

Diary V

First Half-Year 2026

Thursday, January the First

A new day has begun, and therewith a new year, and it's all like the same. Okay, it's hushed this morning, like on a Sunday. I will start with reorganizing the webpage very early, even if not so much is to do. Simply to do it in a relaxed way. Most likely more than one upload today, according to my progress with the webpage over the day. Let's start with it.

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Well, it's 1:34 p.m. now, and the first step is done. The new texts are written, new pages added, and everything so far written and done - "Photography" - is uploaded. I will put this online now as a first very early upload today. A second at the normal time will follow. This gives me the opportunity to just get everything necessary done, and I can just do with the rest of the day what comes to my mind. Happy New Year, Peter!

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It's near 7 p.m., and I have continued with "Creatures", "Days", and "Short Cuts III". So the start is done. Not much tomorrow, most likely, a long workday, but the day after is already Saturday again - the weekend. Then this year will begin indeed for me. Enough for today. Another early upload now, then the transformation to 2026 is done, and I have a bit of time left for other matters.

Friday, January the Second

Yeah, I have no idea what to write. But maybe this isn't a thing. The weekend will start tomorrow. I will have my regular days off next week - whereby one is a holiday. Nevertheless, things are starting to normalize again. So there's no need for something special today.

There's still time in my lunch break for a coffee and a longer walk. Maybe this would be the best option of all. Even if it's fucking cold. Yeah, I think that's what I should do!

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Back in Willsbach, upload now, then to bed. I had a nice dream last night. I walked along a street in Los Angeles - not very thrilling? Well, it was together with my mother and father, and I told them of the city. It had been very pleasant, but unfortunately I woke up. So let's be in bed soon again.

Saturday, January the Third

Wow, this is the time to be a proud American. Awesome how this operation has been conducted! I'm near to an orgasm when I see the explosions and the destroyed vehicles. Yeah, this is the time to be a patriotic American in delirium! But hell the fuck, I'm a crappy European.

I ask if there is some collateral damage and what the shit this is! No surprise that he likes Putin. We are the big studs, we can do in every nation and with every nation whatever we wanna do. Now I nearly hope that he will occupy Greenland just to see how the Europeans would react. And by the way – CNN.....?

A fucking asshole racist fascist president who pardons one of the worst drug dealers has no reputation anymore to talk about fighting drugs - maybe talking with guys from his party like Matt Gaetz about the best dope. This is so pathetic!

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Thanks for telling us, swine from NY: It's all about oil, it's all about oil, it's all about oil. A woman cannot run the country, a woman cannot run the country, a woman cannot run the country. Bad luck for her, bad luck for her, bad luck of her. South America belongs to us, South America belongs to us, South America belongs to us. Putin can have Africa, Putin can have Africa, Putin can have Africa. China? China? China? The Swine-from-NY-Swine-From-Moscow Pact, The Swine-from-NY-Swine-From-Moscow Pact, The Swine-from-NY-Swine-From-Moscow Pact. One of the bases of WWII, one of the bases of WWII, one of the bases of WWII. The division of Europe, the division of Europe, the division of Europe. What about Asia? What about Asia? What about Asia? And what the fuck the assholes from CNN doing by celebrating the so wonderfully conducted operation and not asking such questions and talking about such matters? We are fucked! We are fucked! We are fucked!

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Let's do the upload, and it might be that it would be best to try to sleep. Let's see if Maduro will do the Epstein. It would be fascinating. I'm pissed off. But not because of the action, but because of the reactions to it. This reminds me too much of the 20s and 30s in Germany - duuuh, Peter, be not too pessimistic and sarcastic. God bless America and all the fine patriotic people in it!

Sunday, January the Fourth

So, we have some clarity now. Oil in Venezuela, mineral deposits in Ukraine, and personal revenge for Rubio in Cuba in the near future. Fine, everybody should understand now why he loves Putin and all the other dictators. China is allowed to invade Taiwan now, and Russia the East European countries. The West European countries obviously are belongings of the mighty USA. Brave new world. And again, a nice lesson for all those who are thinking they can trust the swine from NY and his fucking troop of bootlickers - or María Corina Machado?

It's 10:52 a.m., and I already had my coffee. But no walk in the woods. It's pretty cold with a bit of white - I do not know if walking in the cold would be pleasant for my back. Well, it will not become warmer today. Only thick clouds, no sun. Maybe later. I think that it would be a good idea to stay in London for a while.

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The next part of "Days" is written, the Tapling Collection. So, this day will be swiftly written. Well, the next day - the twenty-second - is more or less already written. So this will be fast progress. Fun fact? In the previous paragraph I had written: *I think that it would be a good idea to stay in Los Angeles for a while. To continue the day with being in the States at a difficult but not so fucking time.* Well, I think I will still need a few days to realize that I will be never be back in Los Angeles again, that I'm in London right now. And now?

It's near noon, but I'm not hungry. A second coffee? A walk? A walk down to Willsbach and a coffee there? This seems to be the best option.

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Well, I have been skeptical so far about this talk that we would be close to WWIII, to a nuclear conflict. But now? This bunch of silly US asses is easily capable of screwing everything up. Seen in this light? Even Putin looks like a responsible guy, not to mention Xi. It does not appear as if they would have a plan regarding Venezuela apart from demanding "their" oil. Now I'm sure this can effortlessly lead us into a very severe time. Especially if the US also attacks Cuba and China attacks Taiwan. Now we would need strong European leadership - hey, there's Ursula from Germany. And spineless Rutte. Now I feel confident, confident that this all can plunge into a disaster easily and fast. Brave New World.

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When I hear the word "drugs" again, then I go crazy, CNN! They are more realistic about what this is all about on German or British TV. And the international community - Europe - should decide if they want the Middle Ages back again or if they prefer to live in a civilized world - as civilized as the world just over the last decades was. The US is a weak giant, their economy is shitty. We do not need their shit products, not to mention their awful fucking processed food shit! But they do need our products. And isn't Canada one of the nations with the largest oil deposits in the world? A Canada that could become a member of the EU? Be a bit constructive and show this shitty asshole bunch in fucking Florida its limits. It all could be straightforward. What about deploying some troops from Scandinavia, the UK, Germany, France, Italy, and other willing EU nations in Greenland? They are only bigmouths, which is easily visible when they are getting resistance - tariffs? It could be so easy, as easy as it would have been to stop Hitler and his nuts bunch if reacting only a bit bravely at the beginning. Brave New World.

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Wow, the democratic opposition leaders are pissed off because they are not being informed in the forefront - hey, you two fucking so-called opposition leaders, is this all you have to criticize? This is very telling and only shows that Europe needs to go its own way. NATO is dead. We need a new coalition together with countries like Canada or Australia, or why not ponder about South America, Africa, and Asia? The EU is dead. And the same as before is valid for a new EU. We should start to think big and dispose of the USA into the garbage can. Yeah, I fear that I will never be in Los Angeles again. Brave New World.

*

I have no idea what to write. I no longer understand something. Is this worse than Bush, the blunt lies of Bush and his bunch? It's strange, but I do not think so. But I have the feeling that this time the overall situation is very dangerous. Russia in Ukraine, China wants Taiwan, Israel, and Iran - this seems to be a tinderbox, and the swine from NY and his nuts bootlickers have the fuse in their hands. I have no good feeling right now. I think that these will become very critical weeks. Yeah, I saw no reason for very changes in my life a few days before, connected to my life as such. And this is still so. But I unfortunately live in this fucking world, and this shitty US government will also affect me and my life. I do not know what I should write, so let it be. Enough for today. The upload, "Creatures" tomorrow.

