

Part 4

An Ex Private Dick

An Ex Private Dick

I was an ex private dick, but these days had been gone. Have had some spectacular cases, had killed some, some had nearly killed me, but only nearly. I had scars, and Mr. Stardust, mine everybody could see. Was not sure whether "a normal average citizen" would call my mental state "normal", but since when this suburban people had to be my measure?

Maybe since I was no longer the private dick, no longer always with a gun on the street, hunting for the bad guys? Well, lived not in a suburban area, had not even a dooryard, no yard at all. But, even a condo like the one I lived now, in this housing area, was no bad property. Maybe only that I did not own the condo, I only lived there, not alone. Like I had done for the most of my life in my old condo – no such "good" housing area, not such a valuable property. But maybe.....not much I excluded nowadays, perhaps even wearing a ring one day.

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We lived in a strange time, so much stood on the stake. The pandemic, the worst behind us, or would the autumn become anew a disaster? The American wannabe Hitler, the rotten GOP, the white fascistic class we had in the States - was Biden a restart, or would the election at the end of the year and in 2024 the final downfall of the nation? The war in Ukraine, what if Putin could win this war, could stay in office, Ukraine would have to make compromises? And these were only the global aspects. My back pained, had a lumbago two weeks ago, had fetched a cold, a real cold, and problems with the little toes. On the other hand, I would say, many things did not develop that bad. But, saying this, a few weeks ago in Ukraine? My business develops excellent, I've lost significant weight, I see the future positive - well, and then a war started, Putin showed again his ugly face, the face of a swine without any scruples.

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My life had changed extremely, I was still in a stage to adept to it. Not that this was a painful process, I looked forward to the time when this process would be over, when I could start to dissolve in this new life. Was this pathetic, arrogant and narcissistic? Yeah, of course, but it was also a method of self-protection.

A Picnic With BBQ

"Another burger?"

"Maybe in five minutes or so. It was a good idea to make this small patties. I've less and less hunger, getting old. At least, I cannot eat any longer that much at once as when I was younger."

"And it was a good idea to make them this old German style with toast instead of the normal burger buns."

"Yes. It's lighter, and it tastes very fine. Some more tea?"

"In any case."

It was a sunny day, and not only we had the idea to spend the evening at the lake, with some BBQ. April was over, would be over tomorrow, tomorrow the area around the lake would be even more crowded than today. We planned to spend the day tomorrow in the mountain area, we would stand up relatively early, would drive two or three hours to find a nice place, to wander for some hours. I had lost some weight, but still far away from a satisfying result. Some activity would do me good, I should become more active.

"It's a nice day to forget everything, a day that could last forever."

"It's a day one needs from time to time. You cannot ponder the whole day long, every day a week. You need a time off, from time to time, a time to enjoy the sun and not more."

"By the way, I would fry me another burger?"

"One for me too, please."

Yeah, this all could change, every second. A terrorist or simply a crazy guy could come with his gun to the lake and gun you and the others around you down, like in a grocery, a mall, a dressing room or a bar, simply when walking down the street. But you required these moments – otherwise you would run crazy, like in a war situation, when literally every second could be your last, a rocket maybe, a shell, a sniper, possibilities enough.

"In other parts they have a lot of damage, a whole system of tornados."

"It's not so that we would have no problems with climate change as well. It's nice when it's such a sunny day today. I can remember, in my youth it was much colder at this time. You could enjoy the sun only very seldom that much at this time of the year. We will feel it again in summer, when water gets short, and every year it starts sooner to burn."

"More in the land around the city area, in the city we pretend that we would not realize it, when filling our pools behind the houses, or watering our lawns at night."

It would become a cozy evening, perhaps it would be better to put on a light jacket when sitting on the patio later? A delightful glass of wine sitting on a bench in a park, like they do in Italy or Spain? The easiness of the moment. A fragile easiness. An easiness one should enjoy, if bestowed with the possibility, as long as possible.

