not the only one in the restaurant who looked at her.....

She was tall, somewhat taller than I. Slim, but not skinny. Elegant, but she wore comfortable clothes. She created the impression of a woman who normally, in her business, wore some kind of formal dress, but was out of business now. Her hair was long and black and I wasn't sure if this was the natural color. Some make-up, but also here it looked like as she was very used to make-up. She noticed it that I looked at her and smiled at me - it was obvious that she had a lot of customer contact in her business and that she was used to that people looked at her.....

"Your accent? You're from Germany - if you allow me the question?"

"Yes, it's hard to hide this."

"There's nothing that has to be hidden. Germans are very welcomed in the US, and many Americans have German roots."

"Yes, that's true."

"You're on vacation?"

"No, not really."

"I think I should disturb you not longer."

"You not disturb me. It's my first time here in San Francisco, but I have only this evening. I will leave the city tomorrow again, around this time."

"I guess you're a stewardess....."

"That's right."

She milled again and I looked at her. She smiled even more and put her head aside.....

"Sorry!"

"Well, I think it's a male reflex."

"You mean.....?"

"Thinking about how I look in my uniform, for example."

"Okay, you got me. I fear this is annoying for you?"

"Yes and no. I'm used to."

"But now, I will not disturb you any longer."

"As I said, you not disturb me. You live in this city? Maybe you have some tips - you're used to the German accent?"

"I'm born in this city, the whole city is a tip and I have German ancestors."

"Wow, that's the whole package. A wonderful city - or?"

"Well, I lived for many years in Los Angeles. I'm only here to leave. Like you, I will leave tomorrow."

"Back to Los Angeles?"

"No, I don't think so. I will enter a bus who will drive through many small towns. In one of them I should leave the bus. Should I arrive in Los Angeles then I have done something very stupid....."

"Sounds not as you're very sure about your aim?"

"Well, sometimes the most simple things are the most difficult ones. I have to change my life."
 "Would you allow me to ask you about your profession?"
 "I played to be a private investigator in Los Angeles. But I have some health problems now."
 "A private eye in Los Angeles - well, that's stuff for Hollywood movies."
 "Yeah! I hope you're aware of that neither the movies about Los Angeles, nor the movies about San Francisco telling you something about the real life in this cities."
 "I'm a stewardess - should we talk about the glamorous and sexy life of stewardesses?"
 "Well, I guess you're in love with the pilot?"
 "Absolutely! That's why I'm sitting here alone."
 "Would it be lewd would I invite you - maybe you have plans for the evening?"
 "No, not really. I thought about to walk around a bit, to go to sleep early. I thought about to see at least the bridge and the harbor tomorrow morning - something like that?"
 "Then I would recommend Little Italy for the evening. We can walk to Caffè Trieste, dinner in one of the Italian restaurants?"
 "And then? Sorry that I ask....."
 "It's okay. Maybe meeting again in the morning, dungeness crab at Tarantino's, while looking at the bridge?"
 "Why not? Would you give me some time for a short stay in my hotel?"
 "You look perfect."
 "Well, for dinner....."
 "Then I have to reconsider my outfit also!"
 "No! You look perfect! But I think I have to change a little bit - in two hours at Caffè Trieste? I will take a taxi."
 "Okay....."
 She stood up to leave, but she turned around again.....
 "You know, that I'm a Lufthansa stewardess?"
 "I would guess so."
 "A German airline."
 "Yes.....?"
 "You know their uniforms?"
 "Not really, but....."
 "Typical Germans, Lufthansa stewardesses are allowed to wear trousers....."

Caffè Trieste

I had to wait a bit in front of Caffè Trieste till she arrived, but it was no wasted time. I had a conversation with a nice lady, sitting in a chair on the sidewalk. Beside her on the sidewalk, on a blanket, many things which she offered for sale. We talked about this and that, when she told me, that she would write poems. She invited me to the next literary evening at Bird & Beckett, a book and record shop in Glen Park, where she read from time to time. I told her not that I would leave the city tomorrow, but not to fool her. I never said that I never will be in the city again. Okay, not for living, but why not for some vacation days? And I would visit Bird & Beckett then, maybe for a literary evening, maybe for one of the jazz concerts which she had recommended me also. As the taxi arrived, and it became obvious that I had waited for the woman who exited the taxi, she smiled at me. We welcomed us, entered Caffè Trieste, ordered and sat at a table.

