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*COFFEE'S A DRUG AND EVERYONE'S A JUNKIE*

THE  
BOOK  
*KARAMEL JUNKIE*

*COFFEE'S A DRUG AND EVERYONE'S A JUNKIE*

**WILLIAM C. OKEKE**

TREDITION

# Dedication

This book is dedicated to:

The team at the William C. Okeke Company: You fulfil my vision,  
You extend my influence, and you make me better than I am. Your work is helping others to maximize their potential and impact their world.

To Aaron T. Aaron:  
October 10, 2017 marked a journey we began and  
You introduced me to the concept, putting my dream to the test and pushed me to discover where my life strength lies and in  
Doing so showed me the path to reaching my potential.

And to my wife Patricia N. Okeke, the girl of my need and she completed me. On February 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2009, we were married. Ever since that day, we have become inseparable living the dream together. I can not imagine what my life would have been without her. Patricia happy 120/115!

To my four children, Gideon Nnaemeka, Kessaiah Chinaemema, Perez Uruchi, and Adonai Okemunachi.

# Forward

*Even* before the rumour reached the Zentraler Omnibusbahnhof ZOB Hamburg branch, it said... don't go there! The patrons at that branch are all junkies, drug addicts, alcoholics, the sick, and other whole lot of crazy people. They will destroy his life. His life could be in danger. That branch is not for normal people. Does he look normal to you? He sleeps in the daytime and works in the night, like 'Sleeping Beauty'. He mews at strangers and barks at loved ones. A friendly Tiger with no teeth; don't forget his claws and his glory. Even a dead tiger is still dangerous. You may never know.

He has had it here! Here is already boring!! He needs action!!! He needs a change of environment, people, air, taste, even if the food is the same. He wants out! But he will regret it. Soon, he will come running back... crying, asking to please accept him back, but the answer will be NO! The workload there is too much and it is stressful. And he still gets the same salary as working here. You don't get it, do you? Like he is married to this particular branch and now he is working against his will. At the beginning, even marriage is sweet and honey-dewy, but then everything goes sour. His friends and colleagues have left him here all alone with these new strange faces and people who are hard to get along with. Instead of continuing to waste his life with them, he would rather relocate to another branch. OK! Next month of February he is off to the ZOB Branch. But don't complain that I didn't warn him. Let it be his headache.

February is here and he is off to ZOB. All the paperwork has been done, his file transferred. He was not excited, just expectant. What is there to be surprised about? The work... he can do with closed eyes. He graduated top of his class. Just the people and the guests he will worry about. He is an easy-going guy. Like a smooth criminal, he will mix himself among them; they are going to like him and will never let him go. And as always he is going to make his impact felt. They are going to love him more than the Arms Win branch in Hammerbrook Hamburg, that they will want him back, but too late. Just like a jackpot or a successful professional - football transfer. Well, it will cost a whole lot of money with a little character change. Anyone who doesn't wish to make it easier for him to feel at home will get it hot. Rain of fire! He will stress on that one even if he likes working out..

You have just finished reading the FORWARD of this book titled The Book Caramel Junkie. What other justification do we still need when you will definitely read this book till the end? But before then, let's begin, so that we can end. God bless the book.

-ANONYM-

# Preface

*I* didn't take me more than a week to get accustomed to ZOB. During my regular visits, I had already become fairly acquainted with the workers and managers there. The only section of people whom I was not used to were the guests; the junkies, the sick, the drug addicts, the sojourners, the cheap harlots and the travellers.

My neighbours were the Kiss Kiosk, the Bus Liner to Berlin, the Airline ticket shops, the FlixBus Company, the Post, and many more bus liners to other parts of Germany and across Europe. Also, in this Bus Terminal, there were the local regular bus liners that drive on our roads.

Soon enough, the workers and the manager came to know how good I am at the counter; jovial, pleasant, sympathetic; the talking type. I had a good connection and engaging conversations with the guests. I was faster and more delightful than the other workers. Excellent Spirit. DANIEL.

Because of this, I was stationed mostly on the counter. My working hours start at 18:00 hours and my free days are optional and discretionary. Working late augurs well with me as I have always been a night person most of my life. I have done a lot of night shifts, coming back home in the wee hours of the morning.

Working at the counter is spectacular, freaky and tempting. You come across people of all kind and manner. You need a good heart, an attentive ear and a patient head. Most people choose this as their sanctuary and a place of respite; not as a place to get well like in a hospital, but as a place to get out what is inside and burdening them: to feed, to socialize, to use as a meeting point, to romance their attitude and character.

My discovery: I was really struck and shocked by the shame of going back to Arms Win. I wondered how people relate! What is wrong with these people when they order their food? Is something wrong with our food? Maybe there is some substance or chemical in the food that makes them act weird... like baby zombies... maybe to keep them coming back for more? To keep them hungry! Maybe something is wrong with us serving them the food or maybe something is wrong with this place. ZOB – Zombies Only Bite!

I am aware of my attitude when visiting restaurants.

This book is about strange behaviour and mannerisms in a “play” format with fictional drama between the worker and the guests.

I must confess to driving these junkie guests deeper into and out of what was coming out of them towards me. There is no flame without fire. A madman cannot control his manner and temper, let alone his tongue. And there is no way a bird will fly without showing its stomach; there is no way you can bathe in an ocean without getting wet. Corrupt, corrupting the incorruptible!

There is just one location; the characters are many and the results are far too diverse. This is like the best type of marriage, friendship and love that lasts just a few seconds – the time it takes to take someone's order – Hello, hi, give me this, pay your bill and walk away – bye. It sounds easy. However, most of the time, it is not.

There are so many ways to prepare an egg – too many ways to kill a rat. The way in which the guests order their food, interact and socialize with us is seen through a single rearview mirror with thousands of projected tentacles... this is what I am about to unleash. Are you ready? So let's get it done and over with.

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# Introduction

*Finally*, I came to realize that my left hand was cheating on my right hand. That stands if you are right-handed in the first place. The right hand does most of the enormous and tedious work while the left hand only assists when the right hand cannot handle the workload alone any more, or when the right hand is sick or broken. Well, if the right hand does most of the tedious work, there is every chance that the right hand will have a breakdown some time, while the left hand just sits, stares, and watches like a spectator.

There are people in our lives that cheat on us, just like the left hand: wives, husbands, children, mothers, fathers, uncles, and aunts and what have you, to them it is a lifestyle; to us it's cheating. They do so precisely and tactfully; manipulating and falsifying issues and situations... our enemies through separation, division and segregation. So, bring out your pens, papers, and impressive envelopes: let's address these cheaters.

Fictionally, the cheaters among us are like the junkies, the drug dealers, the drug addicts, the homeless, the alcoholics, the jobless, the sojourners, the random low lives, the hookers, the harlots, the sick: mentally, physically, spiritually and socially, the citizens, the normal people, the workers, the travellers, the students, the elderly, the children, the adolescents, the business people and the people in transit. That's why I say, everyone's a junkie, because we all have our imperfections and shortcomings. What we don't know is that each time normal people interact with abnormal people, after a period, these meetings will transcend and develop into an outcome that will affect both parties either positively or negatively, which is what this book is all about. Since we cannot create a different world for the abnormal – the junkies among us, not even for the smokers polluting our ozone layer, they continue to live among us. They change us, we change them and we just live it out.

It's a challenging task to teach, correct, and deal with crazy junkies who see you and the system as a problem. Ignorant people as we are, we are not better than them either. Like a legless sprinter who had no need of a new limb from a God who didn't create him with one in the first place. We kept telling them to go get a new leg, get a life – get a new and better life – when they couldn't even afford the cheapest meal. Is it all about surviving? If we think we are the normal people and cannot switch sides with them, we better reconsider what brought these abnormal people, these junkies to their present state and condition. Most of them had big and flourishing dreams and life aspirations but fate hit them so hard that there was no other option than to relapse to being these retarded mini-zombies – junkies. Well, these situations might as well have been inflicted on them out of greed, carelessness, food disorders, disobedience toward parents, loved ones, family, society and self- self distrust... guilty as charged.

Just a little drag of a cigarette on an empty stomach, just some weed when stressed out to ease away the pain and forget the sorrow. Alcohol with no-good friends after a party, late nights, just a little taste of cocaine, LSD, heroin, cracks, strong tablets... they thought their strong body could stand it; however, now not too sure, not too long – not any more. They lost their jobs, lost their apartments, lost their family and their friends. Woke up one day, one night, on the streets – can't pay any more bills. The State took them in but with time they lost that support too. Now they are grounded and the society rejects them with no health insurance, no bank account, no home, no income, no hope, and no future. But now they have a new home, new friends and new family – junkies like them. You'd think this will make you demoralized. No! I have seen many mighty, great, rich, and famous normal people who went from classy to ash. It goes so fast that you don't even notice. Many of them are in the process of becoming the next junkies. This battle, of not being like those on the street, is concealed with riches, nice clothes, expensive makeup, good medication, yoga and gym. But it's only a matter of time. And that's why they are quick to pass away soon enough when their secret lives are all about being in the limelight. Or as they will say, after the grease, just fade away and let others do the talking, the gossip, behind your back. There are classes of junkies, some still disguised, living in a mansion unexposed, while others are out there on the streets. I am here to make the latter famous too, to give them a better audience.

So before my Introduction section in itself becomes a whole book, I will not bore you anymore. As we travel through these mysterious passages together, bearing in mind that this book is about an awakening to the other side of life that is so much neglected and abandoned. Human life, which is so richly endorsed with infinite potential, dreams, love, hope, and energy to be great and immense; is simply reduced to this ugly six-letter word – JUNKIE. I will play my part in getting this book across, your part will be to buy it, read it, and pass it on. That's how the knowledge,

resources, talent, time, and energy invested in this project will not be a waste... it will give hope to the hopeless. So long as junkies are still breathing out there, there is hope for them.

That's what this book is all about.

HAPPY READING!

*THE BOOK KARAMEL JUNKIE BY WILLIAM C. OKEKE*

*THE*  
**BOOK**

*KARAMEL JUNKIE*

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*COFFEE'S A DRUG AND EVERYONE'S A JUNKIE*

## CHAPTER ONE

### *Episode 1*

Yes. It is them. Them... the type who leave space in between and smite down like you have an outbreak of some dangerous epileptic disease. The regular guests expect some special treatment, service and flavor but they never get it. It is their nature and they enjoying taking such position.

'Hello. Are you still open? Hello...?' he went on... such a stupid rhetorical question. 'Yes we are closed', I said. 'Hello, you still open?' he raised his voice even more because I had ignored him. I didn't even turn. 'Oh yes, but from now on, we only offer what is left. We have just 10 minutes to close' I said. 'I want this Big Apple Beef but without bacon. Yes, without bacon', he said. I looked at him twice, observing the spit at the edge of his made-up lips. He was wearing a barrette red cap on his head, with black sunglasses. It was 24:52; almost midnight. Want to see a ghost? Rent a Ghost! 'We don't have that any more... would you like a Big Mac or a Royal TS?' I asked. 'Without bacon?' he shot back. 'Of course' I reacted; having known his kind. 'Brother, Muslim, I am a Muslim' he pleaded with a fine Arabic accent. 'Is that any of my business? Big Mac or TS?' I questioned. 'OK. Big Mac but will I get the potato wedges? Else I am not buying' he dictated like a child who was exchanging a chocolate bar for a hot bath that was long overdue on a sunny Sunday afternoon.

It is always their manner, they really know what goes with what but they will still command you, and tell you what they want, knowing full well that they will never get it.

'If you ordered Mc menu, big size, the potato wedges can be chosen instead of... ' I started to say. 'I ordered Mc menu, I ordered Mc menu, I... so I get potato wedges and no bacon on the Big Mac' he blurted in a rush. 'You didn't order Mc menu' I reminded him. 'Brother, walai' he pointed to the sky addressing me, speaking the rest in a rude mother dialect. 'Here or take away?' I said, ignoring his rude mutterings. 'I will have it here. Are you people closed?' he asked. 'That would be 6,49' I said. 'I want bitter cream for the...' he started but I interrupted, saying 'We don't have it, you can...' but he interrupted me again saying, 'the sweet sauce then'

Quickly, I rapped his order. Naturally, the Big Mac and potatoes were in good condition. 'I hope it is still fresh? Else I will bring it back today or tomorrow' he charged. 'Muhu'— 'Have your order, bye' I said.

Five more customers were waiting to order when this crook at the back shouted, 'What! You are left with just two cheeseburgers? That's ridiculous – what a restaurant! Can I have the two cheeseburgers left?' he kept yelling. I don't know what was wrong with him. Wrong drug maybe!

When it was his turn to order, he asked for two cheeseburgers. 'We don't have cheeseburgers any more, only chicken burgers as you can see' I told him. 'Then give me two' he said. He took them and went away. Minutes later, he came back again. 'Can I have two ketchups?' he said. '60 Cents' I replied. 'So expensive?' he shot back. I retorted, '...because you are paying for it?'

Then he said 'Mayo for 30 cents... how stupid'. And he flipped the two coins across. His madness had started, and he left, but came back again. 'Sugar, how much?' he asked, laughing. It was quite a silly question.

Obviously, he knew we did not sell our sugar. 'I need a fork and knife. A plastic fork and knife – how much is it?' he asked, grinning like a native doctor.

As he asked the questions lazily, he grabbed at what he wanted, which had nothing to do with the food he had ordered; nothing at all. Excuse me, he wanted to eat in style like a European, but wasn't that possible only before he became a crackhead and homeless and lost his mind?

### *Episode 2*

'Is it pig oil used to prepare all the food?' I don't think so. Just regular oil I guess'.

This was a dialogue between one fat African woman dressed in black lace and an awkward short guy in a black dyed caftan. Presumably, they were going to a funeral ceremony. They smelled like fried ginger in a mixture of burnt rotten garlic - I don't know if it was their cream or lotion, or their unwashed clothes.

'Chicken box, big fries' the woman ordered, deafening. 'Did you see that documentary on Facebook where lifeless chicken are injected with fluids so they become stout?' she ventured. 'How come?' the guy wondered.

Then, like lightning, the woman disappeared into the restroom. That's what you do when you want to cheat people; when you don't want to pay for or contribute to the food bill.

'Here or to go' I asked. 'I don't know!' said the man in a flat realization. 'How is that supposed to be my problem?' 'Should we wait for her to come back so we can ask her?'... he talked to himself. Thank God he didn't ask me that as a question. She was not even his wife, it appeared.

Soon, she reappeared, saying 'This is unbelievable; guests pay 30 Cents for using the restroom. That's absurd! Have you ordered? Let's go. We are late already'. She was such a strange and confused drama queen. The man recovered with, 'OK, make it a takeaway'. 'Of course, it is to go!' she shouted. Then she received a phone call and shouted, raising her voice even more, rambling on the phone like a demented demon possessed.

I packed their order; she collected it quickly and they left immediately.

### *Episode 3*

Here were these non-identical twins approaching me in style and with smiles. It appears normal when they do this, trying to be nice, but they are not.

'Small fries... no, chicken legs, chicken legs' they parroted twice, and that was when I knew something was terribly wrong with them. Either they were from Turkey or had some degenerated Stammer

'Wait. I didn't get you. Chicken legs?' I asked. That is how you take them deeper into their obvious mess. Else, they will blame you to say you are deaf. They waited... and were so shocked. Our company is over 200 years old, literally, and this food... they eat almost every day but the name still eludes them.

'You mean chicken wings?' I tried. '*Gbam!* One pack. What is the price?' they continued.

I hate it when you correct customers for their mistakes and they respond as if you are the one to be blamed. 'I will go and buy a sim card. Do you have a telephone card?' one of them asked. 'We never keep them' I replied. 'Where can I get one?' they asked. I replied saying, 'Across the street but they are closed now, its 10pm already'. 'Give me the receipt, I will go and buy a sim card and come back for the chicken legs' one of them said. Quickly, they left. 'What film is this?' I asked myself, 'Science fiction or melodrama theatre?'. I have no words.

An hour later, the identical twins approached me again. 'Finished?' they asked. 'Oh yeah, here is your order, enjoy your meal' I responded. 'Bread?' they asked expectantly. 'What bread? That's all you ordered' I replied. 'No, I...' they started to say, but I interrupted, saying 'Check your receipt'. 'You gave me a receipt? No!' they said. I told them firmly that they had asked me for a receipt and I had certainly given them one.

While all this was going on, it had been interfering with the smooth running of the branch's operations - with other guests ordering their food. 'Didn't I... I thought... Wait a minute...' they said, and then they quietly collected their order and left at once.

I think people like these are so sick. They just want to play tricks on your intelligence. And if You fall for it, you are the fool.

### *Episode 4*

There she is again... this woman, the size of a fat pregnant old lady with crowded teeth. Today, she came with a slim, short, and ugly girl the size of a mature dwarf. As always, they will be chattering in their local dialect.

'Yes, ham-chicken?' What is wrong with most of the guests? You greet them so cheerfully, something like *Good evening, may I take your order please?* And they answer, 'Ham chicken.' This woman even said this in a cold, rude manner. I hate my job when something like this happens. And this was my first order for the evening.

'Hamburger or chicken burger?' I asked. Instead of answering, she smiled and continued with the chattering. 'You order this particular food every single day, so much that your face has become familiar, yet you can't say the name correctly?' She started laughing. Who is to blame? Is it their brain or the food? Seems like the food has damaged your brain so much you cannot... and the laughing stopped, but mine started. It was my turn now... because I could not watch their bemused faces any longer.

'Chicken...hamburger? Two fries, small...' she started talking like something was holding her tongue earlier. 'Chicken hamburger?' I teased. 'Since you know what I normally order every day, why are you asking me?' she retorted. 'Just get our order, take this stupid money and stop wasting our time!'

Quickly, I served their order. 'Four...chicken I said' she continued angrily. 'Oh, four?' I replied, enjoying myself. I love it when stupid people get angry over trivial matters. 'Two chicken, two...chicken. And 2 plus 2 is four?' she continued like an old teacher afraid to hurt her new students' feelings. 'Really?' I teased again. 'What? 'We have to...no time!' she said. 'Okay, okay, okay' I hurried up their order.

'Where is ketchup?' She asked, looking at me. 'I haven't seen him in a while now', I thought, on the verge of cracking up with laughter. 'Two ketchup' '60 Cents, please' I said. 'But I said ketchup and mayo...' she replied. I told her firmly that she did not say any such thing.

These stone-damned-cold prostitutes. All they know is sex, money, and exploiting men. Empty heads with a pudding-like milky brain. Even in ordering their food they want to extort you.

'Here is the ketchup and mayo; I give it to you free' I told her. 'And you?' I questioned the other, slimmer woman. 'What are you ordering? Are you not hungry as well?' She stared at me like a newcomer who is reluctant to collect enough extra money for some good sex she rendered.

The biggest woman must be her madam who is to take care of her, coach her and set up a harlot business for her. She looked as if she was new to the game. 'Give me ketchup' she demanded like a snake. 'Here, take two' I offered. 'No thanks' she replied smiling sneakily and left. 'No, take them' I called after her, 'I mean you will pay later, *oloshi!*' 'No thanks' was her reply.

Soon enough, they smiled and made their exit. The chattering continued. I believe in Russia, Romania or Slovak...

## *Episode 5*

'Cheese burger with lactose?' he asked. 'Did you say—is your cheese burger with lactose?' I asked. Oh Lord, take me to you; this is the first time I am hearing that. 'I thought you were joking' I continued, and then, recovering my stance, I said, 'I don't know' as I realised he meant it.

Then, saying 'Let's check', I brought up the content description of our food, and lo and behold, no lactose. 'Then, two cheese burger' he requested. 'Wait a minute, first it had dairy, then soon we began to hear about decaffeinated coffee, and now lactose-free cheese burger – shortly it will get to just water' I said. 'Oh yes, that possibility can be anticipated' he replied as he collected his bag of food and walked away.

Nevertheless, it stayed with me. He wanted a cheeseburger with lactose, I offered him a cheeseburger without lactose and he accepted it, paid for it and walked away?

## *Episode 6*

'Two Kabab. You gotta be kidding me... for one euro each?' he said. 'We don't have things like...' I started only to be interrupted by him; 'Those ones over there for one Euro. No; two Euro'. 'You mean the hamburgers?' I asked. 'Yes of course, what else do you think?' he snapped back. 'OK, pay two Euro' I told him.

He flipped the two coins across at me and with a confused face dashed away stuffing one hamburger into his mouth; the other one already opened.

## *Episode 7*

'Small Vodka' the more outspoken one said, directing the command at me.

They were from Russia. Four strong men breathing like newly retired weightlifters. Nobody drinks like the Russians. Not even the Polish. 'We have no whisky' I replied jokingly, still shocked by such a request. 'Small vodka' he repeated. 'Are you for real? No, we have Bacardi rum' I continued. 'I just want small vodka. Four bottle' he pleaded. 'We don't serve vodka, whisky or Bacardi rum' I stated flatly. 'OK am gone'. 'And am bullet'...

Moreover, they walked away. Jesus Christ!

## *Episode 8*

Standing before me was this black family with two energetic daughters who knew what they wanted and a mother who dictated and commanded everything for the family.

'Two Big- Mac Meal, two Kids Meal, chicken box, take away' she recited. 'You take credit cards?' she asked with pride. 'We are in 2016 and this is an international company' I replied. 'Really?' she shot back. 'Of course, yes' I said... you can't have the last word. Zoom, I hurried their order.

When it was time to pay, she asked with trepidation, 'I hope my credit card is secure with this transaction'. I burst out laughing, and replied 'It is the guest card we are afraid of'. She then looked at me closely. 'Are you a Nigerian?' I asked her. 'Yes' she replied proudly. 'Which part of Nigeria?' I continued to prod her. Because there is only a particular tribe in Nigeria that can ask such awkward and stupid questions. What an exclusive joke. 'Benin' she answered. 'No wonder' I said to myself.

How she handled her credit card... like a huge plate of gold. She was actually just spending borrowed money which she will pay back with interest. I would have respected a bank card but not a credit card.

'Your salary is good?' She asked, priming her mouth for the upcoming food. 'We manage' I replied, 'You don't work, you don't eat. No food for the lazy man'. 'Are you Ibo?' She asked me squarely. She was such a tight-ass intelligent woman that I pitied the husband... or maybe he is lucky to have such a clever woman as his wife.

This was a priceless confrontation between precious people with only a limited amount of time. I wished we could explore and discover more about each other. That is why you have to make the most of the time available. Have a good conversation, a good eye contact and press the honey out while it is still flowing. Your words are the shield against the bee stinging; in fact, your speech *is* the bee stinging.

Ten minutes later, the husband came back; 'My wife said we forgot the chicken box' he said shaking with fright as if he would be a dead man if he goes back without the chicken box. Our conversation must have been so good that I forgot some of their order. 'Oh yes sorry about that, there it is right there' I apologized as I quickly packed it up. 'It is your fault' I thought; 'That is what you get when you allow your wife to do the talking and the paying'.

She remembered, you forgot. I bet you didn't even know what was ordered. She sent you running down here like a small boy who forgot his lunch box on his first day of school... and she is still schooling you, when she is in fact married to you! When she was ordering, you did not utter a single word... only had a dummy bemused smile on your face like all was well. No, all is not well. You're the man, goddamn it! In the Arab culture it is different. There, the real men do the talking and the paying. Women only talk when they are asked to. And they talk only to their husbands with their faces bowed.

'Here, take the chicken box and run along' I said. 'Oh thank you, she was right; I knew she was right...' he trailed off and ran away with the excitement of someone who had just won an imaginary lottery. Thanked me for what? She has dusted your brains down. You are a stingy and selfish man. Well, you are a low class, she is a high class. She must have got her driving license, green card, built houses in her father's hometown, sent all her siblings abroad or at university. Your father must have died poor and your mother of typhoid fever... and they say it is poison. You couldn't take care of them. Your siblings had forgotten and abandoned you because you are unreachable, wretched Richard.

## *Episode 9*

'Evening, what will it be?' I asked. The demeanour of every guest suggests how they are to be addressed and treated, depending on their manner of approach. 'Where is that ... your cheap burger?' came the reply. 'What was that again?' I reacted, twisting my face. 'Yes, your cheap burger' came the reply again. This was more than an insult. It was an injustice arising out of drunkenness. Only cheap people can ask for cheap burgers. 'Did you say `our cheap burgers'!? 'Have you no respect!!?' I added. 'Do you have or don't you have?' he said rudely. 'I will call the restaurant manager to take your stupid order' I retorted and started to walk away. 'Oh, that's ridiculous! What is wrong with you? I just want... What is the meaning of that?' he started saying. 'Meaning you are rude and abusive' I said and walked away

'Hello!' he yelled. 'What is wrong with you!? Hello!! Wait!!!' I didn't just walk away because of his rude speech, but also because the man smelled like an eternally abandoned refuse bin. He was full of dried up invisible human excrement mixed with decades of urine. My stomach rumbled. On top of that, he bellowed, almost like spitting lava uncontrollably.

'I am a guest in this restaurant. I deserve to be served food. I have the right to be served. I have my money, should I beg for my order to be taken?' he screamed.

The manager came and started, 'Hamburger or cheeseburger?' 'Wait a minute, where is that young black ni...' he began. 'Shut your dirty rotten mouth; that is my valuable employee. Here, take your cheap burger as you said and walk' cried the manager. 'But...' he started to say. 'Else I will call the cops on you and don't you think you can disappear before they come because I will jack you into the corner...' threatened the manager angrily. 'You shouldn't...' he cried.

'1 Euro 10 cents, keep the change' he said and hurried away. His file must have been so high in priority with the police.

## *Episode 10*

Two Chinese women, smiling down at me, well-dressed but short. They looked like they needed a tall ladder to stand on. 'Can you get a frozen Coke?' they asked. 'Excuse me?' 'Yes, a frozen Coke.' she said, brightening.

Oh come on now! It is frozen outside. And we have white snow everywhere. 'We have never had such items. Hope you are not mistaken?' I replied.

'No, no, I am sure, frozen Coke. They have it in Australia's the other Chinese girl added, but her remark was more to tease I thought. As they smiled and talked, it was like loudly heard smooth laughter. I wondered whether they were fooling around. For all this to come from Chinese people, I wondered.

'OK then, let us have two large cokes, no, coke light... or do you have coke zero?' 'Without ice blocks' they added like twin sisters.

Now my feet started hurting from all the straining to see them over the counter. My legs were pulled up. I got their drinks ready but just as they were about to leave, I asked, 'Just for the record, hope it is not a joke with the frozen coke?' 'Oh! No! It is not' the elder one blazed. 'Then I will check?' I rather asked. 'Oh please do. Really' the younger one shot back.

Since they still hung around, I said encouragingly, 'What was it like? I'm interested'. 'Oh it is like smoothies and frappe, you know...' one of them answered. 'Now I get it, it's not far-fetched' 'Sorry, what did you say?' she asked

'Your time is up you Asian ladies, time to attend to the other guests waiting in line'.

Slowly, they oozed away like bad weather, chattering some more in what to me was their mother tongue.

## *Episode 11*

'Burger-Haji'. 'Excuse me, what did you say?' I asked. 'Burger Haji, eh' came the reply. 'What would you like?' I asked again. 'Burger, Haji, just burger'. 'Hamburger, cheese burger...' I started to say helpfully. 'Hamburger?' he said, testing me.

He had one Euro in his dirty hand. No doubt. '1 Euro ten Cents' I said. '10 Cents, and Euro for one hamburger?' he replied.

I was perplexed. 'Is here McDonald's' he asked. 'Are you kidding me? This is Burger King. No, KFC... Actually, this is Pizza Hut'. 'What? Are you playing a joke?' he asked. I replied, 'Well, you started the jokes'. 'You mean I am inside McDonald's?' he asked incredulously. 'How much is that?' he pointed out to something. I followed his hand. '6, 49, Fish' I replied. 'That is expensive. Is it without bacon in it? I'm Muslim' he declared. 'It is too exorbitant, blood tonic or what? A million dollar Lottery Win?' he continued. I smiled. Then he walked away.

Later, he came back and bought a large meal. He also asked about duty-free offers and parking tickets. People who travel only through the Internet get more confused when they face reality.

## CHAPTER TWO

### *Episode 1*

The Lobby was filled with guests. All hungry people, like the world was coming to an end. All impatient meatheads, oiled tongues and hollow stomachs. Other food shops were closed but for us. Here before me were two men. I thought they were homosexuals because of how close they looked and how close they stood. Then the one on the right spoke.

'One hamburger for me and one for *HIM*' But he flipped just one Euro coin on the counter.

Hamburgers cost one Euro each. 'One hamburger for me and one hamburger for him'. 'Are you deaf? Please hurry!' I looked at him again.

Smartly, I gave him one hamburger and he just blew it.

'What is that supposed to mean? I do not understand, I thought the two of you are together, came together?' I remarked. 'No' the quiet man replied. 'What? You don't know that guy?' I queried. 'I do not know him, never met him' came the reply. 'Oh really!? That was strange'. 'You should not mind that faggot, bastard, he thought he's smart. Such a fool. But please, can I order now?' he said. I was blown away. 'That was remarkable'. 'I would like a large Big Taste meal, a large strawberry milkshake and all this to go'. 'Very well, your order will be ready soon' I assured him.

However, I cannot still separate myself and my mind from that fast one. 'On you. My order, and stop wasting my time'. WOW! It was like magic. I didn't see it coming. How did he pull that stunt and get away with it?

### *Episode 2*

Busy moments. 'Can you please change money for me, two 10 Eurasia?' the ragged man asked, a gambler with dirty fingers, clothes and temperament. 'Thank you, thank you, thank you-thank you. You are a friendly man, thank you, thank you...' he continued. 'Are you high or something?' I asked agitatedly. Instead of answering me, he flipped himself on the counter moving swiftly. 'No, thank you, very much, most appreciated' he continued to say. 'Heavenly Father' I prayed, 'Help me!' I begged. 'Why? I just want to change. Thank you, thank you...' he babbled. 'Shut the fuck up' I shouted at the top of my lungs. 'I haven't even said yes. What if I say no? Or I don't have any change?' I went on, already pissed by this lunatic

'You don't have? Hahaha' 'Am I laughing with you?' The addiction of gambling is worse than alcohol. As far as drinking goes, when you are drunk, you can stop. But in gambling, the expectation to win has no limit. You don't know when to give up, only when and how to give in. And if you do drinking and gambling, like this man, then you are even more messed up than Hell.

I knew him very well. Today, he won a couple of coins and now he wants to be richer than yesterday. The gambling machine pays them back with two Euro coins. Why is that, I don't know.

'How can I save my time and energy instead of wasting it on this no-good man?' I asked myself.

Silence is no solution.

'Am waiting, my bus comes in two minutes' he begged. 'You don't even have a bus ticket you homeless gambler' I accused. 'Oh thank you...thank...' 'Jesus Christ! Where is the money!! Hurry, I can't take this madness any more!'

'Here, 10 piece of two Euro coins' 'Coins!?' I shouted. 'Money is money' he quoted. 'Not all money is money. Some are worthless and useless. And don't even go there' I screamed. 'OK, OK, OK, sorry the change please, I need the money. Thank you, thank you, thank you, you just a nice man, most appreciated' he continued. Pointless chattering. 'Didn't I say you should be quiet? Get the change first then you can start pouring out your thanks' I collected the dirty coins from him.

'Take the change and don't show me your face again. I will not do this awkward favour next time, not in this condition I said. 'I know you will hahaha, thank you, thank you, nice man most...' 'LEAVE!!!' I yelled.

Afterwards, I washed and disinfected my hands with Sagrotan disinfectant that removes 99.9% of bacteria, and soft foam hand cleaning creamy vanilla and orchid.

Finally, I cleaned my hands with alcohol. That's the procedure.

## *Episode 3*

00:59 PM.

We were just about to close for the night. Remaining only what was left in the control. Then, walking towards me was this huge woman, dragging her two pieces of luggage, approaching the counter. She was happy that at least she could still get something to eat after this long journey from London through Amsterdam. That was what the sticker on her luggage said. She would touch down to Australia as this was probably a transit connection. Well, she will most probably end up in the United States

'Hello, can I...?' she started to say. 'So, sorry, we are closed for the day, but if you don't mind, the central station...?' I said demonstrating, pointing to the right door. 'What is the central station?' she asked. 'Oh Central Station over...?' I started to explain but she cut me off with 'I don't understand...this is McDo...?' 'OK. You, big station, to the...?' I continued 'what is that supposed to mean!? Are you crazy!!?' she said, becoming furious, 'You call me big?' 'No, no, no, train station, two minutes walk to your..., big station, if you don't mind' I stammered. But her anger just grew. 'Idiot black monkey! Do you know who I am!?' 'Sorry ma, you are getting me all wrong...?' I tried explaining. 'How dare you call me a big station!?' she yelled, even more pissed. 'No, I meant big train station; they are open 24 hours' I pleaded.

'Sorry for yourself, poor thing, get some education so you wouldn't be wasting away here' she rued and revised immediately.

It really took an effort for her to drag those two heavy stone pieces of luggage through our two unwieldy long glass doors. All that stress, for nothing? She has to launch into the cold again with an empty stomach and aching head. Thanks to you.

'However, I meant big central station...?' I talked to her back while leaving. 'Big what!?' she turned. 'Is this how you insult people you don't even know? Calling them names?' and she continued to walk again.

'They are open 24 hours' I repeated. 'Go and insult your mama; that is if she is still alive, I wouldn't rain on you this midnight, I already had a long journey coming from a church seminar' she said as she crossed the first door. Then the second and the cold swallowed her.

## *Episode 4*

'One Big Mac Company with extra cheese burger' 'Oh Lord. Excuse me, sorry, Big Mac company?' I asked, confused. 'When does Big Mac have company? Isn't he and doesn't he always come alone?' I asked. It is better to measure ten times and cut once than to measure once and cut ten times. 'I said one big Mac, with an extra cheese burger' he ordered. These black men imposing their masculinity on fellow black men is stronger compared to when they do it to a white person in a simple ruffle. 'I thought you said one big Mac and extra cheese burger?'

He waited with agony. 'No man! I said one big Mac with extra cheese inside the big Mac' he declared positively like it was his final statement. Then, he changed his pose to an anakimbo.

'Sorry, it is not possible, am sorry about that' I replied. 'Sorry what! Ehh!! It is possible!!!'

Everywhere it is possible, why not here, by you?' he threatened me. 'Sorry!' I said flatly. 'Sorry for yourself. I want my money back. Right now!' he roared. 'Call your manager for me, you awkward African, black Gorilla' A coloured man hating a fellow black man, that's not madness, that's beyond madness, that's beyond racism.

