

Snow White



MUST
DIE

ELVIRA FRANKENHEIM

Snow White must die - Elvira Frankenheim

Four short stories

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"Snow White must die" is the story about a contract killer, that is engaged in a more than challenging job, as he knows the victim only a bit too well.

Another story illustrates the travel of a couple to the Himalayas, being on their personal quest to find the Yeti, a kind of Asian Bigfoot.

Altogether four exquisite short stories.

Humor is the zest of life.

Flat broke?

During the time of the cold war, an American travel agency invented a funny advertisement: "Visit Europe, as long as it still exists." At the beginning of the nineties, a German pop band made a refrain out of it and ended up in the charts.

Europe still exists, I know that, because I live in Germany. I appreciate spending my holidays in Spain. For everyone who ask themselves why both countries happen to have the same currency, but speak different languages, a little reminder, Germany lost the war.

Nowadays, where any rating via rating-agencies causes more fear and panic on this planet than the new album of the Backstreet Boys, one should probably better say: "Visit Europe, before it goes bankrupt." Just in case, that you, my honorable reader, aren't bankrupt either yet. The easiest way for you to find out, as I would suggest, when none of your 33 credit cards functions any longer or when you enter your personal bank and the clerk grabs you immediately by the elbow, and drags you rather violently into the office of the head of the bank. You are definitely treated there like someone, who is getting mugged around 2:30 a.m. in the Bronx.

Please don't try to get out of your personal debt crisis by means of any crooked dealings, it definitely won't work out at all, because: "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein, and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him." Or formulated for some easier understanding: "Harm set, harm get."

The next time someone wants to force some credit card application on you, and then please say immediately: "Sorry, I'm not worthy of credit." I always answer in that very style, though, in my case, it is a plain lie. But that way, I keep the canvasser away and I won't lead into any temptation. You don't really need to *Have or own everything*, rather stay modesty and understated style. Modest is as well the number of my little stories, that have been all translated from German into English and that are titled:

Snow White must die

The Abominable Snowman

The Fall

Beneath the Valley of the Ultra-Catholics

But you of course know: "Brevity is the soul of wit."

Snow White must die

Who am I?

I live alone on the top floor in the 4th story of a rental tenement in some small-town somewhere in the Northeast of the USA. I definitely don't want to live there forever. There are more beautiful places, sunnier places, that is where I would love to live, of course, in the best case together with some hot chick. My parents named me Frank, some 42 years ago. The neighbors know me as Mister Miller; the old lady with the freaky dog always only calls me *The Man with the Hat*. I always wear this hat, though I defiantly take it off on sunny days, though I as well take it off, when the shit hits the fan. I obediently obey my business partners under the name of Fred Winter. I chose that pseudonym some ten years ago, when I became a killer.

My pastimes? You won't believe it... cooking! Anyone thinking that some contract killer wouldn't be able to serve any fish sticks appropriate to the species, should visit me in my kitchen! And anyone who thinks he never ate dog should just surprise a Chinese cook on the job.

Another pastime is to tell people lies about my true life, my true identity. This is a sure sign of having a lot of fantasy that I put to paper in my spare time. Of course, I've always dreamt of a bestseller, those score like a cheap whore in some residential home for

men, with no other intention then to finally retire in Miami, together with my hot chick of course.

On the weekends, I drive the 40 miles with my car into the big city jungle. There is one late night dive, where everyone who is special meets. But most of the ones, meeting there late night, just think, they are something very special. Hot styled chicks stalk on high heels, on their forever quest for the Mr. Right, the one with the thick wallet. But usually, they just run into some bragger, highly indebted, that hauls them home to nevertheless have the night at least end with some kind of sex. When I am really lucky, then I am one of these dazzlers, passing as a banker, that is going to fly to the Bahamas next week with his private jet, and the damn little cute beast gives me some blowjob in my car. When I am even luckier, I get a job. Not referring to any harmless oral sex here, though this can of course have some fatal consequences, too. During the Clinton era, it was one plain blowjob that terminated America's last chance for any functioning democracy.

