

**Wear Some Flowers
In Your Hair**

Midst Of Golden Gate

It was a nice and pretty cool drive from Los Angeles till San Francisco, 101, in my new, elegant Sunbeam Tiger Mark II and with my sparkling red diamond at my ring finger. Alexandra had changed her last will one day before, I should get this two beauties. Everything else she had bequeath Tanaya - and I still not knew what kind of cars the two others were. I always thought, would one be a Koenigsegg, that would really be a cool joke! I hoped that Tanaya would enjoy the rest of her life, now as a rich lady - they had told her, that Caroline had written a suicide letter.....

It was a kind of riddle, the fact that Alexandra had changed her last will, one day before, at the time that she knew, that I will come into her house to pick her up. Should one interpret this in that way, that she had planed her suicide, at least in that sense, that she had planed it in case, that our encounter would not develop in a way, with which she would be able to be happy. But, why she should let me become a millionaire then? Would it then not been more meaningful to kill me, to punish me and not, to bestow me? Did this lead to the conviction, that she had planed her suicide in any case, because she knew how muddled her situation was? That it would be hardly possible for me, to persuade Tanaya therefrom, that Caroline's death was no suicide? What a story should I have told her? Still no idea.....

So, now I stood on the Golden Gate Bridge, just in the middle, between Fort Point and Battery Spencer. I bent over the balustrade and looked down, at the water. But it was not the ocean, it was the water from the bay - so many people died at this place. But I would not die, I was here to be born again! For the second time in this city - this time it should be forever.....

I opened my back pack and felt the cold metal - yeah, Dirty Harry, this was also once your City! But I would not need you any longer - a new time would begin now - what a? Honestly? I absolutely had not the slightest idea about! But that it was! Whatever would come, it would be a gift - and I would be the presentee, so many died at this place.....

I took the gun out, my .44, not my friends, and tossed it, with all my strength, till Alcatraz, not waiting till it arrived, no time anymore for such shit.....

I closed my back pack, shouldered it, and started to walk towards Battery Spencer. I would need some time, till Sausalito, but maybe I would be able to catch a bus - Angel Island? Yeah, also angels in this city! But then I would have to reach Tiburon - whatever, I would have time therefor, my whole life.....

"The Getaway" - the original of course, not the remake, Sam Peckinpha! The last shot, the dirty road, Mexico, Mr. Cool himself, Steve McQueen, and the very beautiful Ali MacGraw, the shabby pickup truck, smaller and smaller, up the hill, not knowing what's behind - anything and nothing! And thereto the so - yeah, what? No words to describe it, therefore simply: Toots Thielemans..... yeah, maybe not his best performance, but.....