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We had opened a nice bottle of rosé wine, a Dancing Crow 2020 Rosé of Syrah - not very pricey, but very fine.

"Was this the feeling during WWII? There's a war in Europe, far away, not on our continent, but it maybe could become even that worse?"

"Do you think that a nuclear war could be possible?"

"It's two months now that they are fighting, in a way the level of escalation is very low. Remember the nightly bombings of European cities, often with tens of thousands of civilian casualties. Even using "only" tactical nuclear weapons would be the definite end of Putin, and the system of oligarchy. Even China and India could no longer support him, not to mention that this would be the final coffin nail for the Russians in Ukraine."

"Yes, but this man is unpredictable."

"Like our former president. The world has come to the insight, that this kind of male politicians have caused of lot of harm, causes a lot of harm, and will cause a lot of harm. All those wars and genocides, all committed by those toxic males. The world has survived two world wars, sooner or later one of this toxic males will harm the world finally, if we do nothing against it."

"I ponder on drinking this fine wine, soon this nation could be a very different one. The end of the year and 2024 of course, Roe vs. Wade would change a lot. Unleashed conservatives would destroy this nation ultimately, no war would be necessary. It's a fine wine, a nice evening at the end of spring and the beginning of summer, together with you. How fragile all this is in the end, especially in a nation like ours."

"You mean with a there much stupidly constructed political system like ours?"

"If a nation not trusts its people, then this is no democracy. If a nation thinks that not all should participate in the political process, then this is no democracy. We do not live in a real and strong democracy."

"The world is very fragile."

"The world as such is very strong. But this means not that we wouldn't be able to kill even this strong world. What this concerns, the humans know definitively no limits."

"A fine glass of rosé wine, others starve to death, or have to die in meaningless wars. What a schizophrenic world we live in."

The Pleasure Of A Stuffed Animal

"You like it?"

"Yeah, it's beautiful."

"Well, if I interpret your mommy's facial expression right, then I would say that you can take it home?"

I looked at "mommy", she nodded with her head and we walked to the register, where "mommy" paid for the stuffed animal. Not very cheap, but by far not our most expensive one, a nice white unicorn. I opened the door and said goodbye to "mommy" and her little daughter.

"Little girls are into you, Peter."

"Yeah, when I can offer them fluffy stuffed animals. It's easy when having no children, when you haven't to deal with their everyday catastrophes."

"No, changing diapers or dealing with them when being stubborn is very different from showing them pleasant toys. It's much easier to be the nice uncle than being the nice father."

"It's near to close time. Shall I do the till today?"

"Yeah, would be nice. I would go home then and would buy something at the grocery on the way."

Caroline left the shop, I would walk home directly. Would I be earlier at home or she? Most probably I – whatever, cooking together, or should I begin? Maybe it would make sense to see what she would have bought? It was time to close the shop, I turned off the background music, started to listen to the news.

Yeah, ten dead others wounded, mostly African Americans, most likely a hate crime – well, a part of the American reality. The United States of America, we had our own radical mullahs, we had our ISIS. The only difference was that – at least currently – they could not act unleashed. Would they be able to, this country would drown in violence and chaos. That would be a middle finger of history, would especially the Supreme Court the beginning for their unleashing.

I closed the door and started to walk home, was the first at home. I decided to wait until Caroline would come, started to prepare a fine tea. A "Japan Oolong Kôshun", something exceptional. A Japanese tea and no green tea, nothing common, made in a not common way. An exceptional enjoyment. Caroline came home, and we started to cook, enjoyed the meal together with the wonderful tea.

"Would you switch on the TV, to hear the news?"

"Why, to get depressed? To get presented how deeply sickened our nation is? What about a walk in the park later?"

"It's a nice evening – why not. There's a rally downtown on Saturday."

"Then we should be there on Saturday, but today is not Saturday."