Saturday, September 11th, 2004

It is shortly past ten p.m. and I enter the nightclub. The owner of this very dump is Will, a black man, I know him from those days back yonder, from my early days. He already had some criminal tendencies; he was arrested on and off, but always got off with some slap on the wrist. Will or "Wild Willy" as we used to call him, never spent too long in jail. By the way, I

myself personally never spent any time behind the bars, but the 12 years I spent in the army, came down to the same. I signed up in my younger years, to serve my country that way. There, in the army, you definitely learn to shoot. There you defiantly learn precisely to kill.

I sit down at the bar, keep my hat on, order a double bourbon on ice and ask for Will. The waitress, Carmen, grabs the phone, she is definitely easy on the eyes. One minute later, my old pal shakes my hand. "Hi Frank!" He welcomes me and when being undisturbed, he states: "Snow White is dead. They found the corpse in the forest, big time headlines in the newspapers. The dead woman in the deadwood, matches somewhat, right?" "Additionally, her last name was Woodman. Abigail Woodman, 22 years and unmarried, I read it in the papers. But why then Snow White?" "Because she was that cute. Here, your \$17,000." Will pushes my share over. "Thank you, Will. "Five up, Frank. Just come over next week, I ´ve got a new client, he contacted me yesterday." "Well, hopefully not someone being interested to get rid of Wild Willy," I allow myself to joke. Will laughs back. "Your humor is even blacker than my skin, Frank. "The crass contrast to that, the snow-white cocaine that you always huckster, now then my dear old chap."

Saturday, September 18th, 2004

It is shortly past ten p.m. and I enter the nightclub. The owner of the dump is Will and he already expected me. "Frankie, old chap, I got something for you." We sit down at a table in some quiet corner and I actually take my hat off. Will gets started. "The guy was called Boomerang and passed puberty probably some 45 years ago. Must be someone high on top of some decent American corporation, producing weapons. Thus, he lives rather drawn back and wants nothing to do with any public. "Probably, he isn't standing up to his job." "None of our interests. Our interest is what he pays, and he pays a five number sums." "I haven't ever worked for less, man. For the bucks I would only shoot this bitch of a dog of my neighbor, this thing really sucks big-time with its barking. To make up for it, I would serve it to the old lady as a hot dog that really suits its name. The main dish would be some nice mushroom soup that she would definitely not survive. But well, where we've been? Who am I supposed to blow to kingdom come?" "That's exactly what this Monsieur Boomerang will tell you in person. Tomorrow at three you will have your audience. Only accept cash, ok?" I take a sip off my glass. Sure, it's ok.

Sunday, September 19th, 2004

Around three in the afternoon. The pompous villa lies a little off track and immediately attracts attention. As much as the name plaque, not to be overlooked. B. Boomerang. I ring the doorbell and wait kind of excited in front of the door. A hussy, somewhere around 30 opens the door. "You're surely Mr. Winter?" asks the broad, really attractively dressed; I have to acknowledge, after some high-speed full body scans. Only her visage could be prettier. Who is that chick, somehow looking familiar? His daughter? His affair? His wife? His housemaid? Or just the cleaning woman? It must be either his daughter or his affair. Or his wife, the housemaid and cleaning woman as one.

"Are you Mr. Winter now?" Forced to hear the question a second time. I nod, wordless and enter the house. We traipse through some rooms to the terrace, there; I am welcomed by Mr. Boomerang, pretty well conserved for his age, actually. "Hi Mr. Boomerang, Fred Winter." We shake hands. "Ben Boomerang. Ok, Mr. Winter, straight away. My wife Kylie was murdered a few days ago. I can imagine, who it was and don't ever want to see the person alive. "Hear ya. Okay, no problem. The price. One person twenty thousand! Two person's thirty eight, three persons fifty thousand." "No, eighteen thousand for one and I count on you." Eighteen isn't too bad, fifteen percent for Will. The last job via this Italian with his theocratic tendencies brought some 2,000 more, but well, you shouldn't brag during a recession and while forced to

