

The Man In The Park

L.A. Times

I left the Metro Center at corner 7th and Flower and thought about my alternatives. One block till 8th and IHOP, or one block till Figueroa and Starbucks. Because I wasn't hungry I decided only a coffee for breakfast and because the ritual was always entertaining, for Starbucks. And there was another point that pleaded for Starbucks.

Yes, my name is Peter and yes, it's important that my name is on the paper cup. Peter waits, but not very long, till his Chai Tea Latte Venti was finished.

"Peter!"

"Yes, that's me - thank you!"

"Have a nice day, Peter!"

"Thank you, you also!"

I loved it, but the best was outside. Maybe I should make clear that this was L.A., not Milan or Paris, Madrid or Heilbronn. It was a bit difficult in this city to find a place where you simply can sit, outside, with a coffee or tea, to enjoy the sun and looking at the people or even, very strange, to read the newspaper or even a book. Maybe also the lack of pedestrian areas makes things not better. Therefore the three tables with some chairs, not of high quality, looked a bit unreal. Not that one would not see that people would sit there, one or two for a short moment, but.....but I put my paper cup on the table, sat down, opened my bag to fetch my L.A. Times and to read it! A very surreal sight in this city - therefore, if you ever saw a person, sitting in front of Starbucks Figueroa, drinking a Chai Tea Latte Venti and reads the L.A. Times - that was me!

Before I started to read I took some time to look at the people. Maybe I should say that I still lived with the money from the heritage not really knowing what I should do to earn money. I looked at the women who passing by or entered the shop. All very stylish, with their blouses, knee-length tight skirts, flat or heeled shoes - I loved it to look at them. A, I think, Japanese woman walked by - very girlish, lot of ruffles sheer white blouse, ankle long mellow falling pleated skirt, very elegant and nice to see but as the whole city also she was in a hurry, on the way to the office maybe a fast coffee from Starbucks - I thought of Cecily.....

I hadn't saw her since our last dinner at Gus's, for a short time we had phoned, some emails, but then.....a few sentences, a few more suicides, no more articles....I started to read....

Already the front page was.....I was sick and tired of it, every day the same shit - the whole world laughed about us, shook their heads - it was a tragedy and then a comedy and at the end - and at the end I felt like an asshole! Three million more votes - what a promotion for democracy! I started to lose interest in reading further on, only turned the pages and I nearly overlooked those small article - Dead Man Found At MacArthur Park.....no legs, only prostheses.....no identity, maybe a crime!

Since the occurrences attached to Elysian Park I had tried to find him again and again. So often I was there, had asked other homeless people, had asked in restaurants, had asked shop owners, people on the street - nobody knew him, they not even could remind themselves that they ever had saw him! He was like a phantom! Now he was back, and dead! I took my cell phone.....

"Hello, this is Peter, Peter Maurer - you can remember me?"

"No, I'm not surprised....I still have your card....can I come to you?"

"No, sorry, nothing about that.....it's.....I've read this article about a dead man, MacArthur Park..."

"No, not really, but I think it's the same man, the man who sat near me, waking up at MacArthur Park - and that would be strange!"

"Because, I have searched for him the whole time - nothing!"

"Please, no jokes that I'm no good private dick - this is serious! Isn't it strange? He was there, then for a long time not, then he comes back, and then he's dead? The newspaper said that it's not clear whether it was a crime or not...."

"Yeah, sure, stupid, not your case - would it be able.....but it's strange or?"

"Yeah! I can come when ever you like!"

"Not at the police office?"

"So, some think I shield murderers - maybe also you should...."

"Sorry,....."

"Long Beach?"

"Ah, I understand....nobody knows you there...."

"No, it's only - it's not 'cause of me, it's 'cause of him!"

"No, there was no picture - can you get a picture and bring it....."

"No, I don't know this place, but I will find it...."

"Thanks for your efforts, Mr. Rodriguez, thanks a lot!"

Long Beach

Gypsy's Persian Grill, 21 South 39th Place near Belmont Pier, Long Beach - that was the address he had given me. I was a bit surprised, but also a bit ashamed. Mr. Rodriguez - what had I expected? Food truck at Downtown West? A bit too kitschy - or? Also I didn't knew where he lived - okay, Long Beach? A Latino in Long Beach - necessarily standing at the street with a sign and showing his skills? It was always disappointing to discover your own prejudices - more disappointing? To find them affirmed.....