Saturday

It had been a long time that I had attended a rally – well,.....had never been a real political person so far, at least in an activist sense.

"Do you feel that it's important to be here?"

"Yeah, but you as a participant at such a rally?"

"Well, I've maybe conservative ideas regarding abortion, but this means not that I'm interested in living in a country where Taliban-like male scumbags tell me what I have to do. They will not stop, next stop will be homosexuality – oh, I'm a woman, it's only ugly for them when men are doing it."

"But we're living in a blue state, wouldn't it be more important to do it in a red state?"
"If this is a question, what about a tip next weekend? It's not a long way to red country, whereas we should not forget that we have enough red reactionary diehards in our state – red counties."
"Yeah, as well as the death penalty."
"Would also be a good reason to demo."
"And gun laws?"
"Of course."
"Are you convinced that you're a conservative?"
"Haven't you realized it, that - at least sometimes - the conservatives are the more progressive people? It's not so as that the idea, the more left the more progressive, functions all the time."
"This is not the time of slavery, conservatism is the biggest threat for our nation today."
"Or some radical wankers – most of them males, although not only – who use conservatism to sell you fascism? Like the Taliban use the Quran to cover that they are only weak and frightened male puppies? That they are not man enough to deal with strong and educated women?"
"Yeah, like Tucker when he talks about being a "real man". In such a moment, never a man appeared more gay like him – I wouldn't be surprised if he's gay in fact."
"Come on, wouldn't you enjoy it to tan your goolies?"
"Only if Tucker sucks my cock while doing it. Seriously, do you think that the Supreme Court will be impressed by a rally like this? It would be possibly better to accept that some states want to live in the Stone Age, nobody has to live there. No one has to live in Utah, being no Mormon, not sharing their racist "holy" book. Maybe we should ponder on making this nation a real democracy, where every person has one equal vote, where being an American has not to mean being white and a fundamentalist Christian?"
"Perhaps all of it is important? This nation alters because everything alters. The world alters, in some decades everything will be different. Portugal was once the dominating maritime nation – well, no longer. Germany was once the ultimate fascist nation – mercifully no longer. Nothing stays forever, not only what's golden."
"Are you convinced that you're a conservative woman?"
"Are you confident that you can deal with a modern conservative woman? Not all conservative women are nuts bitches like those who are screaming the loudest."
"Yeah, perhaps we should have a trip next weekend. With a woman like you at my side, it helps a lot – it would be nice if some things wouldn't change."
"Are you starting becoming a conservative now?"
"No, but I not wanna losing you."

The Simple Reality In A Broken Nation

"Was a charming twosome of kids, these two."
"Yeah. And mommy wasn't less charming - wasn't she?"
"I've no idea, I was concentrated on the kids and their needs."
"Okay. This sounds maybe not so creepy in a shop for children toys – sorry that you're blind and have not seen her "charming" dress."
"Oh, you mean this blue.....not-so-many?"
"It has been green, and this was poor."
"I've only eyes for only one woman in this shop. Otherwise, I'm only interested in the kids."
"This can sound also very creepy. But okay, you wouldn't be able to satisfy her anyway."
"Millions?"
"Three-digit. Okay, at a lower range, but still!"
"Well, then I look forward to the evening, when this one woman will bestow me with less than nothing."
"Then I would do anything to ensure that "this one woman" will be in a good mood at the evening."

"Maybe it would be possible that "he" could leave an hour earlier to arrange everything?"
"I think that this would be possible."

