



A love story made in Thailand

Factual report by Rolf Bahl

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Explanation concerning this story

Acquaintance often try to indentify my novel figures with my person, that is in principle wrong, only one book, „Escape of Manila” is in fact a true story, there I only changed the real names of the people involved, as well as my own, only that made it different from an autobiographical story and a simple novel.

With regard to my other novels, this prompted some perverted readers to identify myself with the fictitious figures in the books. Well, stupidity needs a lot of understanding, and that’s what happened to me, but with the age, however, I take it much easier!

A contemporary, who stated from himself to know Thailand, greeted me with the following words: “Well, I have much more experience than you!” I just said to him, I do not know his experience at all and therefore I am unable to enter into a further discussion. Thus, our meeting was already completed, because I have difficulty to deal with people who call themselves genius and who know everything much better. But there are others, I not even know their names, distributing the damaging news, that I am a paedophil or homophil or whatever stupidity they are inventing. And I am not writing about the nightlife of Pattaya, because most readers know better than I do.

I have therefore, for quite a long time hesitated, whether my story, which was experienced in such a way from A to Z by myself, can be written down in a simple form? Now, writing is just one of my various hobbies, which already cost me a half million Thaibath since the beginning of publishing books.

Since this script is documentary, I changed the names of the Farangs involved, as well as the nicknames of

the Thailadies only indicating the first letter, there is only one exception, Daeng!

However, I attached great importance to an exact recording, then for instance the word „Tiluk” would be wrong, it should read correctly : „Tiruk “ but since Daeng is originating from the Isaan, she wrote in her sms and mails always “Tiluk “.

In principle, however, the positive comments outweigh the

negative ones by far, a few compatriots gave me the nickname „Mr. Duerrenmatt”, but that is probably rather flattering or cynical by a sarcastic mean?

Now, I have however little common with this famous compatriot, at least literarily, while I’m more of an unknown author for popular novels, he was a life long writer and dramatist, one who studied writing from the bottom at the Universities of Berne and Zurich. I, however, learned the German language only at the age of 10 years.

But there is a merry connection to “Mr. Duerrenmatt”. He was born and baptized in Konolfingen, as the son of a pastor, and I was confirmed in March 1954, in the same church. However, I am sociopolitically and humanistically much more closer to the other big country man: “Max Frisch”, from Zurich.

And I encountered him often in the “Bodega” in the “Niederdorf of Zurich” during the years 1969-71. He sat at the long wooden table with a glass of red wine and watched the political scene, always dressed up in a raincoat and the long scarf hanging down from the neck. Unfortunately, I did not recognize him, we greeted each other at that time with „Salü “, and I thought, he was rather belonging to a fringe group of people. There as well, I met all kind of political opinions, as well as RAF Members, (Bader-Meinhoff)

and one evening I had a conversation with one of them without knowing he was a RAF member, despite the fact, he put a very huge revolver on the table and said, “with this toy I am going to kill all the big capitalists”, and he did not joke, later RAF member W.S. was shot dead by the police near Cologne.

Others, I met there, were less dangerous, i.e. my marriage witness, and my candidate for the election into the City Council of Zurich, with the new party I was founding 1969. (EFP, European Federalist Party, Section of the Canton of Zurich).

Perhaps you may question, why this following story ran off in such a way and not in another? The answer is very simple, because this is a true experience in a different culture and we cannot compare with the western civilization, and with the rather insane religious teachings we experienced during our youth!

The Farangs, name for European people in Thailand, might never understand the Thai culture, because they are used to question everything through and organize all the undertakings.

But a Farang can never know better than a Thai, because Farangs are generally stupid, since they press the school bench much longer, than the Thais tends to do, and despite that, they don't understand and master the Thai language after all!

Nevertheless, please enjoy reading!

Rolf Bahl, author

Chapter 1

Meeting with Daeng

We wrote the day of 22nd November 2005, I once more walked

along the beach promenade in Pattaya. It's one of the very few ways to enjoy walking and have the fresh sea breeze at the same time.

At around 4 pm, I saw at the height of the “Mike Shopping” the lady Ana, a woman of about 50 or over, and who was formerly affiliated with Tony.

However, Tony found a much younger lady and left her! She came over to see me few times, but that was about 8 to 9 years ago. And from my point of view, it was more of a social activity than an erotic happening! I just felt sorry for her, because she could barely find a customer.

If the age strikes, it hits women particularly hard in this profession. That’s why I used to give Ana 20 Bath for a coffee, whenever I met her there. And she was always very pleased about that little help.

In return, she introduced me several times to some of her younger colleagues, although I could rarely make use of that opportunity because I had a solid relationship since years.

Ana sat in a circle on the floor and played cards with a few women I never saw before. Ana introduced me to the ladies, but the one who sat with her back towards me, scarcely looked at me, while I received a friendly smile from the others. The silent young lady stood up and handed Ana the cards back, then she left in the direction to Nordpattaya, I followed her but she did not notice me.

That was rather strange for a lady working along the beach road. I followed her

until she wanted to cross Beach Road, where she was obliged to stop due to the traffic. I looked at her from the side and asked:”Pai nai?” (Where are you going). Now she answered quite casually:”Glaapp Baahn” (Returning back home). She told me, she is living in Naklua with a lady colleague and she want to be back home before it will be dark.

I began to doubt that she could be one of the so-called “free lance” ladies, because she behaved absolutely disinterested.

But I still ventured to ask her, wheter she would be interested to visit me the following day? I could only risk a rejection, not more. She just asked for my name and the address and said: “My name is Daeng, ok, I see you tomorrow at 2 pm”. Then she disappeared in the direction to Naklua. Well, we did not arrange for anything, she could be a hairdresser or practicing foot massage, but there was absolutely no erotic element in the whole undertaking. She wore a kind of wind-jacket and her face was unadorned as if she left just from the rice field.

After she disappeared, I realized that we did not even reason out the purpose of her visit!

Since years I used to be alone, I just had the visits of my regular girlfriend P.,

or sometime also of others, but I did not let them sleep or stay for a longer period in my condo. At earlier occasion, I enjoyd very much, having a lady for a certain time with me in my hotel or condo. Eating Thaifood on the room floor, going out for a movie, or just walking around in the City.

But, despite sex and food, we usually had little common interests, and I observed the hardship, some Farang encountered, when they decided to get rid of the lady.

Some are ending with a knife in the body of the Farang, or at least with a big noice from the balcony. First the lady belongings are flying out the window, followed by a red faced Farang who is cursing behind them.

Most of the problems are usually settled in a private environment, but in a special case in our

condominium, the angry lady was holding a giant sword on the balcony, screaming she is going to kill her lover!

However, her Farang boyfriend was inside the room and he locked the door to the balcony. After the police, the firefighters and the television appeared, the story ended without bloodshed. But some others are less harmless and the Farang is finally operated in the hospital or, in the worst case, being cremated!

I never encountered such problems, only sometimes I had more than only one girlfriend. The very last one who stayed with me was M. from Nong Khai, about 10 years ago, she used to work at the barcomplex between Soi Bouakhao and Soi Skawbeach, (no longer existing), she was 32 years old but only 131 cm tall, and therefore needed little space! In a previous year she was with me at the Skawbeach hotel. Every night at 3 O'clock in the early morning her bar closed and at around 3.15, M. she was screeching noicelessly into my room.

The following year, she was waiting for me with her bag at the gate to the condomium, when I arrived from Bangkok.

However, our relationship did not last for long, she went on my nervs, her voice souded like a parrot, which irritated me, and she was talking the whole day! After only two days I drove her away, since making love to her was a rather frustrating undertaking. As she was childless, her infrastructure was only that of a bonsei shape, my best friends could only enter the garage half the usual way!

And if I ignored the problem, she screamed: “Chep” what means “painful”. But this arguments where helpful when we separated, since she was unable to offer normal sex relationship. Few years later I met her at Soi Honey, she just returned from Nong Khai,

she was out of money, but I could no longer help her, since I had another girlfriend meanwhile. But she stated, the barlady job was rather insane for her and she might go back to Non Khai for firm. Since then, I did not see her anylonger.

As I was now much longer in Pattaya, I bought a small condo, just big enough for one person. And from that time on, I decided to stay alone in my room, in case, a girlfriend would like to stay nearby, I prefer to rent her a room, despite the fact, it is costing me a little bit more. But what can a Farang and a Thailady undertake together in 24 hours? Yes, you got it, sleeping, sex and dining out, and perhaps shopping? However, purchasing is often cheaper without the Farang aside her, especially at the market places, where the Farang is raising the price noticeable. And going to a high priced shopping mall, can spoil the wonderful day of many Farangs.

But for the Thai lady it makes shopping much more interesting if a Farang with a thick wallet is with her. And one must not have a closed partner for that adventure. One day, lady Pl. called me up, I knew her only from the M. restaurant, where she was previously working as a servant, she ask me if I have time for her, I told her, she could see me in my condo, but she answered, that she could be seen by the former colleagues and that would not be very positive for her good image. Since about two years, she was occupied as a receptionist in a hotel in Soi 2. Few days before I just met her at the Carrefour and handed her my cell phone number over. She suggested that we met each other in the “Bon Pain” located in the Royal Garden Complex. She came punctually and with her full size of nearly 170 cm and a round white face, she had her usual smile I never

understand what was really behind? Was she taking me as a full or not?

The never ending question in the face of an isaan lady! She pointed out not having a boyfriend and feeling lonely, but soon I realized her loneliness was rather lack of money. Well, I had a girlfriend, but since she was with me at the expensive shopping mall, I told her, Lord Buddha has a wonderful day and I can fulfil to her a wish, she can buy something nice on my expenses. She was very happy and excited while thanking with a big “wai”! Wai: the Thai way of greeting and thanking, folding both hands in front of the chest and bending with the head toward the person concerned. (There are still various deviations, depending the rank and position of the people). I find that far better than the western way of handshaking, because one transfers lots of microbes and viruses, particularly when there is a flu epidemic or a similar problem. With our hands we are wiping door handles, stairholders, blow the nose, and a lot more, unhygienic!

OK, we then went to one of the many fashion shops, which attracts the lady as much as bullshit the flies. And they are all characterised by their exorbitant price levels. I did not yet find her desired dress, and we went to a few other shops, the morning was already nearly over, finally she found a red combination, the latest arrival, but I had to refuse it, because I had not that much money with me and was after all not willing to spend this amount! I told her, I have only 1500 Thai Baht with me, and she must remain with that budget. She decided to get another red dress as well the latest arrival, but for “only” 1500 Baht. I told her, for once it was ok, but if she wants to repeat that

Misunderstanding

I estimated Daeng at approximately 170 centimeters of body size,

Later on, I learnt from her, she was “only” 164 cm tall, but still far over the average of a Thai lady. (140 to 160 cm).

As she looked quite big I developed the habit to adjust my “best friend” to the estimated size of the lady infrastructure. This is not a joke, but a fact, I described it in the brochure:”The potency secrets for elderly men”. This booklet is however not on sale, due to many causes. Roughly 20 years ago, I encountered a prostate problem, and I found the alternative healing method of a German inventor named “Kannengiesser”. He invented several items for the testicles and prostate prophylactic, but as well for the natural enlargement of the “best friend” itself up to 50% or more of its normal size. Since the treatment of my prostate was successful, I started to study all the possibilities this training offers, and after 10 and more years, I developed my own “Know how”. But since it is quite a long way to go, most men have not the time and will to master that long training and therefore I am not in a position to give any further information on this subject at all. But first a rather funny experience, few years previously,

We used to have breakfast every day at a native restaurant just located after the Apex hotel, leftside second road. At the next table, almost every morning sat a couple, she a rather small Thailady, with a white complexion, he, an Englishman of about 45 to 50.

The woman pleased me well, but she never greeted or looked at me!

I already thought, she had some reservations against me!

However, one morning, after they left, the servant lady told me: "Ma. wants to meet you, her boyfriend is just on the way to the airport of Bangkok", I ask her: who is Ma?" She answered: "that little lady with the Englishman". I was rather out of tune and did not understand the world anylonger, and told her: "but she is never looking at me, I think, she don't like me!" The servant laughet: "because her boyfriend is very jealous, that's it, but know he is flying to England, in a few minutes she is back and will talk to you here".