He was already there as I entered and stood up to greet me.

"Hello,...Peter?"

"Sure.....uh,...Yves?"

"Then, Hello Peter. Nice to see you."

"Nice to see you too, Yves..."

"Take a seat."

"Nice place here. You're often here?"

"From time to time, I like the Mediterranean kitchen very much - you look surprised?"

"Sometimes I'm a bit - stupid....?"

"I hope you have no problems when I order a French white wine?"

"No, not really....I think I tend to a Turkish coffee."

"Something to eat?"

"No, I've visited their webpage - very interesting menu, but we're not here for dinner - at least I think so..."

"No, I don't think so either - prefer to do it with my partner, you know..."

"And you live here?"

"Oh no, but we met here for the first time, I mean at the beach. And before you have to ask, she's no Latina and we neither live in Long Beach nor in Downtown West."

"Yeah, L.A. - everything has its place....you have a photo?"

"Yes, the coroner gave it to me."

He showed me the photo - it was the man, the man in the park.....I nodded with my head

"Any information about him?"

"Not until now. But its not excluded that he has a military background - okay, he definitely has a military background, 'cause of some tattoos. But that is still in progress."

"But a name or so?"

"There was something, but the military - they hesitate to release information, at least some are classified, but please, not start with conspiracy theories now."

"I'm not the type for that. Nevertheless.....do you think they will declassify the information...."

"We will get at least some information....and maybe the military will start own investigations."

"Maybe?"

"The coroner's final report can not give a distinct answer whether it was a murder or a natural death. Maybe the military will make an own autopsy."

"Can you keep me informed?"

"Why you're so interested in him? I know MacArthur Park, you mentioned him in your statement. You've said that you searched for him - why this interest?"

"He shared his coffee with me - I mean, you can live on the street, you can lie in your own piss and nobody is interested in, in this wonderful city! But he cared for me, he waited till I woke up and then he shared his coffee with me - is this not reason enough?"

"It's good that somebody...."

"....it would had been good if somebody - now he's dead!"

"I will keep you informed!"

Coroner

I got a message from Yves that the military had released "his" file - at least what they hadn't blackened. I asked him if I can see him for a last time, to say goodbye, to.....I felt guilty. I was very happy that he enabled it for me, normally.....I wasn't a family member, no member of the police, there was no case.....

"Thanks a lot Yves! Thanks that you do this for me!"

"No problem, the coroner is a friend of mine. He's for a coffee, so we have some time - shall we go?"

"Yes, I have to confess that this is not my place. I feel a bit weak - to much death around me recently...."

He led the way through corridors, he knew the way. He stopped in front of a door....

"Okay?"

I nodded with my head, felt weak in the knees, we entered the room. He went straight to one of the cooling compartments.

"That's the number he gave me - okay?"

I nodded again and he opened the compartment. There he lay, recently washed, peacefully....

"You wanna be alone with him?"

I nodded...

Yves had told me his name and some basic facts before - Sergeant James Walsh, he had had Irish root - and now.....?

"Yeah, also the military classifies your dead as uncertain now - can I help you? At least I will try.....yeah, I will try - not able to find you before. You know, Yves will tell me more about you later. He said that not all will be positive and I possibly will not like everything - but whatever, I'm indebted to you - I will do my best - so long, my friend...."

My tears dripped on the blanket, let them flow - this was a good advice.....

We sat in a bar, I needed something more harder - Whiskey Sour - him sufficed a beer....

"You're a bit sensitive for a private investigator - or?"

"I'm no private investigator - I've closed my office."

"You still have your license?"

"Yeah, whatever this means..."

"This means that you can pursue investigations."

"What means that it will not give official investigations, that's a shame....!"

"Shall I tell you more about him?"

"Sure."

"Well,.....there was a incident - Iraq. His convoy became ambushed, but....."

I looked at him.....

"Five soldiers dead, many wounded - also Sergeant Walsh, a booby trap."

"But,...."