Monday, January the Fifth

Yeah, if you do not act like we wanna, then we wage war against you. This is the new - old - reality. It was to be hoped that we would have moved on from this, but okay. And it appears that the Europeans have no real problems with it. Yeah, we're experts in regime change, like in Afghanistan and Iraq. And of course, that Putin wants to have a puppet regime in Ukraine is not acceptable - okay, a puppet regime of the USA in Venezuela.....

But hey, we're the good ones led by the most mighty, best-ever US president, who is the really best philanthropist ever. At least if you're a white male and licking his asshole and his balls. Whereby, still, it's Peter Thiel we should look at. What a wonderful beginning to 2026, and we're acting like rabbits or bambis.

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Now we are back there, the time of lawlessness - hey, that's like the Wild West! And I have to confess, with every day the Americans are pissing me off increasingly. This is such a shitshow, it's hardly bearable. First the fucking lies of Bush and his brownnoses, now the fucking lies of the swine from NY and his ball-lickers. Whereby, they are bluntly open in a way: it's all about the Venezuelan oil. Lives do not matter if they cross my interests - no, I do not talk about Putin. I truly hope now that he will invade Greenland so that the Europeans will be forced to take a stand. However, I fear that their reaction will be very disappointing. I have the feeling I would volunteer to help Greenland even if I knew that I would be a total non-starter. Maybe only to take a stand on my own at least one time in my life. What crazy times we're living in!

Strange, the USA did not mean a lot to me at the time of father and son Bush. And now? I ponder traveling to Greece this year, at the end of the year. Okay, there is no ocean, but enough water to go for a swim. The rental prices in Portugal are simply insane nowadays, the most overvalued in all of Europe. It's much cheaper in Greece, but the health care system is pricier, and they have no ocean. But it seems as if it would be worth it to take a look. I'm in a fucking mood.

I will do the upload now - two days off are waiting. More writing after the upload? Let's see, London wouldn't be bad. Los Angeles is no more, and it appears that it has been perfect timing. I'm sad and angry, no good combination. I had some long and intense dreams over the last few days, and always my mother was a part of them - my mother and me. Strange, strange days are coming.

*Strange days have found us
Strange days have tracked us down
They're going to destroy
Our casual joys
(Strange Days, The Doors)*

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Indictments? Wow, come on, these indictments are simply hilarious! Hey, gun-mad USA, he owned a machine gun? Praise him for that and invite him for a nice stay at a US school, preferably for first-graders. This is so fucking insane that any serious media, government, philosopher.....should run mad in opposition. But why is it only on the comedians to point out this insanity, and all others duck away? It has its reason why the swine from NY has a beef with all those comedians. But when comedians are your last hope, then you know that it's nearly over. Especially if those comedians are wondering about how they should handle commenting on this all in a satiric way, with exaggeration as a stylistic device. This all is exaggerated to such an extent that you wonder how you shall use it as a comedian. A satire about the swine from NY talking to media in Air Force One? Come on, that's blunt satire! You cannot exaggerate this. Comedy is dead, and therewith anything else.

Tuesday, January the Sixth

How do I feel today? Well, I got up late, drove around a bit, and have eaten something. A bit of snowfall, a bit of white. If I were a Venezuelan, then I would start to get angry, seeing all the old figures still in power and obviously in dialogue with the US. But hey, is it important from whom you get your oil so long as you get your oil? Happy Venezuela!

Well, the Thousand-Year Reich lasted only twelve years but yielded millions of dead and awful devastation. - Hey, was there something about climate change? If this lasts twelve years, then the harm for the humans and the planet will be most likely irreversible. Okay, in twelve years I will be seventy-two, and I fear that I will see it like him then:

Football Season Is Over

No More Games. No More bombs. No More Walking. No More Fun. No More Swimming. 67. That is 17 years past 50. 17 more than I needed or wanted. Boring. I am always bitchy. No Fun -- for anybody. 67. You are getting Greedy. Act your old age. Relax -- This won't hurt.

Sure, Hunter S. Thompson, I would have to replace 67 by 72 and 17 by 12, but the rest? Seventy-two, that would be 2038, and at the moment I doubt that it would be worth it to even wait so long to realize then that it's simply shitty to live in 2038. But hey, Tom Petty? *Into the great wide open, under them skies of blue, the future was wide open.* But I fear only if believing in this shitty American Lie about the American Dream. I fear that I'm still in no perfect mood.

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The next paragraph of London, "Days", is written. I can finish this day easily tomorrow. The next day is almost written. It will not need more than one day to finalize it. Well, three of nine days are easily written, then. Dover, day twenty-three, will need a bit longer, even if there's also already a text. Nevertheless, it's obvious that I will not need such a long time to finish London as such.

Well, writing this part has been very hard - strange, all these memories. I cried more than I cried there in the King's Library, where the Tapling Collection is no longer nowadays. Yeah, this has been an exceptional moment in my life, like Dover will be in two days. And now?

Well, it's 3:05 p.m., and it's very cloudy and cold outside. It's a holiday, so not much can be done. I will be more active tomorrow again, with laundry, shopping, Bad Friedrichshall, the bank, and more. And writing as well. But today is a weird day.

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I pondered if I should continue with "Short Cuts III", but then I decided on some distraction and another walk. It's time for the upload now. "Short Cuts III" most likely later.

I have to find a way to deal with all this, but it seems not to be easy to find one. I'm not sure if it's worth it. Yeah, I have to find a way. But this will not be easy. The upload.

*

Is this a strong enough pushback of the Europeans? Well, I'm not sure, especially when dealing with such nuts "partners". They are simply dumbass asshole bullies who need a strong kick in their nuts. Still again, after these "proposals" I would start to form a new military coalition without the US and other new partners. It's maybe time to start to boycott the US and its products - do I buy any American products? Let's start to establish a strong and independent European Alliance with

partners around the world who are sick of those three nations and three fucking toxic males who think that they can order you to do what they want. We are cowards, and I'm a coward.

Tuesday, January the Seventh

A busy morning with several activities, including washing the laundry and being in Bad Friedrichshall - shopping is left. Writing today? Well, I will finish day twenty-one, "Days", in any case. I did not continue with "Short Cuts III" yesterday after the upload. I'm not sure about it for the moment, not in this situation. We will see.

It's a very sunny day today. If it will be a clear night, then I should observe. Well, the forecast says no, clouds are on their way, and we will have snowfall in the evening and night. Let's see. And anyway, it's nice to see the sun now.

I do feel a bit better again, even if I'm not really relaxed. I have started some new activities. So I try to stay calm, but it's not so easy. It's kind of funny, it's kind of sad, how only three men can turmoil the whole world. But we have to confess that there are many profiteers around them. Like in Venezuela, where not much has changed, and most likely not will. It's like in Germany after the Third Reich. When judges who acted for the Nazi regime and represented Nazi law just kept their positions after the end of WWII. It's so easy every so often.

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So, the next day is over, "Days", and until today I would like to know why this woman has addressed me this way. But it is my fault that I will never know it. Anyway, I have used the given text as a basis. I do not need to reinvent the wheel, and to write the same text again. The next day I have already written, except for the beginning of it. So Dover is very near now. This will be the big part for January. And now?

Well, I will do some shopping now - still clear blue sky. Then I should eat something. I will cook a stew for the next two days and will possibly continue with "Short Cuts III" - could be. Let's do the shopping.

*

I have written something for "Short Cuts III", but it seems no longer to function like before. I think I should have a meeting with Putnam to see what will happen then.