"A very nice place, all this photographs."
 "Yes, it's a place with a very long tradition - well, tradition....."
 "Yes? - Feel free to ask."
 "This is not your work-wear - or?"
 "No, no trousers! Seriously?"
 "Yes."

"My uniform I wear only when I work, but this is very similar to my uniform. I thought that I should help your imagination a little bit."

"For that matter - trousers?"

"Typically man - now you start with trousers!"

"No, I have to confess that I feel skirts as more pretty. But this means not that a woman has to wear them all the times, or in general."

"So you think that I would look good also when wearing trousers?"

"Marlene Dietrich comes me to mind."

"Wow, Marlene Dietrich? That's the first time that someone compares me with her. I feel honored....."

"But I think it's not the first time that someone tells you that you're a woman who attracts all the attention all the time - as we see in this place."

"Do start with a flirt?"

"No, sorry. But I think this is a matter-of-fact analysis. It's a matter-of-fact that you're an eye-catching woman."

"And the consequence is? I mean for me as a person?"

"You mean for you personally, or seen from my position?"

"From your position."

"Would I be president, I would become horny and wanted to fuck you. And because I would be a chauvinist and a narcissist I would be sure about that you would totally like it, to be fucked by me. But I'm no president, therefore I would say, that nothing ensues from the fact that you're an eye-catching woman."

"Really? Not that I would be offended by it, but do you mean this seriously?"

"Yes, because you're outward appearance reveals only something about your outward. Okay, nice to look at, very nice in this clothes. But.....too less for everything else."

"You're talking about my inner values?"

"I'm no hypocrite. It's nice to sit here with you, it's nice to look at you. Nice for an evening or two, but too less for more."

"And you would be interested in my inner values?"

"I would like it to spend the evening with you, and maybe tomorrow's morning. But I will enter my bus and you will enter your plane and I think it's no question that we will never meet again."

"In a movie we would spend a heady night together."

"Yeah, in Los Angeles, in Hollywood maybe. You know that also San Francisco has a long time movie tradition?"

"Yes....."

"But this is no movie, this is no banal script. I have to confess that I have sometimes - often - a problem therewith, to decide what I should do. But I have very clear ideas about, what I should not do."

"You're strange. I would like it, to know you better."

"Yeah, you're fascinating. I would like it also, to know you better. But this is no kitschy love story - around the corner is a nice restaurant with very good sea food dishes?"

"Fine, will we get a table?"

"I made a reservation....."

Betty Lou's Seafood & Grill

"You said that you have German ancestors. When did they immigrate to the US?"

"After WW II."

"Oh, you're the first of your family born in the US?"

"Yes. My mother as well as my father were born in Germany. Both immigrated after WW II and

came to know each other in the USA."

"And they lived in San Francisco, where you were born?"

"Not from the beginning. But after they get married and my mother was pregnant with me, they decided to move to San Francisco."

"Do you have siblings?"

"No, and you?"

"Also none."

"You said that this is your first time in San Francisco if I'm not wrong. Your first time in the USA ever?"

"No, but so far only the east coast - New York mainly."

"Well, New York attracted me never."

"A lot of garish advertising at Times Square. As if Manhattan would be New York - San Francisco?"

"San Francisco obscures a lot. Los Angeles is easy. From Downtown to Skid Row in five minutes - by foot! San Francisco looks very nice for a long time. But maybe you ask an Uber driver how many hours he has to work, to earn his living - how often he sleeps in his car. Yes, if you need a cheese counter that offers you any cheese that you know, everything organic of course, then this city is your city - at least if you can afford the cheese. No, this city is a cool city with the most famous suicide bridge in the world - should this be a sign?"

"Some say that you can be happy or unhappy at any place."

"I would agree with this! But I fear that some places make it harder for you to become happy. You live in Germany. I would say that some things are simply more easy there, you have more safety in your live."