"Also nineteen dead civilians, among them ten children - the youngest two years old. It was never clarified what had happened. Some local residents said that the soldiers had fired indiscriminately. They said, that they only had returned the fire, that the attackers had used the civilians as human shields. Fact is that all civilians were killed through our fire. Fact is also that at least in one building a dead attacker was among the dead civilians and that in another building obviously dead bodies were removed. Fact also that at in a third building obviously only a family was, after the attack all dead, also the two year old....."

"And Sergeant Walsh?"

"He was wounded very early. He said that he can give no useful information about the event - sounds a bit familiar....."

"And later, when he was back home?"

"He was married and had a little daughter. They had a lot of difficulties, money, medical bills, he found no work, no way back into society. His wife said, her husband went to war and a stranger came back. At an evening, a littleness - he slapped his daughter...and then he hit his wife severely as she interfered. She not reported it to the police but he left his family because he feared that one day.....since then he lived on the street, since four years."

Let them run....

"Do you think that to speculate that his dead and the attack are connected is too far-fetched?"

"I also.....but at the end we not even know whether it was a murder or not."

"Maybe....."

"....come on, our coroner is very good and also the army's coroner, both found only a few hints but nothing reliable. If it would gave more hints or even facts - I have no time...."

"You mean I should try it? You know how lousy I'm."

"I know that you're reliable - and the son of my hero in youth also. I fear, you will fail, but not because you're inept, because there's nothing on the table. And don't forget that it was maybe a natural death. He was very ill.....will you?"

"I have nothing, no details, no documents....."

".....when we go, you take my bag....."

At Home

Inside his bag I found copies of the reports of the coroners and his military file. As he said, only some vague hints, nothing reliable. But the reports showed that he was seriously ill, his lung and his heart, he was sentenced to death. Doubtful were some hematoma, his collarbone was broken and he was robbed. The injuries were not older then one day, but a simple fall could be the reason therefor and they were not fatal after all. The robbery maybe happened after his natural death.

If this would be a Hollywood movie I would start some investigations, would find out that some of his comrades also had died a doubtful dead and at the end I would have revealed a big conspiracy - associated with the events in Iraq. But this was no Hollywood movie, even when Hollywood was not far away. Time to start with some basic work.....

He had "lived" in this city, like several ten thousands of homeless more. MacArthur Park was obviously not his normal whereabouts but it should be not that far away. Skid Row was obviously a good starting point.....

Skid Row

Sometimes I took a walk, starting point was always the corner Figueroa / 7th to cross first the new downtown area with its high and sterile glass houses. The Coffee Bean & Tea Leave - always excellent beverages, The Counter - always excellent burgers, Macy's and so on. Then suddenly everything changes. It starts with Hope, more then with Olive and finds its climax with Broadway. Looking down Broadway, the closed theaters, the old wonderful facades - I always had the feeling that when you close your eyes, then you can see it, feel it, the "old" days - decades away. Black and white, old cars, elegant ladies, shady characters, tough investigators all this and much more seen in an endless number of movies - but you had to close your eyes. With open eyes.....Jewelry District, what a name, tourists stuff - better keep moving.....

But you have a short way, then everything changes again, more, looking back the glass houses, looking ahead the grief. Suddenly the houses aren't high anymore at Main, but still....but then, what an irony, Los Angeles Street it starts. Tents, more and more tents. Okay, 7th is not 5th, but enough, enough to be ashamed. Sometimes I walked this "tour" at night. It was strange, silence, maybe the most silent place in this city. Peaceful, maybe.....maybe only elitism blah blah blah..... - at day, it slays me. Once I said that I can't bear it, to pass by and to look at them - like animals in a zoo, but they are no animals, they are humans - nothing to look at.....

I thought that the best would be to ask in homeless shelters for a beginning. If this would yield no result I had to change my strategy, but I had luck. The Lamp Community, there he was for a short time but had left the community soon again. A few days ago he was back, said that he needed help, but gave no clear information why, only something about a man in a park..... - but at least they could tell me where he had his usual place.

Gladys Avenue between 5th and 6th - I should ask in the soup kitchen on the corner of 6th and Gladys, there they should know where his tent is. A soup kitchen wasn't a place were I liked to be - nor in Skid Row. It made me sad to see the people living on the street, glad to have at least here a place where they can sit and eat their simple meal. Most wealthy country on earth, now great again - wow, now still even more wealthy, or what? More wealthy the wealthy - the others? Soup kitchen and a tent - I had never understood why they accepted this.....why had the Jews accepted it, to stand in long lines, waiting till they stood in front of the pit, waiting till.....why they not ran away? I asked me this question since I was a young boy....and found no answer.....