'*Kunta Kinte!* Get my money!!' he shouted. These crack headed African Americans whose fathers came as soldiers from America down here to Germany... World War 1, 2 and all that. They got married to these German women, gave birth to these crazy children who don't really know where they belong, like half casts. Many of these children are confused. So they turn to drugs, alcohol, and prostitutes because of the obvious reason that their parents are long divorced.

'Here is your money, sorry for the misunderstanding' I pleaded. 'I say sorry for your ass. Don't make me shoot up this whole place' he threatened. 'Please don't shoot up the place' I pleaded. 'Why?' he said and walked away slowly.

## *Episode 5*

'Three coffees please, small' 'Here or to go?' 'The transport' came the reply. 'What?' I asked teasingly. 'The transporter?' he tried. 'You say?' I went on. 'This thing you use to cover, no, sorry, carry drinks' he continued.

An Arab, 25, contractor of unskilled labour. 'Oh, the packer, the carrier?' 'Yes, yes, yes' he sang, glad to have been understood.

'What did I order?' he asked, shocked that he had forgotten. 'What? Excuse me?' I demanded from him. 'Caffe Chino?' 'Oh Lord! What in a...?' He was so confused that he had brain failure. 'You mean Cappuccino?' I asked. 'Am not sure again' he pleaded. 'My God help me' he begged. 'Are you alright?' I asked. 'Me? I am fine' he replied.

'You ordered three small coffees and here they are since five minutes ago' I reminded him. 'Oh am sorry, I dreamed off I suppose...'

'I keep telling my boss to stop sending me for coffee errands but he wouldn't listen, now he will blame me for a cold coffee, why they haven't sacked me I don't know' he rambled on. Thank God you are an errand runner and not a physician.

## *Episode 6*

'Rice?' 'Ice?' 'No rice. We have ice creams McFlurry, ice cup and ice cone. Which one would you like?' I asked. 'No. Rice, food, eat' he maintained his composure, not giving up.

It was like I was forcing on him what we have and denying him what he wanted. 'We don't have rice... check African Restaurants' I replied.

'Then you should have told me earlier, instead of wasting my time' the African man got so mad that it bothered me. Now I am to be blamed for this Refugee Asylum seeker asking for rice in McDonnell's.

Then he began to rain abuses solitarily on me. 'But how dare you ask for rice in a ...' 'And so what!? Is this not a restaurant, why can't they serve rice, burgers, breads and all? I have had enough of it...' he started. 'Haven't you been eating enough rice from where you came from?' I teased and intentionally put that across as a question. 'From where you came?' he replied, catching on to me and began walking away. 'Nooo., come and eat rice with stew, jollof, and fried rice, we have it too' Nodding his head, he left.

## *Episode 7*

She stood there for 15 minutes, toying with her long, neglected hair, now turned into dreadlocks. I watched her quietly. 'Can I have the toys, the toys, how much is it without the kids menu, do you have all the toys or can one choose among the toys?'

'3,00 Euro. Why not buy the kids menu with the toys inclusive?' I asked. 'I don't have enough money, 1,50€, sorry I talked fast and too much. I will go to the bank, withdraw some money and I will be right back. How long is it before you close today? Can I have any toys of my choice? I will be right back like in 5 minutes. It's a two minutes walk. Bye. Thanks. Good night. You sure, I will...'

'Go!' I screamed. Goddamn it, a talkative junkie with verbal diarrhoea. With that, she walked away.

## *Episode 8*

I don't know how and why some people will still be asking for an outdated no-longer-in-existence product after one whole year. When did you visit last?

People are bored to the bones and marrow. Any discussion they come across, they will pounce on it.

A scallywag just bought a 50 cent ice cream cone; the cheapest of our products. 'I have a quick question. Is 6 filet-o-fish 6,29€?' I looked at him pointedly and said, 'Meaning? That one fish is 1,40€? Sorry, smartass, try that silly question somewhere else!' 'Hahahaha, but I was...' 'That's the article number' 'Sorry?' 'Sorry, product number'

'I see' he agreed, 'Which means 12 Big Macs are for 6,49€?' 'Am sorry, one fish Mac is 6,29?' 'Nooo, that's the menu, with big drink, big fries, come on what's wrong with you?' 'Then how much is a fish Mac?' he smiled all the more. '3,29' 'Meaning that is for the big fries. Moreover, the big Coke with extra ketchup is just 3 Euro? How much is the big fries?'

This is interesting so I played the fool. '2,49' 'And the big Coke?' '2,49' 'That's 5 Euro, 10 deutsche mark. You want to tell me it's all about capitalism, money making machine?'

I know about all these but to see it coming from a guest who seems to know more than you do, is tedious. 'Can I get another ice cone, please, and for customer service's sake, add a little caramel to it' 'Caramell!?' I shouted like it's a forbidden fruit. No drugs.

'This is the only product here that's worth the price – you people don't buy it, 50 Cents, one Deutsche mark. Anything above the value of one Deutsche mark' he said.

I gave him his ice and he licked off the caramel syrup immediately.

Only then he began to act crazy and wild. 'I have almost been to all the prisons in Germany. One more crime in the US and I would have ended on the death-row. So I smuggled myself out. Capristo, Gangster Shit. You like hip hop, Tu Pac, biggie and that!?' Now he was shouting. 'Men, you are black? What kind of stupid question is that...but most blacks are sissy, like my cousin, my father was in the US army those days, my mum is Deutsch. Fuck em' 'I lost all my family contacts but the only people that still look out for me are the mother fucking cops – Capristo!'

He shook and threw at me a gang member punching greet. 'Aro!' 'Aro Baggers!'. 'You need gun? I got mm8 stainless. I carry one with me here – wanna see?' And he began to lift his big red jacket. 'Woo, woo, woo, cameras everywhere, keep it cool' I protested. 'Niger fuck that! They are for decoration – Gangster, flow, flow, braa, braa, laying with it'.

'Bye my friend. If you ever get beef holla at me and I will fix it for you'.

## *Episode 9*

A teeny tiny mini chinny bright kid approached me with that happy meal smile, brandishing a 10 Euro note in my face. 'One kids' menu' he said. I checked him closely.

All these smart ass kids, running mouth ordering things their parents would reject later. 'You alone kid?' 'Yes am 8 I love McDonnell's' he applauded. I still checked him out for about the fourth time.

'You sure kid?' 'Yeah, one happy meal' he said raising his voice just in case I didn't get it earlier. 'With what?' I asked. 'What?' 'What?' He snapped back again like an arrow. I was confused now. 'The happy meal, what would you like to have it with?' 'What?' he shot back like a rhetorical maniac. 'OK. You want a happy meal right?' 'What?'

'Hail the Lord! That's four what's you have dropped in three minutes already!! We have a situation here!!! Should I call the police, 911, to come take you...?' I lamented. 'No, no, no, am old enough. I want a happy meal, I love McDonnell's'

It was a Friday evening. About 19:45, dark outside and there is an 8 year old kid, with his school bag, ordering a happy meal at McDonald's all alone. I think that sounds like a good police phone call report.

Now he's surprised that I am wasting his time. But am I worried. I should enjoy such moments. It's meant to be fun.

'You said you want a happy meal with cheeseburger, hamburger or chicken nuggets?' 'I didn't say all that', he said and smiled to my shock. 'What did you say then!?' I raised my voice. 'Oh! With chicken McNuggets, I said chicken McNuggets. I love chicken McNuggets' he sang happily as though the taste was already in his mouth. Why not when it's already in his brain...

'With Sprite, pommels, Mayo, barbecue, fruit bag and toy number 4' he parroted. 'Jesus! You must have been eating all these in the womb? Your mother worked at McDonnell's? You know your way around here. Eight years old.' 'What?' I can count on one hand how many 1

8 year olds exist who can give their own order without hesitation; it always goes like this: Ehh, Ehh– we don't have Ehh, Ehh– mama, what ...

'Oh, nice, here or to go?' 'To go but please bag my order except the fruit bag' he brightly requested. These kinds of kids you steal, bundle and bag them away. Jesus Christ! This is what we tell our guests but this little boy knew it already.

'Where do you live?' 'Am not allowed to say that – top secret' he said like a hero, a child movie star, playing a stunning leading role in a big project Hollywood picture.

The guests behind the kid, anxious and curious, had begun to worry. Quickly, I served his order. He was muttering something in an alien tongue which I decided to mean 'I don't like the toy number 4'. 'See, you don't like the toy number 4? You can exchange it with any one of your choices some other time'.

'OK' he said. Read his mind.

Five minutes later and he was back in the line with the same attitude. 'My change!' he shouted. 'Lost it?' I asked. 'My mum will kill me' he cried. 'Wait, wait' I pleaded. 'No. I left it here' 'Left it where?' I replied. 'On the counter!' He cried even more. 'I gave it to you' I suggested with a fatherly manner. 'No!' he countered. But no rims of tears circled his weak delicate eyes. Those eyes can't lie. 'Give me your school bag' I demanded and he did. I searched and found the 5 Euro note, the one Euro coin and the remaining one Cent he had dropped inside the children's house project fund. 'See, see' 'Oh thank you, my uncle provoked me, that's why I ran away and came here. I was hungry' he said and ran off.

My next thought of not having called the police was knocked away by pestering impatient guests.

## *Episode 10*

'Hello brother!' This rascal blasted my quietness with. 'What!? I'm not your brother!! Did my mother gave birth to you!!!?'

This was revenge. He didn't see it coming. 'Can I get two cheeseburgers?' he recovered. 'Nooo. Seek your order elsewhere' 'And I would like a small coke, hamburger and this' he continued, ignoring what I said. 'You didn't hear me? I'm not taking your order' 'Is it because of last time?' he asked cautiously. 'The agreement of the restaurant is that henceforth, you give your orders through that window' I pointed. 'Are you asking me to go out?' 'Yes' I said. 'Then can I give my order here and then go outside at the window to collect it? I can even smoke one while waiting' he said, smiling at me. I watched him closely and silently. 'And this' he pointed. 'This?' I touched. 'Not that' 'What then? You see why I don't take your order. You waste the restaurant's time' I reacted angrily. 'Is this how you talk to your guests?' he burst into his wacky laughter, provoking me all the more. 'You are not a guest. Not even nearly one'.

'Ringles or what is it called?' 'I don't know'—'Patatas' he jested. 'No! It's called pommels or fries'. 'Small cup' he cut in.

This fool had never left India. Or he went through a drug remission. Found himself in one of the ghettos Zongo of Mumbai.

Again I was blown away. 'Now go out, out, and wait for your order'. 'Ketchup and Mayo for the...' 'Pay for them' I demanded. 'I did. Are they not included?' 'Outside! Don't make me throw you out!!' 'This is Germany, not the bush Africa you came from' and he started walking.

My stomach rumbled. Why did I fall victim to this lunatic again? It is my sympathy that will kill me! My actions should justify my innocence.

I bounded his order and exchanged no more words with him. Intentionally, he puffed his dirty streams of smoke on my face as I handed him his order through the window.

Done. And I slammed the small to-go window on his face. My rumbled stomach now ached all the more. Will I take his order again? No. Will he come back again? Yes.

## *Episode 11*

'Excuse me, we are closing in...' I began. 'You are asking me to go out or what!? Are you rushing me? Why!!!' The rough travelling black man shot at me thunderously. The whole store shook with the echo. 'I approached you gently and calmly, why are you barking and roaring like a wounded lion?' he looked up at me for the first time. 'That's our first reaction on an unfamiliar ground and to strangers like in a jungle' 'Colored?' he continued. 'Because I'm black?'

I stood still for a while. I couldn't believe this energetic man waiting for his 2:45 AM bus to Malaga, Spain, with his three pieces of luggage, going through his LG laptop for his mail using our Wi-Fi for free.

He looked up again at me and smiled coldly. 'I will gather my stuff'. His first impression was defensive and unexpected. 'Can I still use your restroom' he asked, his tone making it not sound like a question, but a command; it sounded like 'I will use your restroom'. 'Oh for sure' I said and he left the place.

## *Episode 12*

'One cheese burger. Chukka is dead. He once worked here. You don't know him, do you?' 'Who!?' I exclaimed. 'Oh he was a good man, my best friend' came the reply. 'I don't know him?' I put in a question phrase. 'But he worked here, pity, he was such a good man' man assured. 'Ehh! Hello!! Did anyone know Achuka?' I asked around. In this slight commotion, the man looked at me quickly. 'Is my cheeseburger ready!?'

Only then did it dawn on me how sick this man could be. First, he creates an artificial chaos and then uses it on me. On top of that, he was professionally dressed like a retired lawyer. 'Oh wait now?' I cut in to calm myself down. 'Amchuka was a good man' he repeated remorsefully. 'Here is your cheeseburger' I said. 'Oh Amchuka'

What a psycho! He had said three different names for one person since he came in here. 'Here' he handed me the wrapping of the cheeseburger and started eating right away. 'Oh Amchuka' 'By the way, Amchuka in Turkish means vagina' and he walked away grinning to himself. I will remember that face forever.

## CHAPTER THREE

### *Episode 1*

How much is that big double cheese bacon clubhouse!? a bodybuilder working at a construction company demanded. He was clutching in his fingers two separate one Euro coins. I looked at him, not funny. '7,29' I answered. 'Just the burger!?' he yelled again. Why was he shouting I don't know. 'Mubn' I hummed. 'OK. Give two hamburgers, without periwinkle. How long will it take? Bus, my bus comes in one minute and I want to eat here is that possible?'

I waved a no. 'Please step aside; your burger will be ready soon'. 'What nonsense?' I said to myself. Seconds later, he came back to harass me. 'Puncher!' he hesitated. 'Puncher, pager' 'Your burger will be ready in a second, it's a grill order for Christ's sake' I exclaimed. 'No, pager' he got even more furious. 'Oh my God! What does he want?' 'Pager!' 'You say what?' 'Pager' he repeated. 'Burger? Here are your two hamburgers. Go!' 'No, pager' 'Holy God! Who speaks Polish or Romanian?' I asked around. 'I can't make out anything from what he is saying' I pleaded.

'Pager! Plastic pager!!' he now shouted. 'Oh my bus is leaving! He cried. 'Oh plastic pager! I have to go!! I have to goo!!!'

'What madness! Go!! My head is aching and banging!!' 'There! Over there, plastic pager!!' he pointed 'Ghandu, Kurwab, you mean plastic bag!?' I yelled. 'Yes! A big one' he began to shake, sweating profusely.

'Goodness gracious! Here, take two and get out of here, immediately!!' 'I missed my bus!' he lamented. 'Don't come back here ever again! Ever!!' I laughed on my way out, thankful that it was time to leave, and nursing an unfelt headache as he hurried away like a newly repaired big boat engine. 'Matchless me! A hot cup of coffee with lots of chocolate will do' I told myself. Out of here!

### *Episode 2*

Some of these smart-ass kids watching Youtube channel tricks and wishing so much to practice them on someone. 'One big fries, two chicken burgers without sauce, - with sauce' – 'With or without?' I asked him squarely. 'With' he replied boldly.

Ten minutes later he returned with an enigmatic gaze. 'I said without sauce, with extra Mayo. You didn't hear me'. He was smart enough not to ask it as a question. 'I didn't get any Mayo and chicken burger is with sauce' he went on. 'Wow. Really? So what do we do now?' I mocked. 'Two new chicken burgers without sauce and the Mayo. Two Mayo' I looked at him closely and sized him up. Not in the mood.

I ordered two new chicken burgers without sauce and also gave him two extra Mayo. 'Go ahead with the one with the sauce'. It surprised me that he showed no emotion like a professional. He really made me look like a fool.

However, after 20 minutes, he walked up to me again. 'There is hair in the fries'

'Needless and worthless' I said. 'Another big fries? Would you like some drink to wash it down? Something else for free? Maybe Mayo or ketchup to soothe it as well' I teased him knowingly. 'No no am fine with my fries' boldly and stiffly he collected the cup and left immediately.

Like an ACT, finally, the show was over and he was walking down toward me with his accomplice big sister. 'One caramel ice cream, with double caramel' he said. 'How about for your sister?' I joked. 'Just with two spoons' he replied. 'OK' I finished the ice. 'Can I have it without caramel?' I smiled wickedly and asked, 'What?' 'Of Course!' I gave the two ice creams to him and he poured half the caramel on one ice as he handed it to the big sister. 'I like kids, especially clever and smart ones' I said. 'Oh yeah I'm smart with good grades. Everything that happened here was a bait and I won' he declared. 'I will see you again, maybe.' But after 20 minutes, he walked up to me again. 'There is hair in the fries' he said, showing me an empty cup. 'What? That's supposed to be the hair...?' 'Upstairs' he said. 'Will go get the hair and show you' 'OK' I said. Then he came back with a long blond hair. 'What's this?' 'Hair. Inside...?' 'I'm an African!' 'So?' 'No hair on my head, let alone long blond hair' I snapped back. 'Meaning?' he asked, confused. 'But you already finished the fries' I said. 'That's when I saw the hair!' 'I served you the fries, look at me, no hair on my head' 'I don't know' he shot back. 'Don't try this stupid bet next time'. 'I will and you will lose' he said cheekily. 'I can't wait to beat you on the next challenge, Warning!'

Then he dragged away his sister. I now checked out his clothes - 450 Euro mantel, weeks old, Burberry T-shirt, Ralph Lauren pullover, Hugo Boss chinos trousers with a glittering Rolex.

I suspect one of the billionaire boys club, Munich. But why do the trick? I guess for fun. Ferrari 2015 model warming up in the handicap parking lot. Gucci hidden socks that fit 2016 Timberland flat shoes, grade one.

Even after they were gone, the conflict in the air which their perfume set off persists. When you swim in money, you see no tide. Bounce.

### *Episode 3*

This is what annoys me most of the time. Fat, oversized and obsessed with food... mostly women. 'Large meal, big size'. 'Coke?' I asked. 'No! No!! No!!! Coke light without ice blocks, ice cream without sauce' she strongly maintained.

Wait a minute! Am I the reason for your obesity? In their opinion, you are not to suggest what to order. My job is just to take their order and not even make references

'Which burger would you like?' I started. 'Big Tasty, Big Tasty, can I get extra cheese?' 'No' I replied, shocking her. 'Then I'm having the burger without bacon'. How she stressed on the last word like she was on a strict diet.

Christ! What a huge difference!! Where is the relationship? Are you deceiving yourself? Stop trying to make me look responsible for your weight. You brought this onto yourself. Eat goddamn whatsoever you dare choose, who cares? And stop trying to justify your condition, your demand, and your choices. Locked up in your homes, who knows what you eat? Coke light! Coke zero, zero what!? This is the type of person who eats before bed, eats in bed and eats first thing after waking up.

### *Episode 4*

I have observed this about people, when they come to eat in twos or in groups. The ones paying the bill are quieter, not because they think or worry about the money involved, but because they are natural givers. But those who never touch their wallets or purses, either men or women, are the ones yelling, shouting, complaining, and murmuring when others do the paying. Why?

They do it to distract; break even, at least that is what I think. That makes them more comfortable, not isolated from the scene.

In this long line was a short, ugly presumably from Ghana, standing inches away from this broad, beautiful dark golden fly girl with Brazilian hair, mother-battered brat.

Her challenge was a bit offensive and of positive energy in the room. And you easily know her type.

'Big Tasty, big menu' she paused so you could actually take her orders like a maid servant. 'OK' - 'Okay?' She repeated as refute. From then on I knew we were going to have some problems here.

Her mouth had been smiling for the last 10 minutes even before they approached the counter. 'Cola?' 'Yes. Big one'. She whined like she was asking for chocolate for breakfast.

As I turned around, she said, 'Can I also have a milkshake? Is milkshake not better? I will rather have milkshake'. You can have whatever you like is what was written on the guy's amused face.

Still smiling I asked 'What sort? I mean flavour?' I asked a brand-nosing and wondering what this fool was attempting with this high class woman; he can't even knuckle her ankle. 'What sort do you have?' she asked. She chose to expose more of my bad English. I can bet my life on it, she was born here in this city and must have been drinking milkshakes right from when she was still blood and water in the womb. 'We have.....' 'I will take chocolate' she interrupted. 'I'm also having chocolate' the guy sang like a new slave, drawing closer. 'You eat here or...' - 'Upstairs' she interrupted again and just walked away. The guy extended a weak 10 Euro note with no pride. Pity me sort.

Also, she bounced back again. 'Are we getting the McMenu coca cola glass bonus?' 'What colour?' I asked. 'Why didn't you say so or suggested it to us?' Referring to me, she faced her guy and she ignored my question. 'What colour? Colour?' I stretched out. I found her funny too. 'Rose' she said. 'Here you are' 'Oh can I change for a green?' I gave her a green glass. 'Are you bringing the big tasty upstairs?' I just nodded. Swiftly, while going upstairs she moved away from the guy who was like an unsettling dog on an elastic rope.

Intentionally, I was delayed. Even after around 15 minutes, I waited more. If that brat was famished, then she should come down for the big tasty. She didn't. Later, I went to them. She had already finished the big fries and the milkshake. The guy just halved his. 'Oh, thank you' she said as she took the pack away from my hand, still with that permanent smile.

Oh my God! Why can't guys like this one find their right class of girl? An illiterate low life tries to parade a city girl, bread and buttered in the German western way of life. She must have been pursuing her University education or Masters. And how they sat! Like enemies eating with an invisible long spoon.

I didn't know why I was sent upstairs to clean. But when I went upstairs, to my utmost surprise, the girl was gone! In fact, she had disappeared. I didn't notice her leaving. Wasn't that supposed to be a date? You went for dinner with a lady and she left you all alone to sit and worry? I saw the guy writing a note on the paper of the Big Tasty pack and then he tore it up in pieces. I made sure he saw me watching him.

What a loser! You came here with this girl, fed her good food and then allowed her to go scot-free? Without you? You are not worthy of her... Not her type...? But you should have known, you fool.

The guy noticed I was judging him, so he quickly pretended to make a phone call, bellowing even when he knew I would not understand his local dialect. And then he started speaking even louder.

I decided to get to the root of this situation. I delayed clearing and cleaning the place. I didn't want to leave without seeing the shame on his stupid face. I didn't want to leave without uncovering the shame he was trying so hard to hide.

Gradually, he got up and cleared his table like a wanna-be-a-gentleman moving the tray to the wagon. Which means that brat finished eating and ran off with some usual lame excuse.

Trying not to be noticed, he walked away still talking on his phone as a distraction. I went to The very wagon he dropped his tray in and sorted their table... something I never do. But I did that today, just out of strange curiosity. As I checked, I saw his note there and I assembled the pieces. Just curiosity.

The note read 'You fool, a telephone number. But why? You dummy. *Mugu*. Go and hang. Bullshit. I will get you`.

That note wasn't meant for me to see or read. That made me more confused. He never knew that I had come across the note and realised what a weakling and coward he was. He was grieving about himself. My problem now is what expression I should confront him with, on his next visit. Fools die, but enemies die harder.

## *Episode 5*

He came staring at me like a well-fed monkey who needed no more bananas for dessert.

'We want something to eat', 'Yeah, have a look, from left to right' I answered. 'We?' - He was just standing there wearing a third class green baseball cap, with a fake white logo. Red swollen Michelintier jacket, pinch jeans and wine colored shoes. So plain, you'd think it's a funeral. I bet the best attire he can afford. 'We?' - 'Who's we?' I finally asked him. 'Mango shake' He dropped flat. 'You mean Smoothies?' - 'What?' He asked. 'Big or small?' - 'What?' - 'Pulp fiction movie or what? One more 'what' I swear to God... 'Do you have medium?' - 'That's why I asked you big or small' 'So you don't have medium?' - 'Yaaah! Big or small else I would have asked you big, medium or small' 'Small. How much is small?' - '2,49' 'And how...' '2,99'.

Then, the 'we' appeared and approached us, who was his whatsoever, looked like an ex-convict, darkened by too much sunshine and lack of nutrition. They rambled on about some gambling in Arabic or whatever. Maybe the restroom he came out of was not clean enough or the hand dryer was not functioning.

'2,49' He was compelled to repeat. Then he pulled out a whole bunch of dirty coins from his wet hands and poured them across the counter. 'Take your 2,49 come on, come on'. How he commanded the last word, like I was his old dog so much starved for love, attention and affection but instead was presented with his favorite meal.

'You can't be motherfucking serious! What do you take me for!?' 'Count your money!' 'Take your dirty stupid money and leave or else...' And he started counting. '*Dan duruma! Olosh!*' 'What did you say' - 'No. Keep counting' I said.

'Here, 2,40 Euro' 'Remaining 9 Cents' 'I put it in the children's fund box' 'When you are not sure if your money is enough or not, good for you...' 'Yeah, so what now?' he demanded. '9 Cents remaining' 'After all, the money does not reach all those miserable children' - 'That's none of your business'. By now other impatient guests had begun to whistle for wasting their time. I had to obey because the demanding guests had doubled.

‘What is this!?’ he said. ‘What does it look like!’ ‘Did I ask for Vanilla? Why didn’t you ask me the flavor? Eh heh?’—‘WHAT flavor would that be?’ I demanded. ‘Strawberry, I always have strawberries, you don’t know? Are you new here? Hahaha’ – ‘He’s new’ He told his friend who had been calm, nudging his crippled dirty hand made worse by smoking crack.

‘Here and be gone! Next time you won’t be lucky!’ ‘Next time you would be sorry, thank you! Goodbye Alligator!!’

## *Episode 6*

‘A wonderful evening. What can it be?’ I greeted all freshened up for a start and she was my first guest for the evening. There is always something special about my first guests. They normally determine how the rest of the evening and night might be.

‘One-minute’ ‘We don’t have one-minute’ I thought she smiled at that light raw joke, but instead she gave me a mad-shove-off look. And she said ‘You have coffee?’ ‘Ehh, I can’t remember the time we don’t’ I joked again because she looked so beautiful and I wanted to waste her time for that reason. ‘Without caffeine?’ I looked up at her, was she talking to me?

‘What is coffee without caffeine or caffeine without coffee?’ I rather questioned myself. She really felt my innocence and the novice. ‘OK. Coffee with Soya milk,’ she fine-tuned the order, trying to be nice. ‘That is only available at the McCoffee side over there’ I pointed. She watched me closely. ‘OK. Come over to McCoffee and serve me’ she requested. ‘Mho. Very well then, after you’ I said. At that point she smiled a little. She walked behind me unattached.

‘I would like a big caramel macchiato with Soya’- She opened her purse and brought out a 50 Euro note. Not the type that puts money down for you to stretch and take it but the one that puts money in your hand gently as if it’s yours. She wasn’t after me or scrutinizing whether my service was perfect. ‘Ready. Enjoy’ No word came from her. Such an unpredictable person.

I took the cash from her hand. ‘Your change is 46’ ‘Make it 46’ ‘Muhu, nice, would you like it here or take away?’ ‘Do I have a choice? Or what do you think?’ Now I have a smile. ‘Ready. Enjoy’ I served her indoors. ‘Thank you’ ‘I thank you’ I said.

‘Can I have the designer’s cups? How much is it?’ She blazed without rolling her eyes. ‘Each is 3.99’ ‘I will have four cups then’ ‘OK. 15.99’ – She gave me 16 Euros and just walked away.

This is the type who knows what they want and wouldn’t hesitate to go for it. Four cups? What? She had a house burnt or a burglar visited?

Oh the creamy sensation of a face and attitude you would gladly enjoy to revisit.

## *Episode 7*

These were two people, like a couple seemingly divorced but who still chose to live together. Uncertain what they want and wouldn’t want to be helped either.

‘You still have coffee!’ – ‘Hey, you still have coffee or you are closed for the day!!?’ she hounded me with. But why was she shouting? Most old people with hearing difficulties seem to think everyone is hard of hearing as well. ‘That’s no longer possible’ ‘What! I used to be a store manager so don’t tell me what is and is not possible!’ ‘When do you close McCoffee?’ ‘9.00pm’ ‘21:00 hours!’ she shouted like ‘where is difference?’

‘We closed just five minutes ago’ I told her. ‘Two small coffees?’ – ‘Is it here or to go?’ ‘Two small coffees with milk’ she insisted. Oh, the ears.

Only then I realized that her left eye squinted, focused permanently while her right eye had been active.

I served their coffee. ‘Where is the milk!’? ‘On the left side corner’ Lucky that was her right side corner. ‘Where is the milk!’? she demanded boldly as if milk was more important than the coffee. ‘Over there, left’ I pointed out.

‘Yeah, ah, yeah’ – ‘Einthusan! Einthusan!! Over here!!!’ She yelled at her husband like yelling at a stubborn dog who was inches away. ‘The milk is over here,’

## *Episode 8*

It's quite unusual and as always with some guests gesticulating, murmuring to themselves, not knowing what they want and how to go about ordering. But, this particular guest was saying absolutely nothing. I can't get him.

With time he was becoming rude. After like 10 minutes he gave up. Then gestured that he can't talk or hear. Deaf and dumb!?

'Oh my God, please do that sign language `you can't speak nor hear' first thing to save us a good time and spare us all these trouble'--- Did he hear me?

At once, he demonstrated that I am stupid and crazy. Does he really hear and speak? Making a fool of me? Or he thinks I'm making a fool of him?

Was he expecting that I sympathize and pity his condition? No, I didn't. Why wait, he just left.

## *Episode 9*

'Big ice chocolate!' He said with a junky tone, not husky. 'Cup or McFlurry?' 'Big chocolate ice cream!' A harder tone this time. Just a type of junky that quarrels even with the air that he breathes. 'I ask you again!' My voice was rising. 'Cup or McFlurry!' – 'My friend! Big-ice-chocolate!!' He dictated like I was deaf. His face got so rough that my stomach rumbled. Ruins! Waste.

OK. I did the cup. 'What is there so hard to understand! Ehh'--- 'Big ice chocolate!!!' He screamed the loudest. I turned around; there was just the two of us.

Crazy nut-ass, who only speaks the language in their head. Not even knowing that this year is 2016. We have moved on! A smart phone can park your car in the worst weather.

'*Allah, wah, ku bab!*' – 'Big-ice...!!' He harassed. 'Then why can't you say, McFlurry! McFlurry!! It's called McFlurry for Christ Sake!!!' I shouted at the top of my lungs.

'Whatever! Mc-... '—'Here. Next time, watch your mouth! And your tone too!!'

He just cuffed out the cover of the McFlurry and dropped it hard on the counter. The reflecting chocolate syrup splashed out, staining the white ceramic counter.

I didn't know how he controlled the plastic spoon, but it broke. 'Want another' He ordered. 'At least, there is no guarantee that they last forever' And he started laughing. Such a stereotype idiot.

Instead, I flipped two more plastic spoons at him. 'Catch. There you go' – He caught one. 'No. I just needed one' –

I did the work out before him. He was such an ingrate guest.

## *Episode 10*

'Small Vanilla, Big Strawberry' – 'OK.'

Minutes later, 'Oh no, I meant to say, big vanilla and small strawberry' Oh Lord, not again will I fall for this old woman's tricks. 'I don't drink Vanilla. Ehhii' she scrunched up her nose disgustedly. 'It's okay, I will make you a big Vanilla' – 'Good' she replied, licking her dry lips like a chameleon.

To my shock, immediately she started sipping the small vanilla with a happy face of a dog. I was like...wait a minute here! Didn't you just say you don't like...? You know what, take the three shakes. Should I pack them for you?' 'No, no. I will be fine' – 'I bet you will'.

She had finished sipping the small vanilla shake and just handed back the empty plastic to me. No words.

'What's that the bathroom?' she asked me. 'What!?' I rapped. Now was my turn. 'The restroom? Toilet? Where is it?' She spoke so fast that I believe she really needed to go. 'Please come again, I didn't get you' 'Didn't get me what?' The way she snipes the last word like someone who had lived all her life in London and was now retiring to Australia. 'The Piss, urinary, pee room, Jesus Christ! Or should I pee here!!!?' She rattled like an oiled hot snake. 'Holy Buddha Mary! To the right' I pointed.

'Must I pay, I'm a guest here? I bought something, right?!' She asked coming closer to mean what she said. 'You have any ticket, code, keys or something?'

I thought she was pressed. Just an artist. ‘Take the receipt I gave you...’ ‘You gave me a receipt? Nooh’ she interrupted. ‘Give me another one; at least I will not sell the receipt to someone else, please?’

‘Here, to the right’ she might ask me again. My next movement meant she should go because I don’t know what she will ask next. Maybe if our Wifi had multiple passwords.

## *Episode 11*

Mostly, our evening guests are either people who have finished their work for the day or travellers going or coming back.

Before me was a strange man. Only his appearance tells you moh moh...there would be a problem. At least a misunderstanding.

‘Hot’ – ‘What?’ ‘Hotz’ ‘Hot water?’ ‘The one up, small one’ ‘I be damned. What do you want?’ –‘Hotzz’ He stretched. ‘You mean ice’ ‘Yes, yes, Hotzz’ – ‘The lower one with chocolate’ I checked, it was with strawberry. ‘OK’ ‘Please hurry, my bus in two minutes’.

The part I hate most. Why don’t you come earlier, buy your ice, sit down and enjoy it. Humans... always in a hurry. So, if you miss your bus it will be my fault or the ice’s?

Then I heard him knocking his one cent on the counter. It sounded like two Euro coins. I looked up at him and laughed a wicked laugh. No sound.

‘Bye, thank you Sir, so much’ He started yelling as soon as his ice cream touched his lips.

## *Episode 12*

‘Hello. I eat salad’ – ‘Oh yeah, me too’ – ‘Spoon. I need a spoon’ ‘For what?’ –‘For the salad of course’ – ‘Which salad?’ ‘This salad’ he pointed inside a plastic bag he was kludging in between his arms. ‘You bought this salad here?’ ‘No. I just need a spoon’ He pleaded.

All this while, I had been waiting for him to use the cleaner-finer words otherwise known as ‘please’ but he didn’t. People need to learn. Teach an adult, train a child. Most of the time, some adults expect training. Are they animals?

‘Also, since when do people start eating salad with spoons?’ Oh, he looked me up in the face. Like, must he go through all these ordeals simply because of a plastic spoon? ‘Or you still have some Goulash soup in there too?’

Let’s go shopping! More shopping!!

‘Please. I’m hungry’ He pleaded softly but his tone still struggled with the roughness. Roughneck. ‘OK. It’s good. Here is the spoon, take it’ On account of hunger. ‘No, no, no, no, no. Small spoon please’.