handle all the concurrence from the former East.
That's business

"You can count on me, Mr. Boomerang, you can count on me. Eighteen is ok, but cash, please." My new business partner excuses himself, shortly leaves the room and then hands the bundle of notes over. I count them and am definitely content. Then we shake hands again, the contract, a done deal. Ben Boomerang directs me to the living room. "I show you a picture of my wife." He takes a framed photo from the shelf and shows it to me. "That is your wife Kylie?" I take my hat off and scratch my head. "Yes, exactly, we were just freshly married in Europe some three weeks ago. In Paris, the city of love. Kylie was her pet name, no one else but me called her that way. The change of personal status and name were not transmitted to the county yet, thus, the authorities were only informed somewhat later about the marriage, of course, and I informed them.

I study the photo of Abigail Woodman, as if I would have never seen it before. "Mmmh, who could have killed her now?" I ask him. "I am rather sure, her ex. He was allied with her for two months. "They married fast. Who is the ex?" "A hot-blooded Italian from the south." That is right, as right as rain. But he only hijacked her and it was me, shooting her. With a pistol. In the forest. The dead woman in the deadwood. The little mobster couldn't probably find any better location that fast, to have her casted in

concrete. According to him, he would rather shit his pants than kill his ex girl and thus consulted Will.

"Yes, I am rather sure it was him, the one, trying to blackmail me. Right after our return from Europe, this Italian high jacked my wife and wanted all my money, wanted to absolutely impoverish me, but I didn't pay. I didn't inform the police, they don't know anything about the high jacking, even today. "So, it's the Italian?" "Find out, whether this jerk did it. If so, kill him. But when he passed this job, then grab the wop at his balls, and drag his cock as long as some spaghetti, till he spits out the name of the killer."

Saturday, September 25th, 2004

It is shortly past ten p.m. and I enter the nightclub. The owner of the dump is Will and everything is due to him. We sit down at some table. "How's it going, Frank? Job done?" "Not yet, Will, but tonight. Here, your \$2,700." I push over his share. "But it is really a shit job, Will." "Hey, it cannot be that bad, right? Where is your humor? Are you something like a rabbit that I asked to dig some tunnel through the Rockies?" "No, man, even worse. This time it is a really damn lousy shit job. But I'm going to do it." "Ok, Frank, you are outmost dutiful, reliable and never fail. Who should know better than me? C'mon, I'll buy you for a drink." Will whistles for the waitress that serves the double bourbon immediately. But neither the free drink, nor the hottie Carmen help to better my mood. Will takes care, but I would rather beat him up

brutally, to then steal his health insurance card, that way the paramedics wouldn't try to drive him to any hospital in the first place.

Sunday, September 26th, 2004

About three a.m., time to hit the sack. But instead, I drive with my car close to the place, where I shot Abigail "Kylie" Woodman, our Snow White. A dark parking lot is the terminal stop of that drive. I get out of the car and walk deep into the forest. I am proud. That I dare to make that step. In some minutes I will lie dead on the ground. Surely not, because I'd be any suicidal, but because I am determined to do my job well. Because I am dutiful and reliable. The pistol that got Kylie into eternity will get me there, too. Maybe some dog walker will find my corpse? Someone collecting mushrooms? Well, someone sure will. Then, I won't live on the top floor, but somewhere completely else. Somewhere underground, buried in some cemetery.

Who am I?

I live in some really great villa somewhere in sunny Florida. I sold the nightclub some three months later, after someone found the corpse of Frank in the forest. Karen Woodman meanwhile, did inherit all the millions of her father, being more than dead sick and tied to his bed, when she contacted me, to get rid of her sister, that was never ever married anyway, by the way. Snow White must die, she said to me, ice-

cold. Her jealousy for her beautiful sister and the greed for the money washer motive. The police were sure about Frank, being the killer, that planned a blackmail that went wrong and then killed himself.