They were able to help me and a volunteer went outside with me to show me his tent. It was a small green tent, side by side with a larger brown one - a man sat beside it in an old, rickety chair. She told me also that they name him "The Sergeant" in the street, that he sometimes disappears for some days to come back, never saying where he had been during this time. And, that I had bad luck because he was not there, I should try again in one or two days. I told her that he never will come back and why - she was shocked, showed compassion.....sometimes this city was simply sick.....and I said goodbye and walked to the man besides the tent.....

I told him my name and asked him whether I could ask him some questions about "The Sergeant", he shrugged with his shoulders. I told him what had happened to "The Sergeant" - he only looked at me - then....

"He was a good man, shared always....."

"He shared his coffee with me, I needed a lot of help in the park - MacArthur Park."

He not reacted to.

"I'm a private investigator and I try to find out what happened in MacArthur Park. Do you know why he sometimes was away for some days, maybe in MacArthur Park?"

He shook his head.

"I watched his things. He was a war hero!"

"Has he said this?"

"Everybody knew he was!"

"Do you allow me that I have a look at his things?"

"To look yes, but...."

I opened this tent - it smelled awfully...he saw my reaction.

"Yeah, that's the smell of the street, man! That's it...."

I felt ashamed and nearly cried - I found nothing interesting.

"He should have at least some medals or something like this?"

He looked at me.....distrustfully.....

"When he's not.....I....."

"Can I.....you can keep it."

He walked to his tent, in fact not larger then the green one. The "brown", what I thought from a distant the tent is, was only a cover above the tent. After a while he came back with a small wooden box - a cigar box. He handed it to me. Indeed his medals! I had no deeper knowledge, but at least I knew the Purple Heart and the Silver Star and the other two looked not less important. A bit money and some things from better days, a few pictures. That was all - it was heartbreaking.....

"Maybe one should give this his relatives?"

"Will you?"

I nodded.

"I was called this morning that his wife will come and that she will ensure that he will get a funeral with dignity."

"That's fine, that's fine...."

He knew that he.....

"Before he went away, he said that he has met a man in a park, has drunken coffee with him...."

"Has he said more?"

"That he has to find this man."

"Why!"

"Because he's in danger....."

"Why?"

"Sorry man, but he only said he has to find you, that you're in danger...."

Who's the man in the park?

"I...."

"It's okay, I've all I need....."

He pointed with his head at his tent - I felt empty. Always I felt empty here, walking down 7th, but today it was awful. I walked back, entered the soup kitchen again and gave them all my cash - it was so pathetic, I was so pathetic.....

Again Gypsy's

We had finished our dinner, this time we had dinner, and enjoyed our Turkish coffee and the wonderful baklava.

"It's strange, or?"

"Strange yes, but....but nothing reliable, nothing to start an official investigation - sorry for that...."

"I'm more interested in your opinion of the question: Who might have an interest in me?"

"Apparently someone who's involved in the Trifunovski case. But Trifunovski himself is dead, also most of his closest hands. Who's not dead was arrested - this time the police was very efficient."

"The man with the British accent, the one who wanted to torture me?"

"That would be a possibility, but it would be surprising when he would have stayed in the city. We have your description of him, we hunt for him....."

"He would be the only one I have in mind...."

"But why? Because he's pissed off because he couldn't torture you?"

"The situation was so surreal, and always that question - why he not did it?"

"Maybe you're only the lucky guy? Why you walked into that club and not in another? Why you not heard it and why you looked away, just in the decisive moment? A lot of "whys", or what do you think?"

"I think that I'm responsible for his death, Sergeant James Walsh's death."

"I think "responsible" is a bit.....to much. But obviously his death is connected to you and maybe to the Trifunovski case."

"The Trifunovski "case" was the only case I ever had."

"And, sorry when I say this frankly. What when he only was....."

"....I've read it – PTSD!"

"Can I do anything for you? I mean on this basis.....nothing official, but I wanna help you!"

"I'm not sure whether I can help myself or not - no thanks...."

"Hey, come on! Some tacos at 3rd?"