Two long workdays now, and I will have my laptop with me. We will see what the next days will yield, unfold. Some impetus in a better direction would be nice. Isn't it strange to see no reactions from Russia or China, or have I missed something? I think they should place a golden calf in front of his tower in NY and in Florida for the people to be able to worship him. Yeah, the Germans were delighted at the beginning when they saw what good Adolf did with Alsace and other purely German regions. I have no good feeling.

Thursday, January the Eighth

Well, I do better, and I see an uptrend, but events like the one in Minneapolis do not help. No way that I will return to this USA, even if it sucks. In his first term I came to the conclusion that he will not spoil me with a stay in the USA, California, Los Angeles. But now I fear that even in Los Angeles I would freak out. On Hollywood Boulevard I told a Scientology Nazi guy that he can keep

his shit as he addressed me. I do not know what I would say or maybe even do seeing ICE agents acting like they do nowadays, even or especially in Los Angeles. This is such fucking shit. It's this fucking aggressiveness everywhere - Mormon church - that tells you: Stay away! Not long, and I fear that I would feel safer in Russia than in the USA - definitely in China. Yeah, China, I have the feeling that they do a fucking clever job. Whereas it's increasingly difficult to accept being a European - should I ponder moving to a different continent, the Southern Hemisphere, when retired? Currently? I did not expect that 2026 would start like this. I feel a bit like Peter after crossing the threshold into the dark room. And yeah, I would be happy to alter to another - nearly I wrote time and space. What about the trenches of WWII or suddenly being a Jew after '32? Shall we start with some philosophy now? I doubt that this would yield a lot. Nothing appears to be stable anymore. All is melting away.

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The day comes to its end, at least for me. I'm eating my stew and drinking tea - well, I have bought some cookies. Will the death of a mother have an impact - are you kidding me, Peter! In the USA? Well, sometimes it's no certain event that has an impact, simply one at a certain time. These officers are simply nuts when you see when he shoots through the windscreen and the shots thereafter. I'm sad and angry, but I saw Sandy Hook live on TV. And all the pathetic and disgusting shit thereafter. I would run crazy if I lived in such a country.

Friday, January the Ninth

I do not really know what to write today in my long lunch break - I feel a bit empty. I need the weekend. But it's okay. Let's start easy this year - enough turmoil in the world. And the second half of the month will be more active anyway. Twice I will give a lecture at the community college, and I have accepted a birthday invitation from my cousin. He turns sixty this month. So there's no need for too much action, actually.

It has become warm again - no more snow. Well, it's freezing and snowy in the north of Germany, but here in the south we see not much snow, if any at all. Okay, I feel no lust for snow. I require it warm. I hate it more and more to feel cold. What happens in the States?

The nation turns increasingly into a dictatorship, just being an oligarchy. And this is not talking about the awful right, only to mention the so-good Kennedys. And I mean the Kennedys as such, not a specific one. But is it useful to repeat this every day? That there are wholly dumb Americans who have no idea about everything - except from that the USA is greatest and beloved by God? I cannot speak about God, but as far as I can see, his son would have to puke heavenly were he to see these States. This unbelievable shitshow.

But this will not help. Not in the States, not in Germany, not elsewhere. The people chose their fate, so let's wait and see. I'm in no bad mood. It might be that there will be a surprise? Well, maybe not. But I'm open to seeing.

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Okay, the weekend starts tomorrow, so let's wait until tomorrow. Well, the day was not bad today, but I'm tired anyway. I have to find a better way with drinking and eating, but whatever. I see myself strengthened in a way, but also very much vulnerable. It feels like walking a tightrope. If it functions, then it would be fantastic. But should I fall, there will be no safety net. Then I fear it will become hideous. We have to see - weekend will be next.

Saturday, January the Tenth

The first third of the month is over, and it's the weekend now. No writing now before the upload, as always on Saturday, but I will finish the next day, "Days", which is almost written, day twenty-two, after the upload. "Short Cuts III", Putnam, will be for Sunday then. "Creatures" on Monday. And now?

Well, I will go to bed early to have an early start tomorrow. No distinct plans - coffee in the morning, and the rest we can see. And so long I'm wavering. It's still this momentum that I see everything on the table, but I have my problems with it to implement it. To be consistent, because I doubt what I should set as a goal. What would be important to me, and what would be meaningful. *When people run in circles / It's a very, very mad world, mad world. Yeah, that's how I feel - Tears for Fears.*

*

Mother

They all are talking about you now
Without having the evidence
Saying you have been a devil
That you have been holy

If you do not have enough data in science
Then you cannot draw conclusions
Sure, you can speculate
But it's speculation then and no evidence-based conclusion

It's a shitty game played by both sides, mother
Are you the new George Floyd
Or did you intend - with your female partner - to tease ICE
But what would justify the death penalty

Mother is dead
Shot dead by a nameless shooter
In a country with a functioning legal system?
Well, we will see

Lay down a rose
Light up a candle
Work out a story for the orphan
Have you seen flags at half-mast?

Give a man a weapon
Give him a little advice
Tell him he's a bit like Mike Hammer
I, the Jury

That's the new vision of the States
Lived out in Hollywood for decades
The fucking city on the East Coast
Money and power are all you need

Yeah, mother
Do not provoke the gods
Ancient Greece can tell you
Every so often the gods are simply acting like fucking loopy bitches

Rest in peace, mother.

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Okay, even when I only had to write the beginning of this day, day twenty-two, "Days", I also had to proofread the whole so far written text - and it's quite a long text. And I wrote this text quite a time ago, mistakenly. It's always strange when I take a look at previously written texts, which I normally never do. What is written is written. Would I have written this text today - or a part of it - then it would have been a different text. The mean elements would be obviously the same, but not the elaboration. So, okay for today. I will read the text again tomorrow if I find time. But enough for today.

Sunday, January the Eleventh

So I had my coffee in the morning, and I have finished the second proofread of day twenty-two of "Days". It's shortly after noon now. Laundry is running but still needs some time - "Short Cuts III" is waiting. I have to reinvent myself! But the inside now was: No, I do not have to reinvent me. I have to invent myself for the first time in my life! This means?

Well, I was never interested in making a career. I never had specific goals. I wavered around in a world hardly to understand, a world difficult to feel comfort in. Which I do not understand until today, which repels me even more today than in the past. But now?

Well, I have the feeling that I have to be strict now - or give up everything. That I have to get an idea of where I want to go, even if there are constant unpredictable aspects. I think that I have to do better. And in a way I could be on a good way. Let's see where I will stand at the end of the month. I will have a walk now, then I should eat something. I should make a phone call later, have to write a text for the announcement for my lecture of the next semester, and I have to take a look at "Short Cuts III". But let's start with the walk.

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I do not have total insight into where my meeting with Mr. Putnam will lead, but it was interesting in any case. But tomorrow will be for "Creatures". And today?

It's close to 5 p.m., and I think I should have another walk. Everything else is done also. There's a bid on an item on eBay left. No bad day so far.

I try to start to be more consistent, starting with today. Let's see what I will have achieved until next Sunday, or what not. But I have to start one day. So why not today? Let's have another walk.

Monday, January the Twelfth

Lunch break, and "Creatures" is already written. I look forward to the coming two days off. Well, I have accomplished a lot over the weekend. It would be nice if I be productive as well over the

coming two days. I think that I have no chance anymore if I would rather not make a total fool out of myself. Let's see.

The United States as the precognition for Germany in two or three years? I fear that this is a valid idea. It happened not once or twice, and we are, in Germany, seemingly on the same path again that the US has already taken. Right, Swantje, no good prospect for Germany.