‘Please’ more ‘please’ started dropping out from his mouth. Who whispered that to him? ‘OK. Take it and...’ – ‘OK. Nooh. Nooh. What’s the name again? I am a foreigner. Please’. ‘Me too’.

‘I think a fork will be better’ I suggested. ‘What!?’ – ‘It’s better, I will give you a fork, that will be better’ ‘Yes, give me a fork’ ‘Got you!’

Seconds later ‘Fork me down!’ ‘Where?’ – ‘Here. Right here!’ He exclaimed. ‘Another one. In-coming’ ‘Do you have a bigger fork?’ Sounds like a fore-runner to me but I think he is a sojourner. ‘You say!’ ‘Never mind, enjoy eating your salad’ – ‘Thank you’.

So he left with a sacked head like he just got news that his old blind dog had finally died.

## *Episode 13*

He was some miles away with two hands inside the pocket of his pants, looking like a fugitive who just rediscovered he was missing. Like a long convict who would do anything in the slightest to wind up back in prison. Eyes red like a white cotton whirl soaked in fresh blood.

‘Yes, what will it be?’ I opened up with. ‘Two coffees’ and he throbbed the Illuminati two signs in the air. Then he started to come closer. His hands immediately went back to the formal position. ‘Big, medium or small?’ ‘Show me the cups’. I did. ‘Two small’ – I didn’t believe him so I asked him again. ‘One coffee or two coffees?’ – ‘One coffee’

and he smiled. That same old trick. You prepare two, one for his friend hiding somewhere in a bush. Buy one get one free of sorts.

I got the coffee running. 'I can, can I see, the face of the coffee? Never had this before. Is it strong coffee?' 'My doctor said I should drink coffee'. And what did your therapist say?

'It's light coffee with the highest proportion of water' he said, examining it. 'I can't deal with it' 'It's a one-Euro coffee, there are coffees the price of your lunch money' I retaliated because I knew where he was going with this.

'I need coffee, not a water mixture of light soup'. And he started walking away. How sick is he? He must have been bored all day long. Thank God I didn't prepare two coffees. What a waste of time, energy, and taxpayers' money.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### *Episode 1*

‘One Fish Mac’ – ‘Good evening’ I greeted. ‘Here you are. Your fish’ I already wrapped up his order. ‘How much is Fish Mac!?’ He yelled. ‘There, 3.49’ – ‘Jesus!’ ‘Jesus Christ? Don’t use the name of the Lord in vain’ I echoed. ‘That’s unbelievable. Believe, believe’.

That’s them. Them, who spend money according to the ratio of the foreign currency compared to their devalued local currency at home. When it comes to money, mentally, abroad is only their home but their pocket belongs to where they actually come from.

‘Mist!’ He shouted in great remorse. No jokes.

While I turned to unpack his order, I heard him audibly murmuring some regrets. ‘That’s seven marks for crying out loud’ As he watched me he said ‘What’s all this gimmick with tons of tissue? Save me that and reduce your prices, it’s too expensive’.

Everything was OK until his voice started to climb even higher. ‘With 3.49, I can get myself a bag full of fish’. ‘Cooked? Maybe in Africa.’ I chipped in. ‘And so what? You answer that’ he suggested and was gone at once.

‘You will be back soon. Bet your stove is clean with an empty refrigerator’ – ‘You can even shop for the items used for preparing fish. Oh you forgot to order fries and drinks to go with. You better not choke’ I was just talking to myself.

### *Episode 2*

The hypocritical behaviour of people, so high nosed with no class but with a rotten ego like a blown balloon.

‘Hot wings?’ – ‘Sorry?’ I interjected. ‘Hot wings!’ he shouted. ‘You mean chicken wings?’ – ‘Five pieces’ his five large dirty fingers did the talking. ‘Eat here?’

‘Hello, I’m at McDonnell’s shop, call me, are you hungry? You want something?’ He bragged and boasted on the phone, sounding like the whole world was in the palm of his hand. ‘I will drop now, should I drop? OK I drop, call in two hours, OK’

I just waited. Next. ‘How much?’ He harassed me with the same telephone tone. ‘3,19’ – ‘What! So expensive’ – ‘Pommels’ ‘How much!’ ‘This is what pisses me...’- ‘Potatoes’ he interrupted. ‘How much?’ ‘Big or small?’ – ‘How much!?’ ‘Holy Mother Mary! Big or small!?’ I shouted even louder. ‘Why? You tell me big is how much, small is how much, what is your problem? I am a customer, you don’t like this job then quit it’ he said frowning.

‘You tell me what size you want and I will tell you the prices’ I corrected. ‘Big how much?’ ‘Potatoes come only in big size’ and we waited. Boom! ‘How much!’ He was almost daring to scare me. ‘So you won’t ask me the price for the small size’ even though I didn’t actually ask this out loud, it sounded like I did. ‘How much?’ He demanded with fury. I waited for it. Wimp. His old model phone began to ring the second time. ‘I told you I will call you back in one hour. Why do you disturb me?’ And he began to walk away. ‘Where you dey? I’m coming. Don’t move’. And he ran off like a terrible kid.

### *Episode 3*

Well, this is the second time he’s showing this - his golf spectator face on the winning side of it in our store. An African punk, slick eye with tainted short teeth. And he spoke first.

‘I want Burger King’ – ‘Really?’ ‘Yeah, Burger. King-size’ – I twinkled with a smile. ‘Like in Hamburger...?’ ‘No, no, no, no, like in Burger tinger’ Then I smiled. And he laughed that confusing laugh.

It was a great misunderstanding and short of confrontation, I didn't know how to help him out any further. 'Sorry, we don't have what you are looking for' 'OK. Someone sent me to order Burger king' - 'To do what?' I cut in. 'Ehh, you said?' - 'Oh sorry, this is McDonnell's. We also have KFC' 'Where?'....

'OK, I will call the person on the phone and ask him again' 'That will be fine' He just shifted aside and slipped out his 3310 Nokia. We are in 2016!

Fifteen minutes later, he reappeared. 'Yes. Big Mac and vanilla' he told me with so much confidence, he dropped that out. 'Big Mac meal, fries?' 'No, no, no no, just what...I said' His tone was so polite; to a fault. 'Vanilla ice or shake?' 'Ice, ice' 'With caramel or chocolate?' 'Just the vanilla' 'Take away or...' 'Go' he replied.

I gathered his order. 'Guess you are new in the country?' 'Oh, no, no, it's just that I don't patronize fast fools' 'You better not be lying' 'You said?' 'It's okay, bye; and have a nice evening'. 'Good, you too'.

## *Episode 4*

'Small plastic cool spice' - 'What!?' 'Yes, small plastic cool spice' Then I watched him closely. A homeless man, smelling of decaying wounds and with bandages all over his body. Dirty hands, half rotten teeth quite darkened like he dived into a black mud of dark berries.

'What? I can't make a meaning out of that' I tried to scare him away with. 'No you do' And I saw his eyes, one eyeing my rude stirring and the other looking in a different direction. 'You want ice blocks?' I asked. 'Nooh, just small plastic cool spice' - 'Sorry we don't have it' 'Small plastic cool...' he said, and the situation becomes more and more pathetic. 'Sorry we don't!' I raised my voice.

To my worried surprise, he refused to go away. 'Small plastic cool...' But then he made a hand gesture like someone asking for an extra hand to feed with.

'OK. Here, fork, take it, I can't give you food you have to...' As I extended the fork to him his face brightened, to my shock. 'Thank you so much and real good' and he collected the material and left.

After a while, I was still confused. This homeless junkie who spoke outstanding English - Just wanted a small plastic spoon and he added please at the end. That is all.

However, because of how he looked, dressed and appeared - I had already written him off! I simply misunderstood him and the situation based on his awkward appearance.

Dress up, talk good and speak out - and the world would be endeared to you. Your mouth is not deaf, your ear is not blind and your eyes are not dumb.

## *Episode 5*

'Jahlad, Jahlad, Jahlad' - 'What!' 'Jahlad, Jahlad - I do not have much time' The roughened mindless man in fake Adidas tracksuit hastened me. 'It can't be true, say that again' I teased him. 'You do not have!' Strange world. 'Jahlad, Jahlad -...?' 'You do not have what? Jihad? You want to do Jihad here?'

'No! Jahlad, eat, eat!!' 'Insurance will pay for all the damages if you blew up this place but think about human lives, it will be a terrible thing to waste'. He became silent. 'You want to call someone?' Then he became more messed up.

He just stood there. After a while, he came back to his senses. 'Jahlad!?' And he shot out his eyes with great fury and pulled out his Nokia 3310 and spoke in Arabic. I thought we will be doomed. But he just walked away.

Thirty minutes later it dawned on me. Salad. Salad? Yes. Salad.

## *Episode 6*

'McDonnell's Caesar'. 'I didn't get you' I said. 'Chicken?' She interjected with attitude. 'What? What chicken?' 'Chicken Caesar?' 'By McDonnell's?' 'I think so. Caesar'. She gave up. 'We have chicken burger, Mcchicken classic and...' 'How much?' She stressed thinking it's all about money. 'How much what?' I queried. And she just stood there looking more confused. 'Which?' She got lost some more. Aliens or what?

'First one? I can't even say it. Please, can you hurry, my bus, my bus comes in one minute' '1,49' 'Used to be 1,29' she replied. 'Used to be' I repeated.

Hate it when people say their bus is leaving but don't know how to order or have the time for it. If you come here to stress me, you will leave more stressed than you came. What is wrong with human beings? Chicken heads.

'My bus, can you hurry! You know what, forget it. My ticket cost more' and she ran off, dragging her luggage along. Priorities!

## *Episode 7*

Our store this evening was tranquil, to a fault. No action of any kind, no shouting, no ruffling. Just calm; like a deserted graveyard. It was getting boring... until now. 'Mc Shaken' he said with so much force, this particular guest startled me. 'OK. Like a meal?' 'No! Just one fiss' 'Fish or chicken?' I asked getting ready for a showdown. 'How many is inside?' 'What? Just one slide of fish filet'. 'No! Mc shakets' 'Sorry?' 'How many is inside?' 'As you can see, just one...'

'The six pieces is what I want' – 'You mean six pieces of chicken...?' 'Yeah, why?' As always, it seems as if I am the one who doesn't know my job. 'Ask me how many fries in a pommels cup?' I thought. 'You say?' He jarred on me.

No further questions, no need. I just gave him the usual big Coke and large fries and wrapped his order really tight. If he says he wants to eat here, I will give him the tray to unpack his order. However, he was gone, just like that.

## *Episode 8*

Junkies have their categories. This particular old junkie had her tricks and it worked for her. She would deliberately pee and defecate on herself! Deliberately? Which normal person does that?

After some days, she would have this unbearable scent on her like a mark of ownership, which was her strategy; the strategy she would use to beg and confront people with, persistently and daringly. Those who couldn't stand the odour would just give her some money so that she would go away. Today, again she visited. Despite still being far away, she had already damaged the sweet smell of the whole place. And you can hear her Polish anguished accent lamenting furiously from afar. Now she was becoming more violent, grabbing at people's food, but then approached the counter staggering. Intentionally, she would order incorrectly and expect the guests to balance off her bill. When they did, she would collect assistance and walk away, leaving you with a messed up order and dumbfounded guests. She knows the best use of the money, on drugs - people think she is just fooling around. She has this 'No Thanks' attitude where she sees everyone as traitors, animals, and external enemies. So she would shout in Polish---'Down with Germany! Hitler was a good man; he built all these express roads and high ways!! But you killed him!!!' 'Now no one is strong enough to fight your enemies.'

Then she came to the counter again. 'This time, you want to pay with Master Card?' I joked. 'Don't you know you are slave masters? That's why you are here picking cottons'. She didn't shout this time. She spoke to me directly and personally like a motherly person cautioning an inflexible prodigal son. It bothered me.

'Anyone speak Polish?' I tried to defuse the present situation. 'Your slave master owns you. Just for pie-nuts' Bomb.

She started walking away. I was stoned to hickory! In all the madness and uproar, she came to deliver a message to me. To me!

'And to all of you! Get ready for Hitler!! He's coming back to free us from all our oppressors!!! Like Jesus Christ'.

Now she began to spit venom of saliva all over the place. Like a volcanic eruption, everyone ran away taking cover, ducking quickly and running away.

That made a clear way for her to go out and she staggered outside.

## *Episode 9*

What a junkie transformation, from ugly to uglier. This beautiful shiny looking girl with straight hair spread across her shoulders. She comes every day, dressed nicely, with expensive jackets, chinos trousers and timberland boots. On her head even while ordering is Dre b beat earphones, not less than 350 Euro.

I wanted to get closer to her. Ask her name, what music she likes listening to and other things.

That is not going to happen. Her coming around was just like sending a message to whoever cares to notice, 'Look at me now, this is who I am; but not anymore, am going down, the downward path of drugs; you can't help me it's too late, it's my life and am living it the way I have chosen'.

Gradually, everything was beginning to change. Sad to say, she was becoming a junkie. Slowly, surely and sorely, she still talks with that milky smooth voice. Her eyes are still white like water, fingernails still done, natural beauty with no forced make-up and hairdressing. The creamy attitude and attendance of class are still somehow present; still filled with that love and tenderness.

This is how she starts to order. Always. She will do her thinking with you because she starts to forget things.

Amnesia.

'What? What's that again? Hot, hot wings?' – 'You mean chicken wings?' – 'One pack' – 'Here or...?' – 'Here'. And she avoided my eyes. 'Middle Fanta and potatoes corner' - If I say potato wedges? She will say one portion.

I got her order ready. 'Where are the sour cream?' She screamed. Oh noo, they are coming. 'I don't know, they didn't tell me where either'. And she looked me straight in the eye. 'Sour cream!' Her attitude changing, feelings rearranging. 'Oh, it's finished. Out of stock' I added. 'Why didn't you tell me in the first instance, at once? I wouldn't have ordered the potatoes corner' 'Not so bad, you can try Mayo or ketchup' I suggested tweaking a smile. 'You think it's funny? What worker are you? Take everything for granted? Take me for granted?'

When a junkie realizes you are playing smart with them, then they will remind you they are not fools. They had been alive and kicked before being kicked down. They don't even expect your sympathy like a 19 year old in a wheelchair because of an accident in which he was at fault. No pity. It pisses and demoralizes them more.

'I can ask for my money back and you know it'. This showed me what an intelligent and smart girl she might have been earlier in her life before this tragedy.

If she didn't end up as a junkie, she would have become a High Commissioner. 'Mayo. But learn how to treat your customers. They pay your salaries. Didn't they teach you customer service before your enrolment?'

I was shocked to heaven and back! What in Jesus? Speechless like in awe I was just standing there, not knowing what she will say next. I had not been entertained which is what I expected. I was wiped out with the lecture 101.

'It's okay; give me my order, bye, bye'.

## *Episode 10*

'The burger is chalet' 'What! Too hot?' I asked the Chinese woman. She may have also come from Japan, with the look. Or Vietnam. 'Yes, yes, it's too cholt' she said.

'Take it easy and eat slowly' I suggested. 'No, no, no, the burger is cholt' 'Touch, touch it. Feel it. Its cholt' she got more alarmed.

It was like a universal epidemic that was unleashed and she was struggling to save the whole universe. 'You want another one? But that will be more' 'Oh, yes, yes. A fresh one' 'Really, you mean to say the burger is cold' ---'Yes, that's right. Cholt'

I gave her a fresh new burger and didn't apologize. She thanked profusely like in a kung fu film when the victor spares the life of the defeated.

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## *Episode 11*

That day was dark. Dark and gloomy. Ohsad day. The day of tumult. Nothing seemed to brighten the sky. 4pm and everywhere it felt like 11pm. The sky hid all stars, even the moon was absent.

And here before me, was this Japanese foreign student. Why do they study here when they will never be Europe-civilized?

'Chicken porks' – 'Chicken or pork?' 'No, no, that one over there, chicken porks'—I followed his hand. 'Ha, chicken box?' I suggested. 'Yes, chicken pork's, home'.

Japs are never cashless. They pay with mint money. That tells you how rich they are. 'Thank you and goodnight' 'No. It's a bad night' 'But then bye'. And he left. You are how rich they are. 'Thank you and goodnight' 'No. It's a bad night' 'But then bye'. And he left.

## *Episode 12*

'Yes. One Cheeseburger' He pointed out. 'OK. 1,29 Euro' 'Here. 50.00 Euro' He said in a flat tone, like a cold-blooded killer.

'You don't have...' I asked, warming up. 'Cool, the rest is tip?' In my tone I didn't even ask it. 'What tip? Tip what!!?' 'I was only joking' I added. 'Joking!?' No!! 'Take all the money!!!' And this one too.' He flipped another 50 Euro note on the counter. I was shocked beyond belief. Even my laughter couldn't compensate for his hipped up hysterical madness.

'Why joke with my hard-earned money?' And he packed his change and the rest of the money, flipped the cheese burger wrap out and ate it immediately. 'This is your tip.' He extended the paper wrap to me. 'Can I get a tissue, please?' I stretched and gave him a couple. 'You are stingy with paper too? Are there not enough trees to cut down?' 'For the environment, ozone layer is...' I said gaining my ground. 'Ozone layer is what? Next you will go, the earth is flat.' 'The earth is flat' I regained more momentum. 'If your salary is not enough, protest for more pay or change your job.' He changed the subject, with a warning finger pointing at me like a frustrated housewife who is fed up with her husband's low income.

'If money were a living soul, she would have known no jokes' he said. I faked as if that wasn't one of the best self-made quotes I had ever heard. 'She?' – I taunted. 'You figure that one out'. And he started to leave. Not so fast. That was the only time I saw his teeth.

'You an actor?' I summoned up the courage to ask. 'You figure that one out too'. 'Do I know who you are?' Working here is not who you are. That's why I'm not honest nor pitying you' he said and smiled.

Then came the shock! He took three steps, and approached me more closely. He removed his black sunshade. What now?

'If you must know, I'm a cop, an undercover cop' he added, because he was not in uniform. I wondered at that and all I must have said to him. I faked a state of awe.

'You started the joke. I can arrest you for felony. You know the police brutality going on now in America?' My awed stance came back, but this time the real awe. 'But bye for now, maybe, your tongue I will arrest the next time'. And he walked away.

## *Episode 13*

'Patatas?' – 'Sandwich?'—'Wait one minute, it's not your turn yet'. I love to remember my first order as I started work and if it started this way, then the whole evening was ruined. 'Patatas' – 'sandwich'. He came up with the second time. 'OK. What do you want?' I asked. 'Sandwich' – 'No, patatas' 'OK. 2,49' 'No sandwich?' – '3,79' - 'Two?' - '7,58' 'With the patatas?'

Cruelty in madness! OK he wanted sandwich without pommels and then he asked whether it was without sandwich or don't you have a sandwich or I want a sandwich instead of a sandwich??? Are the two sandwiches with patatas 7,58? I was never this confused all my life.

'What do you really want? Sandwich or Potatoes?' I charged at him. He became more disoriented. 'Patatas' '2,49 then pay up, people are waiting, this is fast food not open buffet' I reprimanded.

'And toast?' 'Jesus! What toast!!!? It's the midnight hour already. That's our breakfast meal. In Australia, North America you can get things like that'. I looked at him. 'I am coming from there' he said like a sudden recovered maniac. 'And you have reset your watch to our present here?' He just stood and watched me speechless.

'OK. Morning meal?' He re-echoed with no bad feelings. 'Yes? We now have lunch meal. Are you for real? Stop wasting my good taxpayer's time'.

'Bye. Thanks...'. 'Bye too, in fact, goodnight' I sent him away with.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### *Episode 1*

Some of these Indian goddesses... smelling like a scented image newly carved... dark, with a scarf draped around them. Dimple on her face, big lips, black inked with open teeth. On her forehead, a reddish dot the size of a penny. Her finger had these ancestral charts all over, reaching up into her sleeves. She was wearing a flaming rainbow-coloured traditional gown. Probably not born here; the parents most probably would be ritualistic monks or from royalty.

'Burger?' she demanded. 'Which of them?' 'Am Hindu, don't eat... eat meat'. To me, it sounded like: I am Hindu, you don't eat meat? I eat meat. 'OK. But there is no burger without meat' I challenged. 'You still have a vegetarian burger' she replied, trying to prove me wrong. 'Yes'. 'One please'. 'That one over there? 4,68' I said. '1,68? The small veggie burger?' Here, the real Indian accent came out. She almost choked on it.

'No we don't have that small one.' 'That's why 4,68!' She shouted like we just increase the price indiscriminately. 'Oh my God, you scared me!' I joked. 'Scared you? 4,68 that's what is scary. What is inside? Blood tonic?' 'You sound like a starved vampire. Don't know if you are lacking some...vegetables with bread as the name goes' I replied and wanted her to leave.

Then I get pommels, how much? Vegetarians! Who asked them to become one, I wonder? Maybe she is a first timer or maybe she is stupid. 'Small fries 1,69, medium 2,49, large 2,99'. 'Sorry, small is how much?!' '1,...' 'Can I have the curry fries instead?' she interrupted with a mint face. 'You can have it. 2,99' 'You have sour cream?' 'No' 'Then, the small fries with ketchup'. '1,99' I replied. '1,99? But you said it's 1,69 before' she shot back at me. 'Ketchup is extra' I said. 'I know, how much is the ketchup then?' '30 Cents' I answered. 'Remove it, remove it' she ordered, almost shaking. 'Double pack it, am still travelling. Hope to get salt and pepper. Are they free?' she asked. 'For now, lady, for now' I sang. This is not the first time I was asked such a question. Mostly from those who are mad because they are asked or supposed to pay for the ketchup which they thought was for free. 'And where can I get them?' she asked. 'Oh over there at the...'. 'OK, OK, OK, thank you for your patient'. It's like an endurance game. 'Where is my receipt?' she asked but I ignored her. Later, she came back, saying 'So you cant spare me a ketchup?' she requested. 'No' I stated flatly. 'There are people who order menu and don't care for ketchup...' she tried. 'I know. Not people like you'. Beaten. With that she walked away, giving me dirty looks.

How people are so awkward and cheats.

### *Episode 2*

'Hello. What will it be?' I greeted. 'Yeah, good evening' was the response. 'Fingers, meat...' 'Fingers, small or medium?' I asked. 'Meat?' 'Yes meat. What kind do you have?'

I smiled to myself. It's them. Them who? 'First things first, the fingers, otherwise known as pommels. 'What size do you want?' 'Size? I have no size. Fingers for two people' she requested, eyes pleading with me to understand.

To ask her husband would be worse. His face was so foreign; the type that can only comprehend money. 'Small, medium or large?' 'Medium? For two people' she added.

'What meat you said?' And she pointed towards the chicken. Thank God! 'Oh chicken McNuggets. What size?' 'Size? No size, just one chicken'. 'OK how many pieces?' Just one chicken McNuggets' she declared.

Was she kidding me?! 'How many nuggets do you want inside the box?' 'We are not eating inside, it's take away, home'.

Jesus Christ! Houston!! We have a problem here!!!

I brought out my fingers and counted '6 pieces or 9...' '6, yes, 6' she confirmed. 'And the other?' she asked. 'What? 9,48' I almost screamed. 'What!?' she did the yelling. 'You better be coming from another planet, here we accept money for food' I retorted. 'Excuse me, you talking to us? What did you say?' 'What does it look like? Nine Euro, forty eight cents. That's what you have to pay'. Alien invasion?

Then she whispered to her husband who flipped a 20 Euro note across the counter. 'There you go'. 'What?' 'Not again... Never mind. You two have a good evening' I said. Gone!

### *Episode 3*

'Coffee'. 'Evening, small, medium or large?' 'Can you show me?' I brought out our three sizes and showed her. She was slim, with a beautiful face. That's what she thought too. And that had gotten to her head. Thick head. Long nose and short legs. Like every other person of her kind. 'Small, how much?' she asked, looking down on me, like one who would let go of her ego for nobody. If you are having a bad day is it here you will let it out? I thought I had met a nice lady. '1,19'. 'Here or take away?' Was that necessary I wondered, but I intentionally asked that. She ignored me outright. With that look on her face, she just fussed about handling and fondling her money.

Without doubt, I knew she didn't hear the amount correctly, as I mentioned it. But because of her pride she dared not ask me to repeat myself. I waited and she waited. I then repeated the amount myself.

'I have already heard!' She snapped, squinting her eyes at me. We are about to find out. I waited. Then she put out 3 Euros on the counter. One Euro and 4 fifty cent coins. Goddamn it!

If you heard what I said, why did you give me 3 Euros? I took the 4 fifty cent coins and gave her back the one Euro. Her face changed to the worst. Got ya! She was like 'What is it now? You want to take me in? And I gave her 81 cents back. Look at the monitor' I instructed.

Immediately, she expected that I should bring her the ready coffee. I didn't. Charlatan, expecting favours, she does not deserve. Buy a cup of coffee and you expect five star service!? I put her coffee further away so that she would have to walk a mile to go pick it up.

I returned the look she had given me earlier. Even if she was hungry, she shouldn't drink coffee. Top models eat only bananas and black coffee to facilitate their bowel movements.

She was not even one of them.

She dragged herself to pick up her coffee.

### *Episode 4*

'What do you have in chicken?' Using questions of all sorts seems to be the new form of salutation these days.

Greetings are a good gesture and common courtesy. But that's not love. How much more to strangers?

'Mc chicken...'. 'Yes chicken' he interrupted. 'You want Mcchicken?' 'What other chicken do you have?' I wanted to ask, 'what other chicken do you want?' See, humans! When they are ordering, they order you too, they own you too and it's like you owe them something.

'Chicken classic, chicken select, chicken nuggets, chicken burger, chicken clubhouse' 'Four' 'Four what?' 'Bacon' he replied. 'Meal?' 'Four' 'Here?' 'Yes. Take credit card?' 'It's 2015. Only poor people pay with credit cards, eating on credit' 'Then take away, packing' he said he meant to punish me for being a snappy brat.

'32 Euros.' 'No problem.' 'You say?' He ignored me. 'Can I get a big extra large Fanta, without ice blocks. All the drinks, no ice blocks. It's cold outside'. As if I am the cause.

'I will still like 2 chicken boxes, 20 chicken nuggets and 4 extra large shakes. Vanilla?'

Sometimes, it bothers me why and how people spend so much for a particular one time meal, what a family of eight in Egypt will need for a whole week. Oh yeah, there is a difference in what they earn. But some families in Africa don't even earn at all. They eat only once every day. Not even a square meal, not even hygienic food.

Junkies eat junk food you say, when real humans can't even afford that. It's 11:45 PM already and I bet these people will eat again before 4 AM.

## *Episode 5*

'Is he really, personally, the boss?' Some homesick person asked me. 'Yes' I replied. 'Is he really Boss, personally?' 'Ehhi!' A new junkie, desperate for a caramel. Her eyes were red like wool, and she had just had one and needed some sugar to regulate the circulation and seduce her nerves.

When she asked him 'How much is an ice cream?'; his reply had an element of revenge... his answer was so cold, it broke my heart. 'You will see it in the receipt' is what he said!

This is how you talk to these unfeeling thick-coated junkies, nothing fascinating, nothing romanticizing.

## *Episode 6*

How do I appreciate a retarded black immigrant who walked up towards me and asked 'Am looking for KFC? Where is the next KFC?' 'KFC is not here.' I retorted. I said, 'Ain't you hungry enough to walk into a restaurant and ask for another restaurant? Are we not good enough for you? Or do you just want to socialise? Don't we have enough chicken wings, nuggets, etc.?'

He became more confused than I expected. 'Cross the street through the traffic, two minutes walk.' 'Why didn't you say that in the first place?' he accused. 'Thank you! Bite me'. 'My goodness!! That's the thank you?' I was startled. 'For what!? For directions!!?' 'No!!! I should pay you?' I was blown away. 'You think I have time? Working in Mcdonald's, earning peanuts and you no longer African?' 'Oh my God, he was sent' I said and laughed it off. 'What's funny? That's all you can do, laugh, laugh your life away here when your family wastes away, suffering in Africa'. 'Holy Buddha Mary! Get going, I'm not in the mood' I said.

'Don't even have time.' 'Like you escaped from a psychiatric home, should I call the cops to take you in?' I teased. 'I pity you, when was the last time you visited home? Your parents died, but you don't know where they are buried'.

'Oh, now I get it, you are talking about yourself. Don't forget the directions I gave you. Else you will end up in Burger King or Subway and repeat the goddamn question there.' My voice began to rise.

'Go home! Go home!!' He shouted. 'Exactly, home is calling you' I replied. Then he began to walk away, stumbling a little.

## *Episode 7*

24:50. Ten minutes to close and there were still twenty guests attending. 'Only what is left behind we are offering' I kept reminding myself. 'Why only one counter!?' he shouted. He was so huge, carrying two polythene bags from Penny mart. If it were black leather bags, I would have said please don't bomb us.

'Can you order two Royal Cheese for me!' he ordered in a rough voice from behind four guests where he stood. 'Wait!' I protested. 'It's not your turn yet.' 'I have been to several of your stores; never seen anything like this!' He was so cold, like he will beat everyone up.

Then it was finally his turn. 'Two Royal Cheese. Fresh. Last time...' 'You heard me saying only what's in the control?' 'That's not my business. Two royal cheeses, one large menu with fresh potato wedges and orange juice - it used to be two bottles right?' 'It will be delayed by 6 minutes'. 'I'm eating here'.

For sure, he had already shown enough signs as a troublemaking guest. I checked; there was a royal cheese in the control. 'Here. The rest comes later, you can take a...' Before I could finish, he took the tray with great agitation and just stood inches away and ate immediately with the tray on top of our counter.

There was a hustle and rustle situation which he utilized to his benefit as I approached him with the remaining royal cheese and the fresh potatoes with one sour cream, but it surprised me that his tray was empty. And there was no sign of the paper cover too! 'Here'. 'One still coming right? And I paid for four extra sour creams' He blazed at me holding the royal cheese I just brought with an astonishing indifference.

'What? I gave you one royal cheese before, already' 'Where is it?' 'You didn't. And where are the four extra sour creams?' 'You didn't order nor paid for any extra sour cream' I said. 'I did. Are you doubting me? Am I lying? Why should I lie?'

Waste of time! Other guests were waiting for me impatiently. Such a cheap thief. Those pickpockets and shoplifters. I had to go. We are told not to argue with the guest, no matter what.

I ordered another royal cheese, the third royal cheese; I was now confused but I am neither a fool nor stupid. There was a great uproar in the kitchen.

I walked up to him again. 'Here'. 'So, you don't believe me?' He rued. 'I've never seen anything like this'. I became calm, but was so much disturbed emotionally. 'You can use me but you can't fool me' I said. 'What's that supposed to mean? You can be fooled and be used even if you don't want to.' 'Here is your receipt, showing your order'. 'I don't know what you are talking about'. 'We have cameras and that can be proven but what use is it?' 'Get out of my face, you are blocking my view. I expect to get what I paid for.' He spoke so coldly in a dangerous tone. His next move could have been to tear me apart.

I will not lose my cool and more emotions over this stupid bastard who is eager to fight with anyone and everyone who challenges him.

Like that, he finished the rest of the burger and drank the bottle of orange juice almost in one gulp. 'Allah will punish you for this devilish trick.' 'I don't even believe in your god' he said. 'Later, you will and you will be sorry.' 'Like you are now' he shot back.

Then he left with the conviction of a livelihood as a criminal.

## *Episode 8*

I had not had coffee all day and it was already 18:45.

For every coffee consumer, it's the highest disorder of self-destruct, control and conditioning. I was drowsy, my head ached horribly and it felt as if my head had swelled invisibly. I was actually seeing double.

I started to work, wishing for a break to grab a quick cup of coffee. On top of that, we were praying and fasting (P.F) in the church.

Moreover, here was this slim, tacky and awkward guy with his girlfriend who was hiding behind his back like a sophisticated talk show lady.

'Hamburger with cheese' he replied to my greetings. 'No, sorry, cheese burger without cheese' he continued.

I didn't have time to waste on this one. 'Hamburger without cheese?' I questioned, repeating his order. And he repeated himself. I watched and saw his girlfriend twinkle with a smile.

That's it! Enough evidence. 'You want Hamburger or cheeseburger? What is the without cheese?' I returned hotly. I wasn't even opening my mouth while speaking, without showing my teeth. 'Want to order then do it properly, don't waste taxpayers' time and money' I rapped out real fast to their lost memory.

You know how it is when fools expect a joke to go their way but it rather goes the other way, then they turn out to be more foolish. All their planned gimmicks flew out the window.

I watched the wrinkled smile of his girlfriend dry up immediately. It went from happy to frown. Got ya! Foulest folly!!

Didn't I tell you I have not had coffee today? And here you are with your foolishness to worsen it. All these YouTubers, walking about with hidden cameras. Bad day for you.

'Still waiting?' I measured in. 'Yes hamburger' he snipped. So you can speak well? How they see me, thinking I'm the right candidate but bam... you are dead wrong. 'With Coke' — I waited. I pretended to type it in. 'The one plus one right?' she cut in. Got ya. I knew their type. 'Two Euros right?' he joined in. 'Anything more?' I asked, backing away. 'We want it here' she said and walked away. 'Did you put ice blocks in the drink?' I knew if I say yes, he will ask for no ice blocks, so I said no. Won! I figured that since he asked this, it means he won't ask me to put ice blocks in if I had not already. That's the trick.

'Here or to go?' I asked that stupid question to really piss him off. No answer. When the guests are angry, it means you won because that's what they want *you* to be. Angry. But you should be happy after each transaction. It's either we are both happy afterwards or the guest is angry which means I won. I wasn't mistreating them for wanting to fool around with me unnecessarily.

## *Episode 9*

All these refugees from Syria, Albania, Afghanistan and Africa- Italian Lambadusa loitering everywhere and speaking Internet English.

‘Hello, good evening, what can your order be today?’ ‘Hamburg bacon’. ‘Sorry, what?’— ‘Hamburg bacon?’ It really sounds like a street name. ‘Beef or chicken?’ I asked to hide the funny part of it. ‘Chicken Hamburg. Chicken’ he repeated.

God. He is not messing around. Like I should check if he is weird. ‘Are you weird? Wait I will show you, this one is beef, but this is chicken’ I strutted pointing them out. ‘Chicken’ he said. ‘OK’—I judged the money in his hand. Just 3 euro - Chicken is 3,89. ‘Two chicken?’ He countered – That settles it.

‘Chicken burger then?’ – ‘Yeah, burger, chicken burger’ he declared. I served him and he ran off, showering me with many thanks.