I could still hardly believe it, but suddenly she sat beside me, without the notorious Englishman! And she explained her love immediately: "I know you for a long time, you pay well, I want to be your girlfriend, I am in need of money in order to finish building my townhouse near to Bangkok!" OK, that was a very clear statement, not very romantic for a love story but rather realistic. I told her, she can see me once a week during the following three month, after that I planned to fly to Europe. When it comes to money, Thai ladies are sometimes very practically minded, once at the beach, I met a lady from Rayon, it was as usual: "love at first sight", she visited me the following day, and since I never met her before, found her argument quite amusing: "Yes, I am the first time here, because the roof of my house needs a new cover." I never met her again, and suppose, she now has a new rooftop! And when travelling around Thailand, I often ask myself, if I have as well a share on one of the nice bungalows on the way?

I prepared myself for the visit of Ma. she was relatively small, but I knew she was the mother of two children and additionally, the Englishmen are well known, aside from the Dutch, to be of best size in Europe!?

I made a mediocre training, that reads medium plus or minus. She came into my Condo, after showering, I had my bath-towel around my hips, since Thai ladies dislike it, if one runs around naked. Ma was naked on my bed, when I removed my towel, but oh what a shock, she jumped up from the bed and run outside the Condo. That was not quite good promotion for myself, a naked lady running away from my room! It never before it happens and I could catch up with her, and convince Ma. to come back into the Condo, before some body could see us. She reason out: "To big for me!"

I argued with the above and told her, I could do smaller, but not right away, only the next day! She looked at me with a certain disbelief, but finally she decided to see me the following day, the house was dominating over fear. Well, I held my word and everything went smooth that day.

With every meeting I added a bit more to the former size, and she seemed not to notice the fact. When I left to Europe and our relationship was ending herewith, I told it to her and she found it also more than funny!

With regard to the first visit of Daeng, I considered her big body size and perhaps also children, as bonafide for middle size or more. She came on time, what is usually not the case for first time visitors, we agreed for an amount I don't remember. I quickly realized, she did not have any experience at all, but she was very cooperative and kind, I was using lots of lubricants and had a bit the impression, having almost a virgin with me.

She did not complain and therefore our game went extremely long time. I ask her her several times, if she was OK, and she did not have any reservation. I remember, already at that time I developed feelings for Daeng, because she was very different in all her behaviour, she was not in a hurry and we had plenty of

always care for the well-being of the woman and try to customize as far as possible. As I was feeling guilty and sorry for her problem, I ask her about the expenses with the doctor?

It was a very small amount and I handed her over a little bit more.

Although, she did not ask for compensation, but took the money with tears, an event, I encountered later on quite often.

For the first time I realized, she was working in a wrong place and changed into a profession that did not suit her at all. After she informed me about her “friends” in the house in Naklua. All bargirls or free lancers, O. 42, (a kind of a mama san) was the boss, Daeng 45, Eh 28, and Ui 23, and she suggested, I should

know all them better, since they all where her colleagues and friends. I was wondering, normally the ladies do not like the colleagues going to the same customer. But Daeng arranged for the visit of Ui, the bargirl, she was as ordinary and disinterested as most of the others, and I don't remember her at all. Daeng praised O. she has the largest breast of all woman in the province of Chonburi, and that she planned to reduce her extremely huge breast by surgical operation. I told Daeng, this would be a crime, but she stated, O. has serious walking and back problems due to the heavy breast!

As a man, she aroused my curiosity, she came over, and I was feeling like meeting a sumo wrestler, she was a real brunt of a woman, and my two pillows looked like bonsais against her two huge bosoms. And I understood her intention, to cut them down to the size of a Dolly Parton or similar.

Since she was quite interested in a big size, she came over a few times, but she was often drunk and was as

And she just bought a rather expensive one with camera, and various devices included, I suggested to her, to buy only a cheap model in case of loss. Robberies of necklaces, handbags, mobilephones etc. are daily incidents in Fun City. Daeng followed my advice and bought a cheap mobilephone and did not lose it anylonger.

Daeng had no luck at all, soon later she called me again and appeared to be in an alarming condition. What happened again? She hugged me tightly and her tears dropped down along my shirt. First this cheap charly of a Farang who wanted sex without condom, she refused as I told her previously, and he insisted, left her without any compensation, but another was even worst, he did not pay and she could not go to the police, because as a free lancer, she was not permitted to go with Farangs, and would get a fine after all! And all that was not yet the worst, she told me the horror she experienced the day before, a perverted Farang attempted to strangulate and beat her, she had fears of death, finally she was able to get a bier bottle and to hit him over the skull! She immediately fled from the room and at her place in Naklua, she could treat all the wounds in her face. She had swollen lips and a hurted tong, one ear was decorated with the teeth prints of the “animal”, and around her neck I could locate the trace of the strangulation. When I saw all her wounds, I became really angry, and again, she did not like to contact the police for that bad incident. I explained her, about some sadomaso cults we have in the western countries, but she could not understand at all and figured out, all Farangs must be sick and crazy, and there is no exception including myself.

She sat opposite me still in tears and I looked at her swollen lips and the bloody ears. The poor Lady sacrificed herself for her family members and

experienced the worst, because she was entirely innocent and not hard enough for this kind of business. Until that day, she was just a loose friend to me, I suggested her always, to look for a good Farang and she had some e-mail contacts with an American. But now, I felt an inner drive to help her out of that job, I told her in a few word how I could see her future, and it looked more like the father talking to his adult dauther:”You are a kind hearted and respectable person and not at all fitting for that kind of work, I will help you getting out from that, if you like, I am just your only friend from today on, you can use my pc and printers and if you like I might pay you as well a business school, you can work part time in an internet cafe or in a 7/11 shop. Your colleagues will probably prevent you from this step, but up to you, you can count with me”. She seemed to have understood and smiled a little bit, and she had another idea. Her mother and she tinkered at home in Isaan various kinds of animals made from colored beads, cats, dogs, pigs, wild animals, but as well lampshades, office containers, etc. And she planned to sell this souvenirs to tourists in Fun City. That was a good idea as well, and she stated, in future, she has only one friend, and that I shall be the one!!

I agreed, but stated, I still have my friend Pit since more than two years,
and in case she can find a suitable Farang or Thaiman, there would be no problem from my side. But she said:”no, no, definitely not a Thaiman, because I was already three years together with one and that was more than enough!” I did not know, if her mother was matchmaking it or not, but she did not like to talk about that time.

to that kind of woman, she was born on the 4th of April 1966, and that was just one week after I arrived the second time in Bangkok.

And she was not at all unpleasant in my feelings, perhaps a little bit to fat?

For a lifetime, I was searching for extraordinary woman, but I was never successful. N. was not that interesting, I was just wondering, how she managed to remain like that for over 20 years?

It took me some time, until she came for breakfast in the morning and afterwards we went for a walk, often hand in hand, along beach promenade. She spoke little English, I some Thai, therefore we had no problem to underswtand each other. And she confirmed, what I knew

already from others, she disliked the farangs, since they all wanted only sex at low prices and drinking a lot.

I told her, way she is going out with me, as I am a farang as well?

Well, she answered: "You are never drunk and you never ask me straightforward for sex". OK, that was correct, but did it make so much

difference to the others? And way did she never marry a Thai man?

The ansver was quite clear: " Thai man have no money, are drinking always and beating their wives."

Then she said to me, how she classified mankind: "On the first place is Lord Buddha, all the books I am reading are about him, on the second place is my father, on the third place my former boss, an Englishman and singer, fourth the present boss K". And last but not least, I found my little self.

Since I do not care much about rankings, I did not pay much attention to her information. Very often in my life, I found myself much more behind.

It remained a platonical relationship, despite the fact, she inspected my condo one day, and left again untouched. Oppenly straightforward she asked 100.000 TB cash for her dad, and after we could celebrate a Bhuddist wedding, but at her home town, in the province of Sakhon Nakhon , from where she originated. All that sounded rather like a business talk, and much less like a long lasting partnership, but I did not want to buy the “cat in the sack”as we use to sai, I could as well just throw that amount out of my window, it would not make much difference. How could I expect this “virgin” of nearly 40 years of age, to suit for my erotical expectations?

And it ended in a pat situation, both of us, insistet on the condition as

statet and did not compromise at all. And therefore our honeymoon did not last longer. Others tried and travelled to Sakhon Nakhon, where she was farming later with her parents, but all failed, and N. remained single as ever. For quite a long time I did not hear from her, since she did not return to Pattaya. One day, I sat in the Taverna, the wife of K. called me,

she handed over her mobile phone to me and on the other side was N. talking! She sounded very happy and was “missing me very much”

asking, if I would visit her in Sakhon Nakhon? Without any longer consideration I acceptet right away and booked a room at the Sakhon imperial hotel. Roughly 800 kilometers away from Pattaya, I decided to fly by PB Air, there is no rail link and the buses are rather arduous.

Sakhon Nakhon has a rather small but clean modern airport. The office in charge with the ticketing for the transfer to the City was not yet open at seven in the morning. A young policeman stood nearby and told me: "wait 2 minutes" but after two minutes nobody came, the policeman suddenly

grabbed my luggage and put it on his Pic Up. He told me to take a sit in front and I had a hard time to fix the safety belt, since it was fixed for Thai size.

Wondering, if we are going to jail or to the Imperial Hotel, we started toward the city. After about 10 to 15 minutes he stopped his car in front of the imperial hotel, taking my luggage and carrying it to the reception like a

bellboy. I asked him for the fare, but he did not want any money, well that was too much of friendliness, I was not used to enjoy in Fun City, and I handed him over 100 TB, he finally took it on. Later I realized, the transfer from the airport to any hotel was 70 TB, but adding a tip was just about the same amount. The staff at the reception seemed not to mind about the fact, that the police brought me over there.

The imperial hotel has over 200 rooms, but not more than five were occupied. I got a large nice room they quoted me 800 TB at the phone.

Toward lunchtime N. came over from her farm, we greeted each other like old relatives, had lunch in the hotel and afterward we took a bus toward

the direction of Udon Thani, after about 15 kilometers we left the red bus and she said: "wait pic up" I did not understand much, just expected a minibus or similar. But I was wrong, it was one of her broders with the pic up, who drowe us about another 7 kilometers to a very little village. First I met her mother, ignoring the rules

of Thai greetings, I intended to handshake but she give me the left hand and it did not match at all, I realized she was not at all used to that, and quite panicky I made a “Wai” in order to compensate my big mistake. The mother was sickly, she suffered of diabetics and the daily treatment was quite costly. Therefore I contributed some money to her, abot 5 or 10 thousand bath, I have forgotten the amount. N. let me see her big house, but the inner was not yet finished

and she was still looking for a sponsor. Around the house was rather a big mess, dogs and pics hanging around and lots of potholes filled with water.

The landscape was all around flat and as well very boring, and I was waiting impatiently the go for the way back to my hotel room.

And N. promessed to see me toward the evening in my hotel, and after she might have dinner with me in the hotel restaurant. Her brother might pick her up towards 10 pm, finally I looked forward to an exciting evening!

Yes, N. came on time, she showered and I attended her in front of the TV,

The great bath towel around my hips, delighted about the great adventure

I was just attending in a few minutes! After so many years of waiting time, I made it, I achieved my target after all, no doubt. N. came out from the shower room, wrapped with a large towel around and her usual light smile, I never understood, what she really means. She sat beside me and watched as well TV. “Would you like the light on or darker, it is more romatic?” I asked her, but she replied:”what for, I like watching TV with bright light”.

“No, I don’t speak about TV, I mean our first time!”

She laughed and said quite cool:” OK, you have the 100.000 ready?” I replied: “no, but my little friend is ready, and you are soon 40, and I think it is high time for another experience”.

Again, there was this patt situation we had in the past time, she did not like payment by instalments of 10.000 TB monthly, and it was never my way to use any kind of force toward a woman. In other words, the first part of the evening was over without any event. We went to the big restaurant with about 120 seats, but only one table with the three of us, (N., her brother and I) was occupied, and the charming lady singers performed the whole evening Isaan songs only for us. It was another highlight of fun, being served like a king, (there were more staff than customers) having an elderly “virgin” as companion and just starting to like the songs of Isaan.