It's this increasing aggressiveness and that lies can be outspoken without a straight and unmistakable opposition. When Kristi Lynn Noem can propagate blunt lies even when with Jake Tapper, and he cannot call her straightaway a blunt liar, then something went wrong. She's a fucking ruthless, lying bitch that would not hesitate one second to kill you like ISIS did if she could. She would be good friend with Maria Mandl. That's the fucking truth! That would have to be outspoken. But not in comedy, in the news instead.

Okay, my lunch break comes to an end - maybe it's better so. I will have time when back in Willsbach again. After the upload.

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Back in Willsbach, the upload will be next. Then we will see how the rest of the evening will unfold – I had a warm dinner so far and checked the news. And this will be all for now. Let's upload.

Tuesday, January the Thirteenth

It has become evening. I have done all that I wanted to do today and have started with day twenty-three, "Days". Cat on a Hot Tin Roof? Well, I feel like one, and I doubt that staying as long as possible would be win. But I fear to jump, even if I'm a cat, even if I should land on my feet again. Yeah, I still hesitate, even knowing that I have to jump, that nothing else would make sense.

My back and stomach are in a strange state. It functions better and better. Especially the back, even if it's winter, cold, and often wet. The stomach as well, but with setbacks. I had to puke in the middle of last night. I made a mistake with eating. But I find more and more a way to do it better, and everything seems to stabilize. I ponder if I should have a walk down the hill to the town and have a pizza. I haven't been in a restaurant since my birthday in June. Yeah, I need more time being outside, not at home or at work. I should install a day off writing again. Well, it's shortly after 6 p.m. I should be back in time for uploading.

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Back from walking and dinner, I should start to do this more often again. It's stimulating and helps me. And now?

Well, the upload will be next, but then I will be for a time back at Victoria Station again. I want to push this day, push London. I think that I should come to an end with "Days in Los Angeles" as soon as possible. In as few months as possible. Then I have to think over everything automatically. Let's upload.

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Only a short paragraph, "Days", I have added - the station. I'm a bit distracted. My thoughts are wavering all around. In the café I always eat two slices of braided yeast bun with raisins, like my father did every morning. They offer marble cake on Sundays, like my father always baked one. When I see a Linzer tart offered somewhere, then I buy myself a piece. I liked it when my mother baked one. She had been an excellent bakeress before the dementia started. It's strange how this all

holds us captive. Such memories, tastes, and smells. No, I was not very productive after the upload today, not in words at least. But I will go to bed early now to have an early start tomorrow.

Wednesday, January the Fourteenth

It's 4:13 p.m. I had my coffee in the morning, some activities, and continued with "Days", as well as with "Short Cuts III". But I'm unsatisfied. Especially with "Short Cuts III". Well, I have decided to be outside for a while. I have plenty of time. I do things. Next week will have various activities. I'm active, but I feel blank. And yet I should be happy.

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Iran? Come on, people of Iran, do protest. The American president is with you. He wants your oil. Like formerly, another one was with the Kurds in Iraq to get their oil. Okay, they got gassed to death in the end, the Kurds. But at last the oil was for America. Put your lives on the line. The American swine from NY needs more oil. Oh yeah, this is such a wonderful world.

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Upload, and I'm not sure about how to understand this day. It wasn't bad as such, yet I did not do everything planned, but important issues are done. But I'm not satisfied, nor am I angry. I'm simply emotionless. Cold-eyed. It feels like I would be on drug withdrawal, and these are the signs of withdrawal. Seen in this light? I simply would have to bear them until a certain stage, then I should be through - this is how such matters function, or. I have only insights via TV, and this seems not to be the best basis. Whatever, I feel so right now. But it appears to be okay. Even necessary to reach a certain point that I have to reach. Wow, maybe I should stick with matters I have a better basis and knowledge in. The upload, the night, and let's see how I feel at lunch break tomorrow.

Thursday, January the Fifteenth

In the middle of the month, and hey, it's Thursday today - should this mean that yesterday was Wednesday? Whatever, at least the date has been correct. There's still hope. And how do I feel today?

I sit in the café where I cannot watch TV via the internet - maybe it's better so. I have the feeling that I will be able to handle it, even if it will not be easy. Well, I would say that much will be different in a year, when 2027 starts. And now?

Well, I want to react to an email I got, and I would like to relax a bit. Anyway, there is not much to say. I do not see that the democratic forces in the USA will be strong enough to fight back the Peter Thiels and their thoughts. Forget the nuts woman killing puppies, who gets horny when a left-wing woman gets killed. Forget the hilarious VP, and especially the swine from NY - yes, even him. Try to figure out who the real enemy of democracy really is and fight them. How long, and we will be in the same situation in Germany? In Germany again, after the 20s and early 30s! I have my problems therewith to define how I should feel.

*

Well done, the evening is there. The very short one. A short upload, and let's see what tomorrow will yield. But then it will be Sunday, and because of the two lectures next week - Monday and

Wednesday - I will have days off from Monday until Wednesday. So, four days without work in a row. I think that I can use them as well for a bit of writing. Especially "Days", to speed up with the Dover day. But let's upload now.

Friday, January the Sixteenth

In the café again, and I look forward to the coming four days off. The short eight-hour workday tomorrow, then it's done. Okay, on two days I will have a lecture, but anyway. This will become nice days. Nice world?

More of a hilarious world, I would say. And in the center, the swine from NY, elected as president by the American people. And, comments? No, it would be wasted words.

What helps me is that the first month is halfway done. One forty-eighth of the year is over. Soon it will be the one twenty-fourth of the year. Progress in any case. And I mean this seriously. All I would have to do is to be a bit patient and wait. It could be as simple as that, at least to a certain extent, and principle. Let's doze a bit.

*

Well, well, at home and not many words. There's time for it tomorrow. Let's do the upload.

Saturday, January the Seventeenth

It's already 7:30 p.m. Upload time is near! Well, I took it easy today, and I had something to do. So, not many words now, but a visit in London later. Better, a train ride from London to Dover. Well, four days off work and two lectures predicting good days ahead. So, let's be relaxed and enjoy the evening. Was there something to say?

Get your fucking fat ass up, Europe! Counter tariffs every time the swine from NY starts to chatter about Greenland! Every time one percent more - hey, we will be soon by a hundred percent and more. Well, the swine and his nuts bunch need to face headwind. And it would be good for Thiel, Bezos, Musk, Zuckerberg, and all the other shady characters in the background to get some kicks in their nuts - wow, it's politically correct because they are all toxic males. But okay, Selling England by the Pound. Genesis and the Labour Party? Well, what about Selling Greenland by the Euro? Let's do it and lick the swine's ass.

Sunday, January the Eighteenth

I have written nothing further on yesterday after the upload. But I think that this was okay. A long night and some activities today. I have written the ride to Dover now, and I believe that it was good to do it that way. Now the day in Dover starts. It will be a long and difficult day with many memories.

It's 5:35 p.m. already, and it seems as if it could become a clear night. I should observe then. The lecture is tomorrow, but it is from 2 p.m. until 4:30 p.m. In any case, I will not start to write something further on now, before the upload. Observing will be a topic then. Further writing will depend on it. Let's see. Any more words about me or the world? Not for the moment.

*

It's time for the upload, and I have just finished the observing of my variable stars. So, the upload first, then entering my observations, and later some further writing. Some more words? It's time to say goodbye to this shitty USA and show them that Europe is not the schoolboy of the United States. It's to hope that the United States will find back on a reasonable way - like with father and son Bush and their wars built on lies? I have the feeling that it would be better for me to stop still loving the United States and simply only to hate them.