Everything was staged. The name plaque on the Villa Woodman was shortly and temporarily changed. A good old business partner of mine was allowed to play Mr. Boomerang. Karen Woodmen, my boss, the lady at the counter and Emilio, the Columbian drug carrier, the money greedy Italian ex. All persons, where I was sure, that Frank couldn't know them. And I was sure, that Frank was reliable and dutiful and did every job 100 percent even, when it hurts. Regarding his health, Frankie should have rather become President. Since Kennedy, no one has gotten that severely caught, even if Lewinsky would have bitten harder.

Karen Woodman paid me well. From now on: No jobs passed out to any contract killers, no drug business, and no crooked dealings. No, nothing anymore in that direction. I lead a respectable life, together with my former employee Carmen. who I married meantime. Not in Europe though, but we already married. In some small chapel somewhere in the States. And this time, no lie.

The Abominable Snowman

"C'mon, we just look for the Yeti! Talking Mount Everest!" Peter closes the book. "Ok!" I answer without thinking too much. "I am game for that!" We take off to the next travel agency. "Two times Kathmandu, please!" "You want to travel to Kathmandu? Now? It is off-season. What do you want to do there?" asks the travel agency clerk. "We will look for the Yeti." answers Peter. "But - it does not exist!?" "Sorry, Ma'am, it does exist, I saw a picture of him in Reinhold Messner's book." That's Peter, I remain silent.

We fly to Kathmandu. At passport control, we are asked: "What do you want to do in Kathmandu?" "We will look for the Yeti!" that's Peter, I remain silent.

The train to Mount Everest departs the next day. We enter the next hotel. "A double-room, please" Peter says to the hotel owner. "No problem, you got one! What do you do in Nepal?" he wants to know. "We are looking for the Yeti!" that's Peter, I remain silent.

The next day, we take the Trans-Himalayan Train. The train stops in a little village, and we disembark. A Sherpa is asking "Hey! Namaste, what are you doing here at the foot of the Himalayas?" "We are looking for the Yeti!" That's Peter, I remain silent.

The next morning we hike up the highest mountain on the planet. Peter is sweating, while we traverse a

snowfield. Suddenly he screams "There, there, it's the Yeti!!!" He takes his tranquilizer rifle and shoots. "Hit!!!" he screams with joy, as the Yeti drops down. We dart off to the prey, and Peter is nothing but plain happy: "Look, the Yeti really exists and we are the ones, who finally got him!" I bow to the Yeti and turn him on his belly and discover a long zip fastener in his felt, head to ass. We peel something out off the yeti costume and what we get - a naked man. "Man, look, that's damn Reinhold Messner!" That's Peter, I remain silent.

The Fall

A little beautiful village located somewhere. Nothing spectacular ever happens here.

Monday July 11th, 2011, 7:56 a.m. Police Station

"Kowalski, great, that you're back again! How was your vacation?"

Sheriff Carl Parker takes his feet from the escritoire and offers a handshake to his colleague, without getting up at all.

"Fine, thanks."

"And the weather?"

"Could have been better, thanks."

"Yap. Being a vacationer in general, one does prefer sunshine, I assume."

"But the wind and rain really do actually have a quality, too - talking sea here."

"Three weeks onshore alone, not a little boring?"

"I wasn't alone. Oh, you probably didn't know yet. I was there accompanied by Dusty, my young golden retriever."

"Go figure. No girlfriend anymore, but instead a brand-new dog."

"Yes. And how was it over here?"

"The same as always, nothing special. You didn't miss out anything. Well, the usual stuff. Some harmless disputes between neighbors, two small traffic accidents and a minor shoplifting. The Preacher's youngest snatched some candy bar along in the bakery. Apart from all that, nothing special, not

even any hefty bar-room punch-ups, not one, Kowalski, not one. Shall I tell you something? I'm a police officer here for 23 years and actually I really do ask myself from time to time, what is more boring, my marriage or my job?"