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Children, a care-free childhood, nothing that could be taken for granted. In war zones like Ukraine, with a ruthless attacker like the Russian army, even not shy to kill children? In Syria, as a Kurdish child, or in a poor country, even not enough to eat, to grow up healthy? Or in a country, a good average, but with an extremely wealthy upper class and a broad poor population, like in this nation? In a nation, a child could not even be certain not to get killed, cold-blooded murdered, with an army styled weapon, in the own classroom? And why, because of fucking economic reasons, because of arms lobbyists with the only goal to ensure the arms manufacturers their billion dollar earnings. With bought politicians, mostly, but not only, from the conservatives, wallowing in the blood of innocent children, taking the millions from the NRA to get reelected, to get rich, to have power. What a dead mind one would have to be, not to run mad in such a country, to get sick, to have to puke - I started with the sauce for the pasta, Caroline would coming soon.

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"Hey, Peter.....yum yum, smells very appealing."
"Yeah, I tried my best. But, could we talk?"
"Sure, what's your concern?"
"I need simply someone to speak to. Someone who gives me at least some halt in life."

The American Hero

American Dreams and American Myths, American Lies. The American Hero, not only in war, he was always everywhere. He fought for peace and justice, for all our freedom. The freedom to buy you a fucking military weapon to kill little children, all for your freedom. Hadn't it been good days, the old days, when everything had been so easy, understandable, when whites had been the only real Americans and the African Americans simply slaves?

What would it mean, to be a hero, nowadays, simply a hero? Spiting in the face of all these Jordans or McConnells, calling them what they were, cold-blooded swines? Well, they were that fucking decayed, even that would not touch them, not even the shredded body of a little child could affect them.

One maybe should do this with their children, in their secure schools and housing areas? Of course not, it was to fear that even this could not touch them anymore, riven by the voracity for money and power. These were "men" who had no problems therewith, to "sacrifice" the lives of others, in fucking wars, real wars, cultural wars, unreal wars, created wars, only important was that there were wars. Wars needed weapons, you had to be prepared, perhaps Washington had to be stormed for a second time, after the election lie of 2022 and especially 2024?

Captain America combated the Nazis in Germany, whom he would combat today? Putin, on Ukraine soil? And domestically? Captain America stood for the real American Values, would he clean up the pigpen called GOP today? Oh, Superman, where are you now? Listening to pop songs, or would it be maybe better to call for Wonder Woman, the real Wonder Woman, the original Wonder Woman?

"You like this Wonder Woman figure?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you should meet the original Wonder Woman? Well, not quite morally inoffensive, possibly, but a good role model anyway."

Juneteenth

"I've an invitation for a Juneteenth celebration, Mrs. Dutton's booster club."

Caroline stood in front of me with a sheet of paper in hand, and an envelope, obviously the invitation with the envelope in which the invitation had gotten delivered.

"No problem, I can be an evening alone at home."

Yeah, wasn't that naive.

"I thought that we would go together?"

What would be the adequate way to act now? Sure, we lived together now, were a couple or so, couples did things together. Being honest? She knew that I had my problems with some matters. Being "diplomatic"? Trying to avoid it to be too "straight"? Being inconsistent? Doing something even when you did not deem it right?

"Can I be honest?"

Being consistent, being the white guy with attitudes?

"I know that you don't like this kind of celebrations, this not only sound very formal, it will be very formal. Jackets required, I would say."

Being frankly?

"Yeah, not interested in to lend a suit, definitively not. I'm not the suit guy. But that isn't it."

Being cowardly?

"I know that you aren't happy with the people one can expect to be there, you have not to accompany me. But I should, I run a shop."

Being the morally superior good guy?

"It's only,.....how many African American people will be there? Okay, some "black" school kids maybe, examples from Mrs. Dutton's booster club. One or two "black" guest speakers, of course, but apart from that? Yeah, there are people who should celebrate, but they are not that pale as you and me and the rest of the celebration. And being honest, I've the feeling that it would be better to fight, not to celebrate. This nation does not stand on firm ground, on the contrary. It's nice to see them in Washington, proud Joe and the members of the committee. A few months and there could be the rude awakening for the Dems and all who are liberal. We've a conflict in this nation, and I fear that we have to fight this conflict openly and consequently. I'm the slaveholder in this story, not the liberated slave. I have nothing to celebrate, I would have every reason to be ashamed."