Food and drinks were costing only about half of what I would have to pay in Pattaya, every day I waited with full expectation for the nice evening

in the hotel, but not for a “Go” by N., I knew she was as stubborn as a donkey. N. accompanied me around the city, to the big lake and to the wats, and she pointed to the big wat, she would like to have her Buddhist wedding.

What surprised me most, was the cleanliness of the city, I felt like moved to Singapore. No comparison with the dirt in Pattaya, with all the potholes

on the walking streets. I was used to cross the roads of Pattaya like a wild hunted rabbit, but there were special green and red lights for the pedestrians. I was amazed to learn, that this city was as well in Thailand,

and that it is not typical Thai, what we experience in Bangkok and Pattaya!

But I was told differently by the non Isaan Thai people, that up there is no longer Thailand, poor and dirty, and that they are eating dog meat.

In fact, a large proportion of the population between Sakhon Nakhon and

Nakhon Phanom is originating from North Vietnam, China and Laos.

And the habit of dog eating was brought along by them, on the other hand,

most of the ladies belonging to that race has a bright color, almost white,

is looking quite attractive and is – in my opinion – also more clever

at all! Another surprise was the late afternoon along the big lake, hundreds of joggers of both sexes were running around the lake for their fitness.

Even this is not necessarily self-evident in this remote region, the explanation lies probably again in the population mix?

But nevertheless, the trip was interesting and I was pleasantly impressed of that region. When I paid for the room rent, there was again a positive surprise, instead of 800 TB per day it was only 500 TB, and additionally they drove me to the airport for free, despite the fact, when I booked the hotel room I was told: "We have no pick-up service from the airport". Usually it is the opposite, the nice promises in the prospectuses are not real and often exaggerated. N. was my personal tour guide for almost one week, and as we know, tour guides are not necessarily erotic subjects. However, the last day, we passed nearby a goldshop, and N. suggested to me, I would be a very good visitor if we could enter that shop. I looked into my wallet: "You have lack there are 2500 TB remaining for you, she was happy and bought a golden ring for that amount. With

that, somewhat extreme sample, I just wanted to show that the length of stay in Fun City, is not at all decisive for the rather negative unfoldment of many ladies.

Coincidentally, Daeng was also from Sakhon Nakhon, as I learned later,

but just from the other side of the city, about 20 kilometers in the direction of Nakhon Phanom, while N. was about 15 kilometers in the direction of Udon Thani. I explained to Daeng, she is not at all fitting for the job of a

service girl. She shed tears and said: "I know, but I want to help my mother and my sisters, we have no father and I am the eldest, it is my duty to help at home". She mentioned all her five sister by there names; Cok, Kay, Noi, Bird, Som, and the mother "TIAM". The sisters were aged from 11 to 22 years, the elderly ones visited the higher schools in Sakhon Nakhon. Daeng

was the eldest with 24 years and could not go to a higher school, and she wanted only earn money in order to support the whole family!

And she was ready to sacrifice herself and to accept any kind of work that provided her enough money for the family.

But my first impression of Daeng was quite surprising, she operated the PC better than the ladies with a bachelor degree, (i.e. Wa. with a degree from the University of Ubon), and with her English knowledge as well she could compete with them.

Daeng had little or no understanding for the needs of Farangs, and her opinion about them could be directly originating from a nun convent: "Farangs are all mental sick, they want only sex, but once or twice a month would also do and they could save money and power".

I did as if I would somewhat agree, but reasoned out: "And what about the unromantic hidden sex, you are practicing under the blanket there in the Isaan?"

She laughed and said: "For three years I was with such a Thaiman and that's sufficient". She did not want to let me know more about this relationship. However, I told her, in the west we have statistics and studies,

and according to them, the average is two or three times sex a week. That was a step too high for Daeng, she argued, such a statistic might be usefull

for the water buffalos, but not for humans. She let me as well know, that her mother still thinks she is working in the factory in Si Radsha, and under no circumstances she should ever know about the escape to Naklua and what job she wanted to start there. And as well, the mother should not

know she has me as a Farang friend, since there was no Farang in that family clan, and it was the mothers wish, that all six girls should later marry to a Thai man. However, Daeng mentioned, she would not be happy at all and she preferred to remain single. I began to get used myself having

two permanent ladyfriends, Pit, a purely erotic relationship, we met for the past two years once or twice a week. She was deputy in a small business nearby, was still the "Mia Noi" of her boss, a very jealous Thai-Chinese man, who did not allow her to have any relation with another man! Especially not a Farang, but later one of the fellow employee of Pit, Khun Pa. who was feeding an illegally over staying German for many years, reported Pits relation with me to her boss, the boss in return threatened Pit with death if she was not immediately stoping the contact to me. And since he was already in jail for attempted

Khun O. the “Mamasan” and I should find out about that fellow in great England, but I could not find any trace overthere! I understood he was borrowing money from all the ladies, I told Daeng not to give him any, but from that time on, he started to blackmail me. I got sms with Daengs phone number, but Daeng did not know about them, she pointed out, he was fumbling around in the rooms and manipulating the phones, when she forgot to take the handy along with her. He managed to get all the ladies against me, Daeng informed me, she was told by them, she should stop all contacts with me, because I had a very bad influence on her! When she told me that I had to laugh loud, but I left it up to her, to follow that instruction from her “friends”. I ask her, if she thinks, it is like that, or if the bad ones are at her homeplace? Daeng told me right away and directly, she knew exactly that I was good to her and the others only wanted to exploit her! And she was not stupid and could follow up right away. I suggested, she should quit that

environment as soon as possible and find another room the earlier the better. I was flying to the Philippines shortly afterwards, there I stayed a few weeks. Daeng and I had e-mail contact, however, she was still in Naklua. I got a rather funny mail from Daeng, that her brother had a motorcycle accident and needed urgently 20.000 TB for the payment of the hospital bill in Sakhon Nakhon. I ask her back, for how stupid she takes me, that old trick was really irritating and I doubted if the mail was from her, because the English writing style was not hers and she had no brother at all!

But Daeng replied, she does not understand and that she has no brother, it was now quite obvious, that mail came from the stupid Englishman!

Yes, he had as well her password, and could read all her mails, do nonsense and manipulate for misuse. Once more I alarmingly requested her to quit her room as soon as possible, but as things can happen, it turned out another way. Some of the ladies left the house of Khun O. and the best news was about the Englishman, he was kicked out by Khun O. for cheating and never paying his rent. And he left with a nice amount of debts, however, that information was good news for me as well. I did not get any longer heretical mails, and Daeng could remain there for the time being. Khun O. got a new German friend, he was not molesting Daeng and me, but Khun O. was most of the time drunk. Daeng and O. started to sell

handicrafts, made by the mother of Daeng, along Beach Road. Most of the time they stayed at the level of Soi 13, but I never met them overthere.

Daeng visited me more often and we used to eat in my Condo, while listening to the sounds of Isaan musik. With most other woman, I was happy when they left my Condo, but with Daeng it was different, she did not bother me and was like a good partner. What troubled me most was her rather fatalistic attitude toward herself and her selfsacrifice to serve the mother and her five sisters.

She appeared so convinced about her destiny of life, that it was no longer a topic for discussion or of any doubts. She owe her life to her mother and want to serve her for ever, as well helping all her five sisters, in order they could study at higher schools, and only she could help them! And Lord Buddha was kind to her and he brouth her to me, and I was the chosen one to be the sponsor.

But she was very much ashamed to let me know, that her main purpose for her visits with me, was the money!

because I use this sentence only very reluctantly and it sounds quite trite to hear all the time:”But my lady is different”.

Of course no woman is alike as the other one, but with regard to money there is almost no difference and the desire obviously very similar.

Also Daeng wanted money, but she pushed never on it, besides she stressed

again and again that Lord Buddha had selected her, to sacrifice her life exclusively for her family. Everything she did not need for her rather modest living, was sent to her mother and for her sisters schooling expenses and similar. It was actually this unusual mentality that fascinated me most.

And it was her target to undertake all efforts to please her mother and sisters. Somewhat for curiosity, I asked her whether she wanted a Farang for

marriage? But she denied that this would not be permitted by her mother, since Farangs were unknown in her family clan. I mentioned about my sponsoring to her, she laughed and said:”it is even possible she gets suspicious, but she will not ask me, and therefore I am not obliged to answer, or to lie at her.”

Most probably, the mother sensed something, but she was not asking and Daeng was now working in a pan factory in Laem Chabang, that was proof enough. For eight hours working on a punching machine, she received a daily compensation of 168 TB, night shift without any additional compensation, standing all the time and without aircondition in the noisy factory.

But due to lack of staff she was obliged to work 12 hours, and when she visited me early in the morning, she was completely exhausted and fell asleep during the game. For her room she paid 2000 TB monthly, that was almost half of her salary. Daeng was very talented, she was able to type an English text directly into the computer and to write and compose emails.

She always stressed that she could visit only the primary school and everything she knows is mostly by autodidactic selfteaching.

Before I was already teaching English and German lessons to several Thai ladies for free, but none of them came even remotely to the capabilities of Daeng.

I discussed the situation several times with her, and was even proposing her to finance a half year school for English and computer science. But she did not accept and reasoned out, that it was only waste of money. But it was my money and every other lady would have happily agreed.

In the factory her boss realized one day, she was better skilled than all the office

ladies, and he suggested to promote her into the office. But the proposal was rejected due to the fact, she came from the factory and the office girls had a bachelor degree. That information made me rather upset, I issued

her a fake diploma of a private school, stating she has the level of a bachelor of business administration and she is qualified to do office works. However, she did not use that diploma in order to get a new job.

It was just another confrontation with customs and traditions in this country, and reminded me often to the situation we had in the west about one hundred years ago. When I first came to Thailand, I brought along as well

the rather perverted christian way of thinking. And what we described as corruption in the west, has another name in Thailand, same as there is no prostitution because it is forbidden and what is prohibited does not exist!

But it goes much deeper, the many ladies in the streets of Pattaya, see their work rather as a social engagement instead of an erotical service.

Indeed, one can observe many disabled people, the ladies care for. And a giant beer belly is not considered as disability, no, there are the really disabled, those poor guys, where the whores in the western countries call: "What does this cripple ass want from us?"

As I recall a rather tragic story back in the nineties. From 1991 until 1997, I used to stay at the “Holiday Corner Hotel” in south Pattaya, later it was renamed into “The New Firehouse”. I spent my holiday every year there,

and I observed a young German man named Uwe, accompanied by his mother. The Uwe weighed about 250 kilos, or about 500 pounds, he could barely walk, obviously, he could not get a girl of his age in Germany.

The mother found always a pretty young girl for him, and the ladies remained with him most of the time in his hotel room. I was told he suffered from an incurable disease and he might not have a long life.

This case, and many others, impressed very much, it is the other side of this city.

Around 1997, Uwe did not appear anylonger, and I was told by the hotel

manager, Uwe passed away in Germany!

The western medias are often reporting negativ stories about Pattaya,

but never about the positive happenings.

All this motherly care and service is not free, but much cheaper than in any western countries. The women must earn money as they usually must take care, not only for themselves, but also for one or several children, because

the Thai husband or lover left them and there is no social welfare or a similar help for them. Every farang is therefore a potential sponsor for them, and when they say:”I care for you”, I usually reply:”Yes, you care for my money, which of course they not like to accept, but seems to me appropriate. Another evil chapter is the ugly word “corruption”, despite the fact, it is by international jurisprudence well defined, and often related to bribery, in Thailand it is daily custom! Corruption is worldwide, in some countries rather discretely, in others very obvious. The newspaper “The Nation” recently published a survey, and following that result, the

it could not happen to me, only to the others. Often I was touched by vehicles, but never hurt or even transported to the hospital. Every morning at 08.15, I left my condo and crossed the Soi Bouakhao, went along the bar complex the other side and arrived in the Second Road afterwards, there I met with colleagues for breakfast. Back then, Soi Bouakhao was still an unpaved “natural” street, and I crossed it mostly problem-free. On that fatal morning, it had rained slightly, the street looked empty, neither from the left nor from the right side was there anything volatile approaching. I crossed already about two-thirds of the 6 meter wide road, than, out of nothing, a heavy motorcycle was speeding with an estimated 100 km per hour from my left side straight towards me, 30, 20, 10 meters, I wanted to save myself to the other side, but the driver did the same and since, according the local habits, his intention was crossing in front of me.