"I would agree with this. Why you not returned to Germany?"

"And then? I'm born here and I will die here. This is a fucking country in many aspects, but we elected our today's president, as well as all the others before. You could learn a lot from German history."

"This sounds very disenchanted?"

"I'm old, not in the best condition. Some years, maybe some more. I'm tired and I long for calmness. Unfortunately this time is no calm time, it's a very troubled time. I've the feeling that this is the worst time which I have to witness."

"Yes, this are difficult times - our dishes....."

We started to eat our delicious seafood dishes, not talking that much.....

"Very delicious, but isn't it a bit strange that they serve no desserts and coffee?"

"As they say on their menu, many nice cafés around here."

"As the one where we were before - and now?"

"Maybe Caffè Greco? We have to walk only one block?"

"Sounds good."

"A very traditional place Italian café."

"I like this traditional Italian places. The little tables with the white table cloths as here - Little Italy in New York, Little Italy in San Francisco and Italy in Europe."

"Sounds as if you feel attracted by Italy? You stayed in Italy once before?"

"Not only once. It's a short trip from Germany to Italy."

"Then I think, you speak Italian?"

"Si!"

"Then I think you should order at Caffè Greco."

"Do you think we'll get an table at this time?"

"I made a reservation....."

Caffe Greco

Our orders were placed in Italian, not without a longer small talk. I understood nothing, but both enjoyed it obviously very much to talk Italian. And I was astonished about it once again, not hearing this language for the first time, how fast they were talking.

"Sorry, this was impolite."

"No, not at all. He obviously enjoyed the conversation with you very much."

"Jealous?"

"Now you're starting with a flirt?"

"No, it's only that it's nice, to be in this café with you."

"Yeah, this is definitively a very nice place, with nice desserts and nice specialty coffees."

"I was often enough in New York to know what you mean. But also in Germany not everything is wonderful."

"Yeah, as we said it before. But in this country it's getting more and more extreme, at a certain point it will be too much."

"You think about civil commotions?"

"If this continues - Germany is much more stable."

"You're very uncertain about your future."

"Yes, I need some stability in my life. When I close my eyes, I see almond trees....."

Boudin

"This is a very nice place."

"Yes, a "real" bakery - only a bit larger than the ones you have in Germany. But as always, here in the States everything is bigger."

"But you weren't in Germany till now?"

"Yes, but I'm raised up in a "German" household. I'm used to bread that has a crust, not always that super soft and also too sweet variants. Some say that the baguettes they make here are better than the French ones, and the loaves of bread are better than the German ones. But maybe this is only this American modesty."

"But the bread to my scrambled eggs is definitively very good. And the eggs also. I look forward to come back to this city again - this will be my intercontinental line for some time. Unfortunately you will be not there any longer."

"I will be not out of this world - you speak a lot of languages, or?"

"Well,.....some."

"German of course, very good English and so far I can assess it, very good Italian. Anymore else?"

"Well, French and some Spanish, Portuguese if you like. But this sounds more than it is. This are all Romance languages. That makes it much easier. In fact, the more of them you can speak, the more it is easier to add a new one."

"The same linguistic family - so you're attracted by the Mediterranean life-style?"

"Yes, but this is the bay area? Have heard about all this wonderful places like Oakland, Saussalito and so much more."

"Yes, sure. This is a wonderful city, also L.A. has wonderful places. But, especially as a woman, I wouldn't recommend you to walk around alone at night in a neighborhood like Tenderloin or more to the south. But this is no American specialty. I think this applies also to cities like Paris or Berlin, especially when you're a tourist, especially when you're the first time in one of this big cities."

"That's true - my home airport? Frankfurt on the Main? I not would recommend you the neighborhood around the main station at night, at least not as woman and alone. But what you say sounds melancholic."

"Well, a lot of wealth in this city - Silicon Valley. And yes, this is a very open city, cosmopolitan and liberal-minded. Yes, a fantastic system of local transport, garbage separation and so much the

more. Organic food? Well, I think you will have problems to find a larger offering in Germany. Two men or women kissing in the bus - no problem in this city. But in the end, also this city is a part of the USA. Yes, California - still death penalty! And the poor, the homeless, the victims of this American system? Oh well, they are "tolerated" - what means, that as a "normal" citizen, you not care for them. This is an inhuman system."