"What, nothing happening here? When I was walking my dog yesterday evening, I met Smith, and he told me about your attempts to fly." Parker jumps from his chair. Flaming red, all blood shooting up in his head.

"Damn, blame it on this damn fucking beast of a cat, the one from the old Blair and it made me the damn mockery of the whole village!" "Tell me your version."

Parker sits down again and tries to relax.

"The Jenkins called me and told me that a cat is high up in her tree and the dog in the garden next door wouldn't stop barking. That would be the total terror! I was on my way there with Smith. Trying to rescue that damn cat from the tree, it scratched me hard and I lost my balance on my way down. This damn fucking beast. Right after that, it easily made its way down the tree alone and fucked off. And I nearly broke my neck and all my bones and Smith, the idiot, nearly wet himself with laughter. He should have held the bottom of the ladder."

"Was it really the cat from old Blair? I mean, she lives nearly two miles away from the village, alone and lonely and is a halfway a case for a nursing home."

"When you take the shortcut through the forest, then it's only half distance, only a mile. And whether a mile or two, nothing special for a stray cat, I'd think. Yes, it

was the cat from old Blair; I wouldn't know another with white feet."

Kowalski lights a cigarette.

"At 50 you will die of lung cancer, my boy. But you still got some twenty years."

"Well, that would defiantly save me the menopause, I assume. The one that you're living through right now," teases Kowalski.

"Apropos, smoking. Time ago, Smith asked me for a cigarette. Go figure, I'm an enthusiastic nonsmoker! But I think, there is something wrong with Smith anyway. I lent him \$100 a couple of weeks ago, and I still don't have them back till today."

"I can figure, what he needs the dough for." Kowalski says, and adds: "Just ask Becky."

"Becky?"

"Yap! Rebecca."

"Apropos Becky. Last week, some slob demolished the side mirror of my BMW. Insurance agent Hofman, the brother-in-law of Becky, said I would only have the mirror reimbursed if it would have been stolen. I knew that myself, but Hofman could have really doctored something, you know. But the old babbitt doesn't do me this favor."

Babbitt yourself, thinks Kowalski and walks grinning to his locker, because he is pretty sure, that it could have only been the preacher's youngest.

Saturday July 23rd, 2011, 01:03 p.m. Blair's House

"I was already wondering, that the door was wide open," the nurse is crying. "But when I saw her lying on the floor, I called you right away, Mr. Parker."

Wednesday July 27th, 2011, 10:33 a.m. Police Station

"The lady from the nursing-service is delivering lunch around noon daily, and last Saturday about noon she found old Blair dead in her living room."

Parker looks shortly at Kowalski, waiting for consent. Then he keeps on talking. "Reason of death, poison, which was as well proven in Blair's tea. Time of death, roughly between seven p.m. and midnight."

"Ok, but the motive? Well, taking a look at this total mess in the house, we can surely assume that something was looked for."

"The motive, Kowalski, the motive ... When we could at least find anyone, that could testify, that either money, jewelry or other valuables were taken from the house, then we would be some steps further. Blair's only daughter lives in Bitterfield, far away from here. She won't be able to help us any further either. Additionally, she didn't visit her mother in the last three years. Kowalski, while searching for traces, we completely forgot the shortcut, the little path in the forest that is still barred with that old pike and forbidden for vehicles. From this barrier there are 150 yards to Blair's house. On my little Sunday morning, I

took some looks and found rather fresh tire traces. I couldn't tell you this - because? Now guess, which car they actually belong to?"

"No idea." Kowalski shortly nods his head to emphasize.

"To our squad car."

"To our squad ...? Wait a sec, should this be the car of the actual delinquent, then ..."

"Yes, I know, but what you're burning to know now. On the day of the crime, I was on duty until ten p.m. and then Smith took over. We should have a go at Smith right away. And Kowalski, be completely aware, I will lead the interrogation completely alone."

