

BY MEL WALKER
20 - 2 - 12

The S2 pulled in punctually at 21:42 between the two plat-forms that serve as the Station for the hamlet „Fucking-Houses“, as Jake and Gabi jokingly called her village Vockenhausen.

She was standing waiting at the car as she had promised, her hair still slightly wet from her daily bathing ritual, with which she tries to wash away her guilty-feelings, caused by her employer - o large, well-known international chemical Company in Frankfurt.

„Good evening, Samantha. It's good to See you again.“ he said warmly after they had embraced and kissed. „I trust her Lady-ship in good form?“

„Yes, she's in very good form.“ she said getting into the car. „I think we will have to put off our rendez-vous till tomorrow. She's been doing aerobic exercises since you were last here. I'm 100% sure she'll Knead you to night!“

„Good, I'm looking forward too later. Let's go I'm hungry!“ he answered fastening his seat-belt.

It only took them a few minutes to drive to Gabi's house in the tidy village back street of detached and semi-detached dwellings. While Jake was taking a bath Gabi prepared dinner 4 2.

„Are you very hungry?“ she called from the kitchen.

Wiping shampoo from his eyes Jake replied, „Middling!“

„If I know you, that means very hungry.“ retorted Gabi with a laugh

„You're right, but I've got an interesting story to tell you!“

„Go on, tell me.“ she said smiling as she Struck her head round the open bathroom door.

„I'll tell you when we've had something to eat. And now would you please get out of here while I have a shave, or would you prefer to get to bed with someone who looks like a tramp?“

„O.k., o.k., keep your shirt on, I'm going. But don't be too long, dinner will be ready in 10 minutes.“

Twenty minutes later having taken the edge off his appetite Jake told Gabi the story he had heard on the train.

It had been a relatively normal Friday for Jake until he arrived at the Station. The only abnormality till then was that Jake was for once in good time for his train so he went into the Station buffet to have a drink. At first he took the man sitting on the floor next to the electronic, one-armed-bandit to be one of the local „winos“ that frequent the Station. However, on closer observation he realized that the man was agitatedly telephoning from a portable radio-phone and simultaneously charging the batteries.

A short while later as Jake was settling down for the journey the same man made his way with difficulty into the compartment at the same time berating a fellow traveller for being too slow. Putting down his baggage with relief he said in a friendly voice,

„Erstmal schönen guten Abend!“

Without thinking Jake replied, „And a good evening to you, too.“

Turning and facing Jake for the first time he said in perfect English with a slight American accent,

„How do you do? My name's Manfred.“ Offering his band. „What's an Englishman doing on the train in the ex-GDR

„First of all you may call me Jake. Maybe this will answer your questions.“ he replied, taking the offered hand at the same handing over his visiting card.

„T.C.S., Thüringer Computer Service. somehow thought that you were a scientist. Maybe you can help me?“

„I'm not a scientist,“ Jake replied getting up, „Perhaps can help you, but you'll have to excuse me for a while. thought saw a girlfriend and her daughter getting on the train and would just like to say hello first. Can bring you anything from the Mitropawagen?“

„No thanks, I've got my provisions with me. I don't like getting ripped off!“

„O.k., see you later." replied Jake, laughing as he closed the compartment door and made his way to the front of the train where he thought Sabine might be.

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„Girlfriend?" interrupted Gabi, a trace of jealousy in her voice.

„Yes, it was Sabine. You know, you met her and her daughter Maxine when you visited me the last time." answered Jake nonchalantly, using the interruption to light a cigarette.

„Oh yes." said Gabi somewhat mollified.

* * *

About half an hour later, having said goodbye to Sabine and Maxine, he made his way back to the compartment only to be confronted by the sight of Manfred sitting on the toilet with the door open, his radio-phone plugged into the shaver socket telephoning once again. He waved as Jake passed on his way to the compartment.

Shortly afterwards Manfred came into the compartment in the process of rescuing a woman who was being pestered in the corridor by a mentally deranged fellow traveller.

The conversation was polite and superficial until the woman got out at Eisenach, As the train started to pull out of the Station, Manfred, who had been using the stop to telephone once again said,

„Do you have any contacts to TV stations outside Germany?"

After thinking for a moment Jake replied,

„As a matter of fact, yes I do. A schoolfriend of mine works as a researcher for Euronews in London. Why do you ask?"

„Listen Jake, you can call me Garfield. My friends gave me the nickname because I'm a fat lazy cat who loves lasagna." he said laughing.

After making sure that the door to the compartment was properly closed he continued.

„The reason I asked was because I've found out something that the German TV Stations won't touch with a bargepole. And it's something that the world needs to know about. What I want is to get a TV crew from outside Germany to come here and make a report about a secret Stasi Organisation called „Rote Faust", Red Fist, which is being trained by the KGB specialists on a disused Soviet airfield south-east of Berlin."

„You don't need a TV team for that. I know someone who knows how to use a video-camera and my German is good enough to ask any question if you brief me accordingly."

„No, it's too dangerous. How far are you travelling by the way?"

„Well, I have to change in Bebra and again in Fulda. Why do you ask?" asked Jake, his curiosity aroused.

„Because I'm getting out in Bebra. That's where I left my car 4 days ago and there is a lot more to the story than what I've told you. What do you say to the idea of me driving you to Fulda?"

„O.k., but my connection in Fulda leaves at 19:40. It's twenty to six now and we should be in Bebra soon. That's more than an hour and a half to get to Fulda, and for you to tell me the rest of the story." said Job as the train slowed down to pass through Gerstungen.

Fifteen minutes later they were sitting in Garfield's imposing off-road vehicle, which had a large dent in the bonnet. As Garfield pulled away from the kerb Jake commented on the dent and Garfield answered nonchalantly,

„The Stasi tried to stop me when I discovered a secret telephone line between the training camp and a senior member of the caretaker government in east Berlin."

Slipping the heavy vehicle smoothly into the early evening traffic flow on the Autobahn, Garfield shorted a CD into the player built into the dash. Almost immediately the cab was filled with the opening sounds of Tschaikowski's „1812" overture. Garfield told Jake the rest of his story and they arrived in Fulda with time to spare.

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„What it boils down," said Jake, „is that he wants me to get in touch with the MI5, or some such Organisation because he believes that they will try to silence him. He even said that they had already tried to poison him. But most important he maintains that if the Mafia joins forces with the Stasi - if they haven't already done so - then Europe will be finished."

„Are you going to do it?" asked Gabi, emptying her glass.

„All 've got to go on is his radio-telephone number. Shall I call him, or shall we sleep on it" replied Jake, his voice taking on a deeper tone. „It's 20-2-12!"

Mel Walker,

eigentlich Melvyn Walker geboren am 3. September 1943 in Halifax, Großbritannien;
Flugzeugingenieur, Technischer Trainer für British Aerospace in Saudi Arabien, Ingenieur bei Pan-American Airlines in Frankfurt/ M.;
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