

Diary VI
Second Half-Year 2026

Wednesday, July the First

Yeah, the first half of the year is done, I had three jobs so far, but all is okay. Well, time is passing by, and this is what counts. So let's continue with writing, "Cuts", "Up Your Ass", to also bring this story to its end.

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It's 2:53 a.m. now, and I have written nothing! Well, I have listened to music for hours now. Mixed music at first, and Mrs. Grant at the end, so it was by far no wasted time. But I had the feeling it would be good to enter the second half of this year with listening to music. And it will not be important to end "Up Your Ass" a day earlier or later.

I lust for the fucking time when I'm retired, when I can concentrate on writing and art. I have the feeling that I have improved over the last few months and years. Yes, I'm convinced now that I can create something profound, either in a short form as well as in a long form. And maybe not only regarding writing.

Okay, the one or other year exercising restraint seems still to be appropriate. But it's like being a racehorse ready to enter the starting machine. Lusting for that, the race would begin. I feel ready.

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Well, I have made a spontaneous monthly picture - 3:21 a.m. Yeah, I'm sweaty, no good light, but I have the feeling that I have to do things. I have changed much in stopping to ponder about everything. I have started to do things and to deal with the given circumstances - always seeing an overall aim in front of me. Yeah, I'm getting impatient, but this is okay. Just because when the day is there, living in Portugal, everything else is forgotten and unimportant. I have nearly forgotten Backnang and Offenau as well. But okay, I live in the moment, and just right now there's still a somewhat longer way in front of me. Let's see how I will feel after working. I'm in a state right now, churned up. The music of the previous hours has impacted me as always. But nevertheless, I should stop here now, even if I have the feeling that I should continue until I have to go to work. I feel that there's something coming up, not exactly what, and what will be its impact. Yet I have to start to be serious now and to show it, to manifest it. I should stop here.

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I'm back in Willsbach after work - it's 11:09 p.m. The upload now, then the usual shower, something to eat, and the end of "Up Your Ass" today. I start working tomorrow at 4 p.m. but have an appointment at the dentist at 2 p.m. Let's see how this will play out. Still some toothache - more or less. Especially after eating something, it needs around a quarter of an hour until it gets better again. So it's good to have the appointment at the dentist tomorrow. The upload.

Thursday, July the Second

It's 1:36 a.m. right now. I have started to write the final part of "Up Your Ass", but it does not function. Yeah, I have a real badass ending in mind, but I cannot "bring it to paper". I have moments when all is okay, and then my teeth are hurting - it's sometime the whole right part. So I cannot concentrate, and it's pretty good that I could get an appointment at the dentist so fast.

I have taken painkillers, but they are not helping - I feel tired and a bit exhausted. On the other side, a bit euphoric - hey, these are the soft German painkillers, not this insane American stuff. I drink a beer, maybe not the best idea. I should go to bed.

Well, I think it's best to see what the examination tomorrow will yield and what will be the best solution for this tooth. But the pain from this tooth spreads more and more, so it's constantly more ugly when the pain begins again. The title for the last part of "Up Your Ass" is "No More Heroes" - well, I'm definitely no hero.

I'm a bit pissed off that it does not function today. But hey, I nearly write every day currently with no day off writing, only in such moments or when I'm down, not. I think that I should try to find some sleep.

*

I'm back from working, and the dentists - yes, the plural is no mistake. I got a letter of referral for another dentist, very near to the first, a specialist for operations. The appointment for a discussion for what has to be done is "already" in four weeks, on the thirty-first. But hey, I have some pain. Well, if the pain gets more severe, I should call one or the other. So I hope that it will not get worse. It was okay during work, but now I should start to eat something. Let's see.

Nevertheless, I feel more stable again. So it will function today: upload, shower, dinner, writing, in this succession. Therefore, let us begin with the upload.

Friday, July the Third

Wow, this was intense writing over hours. And not only that. I have worked on the text again for a longer time - I had no look at the clock - during the proofreading. And I have the feeling it would strengthen the text if I continued working on it. But it's already 3:41 a.m., and even when I start later tomorrow, I think I should stop here to find some sleep. My teeth did not hurt so much now as they did yesterday while writing after the upload.

Yes, it was good to stop writing yesterday. I was not on a good way yesterday. The text developed much better today. I'm tired from writing now, but I think this text is complex and worth not being considered finished. I should rewrite this story one day. Longer, more aggressive, bolder. But now I need some sleep.

*

Well, it's already 11:18 p.m. - I needed a bit longer to come back to Willsbach. A bit longer at work, and I had a detour to the gas station, and still no Lizzy was there. But now I'm back, have brewed myself a tea, and the rest of the evening routine will follow.

But not exactly. Tomorrow is a day off. So no writing after the upload today. I will do this tomorrow. I also plan to start with the articles about my collecting. So it seems as if there will be a lot of writing tomorrow.

Anyway, I have three days off next week due to several extra hours so far. Wednesday and Thursday plus Sunday. It should be a nice week for writing then. Although the upload will be next now.

Saturday, July the Fourth

We're very close to 3 p.m., and I stood up not very early, but not so late either. I was at the bakery in Weinsberg for a coffee and buying bread and did a somewhat larger shopping for the next day. The laundry is hung up as well. So this part of the day is done.

I will start with writing now, after heaving lunch, but not "the writing". Instead I start with writing my first article about my collecting. I don't know. I'm not in the mood for "Putnam" which would be

the next part for "Cuts". "Creatures" seems to be near - well, still plenty of time until 11 p.m. and the upload.

I have a long workday tomorrow, from 12 p.m. until 10 p.m. - it's funny to write this in the American way. From 12 to 10, it's ten hours - this makes so much sense as many of these American "specialities". What about from 12 until 22? Hey, these are ten hours! Okay, whatever, let's see how the day develops regarding writing and arts - it's hot again.

*

Okay, it's 10:45 p.m. now, and I have written nothing - nothing? Well, nothing for the homepage, but apart from that? I have started to write the first part about collecting, thought only to write for a while, but I also had to illustrate it - and now it's nearly upload time. Well, I have learned a lot today, and I can send the publisher the first part of my writing for his magazine. And this was important today - even if I have done nothing else so far.

I have to eat something now and should drink a lot. I have to start working at 12 p.m. tomorrow, but it will be a long workday until the evening. So I think I will not go to bed so late. Sure, nothing before the upload, which will be now. Thereafter? Well, I think I should visit Swantje, but after writing and doing layout for several hours, it would not be helpful to meet Mr. Putnam later. Let's see what will happen. A bit of time would still be available. I have not gone to bed this early.

*

Well, it's near midnight, and I sense a meeting with Swantje today is a bit imposed. It was enough to write the beginning of a first article - well, it's already nine pages with the pictures. It's not to force things. Yes, it has been a nice day today, a very productive one. Let's concentrate on tomorrow. There is a menu to prepare for a somewhat later lunch, and I will be alone in the afternoon and evening. Okay, normally not much is to do, some preparations for Monday, a few guests, and some cleaning. But it's the first time, and first times are first times. So, let's have a long sleep now, and tomorrow will be a new day.

Sunday, July the Fifth

I'm back from my long workday and feel good. It has functioned nicely, and I had more to do in the evening as expected. And it was a good decision not to meet Mr. Putnam last night. It will be much better to do it this night. Swantje? Not on all accounts, maybe tomorrow, to our regular Monday meeting.

Things are developing. I got very positive - and very fast - feedback from the publisher about the first version of a part of the first part of the planned series about certain aspects of my collecting. "Excellent writing" is a nice comment. So it was fine to invest so much time on Saturday on this writing, even if it was at the expense of my writing for the webpage. But now there's a basis built up regarding these articles, and I can work constantly on them. And now?

Well, it's a bit earlier today. On Sundays the kitchen closes half an hour earlier. I have already brewed a tea and have cooked a soup with all sorts of "soup add-ins" - is there really no good word in English for "Suppeneinlage"? Anyway, the evening routine is next, after today's a bit petite upload.

Monday, July the Sixth

Well, well, it's 2:45 a.m. And this talking about seeing where a text leads to? If I needed an example, then this text, my "conversation" with Mr. Putnam, would be an outstanding example. And sure, I do not need hours simply to write a text of this length, even if demanding as such - well, I had some "detours". And in the end?

Wow, if I became popular one day, then it would be funny to see interpretations about a text like this. I can only say that I'm very relaxed now - and I'm no brain in a vat. My strong conviction is that we always have a choice, at least if one is no coward. Just in case? There is always a desert, a female black jaguar, or simply an ocean - at least a river or a pond. You do not have to fight in a war with a swastika on your uniform or gas Jews. Sure, it can have severe consequences - at least if you're not faster. There is this story about a boarding school for Jewish girls. The Germans approached, and they feared what would happen - maybe rape or as prostitutes for the German soldiers? They all, together with their teachers, committed suicide. Brazil, there's always a way out. I never could understand not running crazy in a concentration camp - as Jew - still having hope. I never could understand. But I always could understand these girls very well.