*

We're heading towards midnight, and I have written not that much. But this writing now is very difficult for me. So many memories of Dover are popping up – crazy how many memories I have regarding Dover. And there was also this snooker drama that ended just a few minutes before. I see that I have to write Dover bit by bit. Otherwise I will not be able to. Dying with twenty-seven? Enough for today.

Monday, January the Nineteenth

I'm back from Heilbronn and my lecture at the community college - it's 6:09 p.m. I will upload the writing from yesterday, after the upload, later. And I will be in London - or better, Dover - after today's upload again. It's my goal to write day twenty-three as fast as possible. Let's see.

I have no plans for tomorrow, so there should be some time for writing. The next lecture is on Wednesday, this time in the morning. Spain? Well, we had such a train accident some years ago in Germany - okay, it was in 1998, and one hundred and one passengers died, and many got badly injured. That's what can happen every day. But as if these risks weren't enough, it seems as if we humans have to make life even more complicated by our actions. But I'm not in the mood to discuss this now.

Well, I look forward to tomorrow. Even so, I still feel more or less disoriented. However, this is also therefore the expression that I have alternatives, so something positive. I'm still a fucking lucky bastard.

*

Okay, I have added three more parts to day twenty-three, "Days". And hey, it had been easy today, the writing, nearly relaxing. But I discovered that today is Monday, and I have forgotten to meet with Swantje. So, it's 11:23 p.m. now, still a bit of time left to have my Monday meeting with Swantje. Even if I upload it on Tuesday this week. Let's meet with Swantje.

*

It's 11:37 p.m. now, and "Creatures" is finished. This also was easy today. And yet, the topic was important.

I have very often moments of feeling weak - maybe the best word for the moment. Empty and disoriented. Nearly daily, sometimes more than once a day, sometimes a whole day. For an hour, hours, many hours, also today. I think that I have to accept this, like I should accept other matters. I should learn to deal with it. The aim shouldn't be to overcome it, but rather to reduce it until a certain degree if possible. However, also to let it happen, to outlive it when it happens. I have the strange feeling that I should get drunk, just to do it. To do something totally useless, only to do it. I was three times drunk in my life so far. Twice during my three-year apprenticeship as a cook, and then one time more. But the third time was also many years ago.

I think that I should finish for today. It has been a long and intense day, and despite today's moment of weakness, feeling empty and disoriented, it has been a productive day with many activities. The first of three days off. I'm curious to see what tomorrow will all be.

Tuesday, January the Twentieth

Well, it's nearly 4 p.m. and I have done not that much. I stood up not so late, stood up more or less, but I needed hours to reflect on yesterday and some other issues. I took a shower then, dressed, and left for a coffee not before 2 p.m.

I required these hours, even if I missed quite a lot of the day seen in a certain light. But I have added another part to "Days" and have reached Dover Castle now. Better the top of the hill because Dover Castle is only a part of what's there. Several military facilities from WWII are there. But this will be the next part. And the Roman lighthouse, of course.

I neglect "Photography" an "Short Cuts III". I have eaten nearly nothing so far - out to dinner? I'm not really in a mood therefor. Will be a clear night, but also pretty cold. The next lecture tomorrow, this time from 9:30 a.m. until 12 p.m. Not too late to bed today, and enough time for writing tomorrow. And the rest of today? Let's try it systematically. I should do some hoovering - dusting before? Let's see.

*

It has become a bit late today because I have been out to dinner. Well, I wasn't really motivated, but I wanted to be outside again. And, for the little I ate - buffet - it was a costly dinner. But okay, eating as such hasn't been the motivation in the end. I pondered on "Short Cuts III" among others. I will continue with "Short Cuts III" after the upload, like I will be in Dover again. But the upload first.

*

The continuation of "Short Cuts III" is done, as well as the next part in Dover. One more paragraph and I will have reached Dover Castle. This part is for tomorrow. I'm still not clear about what to do with "Short Cuts III", under these circumstances. What to write? The European reaction so far is better than I thought - okay, cocksucker Rutte. Let's see what will happen when the swine from NY arrives in Davos tomorrow. I hope that Europe stands firm. The next day off is over. A bit of a mixed day, but I did at least some. The lecture is in the morning tomorrow. I thus should not be so late in Willsbach back again. Okay, Thursday I will have to work again. So the evening tomorrow will be shorter. Anyway, reaching Dover Castle is the minimum. And I'm optimistic that I will do so. Even if I will have my usual weak moment also tomorrow again.

Wednesday, January the Twenty-First

The lecture in the morning, the continuation of "Days" in the afternoon. Now it's late afternoon or early evening - the mighty asshole US president has just finished his mighty speech in Davos. And I will end with writing now to have a bit of time for me.

I have reached Dover Castle now. The next two days I can get a bit of distance from it. I will be back there on the weekend again. But I will have my laptop with me in Backnang the next two days. Let's see. Davos?

Everything I am and everything I believe in demurs commenting on this mere shit. It's bullshit, and I hope for a distinct answer, especially from Canada and Denmark. Not from Germany. This would require that Merz have a backbone. Let's see, there are still some hours until I have to start to sleep.

*

It's after six o'clock, and I'm tired. So I have decided to upload now, very early, to be in bed very soon. It has been an intense day and a long day. All is done - okay - one issue I have neglected, but I cannot do it being tired. And I hear only garbage related to Davos. So it appears to be better to have a long sleep and much time to dream. I'm satisfied with the previous days.

Thursday, January the Twenty-Second

Let's wait and see, the Greenland deal and the Board of Peace. Could it be that the Europeans are finding some character, at least to a certain degree? The next days will tell more.

I have decided to be outside today, to have a walk and a coffee on my way. I'm tired. The night wasn't good. My right arm hurts, and I do not feel productive. I have to accept these moments, expecting a productive weekend.

*

Well, what's to say? I'm back in Willsbach, still a bit tired and having a sore head. But I feel good anyway - okay, there are enough aspects to get desperate. But I have the feverish dream that there's still the possibility for a profound pushback. Why not under the leadership of Canada? It would be time to rethink everything - I'm a stupid dreamer. Maybe I should go to bed to chase better dreams.

Friday, January the Twenty-Third

I had problems with the upload yesterday. For the first time again after a longer time. And I wasn't able to fix it in a meaningful time, so I went to bed. I was able to fix it this morning before I started working. I hope that it will function better this evening when back in Willsbach again.

Something to say about the world? Well, the Board of Assholes clearly shows how these anti-democratic wankers see the world - if any reasonable European country would join, then it would be a shame. ICE in the USA? Now I know how it felt in Germany in the 30s with the SA, SS, and Gestapo. Is it by chance or simply by design that all those around the swine from NY would be the perfect cast for a movie about Nazi Germany? A movie about a group of ruthless and nuts but dangerous, racist, greedy anti-democrats with delusions of grandeur. These people would fit perfectly.

And also all those bootlickers like Graham. And that they got elected legally. And also that, as more and more people understood that it was maybe not a good decision to vote for them, it was already too late to change something. Iceberg straight ahead, let's steer the course, let's accelerate our speed. No good prospect.

I think that it's time to play to win. The USA is a weak and completely insolvent nation. Ask Putin. He knows very well how Potemkin Villages function. The Emperor's New Clothes (Hans Christian Andersen) - it's time that someone starts to speak it out: the USA and the wannabe fuehrer are naked. They only pretend to wear splendid clothes. It would be easy for Europe to wreck the USA - and the Scandinavians are the bold and clever ones. It's time to show the USA and this Nazi bunch -

the pompous figures in the background - how easy it is to lose billions in seconds if the money is not real, only an illusion.