## *Episode 10*

‘Tee?’ – ‘What tee?’ ‘Chai and Americana’ – ‘Chai?’ ‘Yes chai’ – ‘What’s chai? We have green, fruit, peppermint, black and rooibos tea’ I offered. ‘That’s impossible, every big restaurant has a chai tea’ – ‘Chai!’ He persisted. ‘Black tee...’ I asked. ‘Chai. Just chai’ – ‘Black is chai!’ Someone yelled at the back. ‘Since when is chai black? Like we are in a Chinese restaurant’ I joked. ‘OK. Here is your Chai otherwise known as black tea’ – ‘Chai?’ He asked again for the third time. ‘Goddamnit, its chai for Christ’s sake. And what’s that again?’

‘Americana?’ – ‘What’s that?’ I asked backing off. ‘Americana’ – ‘What is Americana?’ ‘...My friend, are you new here? New employee?’ he queried. ‘Fifteen years is enough but Americana is just new to me’.

That same Good Samaritan yelled again ‘It’s black coffee!’ – ‘Americana is black coffee’ he added.

‘Oh yes’ – The guest nodded. ‘So why didn’t you say black tea and black coffee?’ It baffled me. Why can’t this guy say *black*? Who changed the blackness of these drinks? A racist? ‘Here are your drinks. Two things learnt’.

These two strange names kept ringing in my head like a ‘hello’.

## *Episode 11*

Here comes this bare headed black man with three pieces of luggage. His handbag was the size of a fourth piece of luggage.

When they come to you, it’s either they have a bus connection problem, Internet issues, run out of mobile phone charge, pressed-for-toilet, etc. - hunger is the least popular reason. Language problem is always a predominant issue. He seemed a voyager of nations; an ambassador with an international passport and immunity.

‘Good evening. What would it be?’ I probed him. ‘Big McDonnell’s meal’. His big eyes were still fixed on the beautifully well lit posters of deliciously tempting food. A treacherous marketing strategy. I waited. ‘Big or small meal?’ I asked, getting ready to place an order. ‘Big Mac meal’ he repeated, this time more tightly.

Most of the times I wouldn’t understand it, trying to help people out who see you are ridiculing and wasting their precious time when they are loaded and can afford anything at any price.

Yet his eyes were still fixed on them street-light magic posters above our heads. He hadn’t decided, I sensed.

Psychologically, I sensed trouble, but I was not ready.

‘Big or small meal?’ I almost pleaded. Only then he glared at me sharply and sparked like an old engine about to give out its last start before finally exploding. His tone was so high, ‘Big Mac Meal!’ - I squirmed away. Confusion. Not bossy, in charge, proud; nor egoistic. Just a classless attitude.

‘What are those burgers over there?’ he demanded. ‘Cheese burger, ham...’ ‘Can I get chicken instead of Big Mac?’ ‘Chicken?’ I echoed. I know it. ‘Forget the chicken. Is this big meal or small...’ ‘What difference does it make?’ He continued to ask.

Didn’t I say it? Where is this guy coming from? Desert Africa? Sudan? ‘What is the difference?’ He asked again squarely. I was baffled. I just looked up at him, only to realise that both his eyes were squinted like he was seeing an X. No wonder. He is not in a straight angle seeing what I’m seeing. How about his brain?

'Forget them burgers, what drink do you serve me? I want Fanta. Did I say that, oh sorry fanta' 'Brewery' I snapped. 'Oh I would like a, take away, still travelling. Can I get a carrying bag, please, and double pack my order and give me a drink carrier'. I did all that without uttering a word.

'Goodbye, you know what? I own McDonnell's in Scotland'. 'You what?' I flashed. 'I own stores, I intentionally tested your patience and endurance; here is my card. Anytime you visit Scotland, please do come around'. I collected the card from him.

One thing is clear; ugly has nothing to do with riches, only beauty seems to have poverty as friends.

## *Episode 12*

A monkey masquerading as a man ran up to me shouting 'Where is my wife!?' 'Where is she!?' 'What in a...?' I startled 'Why? Why?' And he started to sob. 'What? When? Where is she?' '.....Jesus...you lost your mind...does this place look like a police station to you? I'm a cop, right?' 'Wait...she said I should ask the way out here!'

'Have you lost it!?' I shouted. 'You mean my wife?' 'Please go, real guests are waiting to order, try lost and found offices, or the zoo' I joked and to my surprise, he quietly walked away.

## *Episode 13*

'One beef burger'. 'What do you mean?' 'Chicken beef' 'OK. Cheese burger?' 'Yes, that's what I mean'. 'And chicken beef?' 'You mean chicken burger?' 'That's right'. 'Large fries'. 'OK. 4,84'. 'No, no, no, just one burger'. 'Which?' 'The first one?' He was shaking his head. 'Cheese burger or large fries?' I checked him out again.

'Hurry, am hungry...I have not ...' He cried like a pregnant woman. 'Easy there!' '3.54' 'Pay with master card?' He asked anxiously. 'Yes, Visa, Diner, Dynasty'. 'Do you accept a master card?' he asked. Credit cards, I said to myself.

I was enjoying myself. 'Yes, that's what I said but...' 'But what?' He cut in real sharp. 'To accept credit cards, you must order minimum 5 Euro worth of food.' 'Master cards?' He repeated deliriously. I nodded. 'That's ridiculous! Only in Germany!!' 'And if I bought worth 4,99?' 'We might consider that.' 'Capitalists!!! Arrogant nonsense. Fuck Mc...!' He put the card back in his wallet and walked away. Junkie! Thought you said you were hungry. That must have been a stolen credit card.

## *Episode 14*

Our favorite language mess-ups are the Japanese, Chinese and Taiwanese. When taking their order you will practically repeat everything twice. At least.

Here is one today. She just stood, surveying our food menu.

She was young. It's either that they are strikingly tall and beautiful or they are short and depressingly sore on the eyes.

Like always, same size, same height, same eyes.

Moreover, she spoke, 'Reich Book'. If we were selling shoes, it would have sounded like a Reebok. 'Please, come again'. I tried faking to conceal the laughter. 'Reich Buck' she almost choked with desperation.

I began to wonder how many times she had to rehearse and then go through this agonizing ordeal.

'You mean cheeseburger?' 'No!' she screamed to cover up that obvious embarrassment.

She practically dropped backwards, letting her handbag slide down onto the floor. More covering, in an act of fury.

'Chicken Box?' 'No, no!' 'Oh my God, what can that be? Chicken classic?' No... the answer came. With a single move, she removed her spectacles. 'Chick buck' she tried. Between where I was standing and where she stood – the space was lost in translation. Quickly, she switched on and talked on her phone. This is serious.

'Wait, it's... is it, chicken burger?' 'Lets, that's it!?' she said and smiled widely. 'Chick buck is a chicken burger? In Japanese? I see no difference in how the two sound, except in taste' I told myself.

No more words came from her. Japs always count their words, they never waste them, except when they are drunk and driving.

## CHAPTER SIX

### *Episode 1*

It's fascinating and remarkable, how some German men who immediately after entering a restaurant with their wife or girlfriend suddenly disappear to the restroom like they are hit with a running stream of urine.

Also, just after the order has been taken care of, they will resurface with a bemused, happy face like what I miss? Some will even ask, 'Have you paid?' 'NO! We are waiting for you'. Tricky bastards, they intentionally left their wallet in the car or at home.

Now all are charged and if they think you got a bit horny with their wife then you get to hear weak lame-ass jokes like 'I want to order three large menus and all the burgers you have got'. Laughs? 'OK I will buy all your kids menus and their toys' Ehhhhiiii.

Then I checked him again. 'Are you high or something or on steroids?' You just disappeared so you don't have to pay for the dinner with your wife and you might have invited her to it. Here you are talking rubbish. Brand nosing your dirty attitude and making a scene.

That's the difference where Arab men are concerned. Their wives never pay for the bills. An attempt to do so is an abomination. Even with their males alike. You see them dragging to pay for the whole order. For the Germans, they pay differently and indifferently. I have seen a couple joined by a male friend who bought a small bottle of water and wanted to share it around with their smoking debris in their mouth. Get it?

'Oh my wife had ordered our meal already, just joking'. 'You better be' (ashamed of yourself!). 'Sweetheart, do you still want something else...? No, we are taking away...' He will quickly interrupt the earlier request. Such a stingy man. Quickly, he will peck her on her cheek, his lips barely touching her skin, like a weak stamp and force himself to carry the whole order all alone to their table.

However, then he realized; I knew what he knew, the game he was playing. 'Love, you have the car keys right? Even a blind man can hear the poor woman dangling the bunch ever since they entered here.

'Where is your straw?' Before your nose you dummy! All these effortless manoeuvres to state the fact I also have to say. Meaning; you have nothing to say. So long as your wife is paying all the bills to be the boss, you ain't shit.

'Did you put enough tissue paper inside the bag? I would have asked for salt and pepper, we go right?'

Real scallywag. Real good at the game. 'OK. Have a nice evening'. And he turned to the food and ran off like a rain-beaten rat. I know the feeling.

### *Episode 2*

'Mc Fish Happy meal'. 'What?' 'Fish Mc meal.' 'We don't have it.' 'OK. Fish meal'. 'How much?' 'Big meal 6,29; small meal 5,99.' 'Just fish, how much?' '3,49.' 'OK. One.'

'My wallet is in the car, can I go get it?' 'Oh come on!' His friend paid right away. 'Make it a menu.' 'Do you have enough?' he asked his friend. 'Credit cards never say no.' And they started laughing. 'Slow it down; tomorrow, lunch is on you.' As the friend replied, the laughter went into slow motion. What are friends for? 'Can I get some for my wife who is at home too?' The friend replied with a long silence. 'Two big fish meals, large strawberry milkshake; I don't want fries, two salads instead.' 'You sure you are not hungry?' 'I would have told you.'

'OK. Here is your order' I interrupted their flashy conversation. 'Did I say take away? I'm having it here. You better ask. Can I get the cheesecake too?' I wouldn't know if he was asking me or asking the friend. Silence again.

'Hope that's your last?' the friend confronted him with a cold remark. 'Mummer, credit cards never say no. That's what you said.'

'I can also add before they bounce. You owe me numerous lunches already.' 'OK. That's it; thanks... you're a friend. We are going. Pack everything'.

All of a sudden.

## *Episode 3*

'Tad hot dogs'

So he knocked his dirty fist on the counter. I just ignored him. He wasn't even on the cue.

'Tight hot dogs! Am I a stupid German or what!!' 'Neggas working everywhere! Collecting benefits!! But understanding no German!!!'

'Hello mister, would you mind lowering your voice?' 'And we don't ever serve hot dogs'. 'Why not!?'

Oh. He's irreversibly drunk and lazy. 'So what, what do you serve!?' 'Please, or I'm calling the police'.

'That's all you do; handle me like a man! Weakling! Call the cops, call the cops, all the time. Police!!'

Its normal drunken ass mother fucker who would always wish to load their struggle and stupor on others in a way to demonstrate how drunk, stupid and miserable they are. 'That's the door! Go! Away!!!' I shouted.

He was a giant. Over two feet. The half filled bottle of beer was in his hand and he allowed it to fall. The bottle smashed on the ceramic floor giving out a bomb-like noise. The liquid quickly gave out an aroma of cheap beer that went everywhere even before the echo reached the other end. 'My God! What have you done!?' I'm not cleaning that stupid mess.'

It seems to me like a drunken puke-vomit from a junkie who had only fed on rotten fast foods. 'Me too' He said. 'Not in this condition' he pointed at himself.

His hands were more dirty, creamy reddish like he soaked them in fresh-meat with decaying blood. Just then, he started leaving. Damage is done, so I guess I'll be leaving.

## *Episode 4*

'Evening. Please, I want to have a tea'. 'What type of tea would you like?' 'Guava tea'. 'You say?' The way I said 'you say', we both started smiling. It was like a staged drama. 'Guava tea' she repeated.

Oh she was beautiful and her smile was so sweet, even though she was exhausted from a long journey from who-knows-where. Blue eyes. A Cinderella of a stewardess with long legs, arms, neck and face.

Since her tiny bags were too heavy for her, she dropped them down, exhaled and took another deep breath.

Her hair was so smooth, tightened and pinned at the back of her head. I imagined it flying all across her shoulders.

'Guava tea, please. You got it?' she almost pleaded. Her voice was creamy and scintillating like a six year old singing her first Christmas carol on a snowy night.

'We don't have Guava tea or did you mean Guano tea?' I suggested. She smiled. 'Not like Gouda cheese!' I added. 'OK. Guano tea, to go please' She pleaded again like I was intentionally punishing her, not giving her choice of tea.

'Here, your tea is ready.' That's what the coffee machine says all the time in a monotone. 'Enjoy your...?' 'Please...Keep the change and have a nice night'.

'Not so fast...?' 'Yes please?' and she turned. 'May I know the name of this fragrance around us?' 'Oh sure, it's Zadis & Voltaire'. The sound was like the voice of a brand-new car. 'It's French right?' 'I didn't get the name, can you write it down for me?' 'Sure, you have a pen and a paper?' 'I will get them'. Like that she wrote the name of the perfume down. 'Where can I get it?' 'Not everywhere, only at the airport or exclusively'.

'OK...'

## *Episode 5*

'Known Noggests' 'What?' 'Known Noggests' he politely repeated bringing his face closer towards me from the neck. 'Nine Nuggets? You mean?' I asked watching his weak Chinese hairstyle. 'Known Noggests, Noggests.' Now his body came closer.

'No Nuggets...or...?' he begged, feeling embarrassed in public. 'There' he stretched showing me his nine fingers in the air. Before I could comprehend, he was already nodding like a circus lizard.

His face was like the Martial WarLords determined to die than to be dishonoured.

I replied with nine fingers and the nodding doubled. 'There you go'. 'Sauce?' 'Yes, yes'. But he was gone before I could fetch them.

## *Episode 6*

'Four Hamburg! And a big bag!!' He is crazy but was that why he was shouting? Yes. 'Four Hamburg! And a big pie!!.' Because he was shouting, I couldn't understand his order. 'No! Four Hamburg in a big bag!!' 'I don't get it. Can you please lower your voice?' 'No! Four Hamburg!! And a big bag!!!'

He was still shouting, saying some other blasphemies. I was shocked and baffled. Well, he might be right because all this while he had been extending a 5 Euro note at me. It made sense.

'Hamburger is at 1,10 with one apple pie, that's 5,40€'. That's what I don't understand. 'That's why I am giving you 5 Euros! You dummy!!'

'What's going on here!?' I shouted back at him. I brought out four hamburgers. 'That's 4,40!' Quickly, he started marching hard towards me, and he swung around, trying to force his way into the Restaurant. 'No! No!! No!!! You can't do that, you can't come in here!' I almost pushed at him.

'And a big bag! That's what I have been saying since yesterday. You stupid!!' He was now really violent and heavy on drugs.

'Oh, and in a big bag?' I rehearsed. 'Yes, yes, yes, yes!' And he pressed, reaching for the paper bags stored above the counter. 'That would not be necessary'.

Good, I packed his order. 'Go to school! It's never too late!! And stop wasting here like vegetables!!!' He was ordering me, giving out his last strong shout.

## *Episode 7*

'Hello, what should it be?' 'No' 'Sorry' 'No' 'What actually are you ordering?' 'Royal' 'OK. Meal, menu?' 'No' 'What? OK. You drink Coke?' 'No. I don't drink Coke' 'What then?' 'No. Big Mac' 'You drink Big Mac?' 'Yes' 'Yes what?' 'No' 'No. Big Mac, two'. 'Meal?' 'No'

Then we burst out laughing. 'Oh that's cool. Don't you understand this language?' I had phrased the question in such a way to avoid any more 'no's.

'Yes. Two big Cokes and two large fries.' he finally said. 'That's menu?' 'No. Yes, you see, for you it's easy, you work here. For us it's complicated'. 'McDonnell has been here since...' 'That's not the point; put yourself in my shoes'. 'I should?' 'You know what, the way you badger the guests like hungry lions, like you want their blood, suck them up...' 'No, no, no, that's being guest friendly' I said.

'Two big Mac, two big Cokes, two large fries'. 'Here or to go?' 'No. To take away, away, home'. I have what I am looking for. I tapped his order and walked out under the pretence of answering nature's call.

## *Episode 8*

OK. I'm hungry. Give me a burger. Yes, burger'. First timers. That's how you know them. I waited so that maybe he can come up with a better explanation.

'What? You don't have burger, pizza, Doner, durum? Then am in a wrong shop' he said. Shop?

'What meal would you like?' I asked, smothering laughter. 'See my brother. I have only 3 Euros. A burger and a drink is all I ask.' he begged with rims of tears in his dark-coloured dirty eyes.

'OK. Here or to go?' 'Anything. Whatever'. 'Here?' 'Here you are'. 'OK am here, thank you brother, Oh, God bless you'. He said, wallowing in thanks as if he had got the food and drinks for free. 'Am going, bye next time.'

Gone.

## *Episode 9*

'Khicken Phyngs' 'I didn't get you, sorry what?' 'Kitchen Prisons?' I teased. 'Chicken Phyngs' the Korean guy repeated. He was fat, large-necked, with large hands and poppies like brown statues. The inside of his mouth was filled with flesh bundles and that made his speech and accent inaudible. His double gauged spectacles made his eyes stark.

One thing with Korean people, you never catch them smell, use bad language or be impolite. Always well mannered and cultured. Especially on foreign land. Ahhhhh!

'A little bit louder?' I suggested. He became even calmer. Soon I was lost with it. My thoughts went on the documentary prisoner chickens, caged and ill-treated. Forced to eat, to grow, to lay eggs; and their eggs are taken away without even a chance to hatch them. And their chicks are taken away even before they know their parents and can learn to walk.

OK. He wants naturally bred chicken, and I am asking him to be sure. Like homemade poultry farm, no chemicals, no high breeding, no GMO.

'Yeah, Kitchen Phyngs!' He said loudly but slowly, feeling ashamed.

'OK. This one, right there?' he pointed. I followed his finger in the direction, because for me, if you mess up, I will make sure I rob you in too deep; completely into the mess. No way out! I followed with my eyes and saw what he meant, what I knew had been and had always been.

'All right, you meant, chicken wings?' I even asked it! 'Yeah, that's what it is, kitchen physongs' He said this like a long ex-convict who had missed his old home for long.

'Never mind, now I know what you meant' 'And Bommies' He cut in with great demonstration seeing what I said as an apology. And he sighed. 'Much better' I whispered. I will not go through that ordeal any more. And he uttered something I didn't understand.

I served his order. 'Enjoy'--- 'Mho' He hummed real quick and left.

Five minutes later in the middle of next orders, here he was standing beside the queue line. He waited for another five minutes impatiently. I was worried. But boldly he interrupted the order. 'Where is Sola?' 'Heh? Ehher. Haven't seen him' I replied. 'What!?' He tried to be mad like a made-man.

'Everything OK?'---'Sola!' He sounded like those Korean soldiers giving strict orders. 'Small Sola!' He almost shouted in a strange tone. Is he high or something? I mean, Cocaine is the hell of a drug. 'I said it, small Sola. And I paid' His voice was raised with that right tone when you are right and you know it.

'No you didn't?' I shocked him more with. 'I didn't or I didn't pay?' And he pulled out his wallet, not his receipt. 'Then, small Sola' He pleaded. '1,49'---'Here, have it' He urged giving me 2€ and collecting his drink at the same time. 'Your change, mister?' 'Keep it for all your trouble' He said and left.

## *Episode 10*

'You have, wait, I want Lybera. How much?'---'You what!?' I was really shocked. Some people will close their eyes and open them while they are inside a shop or restaurant and ask this stupid question.

'Lybera?'- 'Who is what?' I asked. 'A worker here?' 'I will kill you man. Next time, next, you will read at least one sign or a good book before you open your mouth'.

Waste of time. He was confused more than I made him look.

'Wrong shop, building, I am your manager. Here is a restaurant not a burial ground' I tipped him off with. Now run. 'Oh, please, forgive me, forgive my mind' 'You didn't see a ghost?' I joked. 'How can you ask for a telephone card in McDonnell's? Unbelievable! I must have sleepwalked'---'But then let me have McDonnell's to eat am already here'--- I looked at him closely. A fresh refugee. A man with dreadlocks scattered all over his shoulders. Even though we had winter, his body and face purged out milky old oil. The rest are reserved oil from Africa, where the Sun is for free. 'Sorry Sir, no McDonnell's? You closed?'---'No'---'Then give McDonnell's to eat. Am hungry, Buahhh' I laughed.

'You can't eat McDonnell's, you buy McDonnell's' I recommended. 'I don't see any difference. Give me McDonnell's to eat, menn' 'Have a look? You don't enter a Chemist store and ask for a drug-you must know what type of medicine and for what?---I want burger' He said flatly. 'Which?' 'Hamburger!' 'Are you joking?' 'You take credit cards?'---'For 1,10 Cent. No'--- 'It's a lot of paperwork' I continued. 'Then bye' and he wanted to walk away. 'No wait, take the Hamburger for free'---'What! You serious?'---'I will balance it up'---'WOW thank you so much' And he walked.

## *Episode 11*

‘Sandwich’ ‘Good evening. What do you wish to order?’---‘Sandwich’ He commanded. ‘Which sandwich?’— ‘Small sandwich, low price, you have it?’---‘Name?’---‘Small one, small price, ya!’ He roared like a toothless lion. ‘Where is the problem?’ he said agitatedly.

He had those Islamic-terrorist-please-don’t-bomb-us look. ‘Hamburg, Cheese burger?’ I asked. ‘But not Islam problem, ya?’-- I waved a NO. I gave him a cheeseburger. ‘Give me another one’ he ordered and finished the first, even before the second reached his extended finger. Eating, he walked away, answering a disturbing call.

## *Episode 12*

‘Hello my friend! How are you today!!? Everything is alright!!!?’ he said like he was about to rob the whole place. As he talked, his mouth revealed so many congested smoke-stained teeth in a chaotic projection.

‘Coffee ice?’---‘Sorry?’ ‘Yeah, coffee ice, you don’t have?’ ‘You mean, iced coffee; we used to have It, but not any more’.

‘Iced Frappes?’ ---‘Caramel or Chocolate?’---‘Both’ ---‘Not possible’ ‘Choco it then’.

## *Episode 13*

She had a hanging sojourners rainbow bag, dread-locks, plain white-washed straight-up face like a lost model.

First, she walked to the toilets, made a huge fuss over there with what the Law said about not asking money from guests patronising their favourite restaurant.

This is against the 30 cents tip hanging on the entrance to the restroom.

‘Ice bag 50 cent, right?’ That’s how she replied to my warm greeting to a lady. Lady- greedy. ‘No. 70 cents’ ‘What?’ ‘That was before’ ‘OK. One’.

Seconds later... ‘Oh, the ice is melting!’ –‘Well, ice melts, it should melt, it’s because you bought ice bag instead of ice cup’ I joked. ‘Pour it in the cup!’ She shouted. ‘What! Pour what in the cup!?’ I replied hotly. ‘The ice! Add caramel!!!’ ‘Not in your life! No caramel’ I poured the ice into a cup and dismissed her.

‘Quality Junkie with a laptop’ I said. ‘What did you say?’ –‘You called me a Junkie?’ –‘You didn’t hear me clearly’ I claimed.

Like that she walked away.

Twenty minutes later, she came around with 60 cents. ‘Ice bag’ ‘I have only 60 Cents?’--- ‘No lady. Not possible, sorry...I took 50 Cents from you a few minutes ago...and I told you that old people trick will not be repeated...’ –‘What, trick Ehh? Common people, anyone with extra 10 Cents? 5 Cents will not be bad’ And as always, she will beg for alms, gathering coins like a applause.

‘It’s either you are cravenly poor or you are desperately rich, but either way, you are strictly stingy’ I lamented. From her strange financial collection she was obliged and went for a caramel ice cup.

However, then she said ‘You know what? You can keep the ice, shove it into your ass cheese for all I care’ And she hit it with a great force and power - the tray where the ice is went down up. Everything sprigged and somersaulted in a different direction. Lucky me. ‘WOW!’

So she walked away with a strange whistle.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### *Episode 1*

Here is a lady dressed in an Army green trousers, black pullover and an undone hairstyle. Immediately the air was defused and replaced with a thirty-four-days-never-taken-a-bath odour. A commingle of old strong urine smell and kaka.

And what about her dog? A castrated ill-gotten German Shepherd. He looked wet, marginalised and neglected. His hair had begun to cling together like a mad man with dreadlocks. He looked at me with so much pity; like please adopt me... my owner is messed up, that's why I am too. If the owner could have any reason to take a bath, so also would her dog. But, Nooh. Priority.

Where is the strongest odour coming from? From both. Love me, love my dog. Don't love me, don't love my dog. Both watched me for a while like some food would suddenly drop down, touch the ground to be us. Free. For free.

Later, they strolled away like a forgotten cousin-payback time.

Why should someone unable to take care of themselves be sold a dog? To have a dog as a pet? To take care of the dog or for the dog to take care of her.

### *Episode 2*

'Can I get Bongo! Smoothies?' 'Which of the Smoo...?'-'Bango, can you hurry, my bus is already there...'

People will place a wrong order but expect a fast reader. Robot reaction from humans. This same old story of my bus, my train, when is your Helicopter left? 'Bango Smoothes and fly ohfish'---'Fly to where?' 'Am still travelling to Amsterdam'.

'Can you please hurry? Can you hurry please?' 'OK, you mean Mango Smoothies and...?' 'Fly ohfish' 'Filet ó fish?'—The point is that it's even when you are in this stupid hurry I will really waste your time.

Yes, yes, yees! My bus, my bus!!—'Huhhr, you say yes?' 'Jesus Christ! My bus!! Is leaving!!!' She drew out the last line.

'Why didn't you come earlier? Here is your change, you still there? I thought you left already? And your order!' She ran off like a newly launched rocket.

### *Episode 3*

Three Junkies were having a heated discussion in front of me right there before the counter. They always do.

'The office is closed. Menn, am completely broke...what should I do?' The male junkie worried like someone keeping his money ran away without notice. He hadn't got his social benefits yet.

'Do office, get up early, get up your sleeping ass, you sleep too much, go there early and they will attend to you'. The more radical out-spoken junkie instructed him like a mad-rude-mother. She was a strong woman, able to lead many men to war, but alcohol and drugs had ruined her dear life. Every other time, you will see her hanging in front of the Liquor Store with beer and a cigarette in her hand. Harrowing with these mostly-men friends like a heavyweight.

'I was there yesterday' she prodded. 'And I got my money, see'; and she showed him a couple of fifties. 'I will try tomorrow' her male counterpart promised. 'Benjamin, wake up early and go for your money' she strictly admonished. Benjamin?

Junkies never use names, let alone real names. Top secret. All you hear is Snooky, Mousy, Oilly, Uuvve, Digga, Acha, Olga, etc. But that name hit me hard. Benjamin. The son of someone's right hand. Loved by his father and brother Joseph. Whom Joseph wept for; on his shoulders and gave him the larger portion of the gift.

I can imagine Benjamin being born, with great expectation, dreams and visions like every other blossoming child. With every great opportunity of life.

He was wearing a lassie fashion, mantle, shale, napkin, cap like all others French flying boy gigolo. 'Can you, be nice, one more time?' Benjamin spoke so softly with hesitation to his lady friend. 'Can I be served? Caramel ice cream and one cheeseburger please?' He directed his glance towards me so calmly with maturity.

'Benjamin, here, that's two Euros, don't ask me for money again this month' the Junkie lady cried out and that gangrened Benjamin.

'Can I for once be served!?' Benjamin shouted now that he had money on him. 'Oh yes, sorry, that will be all?' But Benjamin ignored me outright and later said, 'What will be all?' He almost talked to himself. 'What you ordered?'

'Go there tomorrow, rebuff them to send you away without money, that's your right?' The iron lady said with a formed fist.

'Yeah, all' Benjamin returned.

I can visualize that Benjamin's parents are great people from a great family. How he spoke and carried himself showed that he lost it not very early but so late. He could have been in the university or working in a big company or married with wonderful kids and wife. But here he was, wasting away, and the world was just watching. 'OK. Benjamin, see you man'. The other two ladies ordered theirs and left Benjamin behind, who still pampered his caramel ice cream. 'Can I get more cream?'--- '30 Cents'--- '30 what? You are kidding. Brother come, give me some caramel, you know, I need some caramel' -- 'Thank you Bongo man' -- 'You are welcome, Benjamin' I forced myself to personalise. It hit him tough to hear his name from a stranger. 'Do you know the meaning of Benjamin?' I asked him pleasantly. 'Ehh, me, talking to me, you don't know me, am not Benjamin?' he lied.

Quickly, he gathered himself, rushing to the toilet to go take in some more crack joint. They normally do so before or after a caramel guzzle.

## *Episode 4*

'Hello, good evening, what would it be today?' She completely ignored me. That's what I hate about guests but we normally pay them back in the right proportion at every right time. Either we intentionally ignore them back, or piss them off, or forget to add tissue, sauce, straw, or wouldn't pack their meals when we knew they said 'take away'.

Her eyes were swollen, her whole body bleached... more on the face; and she was black; speaking Spanish to me. Worst case!

'Patatas?' she questioned. 'Big, medium, small?'---'And Potatas' she said. Good. I repeated myself now with a hand demonstration.

She just waved her hand and head in a straight line. 'Big or small?' I asked hurriedly to raise my tone as I witnessed more guests flooding in.

'How much is a big one?' She managed to comprehend. '2,39' I declared, showing her the packs.

'And...?'---'1,69'.

Then she brought out her phone, I thought to speak with someone who can understand me. 'Write the amount, type in the amount' ---'Jesus Christ!' I looked at her closely and wondered... don't they use Euro in Spain?

She is coming from the African speaking Spanish countries.

I typed in the amount.

Latin!

'Josè, please come to the counter, there is a Spanish lady here that needs assistance' I yelled. She really felt like she was lost in translation. Josè didn't come. I gave her a big fries and bid her farewell.

## *Episode 5*

Just an awkward lady. Inattentively dressed. Who began shouting even while she was a kilometre away. 'What is going on here! I don't have!! Where is the manager of this restaurant!!!'

Inattentively dressed. Who began shouting even while she was a kilometre away. 'What is going on here! I don't have!! Where is the manager of this restaurant!!!'

'I want pommels! Just pommels!!' The shouting increased. And she stepped back. 'Give pommels!' The manager came. The crazy lady literally attacked him. 'I want pommels! Just pommels!!' The manager ignored her. 'What does she want? Please' I pleaded, my head is aching. 'Pommels! I just want!!' 'She must be heavy on drugs. Tonnes' the manager said. 'Heavy? No. That's an overdose understatement, she is the drug. Baron...' 'Pommels!' She interrupted. 'What do we expect? Outside is minus 5 grade, must have inhaled enough strong crack to relieve the stress'—'The Stress? The demons. But they aren't going no way'. And we started laughing at her. That's all you can do in this situation.

'Small pommels!' She screamed since we ignored her. 'She wants small pommels' I reported. 'Is that all?' The manager asked. 'All' she said. 'Yes!' I parroted with her. '1,69' I declared. 'Get the manager, I can't take this anymore. I want pommels! Pommels!!----'Wasn't I enough of a manager for you?' I smiled. Tasty. 'Get the manager!'---'Lady, 1,69 and stop shouting!

Then she poured out all her purse contents. No wonder! Stingy too. All currency rolled out. Like she was begging at an international complex. I collected all the coins, counted out 1,69 and gave her the rest. She even wanted to trick me with Turkish Lira.

Immediately, she ate like she was starving on purpose. Chewing them fries like on a hot hard bubble gum. Can a pregnant woman be on a diet?

'Is everything OK with you?' I asked backing off. 'Private is private!' The crazy hoodlum woman announced to my surprise. 'Pommels!' ---'Again!' I shouted. 'Then how are you supposed to pay?' Because the remains of her purse were not even 33 Cents. 'Pommels!' She shouted even louder. 'And are you paying for it?' 'Of course! What do you think? Private is private' She repeated.

With fifteen more guests waiting impatiently and now murmuring.

'Come here, you stupid idiot monkey' she said to me. 'Don't mind her' one of the guests told me. Only then she walked closer to me. 'Pommels!'—'You can't pay it, waste of time, people are waiting, get off my line' I said and she kept quiet. 'Small or large!?' I provoked her with. 'Small pommels' she replied calmly and repositioned herself. '1,69'—'I know' she dropped all her coins on the counter. '1,33 or there about' '1,69 not enough. You don't have money and you...' 'The money is enough...' 'You are not only heavy on drugs but drunk and blind too'. 'Don't insult me!' 'And if I do?' 'Don't insult me! Don't insult me!!' 'And if...?' 'Don't...' 'And if I...' '1,69!...' 'Ehhh, how much is remaining?' The most impatient of the guests walked up to us and asked. 'I can't wait... have a bus to catch' he said angrily.

Out of anger he gave her one euro, dropping it on the counter. Quickly, she collected the one euro like a strong new glue and showered thanks on the good Samaritan.

'Pommels, small' her voice was now low. She paid and ate immediately.

Before she left she said, 'For fifteen years I was happily married to a Portuguese' and she kissed her palm in a demonstration. 'Sweet marriage'. With that she began to walk away, staggering. Wait a minute! Could it be that she acted this out for us? To gain quicker access? She was not on drugs, drunk or a junkie...

However, I doubt it. No normal human being can put on this terrible show without any form of strange influence or addiction. We all have one.

## *Episode 6*

'Hello'---'Hi'.

This was an awkward young girl with metal teeth and nice appearance. 'I am lactose intolerant. Is your cheese lactose intolerant?'

First, I busted off and laughed my head out. 'No am serious' she said. 'How is it supposed to be my fucking business?' 'Oh sorry I'm joking' I said sheepishly. 'Interesting! Let's hear more of it.' I said. 'It sounds like lactose resistance. Are you protesting?' I said and we laughed. 'I know nothing about it. Tell me.' Wonderful topic. 'Some people react negatively and have side effects to milk, sugar, egg, carbohydrate, fat, mineral stuff, calcium- they have problems and complications with it.' 'With what?' I teased. 'Lactose intolerance'. 'Really?' And she went into a fit of laughter. The sound was like a 'pretty woman' or 'Million Dollar Baby' laughter.

'Lactose Free?' 'Free Lactose' I re-echoed in reverse. Like Lactose is an imprisoned individual that needs to be freed. 'Oh that's a good one' I smiled. 'I would love this Lactose free idea.' 'Intolerance' she reminded.