"Are you sure that you shouldn't live in Germany?"

"Yes, maybe I should only be more consequent. Shall we walk a bit?"

"Yes. Any recommendations?"

"The Aquarium of the Bay? You're interested in to touch a shark and a ray?"

"You can do this there?"

"Well, a very small shark and a small ray. It's more for the children, but at least I think it's very interesting and surprising."

"The shark has a very rough skin."

"And the ray?"

"Well,.....I'm not sure - also very rough I would say. Aren't they related with each other?"

"Let's see....."

"And?"

"Well, surprised. It's a nice place. I think this was not my last time there. Yes, I understand that this all can make you unhappy - but as you said, you can be happy or unhappy at every place."

"And you, do you have your place?"

"I travel around as a stewardess - still time enough to find my place, I think."

"Well, as an advice from a wise old man - don't wait too long."

"You've waited too long?"

"Well, that's my problem. I fear yes. But maybe life offers me a chance to change everything. I'm only unsure - as a rule I screw everything up. Why should it be different this time?"

"The only thing I can say is, that I enjoy my time with you and that I would like it, would I return and you would be there. We only can try it - or?"

"We're the result of our experiences - or? But yes, it would be nutty not to do something, that could give you everything you dreamt of, only because the past was unsatisfying. I would like it, to meet you again."

"From now on I will be regularly in the city - and you?"

"I hope in a small town, near a small town, between San Francisco and Los Angeles - well, much nearer to Los Angeles. But this should be no problem."

"But no longer a private detective?"

"No, no longer a private dick! Do you like almond trees?"

"I know them from Spain, for example. You can find almond trees also in Germany."

"You know that California produces nearly two third of all almonds world wide?"

"Wow, that's new to me - where?"

"Especially in the area between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Use the Interstate 5 and you will see a lot of almond trees. But there are many discussions now, because you need a lot of water for them."

"You have a lot of knowledge about this subject."

"One of my cases. My last case to be exact - lunch at Tarantino's?"

"With pleasure....."

Tarantino's

"Dungeness crab at Tarantion's, a fine glass of white wine and the Golden Gate Bridge in front of

you – about what you’re thinking?”

“All the people who jumped from the bridge.”

“You really think about that at this moment?”

“I always think about them when I see the bridge.”

“And when you’re on the bridge?”

“I look down into the deep.”

“You think about to jump?”

“No, jumping off of bridges is not mine. You know the Colorado Street Bridge in Los Angeles?”

“No.”

“It’s the suicide bridge of Los Angeles. The difference is that from the Golden Gate Bridge jumped around ten times more people than from the Colorado Street Bridge. I had a case connected with the Colorado Street Bridge.”

“Somebody jumped off it?”

“Yes.”

“Who?”

“A sixteen-year-old girl.”

“That’s devastating.”

“Yes, it was a devastating case. But this is the past, no chance anymore to change something.”

“We’re the product of our experiences - someone said me this. And what is yours?”

“I cannot follow you?”

“You said that jumping off of bridges is not yours. And what is “yours”?”

“That’s a good question. One gun on the table, headshot if you're able?”

“To shoot oneself?”

“It’s a quote from a song. From a singer whom I like very much. And believe me, I’m definitely not capable to.”

“But that sounds as if.....”

“.....don’t overinterpret songs. It’s only a nice song.”

“It’s never only a nice song, at least this is my experience.”

“You wanna talk about it?”

“Not this time, maybe next time.....”

“We both know that there will be no next time.”

“You never know..... – said someone.”

“Yeah, all this nice quotes: The future is wide open.....”

“But isn’t that true?”

“Go out and tell this to a homeless on the street. Yes, there’s this story from the man.....”

“Who was rock bottom and now he’s running a million dollar business?”

“Yes, and you know what’s funny?”

“That this story is true?”