Wednesday July 27th, 2011, 01:07 p.m. Police Station

"Smith, why on earth are you driving with our squad car over that little forest hike to granny Blair's?"

"I ...," stutters the cop, "I just ... wanted to ... visit her."

"So, only visit her ...," repeats Parker the questionable statement and watches Kowalski, who keeps a face. "And? More?"

"The door stood wide open. I ... straight into the house and ... she was already lying smack dead on the floor."

"Man, Smith, really no one will buy that. No one. And you drive secretly in the middle of the night to bring her some bedtime sweets and tell her some bedtime stories? Man, Smith!"

Kowalski lights one.

"Speaking of bedtime stories. No fairy tales, Rebecca told us."

"Rebecca, what Rebecca?" asks Smith, as if he wouldn't know, who was referred to. "Rebecca, our Becky from the lotto retailer. Nowadays she is constantly asking where you got all the pocket gambling money from, ya? The only win she could ever remember cashing out to you was nine dollars and some dimes. Know what, Smith, you've got a serious gambling addiction, needed the money and assumed, to strike a rich vein at Blair's, right? Am I right? That's what happened? YOU poisoned her!"

Smith's facial expression turns somewhat into the seriousness of a tombstone and then suddenly it bursts out of him: "YES, I put the poison into the cup. And you know what? I poisoned the cat, too!"

"YES! Exactly, and this damn fucking beast of a cat!" screams Parker like a champion. Kowalski stays cool, nonchalantly stubs out his cigarette and states: "OK, now we've got him. Off to prison cell with that one."

A little beautifully village located somewhere. Now with one law enforcement officer less. And in spite of this, the inhabitants feel even more secure.

Wednesday July 27th, 2011, 10:45 p.m. Tavern

"The fact, that the milk for the cat was poisoned, too, this was first only known to the murderer. Sadly enough, I had to sacrifice my dog. When I was driving to the crime scene again, the day before yesterday, Dusty took some tastes of the milk bowl, standing in

the kitchen. Ten minutes later, he collapsed. Simon, the vet, couldn't do anything about it and was plain clueless, thus we drove to the pet clinic immediately and the dog was vivisected in the laboratory, while driving to town, Simon told me about the black cat with the white feet, that he had to put to sleep because someone had hit and injured it on the road."

Kowalski hands a cigarette out to his colleague and lights it.

After a deep inhale, Smith resumes. "Yes, our good old Sheriff Carl Parker. A life full of boredom, and then the menopause too. And to have finally some action in his life, he poisons the old Blair and wants to pin the blame for the murder on me."

"Parker, this psychopath, tried to poison the cat. As an act of revenge for his embarrassing fall. When the medic proved the poison in the dog corpse, I called him as he asked me to, whether he would know anything about the cat. As far as I remembered, I only found the animal dead in the house; it could trespass easily via the kitty door, anytime. Parker thanks for the information, nothing else. I didn't tell him about the poison and Dusty. Not a word."

"Also I've never told him about my qualities as an actor. And he took care of the tire prints, when he drove to granny Blair before committing the crime?"

"Exactly!"

And as for the ladder fall - I took care of that. Smith inhales deeply.

Beneath the Valley of the Ultra-Catholics

"This room for two persons costs 45 dollars per person and night." "What? 45 dollars for such a dump? My boyfriend Peter, the actor, is wondering. "You will find the shower down in the corridor. Sirs, this isn't the Ritz or Hilton. "The hotel owner, being already a little on in her years, made that very clear to both of us. Nevertheless, we take the room. "And where is everyone meeting up to party in the evenings?" Peter is asking the old lady. "Actually, in church. The mass starts at 6 p.m." "Excuse me, I meant, to party, to dance, drink, and tell stories? Where to enjoy the nights, have some fun and so on?" "Sirs, this isn't Daytona Beach or Panama City!"