All that happens in one second or less, about 3 meters away, the rider made a full stop and due to his enormous speed, fell to the street and was catapulted like a cannon bullet right towards me! The tires hit me over the knees and threw me like a matchstick with the head forward down to the road. I almost lost consciousness, completely stunned I tried to get back on my feet, but blood flowed from the head down like a small waterfall. Only half conscious, I could still observe the rider, a big Asian dressed up in leather, he fixed his huge red Honda machine, pointed one hand to his head, as if he would like to express my stupidity for crossing the street, started his motorcycle and speeded away. One of the motorcycle taxi drivers stationed just nearby, showed me a mirror, but I saw only white strips on the face full of blood! The man gave me an oil-soiled rag in order to avoid the blood to spoil the motorcycle, while he was driving me to the Memorial Hospital. I was immediately placed on a couch and first a nurse

checked my wallet and made a list with all the contents, i.e. Thai Bath 10.400, enough money for my treatment!

A physician looked at the wounds, nothing was broken, but the legs and arms were full of scratches, both the knees seriously bruised, but the worst was the face. A rather tiny doctor of chinese

origine came sewing the wounds, it needed a good hour, in order to sew all the six long place wounds.

Fortunately my cap protected me against more serious injuries, the thick fabric ruled like a buffer between the road and my head.

In addition, my eyeglasses as well were destroyed, but no harm was done to the eyes. After one hour everything was made, I was allowed to get my belongings back and quite the hospital. For one week I should come over every day for control and change of bandage. And all this for less than 3000 TB, finally paid by the health insurance in my country. However, on the way back to my condo, I handed over 100 TB to the driver of the motorcycle taxi, after depositing me at the hospital he just left without any compensation.

In the evening, when going for dinner at the restaurant located in the Soi Skawbeach, the young servant had a big laugh, she probably thought I come directly from the Carnival.

A lady, employee of the restaurant M. located just opposite of the place where my accident happens, observed the incident and told me later, she did not expect, that I would rise up again!

Indeed, in the review I could state that out of all possibilities, I got the very best, because the worst of them would have been a direct trip to Lord Buddha! And only a few days later the Pattaya Television and the Mail informed about a crazy speeder on a red Honda who run over a tourist couple in Jomtien, and he was catapulted to an concrete pole and killed.

I was told it was the same man who run me over just days before. However, the couple was reported as seriously wounded and was placed in the intensive care station at the hospital, and as usual, I did not get any further information about their fate, simply one more case in Fun City!

For me, I had a serious trauma for several years, it became a medium sized nightmare crossing the streets of Pattaya. I waited for other people to cross with them, or even with dogs. I called it the "Winkelried" method,

In this connection two interesting cases remained in my memory.

Bangkok was not my “cup of tea”, but I used to make a stay between one to three nights in the famous NANA hotel, it is usually fully booked the whole year round, and it happens, I made reservation by faxmails, and the result was always the same, not received!

Later, I used the e-mail address and that was by far the better solution. Despite the fact that most of the staff were not special friendly, I felt very good in that hotel. And after I brought a Swiss chocolate to the old lady, I got always a fast reply on my reservation mails, she was there since the very beginning

(1964)!

It was towards the end of the nineties, I was back from the Philippines and

made my usual two days stopover with NANA hotel.

I strolled along Sukhumvitroad, it was half dark between 6 and 7 pm.

At the height of “Foodland” market, there is as well a bus stop, people wait for the buses, but not all. Few younger ladies don't wait for the bus, but rather for a potent sponsor.

I observed a woman with eyeglasses standing in the background, she reminded me to a young teacher and not to a servant of love.

When I looked after her, she laid a soft smile on, the connection was made and we started a conversation in English.

We agreed to walk to NANA in order to celebrate a very old game, which is worldwide always the same. The male is giving and the female is receiving. She was rather shy and kind, what I prefer, since I cannot stand the “Rambo type” of women. Many years ago, when I discovered the St. Pauli market in Hamburg, I was often upset with the comments, of them: “Hi, you old chap come and let yourself have fun”, “You drunken guy try with me”, “He boy, you probably never had a woman”, but I don't want to write down the more vulgar words.

So the lady with me turned out to be a student of paper technology, because the parents had no money, she financed her study in this not very unusual way. Aside from that, I forgot the most important of the meeting purpose, paid the small amount she was asking for, and never saw her anymore! It means almost, some years later, again back from a trip to the Philippines, I spent one more night in the NANA hotel, just to overcome the so called “culture or zivilization shock”, as we use to say.

It was early in the evening, I walked again along Sukhumvitstreet, and what did I see just at the same spot where some years before I met the student, the same lady with eyeglasses stood there! I say:”Sawathy Krap, you are the student”, she laughed and replied: “Yes, I remember you”.

So I went back with her to the NANA hotel, on the way I was asking her about the study, in my opinion, she should have finished since long time!

Now, I realized, she did not understand my questions, and her English skills was not as good as the knowledge of the previous lady.

When we arrived in the hotel room, it was already obvious, she could not be the one! Just a strange coincidence, and if the first one understood more about paper technique, the second one was more skilled in the erotical business. Another student I remember, I met in the Philippines, there I used to visit my colleague Eric, at Barretto, Olongapo/Subic Bay. I had to bring him spare parts for his electric shaver, he always claimed that he could never find them there, but he could buy them in Manila for sure.

We used to visit the gogo bars together, for that we had to travel until Subic, because in Barretto all kind of gogobars were closed by order of the Mayor of Olongapo, Mrs. Gordon, but the Mayor of Subic had another philosophy. (Years later, after Mrs. Gordon left, Barretto as well opened again various gogobars.)

Eric preferred the dingy “Kinkys” bar, I rather avoided this place, but just for a short time I told him, half the staff were “Baclas” ladymen or similar.

When we enter the bar, a young woman called my attention, in a way, she did not fit there. I invited her to a drink and learned that she was just few days there and had no information about the bad reputation of the bar. After a short conversation, I knew, that she was by far better educated than all the other women there.

She told me her age is 18 years and she was a student in computer science, but her parents were too poor to pay her tuition fee for the next semester.

Therefore, after a long debate with her parents, she was allowed to work in the entertainment business, but under one condition, she should travel every evening back home by bus, about 60 kilometers away. While having an interesting conversation with the young lady, Eric became furious, as usual when I had a longer talk with one of the ladies. He shouted: "what the hell have you again with that stupid whore, whores are all the same, just good for sex, but otherwise useless!"

I explained him the difference about the student I just met, her name was Beth, however, for Eric she was only a liar and I an idiot.

I did not care and paid the bar fine for Beth, she should visit me the following day at 2 pm in the Marmont hotel.

She came on time and it was as if we know each other since a long time, and I could hardly believe, she was just a beginner in the eretical level.

She explained that this job is not against her wishes, and the only problem was to find the right partner. We had a long talk and afterward dinner in the nearby restaurant. She planned to work for one year and after continue the study, since the money would last until she finished with the bachelor degree. I had several questions and she answered quite openly, why did her parents not mind about her job during the day time, only for the night? And I got an unusual explanation, having sex with tourists

and using a condom was not risky to her, but going out during nighttime with young Filipinos, could end in drugs and alcohol, and this would be very harmful and destructive. This made sense and I was congratulating her for having such wise parents. And this parents also deserved a clever daughter as she was one. Although she was only 18, and I something over, we understood each other very well, for that we made another appointment for the next day. Eric called me stupid, and that she just told me a story, but I mentioned to him, it was by far much more interesting talking to Beth than to him.

She behaved very decently towards me, did not ask for extra money, and her educational level was quite impressive, why should I not believe this story? And I would as well like to add that the following years I did not meet Beth anymore, I therefore suppose, she completed her studies successfully and got the bachelor degree? I was not aware of her address, what was indeed better, because of my sympathy there was a big risk for my unlimited sponsorship. But with a short look to the big differences in the age, I felt better not to have any plans or intentions in that direction.

Student prostitutes are a worldwide fact, but in countries such as the Philippines and Thailand, where higher studies are not free for the students, it is a quite logical development, nothing unusual.

However, not only students are working in that business, in Thailand, I got another rather amusing experience. Once again in the NANA hotel, just near the entrance, I met a pretty young woman, from her rather shy and apathetic smiles, I understood her wish right away, we made an appointment for 6 pm in my room. She had a big bag with a red cross and I thought it is a modern designer bag, sold in the expensive boutiques.

But at 6 pm, she did not appear, I waited a quarter of an hour, then it became boring to me and I went outside to have a look if she might have forgotten it? She was not there anymore, but another one, well, I just went with her back to my room.

At around 8 pm, I heard a soft knocking at my door, after opening I realized, it was the lady with the special bag. She

book I bought out of my pocket money was entitled “Suggestion and hypnosis”, and few hundreds of books followed later.

As a matter of fact, parapsychology is an allround para science still comprised with a wide range of subjects and includes all the religious teachings. Since decades, I am no longer member of a church or similar organization. However, change of religion is just like moving from one jungle to another.

One is inborn into a culture and race, nationality, gets the name from the parents, but the worst is the fate or religion one must accept, in my opinion, this is a deep interference into the human rights, each person should be allowed to select at least its first names and the religion.

The cultural environment is more difficult to select, but is in my opinion less destructive and therefore rather harmless for the humans.

In today's world, we often use the word “Terrorism”, but with great surprise I found out, the three religions originating from the Middle East, are probably the leading soul hunters in this crazy world?

Indeed, the followers of this questionable teachings are belonging to the greatest torturer and most bloody and cruel murderers ever seen!

Every church is a reminder of the horrible rules over humans. So called believers like to mention, the ghost houses of the Thais are “superstition”, but the catholic rituals not!

This is more than an inaccurate insult, it is a statement of discrimination

and ignorance! Because for both sides, there is no proof of correctness it is only a believe and nothing else. And I was told by a colleague:”superstition is always what I don't believe!”

Despite all the plus and minus, I have more sympathy for the softer way of the Bhuddist teaching, without becoming a Bhuddist monk as some farangs use to do.

Nobody has the right and knowledge to distinguish between superstition and correct belief because there is no difference at all.

For the real atheists, everything is pure superstition and for the believer only the others are wrong, but he never! Parapsychology clearly recognized and stated that the material part of any being including people, do not survive, however, the spiritual body of the homo sapiens, and perhaps all other beings as well, is another topic. As the only living beings on this earth, the humans have the consciousness, the subconscious and the supernatural consciousness. It is often stated that some animals such as dolphins, elephants, cats, etc., possess as well these capabilities.

When I started my studies in parapsychology, some 50 years ago, I was convinced, we would be able to lift the phenomenon of the astral body, the soul, etc., in only a few years time. Unfortunately, we are still as clever as before, to say it with the words of Mr. Goethe in his famous "Faust". The biggest problem is in my opinion the science of the "soul travel" and the evidence of "reincarnation". A lot of mostly selfappointed gurus, charlatans, bible fanatics, etc. might answer, they know all about the above and just insist their teachings are the only correct and any different sayings are sponsored by Mr. Satan himself!

Almost everything is punishable by law, only religions are still free to do all kind of evil to the people without being stopped by law! Reincarnation was part of the christian doctrine until the year 556 AD, but was simply deleted by a pope as irrelevant.

But soul migration exists in Hinduism and Buddhism, as well as in many other natural religions.

From the extensive literature, which I digested more or less over the years, I remember with great horror the "Tibetan Dead Book" and as well as the "Egyptian" equivalent. By intensiv meditation of the relatives and friends the poor soul will be enlightet and protected from the evil spirits and all the monsters. If the departed soul is undergoing such troublesome trip during the first 100 days, I prefer not to take this teaching for serious.

And despite all our knowledge, we are unable to find out what is true or not!

The reincarnation research work is a very laborious process, however, there has been scientifically proven that it is existing, but with many open questions. Research is only supported by a few rather idealistic people. If the thesis, that humans were bred by extraterrestrial “Gods”, is true, this would answer many questions, but we are missing their visits on the planet earth.