Saturday tomorrow. The weekend begins. Dover waits. Dover Castle is for the weekend. I hope, apart from this, that I will be able to enjoy the weekend with some nice activities. And next Tuesday and Wednesday are also not so far away. So, let's get the second part of this workday done. The rest should be easy and fast. It's sad to see this United States. Totally shredded, ragged, and on its way to ultimately destroy itself.

Saturday, January the Twenty-Fourth

The workday is done, and I'm back in Willsbach. I have even continued with "Days". I enter the central building now. But it will be a way up there, and there will be also be some other topics to address on top before we will be at the climax. But I will be there after the upload again. Tomorrow?

Well, my cousin's birthday is tomorrow, and I'm invited, and I have confirmed. He turns sixty this year, like I did last year, and I also had invited him. Let's see when I will be back. Anyway, I will continue with Dover after the upload in any case.

I have the feeling that I will still have two or so hard months, then I should have some further insights. Two weeks of vacation at the beginning of March and no plans for traveling or so. In five weeks. Let's see in what way these weeks will develop. I think that there's a good chance to finish London until then.

The world? Minneapolis? We have to acknowledge that this is shit, and I have compared them and the swines behind them with the SA, SS, and Gestapo. I have not to retract anything. Russia is a fascist nation, as is China. And the USA heads straight towards to join the other ones.

I will stop here - upload soon. I need a break. It's a clear night, but I will not observe. I require a break. I will continue later. The central building is waiting.

*

Two more parts for Dover are written. Now I have reached the stage that I had planned for the weekend. So I can be truly relaxed regarding tomorrow. The climax of Dover is for the two days off. Okay, an appointment at the dentist on Wednesday, but there will be enough time for writing anyway. I'm satisfied with today.

Sunday, January the Twenty-Fifth

So I stood up early today, and I have a bit of time. Okay, I will start early, even if I do not have to drive that long - partially on the freeway, as every workday. Partially a former commute. The way is not unfamiliar to me. But I plan at least a coffee on the way, so I will start soon. Some more comments?

Not really. Does anyone think that, if a governor or a mayor appeals to the swine of NY and his bunch for de-escalation, the swine and his bootlickers aren't unboundedly happy about this? They laugh about those. They lust for chaos and begging democrats. Peter Thiel had to yerk a lot over the last few days and weeks - in the same time when they all rob billions from America and their people. I should start my short trip.

*

It's 5:39 p.m., and I'm back from my cousin's birthday celebration. Well, it has been a diverting day - I even did some small talk. So it was okay. Now? I have written enough for today's upload yesterday after the upload. So I will be early in bed today. Minnesota?

I don't know what I should say further on about this lying, athletic bunch of wankers. As far as I can see it so far, it was a blunt execution. Maybe even more brutal than the last one. Hey folks, there are pictures and videos, and everybody can see them. Will it be George Floyd two and three?

Well, the George Floyd case was based on a very long, clear video. This is not what's up here so far. Let's see what experts can extract from these videos. An independent investigation regarding these two incidents would be necessary. Ask the slaveholder. He will tell you that slavery is good and that slaves liked it to be slaves.

*

It's 7:19 p.m., and I will upload now to have a longer time to dream. The long workday tomorrow, with "Creatures". Then two days off with an appointment at the dentist on Wednesday and the climax of Dover.

Why do I see better reporting on BBC than CNN? Maybe because the BBC is European and not a part of the submissive US news system? It seems so.

Monday, January the Twenty-Sixth

Lunch break, and it appears more and more like a blunt murder. A turning point? It would be a bit too late, at least for those who are dead now. I will do "Creatures" now.

*

"Creatures" is done, but I will be most likely later back in Willsbach today. We have no additional person for cleaning and suchlike today, so we have to do it all on our own. And the road conditions are critical. It snowed the whole night. Okay, at a certain time I will be back, at least I hope so, and the two days off are waiting. Let's see.

*

We were faster than I thought, and the road conditions were much better than in the morning, so it's not as late as feared. Nevertheless, later as usual. Thus the upload now. The rest we will see later.

Tuesday, January the Twenty-Seventh

I stood up earlier than I thought and decided, after driving around a bit, to take a look at my bonsai in Bad Friedrichshall. After a coffee on the way. Lunch in Neckarsulm, after another coffee. Some more driving around and back in Willsbach.

Well, I started with my today's task after some distraction in Willsbach. The climax in Dover. I therefore needed a longer time, and I feel exhausted and empty now. Well, I even have problems recalling all that I have just written. I should read it tomorrow again, after some distance, but I won't. It's what it is. Good or stupid, I have no idea.

Not much news so far today, and this seems no disadvantage. I will upload what is written so far, as well as three images that I made yesterday late evening. Some snow from the morning had already

disappeared as I took them, but anyway. I had no time in the morning because I had to free my car from all the snow on it and around it. Some news now?

I think that a bit of walking would be nice. I doubt that I will write something further this evening. The appointment with the dentist is in the morning tomorrow. So I should be back in Willsbach early. Let's see how I will feel after the dentist. If writing, and I think so, then "Short Cuts III". I think that I will continue with "Days" next weekend to finish this day, twenty-three, as soon as possible then. The upload, some walking, and then I can decide.

*

Thoughts for the night? In a way it seems as if trouble piles up for the swine of NY, his cocksuckers, and the real swines in the background. But is this true? Well, it seems like Venezuela to me. Not much has changed. Not much will change in the US either.

Isn't it nice to live in Germany, in Europe - right? A new treaty with India because we all love peaceful Modi. Okay, better than treaties with the increasingly fascist USA, one could say. And hey, the Green Party voted, together with the radical right-wingers and the (radical) left-wingers, against the free-trade treaty with South America - well done, dumbasses! That's real green politics. Okay, sorry, you only want to delay it. Then it's perfectly fine to vote together with fascistic and far-left politicians. It's unbelievable. We will have state elections in Baden-Württemberg soon. This is the best promotion at the best moment.

Are the Democrats in DC waking up? It would be charming if not too late. But I stay a bit skeptical that it will be that easy to get rid of this nightmare. What can we expect in Baden-Württemberg? We have a governor from the Green Party for many years now. But this will change, most likely. The election will be on March the eighth. The old governor, Winfried Kretschmann, runs not again. The conservative party, CDU, is in the lead at the polls currently, the Green Party is the runner-up, and the far right is in third place. All are not so widely separated. Hey, where are the socialists, the honery dame SPD who voted against Hitler? One-digit! This is devastating, but self-inflicted. It's to hope that CDU and the Green Party will get enough votes to form a stable government. Most likely with a conservative governor. Even if this would not be my dream, it would be easy to imagine worse. American circumstances, for instance. With their fucking two-party system. Let's stop here.

Tuesday, January the Twenty-Eighth

It's after four o'clock, and it has been a busy day so far - my laundry is still running. And I should do a bit of cleaning. Well, the time at the dentist wasn't that long. A second treatment of the dental root. I will be there in three weeks again. And now? Well, as said, the laundry and cleaning are still to do. I have started with dinner alongside. And I will have no look at "Days". I need a bit of distance to continue with it. So, "Short Cuts III"? Yeah, but I'm still undecided what would be the best continuation. It might be best to start with the cleaning.

*

Is Rutte only an asshole or a saboteur? It's time to throw him out. We do not need backstabbers in Europe. He should work for the US government as a senior brown-noser of the swine from NY. It's disgusting always to hear his shit. It's time for Europe to become mature.

*

I have continued with "Short Cuts III". I see still no good ground to continue in the former way. Let's see. The laundry is ready and I hang it up now.