"Yeah, that's the reason why we sit here - do you like tacos?"

"I hate them!"

MacArthur Park

"MacArthur Park" - Jimmy Webb, Richard Harris - Donna Summer's version I never loved, too kitschy, the cake? I walked around, why here? I thought that if he would search for me then maybe here then I would offer me here then I would maybe see him again or he maybe would be too fast and.....whatever - but why here? "They" knew my address! But maybe not "he"? He would not have asked, why he should? He had me on his chair - was my address in the news? Would it be that difficult to find my address out? Only the fantasy of an veteran with PTSD? I looked around, hoped that I would see him or he would see me - it should not be only a fantasy.....

I looked at the tall palm trees, the tents, so many, too many, far too many - dizzy light and dizzy sound, dizzy water and dizzy scents - the world started to whirl and I therewith, saw a bird high above me in the sky and was no longer part of this world - it was a transcendental feeling, was this the feeling one have while dying? - I staggered and fell, but I died not, although it would have been a wonderful death, just here, just now, just at the place where my mate had died

Azusa

I entered the Metro Gold Line at Union Station. I loved it to be at Union Station, to walk through the wonderful hall and to watch the passengers, waiting for their Amtrak train, sitting in one of the comfortable leather armchairs, at the bar or in the restaurant. I looked at the wonderful floor and the not less wonderful wooden ceiling, closed my eyes and felt like in another time. I saw elegant ladies with their lovely dresses, white gloves and charming hats - but this was only an imagination.....

First I wasn't sure what I should do, decided against Red and Purple, too often I used them, and decided for Gold, not sure what my aim should be. Was it my aim to leave the city, to create a distance between me and the city? - Pasadena, then more or less midst of or along the 210 - Sierra

Madre, Arcadia, Monrovia, while looking at the mountains, thinking at the desert behind. Duarte, Irwindale, still looking at the mountains, then Azusa Downtown I left the train, not final station.....

It was a sunny mid-morning, not too hot to walk - should I walk to the mountains? It would be no short way and it would be very hot later - what a strange idea, I decided to walk to Target.

Inside, it was a strange world! Chilly, mellow music, artificial light, no windows - this place could be all over the world - London, Paris, Madrid, Heilbronn.....this place was like a capsule, like a magic place. Maybe you would enter the place in Azusa and when you leave, you would be in Paris - everything would be possible. I bought a small packet gummy bears, the good ones from Germany.

I walked around a bit while eating the bears and became hungry - a coffee and a dount or a brownie would be good, but no Starbucks today. Mantra looked nice and I was surprised that nobody was inside except a young woman behind the counter. I looked at my watch, it was earlier than I thought, so why not and the leather couch looked very comfortable. I ordered a Vietnamese coffee, not sure what I would get, and three macaroons - vanilla, pistachio and raspberry - and thereto a double chocolate brownie and thought that it would be good to visit the restroom before eating.

As I came back the coffee was ready, my first Vietnamese, and also the sweet things were ready to eat. The young woman was in the other room, I was not longer alone, obviously a man, with no hair but a beard, fashionable today, but because he sat with its back to the door I couldn't see more. He ordered and his voice froze the blood in my veins - I never would be able to forget this fucking British accent!

I nearly shouted at him, but could stop me from doing it and I sat down. Was I crazy now? Could it be that he had followed me and....and what? That would make no sense - especially not to enter the cafe while I was at the restroom - okay, he couldn't see this from outside. But how stupid it would be to enter such a place after me? He would wait outside till I leave - nothing else would make sense. Especially not to sit with his back to my place! But if he not followed me - that would make absolutely no sense. At Union Station, on the Metro Train, each station, in Azusa, not mountains, not Starbucks, not, not, not - this would be an absolute unbelievable coincidence - as Yves said: Too much "whys"!

He looked different - that made sense! But why he should stay here? I gave the young woman a sign - I had to hear him again.

"You not like our offers?"

I'd touched nothing, only had thought about the man in the other room.

"Can you sit down please, no stupid reason....."

I spoke not very loud and tried to show her with a gesture that it was important that she sat down.

"Now I have not to speak so loud. The man in the other room, he took notice of us?"

She bent sideways and shook her head.

"I'm a private investigator, my license. The man in the other room, maybe he is a criminal, a murderer."