‘To answer your question, I don’t know, think that’s too high for me’---I submitted with a bow. ‘Then I will take Latte Macchiato. Is it Lactose Free?’ She sighed. ‘Jesus! So it comes with milk...What’s all this Lactose outbreak?’ She laughed her head off... kikiki was the sound.

‘I don’t eat anything with Lactose’. ‘WOW. From another planet? Alien invasion?’ Like I should hug her for a while, clap and praise her in congratulations! For winning our first prize of a brand new BMW coup. Give me a break!

‘It sounds a bit embarrassing...’ ‘No it does...wholly’ I chipped in. ‘Last time I passed out in a restaurant because of...’---‘Now we have holidays, I really want to enjoy, not to end up in a clinic...’ ‘Muhhrr’

Soon enough, her friends, all girls, came around, joined her and teamed her up. So quickly, she stopped with the Lactose pressuring.

‘Oh Jessica, have you ordered already?’ One of the girls said to her who was presumably their Ring Leader. ‘You still want some Cheese Burger, Big Mac, say so, it’s on me’ the Ring Leader continued. ‘Am OK with the Latte Macchiato’ Jessica said. The Machiato she never had. Who do I believe in? Could it be that she made all these Lactose stories up? Poor girl. She looked capable of it. But for what reason? To create an impression and enjoy a brief spotlight?

## *Episode 7*

‘Are you still working at McDonnell’s?’ ‘Mother-Fucker? What does it look like? A concert? Is that a compliment or a mock?’ ‘I’m old enough to work at...’ ‘You see someone, working in a ...And you came up with such a surprisingly stupid question?’

‘Please, don’t take it personally.’ ‘What is more personal than that?’ ‘What guts to ask such garbage. No I’m here on pro-demonstration, you know, the minimum wage is not enough and the poor masses are crying, would you like to join?’ He gapped a little. Serves you right.

‘And you? Are you still cleaning the public toilet at the O2 Arena Stadium?’ ‘I will see you’ he protested with a pointed finger. ‘No, I will see you in court, what nonsense!’

## *Episode 8*

‘Shekel?’ – ‘Hrrh’ ‘Shekel’—‘What do you mean?’—‘What’s the name? Or?’ ---‘No. I cant...What do you mean? You speak English? Deutsch? Arabic?’

‘Shackle’ he repeated. The last guest at the back yelled ‘He means shake, goddamnit!’ ‘Oh, Shake! Milk Shake’ ‘Yes, yes, Shackle, small’ – ‘OK’ ‘How much Shackle?’ ‘1,99’ ‘One?’ – ‘No, one’ - ‘And big?’ -‘2,49’.

‘Show me the sizes’ ‘Oh, you don’t believe me?’

All these old people, alone, lonely and miserable at home. With no one to talk to. Not even a boring weak little sick dog. Here they want to do their talking. ‘Show me’ he protested. I did. ‘Medium?’ ‘No medium, we have no medium’.

I was losing my patience with my first guest this merry Monday evening. How would the night be? ‘Thank you, am not buy, bye’ and he walked away.

## *Episode 9*

This woman, withdrawn and dry. Looking like a disadvantaged divorcee.

‘You have coffee?’ she demanded. Lord the Hell! What a question? It’s still 18:00 hours. We will have NO coffee from 1:00 AM. ‘Of course we have’ I declared. ‘Latte Macchiato’. ‘Big or small?’ ‘Regular. Do you serve Regular?’ ‘Yes’ ‘How much?’ ‘2,49’ ‘What a strange figure?’ ‘Like yours?’ I teased. ‘What, do they taste good?’ she asked looking around. ‘What? The coffee or the figure?’ I teased again. She eyed me rudely and stepped aside with her coffee.

All these people that feel it’s their God given power and right only to be the ones freaky and funny. FF. Closely, I watched her pour seven sachets of sugar and seven doses of milk into her coffee. What is she thinking? Stealing what is always there for free.

'Two cheese burgers.' Well, I thought I was done with her. 'How money time?' 'What?'---'How many time?' 'I don't understand.' 'Never mind, just get my order.'

I was so restless and burdened with this misquote. Is my English and understanding that bad? I felt remorse for my poor English.

Wait a minute! After she had left, I replayed her words in my mind.

'How money time? How time money? How time many? Time, how many?' Now I get it! 'How long will her order take?'

Two seconds.

## *Episode 10*

'Good evening, you speak English?'---'Oh yes. Like mother tongue.' 'Thank God, thank Heavens, bite my lips on the last trip, what a relief' his girl friend said. 'How hard is it to get an English speaking...?'-'What are we ordering?' she interrupted me with.

Such a beauty. With eyes like an eagle but not soaring high.

She just stood there upright. 'Two big Mac meals with water and diet coke. Large fries'---'Yes or to go?' 'In'---'Good' 'One more thing, please, one of the sandwiches without vegetables' 'As in salad?'

'That's right'.

Three minutes later, I walked up to them. 'Here you are, enjoy. The one marked with the sticker is the one without vegetables'.

Five minutes later, the man was coming towards me with a big smile and holding the very sandwich like a lifetime achievement award.

'What is it this time?' I said to myself rhetorically.

'Excuse me, I said without vegetables' he said. 'That's what you got. Without vegetables'. 'No. There are vegetables inside; I don't eat vegetables, not that I'm not a vegetarian...'

Such an elegant man. He stretched it to be polite and considerate at the same time in a foreign country.

'There is no salad inside?' I was still worried. 'Yes, no salad'---'I don't get it?' I worried more. 'Oh, by vegetables, I meant, everything, tomatoes, onions, sauce, pickle- just bread, cheese and meat' he said smiling.

'Sorry then, I understood vegetables to mean only salad- OK, I will get you a new sandwich as you wished.' 'Thanks.' 'You should have said, a plain sandwich, that's the term we understand and use here'. No reply.

He didn't know about 'plain' and I didn't know about vegetables. That's good enough English for this evening.

## *Episode 11*

'You Turkey?' 'Kolistaah, Kolistaah' 'No. Arabic.' 'Burger' he said. 'Which?' 'Red meat'. 'What?' 'Anyone' he pleaded. I rapped him a Hamburger. 'And Red bull?' -'What?'---'Red Bull?' -'Bull' I teased and he stamped me with 'Kolistaah'. 'It sounds like Holster California' I shot at him. 'What! What!'--- I can twist your mind too.

'Hahahahahaha' he laughed. New Junkie. 'Wait a minute, you, you mean, Red Bull?' 'Hahhahhahahaha' he gave another round of laughter.

All these Syrian immigrants, forcing themselves to speak the simplest foreign language.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### *Episode 1*

‘The food, Halal?’ ‘What is Halal?’---‘No, pig, pig’ and he demonstrated pig sounds using his nose. ‘No pig inside’ I assured him. ‘You Muslim?’ ‘What’s the meaning of that? Now am I Muslim? You want to convert me or what? Are we here in an Islam seminar or what? Will get out of here if...’

‘No, no, no, no, no, I’m sorry’ ---‘Yes, yes, yes, yes, sorry for yourself- come here, here, don’t you know there is pig oil in Red Bull?’ ‘What!’ ‘What *Banbanka!*’ I chased. ‘And the Hamburger meat you eat is prepared in the same grill where McRib with pig flesh is prepared. Their oils mix’ I fought on. ‘What’s McRib?’ he said, shocked.

‘That will be for another day, now please leave if you are not ordering!’

‘OK. Bye.’

‘I’m staying’.

### *Episode 2*

‘I was, I came, every day, here, every evening to McDonnell’s in Wallsback’ ‘I am 85 years old, I visit all the McDonnell’s in Hamburg, in Hamburg, I worked in, in McDonnell’s for so many years.’ ‘It’s really a comfortable working place. Don’t you think?’ ‘Excuse me!’ I almost shouted. Did I get to hear all that?

‘What time do you normally close?’ ‘One A.M.’ ‘What time do you close today?’

I delved at him. An old man with black barrette, green tuxedo, red jacket and some brown shoes. On his back a mountain climbing road bag.

‘I am’ I hissed ‘Oh really. It used to be earlier those days’. ‘12:30AM’. Great difference I thought. ‘And what do you do with the rest of the products?’---‘We...’ ‘Can I have one of the old newspapers of yesterday?’ He pointed. While he talked he had finished reading the front page.

‘No, we...’ ‘Don’t tell me that you normally throw them away, the products too? What’s the use? Just a copy of...’ ‘You are’ ‘Ask the manager, it’s possible. Just one copy? Is that bad?’

‘Really getting on my nerves’ I warned. ‘Ask the manager!’ He shouted, commanding me. ‘Ask the manager goddamned it!’ He said, barely opening his mouth. ‘Stop screaming’ ‘I haven’t even started, see, I’m on retirement. We used to get free coffee in all the McDonnell’s across Europe. You can’t do me nothing, call the cops.’

‘What’s going on here?’ The manager intervened. ‘You the manager? You? You don’t look it.’

‘During our days...’ ‘Ehhh! How can I help you?’ ‘Foreigners managers in McDonnell’s? Those days...’ ‘How may I help you?’ ‘Where are you from? Syria Lanka? Bangladesh? Pakistan? You can’t be from India with this accent’ ‘Hellooh!!!’ The manager shouted at the top of his lungs and the store shook twice. But that didn’t intimidate the hard-soul maniac. ‘Those days they only worked for food, today, now they are being paid and they don’t want to do any work’ ---‘How may I help you?’ The manager said, calmly now. ‘Help? I only asked for the old newspaper that you will throw away afterwards; as a retired man, as a State man, what are you going to do?’ he tightened up with a mean protest and left gradually.

### *Episode 3*

‘Can I get me Sandy?’ ‘Good evening, you like Caramel or Cho...’ ‘Chocolate’---‘WOW, what an interruption’ I said with an open mouth. ‘Am sorry’- ‘You took that out of me’ ‘I know what I want’ ‘*Really!*’ ‘You get to be quick in life to act, not to react, else you will always be taking the defensive side of life’s reaction’. ‘Wow, that’s a good one.’

I was ready for a juicy discussion this evening. It had been boring. ‘I never been this interrupted all my life.’

Liar!

‘Sorry’.

'Still travelling?' 'Next stop Berlin'. 'From America?' 'New York?'—'But I liked it here, better than the States' she continued. 'Why? Many wish to travel to America!' 'Not any more, that was then; *the American dream, we are the world, land of the free*'. 'I remembered all that.' I served her order.

'However, millions of Africans and others around the world have only one dream, to travel to America' I continued. 'That's bullshit... soon they will reach there after spending millions of their money and they will be like... is this America?' 'Forget all those things you see on TV, nice places, Hollywood. America has the worst ghetto in the world, gang violence, unemployment, poor social security, increased abortion rates and high mortality rates. America is like a flowing river, it carries along everything that's in it.' 'I believe that people should bring America to where they are instead of going or coming to America'. 'You are right', she said. 'But I hope you are not planning to move to the US?' she warned. 'That was then, now everything I need is here and my brain, mind and intellect follows me like my shadow everywhere I go.' 'That's a good one, good stand.' 'Standing' I added. 'Yeah right though, America thinks they are leading the world, Big Brother is watching you...' she joked and started leaving.

'You have a nice journey to your destination' I said. 'You have a nice stay.'

Kiss in the air and she was gone.

## *Episode 4*

'Where is the manager!? You worked here yesterday? Yes, you did. You gave me 50€ note. I gave you 100€ and the change is this 50€ note!'

'Wait a minute' 'No! Call your manager. I can't...' And he began to walk about furiously.

This is a sojourner from Romania. A gypsy.

Our manager came. 'Yes. What is it?'

He repeated the same story. 'Then you shouldn't come here. Go to the police and make a report.' 'No! Someone...' 'So it's no longer me?' I cut in. 'Shut your mouth! He gave me this fake money here yesterday. Check your camera! Check your camera!! Check your camera!!!' 'Do you have access to them at all!?'

'Then I'm calling the cops' the manager said. 'Oh do that, be fast about it. How can a whole big store like this don't have access to their camera, can't control their money before giving it out to their guests.' 'Are you a guest? I worked yesterday evening, I never saw a face even closely resembling this one' I told the manager. 'That puts you at fault, because you, you!' And he came closer.

'No cause for alarm. That is not our problem, the police will take care of that' the manager said. 'The Police! I'm waiting!!' He shouted walking about disturbing the peace around.

After 48 minutes, in which he brewed and roared like a hungry wounded lion, the police came. On seeing them he blabbered violently all the more.

Three mighty men. They already knew ZOB as trouble crazy zone. I thought the young man would run away before the cops came. They normally do. Stop! They questioned him and he repeated the nonsense. Threatening to harass us later.

After a thorough investigation and interrogation, they found out that in their routine control, this very crook of a guy had tried the same trick in another McDonnell's store just yesterday.

Crack-crack! Handcuffs!!

How can one be so foolish and stupid? A moron to think the police don't keep records? A fresh starter for that matter. Mistaking and taking for granted the German police. The trick might have worked in a local interior Romanian village, but not here.

'Take him away. Please I want a store restriction on that fool in addition...' the manager requested.

## *Episode 5*

He puffed stinky smoke towards my direction. 'Cheese burger'. 'What!? Squeeze out the light from that nonsense.' 'No' 'Then I'm not taking your order.' 'Why? I have the money. You have served me already' he insisted. 'To Hell with your money. Doesn't matter. Out! Out!! Nonsense!!!' 'I can't believe my eyes'. 'Unbelievable!'

Moreover, he began to walk away, still smoking his weed. 'You choose weed over food? If you don't leave I will call the cops.'

He zoned off wondering why I was being so difficult. 'You must have lost your goddamn mind!' 'So these days, people can give their order while smoking, while having sex... God punish all of them!!!'  
I was very mad at the way he took me for granted.

## *Episode 6*

'Royal meal'. This old-jarred-Arab man instructed me, the type that wears women's shoes because their size is not available in the men's department or because it's cheap. Small, bare-headed, glasses, broad shoulders, cheap clothing from low fashion textile stores; discount on small feet.

His face was tight and roughened like he desperately lacked the minimum needed nutrition and vitamins. *Vikitamins.*

It was like he had placed his order 30 minutes ago and I just ignored. I enjoy picking on him, that's how I get my revenge and joy.

'Royal meal or single?' I asked. I was delighted, which is what he didn't understand. 'I said meal didn't I?' he retorted. 'Big meal or small meal?' I policed, that's how you get them more pissed off.

'For heavens' sake! Small meal!!!' He shouted. I smiled. Got you. 'Here or to go?' 'What's the difference!? Get my order so I'm out of here!! I have a bus to catch in 2 minutes!!!' He bellowed loudly. Proud. I didn't hear that. I ain't done yet.

'What drink would you like?' 'Don't you have cola?' 'I haven't said that'. And he was quiet.

I gathered his order. 'Easy' I hissed. 'I want the TS without tomatoes'. 'Did you say, your bus is leaving in two minutes? The problem is we sell only what is in the control, and the closing time is...' 'I don't give a fuck. Get my order as I wanted it or get me your manager; that is if you have one. Because I will be reporting this absurd store to Munich. You don't know me. By the time I'm through with you...'

'What's going on here?' the manager came out. 'Can I have your badge number and name?' It's over two decades we no longer have badge numbers with our names. 'For what?' 'I'm suing this place.' The manager smiled. 'For what?' 'I ordered the Royal without tomatoes and this *thing* told me...' 'Stop!' 'Has he paid?' 'No'. And the manager walked away. 'Where are you going!?' 'I need an answer!'

Long story short, me too; I walked away. And he just stood there.

Empty and worthless. He got nothing. Waste of time. Not even a Royal with rotten tomatoes. When I came back he was gone.

## *Episode 7*

'Fingers, doner, 02ner'

Strange.

'You mean, fries, hamburgers and water' 'Yeah, yeah, yeah. Home' she said. 'Here or to...' 'Home?' She fanned flipping her 10€ on the counter.

I was just waiting. 'Please hurry; my bus comes soon.' 'I will ask you again, big, medium, or...' 'Of course!' 'And the Doner?' 'Royal' 'Water big, no gas!'

'Then, take a meal, it's...' 'No meal! Just Royal, big fingers, big water.' 'That's a meal already' 'OK? It's OK'.

So long she had enough money... 'How much, how much?' 'Can I have a receipt?' 'Oh you can have the receipt machine but that wouldn't change the price.'

As she saw the difference, she went cold and just walked away. 'Excuse me...' she was gone. I was a bit shocked because 10€ can cover for 6,99 meal and why did she leave her change behind? 3,01 Euro!?

## *Episode 8*

'In the workplace today are just professionally trained monkeys, who entertain themselves and customers as well as guests, since they will be paid for it by the end of the month for the work they presumably think they are doing which they are not.'

This was a discussion between two tacky friends smoking weed and displaying left-in white fingers imprinted on the back of their black pull-over T-shirts.

'Two cheese burgers, two coffees.' 'Okay' I replied and served them quickly. I thought the order was for both and they were about to leave.

'How about me?' the other friend demanded hotly. 'Okay.' 'Okayed?' he mocked. 'Oh I'm sorry' I pleaded. 'Sorry for yourself' he replied with an ice-cold look. He already had a big large coke in his hand. 'One Big Taste meal, big fries and coke.' What!

WOW! Weed people never have enough of cola and coffee. 'Take away?' 'On the way, don't pack the order...'

## *Episode 9*

'Yogurt?' 'We don't have Yogurt.' 'OK. Chicken chips?' 'You mean, Chicken nuggets?' 'Yes.' 'Six, Nine, or Twenty pieces?' 'The smallest'---'You mean six?' 'Cé' 'Please, hurry my bus is waiting'. I looked at her closely, a haggard 69 year old lady.

'My bus leaves in five minutes, hurry please' she said, and smiled. 'I will do my best, my best'. 'Yeah, Fish Mac without bacon.' 'What? When did we start serving Fish with bacon?' 'There is no bacon in our Fish' I stated and she became quiet.

All these Muslim fanatics, eating pig and running about denying. 'Forget the fish, just the Yogurt' she requested, really doubting my judgment.

'You Muslim?' 'You fanatic?' I asked. 'I have heard that your oil is from pig products.' No The answer was offered. 'No. We rear live pigs in the kitchen.' 'What!?' 'And we slaughter them for meat' 'Please stop, just give me the Yogurt. Hope there is no gelatin conservatives in the Yogurt? I'm not ordering again.' she squeezed her face and shuffled away.

'You better not eat pig and miss your bus' I paraphrased. 'And miss my bus.' she repeated.

'Thank you so much. Are you a Christian?' 'Protestant. Born again' 'It's like fanatics?' she asked to walk away. 'Better than fanatics. The good ones.' 'Bless your soul, one God. I'm gone.' We talked for more than twelve minutes. Her bus must have surely left. Pity.

## *Episode 10*

'Yellow I would like Chicken...' 'Hello, Wings, Chicken Nuggets?' 'That one' she pointed.

Problem guest with accented high tone. 'Chicken Wings!' she screamed. 'Yes'-'OK. 3,19'---'No. Its stated, 2,99' she insisted. 'Oh, that's old price, 3,99' I offered a smile as if that was a good joke.

'No. That's your problem! I will pay 2,99!'---'Sorry ma, it's our mistake, old price' 'No! That's your fault!! 3 euro!!!'

'Why are you shouting 3 euro?'---'No. Pay 3,20€'---'One cent spending for the kids' I smiled enjoying myself. 'No! 3 euro' 'No. pay 3,20'.

'Jesus! Christ!! What's going on here!!! Bazaar or local auction?' the manager interrupted. '3 euro; is Chicken Wings not 3 euro? 2,99?'---'The price is 3,19' The manager stated and walked away. '3 euro or I'm going!!' 'The price says, 2,99 the writing on the wall is clear' A guest from the back spoke up in support. 'You see, you see, 3 euro or?' 'Negotiation business or what? Go!' I ordered.

Brain disorder. Maybe out of hunger and desperation. What degradation.

So she left with a temper. That echo of the continued roar of 3 euro, 3,20 and the caricature of her lingered in the air afterwards for thirty minutes.

## *Episode 11*

A typical German family on holiday from who-knows-where. Just burst into their first stopover. Why here? I don't know.

The wife walking in the front with only hand bags, the man behind dragging their three pieces of luggage. The daughter just trailing behind fussing with her phone, chewing gum.

'Evening. What can it be?' I said. Instead of answering me, she discussed with him hotly. Old grudges from the holiday.

Seconds later... 'What are you waiting for, the young man has been waiting for ages. Order!' She shouted at him. That startled me.

'Just Big Mac, only' the poor man whispered pleadingly. 'Finished? Then step aside' she commanded. Talk to me like that in public, and I would pour boiling hot water on you continuously until you turn to ice, emotionally. What an promotional rake! It was even his money they were spending.

'You?' she threw in the direction of her daughter. 'Big Taste large meal, Coke without ice, fries without salt' she talked to her mum, not even looking in my direction. I checked her size. Short, large pole. 'I will have the same as my daughter ordered.' she really stressed on the 'my' and that really showed a clear picture... that of a step dad.

'We are going to the rest room to clean up, pay him and get us seats' Quickly, they disappeared. The man had to carry all the luggage, their orders, and their handbags. Oh dear. He said nothing but stood there thinking something like... I pay and carry all these?

I gathered their order in a jiffy. I didn't pity him. He brought all this and much more for himself. If they are like this outside, how will they be behaving inside their house!

He struggled with the luggage to locate them a seat, and came back to their order. Hands full, eyes wondering and mind made up. So much was written on his face.

Like what-in-the-world-did-I-get-myself-into...

Kill these bitches and run away with their wealth? NO! Kill this brat of a daughter and enjoy life with this crazy woman? For she will definitely will everything to her. Run away myself and start a new life afresh?

Minutes later, that brat returned and was standing kilometres away. 'The ketchup and Mayo are missing. Already paid for it' she said to me. Blood is thicker. She sure seemed like a lady who knew what she wanted. The kind you never get to mess with. 'And should we pay for the toilet when we are guests here?' That woman was rude. Even though I was pressed, she refused me access until we paid her first. I hope my mum will not press charges against this store. And I'm sure she will, even though she has not said so. 'The ketchup and Mayo?' she demanded cautiously. 'You are too slow'. This type that will link you up and then remind you suddenly you are dreaming on their time.

'There you go. Take three ketchups' I was scared but I added to it. It will soon be over. 'No, no, no, one ketchup and one Mayo. That will be okay. We ordered only two meals.' She snapped out the words like an angry crocodile and left the scene immediately.

## *Episode 12*

'Can I get a Big Meal?'—'Yes. Coke?'—'That will be good'—'Here or to go?' I continued. 'What?'—'Packed or here?' I don't get you. Just want a Big Mac Meal. 'That's all' he blazed. 'The question is... are you eating here or are you taking it with you so that...' 'So what?' he asked. 'What will happen?' I was lost! Speechless!!

Is there something wrong with my accent or is this man a die-hard comedian? 'Of course here!' He startled me with. 'Sorry for the misunderstanding' he went on. 'Jesus Christ! You froze me. English Dictionary?' And he started laughing.

'Take your time, I'm not in any way hungry' he confessed. 'I'm being careful, you can pull my leg any time. But you don't always get to hear that?' I asked. 'You said?' he asked rhetorically. 'You don't know me?' he continued. 'TV guy, guy, Stephan Raab? I must be losing count' 'Holly Molly! Buddha Mary!! You!!! What the hell. I should have...' Not your fault, we are shooting nearby, I'm keeping this make-up face for the shooting'—'Great' I began to shiver. 'Hey, don't blow my cover. I don't have enough pens for many autographs. Wait until I'm gone'—'OK' 'But can I take a picture with you?' 'Oh sure, yeah'. I snap a selfie with him. 'Is my order ready?' he asked. 'Oh, right here, enjoy your meal'. And he was gone.

'Ehhh! Stephan Raab was just here now!!' I announced cheerily. 'Stephan who!'

## *Episode 13*

'How much is a burger?'—'Which one?' 'This one'. 'No'—'That one?' 'Yes'—'3,79'. 'One'. 'You want fries?'

'Yes'-'Drink too?' 'Like 6,49?' 'Yes'-'Idiot! Stupid!! Why waste my time!!! Why don't you just say Big Meal?' 'Here or to go?' 'Home. And no ice in my drink'. 'What drink are you having?' 'Didn't I say Coke Zero? See, I'm diabetic'. 'Wasn't the cause'.

How can I stand a person from my race order me about like I was his new slave. And this demonic break in between is killing me. I would have smashed the order in his face. Easy!

## CHAPTER NINE

### *Episode 1*

This is how these particular junkies arrived to give their order. They stood far away from the counter and won't even look in my direction, leave alone at my face, not to mention any eye contact.

Counting their chips. No, coins, with such a pitiful countenance that screamed for urgent care, attention and enormous pampering.

Then they started with 'How much is a chicken burger?' '1,49' 'Since when? It used to be 1 Euro'---'When did the price change...increase?' 'Every time the price is increasing, but your salary remains the same.' This is the only time he looked at my face...He was swerving and floating under the influence of drugs and addiction. Wanted to see if I was provoked. Was I pissed off now?

I ignored him. Then he would ask my colleague and will get the same answer.

He came back. 'How much does your chicken used to cost?' '1,49 what do you want?' 'Oh. Are you talking to me?' Another cold war of silence. 'I meant Cheese burger?' '1,29'---- 'Used to be one euro?' 'You used to be normal, now you are not.' Moreover, I stopped there. 'I have only one euro' he would count his chips again. Looking up and down, delaying until an impatient guest who couldn't take it any more will step in and save his ass.

'Here. Keep the change. Just two cheese burgers. Take away, give me like that. Environmental protection' the good Samaritan said. 'Oh, thank you wonderful, not really like the others, he saved my day, anyone...don't know if I'm still hungry? Maybe, I will come around again' and he walked away.

### *Episode 2*

'Four Euros!' 'Good evening. How can I help you?' 'Four Euros!!' 'Have only four Euros.' That's when I knew we have a case. A nutcase. And he dropped the two dirty 2 Euros on the counter. 'I have only four Euros. And I want a meal'.

I had a third look at the reverse retarded madman-on-heavy-duty drugs.

'Have a good look. Here are our meals. Which?'---'No. You give me one of the meals'. And he smiled a quick awkward smile. 'No you choose'--- 'I can't choose. Give me a four Euro meal' And he smiled that smile again.

'Fish meal or Chicken meal, Big Mac, or...' he just glared at me. 'The cheapest is 5,99'.

Smoothly, he collected himself and his chips and went away. Just like that. 'Noooh...what now?' I asked his back. No reply.

### *Episode 3*

'Ice Shake'. 'Ice cream or Milk Shake?' 'Ice Shake'-'We don't have Ice Shake'---'Oh, not again, what is it called?'---'I always forget. Every time I mess it up with this order. Last week too'.

I checked this old lady carefully with her dark rimmed eyes. About 65 years old or more. Still beautiful and appealing. Wearing a pink-lady like gown with a rainbow scarf.

'Please, help me, what is it called again?' 'Wish I can help you'. She cracked her brain for seven seconds. I was just teasing her.

'Give me some description'. 'OK. You sip it with a straw or you scoop it with a spoon?' She just stared at me feeling weak and powerless.

'Hope it's not Milk Shake'---'Ahhhhhhhh' she barked. 'That's right. What an embarrassment. Every time, the same show...What is that again?'---'Milkshake'---And she was so happy that she repeated it four times.

'Oh my goodness, please help me. I will forget again' 'No you won't!' 'Yes I will! I know it!' she confirmed. 'Should I write it down for you?'-'Oh yes, please. No one has ever made me such an offer' and she looked at me closely like someone falling in love but being too old for it.

'Here, Milk Shake... well, written in big letters and here is your...' I wanted her to read-say it but she couldn't. Most important was my writing on that piece of paper. 'You have an adorable handwriting'- 'Thank you, just a scratch like them doctors' I said modestly.

She handled the paper like a decade-long awaited telephone number of her serious admirers and slid it into her handbag hiding in a corner away from her husband. 'No more embarrassment...' 'Home work' I said and she walked away smiling weakly.

## *Episode 4*

'You have Milk Coffee?' 'What? No!' 'Milk-Coffee' He repeated. I don't know what we will be doing here without milk and coffee? 'We don't have it'. 'What you mean, you don't have Milk Coffee?'----'Listen. We have coffee. Over there is milk. You serve yourself. 'What's that supposed to mean?' 'Please yourself' I said and he got so burned up.

'Milk-Coffee' He demanded. 'We are still saying the same thing'. 'Over there is coffee, will be ready in a jiffy and over there is milk. Serve yourself.

He smiled. 'One coffee' 'Very well then'----I pointed out the milk to him. How much worth of service should a one euro product deserve? 'You have Soya Milk?' 'No' 'And low fat milk?'---'Not at all. What we have is coffee---milk'---'Coffee-Milk' He repeated.

'Here is your coffee. Sugar or sweet stuff...' 'I'm diabetic' he screamed. 'Much better. Keep away from them'. 'Didn't you hear me? I'm diabetic' he almost pleaded. Am I a doctor... giving out treatment for fools who wish for more than their pocket can afford?

'OK. Thanks' and he lifted his coffee and gave it a thorough examination. 'Most coffees are only vaporised, this one seems watery. If I add milk how then will it then look?'--- 'Like Coffee-Milk?' I teased. And he smiled like someone on a wrong drug. 'Can I get hot milk instead?' he asked. Teased. 'Over there in McCafé. 'Yes, can I have it?' 'But it's already closed?' 'Pity. On the net it says till 9:30pm' '9:00pm' 'Its only 8:55pm?' 'Sorry Sir, it was closed early today, five minutes ago'. I have nothing to lose. You will go with cold coffee at the end and the milk will not be hot either.

'OK. Thanks, fine'---'Two okays should be enough.' And he was gone, drinking the coffee immediately.

## *Episode 5*

A twenty seven year old ordering a kids meal. She was fast reciting the whole recipe offhand, like a poem. Three of them all ordered kids meal.

'You are slow' she told the last lady. 'This is the first time I'm ordering'. 'At your age?' 'But, there is no age limit right?' 'Thank God in the future there will be just one'.

Only then I heard someone shouting 'Chip Chic burger, Caffi!?' 'Please come again?!' 'Chip Chic burger, Caffi'.

The poor Vietnamese watched me closely. 'What do you want? To embarrass me? Or make a fool of me? My accent is not good and I know that. It's not my fault; to be born a poor in Vietnam. But eh!! I come here every day and I order the same burger every time. How could you forget? How could you?

Just get my order, you already know what I want,...take that as my name.' 'Chipchick burger, Caffi' 'And don't forget the next time!' 'Cheese burgers, coffee?' and he nodded a little yes. 'My friend! Shake me!!' With his arm stretched I took in the offer.

He smiled but still held my hand tightly. 'Working tomorrow? I will see you tomorrow!!' Why is he always shouting?

## Episode 6

'Caramel Rap'--- 'You say?' 'Caramel Rap'-'What? We don't have it' 'You don't have what? That thing over your head is what I want' I turned and followed his finger. 'You meant Caramel Frappe?'-'That's right and Cake, big size' 'Sorry?'-'Yes, big Cake, without ice blocks'—'Cake? That will be Coke right?' 'Yes, Yes'.

He was a fresh undergraduate engineering student from the university of Hamburg.

'I will also like, three Caramel ice cream with extra Caramel sauce' He begged. 'I will pay for the extra sauce' he solicited like a notorious prostitute.

With the last order, it dawned on me, a Junkie in the making. His tentacle-like nails were already permanently dirty and shaky.

A frustrated student. Wealthy father in one of the richest Arab countries, doesn't even know the health condition of his son; preoccupied with pride, boasting and bragging - my son is studying engineering overseas, Germany to be precise.

The parents must have pumped so much money into him and they still do, that he doesn't know what else to do with it than to graduate from taking alcohol and weed to cocaine and crack.

He still has on good clothes, shoes, and perfume and his hair is well washed, combed and pushed back where it is knotted.

In a few years to come, four or six maybe, he would have lost all these and then, and only then, he will become a certified Junkie.

## Episode 7

Her friend just ordered two Cheese burgers and ran off to the restroom. And here she was, proud and posy. Very much ready to show off all the Feminism ingrained in her head.

'Three Chicken Cheese?' Got you! I will drag you in too deep in this mess you just created. 'What did you say?' 'Cheese Chicken!' She shouted, freaking out already. 'Cheese what?' I made her pause. 'Yes, what my friend just ordered' she insisted with interest like what is it now? What do you want from me? My money, my blood or my friendship?

'What my friend just ordered' 'Is what?' I teased her squarely. 'Ehhh' she glowered, realising her folly.

It pained me that most people can't pronounce what they eat almost daily. It's like a mental disease or something. Like some handicapped person who can't say their name.

'Cheese, Cheese, Cheese Chick?' - 'You've got to be kidding me'. 'Cheesecake?' 'No' 'Cheese Beef?' 'Will you shut up!' 'Beef Burger?' She fought hard, squeezing her face from the torture. 'Close'.

Then the boy shuffled near with worry on his face. 'What is taking you so long!? I already went outside searching for you!!' He yelled. 'Taking me so long to do what?' She asked, faking seriousness. Such a spoiled brat! 'To order just...' 'Wait! Let her say it' I interrupted, winking to the boyfriend. *Rata Rata!*

'Cheese Burger!' She shouted... 'Three Cheese Burger!! For Heaven's Sake!!! Jesus Christ' 'What is going on here?' The boyfriend asked. 'Your girlfriend can't say Cheese Burger' I dropped the bomb. 'Say what? Shame! Blame!! Yeah, she is a meathead' the guy joked. 'He tortured me, should I sue?' The girl exclaimed. 'Come on, let's go'.

'Keep the change' she said haughtily. 'Should I fall for it? Oh yeah, four cents? Wish every guest could be saying that'. 'In Poland, they say thank you' she added. 'Hilarious' I fought back with as they went away.

## Episode 8

'Bacon?'--- 'OK' But she was pointing to the Fish Mac. 'That's Fish, meaning...' 'No, Bacon' she persisted.

All these Romanian Immigrants—'Long bacon'- 'Actually, bacon means a pig slice'- I smiled slightly like a Saint. 'But they are identical?' She asked. 'Fish or bacon?' I borrowed her words and accents. I was afraid if I say Chicken I will land into more trouble.

'Yeah, what's the difference?' She blazed with a long face. I was now more ashamed than thrilled. 'Bacon, please' 'OK. Like meal?'-'No. Just...' She said the rest with determination.

To me, bacon is pig meat, so I packed a McRib for her. 'Here you go!'—'What?' 'In the hand' she replied quickly. Then she was gone.