*

It's close to 7 p.m., and everything is done - well, writing seems to be a bit weak. I will do the upload now, very early. This gives me a bit of time for me and the chance of a very long night. The two very long workdays are coming. Sure, I will have my laptop with me, and we can see what will happen. Some more to say?

The USA is a kindergarten, Germany a nonstarter, Russia the hellmouth, and China I don't know. I'm no good prophet, and I hope that the Americans will be smarter than the Germans in the 30s. It would still be time, but time runs out. The midterms? Too many months until then. It would have to happen faster, much faster. And why are still stand-up comedians the ones who speak everything out in the most distinct way? The possibly most American art form - Lenny Bruce? Enough for today.

Thursday, January the Twenty-Ninth

Lunch break in the café - two aspects. I cannot receive TV via the internet here, so I'm not up-to-date with the latest news from the USA. It could be that this is no disadvantage. Then, I sit on a fluffy settee in a position not ideal to write. But it would be nice here for a nap. So, what's to do? Is there an increasing backlash in the USA? Is there an increasing backlash in Europe? In Europe, regarding the swine from NY, but also because of bootlicker Rutte? But as long as all this yields no substantial results, all is of no meaning. And we should not forget to see those in the limelight as well as those in the twilight on the edge of the stage. The actors are in the limelight, but not the stage director and his dramaturg.

I do not feel bad. The new duty roster for next week is interesting. I will have days off from Tuesday until Thursday. On Friday I will only work until 3 p.m. - too many extra hours. So, let's get it to become Saturday. The next week should become a very productive week.

*

Revealing Feelings

Would I
If I
Would be
Sure about

Still I
Do not
Be sure
Them

Like
Feather
But
Enjoy

Sometimes
I would
Like I
Deep inside

Taking
Nothing
Serious
Would I

Buffon
Dream
Pierrot
Reality

*

Back in Willsbach, I still have no further and new information about the situation in the States. And it feels no bad. Okay, I will later, but for the moment it's good. Let's upload.

Friday, January the Thirtieth

Not in the café today, but I will not write much now and will have a walk with a coffee later. It will be Saturday tomorrow, with an upcoming week with many possibilities to write. So there's no need to do it now. Let it become Saturday afternoon, and then I will be back in Dover. Any comments on something?

Well, maybe: Do the Democrats act clever? Well, it would depend on to what degree I could imagine that the Dems would one time show attitudes and would battle something to its end. Take a deep breath, Peter, and prepare for your walk. I need a coffee and something sweet.

*

So I'm back, and I'm tired. I have the feeling that I caught something what I wouldn't like. So, not many words now. I should go to bed and try to get some relief. Well, only the short eight-hour workday tomorrow - let's see. And anyway, writing should be possible. Walking around in Dover and searching for a restaurant. But enough for today.

Saturday, January the Thirty-First

I drove slowly home, I had no impulse to be as fast as possible back in Willsbach. Two coffees, one in Backnang and one in Ellhofen. I ate something in Backnang and did a bit of shopping in Ellhofen. Well, the time for uploading comes nearer, I watched a bit of science stuff, the washing mashine is running. Dover is for after the uplaoad.

*

Gschdappo

When they crawl out of their sloughs
And they feel free to act like they always wanted in their dreams
While jerking
Or sucking each others cock

When they feel mighty
Six or seven against one
Children, women, elderly
They cannot fight one on one

Then it's time to resist
But resistance needs backing
Not only by words
But by deeds

Then a nation shows its real spirit
Germany failed totally
The United States?
Still a story that's not told to its end

*

I will do the upload now - the laundry is nearly ready. A few final thoughts? Well, it would be nice, only to see who lay in which bed, to get clarity about the Epstein circus. Who all visited his island - and by the way? A twenty-six-year-old Russian woman? I wouldn't even call her a "girl"? I would like to get a clear image of ages, conducts, names, and so on. Eighteen-year-old Russian "girls" are doing weird stuff in porn movies. Is this a scandal? Is this all for distraction? Is it possible that if you melted it down, only a minor scandal would be left? But why then all this ado about these files since such a long time now? It would be time to name names, just to be able to judge for yourself. Will it ever happen? Should we ask Bill and Hillary and the rest of this NY drain?

*

Get Rid

Get rid of the super rich
Get rid of the greedy
Get rid of the toxic males
That should be easy

It should be easy
Because there should be a large overlap
At least regarding always two of the three
This is the human's burden since its beginning

*

I'm on my way through Dover, "Days", and it will become a longer walk. But then this day will be over, and only one more longer day waits - Kew Gardens. So there's a good chance that this part - London - will be finished within the next month. And now?

Ukraine, Gaza - so much should be said. But I have only limited time and energy. I should have a longer sleep on the floor like last night. I have a bit of an issue with my back again, but nothing severe so far. Although some prevention is necessary. Plans for tomorrow?

No! Okay, I have a list with four matters to handle. I should settle at least one tomorrow. Cleaning something would be good - dusting would be good. The next step in Dover. And maybe getting an idea regarding "Short Cuts III". But apart from that, I have absolutely no plans.

So, enough for today. I feel better now than while working and as I arrived in Willsbach. And I should not forget that I have three days off next week - Tuesday until Thursday - and Friday only an eight-hour workday until 3 p.m. So, it seems as if there's a productive time ahead.

Sunday, February the First

I woke up late and needed some time to get up. Well, the night was mixed. I had a coffee and ate a late lunch in a restaurant - half of the dish is in my fridge for tomorrow now. A longer walk thereafter, then back home. I watched the recording of a talk show and made the monthly picture in between - well, it's after 5 p.m. now, and I feel much better.

Okay, I took two painkillers before I left. But I think that I'm on top of it. From this month on, much will count. No more delays and excuses will be allowed. I have to see distinct progress regarding various matters at the end of this month. So, let's see what I will be capable of. The rest of today? Well, the continuation of "Days", written yesterday after the upload, is for today's upload. "Creatures" for tomorrow. The new monthly pictures. "Short Cuts III" is still my special area that would need improvement. It might be time for "Short Cuts IV" or something wholly new. Tomorrow?

"Creatures" as said. There will be a meeting tomorrow after work. I thus will be back later in Willsbach than normally. I hope that it's not too late. Anyway, the upload tomorrow will be partially later, between 9 p.m. and 10 p.m., most likely. But the rest of the week will be a week of many possibilities then. Now? Well, still a bit of time until the upload. Let's see what will be.

*

Don Lemon? It's a classical example of talking (too) fast. Sure, arresting journalists is fucking. But I haven't seen footage from the actual arrest now - also journalists are not above the law. I respect Don Lemon for his work on CNN - we stick deep in the Emirates' asses - but I would like to see more.

More than 200? If someone now starts to mourn or even ask for prayers - fuck you for your disgraceful behavior, wankers! Oh yeah, what a tragedy, so many lives. Because we're always so interested in their fucking daily lives. When they are being modern slaves to ensure that a rich asshole can buy his new iPhone at the flagship store in asshole Manhattan. We're not interested in their daily lives. We can stop pretending to be interested in their deaths. Or are the stock markets in danger? Will my iPhone be costlier now? Fuck you!

*

We're heading towards eight o'clock and still have no good idea for "Short Cuts III". So I have the feeling that it would be best to let it be like this. You sometimes cannot decide, and then it's best not to force it. Let's see how this night plays out and how I feel tomorrow. A bit longer night seems to be no mistake. So, enough for today. The upload, and then I'm ready for dreaming.