Being smart aleck?

"I go alone, that's okay for me. Maybe we should stay together at home."

Being a partner?

"No, we should go. The Duttons in this world aren't the dangerous people in this world. They are possibly not those who make the world in fact to a "better place", even if they think so. But they are also not worsen the world in the end. The real enemies are the honorable people like the McConnells and the Cruzes and the people with the money in the background. I would need a suit which really fits - how long it will last?"

Being not a smug wanker?

"Really, you haven't to do it. I know that you dislike those festivities at all, too many people at one place for a man like you."

"Too many compulsively happy people – as I said, there are people in this story who have every reason to celebrate, at least up to this point. An evening with contemplation would be better for those others, an evening of remorse and humility. Let us go, maybe the food will be good."

"In any case, it's fairly expensive."

"Expensive?"

"We have to pay for – sorry, it will be a donation for Mrs. Dutton's booster club."

"Okay, let us celebrate that we have liberated the slaves, let us celebrate Ned Turner's fight for freedom."

A Dark Day

I walked through the dark streets. Well, of course, it rained, and of course, had nothing to protect me, totally wet. But this not was my problem, living in this fucking country. Fantasies of being the tough guy from the silver screen, at the end the bad guys would be dead, and I would have some new scuffs. The knight in his shiny leather uniform who rescued the princess, but saved from what? From the bad guys or from doing stupid little things, not waiting for the courtship man who would please her with pregnancy, enabling her becoming a true woman? But instead she jumped on the black motorcycle, pregnancy, abortion?

And yet, beyond imagination, I sat in front of my coffee, the sun shined, still, later it would get cloudy, most probably it would rain. What if I conceived a child – old, but not that old – and the pregnant woman would not wish to carry the child to full term? It would be a conflict, but would this be the discussion one would have to have in this nation today? Maybe others one would have to discuss?

Most women who had an abortion were African American women? Fine, a conservative might could think now, two birds killed with one stone. Not only it makes life for women more difficult, not only for African Americans, but especially for African American women – well done!

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"Can we talk?"

"Of course - Roe?"

"Yeah. Why you guessed it?"

"The whole day you were in a bad mood, this jurisdiction cannot leave you cold."

"Sorry for that, but this is so ugly. I would like to spit in Kavanaugh's face, this fucking liar. How naive one can be as a Democrat? But I've a problem."

"This is no day to celebrate for me either, as a woman who defines herself as conservative. But what does "being conservative" have to mean today? What's your problem?"

"Sorry, you've your problem."

"Maybe we can talk about yours first, and then about mine?"

"The smartness of a woman. Well, no question regarding the right for a woman to chose, and not to mention possible conflicts between the possible father and the possible mother, but where's the possible child? This is a moral conflict, at least as long as you were not deciding to take a radical opinion. Not matter whether left or right, extreme positions are always very cozy. All Jews are scum, easy. All niggers are lazy, easy. That's why lazy people, people who are not willing to use their brains, who are not willing to run into danger to have to bear moral conflicts, tend to have extreme opinions – all Americans are dumbass hillbillies. Nevertheless, what about the fetus?"

"Maybe we should have a straight discussion about which women have abortions and why? Sure, there will be the ruthless bitch who fucks with every man unsafely, no problem, I can have an abortion all the time. But, is this the majority of women who have an abortion? Is this even a significant percentage of the women who have an abortion? We should be clear about why a woman wants to have an abortion. And to be clear on my side, I cannot accept every reason for an abortion. Two people having sex are creating responsibility because every of our actions creates responsibility. But we have not to talk about suchlike at this day, when we have to bear such a fascist movement. It's very telling to see legislation that no longer allows abortion even in the case of rape and incest. This is men's legislation, like from the weak Taliban. I can rape a woman, I can fuck my daughter, let's celebrate the baby! The woman, the girl, her emotional problems of being raped, being the victim of incest? Come on girl, it's only nine months, don't be shy!"