I do not have the mind now to proofread what was written today. I will do this after working. So the upload will be a bit later, most likely.

*

Okay, I'm back from work, and I read the text from last night again - it's 11:21 p.m. now. I made some slight changes, some mistakes, but nothing of meaning. Even if some passages are a bit confusing. I think that this text should stay as it is. So, no more words. The upload waits. The evening routine thereafter, and some writing as well.

Tuesday, July the Seventh

I have continued with "Cuts", "Call It Utopia". Well, my first idea was to finish this story with this part. What I often do is to have a heading as a starting point. But I found none. So I simply started with "I reached my office again" to see where it would lead to - to be honest, I'm still undecided about the ending. Should I write two of them? Let's see. I plan to continue with "The Onion Layer Model".

One more workday, then two days off. Well, I have to do some gardening in Kochendorf on Wednesday - from 8 a.m. on. Well, later in the day, it's simply too hot then. But there will be time for writing, both writings. For the article as well as for the webpage. "Moms & Dads"? Well, it's still in my head. I should plan it like "Days in Los Angeles". I ponder occasionally, but it will need some time. There will be a moment to start focused on it, the planning as well as the writing. Well, it required years for writing "Days in Los Angeles". So there's no reason to hurry. It should become something acceptable for me. Was there something else?

Soccer decayed to a shitshow, as everything connected with the swine from NY. It would be to hope that Belgium will kick the Yankees asses. Well, soccer is boring, and the match is too long anyway. So I will see tomorrow whether I can be happy or sad. Enough for today.

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Two days off ahead, the last three days have been positive and good. But I will not make many words now. I have to get up early tomorrow for the gardening in Kochendorf, but not so long due to predicted high temperatures tomorrow again. And I should be in the garage in Bad Wimpfen with my car tomorrow morning. There are grinding noises, presumably from the left rear wheel. I plan to

write for the webpage and write for the article as well for tomorrow. This should be possible. But now the upload and then the evening routine until I go to bed. Not very late today.

Wednesday, July the Eighth

3:11 p.m., and I'm back from gardening, the garage, and eating something - no good night, and I stood up too early today. Well, the gardening is over, nothing severe was found at the garage, and everything for today is done. So the better part begins now, but I need a break. I should drink and take a rest. Then I can start writing. See you later.

*

18:13 p.m., resting is finished, and I feel better again. I thought to start with "Creatures" and part 72 - but hey, there isn't a part 71! I had a look everywhere - webpage, hard drive, backups - but there is no part 71. But I'm sure that I have begun with this part, but the vague idea that I maybe haven't finished it - oh fuck, I'm getting old! Anyway, it's too long ago now that I have met with Swantje. This was not intended so. So I will start with "Creatures" now to say sorry to Swantje, then "Cuts", and possibly another meeting with Swantje again. Or would this be too fast? Would this appear a bit "desperate" and "caught"? Perhaps it would be better to meet her tomorrow again, to pretend at least to be a bit cool. Let's see, let's begin with apologizing.

*

Wow, I have continued "Cuts" with "The Onion Layer Model". I thought that it would become a shorter part at the beginning, but it wasn't so. I even pondered that I would possibly write two parts today. But hey, this is my way of writing. It's in my head, simply in my head, and I just write it down quickly, without pondering about it. It just happens, and it happened fucking good today.

Yeah, I know, I have my problems every so often. And I was so tired in the morning - I went to bed at 1 a.m. to get up at 7 a.m. Okay, but I needed time to find sleep, and later I couldn't sleep anymore. There's a lot in my head right now. So four hours of real sleep maybe, and this is not enough anymore. Then some hours of gardening in Bad Friedrichshall, my still not sold parent's house. I was so tired as I was back in Willsbach. And even after taking a rest, as I started to write, it was not much better. But then it functioned perfectly. It was fun and so easy to write today. And now I feel strong and good! It's strange occasionally.

It's 8:30 p.m. now. Working on my webpage is done for today. The Doorkeeper tomorrow, then the end of "Call it Utopia." I have a first sentence, a first image, and the rest will happen. I also have no real idea right now how to continue "The Onion Layer Model". But if those two following parts are written, and some previous stories are finished therewith, I will take a look at all the parts of "Short Cuts" so far. Then I will decide how to continue. And now?

Well, dinner should be next. A clear night is predicted after a cloudy day, but it gets more and more sunny. If so, then I will observe my stars tonight. There will be enough time for writing tomorrow. And until then I can work on my article. Yeah, I do feel good right now.

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A comment on the swine from NY? Thanks to Belgium, perfectly done! I would appreciate it if NATO could be straightforward as Belgium. Fuck up back to the States, you swine, they should shout, and add Rutte to your toyboys. Where is the solidarity with Denmark (Greenland) and Spain? No more trade with Spain? I would no longer allow Yankees to enter Spain and would keep my

fantastic food, culture, and nation for myself and all the others not acting like filthy, pathetic assholes. But this would mean that guys like Fritze would have a spine. Enough about that shit.

*

And yes, there's still Ukraine, Gaza, the West Bank, Syria, and so much more.

Thursday, July the Ninth

It's afternoon, and the laundry will be ready soon. I was a bit outside, but it's very hot again, so it's better to stay inside for the moment. A bit of shopping later could be.

I will start with "Creatures" today and continue with "Doorkeeper". It depends on how long the part will become or how long I will need therefore. Maybe I will also write the end of "Call it Utopia" before today's upload or thereafter. I do not feel bad.

The new workplace develops positively, even if there are still various matters to improve or to organize. Well, I'm the sous chef, the little chef, but it's a business hotel. So the head chef is more responsible for the administration, organizing congresses - from the kitchen side - and suchlike. The sous chef has the kitchen for the daily business, the á la carte, the restaurant. He has to organize this. But it's still a kitchen on the move, but matters are developing. I think that the next two to four weeks should bring clarity.

Gosh, kick the swine from NY in the nuts! We need Spain, Denmark, and Greenland for NATO, but not the American pigpen. The USA cannot defeat Iran, the Russians cannot defeat Ukraine, and a bit more self-confidence would be appropriate! Europe is no joke. Canada in NATO and EU - goodbye Turkey. Germany is the third largest economy worldwide. The USA without California? California is the fourth largest economy worldwide. What about California as an EU and NATO member? I think it's time to think big and creatively. But hey, with all these bureaucrats and "experts" in policy, in the EU, Germany, France, Italy, Spain.....it's better to prepare for retirement. Let's start with "Creatures".

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What timing! "Creatures" is done, and the laundry is just washed right now! So the laundry will be next, then I should start to eat something - it's 4:06 p.m. - and I should drink more. "Cuts" after the laundry and a very late lunch.

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The laundry is hung up, and the next part for "Cuts", "Doorkeeper", is finished as well. It's 5:34 p.m. now, so there would be far enough time to write the ending of "Call it Utopia". But I think it would be nice to write this at night. And why not have a bit of time for me now - well, there's still the article and others. So everything is written now for today's upload. I have time for something else. I should still do a bit of shopping for the coming days. No duty roster for next week so far.

Friday, July the Tenth

"Call it Utopia" is finished now. The next step will be a review of "Cuts" to decide how and with what parts I will continue. Let's see.

I have my duty roster now - two workdays next, then Sunday and Monday as days off, as well as next Sunday. So there will be enough time for everything over the coming days - not many more words are needed right now. I'm a bit tired and - even if I don't really know why - in a bit of a strange mood. It has been two not perfect but all in all good days.

*

Back from work, the upload is next. The first task for this night will be a review of "Cuts". Well this should not be too complicated and should not need too much time. The rest we will see. The upload, the evening routine, working on the webpage - just doing it.

Saturday, July the Eleventh

2:26 a.m. Well, I took a look at "Cuts", pondered, watched a bit of TV, and others - I have to answer a question to myself. It's not for the first time: a utopia or a dystopia, and to what degree? I mean, you can write everything.

There is no reason for any limit - apart from humanity itself, possibly? The true nature of the humans, maybe? But what would it be - okay, the history of human nature is not very hope-giving. But does this have to be the last word?

We will have elections in the eastern part of Germany this year, federal state elections, and it seems as if the AfD could become the strongest party there. That's the way it started with Hitler, nearly exactly a hundred years ago. Could the outcome of these elections be telling?

The development in the USA. What will happen with the swine from NY? How will the developments be after the swine from NY have become history? Would all this be telling? Would it tell us something about human nature? The true human nature.

There is so much in my head, my imagination. From wonderful tender dreamlands to awfully brutal nightmares. But what would be adequate to write down? I really do not know.