An hour later... She came back with her Lesbian friend who ordered a Big Club House Chicken meal. She could speak better English.

Five minutes afterwards, the Romanian with the poor grammar came back with the pack of McRib in her hand.

Oh Nooh! Thought as much, what now? Is the bread cold, the meat is stale or the sauce is hard? Her face showed anger.

When it got to her turn, I was like 'Oh sorry, the burger is cold, old, hard, I will...'---'This one' She said. 'What this one?' I asked not sure. 'Again' she reminded. 'Another one?'---And she nodded. 'Okay, here you go'—'Go where?' she exclaimed. 'Okay, have another one'. She collected the burger and ate it up immediately.

## *Episode 9*

He talked on the phone while in front of me with earphones in both ears. Then he spoke very slowly and softly. 'Burger, coffee.' Then he smiled like a kid. 'There you go!' I shouted. 'Why are you shouting?' 'So you can hear me when you are wearing earphones!' 'Yes, Juice' 'Which!' 'You are still shouting, why?' 'People who place their orders wearing earphones don't hear very well, so I have to shout so you can hear me.' 'But I'm hearing you fine!' 'I'm the one not hearing you, because obviously, your hearing ability is hindered'.

I was making every effort for him to realise that, as talking with someone with earphones on is so disrespectful and annoying. But whatever sounds that are coming from the gadget are utterly more important than his order.

'Mango'—'We don't have it!'—'Banana' 'Not in store!' 'Apple then?'—'3,45!'

He slammed a roughened 10 Euro on the counter still talking on that million dollar call that can't wait. The same way, I let his change fall and I walked away. He gathered it and still talked on the phone. Madness! Nonsense!!

## *Episode 10*

They just stood there waiting. The two of them with their twenty five day beards. Typical Arabs.

Eyes wondering. Saying nothing.

However, immediately when it's time to have their order taken that's the moment they will begin discussing like kids what to eat, drink, how and where????

'Good evening, can I take your orders please?'---What did I say? There they went on rambling in foreign tongues, impressing each other on how their choices will please them. 'What will you eat, take this, no... this, big or small meal, take, big meal'. I just stood there like a statue waiter. That's the show. Bazaar!

It seems to me that the guests always strive to put down the servers waiting to take their orders; to make themselves feel special... while the server is waiting and watching them like their handmaid servant slave; supervising their dressing, beauty and character.

This show is supposed to be an act of goodwill, respect and friendship. Mostly, it's just the opposite.

'Then we will have four meals with Fish Mac, big meal, with Coke. Eating here'. Unsurprisingly, they will disappear, expecting a five star hotel service. Leave it to me to transport four meals to their seats?

I don't do that. I am not paid to do that.

Inevitably, they will come back to their order. These stingy hoodlums paying with credit cards to avoid tips. So why should I do them a favour?

## *Episode 11*

'Straw-berry'---'Strawberry what?' 'Straw-berry!'-'Strawberry with what!'---'Straw-berry! Straw-berry!...'—'Strawberry Shake?'-'NO! Straw-berry!'---Are we in a garden sales market? 'Jesus Christ!'-'Did what?' He revised the question.

'Strawberry ice cream or shake or what?'---'Yes, yes,...' 'Yes, yes, yes what?' 'Straw-berry ice' he breathed at last. 'God has mercy! So much it takes to order a Straw-berry ice?'---'We don't have it' I said flatly. 'All this while?

Since when!? He yelled. The last frost in him came out. 'Long time ago' 'Why didn't you tell me all this while wasting my time for nothing'---'I didn't know what you want ---you too- wasting my time and energy'. 'It's your job to know what the guests want' he argued angrily. 'Right, the job is to read their mind... that's for babies'.

'So what? Waste more of my time with you hard soul bastard?' 'WOW, wow, watch it now' I warned. 'Get going. Because of that... your last word, even if you want caramel ice like them junkies, you are not getting it' I threatened.

'I don't want it!' He rued. 'I don't care!!' 'It tastes like decaying breast milk' and he walked away.

## *Episode 12*

'One cheesy, one chicken burger, but you will change this money for...' he almost threatened. 'Is that an order? Or the order? The order of things around here? How things are ordered here?' 'Oh thanks, that is lovely of you, gracious of you' he exclaimed.

'The order first' I cautioned. 'What?' 'One cheese burger and one chicken burger?' I replied.

'That's right. And change this 10 two euro coins to a 20 Euro note for me'. '2,78'---'Good'. He paid using different money. Immediately, he put the two 10 Euro coins on the counter. 'Please' he pleaded.

After the transaction I said, 'I'm sorry; we don't change money any more'. 'What! Why didn't you tell me first?'---He was so pissed off. 'Bye, enjoy your meal' 'But...' 'But what? I never said I'm changing the money...' 'Fuck you, screw you capitalists' and he stormed away. I tricked him. Sorry lazy dunce.

## *Episode 13*

I had been observant enough to notice these regular junkies that visit thrice or more everyday on a daily basis. First is this black girl, darker than berry. I suspect born here but ancestors from Ghana. She buys mostly Chicken Burger, ice cream, and small fries.

She also looks for waste food in carriage wagons, garbage and dustbins – and begs for alms and while loitering around.

One thing is for sure, when she comes, she always pays in full, and she knows what she wants. She even gives tips!

I desired so much to know her better. I had seen some African brothers giving her alms, trying to convert her back to a normal life, to our Lord Jesus Christ. It didn't work. They couldn't make her denounce her drug life because what was holding her was so strong and persistent.

It was not working.

Luckily, she came around today and was in a better mood. 'Hi, what's your name?' I asked after I had taken her order. 'My name is Dennis.' 'Dennis? It sounds like Chinese to me' I teased. 'Yes, Dennis' she confirmed and prepared to leave. 'Where do you live?' 'Why?' 'Just curious. Where do you stay?' 'Top Secret' she replied. That serves me right.

From then on I began to address her as Dennis.

After six months, she began to bend while walking. She went from a 20 degree curve to a 40 degree curve. Walking with a hunched back. But she was strong, and smelled like the drugs she consumed.

Most of the time, she changed her hair style and clothes, but she never took a bath. That is for sure. She urinates on any hidden corner, standing. Most days, she is so friendly that you wonder if she had a drug change; other days she is aggressive, destructive and torturing like a demon possessed. However, when I call her Dennis, she replies like a normal human being.

## CHAPTER TEN

### *Episode 1*

His duty was to walk around ZOB Sub Urban– drink with his friends, smoke and hang out all day and then sleep all night. Soon, all this changed. Now he would sleep all day and hang out all night.

After six months, he began to bend while walking. I knew he came from Poland. He always had with him travelling luggage, a camping bag and a trolley.

During the next six months, he began to walk with a crutch. We all get older. His health condition was depreciating so fast that the range was obvious and visible.

I never witnessed him buy or order our food. For that matter, I never saw him eat food; only smoking cigarettes, drinking alcohol and sleeping oddly. With time he began to sleep more than he was awake. He stayed put more than he walked about.

Before we knew it, he moved from a one-hand crutch to a four post walking aid. His bad health had restricted his movement. This meant that he could stay in one place, sleep, urinate and smoke. What followed was that the State gave him a wheelchair to enable his mobility. But by then his physical wellbeing had deteriorated so much – he could barely move.

Near our closing hours, he would wheel in to collect the toilet money tips since the cleaners were already gone. Soon enough, his legs began to swell and his stomach got much bigger. On our exit door, he would stay put, immovable, covering himself with all sorts of winter clothing even now, when we are in early spring.

After three months of this awkward position, he disappeared. He must have got worse and landed in the hospital or he might be dead. No one knows.

### *Episode 2*

Next on our list is this young man with a spoiled, smelling leg. Could be a wound or a broken bone. He walks painfully, begging for money. Any amount he gets is probably worth it. He is not nice to those who don't patronize him... he abuses and embarrasses them and blocks their paths.

Later, we found out that his name was Artilla, presumably from Turkey or Kurdistan. Story has it that he was born here, and went to school like every other normal child. But somewhere, somehow, it all went wrong and he took to the streets and the street gangs, and started to hang about on the streets. Street raised him.

Because he consumed drugs, alcohol and cigarettes – his leg got worse. He couldn't care less; he peed and defecated on himself like a brainless cow. The strange dead-man odour was unbearable and that was what he used to extort money from people. This unbearable odour and smell is the symbol of this world but that didn't stop Jesus embracing us with it.

What he didn't know was that his condition was getting worse. From one supporting crutch aiding his stability and movement to two.

After a while, he landed on a wheelchair. Now if you can't give him alms, you have to push him to his next destination.

He sleeps anywhere dark where no one pushed him to the next where-ever. We normally have to request and then force him out, not because he doesn't have money but because of the odour coming from him.

Like that, he too disappeared one day.

### *Episode 3*

Another devil in human form that we have is this young man that had a damaged left leg. His other problem? His mouth and reasoning. He had never accepted that he had a problem. To him, the society was the problem. Well,

he moved from walking with crutches to landing on a wheelchair. While ordering, he causes so many problems... to the point where people will pity his condition and pay for his order or even give him money.

## *Episode 4*

Another villain in the area that we have is this regular faced woman divorcee who worries while ordering. She is on social benefits but is angry why her kinds of people are not working to make ends meet. She also quarrels with other guests. A couple of times, she asked for Coke with ice blocks to drink her medicine with or hot water to warm her hands when everyone knows it's for the tea taps. And when she orders, she will insist on mixing cola with Sprite and Fanta, even with coke zero- she just wants to have a taste of them all in one cup.

Mostly, she continues with her messing up till the end and will quickly go to the toilets once the closing time is announced. And then she will stay there till we are all pissed off. On coming out, she will complain that the toilet is not clean enough and cleaners should be sacked if they can't do a good job.

Well, everyone is getting fed up with your wahala. At the height of things, she fought with a guest and this kept happening on a daily basis with the police arriving every now and then.

Finally, the store manager advised the authorities to give her a permanent quit notice. She accepted that. After all, she was police-known.

Weeks later, we were sure she will be hanging around again, waiting for the guests and workers she had fought with, mostly female, to attack and abuse them thoroughly.

This night it happened, in the wee hours of the morning, 3AM to be precise. She was lurking, hiding and waiting.

According to eyewitnesses, she jumped out like Jack the reaper on a poor girl named Vida, tackled her to the hard concrete floor under the night sky in the dim lights. She then tore all the clothes on her until she was stark naked. Screaming as if she was the one being hurt, she grabbed her between the legs and forced her dirty big fingers inside her, violating her roughly. Vida couldn't shout because she was so shocked and was attacked unexpectedly.

Then she peed and shat on Vida, holding her by the ankle and dragged her in a circle around the mess on the hard concrete like playing in the first dirty marshy snow of the winter under the dark sky.

Where was everybody!? No rescue came until it was too late. Vida had wounds all over her body. She rained abuses on her and beat her with fists and legs at the same time while Vida was still down.

Finally, the police, the fire-fighters and the building security came to the scene. Vida was at last taken to the hospital.

The Witch got what she deserved, a restraining order – for a 1000 kilometre distance from ZOB. Serves her right.

## *Episode 5*

From Tunisia, this young man was surely a junkie. On seeing him even from afar, you will already feel his negative energy and aura. Something burns in him that he transfers across to us, the spirit on fire and the soul in eternal hell awaiting redemption.

He will order caramel ice, and next he will zero in on the restroom where he will take his drugs and allow them to digest and assimilate in his whole being before we have to force him out. He quarrels without purpose but looking through his soul, you can sense his childlike spirit, poor and uncorrupted, begging for salvation. But the envelope around him and what he does and consumes won't allow for it. Because, you are what you eat.

You eat drugs, you are a drug, you eat pigs, you are a pig, you eat shit, and you are a shit.

## *Episode 6*

Visiting us very often is this slim African lady with black luggage. Believably, her husband dumped her and she has lost it. Mentally.

She comes, buys her food, sits in a corner and stays there enjoying her food till we close. Her face always has this weak smile that translates into 'what a wicked world'.

A couple of evangelist bodies and people who knew her had tried to resuscitate her back to life and consciousness. No way!

## *Episode 7*

In line was this woman with three pieces of luggage. I guess she was travelling with her husband who abandoned her and ran away. Left her stranded like a dog in the dry desert.

She came around, with all the three pieces of luggage, ordered her food and carried it all to her seat upstairs without using the lift. Stubbornly, she objected to any assistance and help. Even in her old age.

Many times, this woman comes in, orders twice and stays till we close.

On one of the occasions, she left her belongings, which is everything she had, and went to the restroom. A criminal junkie had been lurking on her like a hungry fox ready and waiting to steal another's breakfast.

The criminal junkie struck, taking her bag and walking away. He had crossed the first entrance door when the woman began shouting 'My bag! It's my bag!!'

Quickly, we rushed after him. He just gave the woman the bag, and walked through the last door. 'Ehhh, stop there! Stop!!' He took a few more steps to confuse us and then like a winning sprinter he took off. We pursued after him yelling, 'Police! Security!! Guards!!!' He left us behind as if we were the untrained runner against the world record holder.

Soon, the Police and ZOB security circled but couldn't lay hands on him. He disappeared. After that, the woman visited us a couple of times and then vanished like an old memory.

## *Episode 8*

There is this slim radical woman with a squinting left eye. While ordering, she strives to create a comic scene that is garnished with cruel intoxication.

However, I knew how to entangle the unleashed dragon in her. Her facade is like a brainless unintended joke of a child who knows what she is but prefers to play folly.

Every time she comes around with a brand-new guy, black men at that. I have a strong feeling, she promises all these desperate black men documents but soon they will realise it's all about sex and warmth — she will walk away and they will be dumped.

The day she stopped coming was when she mistakenly forgot her whole bag of shopping and didn't come back for it. That was the last time we ever heard or saw her again.

## *Episode 9*

Finally, it's our main man, whom we gave the name Flixbus. He goes about begging for money with the trickiest story that his luggage was locked up and he needed a few euro coins to unlock his luggage. That he's travelling to Berlin but is only a few euro coins short for the fare of his bus ticket. That he just realised his wallet is empty, he needs a few euros to pay for his ticket home and he's hungry in addition.

He was my biggest challenge. Most of the times, I wondered if he is a scam artist participating in a competition to see if he can survive on begging for alms. But as I watched his health getting worse and his stature becoming leaner, I knew for sure he was a recruit junkie.

He always forces himself on people, soliciting for money like a die hard prostitute.

However, this guy is smart, clever and dead serious with his begging business and has a hell of success. I wished to confront him like Dennis but he reads your mind and then avoids you.

Recently, I saw him wearing glasses, dark sunshades. Come on, we are having a cold and dark winter. According to the gossip, he was beaten up by a pissed off person who he must have assaulted. His new appearance makes his business look more shady and suspicious. Yet he didn't stop.

Months later, I saw him with a boy and a woman, presumably his family. The begging stopped. He looked fresher, bought food for his family and paraded them like a good father.

There is nothing a mother and a child cannot change. It worried me though that they always carried luggage, the couple of days that they were here.

Like that, Flixbus disappeared. A classic mystery.

## *Episode 10*

There she was. A thirteen to fifteen year old slim, rotten girl. Her hidden beauty was striking and one thought of why she was this way. Why is she living this way?

'Hamburger?' she asked. Her dressing will make one label her immediately but her aura will make you pause for a while. She was wearing a faded sleeveless gun-power gown. I looked at her and smiled to myself. 'Hamburger or what?' I asked even when I was ignored as she was goddamn-it serious and hungry.

When any woman has these, don't play with their emotions. Me? That's what I need to press out the juice.

18:52. She must have missed late lunch. But not starving. She was rough and unfriendly. That can only stir me up. Quickly, we had a company. A more slender and fair and aggressive female wearing red capped light blue jet-suit. 'Can I get ice? Ice, can I?' she interrupted the earlier order with.

I gave out a laugh. This is their well crafted trick. One will rush you with an order and another will interrupt them to confuse you so that the order will not be paid. Because the interruption of the second one was confusing. In my head I knew better and the carnal part of my mind had wandered off. Why are they even beautiful? How much more beautiful they have been if not on drugs, on the streets, homeless and on other bad habits and addiction?

They were tacky and unpredictable. The way they conversed, their lips moving like presumptuous talented actresses eager to please and to smile without being comical about it.

'One after the other' I emphasized. 'Hamburger! Three Cheese burgers' she directed. I was expecting 'How much is Hamburger?' That's how you know a certified junkie. They ask for the price of the same burger they eat every day. Brain damage. 'One euro ten.' Oh please, don't ask the price of the Cheese burger. 'Cheeseburger? How much is Cheese?' '1,29 - Don't ask me how much is Chicken burger.'—'And Chicken burger?'---'Jesus Christ!? 1,39!! Are you for real!!!?' 'Three.' 'Three what?' 'No four.' 'No wait, sorry, five, five hamburgers, five.' 'OK. OK, OK, OK, four'.

Now that carnal banal lusts came back. Just take her to a hotel, wash her up, oil her down and... 'Hurry up!?' She caught me staring at her. 'OK' I smiled. I was so lusty lost, it was written all over my face.

I have seen the worst of them... Gypsy, Sojourners, very violent and abusive but this one right here was an exception. 'Here or take away?' I asked. 'Here or take away' she parroted. The way she even said it. 'Sorry? You eat here or take away? Home?' I redirected pointing to the door. 'Here or take away?' The big girl began to laugh. 'Oh, take home, home, home, home' she pleaded in a defensive manner.

I dished out the four Hamburgers. 'No. Five, five Hamburgers'. It was like my name was Five. She became very stubborn and furious. Who is enjoying who? She was acting and I was directing - each under their spiritual leadership. 'Hurry up!?' she shouted madly. I smiled. I had promised myself not to get angry. Not to get provoked.

Pay Time! She demonstrated with her dirty palm fingers and nails. Like a native goldsmith. Boom! She poured so much colourful coins on the counter. 'I should count them?' 'Is that not enough?' With that the slender one went away.

'I counted, counted?' she managed to say. 'Whoa! Counted what?' I asked. The coins were so wet and sticky like they were washed in dirty water. OK that's the offering given to them by the good Samaritans and sympathisers on begging and hustling on the streets and corners of Hamburg. 'Count!' she ordered. I counted out 4 euro 40 cents and announced the amount. 'Hamburger one euro? Or? Or?' 'OK, OK, OK' she continued as she realised it was enough money. Oh sorry, coins.

'There you go, enjoy your meal' I wished them. 'What!?' 'It's OK.' Then she brought out other money; six 2 euro coins and four 1 euro coins. 'Change, change, change' she declared as if she was doing me a favour. 'OK' As I gave her fifteen euro notes, her face shone and glowed like the sun. The joy in the accumulation of money is satisfying.

Immediately, she snapped the notes away from my hand and quickly hid it inside her bra. Anything you find inside a woman's bra belongs to them.

I felt like talking more with her. About her. There is something special about these creatures hidden from the regular eyes of the ordinary people. They have a triggering and striking attitude naturally stamped on them by God. It could be what a curious and famous artist can spend all their life time looking and searching for. The crazy character that makes a star. But here it is, freely given to these ones. And they are just here to waste the gift.

Where is the camera, to capture the character of the infamous ingenious ones that might never get a live picture.

'Do you go to school?' I asked. Only then for the first time and at once, she looked at me straight in the eye. It sent a shock down my spine. 'Why don't you go to school?' I fine-tuned the comment but still left it as a question. 'School Noooh good' she insisted flatly. 'Noooh school is very good, beautiful girls like you should...' 'Noooh no school'. 'But school is great' I said to the fat one who now joined us but she smiled widely as if it's a chokingly hilarious joke. 'School, no good' she too said, squeezing her face like a perceiving horrible odour around her.

Who must have brainwashed these girls to believe adamantly that education is a waste of time? The Mafia? The drug cartel? The Begging organised gangs? Who had lured them into begging in the morning, pick pocketing in the afternoon and prostituting in the night? That's the fastest hustle. The human merchandise, The Romanians.

These girls have to hustle the money used to smuggle them into Europe, pay the interest and then continue to pay the weekly and monthly dues to the Mafia who sit in some palace sipping Champagne. What more can be Slavery? Mentally and socially? And you are here talking about education?

'Can I get ice?' 'With chocolate or caramel?' The fat girl was placing her order now. 'No! Ice.' 'No ice? Which of the ice? McFlurry with...' I teased. 'Noooh!' The two of them parroted. 'Ice!' the slender beautiful one shouted, rolling her green eyes in agony. They were sparkling like fresh lemongrass planted beside seawater, washed down by the rain under the sun.

Is it not the same ice the fat girl had been asking all this while? Why is she different? Why should she shout? Attitude. Attitude. It's all about attitude.

I was enjoying myself. 'That one over there!' she pointed. She looked like the homeless young Julia Roberts in 'Pretty Woman'. 'Oh, you meant ice blocks? But you didn't buy any drinks? What's the deal?' I said. And she eyed me so rudely. It wasn't the rudeness that moved me. But the magic of concealed attraction of beauty so catchy and undeniable. 'Heaven help us! Thought you want to have some ice cream?' No replies came. Obviously, they realised I'm having more fun with them than the business of the day and wasting their time instead.

The four Hamburger order had lasted 30 minutes. Guests behind couldn't wait any longer and had to join the other queue. Yet the drama continued and the saga won't finish.

'Big or small cup?' 'Anything' she begged to reveal her milky tainted teeth. Stay Gucci down to the socks but your upper class or lower class teeth are not the same. I scooped out a large cup of ice blocks. 'Me too!'—'Here you go' and they left.

It really bothered me. Too many people took education as one of the highest priorities in life, so important and vital in life as if life can't exist without it. As if you can't make it in life without education. No success without education. Bullshit! Shift and sieve your brains!!

These ones don't need that white man manipulation and imprisonment, emasculation, supremacy over others. Rather they choose to learn the trade of begging, stealing, extortion and prostitution and enforce themselves on others to get what they want and need. They won't even accept a free education. Brainwashed. Rather they will survive by any means necessary. Beyond their daily bread, there is no future, no fortune, no plans, no ambition...

God help them to live longer and healthier than any homeless birds out there in the streets and on the field.

## *Episode 11*

What do we have this evening? Two teenage girls... presumably Muslims. Quickly, they avoided eye contact and kept a good distance.

Of course, they were wearing their headscarf, but not really the Burkha where you only see the Eyes. 'Yes we, English, no Arabs, you speak English?' The bolder one said. 'Oh yeah, English' I replied. 'Six Chicken Bommies, Cola Kola, no Halal' still no eye contact. Still keeping a good distance.

'You want a menu, that's cheaper'. 'No meal, just, Chicken, Bommies and...' 'Big or small?' I interrupted. 'No big no small, just Chicken, Bommies, and...' 'OK, here or to go?'-'No here no to go, just...'

Quickly, she dropped one 50€ note on the counter and immediately added to the distance between us. Rubbish! I packed their order 'Here, you ...go...' Gone? Where were they? The two of them just sat comfortably many feet away waiting for their food. She didn't even collect their change.

'Hello! Ehh!! Your order is ready!!!' I shouted. Should I keep the change? What type of a five star hotel do they think we are? Five star generals!

The two of them saw me, heard me but ignored me outright. I ignored them too. I went on with the other guests. Their food was getting cold, their money lying about unprotected.

After about ten minutes, they came back ‘Why?’ She wondered. ‘Why what?’ I replied. ‘Big Chicken, Big Bommies, Big Cola?’ She almost yelled but her voice came out like singing a sweet melody. ‘We are two’-‘Two meals’ she continued. ‘How in the world am I supposed to know that?’ ‘We are two!’

Oh Lord! I hate this job. Lord please take me because I’m about to lose it. I looked around, before I did or said something terrible. Boldly, they stood, interrupting the free flow of guests ordering their food. I was losing it.

‘I asked you first!’ ‘No, we are eating here, we are waiting here.’ She looked at me so disgustingly that my stomach churned.

‘Oh I see’. ‘What? You see what?’---‘That’s all I said’---‘I don’t understand’ she blazed. ‘I gathered’. ‘Gathered what?’ she fought on.

Time to enjoy myself. Quickly, I whipped up two menus, the most expensive, 20 Chicken nuggets, two big size colas and two big size fries. It was obvious that their faces changed and they began to smile.

These married off little girls at the tender age of twelve or thereabout to these adulterous Sheikhs who spoil them with money, pampering and riches.

I bet you, the latest S Class Mercedes was waiting for them at one of the most expensive parking lots. ‘Keep the change’ she ordered probably so that she wouldn’t have to violate herself by touching my hand receiving the change. Undeclared?

These almost-slave girls... denied any form of western education and civilisation. Including other forms of entertainment and sophistication. Forced into early womanhood all in the name of honour and ego. Catch them young, virgin and unviolated. Their parents too must have sold or traded them off for fame, riches and glamour. All this to have the tiniest taste of royalty.

Like aliens, they carried their food away. Their feet barely touched the floor. Soon, they chattered in awkward roughened Arabic dialect. Two childhood friends married off to two old knock men friends who might have known these women since their puberty.

What a world! You have everything but know nothing. These two could have servants and maids at their mansions in Saudi Arabia. Mistakenly, they forget that the outside world knew about that.

Betting on the forgetting.

## *Episode 12*

‘How much is Cheeseburger?’ This same burger he bought a few minutes ago. I wondered where he lost his brains? In his ass I suppose. ‘1,29?’-‘What!?’ ‘Like you saw a ghost?’ ‘What do you expect though? 50 cents?’

I watched him closely as he flipped a dirty one euro on the counter. It made a clanging noise. ‘Last week it was one euro’ – ‘Last week? Where?’ This is how we enjoy and drain these fools, drilling them with their own stupidity and dumb-ass messed up life. There is no future for the morons, to torture the clever and get them richer.

‘OK. I have it.’ ‘But when did it start?’—‘The price increase?’ He said with uttermost worry. ‘How on earth am I supposed to tell you?’ ‘It’s not fair; other branches are still giving it to one euro, even in Berlin.’ ‘So you walked all this way to come here tell me this?’ I asked him.

‘Capitalists, money machines, blood sucking vampires’. ‘1,29; people are waiting.’ I made it seem as if 1,29 was his name. ‘Let them wait. I’m counting my chips. Give ten Cheeseburgers. You think I don’t have money’ and he flipped a 20€ note. ‘Drink?’ ‘No’.

I pity your ass. Unless you are sharing these buns and meat with other people.

Before I could give him his change, he was already on the second cheeseburger. ‘It’s now all yours, do justice to them.’ ‘I sure damn will. Thank you for nothing, Hitler will be back to clear all the mess you people are creating’ he said and he left.

## *Episode 13*

With the phone in her ear, talking. This brisk young girl was dragging a big suitcase with the other hand. She was slim like a starving model, hair flying about.

‘Good evening. May I take your order?’- ‘Really? Is my boyfriend here? In this branch? I have been calling him but his phone is switched off. Is he here?’

'Jesus Christ who?! How in this crazy world am I supposed to know that? Your order...?' 'No. I have to find him first. I can't '

'Then good luck for the search'. 'Are you mocking me?' And she removed the phone from her ear. 'My boyfriend could be lost you know...' she said, alarmed. 'You said you are looking for your boyfriend? May it go well with the search. You will find him. Keep on calling him.' And she did, walking away.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### *Episode 1*

‘Good evening...’ ‘Chicken pork’ the Chinese student said. ‘Chicken pork?’—‘Yes, Pork’s’ he repeated, wondering why was there such confusion.

‘I don’t get you. You want chicken or pork?’ I tried to clear it up. ‘No, chicken pork’s, this one, there’ he pointed. I followed his outstretched finger with my eyes.

One thing with Chinese people is that they are well-trained and in control of their nerves. They never freak out or get mad even if you intentionally misunderstand them or pull their leg. Even if you make fun of them it doesn’t rattle them so it’s not worth it... because you will end up embarrassing yourself.

‘Oh you mean, Chicken Box’ I didn’t ask it, I said it. ‘Oh yes, yes, to go, to go’—I tapped out his order and felt remorse for who or what is to blame here... accent or culture?

### *Episode 2*

‘Gala’. ‘Gala. You have Gala?’ ‘Gala what?’ ‘OK. Gala Chicken?’ ---‘Gala Chicken what?’ I asked him, shocked. ‘OK. Forget it. Do you have a card telephone?’ ‘Sorry what!’ ‘This is a food restaurant and its 11 PM already; telephone shops out there are already closed. Are you coming from Australia or interior Africa??’

‘Here is Germany’ he said. ‘That’s right, Hamburg to be precise’.

Most people’s wisdom, knowledge, maturity and sophistication depend on their reactions. He watched me for a while and then walked way.

### *Episode 3*

‘Yellow Cola’. ‘You say?’ ‘Yellow Cola?’ ‘OK. Coca Cola?’ ‘No! Yellow Cola!’ she screamed. ‘Good God, you mean Fanta and Cola?’ ‘No. Yellow Cola.’ ‘Like Mezzo Mix?’ ‘No Yellow Cola! No Yellow Cola!’ she yelled at me furiously. ‘No Yellow Cola, we don’t have Yellow Cola, see, we have Cola, Fanta, ...’ ‘Fanta!

Fanta!! Yes Fanta!!!’ ‘Big or small or medium?’ ‘No ice blocks and what is a big small medium?’ I looked at her closely and wanted to ask - are you high or something? ‘OK. Big no ice blocks. Home go.’

### *Episode 4*

‘You don’t remember me!? I was with you at the Arms Win branch for a couple of years. My name is Richard. I couldn’t recognise him. Could he be one of those smart kids desiring free food or some special favours?’

‘Do you have a toilet?’ he asked in a way that made it seem like our new product. ‘Better is, please, where are the toilets?’ I reprimanded.

Then it struck him. Exposed.

‘Don’t give me that beggar look. If you want to buy a strawberry shake and don’t know how to pronounce strawberries, tell them you want Milk Shake with Ketchup and smile afterwards.’

Richard was so shocked that he was staring at a mad ghost looking at him from the mirror. ‘Please, where is your restroom? And please, can I get a receipt to show to the toilet cleaner?’ ‘But you didn’t buy anything, how...’ ‘Please’ ‘...can it be possible?’ ‘Please, I’m pressed’ he begged. ‘You learnt your lesson, next time...’ And I tore off a receipt and flipped it across. He immediately grabbed it and ran off.

## *Episode 5*

'Big Kaiser Chicken' 'You say what?' 'Big Kaiser Chicken' –'Big Taste?' 'No! Big Kaiser...?' 'Noohh Big Caesar Chicken Salad?' 'Yes-' 'Lonely' 'Ehh, you are lonely?' 'No. The burger' she said. 'The burger is lonely?' I teased. 'Yes, only the burger'.

After seven minutes she spoke again, 'Can I have the Kaiser without the Case?' It sounded like 'can I get cheese without cheese'. 'No, no, no. It's too late.' 'Okay, problem no.' 'Here or to go?' 'Here to go' she said innocently. I waited. 'Home na, home'.'Bye.' 'You said?' 'Goodbye' I corrected with a smile.

She paused for a while. 'Same' she said and was gone.

## *Episode 6*

There is one thing about this holiday-mood faces of most Germans like they are promised heaven but rather wind up in hell. Exactly.

Everything smells and everything around them is unfriendly. With their luggage packed and their phones fully charged on a journey to a never-discovered planet... so why should they come back?

Only, they will come now to eat their favourite burger one more time so that the taste would linger on in their brain and tongue for the very last time like the last meal.

They have enough money to order a whole lot but they won't. Because, they knew they will be coming back. Back to this stressful life of torment.

Of course, holiday is not a job to be done, or money to be earned but it's a deliberate mission of escape to spend. To give, to pay, even for things and services you didn't need or deserve.

Most Germans always spend sparingly on holidays but they make a show of their new clothes, jewels, shoes, credit cards and toned skin when they come back. Every cent is calculated on what it can buy. This can't be their last holiday. They wish to embark on another one next year. A hundred places to holiday before you die.

Obviously, their holiday trips are to destinations where the Euro has a greater value. Like Greece, Turkey, Spain... you never hear a German going to England. They can holiday in America for a little while but may wish to live in Thailand for the rest of their life.

## *Episode 7*

Dream. Dreaming?

I was, after agisting with a fellow working colleague when this man in black suit, red tie, grey shoes and pink shirt thundered upon the whole store and seemed to set it ablaze.

'What happened to my coffee!?' he shouted at the top of his lungs. It shocked and awakened me from my deep slumber, my humble and quiet zone.

'Oh I'm...' 'You better be!' 'Really sorry' I confessed. 'Get me my coffee! So that I can get out of here!!'

England! From England!!

'Moreover, I'm not having that cold coffee lying around there for ages. Make me a fresh coffee, NOW! What's wrong with you!!? A large coffee instead, and I'm not paying for it this time!!!' 'OK. OK.OK. You'll get it' I pleaded. Withdrawing my hand back, I got a large coffee running.

'You are... isn't it too slow! No wonder you work here.' 'Hurry it, will you! Haven't got all day!!' 'A cup of coffee takes 30 minutes!?'- Jesus Christ what in a...!!'

I almost tripped over in haste. My hand was shaking. I'm losing my job for this. Black life matters. Euro should be blamed for this dirty Englishman who can talk to me like this. I'm his slave or what? Just slept for a while. I have never been this harassed all my life. Pure, excellent drama.

'Here. Large coffee, sugar and' 'Tell that to the birds, will you!' 'Good day' It's 19:52. It sounded like God day.

## *Episode 8*

Two Africans approached me discussing how their landlord had increased their house rent without notice.

'Two Milkshakes'-'How much?' Human beings will never follow the procedure of ordering and will still wind up to that procedure every other time.

'Big or small?' I asked, expecting a ... 'Two Milkshakes!' one of them shouted. 'Big or small!?' 'Small. How much?' '1,99' 'Two...-' '2,98' 'And Big?' '2,99'- Fool, do the math yourself.

He looked at his friend like what sort of nonsense is this. One cent difference. What can one cent buy? 'Small' he said at length.

Then he stared at me to mean I'm being thick-headed and should have been a white man.

It's normal. That's why white people have a problem with black people because they can't stand this attitude and pride. First you lower yourself and then they wish to lower you even more and drag you through the deep mud. Make you more black than necessary.

I just displayed the two small shakes on the counter and immediately walked away. No more asking whether chocolate, strawberry or vanilla. No need! That's the style.