"Do you think that my thoughts aren't relevant currently? That we have currently bigger problems?"

"The house is ablaze, we can discuss this after we have fought the fire successfully. We have to concentrate currently on that the house will get not burned down to the ground. The damage is

already very extensive."

"And your problem?"

"I'm a Republican, I'm no Democrat. I wish to elect a conservative candidate, not a Democrat. I've elected Biden once, the next time I wish to elect my conservative candidate, but no radical psycho. The first time that I hate it really, that we have no multi-party system."

"We would need popular vote then, no longer an electoral college?"

"Not necessarily, we could have a mix."

"The Democrats win nearly always the popular vote, no longer conservative presidents?"

"If - if - we had a multi-party system.....do you really can imagine that Hillary and Bernie would be longer running on the same ticket?"

"No way – we would have to learn what bipartisan really means, coalitions within a democratic system. But, and this is the thrilling aspect, this enables such systems to real reforms, not such kindergarten laws like this childish "gun reform". And, also an interesting point, this makes it much more difficult for the extreme radicals from both sides to fulfill their radical ideas."

"And now, what do you think that we should do?"

"Trying to do our best that the house will not burn down to the ground. We're not the trained firefighters, but there should also be a task for us."

"Fine, I will deliver a lecture at the elementary about Astrid Lindgren and Pippi Longstocking on Wednesday – you're invited."

Little Dark Clouds At The Horizon

"What about you're pondering, Caroline?"

She appeared not to be that happy, breathed deeply.

"Well, it's not devastating, but not perfect either."

"The shop?"

"Yeah, we had less and lesser sales over the last months. It's not existence-threatening so far, and I have some savings, but this development should come to a halt, as soon as possible."

"Yes, of course, sometimes I do the till, I have seen it. I thought that it could be a solution to find a job? The volume of sales is simple no longer big enough for two."

"I think that I have to say to Jennifer that I cannot longer pay her."

"And Jennifer? She also struggles with inflation and all the other problems, like the still present pandemic?"

"What would be your job alternatives? Private dick?"

"Thought about it."

"Come on, this chapter should be closed forever! It would be silly, to start with it again."

"But I could work as an employee for an agency. Not hunting the bad guys, but maybe runaway dogs or flown away canaries?"

"And you would like this?"

"No, but as long as I no longer sell expensive Scandinavian boxes? Even our wealthy clientele starts to count their money. Sure, we have still some customers who simply buy something, not matter about the price tag. But we have also customers who come more and more seldom, who spend less and less money, or do no longer come at all."

"Yes, but we have still some reserves. We have not to decide this today, but we have to be aware of it."

"How long we can continue this way?"

"Two months, three maybe?"

"Okay, then I would say that we have one more month, then we have to react. Do you think that this month will change anything?"

"No."

"Then we could react right now?"

"Gives us this month. Perhaps I can achieve a reduction of the lease for the shop. We could reduce our spending."

"We have reduced our spending already. You reduced them, I reduced them, we simply not talked about it."

"Yes, we have to talk about it and to find a solution."

Approaching Hurricane?

Some dark clouds at the horizon starting forming a storm, the hurricane approaches. Still not definite, that the hurricane will hit the ground here, the ground at all, maybe the hurricane will lose all its power over water. And we, shall we expect the worst, or hoping for the best? What would be naive, what would be action without orientation? Running around like chickens, behaving like a sloth, both could be wrong, a fundamentally wrong decision.

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"And, not better?"

"No, but also not worse either. It makes us problems, but we can still handle them, could continue suchlike for a much longer time. But does it make sense? Like a hungry person whom you give a piece of bread, that he will not starve, that he can be hungry again on tomorrow. No existential threat in the end so far, we could search for a cheaper condo, but.....but finally decisions made in Washington will decide. Outcomes of elections will decide."