*

4:03 a.m. I do not know more, but this does not seem to be the problem. The issue is still that fiction can mean anything. I can describe hell, but does this mean that there is a hell? Of course not! This would be far too easy, but also totally silly, because it would be easy to write contradictory stories. So, what would be the core, something to last? By not trying to escape to something like the brain in a vat, or that all could be only a simulation. The true nature of humankind? Spin me right round, baby, right round.....

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11:04 p.m., and I'm back in Willsbach, have eaten a bit, and now some fruits. A freshly brewed tea at my side. Well, not much to upload today, but that's okay. An upload nearly all the days, so this is okay. And now?

Well, the last nights have been clear nights, but I'm not in the mood for the moment. This night will also be a clear night, but I believe the prediction that also tomorrow will be a clear night. So I have this evening for me. I can go to bed soon, and I can have a good start tomorrow. Observing is planned for tomorrow.

Okay, two days off now. Working on the article in any case and continuing with "Cuts" in any case. "Photography" is neglected right now. But it's a bit demanding, working in a kitchen when it's already so hot outside. Nevertheless, I have no problems with my back currently - tensed up shoulders sometimes, but this is not severe. The stomach is also very tame right now - well, the

teeth. But I can keep it under control so far, only slightly toothache. And now? As said, let's have a nice evening for a while until I go to bed. I look forward to the coming days.

Sunday, July the Twelfth

Yeah, it has been a good decision to have a relaxed evening yesterday - well, I went to bed after the match was finished, around 2 a.m. But it was not broadcast on free TV - what an asshole world championship is this? Ah, sure, welcome to America! But I did others and had an eye on the live ticker. Well, it's getting more and more boring and uninteresting. Goodbye Norway, you have been one of the few teams who made it at least a bit interesting to follow this event. The tournament has finally decayed into a corrupt and boring shitshow now.

It's 5:01 p.m. now, and I have done some so far. I was at the bakery in Weinsberg to have a coffee, a cake, and to buy bread. Then I walked up to the Weibertrau for an "Einspänner", another cake - plum pie with cream - and a lemonade. So invigorated, and back in Willsbach, I started writing and have finished two new parts - two new stories, if they develop into stories - for "Cuts". Next?

I should eat something: a salad with beetroot, soused herring, and what's still in my fridge - to buy new food tomorrow. Then I plan to continue writing on the article and finally to observe my variable stars this night. I think this is enough for today. Another day off tomorrow.

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We're close to 11 p.m., and I have worked on my article for some hours. And I have made good progress, and it will be easy to finish the first part of the first part of the first part tomorrow - well, it will be a series of articles. But it's getting darker now, and I should prepare for observing. But the upload first. It has been a very nice day so far with many activities and much output. I look forward to tomorrow.

Monday, July the Thirteenth

Well, it's 4:31 a.m., and the night is already over. I have observed my variable stars and have finished the first part of the first part of my series of articles as well. Now I can proofread it later. That's all I have to do now. I think I should go to bed now, but it has been a fucking productive time until I got up. Well, I doubt that I will get up early today, after I went to bed now, but there is also no reason for it. I feel good at the moment.

*

What's the saying? Things never turn out the way you expect - right? I got a message early this morning that two cooks are ill - as said, it's a kitchen on the move. So I have to work now. This means that I cannot proofread the article, I cannot continue with "Cuts", and this will not become a nice day. And I'm not motivated for a quick shopping now. But it's like it is, and I will have time after work to write something for tomorrow's upload - if I'm not too tired. I went to bed at 6 a.m. because I thought I could easily get up sometime in the afternoon. Yeah, I will cry for joy when I'm a retired person. Well, let's see how this day will unfold and how I feel after work.

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23:01 p.m., and I'm back from working. I'm tired and have to see how I feel after having taken a shower. Anyway, of course, only a petite upload today. Maybe it will be better to have a day off writing today, with no writing after the upload. I had planned an entirely different rhythm for today, and this provides me some problems now. I also have a stronger toothache right now. So it would be possibly better to have a very long night to come to terms with everything and find my way back into my rhythm. I will decide this after the upload.

Tuesday, July the Fourteenth

So I'm back from working, and I'm in my normal rhythm again. I have nothing written yesterday in the evening after the upload – I decided on a longer sleep. But I was shopping in the morning, and after my evening routine, I will start to write. But firstly, a very short upload.

Wednesday, July the Fifteenth

I started with listening to Chet Baker - Almost Blue, of course. But also Elvis Costello - of course. And then I started to write, just so. I have liked the writing of this night. I like the continuations after my last meeting with Mr. Putnam. Well, I have to open up. No distinct storylines are necessary, at least not always. And now?

I think that I will start with a more focused elaboration of "Moms & Dads" soon. The series of articles will be important. I think that I should use "Cuts" in a wider range now. We have telling electorals in Germany soon. I see myself on a good way. I have started to lose weight again, to eat better again, and to be a bit more active again. Graham is dead. He has been a wanker, a very pathetic one. Mitch? *Whoever became the Devil's General on earth and bombed the way clear for him - must also provide him with quarters in hell.* There's a reason why Carl Zuckmayer was so important - still until today. So Graham, and maybe Mitch soon as well, hurry ahead of your worshiped devil on Earth to meet him in hell again. Unfortunately, I do not believe in hell, but it would be nice to know them there. Never talk bad about dead people - Adolf has been such a pleasant guy. Well, he hated the Jews but loved Eva and his German shepherd. Let's have a cozy night with charming dreams.

*

Back from work, it's already after eleven o'clock in the evening. So not many words now, a fast upload, the evening routine, and some writing thereafter. I had a mixed night, with some issues with my back. It was already not nice to sit and write, but also later on the floor. But I was able to get a grip on it during the night, with taping and lotioning the back as well as the feet. But it was much better in the morning again, and also now sitting functions well once more. So there's no reason not to upload now.

Thursday, July the Sixteenth

It's almost two o'clock in the morning, and I have continued with "Creatures" first and then with "Cuts". This was good writing and art. I like my two swans, and I like how "Cuts" develops. "The Onion Layer Model" floats, and I have no real idea where to. While writing, I suddenly had the idea

to change perspectives and to describe the elimination of "Peter". But I have the feeling that this would be too simple - and a bit cowardly.

I still have no real motivation to write something about the world at the moment. There is no real development - I mean, Graham the sucker is dead, and who succeeds him? I could not write something more cynical. It seems as if all has slowed down since some years - the war in Ukraine is a good example. For how many years now? WWI? WWII? Korea, Vietnam? Gaza and now Lebanon in addition - West Bank all the time. It seems as if we're caught in a loop.

*I'm getting desperate
Desperate for a revolution
Some kind of spark
Some kind of connection
(Even Though Our Love is Doomed; Garbage)*

< Fuck, it's already ten years old!

*

I'm back from work, it's 11:53 p.m., and a thunderstorm starts. Very heavy weather is predicted for tomorrow. Well, there are seven of us in the kitchen - in theory. One apprentice is in school, the other one is on vacation, and two cooks are ill. So three from seven are left from the beginning of the week until next week. It should be a bit better again from Monday on.

I have an early start tomorrow and a very long workday. So I will not start writing after the upload today - an old man needs his sleep. But okay, Sunday will be a day off in any case - do not hope too much, Peter!

Nevertheless, I feel stable right now, and the difficulties in the kitchen are manageable. It's funnily a busy week with events every day and good á la carte, but we have a grip on it. Okay, the writing suffers a bit, but the article suffers more, and from next week on, it should be easier again. Let's do the upload.

Friday, July the Seventeenth

Well, it has been no good working day today. It's stressful currently and nerve-wracking. Let's see how tomorrow will unfold, and next week we should be again two more. But this is not my interest now.

It has been a long day. I started much earlier, and I quit time a bit earlier. So I will upload now - it's 10:55 p.m. - then my evening routine. And of course, I will find time today to write something. But the upload first

Saturday, July the Eighteenth

So, I added two additional parts to "Cuts", one as a new one. I needed a bit longer, especially for the second part. I require a momentum to start, a first sentence, a first little idea. The rest is easy then, it just happens. I like the current development of "Cuts", but I require some sleep now. It has been a long and challenging day.

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Well, it's already 11:09 p.m., and I just arrived in Willsbach. So a fast upload now, then a relaxing evening, not too long, a day off tomorrow. Let's do it.

Sunday, July the Nineteenth

I stood up not late and made some images in the middle of the night - let's do something further on. Well, I have already been at the bakery in Weinsberg, but no Weibertreu today. The bakery in Weinsberg has to close for some weeks due to water damage - that's a pity. I have already decided what images I will upload, but now the article has to be in my focus. I have promised that the final version will be ready no later than Sunday. Okay, the last days I was therefore not in the mood - and I had no time either. But now I have to finish this first. So let's start with the article now. The rest we will see.