## *Episode 9*

'Ice cream, cheeseburger.' 'How much?' Oh Lord not again. 'How much?' What's wrong with these people? 'Please one second.' 'No, the small ice cream first' 'With!?' 'Cream?' 'We don't have cream' I stated. 'Then Caramel.' 'What else.' 'How much?' 'One second.' 'How much is one second?' 'Then one minute.' 'Please hurry, my bus.' '3,68.' 'What? The small ice cream?' 'OK add regular water.' 'What size?' 'Just small.' 'Gas or still?' 'No, no, no, just tap water... For free.' 'For free?' I asked and went for the water.

When I returned, she was gone. Why? I don't know. Well, I knew most people are crazy and without money in their pockets, but who would do such a thing? Come in to smell their favourite burger, use a trick to send you away and then disappear, leaving you guessing.

## *Episode 10*

Here he was. A White Brit, a huge man wearing finger rings was waiting for me. He had a reddish pigment like a burnt Englishman. It was a birthmark that no cream can be removed. Seemed like a beaten criminal. He bulldozed his way through, jumping the cue, like a stormy weather wave. Luckily the guest behind him did not protest. 'How much is Big Mac?'-'3,79'. 'Ehh!?' I looked at him closely. He was carrying two plastic bags filled with capacity. Another two were hanging on his shoulders. They were not weighing him down at all. 'Ehh!?' He shouted again. When was the last time he ate a Big Mac or had he ever? '3,79' I repeated. 'And Chicken?' 'Nuggets or Classic?' 'Ehh!?'

I checked him out again. His finger was so big with mighty satanic ring in all the ten fingers. 'How much is Chicken Classic?'-'3,79' 'Ehh!?' 'Christ Jesus! That's four ehhs you have dropped in 12 minutes and you haven't ordered a thing?'—'Ehh what!?' I charged him. 'Then Big Mac. How much?' 'I already told...' 'How...' '3,79.' 'Ehh!?' 'One.'

'Here or' He collected the food, paid and left at once. What stupid question is that? How can it be here with all these heavy loads that he was carrying?

Soon he finished the food, jumped the line again and was in my face one more time like a smart tax collector. 'No, no, no, no, at least join the queue in the back' I protested.

Moreover, again the guests said nothing so he stayed. 'Ehhh, Chicken Wings' I judged him seriously pointing to the price board before his nose. 'Ehhh' '3,19.' 'Ehh' 'Ehh *Nabaka!*

This was not funny any more. '3,19; ain't got time, people waiting.' 'Let them wait! It's my time now!! My turn!!!' He paid and left the place.

## *Episode 11*

Three men walked into the restaurant carrying luggage. All bossy. 'Three Vodkas, please' one of them said. 'You say? Come again please?' 'Yes, three Vodkas for three of us' the other confirmed. 'OK, shots or bottle?' 'Of course bottle. We want pure rum. Just landed from Russia' he said and smiled. 'Exactly, no wonder...' 'No wonder what?' 'Sorry, alcohol is not served here.' 'No, we are ...' 'Not allowed in our Restaurant.' 'No, no, no, we are not drinking it here. It's take away.' 'Take away where? Take what away?' 'The three bottles of Vodka' he said.

I just stood and waved my head in silence. 'You don't serve Vodka or you don't have Vodka? Why?' The third guy joined. 'What store is this? Come on! Let's go' the fourth guy insisted. Thirsty white people.

'Food. Food alone' I told myself. I guess already drunk.

## *Episode 12*

I love to have old people around and treating them as nice individuals makes me feel humble knowing that I would behave differently. Old people? Patience, patience.

This evening, this couple was so confused that I had to direct them towards me. They didn't even know which counter was open.

'Good to have you, what are you two having?' I greeted them. 'You have coffee?' the man asked. 'You have tea?' the woman added. 'What else?' I joked.

'Where is the black coffee!?' The woman shouted. Even when she had ordered tea... these women who cared about their husbands even to the point of madness. WOW! 'Coffee, small or big?' I said, ignoring her loud question. 'Where is the black tea!?' she said agitatedly. 'Small coffee' her husband replied.

Seconds later...

'Where is the black coffee!?' 'Where is the black tea!?' She was so loud that I had to cover my ears. I placed the two cups in front of her but she couldn't see them even with her glasses on. Was she blind?

'Where' 'Here' I pointed and she followed my finger. 'Where is the black tea!' The problem was, she could only see a cup of hot water. 'Where...'

Only then her husband pointed and lifted the tea sachet bag. 'Oh that's right, didn't see it.' When was the last time they visited? Most have read, heard so much about the changes in our world today. But living up to its expectation is the hardest part.

Old enough to be losing the ability of hearing, seeing and talking... but what about the thinking ability? 'You, where is your Scholar?' – 'Say what?' 'Scholar' the woman repeated coming closer to me like *what is it, can't you hear me or what?* 'You mean school?' 'No. Scholars.' 'Solar, we don't have Solar, we use natural power.' 'Yes, yes, you do, you have it.' 'Solar?' 'Nooh, Scholar' she said. 'OK. I get it, you mean Sugar!' I said. 'Yes, yes, Scholar'.

I refused to laugh. Not even to smile. To smile?

I heaved a long sigh. It was like working in an old people home among 50 disabled patients. 'Can I help to carry your order to your...?' 'Don't you dare!' I withdraw myself. Immediately I saw her husband twinkle a smile. Oh dear. I pity you was written all over his face. No! I pity you to have to put up with this wreck all your life. And still have to.

With that, they trailed off like a weak September wind.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### *Episode 1*

'Small Pommels.' 'Go over there.' 'Over there?' 'Big Pommels'---'With ketchup' she rattled, confusing me. 'OK. Here or to go?' I asked. 'I'm not eating there!?' 'What?' --'I'm not eating there' and she squirmed her face all the more. 'Where? So, where are you eating?'---'Home, I'm eating home' 'All of it?' I teased. 'Yes, all of it, home'.

Such a brand new Ethiopian Migrant. What more could you expect from making fun of people who don't see anything funny in what you laugh and be happy about? You lose.

Then her friend quickly joined us coming out from the restroom. 'Ice cream' he said. 'With caramel or chocolate?' 'Milk Shake.' 'What? Milkshake or Ice Cream? Or should I mix them?' 'MilkShake!' 'Big or small?' 'What?' And I repeated myself. 'What? Medium. You don't have a medium?' 'I would have said...' I tried to explain. 'Then nothing...' he interrupted with a frown. '...small, medium or large' I completed exasperatedly. Roughly, they gossiped in their native tongue.

'What's the way to the Central Station?' 'MKF do I look like the Navy to you?' 'Sorry? Navy what? What Navy?' 'Traffic light to the right, another one to the left and you just go straight' I directed. 'That's all?' He was really rude like a brutalised soldier. 'What. You need a map? Get the fuck out of here!' 'Oh, you are asking me out!' 'Lucky I didn't throw you out!' 'Why? Why!?' 'Because your visiting time is over, expired. Out!' I screamed at him. 'How about my order?' 'What order? Order less next time, not today... no more. Go! Bye!!'

How come they all look alike, smelling like bloody raster Jerry coil?

### *Episode 2*

'Tea'. 'Hello good evening' I greeted, smiling at my first guest. 'Have tea?' she asked. 'Yes we have tea'. 'Green' she said straightforwardly, not messing with any words. 'OK I get it.' 'Three sugars, no milk.' Had to laugh for a while. Her tone was so dry like dry gin, like she had an eternal life problem that was unsolved.

It was as if I was her slave maid. Even if I was her robot, I deserved a little hint of feeling. But I'm not a robot. I'm human, with blood running in my veins.

Why should I break my head over a fool when just a few seconds were left to spend with them? I still had 10 long hours of work to go. So why should a retarded clown come mess my evening. No!

'Where are the sugar and milk I asked?' she retorted in an obnoxious tone. 'There. To the right' I pointed. 'Like you don't love this job? Many will kill to have your position, you know?' she declared. 'What's that supposed to mean? You have your tea, so go...' 'There are other nice jobs out there. Unskilled too. Don't rough it out till you are old with bags under your eyes wasting away your time here' she mocked.

What I hate is insults garnished with pleasantries.

I became calm; cold and calm. She realised it and then walked away.

### *Episode 3*

'Please can I have a big cup of water with ice blocks separate?' 'I want to take some tablets. 'Outside its cold and I am choking.'

I wouldn't waste my time on this poor miserable junkie. What do I have to lose other than my mood. 'You want the cover, straw,...' 'No, no, no, save the planet.' On whose cost?' I chipped in. You can't talk to me your way like that. 'On those polluting the ozone layer' she added. Oh, she was well-informed, don't mind her state. She must have been a State Police Commissioner in her former life. Or would have been...

'Thank you, thank you, so much, great help' she exclaimed. I'm sure she had an unclean diet and an unhealthy lifestyle.

Twenty minutes later...

I saw her at the corner sitting comfortably, chewing away on an old pizza. She was wrong. What didn't surprise me was that her girlfriend joined up and they seemed to be sipping an undisclosed drink with a long plastic straw, presumably, alcohol from a round clay jug.

When I looked closely, they really looked like innocent children and I felt *'dear Sarah Sarah, whatever will be, will be'*. I better let them be. They must have been through a lot in life to now be burdened again.

What's more? A brotherly sisterhood? Like she said, outside it's cold and its getting high in this warmth, chatting with a fellow junkie, jesting and feeling good which was the only thing that mattered. It's a well-known fact that they don't deserve being here drinking, the life they are living, yet this life they are living still eludes them.

## *Episode 4*

'Do you have caramel tea?' 'What tea madame?' 'Caramel tea.' 'What! What tea? Sorry which tea are you talking about?' 'There, before your nose, cameral tea' she answered. 'Sorry we don't have CAMEL tea. We have Green...' 'What tea then do you have?' 'Black, Peppermint, Rooibos and Camellia tea' I replied. 'Yeah! That's what I want.' 'What do you want? Say what! Make a fool of me or what!?'

'Holy Crab, what's wrong with this world?' I said and avoided her blazing red eyes. The tea seemed to her like a surviving medicine. 'Yeah! Caramel tea!!' 'What's your problem? Ehh!' 'I have no problem, you are not just saying the tea name correctly and I'm...' 'I'm not here for pranks, get my tea.' 'You mean Camellia tea?' I asked.

I knew very well how to win with the junkies. They must learn our products and their names. Conduct is a hard ABC.

'Yes! Finally!! Camilla tea' she even corrected me and began to stage an invisible fight-combat sequence against the unknown in the trauma of drug rush.

I got her tea ready. 'Sugar and Milk inside?' 'You can be diabetic too? Or you prefer Soya or Lactose free milk' I said. She got all confused.

'Over there is what you are looking for.'

## *Episode 5*

'Burger Cheese, two...' 'OK. Burger Chicken, two' he said and continued to state. 'Chips Fried, two.' 'Big small medium?' I asked promptly. 'Two' he repeated, with a smile that showed his big, congested, dirty and stained teeth; looking like just muscle and no brain of a rare Gorilla pep-man.

'Drink, please?' For I knew a drink order will come from the way he licked his lips and continued to look. 'Cola drink; two.' 'Here or to go?' 'Yes, yes' he said and smiled. He was the type who hears and understands only themselves, and no one else, and they are okay with it.

This part I love very much. I was pointing there and asking him to go and he was pointing here, to say he is going there. Again he smiled.

Now he was even more confused, like you must be by now. 'Stay, stay' I said agitatedly. 'Packing, packing' I asked. 'House, house.' 'OK. Home you mean?' 'No, no, no, house, house.'

## *Episode 6*

'Ice Caramel.' 'With so much Caramel?' I teased him that he was a newly registered junkie. 'Why?' He asked me squarely. 'Did I say that?' he said adjusting himself. 'I thought you normally...' I said, trying to sound funny. 'Meaning?' he said as if he was minting a new word. 'Remove the caramel; one more suggestion and you are refunding my money... what nonsense!'

I totally had mistaken him with one of our regular junkies. 'See, Ehh, forget the ice, give me ice waffle and add the same caramel around it.' 'That's not possible I...' 'Says who!?' 'How much is it!?' He kept shouting. Then I might have been right—another type of junkie. 'Problem is, we don't have waffle ice anymore' I told him. God!

'You should have told me earlier!' 'I am an advertising agent for this company, you can be sacked for this negligence and I will suggest your name to the unemployment office.' 'With no benefits' he added. I stood still. Because of a 50 cent ice cone? 'Don't just stand there, get me my Caramel ice' he ordered. So I hurried.

He took me unawares and I could barely feel my legs. It felt as if no ground was under my feet; I kept floating like a dry paper in the air. 'Here, your ice with...' 'Keep it, sip it' he said, shocking me and walked away eyeing me rudely.

## *Episode 7*

'Yes hello!' 'Wait, wait,... I am...Not...Mcdonald's women... I prefer my bread at home and...' What in heaven's name was that?! 'Now, you are already here, so order' I challenged. 'No... I'm not sure get... I take my time... I'm confused...'

'Oh my God!! I can't take this anymore, keep the change. I'm out of here' I joked with a straight face. 'Cappuccino, small, how much? No, no, no, small coffee?' 'Which one?' 'Coffee! That's what I said? With milk and sugar inside.' 'Inside. Not outside?' I teased again. 'Got to enjoy this, otherwise I will go crazy like you.' 'What?' 'Exactly.'

'The addition of milk or sugar; you do yourself, at the corner – here or to go?' 'The coffee?' he asked – 'I'm a taxi driver, do we normally get a discount?' 'Oh yes you do, but not in this state.' 'Which state then? Here is Hamburg, okay!'

'Your coffee is ready, enough drama and backwardness.' He took the coffee and left. Seconds later... 'Houston we have a problem.' 'What is...?' I joked as I saw the man approaching. Oh not again! 'The coffee tastes different, try it.' 'Why?' 'I think I used salt instead of sugar.' 'No way!' 'Can I get another coffee' he boldly requested like I am the salt and should be punished for jumping into his hand to spoil his coffee. Now he is going to pour me away with the coffee. 'Can you? You have to pay for it.' 'I'm still in the house.' 'You didn't go anywhere?' I asked. 'I didn't go anywhere' he swore pointing to the filling stand.

This is not fair. How could he? 'That's why I said you put sugar and milk inside yourself.' He charged. 'I mess things up most times.' 'You didn't take the pepper for milk I hope?' 'Noooh...'

'Here. Watch now' I cautioned. 'This is sugar, written clearly, and this is milk.' 'Yaaha, that's the service I'm talking about!' 'Watch it' I cautioned.

He had given me the licence to talk to him anyhow.

## *Episode 8*

Denise.

Out of desperation she speaks in a tongue so fast that you can't decipher the meaning. 'Dennis is everything OK?' 'Stop asking me that silly question and find something for me to eat; I'm hungry not thirsty... Denise is everything OK' she spat out. Eyes red, hair self-styled, navy pullover on her tiny breasts so congealed out of nutrition and sucking - nose dripping some yellowish secretion. Fingernails dirty and soiled like she had been digging a well with bare hands all alone. Her baggy winter leggings were torn at the foot on the left leg. Not a new fashion. Just curiosity towards one endangered species.

'Stop picking on me. You think you are rich but you are not. Poor like me. Crazy as me. Stop provoking me. Worrying me. I have a lot of problems already...'

'Are you going to serve my order or will you just stand there looking at me?' 'What order? I was waiting for you to stop rambling, have you finished...' 'Two Chicken Burger TS, big Strawberry' she ordered. That attitude when money is available... I served her quickly and she was gone.

Later I saw that she had spilled her milkshake; cleaning out the cup, she dirtied the whole place. It was angry at herself that she was blaming herself. That was a mistake. It could happen to anyone.

'Would you want another shake?' I asked. 'No, no, no, *ike unna agwulam, chukwu, gini ka iji habu mu? Mu na ata so abubu?*' 'It's okay' I suggested. 'No! It's not!! Why!!!' Tongues!

She caused so much uproar that the guests began to leave even before finishing their food. And Denise will likely go to the leftovers.

'Denise calm down.' Our manager came out to say. 'No! I will not!! Why!!!' 'Or I'm calling the cops and you are getting a house restriction.'

Instead, Denise began to cry aloud, cursing everybody including herself. 'From today, Denise, house *verboden* for you' the manager declared. It was like God talking. Denise cried even louder for she knew how empty those threats could be.

Denise insisted on cleaning the mess but was already creating a more mess because she was using the wrong thing to clean up. We had to drag her outside really. No one knew the exact cause of this awkward behaviour but I guess she might have wished to enjoy her order like the last supper and then go on with ingesting the crack. But the problem was, she had no more money for another one. She had begged money for paying this order, all day long, and now this.

Why didn't she ask for another free Shake? I don't know. Was it out of pride? I don't know.

## *Episode 9*

This newly-joined-the-junkie-club person from Pakistan. He could also be from Bangladesh but they normally lie and say India. He was commanding me several times that I gave him two Chicken Burgers quickly. Where else is he going?

Well, I already knew his type, and his wacky character was not new.

'Two Chicken Burgers' I said. Only then he began to blabber - *baglabaglabidibininabinabi*- Penchurelande – couldn't make out what he was saying... Abusing me I guess?

I smiled and that provoked him even more. 'You don't understand me!?' 'I said one Chicken Burger!!' He shouted to continue the abuse.

'What I would not allow is have you insult me in your dirty dialect. Enough! Why don't you say that in English, coward' I lowered my voice at last word. 'Go elsewhere with your rubbish and fetch yourself the burger' I swept the bag away from him and unpacked his order.

'What's that supposed to mean?' he asked. 'That's the door! Get out!! And don't visit again!!!' 'You are an idiot. How on earth did they allow you, you, a black bamboo, to work at the counter? You are a monkey and you belong in the Zoo Kitchen.' 'That's what I have been saying.'

I made a move to grab him, to hit him, but he fled. The beating will be reserved for next time.

A fly who knew he will be crushed under the feet of the Elephant and so only busies himself on the tail of the Elephant looking for carcasses that are under the feet of the Elephant would be smashed by the tail of the Elephant. That's how he prolongs his life?.

I knew quite well that he was under the influence of drugs. Sent to Germany for a University education but here he was wasting and hanging loose on crack, low class prostitutes and other immoral acts; yet dreaming he will rise one day to be a world-class unforgettable Pimp.

## *Episode 10*

'This one?' 'This?' 'No.' 'This one' and he kept pointing. 'My God...Come here and show me.' 'No stay there' I changed my mind. And I followed his finger with my eyes. 'This one... No middle one.' 'Jesus Christ! Middle what?' 'Finger!' he said. 'Finger what?' 'Pommels! Pommels!! He means Pommels' a guest was shouting from the back. 'Please hurry, I have a bus to catch.' 'We just happened to find out what you are ordering, thanks to the good Samaritan guest at the back. And that I should hurry is the gratitude. Calm down, two minutes and I hope that's soon enough.'

Is it that people can't read? If he can't read, how then can he write? I blame Angela Merkel... allowing all these refugees into the country without first grooming them in the simplest ethics and way of European life.

'This!?' His voice was now rising, having gotten the support from shouting guests. Where in the world do people order food in a restaurant saying *this*?

'Is it not Pommels he wants!? Finger is Pommels!?' The shouting guests continued.

'Nooh! He doesn't want Pommels' I said. And that good Samaritan guest went mad. 'Fuck out of here! What nonsense!! Wasting my goddamn time!!!' He screamed, turned and walked away.

'This! This!!' And he began to laugh. 'You think this is funny? People are waiting and you are here saying this and that.' 'Please step aside, make a phone call or something, ask people who speak your language and come back later when you are ready.' Luckily, he obeyed and left. Pity.

## *Episode 11*

'What would you like?' 'No. I'm ordering my food myself.' The roughened boy told his mother who had already ordered two small coffees and one Hamburger for herself and her husband. Are they going to split the Ham?

Quite a poor family but this hard-soul boy was not making things easier even as they tried so hard to please him.

'Two Chicken' he whispered, barely audible. He talked so haughtily and with so much rowdiness you wished to hit him in the face you had already spit on. Lazily, he got out a crumpled note. 'Two Chicken Burgers or two Chicken Nuggets?' 'Two Chicken' he pointed like I'm deaf and dumb. 'OK.' I brought the Chicken Burgers and watched as he beckoned me, as if I shouldn't I hurry up? Impatience was written all over him like an impending shadow of death. This type never lives to be 25.

'A Sprite' he ordered in a rude tone. 'Big or small?' I said to counter this already mad, stupid bossy attitude. 'Small?' he said so coldly that the word barely came across to me. I fetched that too.

His fingers and nails were like he washed them in dirty old and cold motor oil. And so were his teeth. I heard his mother arguing with him in their language to hurry up his order and that people were waiting. Their coffee was getting warm too. But he ordered her to keep quiet. Because of that, I got more upset.

'Small! I said small!!' He raged out to expose his teeth all the more. I bet he was already on heavy drugs. Prodigal Son! The parents just reached out to him for one more family talk, table for three. Lord, have mercy! Really. I wonder why poor miserable people are more ruthless and a pain in the ass? So why should I pity them? Pity their poverty or character? Or be soft with them and they will harden your resolve.

My stomach rumbled with anger. I almost poured the Sprite away. But I simply halved it. 'Here, Sprite' I thought it was over when I heard, 'Ehh, Fries? Where are the Fries? I said small Fries. Where are they?' I got so angry that I couldn't feel my feet. The only thing that I could do was to sign out, form a fist and punch this demonic thing in the fucking face. The parents were so disappointed and embarrassed.

## *Episode 12*

'I would like some tea.' 'Good evening.' 'Evening' she replied only because I used courtesy to greet her which should have been the other way round.

'Small tea please' she requested. 'Oh, we only have normal regular size.' 'Give me whatever size you have' she spoke royally. 'What brand of tea would you like?' 'What brand do you have?' 'That's a good one' I said. 'Sorry?' 'We have Green, Black, Camille...' 'Black tea.' 'Sugar, Milk?' 'On the corner' I pointed. 'In the corner' she corrected. 'In the corner? Does that corner have an inn? I challenged. 'That corner doesn't have an on either' she countered. 'In the corner, over there' she said. I was blown. Didn't see it coming!

'I am Greek and my English is not so good' she smiled. 'There you go! And you challenge me?' Right now I'm confused about which one is correct...'With that she smiled all the more widely and left a happy guest.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### *Episode 1*

'Choco Mac.' 'I didn't get that...'. 'Choco Mac' he repeated.

Only then, I checked him out because this is not normal. Oh, his eyes were squinting. That guy on the news who stabbed his girlfriend to death because she wasn't having eye contact while talking with her. What's wrong with you?

'You mean Milk Shake Chocolate or Chocolate Milk Shake?' I interrogated. 'Yes, yes, that's it.' From the way he looked I was not sure. 'Big or small?' 'Small.'

'We all are foreigners? Am just coming back from New York City, am feeling real cold, New York is warm.' Mother Fuqua and you are drinking a cold milk shake? 'I am going back to my wife, she lives there.' 'What?' 'I told her I will give her pocket money allowance and that was the time I heard that...' 'Money is important here too, pay up, 1,99' I said, checking him out carefully. And he laughed like an old dragon, breathing out that stinky odour which confirmed the undeniable fact that he was as drunk as he was foolish.

'Don't allow this dirty stupid and moron Germans to call you a foreigner, a Nigger, we are all foreigners.' A squint-eyed drunk miserable man.

'Here!' He paid up and began to walk away.

Of course, he was German and I just wondered if he was using this drunken cloak to abuse me indirectly? What does this mean?

However, what senselessness can you expect from a squint-eyed drunken miserable man?

### *Episode 2*

'Tomatoes.' 'Good evening. Nice weather we have today, please may I be so kind to take your order?' He looked at me like Potatoes was my name. So why am I not answering? Responding positively? 'How big should it be?' He went on ignoring me.

A grown man with several huge marks on his face. His sight in one eye was buried dead behind his eyelids which was glued together.

I brought the three different sizes of cups for fries we had. 'You know what? Give me big Pommels.' I served him. 'But with Mayo.' The same old woman's trick. People will not say what they want immediately but afterwards say 'MAYO'. Because they want free Mayo. Because you will reluctantly go through the whole ordeal again and would still just dash out the Mayo or ketchup for free. Then it will seem that the sauce is for free but it's not. Not for free.

'Extra 30 cents please' I said. 'Oh, my money is 9 cents short'. 'For the Pommels or for the Mayo?' 'Hope it's OK' he said. Didn't even ask it. I said nothing. I just removed the 30 cent Mayo and made sure he saw me do that. 'Can't eat my pommels without Mayo' he exclaimed with a fake shock. 'Tell that to the Pope. I just did you a 9 cent favour. Is this all the thanks I get? Then pay 2,59 for the big pommels only.' 'No! So you can't close your eyes for 9 cents?' 'For 9 seconds I became dead before I opened them. No. 'What? I used to drop money, coins for the kids in that container' he pointed.

I stood there watching him. Waiting for that clean simple word. 'The Almighty Please'. But it didn't come. Only pride, ego and arrogance showed up. 'Then keep it I'm not buying again. Who loses? Who loses?' he challenged me with. 'Even if it was my father's restaurant or mine, I won't spare you a free Mayo. Not today.'

Then and there, he waited so that I will do the usual and that is to give up and hand him the cold pommels. After all, what is 9 cents? Its only 9 cents! We waited and he was shaking his head like an angry lizard. It shocked him.

If bad folks will not change, then they need to learn a lesson and I'm teaching a lesson today. Now?

I was so adamant and didn't know why. 'I'm going' he announced. 'I can only stay.' 'Am leaving?' Waste of time. I picked up the cold Pommels as if to give it to him and his face brightened thinking I'm packing it for him...No. I went and emptied the Pommels away right before his left eye and walked out on him. 'You pig, how can you be so callous, heartless, heart hardened cold? Is this your restaurant!?' I had already left. 'You're just an ordinary worker here.'

An unskilled labourer.’ ‘All these foreigners who used to work for food, now they are paid, they are fed up with working. Thinking they are something else.’ He was mad; he could break a glass, step on it and bleed purple rain blood for all I cared.

That madness together with anger and hunger. This pain should teach you a lesson but pride won’t let you learn from it.

### *Episode 3*

‘Fish Mac’—‘3,79.’ ‘What! I don’t mean the Royal TS!’ ‘That would have been 3,99.’ ‘Oh my God! I just want a small burger.’ ‘Are you from Nigeria?’ ‘Small burger, I have only twenty euros and my bus is coming in four minutes’ he pleaded. ‘Cheeseburger’ I suggested. ‘How many?’ I asked wondering what person is this. ‘How many can two euros buy?’ ‘Haahhahaha, I meant two euros for the Cheeseburger, I have other money, even Naira, you know you are not from Nigeria? The way you speak, act and look...’

‘Okay, add one McDonnell’s to it.’ ‘One what?’ I sparked. ‘One McDonnell’s na...’ ‘You don’t have?’ ‘You mean Hamburger?’ ‘Hamburg?’ ‘Hamburger!’ he exclaimed. ‘OK. 2,39.’ ‘For Hamburger!’ ‘With the Cheeseburger’ I said. ‘Pack it. Take away. Outside. Outside home.’ ‘OK, enjoy your meal.’ ‘No, no, no, make it three Hamburgers instead.’

I knew he couldn’t afford to pay the bill. Just thought Hamburger and Cheeseburger is two euros. So he began to pour out all the coins in his wallet including foreign currency. ‘I should add another, I mean, two more Hamburgers?’ ‘Yes, yes!’ ‘OK. 4,39.’ ‘Jesus! Jesus!! What!!!?’

Was he doing the exchange calculation in Nigerian Naira? He was more scared and shocked that I was about to suck away all his financial resources for a mere slice of cheap burger. So that he can overcome his hunger and expose his financial state.

This is not the issue of people who can’t afford what they need or want but the desperation of lay-abouts who don’t know what they want nor need.

‘Then leave it, so expensive!’ ‘That’s a joke?’ I asked. ‘It’s 2017, price of things can only go up except our salary.’ ‘Is up then the only way? The only direction?’ ‘And what’s that supposed to mean?’ he asked me fiercely.

Then he sighed, standing still for a while and later walked away. What a waste of time, money and energy. Asking me if I come from Nigeria!

### *Episode 4*

‘One tea with not water, you have?’ ‘One tea with not water, we don’t have; we don’t sell our tea without hot water as the price will still remain 1,99 cents’ I said really prepared.

‘Tea with not water? You don’t have?’ ‘Not possible, I can give you hot water for free but our tea no, I’m sorry, it comes with hot water and the price is 1,99’ I insisted hard.

‘I said I want not tea, not water! That’s what I said. Not water!!!?’ ‘Jesus Christ. Calm down. You mean, no hot water in the tea?’ ‘Yes! Yes. Not water’ he insisted.

‘Oh sorry, what tea would you like?’ ‘Earl Gray.’ ‘We don’t have Earl Gray.’ ‘Earl Fences?’ he asked. ‘No.’ ‘Chai!’ ‘Know what; let me show you the teas we have...’ ‘Chai? Have Chai?’ Either he’s not hearing me or he’s hearing me differently.

‘I’m from China, English breakfast tea? In the night? No, no, no’ he trailed off. ‘But we have Green, Pepper...’ ‘No thanks.’ And he began to walk away. I had to pour the cold water out. No more words no more.

### *Episode 5*

She was wearing a Mosey light long pink skirt as she walked through our door in a zigzag movement towards me looking like a fat female Johnny Depp in the crazy movie Flood The Caribbean.

Her eyes were sparkling with a strange shock of a new discovery.

'Good evening, may I...?' 'Give me one Hamburger!' The tone was commanding and hard at the same time. 'Why...?' 'And now I'm having one Hamburger!!' 'How much??' she shouted and had been rolling her eyes like a teddy. 'One Euro.' 'Then give it to me now!'

It was clear that all was not well with this awkward lady. But she was showing off a five euro note on her palm. 'One euro, pay up!' I charged at her 'Let me have the Hamburger first-Give me the Hamburger. I will go to my car; from my car outside I will give you money.' 'No pay first' I insisted. 'Stupid you. You think I will run away' and she walked away. What in the world!

Minutes later, and she came in our lobby murmuring a different agenda that burdened her damaged brain. Brain damage.

## *Episode 6*

This older man... just standing there alone, gazing at me and smiling happily. He was eventually convinced enough to approach the counter.

'Good evening, what...?' 'Spare me all that; you are taught to say those things and you have been reciting them over the years... I just want one Frikadelli Cheese.' And he smiled. 'We don't have Frikadelli Cheese ...' 'I knew it, give me, what is it called again... called...Ehh, Ehh, it's been ages since I ate it...You see I was a cook and in those days...'

'Interesting' I interrupted. 'So what are you ordering?' I said. 'Haha, just Cheese with Frikadili, that is what it was called before... they now changed and modernised the name to...'. He couldn't remember it. 'Just Frikadelli and Cheese' he repeated. 'You mean Cheeseburger?' I asked pleasantly; no sense getting pissed off.

'Yes, Frikadelli and Cheese' 'Okay, here or...?' 'Just drop it into my hands, save the planet; do you know how many fish you kill each day? The Ozone Layer is spoiled, soon you won't have a nice beach any more, the water will be gone, it's not happening here but soon it will get here.' 'Really?' I drawled. 'Yes! Those days on the farm we knelt on the floor, prepared and baked the bread, we reared the cow and from the flesh we prepared the meat, the Frikadelli!' he shouted out the last word. 'We prepared mustard, from the farm we harvested and prepared fruits and all other vegetables, we mixed the spices and cut everything with bare hands' he narrated proudly. Ehhh! I was like WHY?

'Now you people have machines doing everything...Robots everywhere...lazy generation!' 'Everything has become mechanical and machine efficient...really digital is boring.' He was so disappointed but couldn't help it. He never believed his world can be overcome and leave behind those out-dated machines now in museums.

Those days, you calculated the money in your head, now calculators everywhere...even a hand dryer...'. For one Cheese Burger, this older man blabbered on like he was ordering 50 people's food. He had finished eating when he was talking so no one can complain he's talking with his mouth full of food.

He said goodbye as if I did him a huge favour by allowing him to let out what had been burdening him for ages.

## *Episode 7*

With her one euro lying on the counter there... with her eyes crying out a river... with her face the pinkest from makeup done without a mirror...

She had dreadlocks, self-made with a rainbow of colours interwoven. Some were loose and some were tight, just scattered on her head.

She spoke in tears. 'What do you have me to eat?' 'We have Heroin, Crack Cocaine, Meth, Marijuana, Opium, Ecstasy, LSD, PCP, and ...' 'Really I'm hungry' she said, brightening. 'I just told you, I told you'—I teased her. 'How much is Hamburger? My boyfriend stole my 20 euro while I was sleeping.' 'And you still call him your boyfriend?' 'What?' 'You should say, that a no good thief stole my 20 euro.' 'But he is boyfriend!?' 'That thief? Or are you lying?'

This kind will break a bottle on your head if you try mediating a fight between her and her boyfriend. They love to be manhandled and lied to.

'Hamburger! I'm hungry!!' 'Shouting! I think you are in the wrong store.' I brought out one Hamburger and gummed the one euro before it went missing....

## *Episode 8*

'8 Chilly Cheese, Small Fries and a Mayonnaise' she greeted me with, looking scary like a film director would suggest for that horror movie. Her skin was so dry that she was allergic to water and cream. Forget oil.

Her eyes were like a repentant criminal charged for the first time crime. She was shaky and I know it was not out of hunger but out of something else.

'7 euro 8 cent.' 'But I only have five euros' she challenged me with. 'It's not Christmas yet.' 'So?' She carried on. 'So you...?' 'Then give me 5 Chilly Cheese, Small Fries and Mayo' she ordered. '5 euro 8 cent' 'But I have only 5 euros, I told you so!' 'Okay, its fine.'

'No! I want to have 8 Chilly Cheese Sneakers.' 'Are you serious? I can't take this anymore. I have had to make corrections three times and that wastes my time'

'Why are you so stubborn? This is not Africa!' 'You don't tell me what I want' she said. 'Are you a child? Or do you have the brain of a child?' '8 Chilly Cheese Sneakers!' '3,78!' I charged. 'Fine by me' came the pride. 'Here or to go?' 'Go where? Go home? To go.'

I packed her order. 'To here. Eat here. Want to close?' I ignored her. 'And what about the Mayo?' 'Yes, what about it?' I asked. '30 cents for Mayo. You want it?' 'Don't the Chilly Cheese...?' 'It doesn't' I interrupted. '... come with sauce, I want Mayo instead' she exclaimed defiantly. 'I am not here to train your attitude ...' And I walked out on her.

All these Indians, Pakistanis and Bangladeshis are born here, yet the strange gods in their faraway lands had tracked and trapped them into prison using drugs and other illegal medications. And here is one trying to communicate and frustrate me with it. No!