In the evening, we take a stroll around the village. We single out an old pub and enter the establishment. It is 10 p.m. and we are definitely the only guests. Peter is making funny remarks on top of his lungs, till the innkeeper hands us the bill. "I am closing now." "And where is the party going on? Where is all happening?" asks Peter. "Plain nowhere. All the inhabitants of the village have to get up very early for the mass. This isn't Daytona Beach or Panama City!"

We stroll back through the dark night, to the hotel, slightly tipsy and giggling. "When nothing is going on here, well well well, then we will MAKE something going on here, right?" Peter said grinning to me, when we arrived at the Pension. Back in our room, my friend suddenly opens the windows and screams:

"WAKE UP!!! WAKE UP ALL UP!!! YOUR JESUS HAS COME!!!" Everywhere in the village, the lights go on. In the room next door, someone bangs madly against the wall and screams "Quiet!!! Quiet, you damn idiot!!! This isn't Daytona Beach or Panama City!!!"

The next morning, our old lady announces very seriously that this is a respectable village and asked if we would please move out immediately. That's exactly, what we did. We pick up our luggage and walk to Peter's car. The wipers are ripped off, a stinking cow pie in the middle of the front lid and the right side window is smashed. My friend opens the door and finds a notice on the front seat.

"What's written?" I ask. "FUCK OFF YOU DAMN DIRTY PUNKS! IMMEDIATELY!" Me again: "Hey darling, let's keep going! Shall they look for any other Jesus for their passion play! This is the deep valley of the Ultra-Catholics."

Snow White must die - Epilog

Who am I?

I live in some really great villa somewhere on this planet. It was no problem to pay the contract killer, because Will is dead rich. This time he himself was the victim, well, that's life. He was always a mean rat; he had to have so many skeletons in the closet that you could hardly count them at all. His scrutiny was the basis of his huge fortune. Okay, he bettered himself somewhat in the end, but he already bunkered money big times, without end.

I got myself a completely new identity, and I'm not reacting to the name Carmen at all, ever. And when someone in the bar whistles for me and orders a drink, then I do not feel addressed at all.

My very high consumption of cocaine lead the new pet name: Snow White ...

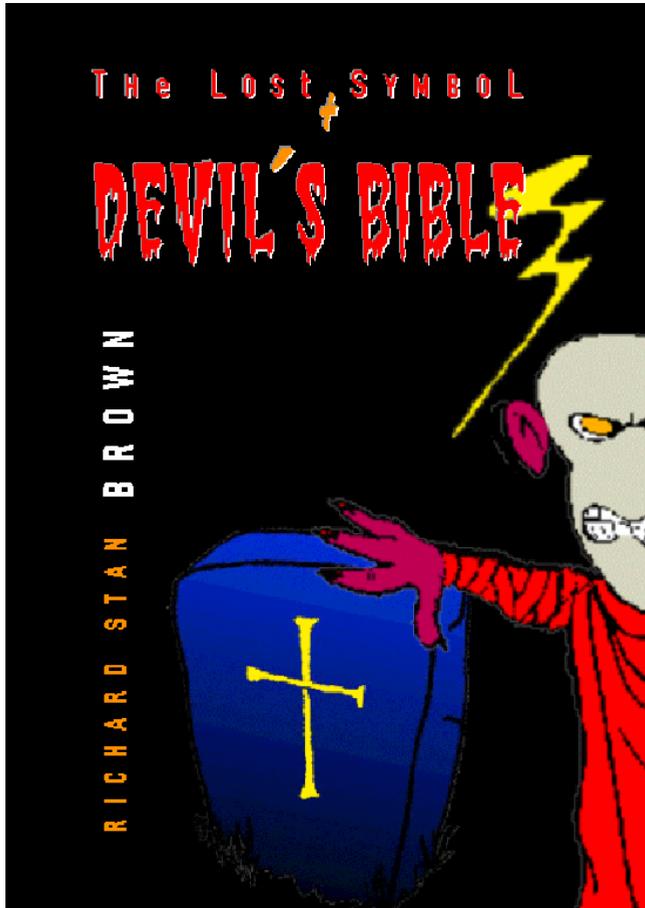
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