*

I have finished my work on the article - the first part of it - now and have sent it to the publisher. It's 4:05 p.m. now. No lunch so far, and I'm not hungry. I have decided to have dinner at the Chinese restaurant at Weinsberg later, the one with the large buffet. I will have a talk at the workplace tomorrow. And now? Let's have a cozy time. My next day off is on Tuesday - so only one workday now.

*

I'm back from dinner, and it's 8:15 p.m. Well, I do feel a bit better again. I had a little downer in the afternoon today. But I will not start with "Cuts" now - this will be for after the upload. I'm tired today - it has been a demanding week, and I need the results from tomorrow's conversation with the assistant hotel manager. I will also start with the second part of the first part of the first part of my article today, just to have it started.

It's not vital for the moment to write a lot - and I have also made photos at night. There are important developments in Germany and other places, of course, and it would be important to know some outcomes. To know how one should react. But as said, it would be necessary to know the initial situation first.

*

I have started to write the second part for the article. I'm distracted and not in the mood for writing, not before the upload - I require some distraction. And Tuesday is my next day off. So.....

*

So we're heading to 11 p.m., and, as expected, I have written nothing so far. But I have nearly completed the next - shorter - part of my article. This will do me good to have advanced with it. I will finish it after the upload. Then I will take a look at "Cuts" and "Creatures" - maybe. I have to concentrate on working for a moment - well, only one workday now, but a pretty important one nevertheless.

Monday, July the Twentieth

It's 1:04 a.m., and I have finished the next part of the first part of my series of articles. This was essential for me, more than everything else for the moment. So this writing will become a routine now. And the other writing?

Well, there would still be some time, but I will go to bed now. A long night would be good. And then I have to see how this day will unfold up to the evening. This also will be essential. Have a lovely day and a nice night now, Peter.

*

Let's make plans to kill them afterward - a day off tomorrow? Well, two cooks are back, one is still ill, one is still at school, and another one ill now - does this sound nearly like a zero-sum game? Okay, I will work tomorrow, a bit later, from 5 p.m. on. But I have to go to the laundry shop at least and do some shopping. My plan now?

The upload, the evening routine, early to bed. Early getting up tomorrow, laundry shop, shopping, early back at home. Then I should have some time in theory to write something for tomorrow's upload after working. Well, this sounds smart, so let's see how smart I will be in reality.

The conversation at the workplace today seems to have a good impact - some progress is made. We will see. A demanding day anyway. But I see good aspects, and I feel still positive about it. Sure, writing gets a bit affected by it all, but this has to be accepted for the moment. Let's upload.

Tuesday, July the Twenty-First

Well, well, it seems to function. It's near noon, and I have been at the laundry shop and did my shopping - cleaning the dishes as well. I could start writing now, "Cuts", I only have no idea currently how. But hey, that's the fun of my style to write. I will start to ponder and will take a look at which parts I haven't continued longest for now. Something new? And then I need an idea, an image, a first sentence to start. Let's see how long I need for that today. And meanwhile?

What about a bit of venting one's spleen - I have the feeling that this is too weak a translation for the German "auskotzen" or "abkotzen," which means the same. But I find no better one. What I mean is something like "to rant in a fucked up manner because you're totally pissed off about something". In my case, the fucking world. And no, I feel very relaxed and at ease right now. But it appears that this is precisely the reason why.

I do not understand why the young people do not storm the governmental institutions - I really don't know. The old shithheads of politicians are giving a shit on them. They are only interested in pampering their weak egos and enriching themselves and their financiers and brownnosers. Climate change is still the best illustration for it. And if one could say now: Well, this asshole in the USA, or the fascist in Russia, or the communist in China - why I always have the feeling that Xi is still the most normal of all these nutty guys? First, "guys" is always important. But do I get fooled by Xi? I'm not sure. Anyway, it would be okay if they were nuts autograds giving a shit on the people as such, the young people especially, and the world eminently. But hey, we in Europe aren't better. We only pretend to be nicer!

There was the peace movement in my youth - and I have to stress that I wasn't a part of it. My sister was much more interested in such topics than I - and today? Well, there are activities, but where is the outcry? One generation - my generation - destroys everything for all coming generations. It's not the threat of a nuclear war or a nuclear accident. It's about destroying our planet, at least in a way that it's no longer habitable for humans - or if, then in one of these dystopian societies portrayed so often in movies, books, and songs in my youth. Is it a coincidence that they are no longer? Only this Hollywood shit?

Well, I have annihilated the whole human species in one of my writings - and it felt not bad. To be honest? If I knew that climate change would kill the complete human species, then I would be relaxed - the dinosaurs are no longer as well. I only could not bear the idea of one of these dystopian societies with a small elite living in wealth and cozy while the rest of the humans have to live a fucking life. Could it be that the verdict of coming generations will be that the world already was at that stage in 2026, maybe since its existence? That's the way I feel.

*

The next part for "Cuts" is finished. I took a look at the parts so far to get the impulse with which I would like to continue. And spontaneously I decided on "Hard-Boiled" without any deeper reason. But I think it was a pretty good decision. While writing, a certain kind of story emerged. I think the story should become a bit longer, but not really long, but an intense story. Let's see if I will be capable of that.

Well, I have the feeling that the next meeting with Swantje would be called for. Not now, but today after the upload later. It's 1:25 p.m.. I still have a bit of time before I have to drive to Neckarsulm for work. But I will use it for other matters. I like it that it has functioned so well today with an early start and writing while it is pretty bright outside, before working and not thereafter. I'm in a good mood.

*

I'm back from working and ready for my evening routine. So not many words, some writing afterward - Swantje? We will see. It was a long day so far due to my early getting up. I doubt that I will write very long today after the upload.

Wednesday, July the Twenty-Second

So, time to end for today - it's 1:35 a.m. And hey, I have continued with "Cuts", had a pleasant conversation with Swantje, and have proofread the second part of the first part of the first part of my series of articles for the first time. I would say that this has been a pretty constructive time. But now it's time to end this long day.

*

Back to my home, back to the nice things in life. The upload now, then the usual, then some writing. Some toothache, some dinner, some whatever. We were two cooks today - the head chef and I. Okay, it was for today, but we had an event and, of course, a good á la carte. So, let's do the upload, and then I need a long and hot shower next and foremost.

Thursday, July the Twenty-Third

A lot crosses my mind right now in many aspects. The work, the approaching retirement, my writing - of course, the other arts, the article, and so much more. I have some substantial questions, questions that I have to answer - and it's not easy as such at the moment. But I have the feeling to create the basis for all coming right now.

I have to learn to be more focused, not so easily distracted. I will have - most likely - three days off soon, from Sunday until Tuesday. If it functions, then I will use these days as well for a reconceptualization of at least certain aspects. But not now, today.

It's interesting that I can handle the hard work right now in an excellent manner. The second six-day workweek, partially very long days, plenty of work. Yet I feel not bad, especially not physically. Slight issues with my back. I had more while working at the butcheries. The stomach is tame currently if I do not goad him too much with too much coffee, for instance. Or a combination of coffee, beer, hot meals, and suchlike. Things that tantalize my stomach too much. But even this is better than a year or so ago.

I have started with the series of articles - important for me. I have changed during the last few months, the last year, and the last years since my father's death. And this process is still continuing and will continue, even if I have no real idea where it will lead. But I like it. I have started to implement ideas and projects like the series of articles that I had in mind for at least two years or so. Yet I have also moments like this.

It's like in a movie: Shall I open the door in front of me or not? Well, in a movie you would say: No way! But this is real life, and therefore I have the feeling that there's only one possible answer: Why the fuck are you hesitating, Peter! Maybe because I know that the house is burned down, but I cannot imagine that behind the door would be the Rose Garden? Well, I passed so incredibly many doors in my life, which I did not open, that I have to assume that I have already passed the door with the Rose Garden behind.

Sometimes I get lonely, but it feels pretty right. I'm not made for pleasures and fun, which I do not understand. I do not have a place in this world, but it feels pretty right. Because pretending and lies aren't mine.

I would like to live forever, until the end of the universe. To see that all would finally end in the end would calm me down. To know that indeed nothing would stay. Not even the rays of the last sun born in the universe, not even that.

*

I'm back, the tea is brewing, and I have decided on what I will eat later. I'm in better shape than yesterday, even though I have a headache. So, the evening routine, and then I will take a look at "Cuts". The upload.

Friday, July the Twenty-Fourth

It's late today, 3:05 a.m., but I needed that time for the next part of "Cuts" - it's needed to say goodbye to the comfort zone. I have to work off, look back on and reappraise, to review everything in a respectful but distinct way. This is needed to do so, to be still able to see me in the mirror. Now I have to do something, then a somewhat shorter sleep today. But maybe with exceptional dreams.