## *Episode 9*

'Shaken Nake.' 'You say?' 'Shaken Nake.' 'Chicken Nuggets?' 'Nooh, you don't have?' 'Have what? You mean... Chicken Classic?' 'Forget it, forget it...?' 'Wait, you mean, Chicken wings?' - 'Nooh, just four hand Hamburgers.' 'Oh, I see, Milk Shakes?' I asked. 'Yaaaaaah, shake Nake! Bid sick' he said with a large smile.

'Enjoy.' 'I have already.' 'Even when I didn't ask for it.' I wasn't expecting such a reply from him.

'These are people who really know what they want. I guess?' I chipped in. 'Exactly.' And he left with that.

## *Episode 10*

This woman regularly visits when she chooses. Mostly, she will maintain a happy face and always has the expression as if she wants to share something with you. Maybe, a religious message.

Her dressing is traditional, no makeup, and with unshaven beard, a few of the hairs hanging on her jaw. That said huge things about her.

I had wanted to initiate a discussion with her. She was presumably from Africa and there is an indissoluble instinct around her. You may never know.

So today, as she was around I decided to break the ice.

'I had wanted to ask if you are a prophetess, or a Pastor or Missionary—or have some religious engagement?' I started.

'Me? This is worth a lot of money in Africa. Even in some parts, they will cut it off for some rituals, money rituals' and she smiled awkwardly.

What did I ask her? I was more confused now; or maybe she didn't hear me correctly? I was blown away. What did I do wrong?

I just asked this bearded and seemly good Samaritan woman if... 'I have to be going, not allowed to discuss such matters' and she was gone.

Only then I realised how sick in the head and mind this innocent-looking woman can be. So boxed up in her crazy world. I hope she visits again.

## *Episode 11*

When guests stand kilometres away and recite their order loudly, you should know they are not buying, they are not ordering.

Like this retired old woman who escaped the old people's home for some fresh air and fast changing city life civilisation.

'Do you have something with Quark?' 'Quark?' I repeated to reassure myself that I heard correctly. 'Yes, you heard me, Quark in your Cheese Burger?' 'I'm going to enjoy myself. 'No, maybe in our Yogurt?' I asked. Why did I say that? 'Is your Yogurt fat free? Like how many percent of fat?' It surprised me because while we talked, she was moving away. Will I throw the Yogurt to you when you finally order?

'We don't even sell Yogurt any more' I declared. 'In as much... Ok, thanks for the...' And she shied away like a fading rosy wind. Sick people everywhere! Even in their mind!!

## *Episode 12*

'Do you do soft Coffee?' 'Do you have a Soft Coffee?' 'Coffee?' –'Like?' I continued to ask. 'Like not hard Coffee, soft one?'

It was like asking for a cold Coffee from a hot Coffee machine. 'Do you mean, Iced Coffee?' 'Nooh, just soft Coffee.' 'Ok, we have Coffee, Cappuccinos, Espresso is over there by McCafe if they are not...' 'Cappuccino, that's Soft Coffee.'

'What are you talking about? Never heard of it. So we should expect strong Coffee sooner?' I joked. The man laughed his head off. 'We already did. The Coffee Cream over there' he pointed. 'Any Coffee without milk, steamed or raw is a strong Coffee' he narrated. 'Like you work in Jacob's?' 'No, but my name is Jacob...'

'Here is your Cappuccino, pay 3,68. Here, 4 euro, keep the change.' 'Very well, I wish every guest will say that!' 'Not possible' and he walked.

## *Episode 13*

'Hello, give her a small Coffee and a burger.' The fair and huge man suggested to me. In English. 'Chicken Box, Green Tea and a Big Coffee... we are two' the short street-begging woman countered. 'Do as I say' she added faking some seriousness.

'Just give her a small Coffee and a burger' the fair huge man intervened. 'What? Are we are...we are two. What? I can't...'

'She wanted to dupe me, you can imagine, can you imagine?' 'I can relate with that' I answered. At that, the street beggar was quiet- two Euros was written all over her face. She expected more.

'Of course, she would try; she thinks I'm a millionaire – play with me.' 'I see, I thought a beggar has no chance, but here she is trying to be smarter.' 'One Hamburger and one small Coffee.'

'That's it.' 'Nothing more. I'm not paying for nothing more.' They rattled along. I think now he was adding to it.

'These never-do-good-ladies are traps, they also use their husbands, they will engage you in discussion, and from nowhere will come a man claiming to be theirs and would want to destroy you if you don't settle with them. Mostly the girls are under 18, look childish and will threaten to report you to the Police if you don't cooperate' I narrated. 'That's extortion!' the man screamed. 'Criminally minded' I added.

'However, that's absurd, in your case, trying to help someone, a stranger and she is striving to extort you instead' I cautioned. 'Thank you so much' the man said gratefully.

## *Episode 14*

'Chilly chips tops mozzarella.' 'We don't have it.' 'What the fuck?' 'What the fuck? Why?' 'Where do you come from?' 'Netherlands.' 'And you, you travel the continent and expect to eat the same food?' 'Are you in your mother's kitchen?' Also, we both laughed it off.

'But McDonnell's should be same everywhere.' 'Says who?' Another row of laughter.

'You are nice, where do you come from, Africa?' 'That's right.' Moreover, he was gone.

## *Episode 15*

Two beautiful old ladies walked towards me. Happy faces, happy people. 'Coffee?' The older one said. 'Coffee' I repeated. 'Coffee?' The other one added. 'Coffee' I joked.

'Coffee?' The older one replied. 'Why do you have to be asking it? Is like you are offering me Coffee?' They laughed, staggered a bit. 'What a funny gentleman' the other one said. 'Not today, maybe some other time.'

'Ok, cut, Big or small?' I asked fairly. 'What?' 'What big or small?' The older one countered. 'The Coffee!?' The other one shouted and they began to laugh again. I just watched with a bemused face. These two old ladies, out here in the street, a bit drunk and nasty this late at night. Who let these two out?

'Yes, the Coffee, big or small?' I asked. 'How big is small?' The older one; she was wickedly hilarious. I burst out laughing; couldn't hold myself any more. 'What is it Honey? Are you okay? Should we call the doctor?' I laughed more. 'He will be fine, they all do' the other one added and they had another row of laughter.

I was in tears of joy, with even my nose running. 'Excuse me' I finally said. 'Look you started already, we just came' the other one warned. 'I did nothing.' 'You did everything' she insisted.

She too was very crafty. People who pretend to help the situation but only end up intensifying it. 'It had to sink down' I responded. 'What had to sink down?' 'I don't know?' she added.

This funny pack of two beat senseless with all the dry gin British humour so hot I was struck breathless. I couldn't breathe. Gasping.

'Are you okay now?' 'Said she' 'Two small Coffees for you two beautiful ladies will be fine?' I challenged. 'Will be fine' the older one said so sadly that it seemed I was forcing it on them.

'You ladies are enjoying Hamburg City?' Of course they are not from here. 'OH sure, we came from Sweden; Hamburg had more beggars than tourists' she said. 'Which other big cities don't' the other one defended but her meaning was different. Her expression said there are so many beggars in every Hamburg corner you can write a book about it.

'The Coffee shouldn't get cold, else it will lose its credibility.' 'For Heaven's sake, that shouldn't happen' the older one cut in. 'You ladies still enjoy a wonderful stay in the beautiful Hamburg City' I added. 'We have' and they started laughing away.

Definitely friends before they could say mama!

## *Episode 16*

'Two big French Fries and a small fry' and he flipped a 5 euro note across the counter, talking very loudly on the phone.

I gathered his order. 'Seven? Seven what!?!' 'Fucking Jews! Shit!!' I laughed tough at that comedy. 'So expensive! Three Pommels!!' 'That's what it is' I rued. 'Israel! Capitalists. Money Machine!' 'Yeah, Pommels costs more these days.' 'It can only go up' I whispered. 'Spare me those gimmicks. Greedy Monsters. They never get enough.' 'Not from me. From the top.' 'To the under, thunder fire them.' The man was offended to a fault. 'Ketchup or Mayonnaise?' 'F it, that causes cancer.' 'Wrong' 'That's right.' 'It's already proven?' I asked laughing. Then he smiled and suddenly reduced my shock.

'Leaving, bye!'

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### *Episode 1*

‘Big Rosti, meal...’

A very rugged-looking, old junkie declared to me. He was smelling, with thick saliva at the corner of his mouth. He was rough like an actor in a movie.

‘Ehher, Oyoiiie, you spy! What are you doing here in Germany? Playboy betrayer! What are you doing here? Taking pictures, copying our bridges and houses to go build fake ones in your country?’

‘I’m talking to you! Answer me!!’ He kept on harassing the Chinese-Asian guy who was waiting for his order. ‘I’m talking to you, you slick eyed, flat nosed monster!’ The guy didn’t even mind him. He didn’t even look in his direction.

I wanted to stop him from embarrassing the guy but I didn’t. Most men should fight their own battles. I’m not the Police.

‘My big Rosti Meal, where is it?’ ‘Hey! Calm down. How can one take your order in this chaos you created?’ ‘What? I ordered a Rosti meal? Na’--- ‘Rosti meal, large or small, with drink... are you taking, here or...’ ‘He is a spy! Look at how he is looking at me. What is he doing here in Germany!?’ ‘Hello! Hello!!’ I shouted. ‘You want to order or...’ ‘He should leave my country, now; he does not have any business here!’ And he went near the Asian guy who simply collected his order and walked away.

‘See, coward, he is running away, can’t even stand up to me like a real man’ he boasted. Quickly, he moved away and went to follow the Asian guy. I didn’t know how it ended because I was busy with other guests.

Seconds later, policemen were everywhere and they bundled that hoodlum up and carried him amidst his shouting, creating more alarm. That guy could have been a diplomat.

### *Episode 2*

‘Good evening. Your...’ ‘Two Hamburgers!’ ‘No! Cheeseburger!’ ‘No! Hamburger!!’ She kept shouting.

I was just a breath away from her. Why? I noticed she was pushing a luggage roller cart with all her stuff inside. So sad. She was homeless. ‘Medium Coke!’ ‘2,49.’ ‘What!?’ ‘So expensive!?’ ‘Jesus, my ears are paining.’ But it was fun as I smiled at this Homeless Derangement Syndrome. ‘Small size is 1,69.’ She gathered her stuff.

I began to wonder how much she expects them to be? 50 cents? She made me feel like I was the one who set the highest price. Like I’m part of the bad system. So she walked away with more sadness for her life.

### *Episode 3*

In front of me was this young and beautiful lady, wearing this expensive wrist watch from Rolex, gold chain and other jewellery. Her blonde golden hair was shining under our counter lights. She looked like a President’s daughter. Her luggage was made from camel skin and her handbag by Louis Vuitton.

It took my brain five seconds to gather all this information. Her perfume was so faint that you couldn’t relate it with anything you have ever known.

She was tight and stiff. A gorgeous lady who knows what she wants and how to get it. No messing around.

However, she looked like an unhappy stewardess in a fashion show.

She spoke first. ‘Do you have Internet? I mean, I want to buy’ she made it sound like it was our new menu. Oh, she has money too. I smiled. I shouldn’t have. ‘I need Internet. Can I buy? How much is it?’ I smiled again. I shouldn’t have.

We see this case every now and then.

'Let me see' I said and practically took her iPhone 8 in my hand. 'I just need internet...' she repeated, as if meaning to say that I'm not hearing her or helping the situation. 'You have used up the allotted T-mobile three hours of internet for a day. Tomorrow...' 'No! I need it. Can I buy?' It would have been simple if it was food she wanted to buy. But Internet?

'You can't buy' I said bluntly. Still, she was not getting it. 'Is there any Starbucks around?' Of course, she is stranded, stressed and needed help but the way she was going about it, my God... she pissed me off right now.

One, she was not ordering any food; two, she was taking up my time; and three, she was stopping other guests from ordering. Finally, she was unfriendly like a starving pregnant woman in labour. 'Starbucks? Down the road, two kilometres' I said and wanted her to leave. 'Where?' She sniped.

It rather seemed as if I was the one that needed help. Who will take me out of here? 'That street down. But there is ...' 'Internet Café around?' 'Its 21 hours, down the road, a stone yard, they are still open till 10pm.'

So she just walked away. Not even a word. No thanks. Didn't even look at my face, let alone in my eyes. Love lost. I was like, for all this help? Ungrateful bitch!

Twenty minutes later, here she was, again standing in my face. I thought I would never see her again. The beauty and impression of the first time when I saw her just flashed again. Not what she did later.

She spoke again. 'There is no Internet cafe out there' she declared, almost accusing that I might have lied to her. 'Could be that they are all closed. I'm ...' 'You have your phone with you?' She asked. Only now she looked me in the eyes strangely. 'Oh yes' I happily replied. 'Can I use your Internet?' she asked. 'What?' I blazed. 'I can use your Internet, connect it to my phone and I will have Internet.' 'How?' I was really shocked. I am not this technologically advanced. 'Give me your phone' she demanded. Really like she was doing me a favour, lecturing me on the latest digitalisation.

She took my Samsung note 4, turned on my Wifi, turned her Wifi on, and connected them. Bingo! She got Internet. Speedily and immediately, she busied herself. She just squats there and sent a couple of messages, checked her connecting flights and bus terminals. I think she made some cancellations and other business and transactions and arrangement changes. Also, she plugged in and was charging her phone as her battery was meagre.

This continued to the point where I was scared whether my Samsung note 4 is in safe hands. She could be of dubious character. After all, she is a stranger. What if she stole my data, input some scam or virus and other damages? In good faith... I reminded myself. I might be in her shoes one day, that's my belief.

Her use had lasted over an hour. What could that be? And this can be so expensive for me. She was now draining my data. For sure!

I almost forgot about her and my phone and got busy with guests.

Later, I looked over to her and waited a minute! She was gone!! Quickly, I checked where I had placed my phone... still there. Oh! This can't be!! What is this world turning into!!! How can human beings be so ungrateful, forgetful and callous? It's not possible. No!

It was a glimpse of her jacket that I saw leaving our door with four men in black suits... I don't care; I wanted to shout out my agony and rage at her. I had so much to say to this unworthy and ungratefully heartless rotten bitch. Who does she think she is? To violate me and my phone like that and just walk away like I'm some piece of shit. I deserve some thanks for Christ's sake! I was fucked both ways where thanks are concerned.

I so wished I set my eyes again on this deranged animal. She will get to know the other side of me. She will feel my rot. I would give to her raw and I swear never to do this favour to anyone ever again.

I was so disappointed and so mad, my whole evening was ruined.

Finally, it was time to close for the day. The door was locked and we were just cleaning up before we signed off and went home.

From our small Mcdrive window, which was open for those walking by and wished to order, I saw what looked like her. No it was not her. No wait, the four men, quickly I rushed to the window and examined the group closely.

It's her! 'Hey! Hello!! Can I talk to you for a minute!!!' I was yelling and I began to shake with my lips trembling. How do I start? Control yourself! Control your emotions!!

'Me?' she said, surprised. 'Yes you, come, just for a few seconds.' She gave one brief look to the four men and later walked up to me. She kept an arm's length from me... security reasons apparently.

'Remember me?' I started. 'No... not really. And why?' She brushed her hair back. That really hurt. Was she on drugs or some strong tablets? Is this really the girl? Are you not embarrassing a different lady? she said. But I was sure now.

'I gave you directions to an Internet cafe and later gave you Internet from my phone and you just disappeared! No thanks!!!' I accused. 'Oh that, I was so stressed out, I didn't mean it, I'm ...' 'That's not right. It's wrong, very

wrong. I'm so disappointed and I regret helping you out!' I rued. Feeling better now? '...am not... I didn't even think about it' she pretended to plead.

I expected a worship of 'Oh I am so sorry, am deeply sorry, please forgive me, a hand shake and a hug- some repentant reaction'. Yet, what was standing before me was a dry, heartless and bloodless Viper, in the form of a person. I wanted to curse her, spit on her and jam the glass window on her face afterwards. I didn't.

'OK. Bye, have a good night' and she smiled away, walked back to the men and they continued chatting. Okay, I will have nightmares about this incident. All of it.

## *Episode 4*

'Red Berry.' 'Ice Berry?' I asked. 'Mc sunny Red Berry.' 'We don't have it. We have Wildberry Wildberry.' 'Wildberry.' 'McFlurry, Wildberry??' I asked. 'OK.'

'More...' 'More what?' I wanted him to say Wildberry, if he had learnt it. But he was quiet. 'More what?' 'The sauce!' He screamed, 'You mean, Wildberry?' 'Yes, Yes, Yes!' 'Okay' I replied. He caught up with the trick and said what shocked me.

'I have the OKAY not you.' 'ha?'

## *Episode 5*

'Milk Shaken.' 'Like meal with Coke and Fries?' -'No, no, just Milk Shaken.' 'Okay, we have an offer for it, buy one get one free.' 'Oh adorable, thank you, let me have them.' And he licked his lips wet.

'Here or to go?' 'I'm travelling.' 'OK, here you are, enjoy!' And I placed two McChicken meals before him and wanted him to go. 'Nooh, this is not what I ordered. What I want. I want a drink. Mc shaken, shaken is what I want.'

'OH, Milk Shake?' 'Yes, Mac Schecken.'

Lord have mercy! 'I have no time, my bus is leaving soon.' 'Milk Shake?' 'Yes Mac Schecken.' 'It's okay.' 'I can't stand to hear that again.'

'Strawberry, Vanilla or Chocolate?' 'Mango.' 'We don't have Mango.' 'Banana?' I looked at him closely. 'You said your bus is leaving soon?' 'In fact I will miss this bus and I don't have enough money to buy a new ticket to Berlin tonight, my brother please hurry up.' 'Strawberry, Vanilla or, or Chocolate?' 'Okay, give me belly'- 'Big or small?' 'Medium.' 'Big or small!' 'You don't medium? Why? My bus... Why?' 'Okay, biggy, biggy.'

I changed his order and he ran off like a sharp new arrow.

This huge no brain African guy must not have entered the four walls of education.

What a pity!

## *Episode 6*

Someone was dashing furiously down the steps of our upstairs lobby and he was raging towards me. I thought a lady is being raped, call the Police or a child is being beaten mercilessly, call the Police.

He reached me. 'What did you do!?' 'What?' 'Follow me upstairs!' 'To go do what?' 'To see what you gave me.' 'What?' 'I buy food here every day; you know I don't eat this thing! Why do you do it?'

'My God! What madness!!' I shouted. 'Madness!?' he roared at me. 'Come with me!' He ordered me angrily. 'I should leave my guests to follow?' 'Why? What happened?' I charged.

By now I was beginning to suspect something but was not completely sure yet.

'Come with me and see!' 'Go and bring what you want me to see!' 'What?!' he exclaimed. 'Go and bring...' 'He ran off up the stairs to where his table was, and then came down. 'What is this? I don't eat this thing' he bellowed. He showed a chunk of Big Tasty burger. Now it finally dawned on me. 'It's not my fault. I instructed the kitchen staff to prepare you a Big Tasty without pork bacon but instead they switched it for tomatoes.' 'I don't eat this' he cried.

Quickly, I left him and went to the kitchen, laying the complaint on deaf ears. 'Would you like a...' 'He was gone.

I don't think he will visit again.

## *Episode 7*

We have a regularly visiting nuisance who disturbs and shouts about like an active moron. He would come around and make unusual loud noises and wouldn't leave even after our closing hours.

One thing is clear. He is a drunk-ass homeless black man from who knows where? I suspect Guinea Bissau.

'My name is Charles! No one can challenge me!! Work...Shipment...McDonnell's...You can't ... I am here, Coffee, ...Small, Coffee' A rambler.

'You work at the Sea Port?' I asked and wondered if this could be me in the future. 'I work hard at the Sea...Money I get...How many much...'

'Look, look, I make trouble now here! I come working...' 'Where do you...' 'Sea.. or..' 'Sea or what?' I teased him. 'You work in Sea port?' I imitate him. 'I make trouble now here' he repeated. 'What is wrong with you?' 'I make police now here.' 'Don't worry the Police is on the way.' 'I make Police now here!' 'I make trouble now here.'

Sorry! He had lost everything and was obsessed by his African enemy from home who had sworn he would not make it in life and will come back home to repossess none of his property.

'I make everything clean.' 'I come please now here.' 'Hello! I make problem now here!! The Afrikaner!!!' 'Hahhahhhha, the Afrikaner' I laughed. 'Come now here now here.' 'When the Police come, you say where you come from' I added. 'Just for a while and you will see.' 'I come please now here' he said defiantly. 'I make trouble now here!' 'I will send you to Jihad, psychiatric or prison so you can get some sleep or injections' I suggested.

'Come now here!' 'I make trouble now here paying!!' 'Everything I make trouble now here!!!' By now my ears were aching. But if you try to calm him down, he gets worse. 'My God! Arrest them now here!!' 'Yaaah! I make trouble now here here work!!'

'Everything I make clean now here!!!'

Just as Charles was to finally leave, he had had enough, the Police were walking towards him. He smiled so happily and stood still. He gave his hand and they handcuffed him and took him away. The reaction of the Police was amicable and cordial. He was a known trouble-maker all over.

After ten minutes, to our shock, Charles walked into the Restaurant again smiling widely and became more violent.

The Police came again and picked him up. This time it was different. Charles escaped again. Now this is unbelievable.

The Police came again, this time they bundled him up with hand chains and leg chains. And that was the last time we saw Charles.

## *Episode 8*

There was a big row in the lobby upstairs. Someone was shouting and screaming in English. 'Call the cops!' 'I want my stuff back!!' 'I want my stuff back!!!' We didn't see anyone but the noise was growing louder and was coming towards the counter. Only the voice. With a British accent.

'She stole my stuff! With her friends!! They stole my stuff!!! Ehhhe, I want my stuff back.' Now the man was more visible. He was wearing no shirt. Reddish skin, like a newborn after his first bath. He looked traumatised and under drug influence.

He walked towards the counter. 'Where is the manager of this restaurant!? My stuff is stolen!! I want my stuff back!!!' 'Can't anyone hear me! He raged on like a deranged monster.

'Hey Mister, calm down...' 'I want my stuff back! Can't you hear me?' 'My stuff is missing!!!' 'But not this way...what...' 'I want my stuff back!' He raved at the whole restaurant, threatening to get a hold of me. 'Ehhhe! Take your finger back, I ...' 'I want my stuff back! I want my stuff back!! I want my stuff back!!!'

'Go and report your case to the Police, it's...' 'You have cameras, don't you? Don't you? Check your camera! Fucking Germans, stole my stuff, I want my stuff back.' 'My stuff back!!!' He screamed and started pacing.

'Someone call the Police!' The manager came out. 'Fucking moron! So you in there!! Where is my stuff!!!' 'What is he talking about? What stuff? How? When?' The manager rattled. 'Fucking moron, check your camera! You have cameras don't you!!? Check them!!!' 'I want my stuff back. Now? Not tomorrow, right now!' He yelled and moved towards the manager. 'My stuff?' 'I'm calling the cops' the manager said and left. 'So you haven't! You bastard! If I

lay my hands on you, you will bleed like a restless fat pig! Moron!! My stuff!!! 'Why I'm calling the cops for scallywag British rotten mouth?' 'This grown-ass man is able to handle his stuff. We don't have his stuff.' 'Oh yes you do! Check your cameras!!' 'Go home! Go to the Police yourself it's just a two minute walk.' 'No! I want my stuff back!!'

The manager whispered to me that I shouldn't mind because the Police are already on the way. 'I want my stuff back! My stuff back!!'

It wasn't long before the Police arrived. 'Would you like a complete Store Restriction for this man? The Police asked the manager. 'Yes please, with immediate effect. Take him away please, we have had enough of that British retard drama.' And they escorted him off.

## *Episode 9*

We knew him well.

Always buying ice cream or asking us to change his coins from begging. Any rejection either way always made him more aggressive.

He used other tricks as well - the same old. Ordering something with less amount of money and expecting good Samaritan guests to come to his rescue. And he will be smiling in his heart. *Mugu*. Mostly people bring him into the restaurant and buy food for him instead of giving him cash, because he will use the cash for drugs and alcohol rather than food.

Like this evening, a good Samaritan walked him into our Restaurant but then something strange happened... It was so quick; like a flash of light.

'Please one Hamburger for him' the well-dressed man said. Immediately the junkie switched lanes and was standing in front of the man to collect the Hamburger. Because they always seem to be in a hurry... he took the hamburger and also took the 49,00 euro change and was almost through the last door. The man shouted 'Ehhhe! What's that supposed to mean!!' Swiftly he doubled up and double crossed him. I held him at the curler. 'What's that supposed to mean!? Are you stupid!!? Or deranged!!!?' I pulled him in again. I swept the 49.00 euro from his hand. 'But you gave me the money!' The unrepentant Junkie said. I raised my hand to hit him but the man held it up there. 'But you gave me the money... I didn't ask for it!' 'You are not only a junkie but a crude criminal.' I gave the man his money back. 'Sorry for that, my fault, I didn't even see...but how could he... o yeah leave and don't ever step your stinking feet here ever again. Run!' I pushed him until he was outside.

'Can you imagine that?' I said to the man and he offered me 10 euro which I bluntly refused. 'Okay, be careful next time.' 'I will.' It still surprised me. The junkie did take along the one Hamburger that was offered to him for free. Greedy bastard.

## *Episode 10*

The Queen of Caramel Ice Junkie is around today. She was happy and free like a bird that had no nest or perch. She looked so empty and lonesome.

Why do they always come to me? Force their way to me like they want to instigate me to do something. I don't know why.

'Where did you go?' I asked. 'I changed location' she replied and started dancing. 'Damn you can dance too?' I shouldn't have asked. 'This is nothing' and she swayed her hips, revealing some flesh under her clothes — also, dirty hands, shoulders bare with patches that looked like the scars of a fire burn.

'Sweetheart, you want some-some?' 'I had changed location. But I'm back' she replied dancing all the more. 'Caramel Ice, two Cheese burgers and one Chicken Wings.' 'Wow, you really are hungry this evening' I commented. 'Can eat a lion if it is a cat.' 'You a poet too?' 'Caramel Ice...' 'Not possible' I said. 'WHAT!' she shouted. 'You see the two holes there?' 'What holes are you talking about?' 'We are cleaning the Ice Machine right now' I declared. 'Now!?' She shouted. With her eyes wide open like she was given an electric shock. 'Right now!?' 'Yes, right now *ma*.'

'Hell no! It can't be!!' 'Hell knew that? No ice' I teased. 'You don't understand. You don't get it!' she cried. 'I need ice right now!' 'Ehhh, should call for backup, 911, we have a situation here, but calm...' 'Get me my ice! I walked across the world for it' she cried so deeply and touching. Pitifully.

She really looked like the crazy Anna Lucia of LOST. 'How long will it take?' she asked and positioned herself there with great alarm in her eyes. 'How long what will take? The ice?' I thought I better answer that. 'Three hours maybe?' I said. 'I can't, I can't, I can't' she panicked, breathing heavily and breaking down. 'What is it? Because of an ice caramel? Yes you can't speak up, to mock her. 'Walk across the street, central station, next ...' 'I know that!?' she shouted at me. 'You don't understand, you don't understand, you...'. 'Is it that bad?' I asked. 'Don't tease me!' And she collapsed all the more emotionally.

'Milk Shake, add Caramel sauce on top of it' she gasped breathlessly. 'Two holes; no shake too.' 'Oh stop it! It's not funny!! Why!!!' I was enjoying myself. Even in anger, her voice was so creamy and soft like a crying newborn baby's. 'Oh my God! Close this place!! How can you not have it? How can you do this to me?' She struck her head. I didn't even need to tell her that the caramel doesn't come in a shake.

'Iced Frappe; Caramel, large.' Who gave her the hint? She signalled, pointing to the board. 'Big or small?' I messed that up. I desired to spend more time with her. Rub her in too deep into her misery and at the same time conduct a deliverance hour on her drug addiction. She won't forget today's day. Not soon. What would happen if she didn't get a caramel ice? Will she quit drugs?

A beautiful daughter of Zion, wasting away on this devilish, destructive and dangerous substance. 'Large! Add more Caramel, goddammit!!' 'Shit!!!'

I remembered Whitney, Amy, Monroe, Cuban... beautiful, God-gifted talented individuals overpowered by this addiction! Would God have saved them? Delivered them? Changed them? They would have still been alive and kicking.

'Large!' Everyone knew her. Everybody knew them. So it's no longer a drama that they do each time they are around ordering their food.

Someone said what you can't overcome shouldn't overcome you. That's the grinding truth that keeps these junkies going.

One day, their salvation will come. Their Prince Charming of Peace will come to take them away. All of them. He better not come late. In this life even if not in this moment.

'Big!' She yelled, breathing heavily. It was like the last breath to her. I served her the Iced Frappe Caramel with more caramel than she expected. Caramel down, caramel up. As it is below, so it is above.

Her face shone brightly in a great glow even before her nose recognised the smell. She smiled. 'Yeah, thank you, thank you sweetheart, *mbuuurrhaa shabs.*' She kissed her palm and raised it in the air.

Immediately, she grabbed the cup away, ignoring my hand stretched with the straw. She swiped the caramel sauce away with just one lick-suck. Gone. Like that, she inhaled strange air with eyes wide open.

Now, she looked different and calm. 'Bye' she said. I blew her a return kiss in the air. Gone. There is something greater than drugs... it's LOVE!

I think the caramel addiction is stronger than drug addiction. The needle, the spoon, the crack, the belt and the fire. The highest addiction is the mind. The mind controls everything, the will, the power, the strength, the flesh - except for the Spirit.

## Epilogue

I have two parts in me. The body and the Spirit. But to others, I am in three parts: the carnal, the body and the spirit. To me, these beautiful creatures are not yet lost. It still breathes confidently.

What if I quit my job and embark on a selfless rescue mission focused only on recovering these not-yet-lost souls and restoring them to their supposed normal life? If I can write a book about them, I can also embark on such a mission.

A life free from addiction, drugs, alcohol and weed is possible. With God, all things are possible. And there would be joy in heaven for those who would forget their old ways and embrace Jesus Christ as their Lord and Personal Saviour.

The Spirit - Drugs don't affect the Spirit. It is only the body and flesh that is deteriorated. When I deal with them, I would deal with them in the Spirit. The Spirit in me is what inspired me to write this book, *The Book Karamel Junkie*. I hope you enjoyed the book right up to this line.

I will keep the promise I made at the beginning of this book; that you will read this line again.

What other justification do we still need, when you have read this line again?

As it was at the beginning of this book: *The Book Karamel Junkie* - so shall it be till the end. But before we end, let's begin again... *The Film, Caramel Flame*.

## THE AUTHOR

***William C. Okeke*** is a computer science diploma holder. In 2013 -2014, he completed African theological training in Germany (ATTiG) and is presently a Deacon of Christ Ambassadors Ministries International (CAMI). He works with QNG as an Artist name, Record Label, questngodmusic, who is a popular artist in the Music Industry under the genre contemporary gospel rap. He is also an author, a song writer, a poet, a philosopher, a visionary, a talent developer, a music composer and a network blogger, and also works as a logistics executive with Power Aviation, a sister company of Lufthansa. The Book Karamel Junkie is William's first book, although he has written many manuscripts which are as yet unpublished.

To date, William has launched three successful albums; HEAVENLY FINEST, with 14 tracks including a hit single TALENTED; META4RIC GOD, a double CD with 9 tracks including THE META4RIC GOD CONCERT and DVD; and WHAT TRUTH with 9 tracks.

In addition, he has organized many concerts and participated in several more; M4G concert, AUGUST PRAISE concert, etc.

William has worked with many artists internationally like Ricky Ross (USA, 'Hustlin' soundtrack), Kanye West ('Love Lockdown') and Green Day ('Wake Me When September Ends').

Locally, he has worked with known artists like DJ Hooker, DJ Bleed, DJ Homeboy, Olly DJ SPO, DJ RUFFY, San John, Da Cruz, etc.

William has also appeared in many festivals and performed in many concerts. He has given many TV interviews and presentations for TIDE TV, Top Afric, etc.

Fundamentally, William is a contemporary writer, although new to the writing industry. He is interested in genres that include fictionally and dramatically expressing our daily lives and things affecting us now and in the future. William Okeke is happily married with four children, and resides in Hamburg, Germany, which is his second home. He is originally from Nigeria, born in Aba, Abia State from Okue Ishiagu in Ivo LGA in Ebonyi State.

## ABOUT THE BOOK

*THE BOOK KARAMEL JUNKIE* is about the attitudes and characters of people, the guests, as if customers in a restaurant display similar attitudes that they would in a relationship, like a two minute marriage with the workers or staff behind the counter. When people go to hotels and restaurants to order and eat their food, their behaviour is not very different from the characters and attitudes they display at home; and this is who they really are.

THE BOOK KARAMEL JUNKIE is about people who have lost their purpose in life, their sense of belonging in the society and themselves, thinking that society should be blamed... when in reality, it is their fault.

THE BOOK KARAMEL JUNKIE is about the waste of human life, lost under the power of drugs, alcohol and other life abusing substances and disorders.

THE BOOK KARAMEL JUNKIE is about the wasted years of people who are incapable of looking forward and beyond because of their mindset and mentality to see that there are better opportunities in life out there for them.

THE BOOK KARAMEL JUNKIE is not a spiritual book but it is written by a spiritual person WILLIAM C. OKEKE, by God's special grace and wisdom to awaken himself and others to the knowledge that God does not give up on any life so long as they are still breathing.

THE BOOK KARAMEL JUNKIE is also an amusing book, meant to invoke smiles, laughter, happiness and joy in our lives; for us to be at least happy with our own lives no matter what, because things are never really as bad as they seem.

THE BOOK KARAMEL JUNKIE is structured in Chapters and Episodes. No suspense. I hate suspense that always forces you to be curious to know what happens at the end. Did the villain die? Yes. Did the hero die? No. End of the story.

In THE BOOK KARAMEL JUNKIE, you can read any Episode you choose in under a few minutes and jump on to any other Episode without missing out on the book trail. What I call a two minute marriage!

THE BOOK KARAMEL JUNKIE is painted with one brush, disclosing one real view that opens up a million tentacles of human behaviour. Many people write books that they are not part of. It's not real!

THE BOOK KARAMEL JUNKIE is also about me, the writer. That's what makes it real and life changing. The characters are real, the words are real, and the location is real, right up till the time of writing this book. So forget about sugar! Karamel is in!!

I like to think God has blessed and approved of THE BOOK KARAMEL JUNKIE. Thank God and thank you, the reader.