We must take into consideration, almost all reports, such as the “Old Testament”, the “Veda of the Indians”, the Mayans etc., are mentioning several “Gods” ! Later the Christians and Muslims turned to only one GOD”, and since we are not allowed to question about manipulation, we are told to follow the thesis. I belong to the people who still wait, that one day the extraterrestrials might visit our delapidated planet, in order to check their “breeding results”.

They might be quite upset with all the failures of mankind, overpopulation, environmental degradation, abusing natural resources, wars, and a lot more. The teachings of Jesus Christ and Lord Buddha are similar, but while Buddha remained a human being, Jesus Christ was appointed by his followers as the son of God! But all remains pure speculation, therefore, I prefer the thesis of Lord Buddha. Whatever stories are distributed, I prefer remaining on earth with both of the feet.

There are not only sex maniacs, drug addicts, alcoholics, also a lot of religious fanatics are joining them, and many of them often end obsessed! Over the years I have studied as well the Bible, the Koran, the teachings of Buddha and Confucius, and as well about Taoism and Hinduism, I sometimes wondered how most people just accept the rules of one religion, just because their parents were already the same. It is as well obvious, nations and people with more liberal religious teachings are dominating as well economically. The proofs are given by countries such as the US,

Europe, Japan, China, where the religious rules are not contra productive, but rather complementary for the economical development. The Austrian Heinrich Harrer, author of the book "Seven years in Tibet", clearly stated the country rule by the monks as a real hindrance for any progress. Economical unfoldment is just opposing the teachings of Prince Siddhartha, later, after his enlightenment under the Bodhi tree, known as the Buddha. Material targets were not his cup of tea, since one is just born in order to die, immortal are only those who have never been born! Life is only suffering, grief, misery and pain, and leads only to rebirth in another body. Buddha lets his followers constantly questions about all the earthly desires, greed, hatred, etc. That only death can put an end to the sufferings. It seems as if the German author "Schopenhauer" came to the same solution. When I was in Geneva 1962, where I lived and worked, I was reading books from this author, and at night when crossing the Montblanc bridge, an inner voice just wanted to persuade me that life was useless or worthless and it would be the very best for me, just to jump over the wall into the cold water of river Rhone. Since I had no major problems with myself, or with other people, I was blaming Mr. Schopenhauer and stopped right away reading his books! After that I felt better, but not excellent, there was a hidden pressure on me, I could not find out the reason. I left from Geneva, and few years later I got a book called "THE ION EFFECT", The Canadian author wrote about cities like Innsbruck, Geneva and others, with a very special mountain influence what is causing a stimuli similar to an allergy for certain sensitive people. I was therefore one of this kind and together with the teaching of Schopenhauer, it could end in a suicide without any explanation. Like Jesus, Buddha had as well special spiritual abilities, once he invited about 1250 monks only by way of telepathy to a certain meeting place, today it is called Makha Bucha and is one of the high grade holydays in Thailand. Unlike to Jesus, the miracles of the Buddha are not highlighted, because it would be against his teachings.

For myself, religion is rather a subject of study and kind of science, and only a single doctrine can not satisfy by far, however, if I would be told to choose one, I would decide to be a buddhist.

But Taoism, Confucianism and Tantrism would also do. In the daily Thai-Farang relationship, the farang encounters a lot of questions with regard to the many ghosts they are confronted every day and wonders about the food and drink supplies for them.

Obviously, Thai Buddhism is mixed up with pre-buddhist and Hindu rituals, that's why even five-star hotels in Bangkok can not avoid having as well a ghost house. And we Farangs can never understand all the rituals, because the questions we ask, are not relevant for the Thais, questioning is not the Thai way.

All is part of the Thai lives and can not be ignored, we can only be amazed about the goods we see on the altar: all kind of fruits, rice, pig heads, small wooden elephants, dildos, flowers, garlands, whole chicken, large quantities of incense sticks, soft drinks, because spirits are thirsty. Of course they can not consume, since they are disembodied, but served generously, they will do good for the sponsor. The Farang, going along with his lady, might observe how she is meditating with a handful of incense sticks and swinging her head up and down, and he is fascinated about such deep piety of his girlfriend. And soon later the mobile of the lady rings and she might have tears in her eyes, because her elderly brother just had an accident with his motobike and the hospital is asking 20.000 TB. The farang, still deeply impressed

from the meditation ritual, is calculating, that is about 600.- US dollars, hardly worth mentioning when one can save a life. In no time he is at the ATM and what coincidence, the amount he can withdraw is just limited to 20.000 TB, how lucky the lady is, she gets the money and goes to her bank for the transfer. But afterward she must see again the ghost house, this time in order to thank for the prompt assistance and the money. The farang only wonders, where else in this bad world, women are still as religiously?

Well, Daeng did it as also, she went to the WAT to meditate and ask Lord Buddha for money, she told me once that among barladies, this operations or trick is very common and not at all a secret. Prayer works and for the Thais there is no doubt, the ladies are convinced the request to Lord Buddha is motivating the farang to give them the amount they where asking for. But the vast majority among the farangs believes, it is all pure woodoo magic and non-sence! The reality , however, manifests differently, and the question why such a lot of money is continuously flowing toward the Isaan is remaining open. I myself was sometimes wondering, why I was giving money to a lady, just without being asked for? And one time, when I felt the drive to give again money I asked the lady just as a joke: "Did you go for meditation this morning?" And she replied: "Yes, I was asking Lord Buddha for money, just the amount you where giving me know".

Few years ago, the condo of my neighbor burnt down, the lady of a colleagues told me afterwards, if she would have been my girlfriend, she could no longer stay, just because she was afraid of the evil fire spirits. The same can happen, when there was a dead human in the room, before renting, most ladies would refuse to stay in that room, since they are convinced, the spirit of the departed person is still walking around during night times. Such events can cause conflicts in the partnership, in my case it was not a problem, because my partner is not living with me.

But the ghosts are playing an important role in the daily life of the ordinary Thai people. And it is not as easy as black and white to explain the facts. In my opinion, the great fear is exaggerated, because from the esoteric and parapsychological teachings, we understand, one can protect him or herself from serious attacks.

Also Thais know about protective spirits, but when they neglect the meditation they expect the evils to push trough and prefer, to go away from the "dangerous" place.

Following the thesis of Lord Buddha, humans and other beings are

requested to reincarnate as long as the soul is not yet purified, the so called “Carma” is somehow the accounting of each soul, and once the “Carma” is fully cleared, the free soul is entering the Nirvana. But if only departed souls are rebirthing, why is it, there are more and more people? Is it, because animals are “promoted” even insects and viruses? Esoterics are stating, that all life is animated, including plants, minerals, stones, etc.

The Czech researcher Kirlian, discovered that the plants as well can get afraid when they are in danger, and they might have “feelings” too.

We must now take into consideration, that insects, head of cabbages, water buffalos, or cats and dogs might incarnate?

I just wonder, how a dog can qualify for the Nirvana?

And that applies only to those people who are following the thesis of Lord Buddha. People who do evil in earth life, might incarnate as street dogs or lower. In my opinion, this teaching is opposing the forward unfoldment we can observe in the nature life!

I therefore guess, the truth might be found in the middle, and when the soul is purified of all earthly needs it can enjoy the eternal blessings. Christian teaching is somewhat simpler, either you qualify for paradise or for hell, in some cases for pre-hell. (purgatory). From my view, this is not very accurate, since we have all on earth, paradise and hell. We understand from the “out of body experience” a well known researcher is the Monroe Institute, in the USA, the astral body can exist without the material body and is able to travel even to other dimensions. Christian mankind use to claim Jesus is the son of god! Therefore, as he was just a human being, god just represents the whole of mankind!

On the other side, we can state, there must be an universal guidance which is not at all human or with a human thinking.

I very much regret, parapsychological research did not find the answers to all these questions. Maybe we need one more implant of a gene, that will permit us to understand one higher dimension of life. And for that reason, until today, every charlatan can insist,

**only his thesis are the right ones, and all the others are wrong!
For sure, life is eternal in the physical existence, due to the proven fact, with every new born child life is continuous. And with modern cloning of a human being, it might be possible to transfer as well the soul and the consciousness.**

However, this is still a very long way to go. For the time being, countless thesis, voodoo and magic with all the side effects are ruling our world. You can claim, there are no spirits and ghosts, no astral beings, no life after death, etc., but you cannot deny there are billions of waves just from the radios, TV, and mobile phones!

Just as the Mekong River still flows downhill, the Thais also continue to indulge their way of religion. There is also a small Christian minority in Thailand, unfortunately, I must state that my personal experience with them I remember rather negative.

It may be by coincidence or with some reason behind?

From 1970 until 1994, I was married with two Filipinas. About 80% of the 100 million Filipinos are Catholics. And we know, they were converted by force. The Spaniards named them just "Indios" or Indians, and as long as they were not yet baptized, they were taken for animals and every Spaniard was allowed to kill them without being punished for that! But thanks to the Jesuit Padre Bartholomeo de las Casas, who was ordered to the high court in Madrid, he finally convinced the judges that Indians are people and not animals, at least the one baptized!

In the Philippines, many hybrids have been born, since sex with a Christian Filipina was no longer considered as sodomy.

This so called "Mestizos" then formed the new elite in the country.

Only the head hunters (Igorots) up in the mountains remained untouched and free from this new thesis. And in the south the "Moros", because they resisted against the Spaniards, and later against the US and the own Philippine army until today!

When the Spaniards landed in Manila, there was already a Sultanate called "Mainya", the Muslims were driven to the far

south, to the islands of Mindanao and Sulu, where they remained until today. And in my opinion, I felt that Christianity is still a “foreign body” with them, just like the Thai catholics. Christianity does not match in the Far East, I doubt as well, if it is of use to the western countries, for sure, it made us spiritual slaves for more than 2000 years!

Everywhere in the whole world, christianity was spread by aggressive missionaries. Japan, China, Thailand and Indochina, were beheading this unwanted people, with regard to Thailand, the french could find, after penetrating with soldiers into the Kingdom, an agreement with the King of Thailand, and instead of a military occupation, the King allowed a certain numbers of french missionaries. And obviously, the word “Farang” is originating from “Frances”?

Vietnam did not accept and was occupied by a bloody war of conquest. The french occupation lasted until the great desaster with the battle of “Dien Bien Phu”, on May 7, 1954.

Only Japan managed to keep the country clean!

The borders toward Cambodia an Laos where set by the french, And the Thais could only be thankful to remain unoccupied during the critical time of almost onehundred years. In the west, the Buddhists where driven back from Persia, Afghanistan, India etc., mostly by the aggressive Islam and Hinduism, until Birma (Myanmar). In China, Buddhism is also widespread, but it is notable that many Chinese are combining it with Taoism, the same can be observed in Thailand, but only by the Thais of chinese origine. With these issues I dealt with Daeng when she meditated in the WAT for about a good quarter of an hour. I waited at the entrance and ask her afterwards, what she was expecting from Lord Buddha? Her reply was as usual:”It is for the welfare of my mother and my sisters, it is my duty to sacrifice for them, in order that they can study and later have a better life”. I did not dare to ask her about her next life and all the privileges she might get, because with her 25 years, it was not very actual. She mentioned

give her a bit of my farang meal for tasting, and I had the impression she enjoyed the food as well, but she did not want to order, because of the much higher price.

She preferred eating in my condo, where we had ready made noodle soups and other Thai specialities. And the fish and chicken tasted better with the sounds of Isaanmusic in the room.

I was always glad when other women left my condo again, so I could enjoy my usual freedom. But with Daeng it was different, somehow I missed her, but with all her presents, such as perly animals, table containers for writing materials, all made by herself, and the wonderful birthday gift with a beautiful card and melody, she remained always present in my room.

I liked her style and way of behaviour that I decided to help her more. I suggested her to go to a computer school and afterwards she could apply with an internet cafe, and abandon the pan factory. But no, she argued that is too much money to spend for me, and that she preferred to give the money to her mother and for the schooling of her sisters. Moreover, she mentioned Pattaya would have a negative impact on her character! For the first time I realized, how correct her interpretation was, and how this swamp could spoil the people! And she added, that even her mother would not appreciate her stay in Pattaya, because of the drug danger and the acute sex business. Pattaya has not only a worldwide rather dubious reputation, also in the provinces of Thailand. But while the western medias only refers to sex tourism, for Thais it is more the drug trafficking, the mafia, crime and corruption that makes it a unic place. And obviously, if a Thai is going there, it is only for money reason!