*

I'm back from work. One more workday and then three days off in a row - if nothing supervenes again. So, a fast upload now, the routine, and some writing. Let's do it.

Saturday, July the Twenty-Fifth

I got exhausted after the long and hot shower - I have nearly only eaten fruits. I thought to continue with "Hard-Boiled" because a nice line came to mind. But I'm too tired for concentrated writing. Yeah, I'm getting older - a day off in two weeks is demanding for me now. In earlier years, this was maybe after two weeks or longer with no day off. But I'm getting older. So I will stop here and will take a look at the current part of my article to go to bed thereafter and soon today. Nevertheless, I'm satisfied with the last two weeks and much functioned better than I would have expected - if I had known how these two weeks would unfold. Whereby, the prospect of three days off in a row helps, but not now, tired and with some headache. And it will be to be seen whether it will become three days or not. Enough for today.

*

Wow, the last workday, so now I should have three days off in a row - let's see. And it has been a good day. The developments at the workplace are starting, and it will be interesting to see what will happen. Okay, it will become really interesting when a cook comes back after this week ill and the next two weeks on vacation. But I have to say that he was indeed ill this week. Writing.

A short upload today, but I have decided on "Moms & Dads," which will most likely be "Grannies, Moms, and Dads". I will write it not like "Days in Los Angeles", more like "Cuts". Everything will be a matter of development, even if maybe a bit difficult for the current reader. But I think this will be better. I will start with "Memories", "History", and suchlike. Then we will see what will develop. I will start with it within the next three days.

I should finish the second part of the first part of my series of articles tomorrow to send it to the editor. It would be good to start with the third part over the following days. I should continue "Cuts" and start with "Grannies, Moms, and Dads". And I will be for dinner in a restaurant tomorrow, my sister's birthday. And I have to run errands, shopping, and other matters. This is the plan for the next days.

Well, I have the feeling as if everything is developing well right now. Okay, not totally straightforward, but definitely upwards with progress. It seems as if the second part of 2026, after a not-so-perfect first part, could develop into something positive. Time will tell.

Sunday, July the Twenty-Sixth

Well, it's 3:41 a.m., and I'm still awake. I have proofread the second part again and lusted then to start with the third part - the third part of the first part of the first part of my series of articles. Wow, I fucking like it! But now I should walk slowly towards my bed to find some nice dreams. It functions right now.

*

Late to bed, but not so late getting up again. It's near to 1 p.m., and I have already proofread the second part of the article again. Then I have scanned and prepared the images for the third part so far as written. A last proofreading of the second part when back from dinner with my sister, and then I will send it to the publisher. But this will be enough for the article for today. Now?

Well, I should eat something - a salad. Bakery in Weinsberg? An "Einspänner" on the Weibertreu? Well, do I have to write something for the webpage today? We will see. It's a sunny day, and after this many workdays, I need some relaxation.

*

I start to prepare for being out for dinner after being on the road and productive for a while. I have been on the Weibertreu to eat a tarte flambée with vegetables and cheeses - no salad, no cooking at home. Then a "Einspänner" and an apple pie. And finally, a lemonade. I started to prepare "Grannies & Moms & Dads" for starting writing. Monday and Tuesday will be for continuing "Cuts" and starting to write "Grannies & Moms & Dads". And I took a look on the article. But the dinner will be next and first.

*

I'm back from dinner with my sibling - it lasted a bit longer today. So we're near to today's upload, and this will be next I do. Then I have to finish the second part regarding my article to send it to the publisher. The rest we will see. It has been a very nice day so far.

Monday, July the Twenty-Seventh

Hey, it's in fact 4:44 a.m. - okay, 4:45 a.m. now. Well, I have written nearly all of the third part of the first part.....well, we know this now. The point is that only a short paragraph is missing now. And I have to scan the pictures and have to integrate them into my text. But this will be easy over the days off. Another fucking good day - hey!

The last time I wrote this, I went to bed at 6 a.m. and got a message around 11 a.m. about whether I could work on my day off or not. Let's see what will happen today. An easy day off, or in the kitchen soon again. But hey, let's go to bed first.

*

Well, it's 7:18 p.m., a day with several activities so far. I have been in Neckarsulm, the laundry dries on the patio, a nice salad for a late dinner, and I have worked on the third part of the first part of my articles. Better, I have finished this part today. I needed some time, but now I can proofread it. And something else happened that brought me to stick with the article and not switch to writing.

I had planned to begin with "Grannies & Moms & Dads" today, but it seems as if the house, my family home, the home I had always had a residence over my whole life, could be sold soon. And this triggers emotions. I have to deal with them.

The work on the article is finished. I think that it would be good to be a bit outside for a while - I only do not know what to do. Coming back later to write something, but I need a break.

*

Okay, it's time for the upload. I took a nap, not so good, and then a bit of shopping. Nothing reasonable, and therefore a dinner with garbage - no, unfortunately not a dinner with Garbage. It's a day off writing, and it will become a short day. I will go to bed very soon to have a very long night. Some issues have to sink in.

If we sell the house at an acceptable price, I can start to ponder very seriously about retirement. Well, I had a private pension plan, and if it had functioned as predicted, then I would be through. But due to COVID-19 and all the other stuff, the predicted bonuses got lower and lower until they reached niente. So I got repaid with a bit of interests, that was all. The selling of the house would compensate for this garbage plus a certain extra bonus.

The point is that this would be the moment to start to plan my retirement in detail, selling the house. I would know my definite financial status then – and I would have no longer the keys. The overall idea is easy: definitely I will not work until I get sixty-seven. Sure I have to work at least until I'm

sixty-three - in not two years anymore. So these are the guardrails. Sixty-five would be my aim, not four years from now. But I could start pondering about sixty-four, for instance, not three years from now. Yet I need my definite financial status to do this. This is what occupies me the most right now, selling the family house.

Now I have eaten the rest of the garbage that I bought before while writing this, hopefully not garbage. The upload will be next. Then I have to drink some of my newly brewed tea before I go to bed. I'm really exhausted right now.

Tuesday, July the Twenty-Eighth

It's 3 p.m. already, but I did not stay up late. I have been in Willsbach, Amorbach, and Neckarsulm, at the bakery, and have made my annual adjustment of income tax - late but not too late. A bit of shopping - the real shopping later - and some other things. The laundry is running. Eating something should be next. And later some writing "Grannies". "Creatures" possibly. "Cuts" will be for after the upload. So a good and productive day it seems to become. A hot day, but it's predicted that tomorrow will become the hottest day so far with temperatures up to over 110 °F (43 °C). Let's see.

*

I have begun with "Grannies", one short paragraph. But it felt strange thereafter, and I had planned to write two or three parts to begin with. But then I thought that this is enough for today. The beginning is made. So I decided to continue with "Cuts" and I tended to "Hard-Boiled" which will most likely become a bit longer story. It's 6:23 p.m. now.

This will be enough for today's upload, and I need a break. I plan to proofread the third part of the first part today. The first part will have five parts. Then I long to meet Swantje, but after today's upload. I think it would be a good time for my shopping now. And I plan not to go to bed late today to have an early start tomorrow.

The bakery in Weinsberg will be my early aim tomorrow. Well, I stop there occasionally to have a coffee on my way to work. Or to buy some bread, to have a marble cake on Sundays. Tomorrow will be their last day for presumably a longer time. They have a water damage, a water pipe in the floor of the bakery is broken. They predict a time of shutting down of around six weeks! That's hard, for the staff as well as for the owner. I can drink my coffee at another place. And Willsbach has an excellent confectionery. But I hope that it will not be for too long that I can have my coffee and marble cake there again. My idea is to buy some in stock, to fill my small freezer in the fridge. But it would not be good to do it and take everything to work. So I will start early to drive to Weinsberg for a last coffee and a cake and a somewhat larger shopping. Then back to Willsbach, I can store everything reliably, and then I can drive to work. Let's have a break.

*

It's shortly after 10 p.m., and I will do an early upload today. This gives me a bit more flexibility after I was shopping, having dinner, and listening to a lot of music. Swantje waits, but most likely not that much more.

*

We are heading towards 11 p.m. I have continued with "Creatures", everything is on a good level now. So it will be all for today. A last look at the article, and then it's finally enough for today. It have been good and creative three days off. I'm satisfied.

Wednesday, July the Twenty-Ninth

I just arrived from working a few minutes before, and it's already 11:12 p.m. So not many words, but today's upload. Then the usual and some writing for tomorrow's upload.

Thursday, July the Thirtieth

I have decided to continue with "Cuts" - "Grannies" will be tomorrow. But I'm tired and have a headache now. Thus, also now, not many words and an abrupt end of the day. It has been a not-so-good day. But okay, let's have a longer sleep now. It's 1:36 a.m.