"Shall I phone the police?"

"No, I'm not sure if he's the one. And what do you think will happen, when the police arrives?"

"Do you think he's armed?"

"Definitely! I have to keep him in check till the police arrives. This is my plan...."

I told her that she should ask him whether everything is okay, that she should talk with him for a while - I needed to hear his voice again. Then she should pass by and I would give her a sign. If I would nod, this would be the plan.

I had my gun in my backpack, what I usually not did - too much "whys". I would try to pin him down. At the moment when I would start with the action she should leave the cafe through the backdoor. Then she should call the police - and she should not forget to say that I was a private investigator and not a crazy guy who threatens a customer - no interest to get shot by the police. She spoke with him and now, I was absolutely sure - the action begun.....

I took the gun out of my backpack and stood up with normal speed, she left the cafe through the kitchen area. I had to make two fast steps, stood behind him and pressed him the metal in the back of his head. He should definitely know what it was.

"One move now, only one slight move and you're dead!"

He froze instantly - but I was no idiot! He was not afraid, he was only clever enough to make no stupid action.

"You recognize my voice?"

He not moved, not a little bit.....

"I'm yours very well. This is what we do now....."

I told him that he should put his arms, his hands and elbows, on the table. Then he should press his upper body against the table. In this position he would have trouble to fetch his gun fast. After he done it as I told him, I walked around him to see his face.

"Okay, no hairs, therefor a beard - you've gain some weight, but I'm absolutely sure that you're my man."

"Who I'm, Sir?"

"We know who you are. But this is no problem. The police will arrive soon and they will clear everything up. If I'm mistaken, sorry for that, Sir - but we both know what the police will uncover, Sir."

"By the way, you know where the police department is?"

"No."

I lied!

"Do you know where the City Hall is?"

"Somewhere around the corner....."

In the region of 100 yards.....

"Strange, I can't hear them?"

"Maybe they are on duty or they wait for support."

"Are you sure that your girlfriend has called the police?"

"Think so....."

"Then they will come...."

"Have no reason to hurry, by the way how is it, to be a torturer?"

"You not believe that I will talk with you? You point a gun at me!"

"For a moment I thought that you maybe will tell me why you not tortured me - but I think this question would be senseless and stupid."

"Yes, because....."

".....don't try! The police will do the work - and they will come....."

"You'll know it! You know what I know?"

"No interest...."

"Sometimes it's good to have friends....."

He better would have listened to me! Sometimes it was better just to keep the mouth.

"Friends?"

"Friends!"

"They will help you?"

He only smiled.....and I looked at my watch.

"How long we wait? More then five minutes at least....."

Nearly ten, I had to make a decision.....maybe the decision was obvious.....as obvious as his shoulder holster and that he wore no bullet-proof vest. I would give him a chance, and then.....ten

minutes, timing would be the key and police officers with not too nervous fingers.....

Then everything started, sirens, many sirens, first a bit away, then nearer and nearer, then squealing tires. I pretended to become negligent, that I no longer looked at him carefully, instead at the door where the police would appear in just a second - he did it, and fuck, he was extremely fast, nearly too fast! But only nearly 'cause there's nothing to grieve there's nothing to lose there's nothing to hide there's nothing to grow there's nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing.....as I saw his gun I pulled the trigger, not once, not twice, not thrice - sixteen times.....

You maybe think I'm stupid
To pull the trigger sixteen times
With a handgun
Be sure
I was clever
Ohhh, so clever
Shhhhhhhh!
And a supernal-white horse looked at me
Waiting at the left corner of the room

I knelt down, while the rooms filled with police officers, hands behind the head, and tried to smile, and waited to become shot dead

.....and felt me like Travis.....

*I'm gonna whittle you into kindlin'
Black Crow, sixteen shells from a thirty-ought-six*

*Now I hold him prisoner in a Washburn jail
Bang on the strings just to drive him crazy
(Tom Waits; Sixteen Shells from a Thirty-Ought-Six)*

Now, I'd joined the club!

At Home Finally

As always the events were number one at press and media - for a short time. Now, a few days later everything started to calm down. This time I was the "star", not only a side figure as last time, but as said, the things started to calm down. The police was satisfied with my testimony and for a moment I thought I would get a message from Cecily or Dashiell, but I got none. But maybe I should start at the cafe.