In the evening, the last bus left at 9 pm to Si Radsha, and first she had to travel up Sukhumvit road, for that I suggested, I buy her a motorbicke, but she refused thats too expensive and as well too dangerous, and I think, she was again right.

But she mentioned, if I can give her some money for mom, she would not say no. I then opened on her name a bank saving account with Siam City Bank, located at the second road. Although the amount was not very high, I think about five or ten thousand of TB., she once again broke into tears and hugged me very tightly

and soaked me with her flowing tears. I looked into her big darkbrown eyes, and it was absolutely not an empty show, that came from the hearth and was sincere!

Only for a comparison, I would like to mention another experience with a lady NN, in earlier time working as a cashier in the restaurant M. she repeatedly said, as an university graduate (bachelor degree) she is more expensive because her parents are asking the money back they spent for her studies. And that amount would be over 100.000 TB, I found her quite attractive and over a long period we flirted around but without being closer. Few times I invited her together with her working colleagues to a farang restaurant. And once even alone in the paradise restaurant, but that was all.

She felt most of the time uncomfortable, every time I told her: "Sabei dee mai?", she denied feeling good and complained about constant headaches. And one morning she said to me, the doctor told her that for sure she was suffering from a serious brain tumor, but for a closer check up she must go to the Bangkok hospital in Pattaya. But she cannot afford the costs of 7000 TB, plus therapy and medicine, amounting to about 10.000 TB.

The word "Tumor" was lighting up an alarm sign in my head, because my only sister died a the tender age of 13 years by such an evil tumor! Suddenly I found in NN my sister again, and the past of nearly 50 years was back! "No, you have no cancer or brain tumor" I told her:"your headaches come from the ceiling fan which is on the whole day just above your head".

She looked at me with disbelief, since she believed to the statement of her doctor. I assured her that an investigation would result negative, but how could proof it to her? Well, that was quite simple, I just donated her 10.000 TB and handed the amount over to her in an envelope, she reacted with a slightly emotional touch, but there was no comparision to the ones of Daeng. She promised to let me see the result including the hospital bills, after the treament. And the final costs amounted to nearly 10.000 TB, but what pleased me more, she had no tumor at all! Anyone who thinks she would have demonstrated some evidence of merciful, is

Chapter 12

With Samsung

Daeng did not like to talk about her former Thaiman she used to have over three-years, she only mentioned the relationship was rather disappointing and she will never again marry. I had to respect her wish and did no longer ask about that topic.

In the meantime she was 25 years old, single, no children, and even her monthly womens appearance seemed not to work the normal way? Therefore, I supposed she might never have her own kids? But never the less, we used always condoms for health reason. With regard to a possibel pregnancy there was no risk at all, because 35 years earlier I had my vasectomy operation.

After more than one year we decided to avoid using condoms because we where trusting beach other, and this relationship

remained the only one that way. Another point of interest was her mother, she always mentioned the mother would not like her stay in Pattaya, and she don't know about me. Daeng laughed, and replied: "My mom never asked me about a farang, but I think she suspect it, you know, we never ask such questions, one just knows it. This is part of our culture and custom in the Isaan, important is the money they get, and not the job itself".

And this rather strange aptitude is considered as the normal daily lifestyle. That's the reason, why there is an enormous amount of office workers, secretaries, and hotel managers in Pattaya, and only very few bar girls! And I myself, when I rode by bus to Pattaya, met mostly secretaries and very seldom a real bargirl. However, as Daeng was mentioning, nobody is talking about, but everybody knows! And she preferred staying in Laem Chabang or in Si Radsha, since there were mostly factories, such as Samsung, and working with Samsung was a very good reputation. And Daeng was now planning to change her job and work again with Samsung, where she used to work before escaping to Naklua. With regard to bargirls and similar jobs, I thought I know how one is looking, and made a fatal mistake. I flew from Udon Thani to Bangkok, the middle seat was free, I was near the gangway and at the window was a rather fat woman around 35 years old, she had long painted nails and quite a lot of make-up. I thought that must be a Mamasan working either in Bangkok or elsewhere! And when she smiled at me, I was certain she was one of them. With my rather fatal Thai knowledge, I asked: "Khun pai Pattaya?" And she laughed louder and confirmed my guessing. I was now sure and when to the next question: "Khun tamngnan bar?" She looked disappointed at me, I realized, this must have been a very sad question. She corrected with: "Tamngnan krueang borisat", but I did not understand and finally she added by two English words: "Gold store". I excused myself for the big mistake, I know it was a big insult to compare a gold shop staff with a bar lady! She laughed again and I was happy about that, we continued our conversation in Thai, her English was limited to few words and too poor for an understandable talk. The customers of a gold store

are mostly Thais, farangs just go along with their "Tiluk" to pay the bills, therefore she did not use English skills for her job.

I reserved a taxi from Pattaya at the airport for 7 pm, this is cheaper than the mafia taxis at the airport. I told the lady, she can travel for free until Pattaya, since I just have to pay the same amount. She accepted, but at 7 pm, my taxi was not there, I called up the manager in Pattaya and he stated he was at the airport at 7 am!

I negotiated with local people and got finally an offer for about the same price, the only problem, we had to change to another taxi outside from the airport. We sat on the rear seats and I could understand when the driver asked the lady whether we are married? She answered him: "no, just friends". I had a good laugh, because it was not at all true, but we finally agreed for a honeymoon trip. I whispered into her ear: "If we are on a honeymoon, it would be high time to know our names, I am Rolf". "I am Khan" she answered back. The moon was shining with almost his full size down on us and the taxi driver seemed very happy having a bride and groom in his car.

First we went to Soi Bouakao where my Condominium was situated, and Khun Khan went further until Soi Khautalo, in South Pattaya. The driver was little bit wondering but did not question further. Khan was impressed by the huge building in the nice green park. I pointed to the top and told her: "I live up there".

I guess, she expected a huge apartment with lots of rooms, or even, I own the whole building. Because the very next day I received her call, I did not invite her but mentioned, she might see me in the evenings at the nearby restaurant M. but she did not appear, instead she called me up almost daily. I knew she was waiting to be invited into a V.I.P. restaurant, however, I was not interested having just one more lady for outside dinners. After about one month, there was a broadcasting break, I thought she has given up, and wiped her cellphone number from my mobilephone. However, at 8 pm of the same day, my phone rang and it was Khun Khan! She told me, she is in front of my apartment complex and wait near the 7/11 just outside. Hell, she came without previous information, ok, I told her to wait five minutes.

But in front of the 7/11 was no Khan, I hurried to other the nearest store, again nobody, than back to the other side where there were two more 7/11 shops.

Back to the first one, I met Khun N. I handed her over my mobilphone in order to ask Khan in Thai, but it looked, as if they had as well understanding problems. I finally saw Khan coming along Soi Bouakao and the meeting was perfect.

Yes, she was not alone, about eight young people where with her, They had a party just oposite the 7/11 but camouflaged by bushes. Having placed mats on the ground, they celebrated a kind of pick nick. She introduced me to her friends, well not really friends but employees of her factory, yes, she was the director of a jewelry factory! One of the young ladies spoke quite well English, and she

could inform me better. Know I understood, way my “Mamasan” did not please her that much! After they moved to the court of the hotel “Siam Sawasdee”, where it was my turn to offer a drink to all of them. Each of the alcoholic mix was 85 TB, and in a short time, I spent 1500 TB without any food. Fortunately, the men and few ladies moved away afterwards, only Khun Khan and two of her secretaries where left with me, this was more of my discretion. Khun Khan and her staff wanted to see my apartment, for sure they expected a very big flat. We went up to the 8th floor, and when I opened my small condo, the interest of Khan faded away like snow in the sun. She left and this “Jumbo Baby” did not call anymore! I belong to those stupied ones who married three times, but I was far away from the so called “dream or ideal” woman, and after being single again, I realized everything was only an illusion, a kind of fatamorgana in the desert of our civilization. Partnership is a more or less suitable relationship, and can never be called “perfect”. Humans are not perfect beings, thats why any kind of partnership is subject to all kind of misunderstandings and other troubles.

Well, when I announced my third marriage to Eric, he told me straight openly:”You are the greatest arse-hole on earth”. I did not reply he is right, but argued that all my three wives where originating from Asia, and since there was never a legal way,

staying together without that paper of marriage, and our very human law did not allow us being together, I got the information: "There is no national need that this person remains in the country, she must leave until the end of the month".

I travelled the whole world as a young man, and afterwards I found my country too small, that's why I was looking for a rather exotic bride. I was as well upset, by the stoneage opinions of my colleagues and relatives, who were only wondering why I was not eaten by the many cannibals I met during my travels in third world countries.

If you were discovering more than 70 countries in about one year all together, you are no longer the same person you were before! But your people at home did not change and this makes the big difference and often misunderstandings!

And I thought at that time, it would be much easier having a partner from a far away place. In a way I was wrong, because all my marriages failed primarily due to strongly oriented material drive by all my wives. Intellectual values were not the topics at all, This began already with owning a car, for me driving a car was just stress, and additional damage to the environment.

But my first wife was stating, having one or even two cars would be life quality and as well a status symbol, since other so called friend had also such a vehicle. With regard of having an own home, we had a similar view, because according to our zodiacs both liked to enjoy property. Well, this is certainly an endless topic! Few years later, Eric as well, married for his third time, and that was just the right time to remember him about his statements when I did that mistake.

With 55, when I married for the third time, I still believed, it is possible to find a female partner with about the same interests and values. As a hobby parapsychologist with a new age understanding,

I first searched around in the esoteric medias in the middle of Europe, but the offers were rather frustrating, as materialistic like all the others. They remained me very much to the environmentalists, talking about air pollution but driving a big car.

At that time I studied the erotical science of kamasutra, tantra and the tao of love. Mainly the books of Master Mantak Chia, a Thai of chinese origine residing in Chiang Mai, fascinated me most. But also various other writings where of interest.

Since the “Tao of love” is chinese, I thought, having a chinese woman as my partner would just be the right solution.

I went to Hongkong in order to meet there my pen pal lady, she was impressed about my hobbies and stated having similar interests. She did not know about the “Tao of love”, but promised me, she would study it and I bought her all the books from the US, because in Hongkong, we did not find them in the book shops. But I think, she never read the books, because her knowledge about “Tao of love” was about the same like a dog driving a bicycle. All empty promesses as usual, and I entered a phase of disillusionment, because I had to recognize that my dream woman was not yet been born and might also never be later on! Daeng was certainly not the perfect woman, since such a being is not existing at all, she is neither specially pretty nor ugly, but with her 25 years relatively young and was showing extraordinary qualities.

In general, there are quite little common interests between a farang and his Thai partner, mostly caused by cultural and language problems.

With Daeng I had not that impression at all, it was never frustrating or boring having her half a day with me. She managed to write mails on the computer and with my platonic ladyfriend U. in Zurich, she used to exchange e-mails as well. As kindhearted as she was, being nice to everybody was somehow normal standard for her.

Daeng went back to Samsung factory in Si Raja, there she had a much easier work than at the pan-factory. Moreover, aircon at the workplace, five-day week, and after 3 month a free health insurance, the daily salary about 178 TB. The aircon was not there for the staff, but for the protection of the electronic parts to be built in into the television sets. But also there, she was asked often to work overtime, and that was sometime just announced half hour before the work was over. So, our meetings were often cancelled

for this reason, and it was rather frustrating for both of us. Saturdays were not working days, but when there was the visit of a delegation from abroad, Daeng was always ordered to work overtime, because she was a very good worker and efficient, and the manager was proudly showing the workforce, which came mostly from the northeast of Thailand, the people from around Bangkok did often not qualify or were barely not satisfied with the salary.

As a Korean company, the usual discipline from the homeplace was applied, punctuality, but also free of tattoos, men had to take off the shirt every morning. People having a tattoo were fired immediately. I was laughing when she told me that and asked her: "And what about the little butterfly on your left breast?" "Women just need to show their arms", she replied grinning. Many couples are working in the same department, and hence there are often quarrels among them, mostly because of jealousy. There was the story of two couples from her province, they mutually accused each other for adultery.