*

I'm back from working, a bit earlier than yesterday. Well, the appointment at the oral surgeon is tomorrow, but only to discuss what to do. So it should not be so severe, and it's at 11:30 a.m., so I do not have to get up too early. Okay, the upload now, the routine, and then I decide on the writing for tomorrow's upload.

Friday, July the Thirty-First

Well, it has become later than I hoped for, but I decided to continue with "Cuts" and "Hard-Boiled". I want to push this story for the moment until the next part. Then it will all take its course. So well, it will become a shorter night, but it was nice to write this part. Let's see what I will write for Saturday's upload. And I will have again three days off in a row: Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. And because I do not have much to do, like doing the laundry and suchlike, there will be much more time for writing then.

The first part of the article, which I have already sent to a good deal to the publisher, will be published in the November issue. And then in every consecutive issue the following parts. That's a pleasant message. But enough for today.

*

Friday is over as well, apart from what is still to come, and a new month will begin tomorrow - the eighth of the year. We are making progress. And, one workday more, and I have again three days off in a row.

And the orthodontist in the morning? Well, as I ate my salad on Monday, I suddenly had the feeling the inlay would fall out, and I had a strange taste in my mouth. The weird aspect is that I had no more tooth pain over the days since. But of course, I kept the appointment to discuss this with the orthodontist. He sees no reason right now for such a procedure like an operation at the dental root. Okay, I'm not unhappy because of this. My dentist does not work on Fridays, so I wasn't able to visit her thereafter to discuss the way forward. I will do this on Monday. So a long day with some nice developments - let's do the upload, the evening procedure, and let's write something for tomorrow's upload.

Saturday, August the First

It's 1:21 a.m., and I have started to write a new part for "Cuts", "Doorkeeper", but I have deleted it now. I'm in a kind of strange mood. The writing, the article that gets published now, my health, the work, everything seems so different right now - and I have to deal with it. Everything still seems to function, in one way or another. I have stopped pondering about everything. The time started to prepare for retirement - well, it could be that I will be affected by the plans of our conservative government. The age groups from 1968 on in any case. The age groups before 1965 in no case. Questionable are the age groups between 1965 and 1968. Fine, born in 1965. There's a lot in my head now, and I need a break today. I have to sort things out. Crunch time is near, or I'm already in it, and I'm nervous. I'm a bit like Peter looking at Velda. But maybe this all is nonsense.

*

It's 23:13 p.m., and I've just arrived in Willsbach - it has been an intense cooking day, only together with a junior chef. Well, we should have been three, but a sudden illness prevented it. But okay, I have not written something after the upload, still three days off in a row, at least for now. So let's be happy. Already another week is over. Well, no monthly picture now. I think that I'm not camera-ready right now. It will be no problem to defer it to tomorrow. No plans for tomorrow, except the Weibertreu maybe, some laundry, proofreading the last part of the article, and sending it to the publisher. Anyway, enough for now.

Monday, August the Second

It's 8:08 p.m., and I have just finished a part for "Grannies" as I got the message if I can work tomorrow because the cook is still ill. Well, that's the third time within six weeks that I can skip days off because of the illness of someone. I never had this so far, and that's true. So, I thought to write a bit now to enjoy the rest of the evening, but this is a downer. Next will be the monthly picture, which I need, and then we will see.

*

So, the picture is made, and I have added a short part to "Cuts". Now I can write the next part of "Hard-Boiled" to force the story to a certain point. And now? Well, Swantje? Not yet. I would like to continue with my article a bit, a very early upload in any case. Then I can do with the rest of the day whatever I wanna - writing something for tomorrow's upload? We will see.

*

It's still Sunday, but this day will end now. I'm tired and have a headache. I have planned to write something tomorrow and not tonight. Well, I stood up early today. I did not think to write something today after the upload. So it's best not to do it. I have continued with "Creatures" that has to be enough for tomorrow. I have a phone call tomorrow and some shopping. Yeah, I have had some plans for tomorrow. Bad luck, Peter.

Monday, August the Third

Well, I'm back from working on my day off. It's near eleven o'clock in the evening. Okay, I do not have to work tomorrow - not so many reservations like today. So, I have not to write something after the upload today. I can do this tomorrow - if it will indeed be a day off. We will see. The upload.

Tuesday, August the Fourth

Well, it became a long night, working on my article. I went to bed after 5 a.m. but stood up not late - it's 11:42 now. I have already watered my bonsai, cleaned the dishes, had a phone call with the unemployment agency, and written a statement. Well, I have made a mistake by giving notice that I have a new job. I wrote that I would start the new job on 16.08., but it has been 16.06. This caused some confusion now, but I got no further unemployment benefits, so it did not become aware to me. Whatever, it should be clarified now - whereby, this is not always clear when dealing with German authorities. But I have to be fair. Apart from, that the letter to me was not very meaningfully written - they simply did not mention the two dates and such. Only a passage that could be understood as if I would not have given notice at all, which I did. It would have been very helpful if they had been more specific in their letter. But apart from that, my phone calls yesterday and today have been positive. Let's see if this is clarified now – today?

Well, I think that I will not cook something. I will be outside for a moment now to have a break and to eat something. Then I will write the rest of the article to have finished the first part. This first part is complicated - the series of articles are dealing with some of my collections - and therefore it's demanding to write it. All the other parts will be easier. This is also a reason to finish this part quickly now. Collecting?

Well, I could write a lot now about collecting. Maybe simply that collecting is one of the aspects of my life, besides topics like arts or science, that helps me to resist and not do stupid things. It's a bit like raising a child - says the man who had never had children. But it's time now to start to say goodbye to some of my children, but not after summing up my insights. Let's be out for lunch.

*

I was out for lunch, and everything was okay so far - apart from that it was extremely hot. Back at home, I finished the first part of my series of articles, an important step. Writing this part was demanding. Everything else will be easier. Then I ate something, it started to rain, I took a nap, and now I'm exhausted and have a headache. Wow, this exhaustion I hadn't had for a longer time now, but currently it hit me like a hammer.

I think I should go to bed now, very early. It's 8:49 p.m. now. But I definitely do not feel good. I haven't drunk much today, maybe a mistake. The tooth starts to hurt again. Shall I brew a coffee? It's much colder outside now, slight rain, but it gives me no relief. I think that I should act clever.

Wednesday, August the Fifth

Well, if I be still in the restaurant in Offenau, then I would have four weeks of vacation now, company holidays, and would be for three weeks in Matosinhos. Okay, things happen. And things also happen in Neckarsulm.

Today I got informed by the F&B manager that the head chef will leave. He came three weeks ahead of me, to the end of the month. Okay, he told me that they would have a new head chef, but on the internet they are looking for a new head chef and a new sous chef, my position - déjà vu! I do not know what I have to think about it, but it's not really funny. Whatever, I'm at home now. So, the evening routine, and then I will write something.

Thursday, August the Sixth

I have continued "Cuts", "Hard-Boiled", and have reached the point I wanted to reach. Now the story as such can begin. A funny aspect?

Well, before I started to write, and the days before, as I planned to write it but found no time, was in no mood, or simply unable thereto, like yesterday, I had always in mind that there would be a heavy slugfest between Velda and Peter. But now everything has developed so entirely different. But I like it that way much better.

Well, I have an appointment at the dentist tomorrow before working. So I will go to bed now. I have to get up earlier tomorrow - it's 1:34 a.m. I'm back to writing.

*

A day with several developments today - and all of them not bad at least. The dentist? Well, we will wait and see how the further development will be - at least one or two months. So let's see what will happen over the coming weeks. Working? I will meet the new head chef next Monday so that we can have a conversation. So this is to be on hold until now. I can see on Monday what will happen. I should have days off from Sunday until Tuesday, but the coming Sunday I will work. Let's see. Right now?

I'm a bit tired. It has been demanding days. I had a severe problem with my back the last two days. Always in bed, lying on the side, moving somewhat, I got a kind of lumbago. Massive pain, but in the upper part, across the back. I had issues getting up - the pain made breathing nearly impossible. But being upright it became better. When I walked around a bit. I slept the last days on the floor, and I think I should do it right from the beginning today. Writing?

I have a headache and I'm tired, but I think that I will write something later - I simply do not know what right now. But I can decide this after the upload - the world?

There would be so much to say about brave Spaniards, shitty Americans, and dumbass German politicians who simply do not get it. Yet I have no rhythm for all that right at the moment. The weather is fucking much too hot and demanding. I simply be unable currently to come to a rest. But I see it in the longer term right now, and Monday is not so far away. Let's upload.

Friday, August the Seventh

Well, I ponder, trying to find a leverage point. A first sentence, an image, an idea - but nothing at all for a whole hour. I watch TV, shit on the internet, and try to distract myself. But it does not function today.

The last days are blocking my mind - I need the Monday to get a new impulse. The same shit again, or will there be a happy ending? It's like Lana when singing "could it be that this time" and you know that the only natural answer is: No! Yeah, this gives me some problems.