The young woman, the employee - yes, I hadn't asked for her name - had done a fantastic job. Exactly ten minutes after she left the cafe she called the police. I said her that I will explain it to her later, why she should do so and requested her to tell the police nothing therefrom - obviously she not told the police anything about it. And also obviously she mentioned the keywords: Peter Paul Maurer, Trifunovski case, suspect on the run, torture chamber. I thought I would thank her for all later. But as I called the cafe they told me that she not would work any longer there, that she was only a temporary help, a student, and so on. I got the feeling that she was not that interested to see me again, therefore I asked not for a phone number or a address. Why I asked for ten minutes?

I really thoughtwas it stupid to provoke him? Was I absolutely sure that he was the man? Would

he had reached for his gun if he would had been the wrong man? Would he had tried to kill me? But he was the right guy! So far the police knew that he traveled a lot - video surveillance LAX. He liked it to travel to places and countries where his "skills" were sought after. But L.A. was obviously his retreat area, and it should exist a link towards Trifunovski, but maybe more to his right-hand man, the sadist. As always there were rumors about videos that one would be able to find in the Internet, deep, deep - Red Rooms - but even the specialists from the police had found nothing - at least not till now. I had asked Yves to ask a friend whose friend...you know.....

Had he searched for me? Definitely not! He was totally surprised to see me. Had he killed Sergeant Walsh? Why he should? Somebody searched for me? Unclear! The future would show it? And at the cafe? I really thought I would not survive this, saw "him" in front of me, after he murdered the man in Iris's room. Saw his smile, when he points with is finger at his temple, imitating a gun, no more ammo anymore, for his real one, when he waits for to be shot dead by the police - but the police officers saw it much less theatrical.....at least the officers in the real world.....

They saw me pulling the trigger again and again - gone out, my ammo. I thought that I knelt before they came in, but the official report says that I appeared like in trance. Extreme act of violence caused by a traumatic incident, the confrontation with the man - The Man! Like a little child I was at the mercy of him, bound to a chair, waiting with which tool he would start, knowing that my only chance to escape would be, to become insane.....unsure whether I would be able to or not - Sam.....

And Sergeant Walsh? Yesterday was his funeral. I was there, or better....not really. I, I stood apart, not with the funeral guests. Was it a "nice" funeral? It was a beautiful funeral, a moving funeral. The funeral orations, not only one - I cried a lot, too much questions....

And then something strange had happened while leaving L.A. for Sergeant Walsh's funeral. I had decided not to drive with my car to LAX. I used the Expo Line till 7th St./Metro Center and then with the Red Line till Union Station. Then I used the FlyAway bus from Union Station till LAX. It happened on the way from Union Station, before we entered the freeway. You pass by a lot of tents, you see a lot of homeless people. And then suddenly, and don't ask me if this was real, if this was only a delusion, 'cause it was so surreal, so unreal, so irritating, but never I will forget this image, only a second, only a second I saw him, standing in front of his tent, on the pavement, with a broom in his hand - he swept the pavement, what a sight in this city.....

But maybe it was only an illusion, sometimes I asked myself if I not would tend more and more thereto to have illusions, but maybe.....who knows? I opened the uppermost drawer, but only to look at - this would make absolutely no sense, not now, at least not now.....not now because now I had done it, consequently, ruthless, in cold blood, calculating, in revenge.....oh, there were so many reasons, and so many whys. So far I had done it only nearly, without reflecting about, affectively - now I closed the gap. I was a bit disappointed, not to hear something from Cecily, now that we had a bit more in common, now that I had done it. Some say the first time is difficult, but then it's easy, more and more and at the end it's meaningless, thousands or tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands or millions - who knows.....

I thought about my origin, my ancestors. They like it, to call themselves and their country: The land of poets and thinkers. Paul Celan has written in his famous poem "Fugue of Death": Death is a master from Germany. Paul Celan knew, whereat his writing was about....and I was the son.....

I stood up and walked into the bathroom. There I stood and looked deep into his eyes, deep, very deep in his now so human eyes.....

Undocumented quote: Garbage; No Horses

*There's nothing to grieve
There's nothing to lose
There's nothing to hide
There's nothing to grow
There's nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing*

Shhhhhhh!