Only the two wives were fighting in the factory, but also their husbands were fired immediately without any compromise or pardon. Previously Daeng planned to work in Singapore or in Korea, she knew an agency in Sakon Nakhon which was mediating jobs overthere. And in the factory she met a woman who was previously working abroad and able to earn good money.

I was aware, that I would certainly miss her, but on the other side I found it realistic. She spoke of a two-year contract to Singapore, and I promised her, I would visit her every three months. Because at that time, I had to leave Thailand after 90 days.

But she could not push through with her plan, two years away from her mother and the family was too much!

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Chapter 13

Network marketing

Our relationship developed in the reverse direction, while Daeng was just a transitional girlfriend in my opinion, and I did not spoil her with gifts and money, the situation changed in the course of the past few month. First I gave her all the articles I had in surplus and did not use anylonger, a travel typewriter, a camera, an electric coming cooler box, a radio, and many other items.

She told me, after working hours she can her ladyfriend next door who has a CD player and a television. Well, I bought her a CD-player and a new television set. And as usual that was again a reason for the outbreak of tears and red eyes.

And the longer I knew her, the more she was my “Tiluk”.

At the beginning she told me I am somehow “Ding Dong” like most farangs in Thailand, because they all want sex!

Also this changed however in the course of the new development and we were now a very balanced couple, with no misunderstandings or any kind of quarrel.

I still had plans for Daeng, since she did not want to go to a computer school, she would be capable and talented to work in the networking business. I myself was previously working as a networker, and as well bought several products, such as vitamins and food additives. The US firm “Life Plus” was not represented in Thailand, and they were not ready to ship the products to my Thai address. But another US-firm “Forever Living”, was well introduced and therefore Daeng became agent with them.

Accidentally, my condo neighbor was an agent too and just provided his guidance and Pin to her. Every month they met at the “Grand Sole” hotel, Daeng bought the products for me, mostly “Aloe Vera” jus, and I paid her the full retail price.

However, she did not want to give up working with Samsung, therefore the outlook in the network marketing remained quite modest. When we had time, I trained her in computer knowledge and English correspondence, e-mail and Internet.

She was a simply grateful student who immediately understood and hardly had to ask again the same twice. Therefore I suggested to let her have my big old computer, but that was rather too heavy for transferring to her room. I kept the big one and looked around for a cheap notebook I finally found at the “Tukcom”. I handed her the laptop over together with a few self-study textbooks. First she refused the gift, she was afraid her family could come up with the idea, she got a farang sponsor! She could never answer me really, whether her mother would tolerate a farang friend or not. She just stated that there is no farang among her relatives and the mother is rather conservative minded. And in accordance with the Isaan tradition and custom, all her sisters were expected to marry Thai

men only, and the mother was asking 60.000 TB for every bride to be paid by the future husband. Until that time, two of her sisters were already married and for that cancelled the studies. One husband a taxi driver in the city of Bangkok, and he often went to Rayon where Daeng had an uncle. And several times she told me, how much worried the mother was about her, soon 26, and still unmarried and childless.

But she pointed clearly out that she did not want anymore a Thaiman for partnership, that one was enough for ever. It was her own self-decision, but not the one of her mother. We were discussing about a lifelong fidelity and friendship, and we would remain friends for ever, whatever happens. And somehow both of us were taking this statement for serious. It sometimes let me realize how similar our ideas were, although we came from two very different cultures. I guess the most important for that harmony, was certainly her very modest material demand.

In all the years in Pattaya, Thailand or elsewhere in this very materialistic world, I met a woman with such modest lifestyle.

Of course she also confessed to me several times how much ashamed is is, when taking money from me, but where else could she get it? She never used the money for herself, unlike all other Thai woman, never bought any gold jewellery, she found it her mission to get money for her family members.

When she came from Si Rajah to see me, I had her fee ready in a drawer, it included also the rather high costs for the return trip to her home.

Once I forgot about her fee, and when we were together outside near Soi Bouakao, I noticed how she wanted to say something, but could not decide to ask. Finally she whispered into my ear: "Tiluk, today you not give me money". I had a very good laugh, of course, I had quite forgotten to give it to her. I told her: "Oh yes tiluk, your money is in the drawer in my room."

But we had not to return to the condo, since I could take the money from my wallet. I noticed however, that the next time she should not hesitate to tell me earlier. And according to christian morality

ordinary day I was waiting for Daeng, she used to be always on time, she called me up with her mobile phone and ask me where I stay? I answered little surprised that I am waiting for her in my condo. She stated: "But the security staff told me, you are not in your room!" Right away I called up the reception asking what bullshit they are spreading out?

The man argued, I did not take the phone call, but a bit louder I replied he was never calling me up in the last few hours!

After the mistake was cleared she could finally enter the complex. We left together and I was complaining to one of the staff about the wrong doing. It was the one who was known as troublemaker, permanently angry and drugged! He almost exploded and I already expected his physical aggression, he stated the idiot in the reception made the fatal mistake and not he. Well, this was of course as well possible, and therefore he was somehow excused, but did not calm down. We preferred to go further, and Daeng said excitedly: "Oh, that was not very good, we in Thailand prefer not to say anything and we have less problems". She was right, once more my reaction was typical the farang way. As well I realized, I probably accused the wrong man, it was certainly the receptionist who dialed the wrong number. If I would have been a Thai, I guess, I would have lost my face, but as an ignorant farang I did not care any further.

But I apologized for the misunderstanding with the mad security man, however, he did not honor it. And soon later, he was fired because he attacked a farang physically.

Daeng went visiting her family in Sakhon Nakon, she decided for that, because I travelled to Vietnam for approximately two weeks. At the airport of Bangkok I got a sms from Daeng: "Hi tiluk, today lord Buddha has given me a very bad day, I lost all the money in my jeans bag". Unfortunate, it was the money which I had given her just the day before. But that was only the beginning of her bad day!

But it should be even worse, shortly later I got another sms: "I am crying, this big dog just bitten me in my leg, mom is going to the hospital with me". I did not understand, was it just a theater as many other ladies are practising when in need of more money, or

his bad mood in the morning, when he caught not mouse during night time, and for that he was blaming me. In a closed partnership, it is quite common to blame the partner for any kind of frustration. Should we marry the Buddhist way? Most couple in the Isaan are marrying like that, no document, no divorce, no special obligation. However, when the mother was asking 60.000 TB from every Thai men, how much more would she ask for Daeng, 26, single childless and “virgin”?

But this deal could cause some serious problems with mom, why must I pay for her if she is my concubine since two years?

And I understood, Daeng would have as well some difficulty, therefore we did not talk about that topic for the time being.

I flew again to Europe for about three months, Daeng got enough pocket money until my return. We remained in contact by emails, trustful as she was, she gave me as well her password.

Because of my absence, she decided to travel back home, having one week to relax.

And when she returned to Si Rajah, she found her room robbed!

But only the CD player was gone, I ask her what about the TV and the laptop? Well the TV was probably to big, and the notebook, she was taking along to Sakhon Nakon. The CD player was very cheap, but it seems as if the burglars were searching for the valuable notebook, and most probable they where people from inside the Samsung complex! Daeng was shocked, and the same like a fire, there must be a lot of evil spirits in the room.

Daeng sent me mails of worry, she was alone in her room and afraid, the burglars could come again for the notebook. She asked me to return as soon as possible, finally I changed my booking for the return flight to the last week of August. If obtaining a visa for her, would not be as a troublesam matter, I could take her along with me. But the law in my country prefers to finance illegals from all over the world, with those people we have no relation neither sympathy, and the honest people are finally the victims of such an inhuman policy. Obviously, not only the Thai woman is

With a monthly salary of about 4 to 5 thousand for Daeng and around 3000 TB for her mother, the two could hardly earn enough for the daily need. Bargirls, but in particular a-go-go dancers, might earn tenfold the amount in the same time! A restaurant manager can only dream of such a salary. Most employees are earning between four and eight thousand bath monthly, that is about the amount, a tourist is spending in one day.

But this is not the topic I wonder most, many employees in hotels, restaurants, department stores, etc., with five thousand bath net monthly, seem to manage to pay for the room, for the food, for the mobile phone, for the children and the schoolings, in short, my calculation to pay all this is above 10.000 TB ! Additionally, many have as well a motobike, mostly by leasing contract, costing monthly between two and three thousand bath, I realized, all this ladies must have a kind of sponsor, a farang, a Thai pimp, or a Thai lover with money, who can afford a "Mia-Noi". Since many of them have only one sponsor, they are not considered as being prostitutes.

The cheapest are certainly the room maids and cleaning woman, and the most expensive the academics, teachers, managers, etc.

I asked Daeng: "And in case you stay with me, what are you telling your mother?" She laughed and replied: "Mom is not asking, she knows that I'm grown up and responsible for myself, but she d'ont know I am going to Pattaya". She added: "I guess, she is supposing it, but not asking me further, that is how we do in the Isaan".

I always had the impression that Daeng did not like her mother to know about me, because she feared the mother could develop strange claims. On the other side, why was the mother working hard in the construction when she knows of a farang of her daughter, where she could ask for additional money. The mother was now 51 years old, and Daeng mentioned often, her mom wants her to marry, but she d'ont want that. In Thailand it is rather an economical disaster for a women to remain single and without children. Who takes care of her when she is getting old, therefore it

Daeng surely was nearly an exception and was not corresponding to the average of the women from the province of Sakhon Nakhon.

Other ladies from there were as well very money hot!

I experienced approximately in the year 1998, that even a bargirl can still be unspoiled and very decent, when only short time there.

This is a story that never went out of sense.

My colleague M. visited me once again, and both of us lived at the "Skawbeach" hotel. When we walked together along Beach promenade, we met Linda, I knew her from the nearby "Bird place" in Soi Skawbeach, but she was not my cup of tea at all, she was rather impudent and importunate, vulgar and in my eyes not at all sexy! She was around 30 years, not too old for a free lancer.

M. had immediately a crush for Linda, around her were two other quite pretty girls and I selected the more beautiful for me.

All together we moved to our hotel, on the way there, Linda made a lot of non-sense and my new "Bride" told me Linda is "Baba Babo" and she was right, as we can see later.

I dismissed my "Bride" after the usual short time ritual, but M. was in such a manner inspired by the qualities of his Linda, that he decided to keep her for the whole two weeks of his vacation.

He mentioned, her massage skills are driving him into the Nirwana or seventh heaven, and she can read all his desires from the lips and also understands something about sex. I left the two honeymooners alone until the next day. The following day we met again and M. told me proudly: "Did you know Linda was once married to the colonel of the palace guard in Dubai?" Of course I did not know, how should I, I never had her as my friend. She showed us her passport where we could see her stay in one of the United Emirates for two or three years. I forget if it was Dubai, Abu Dhabi or another Emirate? But later I used part of her story in my novel "The Princess of Kalasin". M. ask me if I was already visiting the island of Koh Chang? Well, that was not the case, because some years before, in the jungle of Malaysia I lost my left eyesight due to overheated eye medication, since that fatal

incidence, I avoid all sorts of extrem travels, one destroyed retina is enough! However, few days Koh Chang was not that big problem, and I was ready to go along there with him and his new love. M. Suggested, it would be more fun, if I take along a lady as well. He could convince me, and locating a girl willing to come with us, was no problem at all in Pattaya. Next to the Apex hotel was the Orn bar, I knew the mamasan for a long time, she always let me know when she received new staff from the province. And several times I was the lucky one, who paid the first barfine, but was not the first man for the girl. Bargirls in the tourist places are supposed to be 18 years old by the existing law or rules, but often they are just coming from a native brothel in the province, where the age of the ladies is between 14 to 18 years. Sex and love in the brothels in the provinces is more like a fertilation station for cows. Farangs however, have a different sex habit, sometimes they are perverted, and a real horror for many ladies.

Just about 4 days earlier, a new lady called Lek, joined the ornbar. She came from Chiang Rai, was 20 years old, very slim and just newly married to a Thai man in her home place, but without children. And she was with me already about two days before, she left an innocent and shy impression to me, and I felt good with her.