There are moments when writing makes no sense, and this is one. I lost my rhythm for right now, and I have to deal with it. It's Friday, then Saturday, then three days off. And there is a good chance

that it will function this time. I can use them for a restart. Let's have a long night full of dreams on the floor.

*

Well, well, it became a bit later and stressful with the leaving head chef. But hey, I had a phone call with the F&B manager right now - let's see what his conversation with the head chef tomorrow will yield. And now?

Well, uploading today's small upload, the evening routine, and then I will write something - I have to write something today. It's a must.

*

I started with a new part for "Cuts", and the idea was good: The Big Conspiracy / Back to Life, Back to Reality / The Sirens' Call. But hey, what I made from it! Okay, written is written is still one of my mottos, but this was to feel ashamed. So I killed it, and I have nothing for Saturday's upload. A fast "Creatures"? No, Swanjte is not for quickies - this was the level of the killed writing. But I have tomorrow in my mind. What will the conversation of the F&B manager and the head chef yield? What will it be when I start working at 1:30 p.m.? Hey, I would have three days off in a row, and I have the feeling that I can kill those once more. Whatever, I should go to bed now, to take the things as they come.

Saturday, August the Eighth

It's 11:12 p.m., and I have just arrived. It seems as if the conversation of the F&B manager and the head chef has yielded something because it was much better today than yesterday. Even if there are still tensions, his behavior was okay today. Why so late?

Well, after work, I was in the mood for some shopping, and the supermarket in Bad Wimpfen has opening times until midnight, also on Saturdays - very unusual for Germany. So I drove to Bad Wimpfen after work to buy some more or less meaningful thing and therefore arrived in Willsbach so late. But okay.

If it functions this time, then I have three days off now. So no further writing now, it has time tomorrow. It would be a clear night. But I feel that it would be too much now to do some hours of observing my variable stars. Therefore, a very late upload today, then the evening routine, and then I try to relax somewhat.

Sunday, August the Ninth

Well, it's after eight o'clock in the evening, and I'm ready to write now. It has needed a long warm-up, but now I feel ready. I will try again to write "The Sirens' Call".

Well, it's not totally that I only wasted my time today. I was also at the workplace in Neckarsulm. I have, in fact, forgotten to take my chef clothing with me yesterday - to take it to the laundry. Sure, I will be there tomorrow as well, but for a meeting. And so I could also speak with a cook about the current situation with whom I haven't talked so far. But okay, I have also wasted a lot of time.

It's a moment with several parallel and essential developments, and I require time to handle it. Simply time let my brain work on it while I do nothing or only garbage. I eat a lot of garbage right now. It will be important to see what the meeting tomorrow will yield. But now it's time to write.

*

Well, it has become a bit late, starting so late with writing. But this time I like my writing much more - even if I'm a bit unsatisfied. But okay, it's only one brick of a wall that is to be built. A fast upload now - Swantje thereafter? Well, after my last words, it might be wise to have a little conversation with Swantje. And it would be nice to proofread the last part of this first part of my series of articles so I can send it to the publisher. Let's see, let's start with today's upload.

Monday, August the Tenth

Well, we're near to six o'clock, a bit earlier today, after a somewhat longer meeting with the F&B manager and the new head chef. I'm more relaxed now, and it's near time to write - despite I'm not sure what to write. Well, I have continued with "Creatures" after yesterday's upload, and I made a photo while waiting in a park next to the hotel until it was time for the meeting. Let's see if it's okay. It was by using the smartphone. And I should proofread and finish the article today. A clear night is predicted, so I will observe my variable stars most likely later. So far, let's go ahead.

*

It's after eight o'clock in the evening now, and I took a rest. I was tired, still, and my stomach rebels somewhat - I have eaten and drunk a lot of garbage over the last few days. It's therefore no surprise. While lying, a line came to mind, and I wrote a new part for "Cuts" now: "The Female Form". I think I will expand this in the coming days and weeks.

*

We are heading to ten o'clock in the evening. I have decided to expand "Grannies & Moms & Dads" somewhat - "Sister", "Daughter", even "Son" or so. I'm not totally sure about it right now. It was an impulse to do so. I think it will be an early upload today. It still seems as if this would become a clear night. So I will prepare everything now and will have a further rest. The article will be my focus tomorrow to finish the first part at last. It has been an interesting day so far.

Tuesday, August the Eleventh

It's somewhat after eight o'clock, and I have just finished the proofreading of my article - the last part of the first article. Wow, this was an important step, and I needed hours for it. And I'm exhausted now, but very satisfied. My plans now?

Well, I have finished the most complicated aspect of my series of articles now, but I will not write anything today. Nothing before the upload, which will be very soon today. But also not after the upload for tomorrow - I plan to get up at 3:30 a.m. to do an observation at the morning sky. And I require some sleep for this. But then I have done everything: I uploaded everything yesterday, I have observed all my stars - if I observe the one left as well, the first article is finished. I require a bit of a break.

I have to see how this workweek will unfold - from Wednesday until Sunday. The interim head chef has the whole week only work times until 6 p.m., so we will have time for us to start with some preparations in the evening for the coming head chef. I will start with the normal rhythm tomorrow again.

So, it has been productive three days off, and I have reached a good state. But now it's time to relax and to do some other stuff. A very early upload now.

Wednesday, August the Twelfth

I'm much more relaxed now. I think the next two and a half weeks will be no problem. And then there will be a restart. So I can focus on others now.

The upload, the evening routine, then some writing. "Cuts" most likely. So not many words now. Let's start the evening and night.

Thursday, August the Thirteenth

The new day has just begun, and I have decided to write nothing today. At least not for "Cuts" or "Grannies". I do not know. I'm not in the mood for normal writing, for writing at all. Maybe I should not have viewed this German political talk show. It all seems like a joke: Russia, climate protection, the coming elections in Germany - I do not understand it. And the wanker from the States as the culmination. Will this all end in a disaster? It seems so.

Well, what would "disaster" mean? WWII has been a disaster, and WWI, of course, as well. Is it only because I get nervous regarding my last years at work, being in Germany? It's 2:10 a.m. now, and I have problems sorting my thoughts. I should try to find some sleep.

*

I'm back, and I feel better again, as yesterday - it seems as if I need a few days to adapt to the new situation. I have some issues with my back, not severe so far, but in the way that it can become very fast very difficult. So I'm a bit stressed about that. But okay, all in all, it is all in the green area. I have to stay cool and patient. Some writing today?

Well, I was optimistic yesterday, to write something after the upload, but then I watched some TV and got a bit depressed about all that nonsense that happens in Germany right now. We are not so far away from the States today - okay, we will be more clever at the end of the year. What Germany concerns, but the USA as well. Writing today?

Next will be my evening routine, then I will see. But I'm in cheerful spirits that it will function today. Some writing in any case. The upload first.

Friday, August the Fourteenth

Gosh, this was so important. I have continued "Cuts", but not only "Cuts", I'm back at the simulation and doors. So I can mix everything now, with "Hard-Boiled" as well. I find my rhythm again.

But not so many words now. I tend not to go to bed late today - at least not very late. I need more exercise again. Gosh, I have no idea when the last time was that I walked in the woods! I have to establish some routines again, like walking in the woods every Sunday, apart from a Sunday like this Sunday when I have to work. But this is only my second time so far, so this will not happen often. I also have no idea when it was the last time I walked down the hill to the town and along the river Sulm. Fuck, I require more drive again!

But enough today. It will be okay when I can preserve this level of activity for the moment. Let's see how this evening will unfold. The early hours after midnight have been good in any case.

*

A good and easy workday, and my back seems to relax. I have written something for today's upload, and I will write something for tomorrow's upload. So everything seems to normalize again. The upload will be next.

Saturday, August the Fifteenth

"Creatures" for the upload in the evening - that's all for Saturday's upload. I ponder about today's working environment. Where is the lust to cook, the pride to cook? The younger generations can be totally frustrating. Working in a butchery was partially boring, but this is frustrating. Maybe it would be better to find a job in a good restaurant.

Nevertheless, it's August, and the year advances. I should start therewith to be more oriented towards my aim: to be retired in Portugal with days full of writing and art. Learning Portuguese, for instance, losing weight, of course. Aspect like this. But it's easy to say when the current circumstances influence you so much. I have to find more distance for self-protection. But it's easier to say than to do, at least for a person like me.

I have to start to set objectives, short steps, and be consistent, and to implement them. And to pursue them, not to drop them once again by the slightest disturbance - like I do only too well. I have to work on that. This would help me a lot. However, I also have the feeling that these phases of disturbance are becoming increasingly shorter. That I can deal better with them, but by far not good enough. Enough for today.