Monday, January the Second

Well, in the café again - it's a charming place with WiFi. But I cannot watch internet TV there, which seems not bad. The night was better, but painkillers again. But more for prevention. I see no real danger right now - the rest of the week should be easy. Yet today will be long due to the

meeting after ten and a half hours of working. Nevertheless, I feel not bad. However, this will be interesting from tomorrow on.

Is the US waking up under the leadership of their stand-up comedians? Wow, even the Dems are showing a bit of resistance. Now that people on the streets had to die and to suffer - a bit late and by far not enough, complacent and toothless Dems.

Ukraine, Gaza, Iran, and so much more. We're living in a world full of news and information, and it hasn't been harder at any time to get to the core, the truth, than today. Epstein? Is it really a big scandal, or possibly a conspiracy, or a lot of hot air with no real content? I would not dare, with this information situation, to decide. Brave New World.

I will stop now to relax a bit until the second part of this workday. I will be happy when I'm back in Wilsbach. But this will still take many hours.

*

I'm back, and it's already 9:29 p.m. Well, the meeting lasted longer than thought, so let's have the upload fast now. Maybe more after the upload.

Tuesday, February the Third

I struggled for a continuation of "Short Cuts III", and I might have found an answer. It had already begun. Why not continue in this way - give it free rein? It's dark and absolutely no game.

I have to see how this will develop - I have three days off now. I hope that I can always continue both "Days" and "Short Cuts III" over the next three days. Then a short workday on Friday and Saturday - the next weekend. I'm nearly a bit excited, expecting the next three days. Nearly like a mother-to-be.

A long day ends - it's obviously already after midnight. I'm not sure when I will get up tomorrow, but this will not be relevant. Let's see how the back will develop. It feels much better again. I have some ideas and thoughts. I have to lose weight this month. The good aspect is that I stay permanently - even with some fluctuation - under the so far lowest weight at the beginning of 2020 and the beginning of 2024. So, this seems to be a perfect starting point for more. Let's see.

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A bit of a weird day today. I feel a bit disoriented. Nevertheless, a longer part for "Days" is written. I have reached the place of the former restaurant. Wow, a moment here and walking back, and then also this day is written. One longer day remains. The rest will be short. Then also London is done, and only Matosinhos remains. Scary in a way.

I will continue with "Short Cuts III" after the upload, like I did yesterday. So far it functions. I sometimes have the feeling that I should be crazier to be a real writer and artist. Depressions, not only infinite disappointment. Being an autist, not only bored by the people. I'm not even an alcoholic, not to talk about hard drugs. I have an ordinary job and ponder about retirement. That's all so fucking boring. What about a bad disease? Not even this!

I will be outside for a while now, until today's upload. A bit of shopping. The beginning of 2020, the beginning of 2024, and the beginning of 2026. Three years, where I reached a good state, where I looked forward to the coming. 2020 offered COVID-19 and no concerts in March with Mrs. Grant and Agnes Obel. 2024 - again in March if I'm not wrong - my father got his diagnosis of lung cancer and died in July. 2026? Well, it's February and not March. I will have two weeks of vacation in March. Whatever will be, will be? She was very underrated, as were so many women of her time, and got no opportunity to show her total talent. I could.

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I tried to continue with "Short Cuts III" but I'm not satisfied. I think I should stop here and let it be. Tomorrow will be another day.

Tuesday, February the Fourth

Well, I stood up early today. It's just 10:38 a.m., and I have already done some. I will be at a restaurant tomorrow for a job interview - a little surprise? Yes and no. Okay, it would be a challenging position, sous chef but more like a head chef. But with interesting opening times, for instance. Higher income again, of course. It's a restaurant I already know. It will be my third job interview there. I have also cooked a day there several years ago. So I knew it so far.

I feel bored and unfulfilled right now in my current job. These early mornings, it's always cold where I work currently - an old house with bad heating, if heated at all. I'm by far not the only one who has problems with coughs and sneezes there. And I'm in a mood now.

I feel stronger again. I have the feeling that I need to be more challenged. The work rhythm would fit better with my biorhythm. But okay, I'm no longer thirty. Well, my mind tells me that I'm still fucking young, but my back definitely does not. So I have to be careful not to overdo it.

Okay, a job interview is a job interview, nothing more. I think that it will most likely lead to being in the kitchen there next Sunday - if it will go that far. Let's see how this will develop. In any case, I need more intensity again.

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I have decided to start writing very early today - well, I have to wait for two interesting lots to get called on an online auction. My memories about the restaurant. Now the way back to the train station. This will be a somewhat longer way - tomorrow.

Well, I still have to wait a bit until the lots that interest me will have a turn. But I will be out then for a time thereafter. I would like to continue with "Short Cuts III" before today's upload. We will see. In half an hour or so it should be my turn.

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I was two hours on the road and did a bit of shopping. No "Short Cuts III" before today's upload, but thereafter. Maybe I will be a bit more inspired than yesterday. The USA?

It's all so absurd, the ICE SA as well as this election garbage. It's a crazy world I'm living in. I need some change. I need to get through the last years, to become a retired person, to live somewhere. Then I can concentrate on writing and art and give everything free rein. No, I'm not wild at heart. But I'm wild in mind. And I still can share one's feelings and totally can understand them. What a fucking randy feeling it is, hooded and in riot gear, to smash unprotected people's faces on the hard street and shoot them in their back or head. You're Superman then, the real fucking man.

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*I'm getting desperate
Desperate for a revolution
Some kind of spark
Some kind of connection
In these dangerous days
Come a little bit closer
I need to understand
(Even Though Our Love Is Doomed, Garbage)*

Do we require a revolution, a spark that would inflame the world? A kind of virus that would kill the richest one percent and, if needed, some percentages more? Or a virus that would change the male genetic makeup so that it would suppress certain male hormones? I have always the problem that I have already erased all human genetic material from Earth in my writing. I do not see in what way I should become more radical. Why more radical?

Because nothing changes, maybe because of that? Twelve Monkeys, the failure of the scientist only to kill billions with his virus but not all. The universe has to be full of life. Everything else would be surreal. But if we should be the paragon, then this insight would be devastating. The only relief then is that even the universe as such will have an end in the end. I will do the upload now.

*

A dead conductor? A conductor was beaten to death in a German train as he did his job and controlled tickets. By a Greek man living in Luxembourg, if I'm not wrong. That's insane. But it fits our time? Such insanities also happened in past times, occasionally. But it seems as if those insanities occur with increasing regularity. I would rather not live in the United States.

Thursday, February the Fifth

I'm back from my job interview. It could be that I will work there on Sunday morning and afternoon. We will see. Anyway, it's good to be active again.

I will start with "Days" soon. I have to work tomorrow and therefore have a short evening. But only until 3 p.m. Still to reduce overtime. So I will be back in Willsbach again to write something. But let's start with my somewhat longer way back to the train station.

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Merz? What an idiot you are in this world if you stick with laws and moral values. Would Merz brownnose me? No, not at all - of course! But if you're a murderer with oil, money, and suchlike, then of course. This seems to be the lesson you have to learn. Become morally corrupt, and then everything will be fine - of course, only if you are rich and / or powerful. I'm not mentioned in the Epstein files. But if I were, then I would be in a prison cell immediately. Yeah, I'm no royal, I'm no billionaire, and I have not the valuable connections. In what a pigpen we're living in!

*

I will upload early today. A longer sleep will be nice. It was a busy day with enough action. Now I have to see how some will unfold.

The short eight-hour workday is tomorrow. I hope that I can use Friday for the next part of "Days", as well as the short Saturday. This day should be finished then. It would be a major step. Let's end this day.