"I see only one chance for our nation, they have to charge the Nazi from New York, his family bunch, morally decayed people like Eastman and Giuliani and of course Bannon, maybe even McConnell and Cruz. If this happened before the midterms, this nation would have perhaps a chance to survive."

"Yeah, watching CNN is nice, but the committee is a toothless tiger, Fox and others can simply ignore them. But an official trial would change everything. Then everybody would have to reveal one's colors, no place to hide anymore. And of course, these trials would have to be public. Then some would have to answer the question finally, under oath, where is your proof for rigged elections?"

"We have only one problem, lousy conceit Democrats, they have not the nuts to be bold enough to take this step."

"Hey, you're the lefty. Do I have more confidence in your party than you?"

"I had to elect Hillary, that tells you all! And now they – they! – start a discussion about, whether Biden could be possibly too old for the job in 2024? He – he! – beat the Nazi in 2020, not fucking Hillary. Biden or a new Kennedy, a female Kennedy, these are the only two choices I see!"

"You have problems – my party's decision could be between the devastating but clumsy original or the much smarter clone named DeSantis. This is a real fine prospect!"

"Yeah, thanks to climate change, Canada is no longer that cold."

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I had started to work for an agency, only standard stuff, but we needed the second income. What about a new chapter heading: An Ex Private Dick Dick Again.

No, no murders anymore, the boring daily routine of the ordinary people's daily concerns. But I made some cash, and cash was what we required now. The fiery beacon, United States of America, in God divided we stood.

I Can See A Better Tomorrow

Yeah, CNN, every day the same lame jingle, every day the same lame shit. Well, never lose your optimism, but maybe becoming somewhat realistic, talking about the severe dangers our nation faces? The end of the year can become the first step into the next, final, disaster for our nation. But hey, stay happy and await the better tomorrow. Should tomorrow develop into an anti-democratic fascist nightmare, who cares? Hey, I can see a better tomorrow even then, more shitty it hardly can become anyway!

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Gas cheaper now again, but does this help you really? Joe with the virus, but stays at work, fine done Joe! Sales still stable on an acceptable level, my second income a good addition, but no stable situation at the end. We could sell the condo, would bring us a good sum, but to buy a new one would not be interesting in this situation. To rent something, also not the best solution currently, it gave currently simply no perfect solutions.

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"Not much customer frequency this afternoon."

"As yesterday."

"And the day before. Far beyond three-digit temperatures again, who is motivated to go shopping? Maybe we should establish a siesta, Peter?"

"Well, wouldn't be not the worst idea. I mean, we're working in an air-conditioned shop for children's toys. Others have not such good working conditions. Nevertheless, it's very physically demanding even for us. Well, I'm not thirty anymore."

"No panic, I will be there for you, my old man."

"You're still thirty?"

"Almost, nearly.....it's hard to bear this unfamiliar temperatures. And it's hard to bear all these uncertainties. It's easy to understand why some are dreaming about the 40s, 50s or 60s – at least as long as you're white. Otherwise, you maybe would prefer today, even with all these uncertainties and the high temperatures."

"Is it always only a matter of perspective? The Man from New York tried to establish a dictatorship, or tried he to rescue the American values? Perhaps a question about what "American values" are? What America is?"

"The nation of fundamentalist white Christians, like most of our judges at the Supreme Court? Oh, I've forgotten to mention the golden calf called money."

"What will we do in the evening?"

"Not much, I would say?"

"What about a long shower and a coffee at the riverside?"

"Hoping for a better tomorrow?"

"Celebrating that it's still not worst, and that there's maybe still some time left, to prevent us from the worst?"

"But we should have to be consistent then, and the first and most important step would be, to sentence those who tried to implement an insurrection. If this does not happen, if it we will have not started before the midterm elections, then we will have a severe problem."

"Coffee at the riverside."