“Yes, this story is in fact true. The only problem is that they not tell the story of all this millions who have to live a fucking live, who loose everything because of illness, and all such stories. One who make it, millions who loose all – the wonderful American dream!”

“Germany?”

“Is it better there in the end?”

“Maybe you will not become a millionaire, but you will not loose everything and have to live on the street only because you have cancer. It’s hard enough to have cancer, but in the USA.....”

“Yes, this is the hidden side of the American dream. Sure, from time to time a nice “critical” Hollywood movie, but with an optimistic happy ending of course. Or a melancholic ending, kitschy sweet like fucking candy. No, I’m born here, and I will die here – you’re interested to live in the States?”

“Not thought about it – you know, the Mediterranean? No, I don’t think that I would attain happiness here. Sorry, but everything else would be a lie. It’s interesting to come here from time to time, but I don’t think this would be a place where I wanna live for the rest of my life.”

“Italy or Spain?”

“Andalusia maybe? But this are all nothing more than ideas. The future is wide open? At least is the future not written in this moment. Everything can happen. My plane can crash, your bus can have a severe accident – who knows what the future will be.”

“And for rest of their lives they live in happiness.....”

“Yes, that’s the problem. You would have to write the story, all other is only a sweet lie.”

“What are you hoping for? A husband, children and a house? Oh, and of course a cool car.”

“Well, I’m no twenty anymore. I have no distinct plans. No, I see me not as loving mother, waiting for her husband. I fear.....”

“That you will die as an old woman all alone as I?”

“No, and.....”

“Yeah, the future is wide open.....”

“Tarantino’s – was really a nice place.”

“But you’re aware that Fisherman’s Wharf is one of the top tourist’s hot spots in San Francisco and that this has some impact to the restaurants around here?”

“Sure, nevertheless it was a very nice lunch.”

“Yes, I like such restaurants – and we have no season at the moment. To be fair, in summer, when the Wharf is overcrowded with tourists.....you will discover that the city offers you a large amount of very special places.”

“The Castro?”

“Well, also some very nice places there. But I have to confess, that I’m not that much attracted to everything that’s connected with gay life. But I think that’s a good sign, to see this neighborhood not in a different way then all the others. You can find nice places everywhere – you mentioned Oakland.”

“Yes.”

“The area around Lake Merritt is very interesting. For instance you can discover very interesting architecture there – and a rose garden.”

“You like roses?”

“In a way I think they are boring. There are many flowers which are much more interesting and fascinating.”

“They are more of a sign, in their different colors.”

“Also “signs” can be boring.”

“What flower you would present me?”

“I’m not sure. Maybe a nice orchid?”

“That sounds very sophisticated.”

“Camellias?”

“I hope you not see me in this way – you know.....”

“.....yes, don’t forget that this is also a city of literature.”

“The City Lights Bookstore and the Beat Generation. You’re attracted by literature?”

“Funnily I was most interested in Burroughs, what the Beat Generation concerns.”

“Now I have a problem, why “funnily”.?”

“He was the one of the Beat Generation, who moved not to San Francisco. A lot of Kerouac in the city, but no Burroughs.”

“He wrote a lot about drugs. Would fit good to this city.”

“Yeah, Haight-Asbury!”

“Not your quarter?”

“I’m old, but not that old. Visit it, and may there was a time when.....but not today. No, I’m no fan of Haight-Asbury.”

“And at the time of Janis Joplin and Jimmy Hendrix?”

"I like their music, but I have my problems with some of the attitudes this culture had."

"Yes?"

"Have you seen the Woodstock documentary?"

"No."

"There's a scene when the organizers speak to the people and tell them, that it's not possible that all come in, and that it's not possible that all is for free, because, as an example, the musicians have a right to get paid, because they have costs. The people are very annoyed about this – I think this simply an arrogant attitude."

"And the use of drugs?"

"Live fast and die young? One of the most dishonest and most stupid sentences I know. Yes, maybe there would had been a time when Janis had sung in a glitter dress in Las Vegas and Jimmy would have made anniversary albums in a row, but.....dying young? It's good for the legend, it's good for the commerce, but was it good for them?"