*

The evening routine waits, and some writing thereafter - and a workday this Sunday. One day off on Monday, the next on next Sunday. So let's do today's upload and see what's to continue next thereafter.

Sunday, August the Sixteenth

I have decided to write nothing this night, at least nothing in continuation. It's time to ponder. The back is somewhat better. There's definitely no fear anymore that it could escalate. Well, sleeping on the floor always helps, but I have still be a bit more careful. The stomach is also okay if I do not eat too much garbage. The tooth seems to calm down totally. I even start to forget it.

It's an interesting state, a bit like between two worlds, at least two. It's like to alternate between two worlds, like DEN. Whereby nowhere are half-naked women with gigantic breasts, and I with plenty of muscles. But one world is the workplace, and one world is sitting at the laptop at the desk in Willsbach. And driving to Neckarsulm or to Willsbach is the altering between these two worlds. And then there is at least a third world when shopping or driving to a laundry shop. All the other things, like the dentist, dinner in a restaurant, sitting in a café, or bakery.

And well, there are also the nights, when sleeping, dreaming. This is an exceptional world of its own as well. Okay, sometimes not nice, when I have problems with my back or stomach. But apart from these nights, nights are my preferred world in any case. Okay, sitting at the laptop is also

something sublime. Only that I'm every so often tired, like right now - but at least nearly no headache. It's like in the jazz club - the new season starts soon - where I'm regularly sitting tired. Yeah, and there is another world, the world as such. Some call it the hell of another planet (Aldous Huxley), and this seems to be a very obvious thought. Has the question then to be: Why am I here? Why do I not live a life like Bukowski or Burroughs? If this were simply hell, then anything would be allowed. The mass murderers at American schools would be heroes, the swine from NY the messiah, and Hitler would be God - well, at least a god among others like Stalin or Leopold II of Belgium. I might be here because of passivity. Enough for today.

*

Back from work on Sundays a bit earlier. So let's have a cozy evening, more or less, and an active day off tomorrow. I'm still undecided what to do tomorrow - laundry in any case and some cleaning. Shopping as well.

The first week until the new head chef comes is over, and the next should be short. I see the old head chef for only three days and always for a limited time. Then the last week and some days without a head chef with a larger banquet. Let's do it.

I'm satisfied right now, but I'm tired again. I would like to have well-ordered circumstances, at least in the kitchen. The second part of August begins.

Monday, August the Seventeenth

I do not wanted to go to bed early - too much on my mind right now. So I decided to do something meaningful, to write a bit. "Cuts", "Hard-Boiled" it became. It's 2:13 a.m. now, and I will go to bed soon. A day off today. Let's see what all I will do.

*

It's 6:21 p.m., and it was good to write something already yesterday for today's upload. So I had the whole day for other matters. My condo needed some cleaning immediately, and I think that I'm still not done with it. Laundry is hung up, and I did some shopping. And I had some time for me.

It's a nice day off. The temperature is much lower again, much better than the last two weeks or so. I do not know what to write about the situation in Gaza or the USA, or the shit in Germany. Not much has changed, it's always the same devastating nonsense. It would be time for something far-reaching to happen. The midterms could be, the coming elections in Germany as well. And I do not say that a special result has to happen. Say the swine from NY gets confirmed or the AfD gets the strongest party in Eastern Germany. Such results also should cause something, and sometimes something is better than nothing. Sure, I would prefer other results, but this standstill has to be broken. The same with Netanyahu or Ukraine. Sanctioning Israel would be a clear message from Germany that Netanyahu is a disgraceful swine. Giving Ukraine better weapons, than Russia has to show their colors. But this would need politicians with at least remnants of a spine and a little morality.

I think that I will clean the shower next - some vacuuming would be also not be bad. I think that I will continue "Cuts" and again "Hard-Boiled" to bring this story to its next stage. Sounds like a not-so-bad plan.

*

Well, well, I have lost track of my writing! Okay, I have cleaned the shower, but vacuuming is still to make - I have a very silent vacuum cleaner, so I can do this also later. But while cleaning the

shower, I doubted my last writing regarding "Cuts" - well, it has been "Hard-Boiled". It was "Hard-Boiled" that I have written yesterday after the upload for today's upload. So I have to decide on something else later. "Hard-Boiled" is for tomorrow's writing or so. Yet okay, this should be no problem.

*

So, we're heading towards eleven o'clock - a bit earlier upload today. The vacuuming is also done, the bonsai watered, and the laundry is already in the cupboard. Not so extremely hot today, but it was hot enough. So, the upload now, then I should eat something, then some more writing. It's a perfect day. I always did something, and so it was a very productive day. Well, a bit of time is still left. The upload.

Tuesday, August the Eighteenth

I have continued with "Cuts", "The Female Body". Let's see what the next continuation will be. I also have continued with "Creatures". I should meet more often with Sweantje. But now it's enough for this nice day. Let's have some dreams.

*

I'm back, but it will become a short night. I have to start working early tomorrow for a lunch event. So it will be a long day tomorrow. But okay, I'm mostly up to date, so it should not be that much of a problem. So not many words but the upload instead.

Wednesday, August the Nineteenth

I'm back somewhat earlier today, so I can make it slow. I have started to eat better. I have stopped eating garbage and drinking a beer every evening. And yeah, only a few days, and I feel the positive impact right now. And now?

Well, I made an image last night to continue "Photography". I think that I should do this more frequently. Whatever, an early upload now, then the rest of the dinner, the evening routine, and some writing. It's always interesting to see how much some change in eating and drinking habits are affecting you. The upload first.

Thursday, August the Twentieth

I needed a long time today to start writing, and it's not much. At least when counting words. But I think I should open "The Doorkeeper" up to a wider idea. Let's see what will develop.

It was a long day now, and I lust for sleeping. Sure, normal start tomorrow, but now it has to end. Two worlds I like much right now: when I sit in front of my laptop, especially when writing, and the world of dreams. The two essential and important worlds, the world accompanying me for the rest of my life and to the end of my life. Enough for today.

*

Back and a bit sweaty, but in no bad mood. Well, let's upload, then the rest of the evening. To decide what to write. The upload.

*

Wow, I have continued with "Cuts", "Hard-Boiled", and it became an intense and longer part. But it was very satisfying writing. However, it has become late now, and it will also become an intense workday. Not many people, an event, and already many reservations. The last two days there were no events, no reservations, and not many guests, but there was more staff. Every so often I do not understand the duty roster of the parting head chef. Yet okay, we will manage it. Although I should stop here to have some sleep - will I dream about a redhead? Let's see.

Friday, August the Twenty-First

It has become late, and it was - partially - a fucking workday. Okay, some were good or even nice, but some marred everything. But okay, the day tomorrow and the second week of the three is over. I have no idea if I will write something later, after the upload and the evening routine, or not. I will decide this then. But now the upload, and the rest we will see.

Saturday, August the Twenty-Second

So, the workday is over, let's have a relaxed evening, maybe not too long, and then two days off on Sunday and Monday. I'm a bit tired, but all seems good so far, except for some tensions at the workplace. Well, one more week and the new head chef will start on the fourth next month. So, let's do this very short upload. The next two days I have time for writing.

Sunday, August the Twenty-Third

It's 5:25 p.m., and I have decided to have a day off from writing today - I have another day off tomorrow. I was partially active today, but I'm tired from the last weeks. And the next week will be crucial. Tomorrow will be very crucial, most likely. I need some clarity first. I do not see where the current job can develop apart from the new head chef. It's sometimes better to slow down for a moment - well, the laundry is running. I require a wholly cozy day today, maybe later or after today's upload. But not now.

*

10:21 p.m., the day is over, and I have done it. It's a clear night, but I will not observe. An early upload, then a very long night. The rest we will see tomorrow. I feel good and optimistic because I can handle every situation. I have only to find out tomorrow what the actual situation is. But this will be tomorrow. Now it's the upload.

Monday, August the Twenty-Fourth

A dead day, a useless day, a dumbass day. A day that should create clarity. An email to the F&B manager yesterday, back from vacation today, asking for a meeting. No response the whole day, then I drove to Neckarsulm, the office of the hotel manager. The F&B manager is still in Italy and will return on Wednesday - no clarity at all today. So, I did not much before I drove to Neckarsulm, but especially not after. The new plan?

I will go to bed very, very soon now - it's 8:36 p.m. Then I have to manage the fucking workday tomorrow, and then it will be Wednesday the next day. Then I will demand answers about all that confusion right now, and I hope that I will get good answers. This is very ridiculous right now.

This is a perplexing moment, and I need my concentration for all of this. I have no mind for writing for the moment. It's not the moment to be too act overhasty, but also not to be hesitant. I have a headache and some problems with my back - well, fitting to the unclear situation right now. But okay, it will be only a matter of no more than 48 hours. Let's ponder and dream, my most beloved world of them all.