"Amy Winehouse is more my generation. But I think it's every time more or less the same. We need this stories, James Dean and Marilyn Monroe, Chris Cornell and Chester Bennington."

"Reality sucks – but we live in the reality, we are the reality. And all we have are our dreams – we are real strange creatures."

"And your dreams? Who knows, maybe they will come true....."

"Dreams who come true? I'm not sure....."

Across the Bridge

I arrived with a taxi at the Greyhound Bus Terminal at Folsom Street - now I would leave the city. I looked at the sky, no plane there, the San Francisco International Airport was some miles away - more south. I had some time, but decided to check in immediately and took a seat, a hot coffee at my side.

I was tensed up, but was excited. I felt like a young boy waiting for the first travel to the big city, although I would leave the big city. I closed my eyes, couldn't believe in the happy ending - saw me watering almond trees. I looked at my clock, take off in half an hour, last boarding possible. The time moved on and I could enter the bus.

It took a moment, then the bus started and we entered Folsom Street till 1st Street. 1st Street leaded us to the lower lanes of the bridge, the lanes till Oakland, away from the city.

I always loved the Oakland Bay Bridge more than the younger Golden Gate Bridge. Yes, sure, "The Golden Gate Bridge"! No, not that I thought that the Golden Gate Bridge was not beautiful, but I didn't liked her "attitude".

The Oakland Bay Bridge was more elegant, two traversed areas of water with an isle in between - or better two isles. And yet, the bridge had changed a lot over the time, a wonderful beauty it was today, illuminated at night. And now this beauty, see the young boy standing at the pier, looking upward, marveling at the gorgeous bridge, will be my way away off the bay. Tears dripped down.....

I looked back, the Wharf, the skyline, the hills, and yes, the beautiful bridge in the background. Alcatraz and Angel Island, ships and the ocean - I would miss it. How stupid, someone waits for you.....

I see a young boy playing at Mile Rock Beach, no longer I see him playing, drowning, rescued, water - my whole life water fascinated me.....

We reach Yerba Buena Island, the tunnel, Treasure Island with it's structures, heading towards Oakland - Alameda Island. Oakland, the streets and the buildings, not every block as beautiful as those around Lake Merritt. Also in Oakland you can fall to the ground, beautiful Oakland. We

reached the Greyhound Bus Station in Oakland, Castro Street. A first short stop. Some new passengers, I not payed attention to them, not stepped out, looked out of the window, waited till we will continue with our travel.

Again streets and building, mountains in the background, they came nearer and we left the city and the landscape swallowed us. Since a longer time now the Interstate 580 was our path, hills and smaller cities, the hills green, so much greener as more south - but also here, the fires.....

Settlements under construction, not destroyed by the fire, not this year. I tried to structure my thoughts as we reached our first aim. The Interstate 580 merged with the Interstate 5, from now on our path would be only straightforward, but still many hours ahead of us.....

Our decisions and the impossibility to anticipate their consequences. And no simple correlation like: Good decision, good consequences. Bad decisions, bad consequences. Even more complicated: A decision that was meant destructive can have wonderfully positive consequences. And of course: A decision that was meant constructive can have very destructive consequences.

Our dreams? Shall they come true? Yes, why not? And the consequences? Well, that's the problem!

But if it's impossible to anticipate all consequences that are a result of your decisions, shouldn't this have the implication that you no longer reflect about your decisions?

Infinite regress? Infinite progress? Munchhausen trilemma? Maybe the simple answer is: You have to bear this! As a last consequence, you have to make decisions, without the possibility to get the final knowledge, what consequences this decisions will have. You have to bear this!

And Peter? Will he become happy with Daryl? Well, I'm the author! I could write a story with a happy ending, I could write a story that ends in a disaster. You can write everything! But that's writing, writing is not the reality. Sure, it would be nice would they become happy, but what would mean this? To run a farm in California is not that easy nowadays - the water problematic, wild fires, trade wars and so much more. Sure, in a banal story they would marry, they would be happy and Peter would continuing with solving cases. Someone would steal a sack of almonds - not with Peter!

Therefore the consequence is, that this series comes to end now. I, in any case, wish Peter the best.....