Yes, Lek was just the right one for our trip, unspoiled and nice.

I ask first the mamasan about my intention, and she agreed right away, as well as Lek did.

We booked the whole trip in a travel agency, altogether four days, two overnight with accomodation in Koh Chang, and one day onward and another for the return travel.

I looked forward to this trip with not much expectation, just ordinary as usual. And when M. saw my lovely girl, he let me know, he would also like a similar lady, because in the meantime, his famous Linda showed him her teeth.

At 8 AM we should be ready for the depature in the lobby of our hotel. But at 8 we were only three people ready, Linda was still in the bed of M., and he complained to me:”Linda is making trouble,

she said we are all fucking farangs who only want sex and fun, she will not come along with us to Koh Chang!”

That was real shit, the bars were not yet open, because I would have suggested to take along another girl from the ornbar, and the van could arrive any time. M. ask me, if my girlfriend Lek could talk to Linda, ok, why not, she went to the room and after few minutes she came back, Linda might come but she was not convinced about it. Linda did not show up and it was already 9 AM, and the mini bus still not in view! Was this Linda perhaps contacting the travel agency the day before and cancelling the whole arrangement? I got very upset about the whole happening, this Linda was a evil person. M. was restless upset as well, Lek went for a second time to see Linda and came back with a smiling face: “Linda comes” she said and we where all happy.

And at 10 o'clock she stood beside us, however with a very sour face. And like a coincidence, the van as well appeared, they had nearly forgotten us. With a lot of disappointments and two hours delay we finally started our excursion. Because near Trat, we had to board the ferry boat to Koh Chang, the driver was speeding up like a bersek. Not at all the way I prefer, because there are a lot of deadly accidents. Linda was complaining the whole time, she spoke quite well English, while Lek did not know any word, but she agitated on her in Thai, and I was certain, all she was “teaching” her was against us, the bad farangs. If I could, I would have unloaded this bitch. But it was M. who paid for her vacation and she was his “Lady”, he should deal with his stupid girl! Since we where late, the ferry boat just left soon after our arrival and we where again in schedule.

Koh Chang (Elephant island) has a shape looking like an elephant, but there are no elephants on the island! (Few years later one or more elephants where “implanted” to Koh Chang.)

After arrival on the island, we boarded a kind of bathbus, dusty and well shaken we got to the other side of the island called white beach or sandy beach. Somehow we found our “paradise.” a row of

small bungalows, troubles remained faithful for us, the hotel employee told us that we would miss electricity power for two days. And I booked a room with refrigerator, TV. and aircon, all for our comfort! And we got a dark room with candlelight, hell, that was a wonderful start. Well, two days was not a long time, but never the less it was very disappointing. My mood was low to zero, and I did not know it could still be worst. For dinner we went to test the small restaurant down at the sand beach. The food was mediocre and the price above the ones in Pattaya. But we were recompensed with a very sumptuous landscape and a fantastic view along the sea.

On the following morning there was another direct incident between Linda and me. The previous evening, after Linda constantly talked to Lek, Lek confessed honestly to me, Linda told her, she Lek, should ask for more money from me. At the breakfast it came to an eclat in the restaurant, since Lek was with me, she used to order ordinary Thai food, in the restaurants, but that morning she was ordering the most expensiv available from the menu list, as far as I remember it was a kings lobster with a huge Seafood plate, and not at all a breakfast. I looked at Lek and questioned her, if that was again an instruction from Linda?

And with a soft smile she affirmed immediately, that was too much! M. and Linda where sitting on a table next to us, I shouted at her in all tones and threatened with the immediate departure, should such a thing repeat itself. I let her know she was spoiling our vacation and her behaviour was below all standards and levels.

The trouble was to much for Lek, she announced stomach problems, felt sickly and spent most of the day in bed. M. and I went to the beach and discovered the nature along the sea, where we met mostly backpackers from Australia. Linda was upset the whole day and came only back toward the evening, and we had prompt another incident. After dinner two mini van stoped near our restaurant, Linda instructed everybody to board, M.Lek and me, but as well the staff from our hotel. I asked what that is? Linda

declared: "I rented this vans in order to go to the other side of the island into a discotek, and I invited as well the staff of our hotel".

I was perplexed, first I asked her: " And who is going to pay all that?"

"Of course you two farang" she answered quite arrogant.

I was very upset and slapped her slightly with my hand, it was the peak of all her arrongances: " What do you realy think we are, not with me and Lek". And to M.: "Up to you, but without me, I remain here". M.was uncertain and probably afraid of Linda, he decided to go with them and he paid everthing out of his wallet. I went back to the bungalow room with my small sickly Lek.

The next morning M. complained: "I would much better have remained with you, I had to spend money for the whole crowd of people and Linda invited them all on my account, I spent much over 10.000 TB".

I had a very good laugh and told him: "Did I not tell you yesterday, you are going to pay a lot for all that non sence!"

The return trip was as unpleasant like the whole vacation, and Linda had her mono log of stupid comments all the way. Lek was still sick and she let me know, after 10 days in Pattaya, she decided to quit the bar and as well Pattaya, because this life was not her cup of tea. And she prefers going back home with her husband and having a simple, but perhaps a more happy life. Upon arrival in our hotel she was again vomiting, I felt sorry for this lovely girl, we could have spent a very nice time in Koh Chang, but Linda made it a horror experience for her and for us. Since that time, every occasion when I am asked if I have been to Koh Chang, the sad story with Linda is rising up with me and I reply: "Koh Chang, yes I was there, nice island, but never again". Lek left the bar the following day and I did not see her again. M. got rid of his Linda as well for ever.

For a while Linda was seen at the beach road, later she disappeared, but she returned and when M. and I where walking along beach road we met Linda in a very miserable condition, sick

The most expensive gift from my side was certainly the laptop, But she left it in Sakhon Nakon with her sisters, she mentioned, they could make better use of it, because of the higher schools they are frequenting.

And when I was away, she ask me by e-mail, whether it was allowed to sell the old travel typewriter? I answered her immediately, the typewriter was a gift to her and she is free to do whatever she likes, however, I was wondering if someone was ready to pay for it?

I had just one photo of Daeng, I gave her money in order to provide a few new photos, as well for the frontcover of my new novel:”Leks adventure”, which I changed into “Daengs adventure” for reasons I describe in the next chapter. She was supposed to bring the photos after my return from Europe, early September.

But she forgot them in Sakhon Nakon, well, I did not push for it, since I needed them only in January of the following year.

However, there is a saying:”First of all it comes differently and secondly than one thinks”.

Chapter 19

Lek

This story happens as well already some years ago, however, it belongs to the ones I never forget. It was just an ordinary day, at around 10 PM I went speeping as usual. Briefly after midnight the internal house telephone wakes me up, first I did not realize it was the house line and answered half a speep with my mobilephone, finally I realized it was a call from the reception office. They announced a lady with the name Lek, well at that time I knew a girlfriend with this name, but Lek never appeared during night time, she new, night time was not “working time” for me.

“Lek, Lek”, I repeated again to the staff: “my Lek never visits me during night time”, I answered, but in the meantime I considered Lek might have a big problem and needs my help? Therefore I finally give the OK and was waiting her in my room, in order to learn what is the reason of this nighttime visit?

I heard the door of the elevator opening and two person, a man and a woman approached toward my condo. The man was from our security service and was just assisting the lady to locate my room. But the lady was not my Lek at all, and I did not know her.

“You are not my Lek and I don't know you”, I said to her.

And the unknown visitor answered with a smile:”And I do not know you also, I am from Bangkok, visiting a lady friend and the last bus back just left before midnight, now I am looking for an overnight stay, I have no money, can I sleep with you?”

Well, that was a very clear explanation, but I was asking further:”And how about your colleague, can you not stay overnight there?” “She is with a farang in a small room and has no way to let me sleep there”, was her reply.

“I am used to sleep alone and this is not a hotel at all,” was my answer. She insisted:”I was told you are “Tchaidee” (good hearted), and you always help people in need”. “Who told you that?”, I was asking back, but she did not want to mention any name. I recognized her problem and decided risking to admit this unknown lady until the following morning. “OK, until the morning to can remain in my room”, I told her and she had a good smile.

I have a very large double bed and an additional sofa, she preferred to sleep on the bed beside me.

I was now wide awoken and since I am not a buddhist monk and neither a catholic minister, I ask Lek, if she would like a “good night”game? She laughed and agreed, and I estimated her age of approximately 40 years, and therefore not complicated but rather experienced!

We both had first a shower and afterward I was preparing myself for the main ritual. As usual, I provided a first class condom well Lubricated in order to facilitate the way of my best friend and to avoid unnecessary friction.

After a short pre-game, I went to the next step, but what was that Hindrance, I could hardly progress!

“Are you not a woman?” I asked rather surprised.

Her reply was quite astonishing:”I am a real lady, but never had sex before”. I was speechless, a virgin in addition, however, I would after all make a question mark to “never”. She added:”I was never married and of course have as well no children”.

Actually, it was not important to me, if all that was correct or not, but for certain more or less. My first impression, she must have been working with a bar in Bangkok, was probably wrong.

“I was translator in an international company in Bangkok, but I lost my job because of my poor eyesight”. She explained, that must have been the reason for her good English knowledge.

Once more I was directly confronted with a social problem, while in the West, we can expect help from the welfare institutions, in South East Asia, only Singapore knows a similar social system.

Somewhat, I felt sorry for her, but I could sponsor the whole of Thailand. And after few years in this part of the world, one gets somewhat a thicker skin.

Well, it was not the right time for such soughts, I used a half tube of my best lubricants, in order to push through!

Both of us had a good laugh, and I was quite optimistic, to reach the target this time.

However, despite all my efforts, after a while I managed about half the way, and I wonderin,if she did not feel pain, because my best friend hurt like hell!

I was sweating like a coal digger, and I felt, she hurt as well, I suggested to stop our game and to have some food at the restaurant M.

We ordered a small dinner, and both of us slipped continuously back and forth on the seats, we had the same afterpains! We looked at each other and had to laugh loud, because it was quite amusing, never in life I had a similar experience. At about 2 AM we managed to sleep, and on the morning Lek left for Bangkok.

She was just back in Bangkok, when she called me up and ask, if it would be possible to see me again, since we did not manage the first time to reach the target. For me it was somehow challenging and I agreed for a second meeting.

Only few days later she was back and we started the laborious work again, this time I was well prepared and relaxed.

I sweated like a marathonman, and reached the goal nearly, I felt like a Red-indian on a successful war path, who was able to capture a scalp. But my friend hurt even more than the first attempt! And again, we pulled back and forth when having lunch In the restaurant. I dislike very much sadomaso rituals, but now my attention almost when into that direction, and for this pains I was spending money, just like the masochists!

We could not surppress again the laughter and the serving personal was wondering what made us giggeling. Lek left for Bangkok and I still felt the afterefect for two more days.

Lek visited me one or two times afterward, but since I had no additional capacity, I did not let her coming anylonger.

For a longer period I did not hear from Lek, and I almost forgot her.

Suddenly I got a surprising phone call:” I am Lek, you remember me, I now work in a a-gogo bar just opposite of lek hotel in Pattaya”. I got perplexed, how could a lady of may be 43, work as a gogo dancer? Well, she was not a dancer but a nightclub hostess at the bar. Since my condo was not far away, I used to walk often along second road and as well pass by the bar of Lek.

And every time she had a soft smile at me, but since I dont frequent bars, I did not want to meet her there. After few weeks she

addressed herself towards me, that during the spare time, she would like to visit me, ok, we made an appointment.

When she was in Bangkok, I used to contribute about 300 to 400 TB for the travel expenses by bus and bath taxis. And I deducted that amount from her salary, since she was just coming from nearby. But I was astonished once more, how quickly a woman could change into a negative behaviour when working in Pattaya! Lek was no longer the smiling shy lady from Bangkok, but a real prostitute with the respective infrastructure. I asked: "Did you have chocolate men as customers, because you are now very big?"

And she understood my comment like a compliment: "Oh yes, I have many customers from all over the world, they pay between 1000 and 2000 TB plus the bar fine, for a short time upstairs".

OK, until this conversation everything was going well, but when I handed her over the amount, I used to give during the earlier visits, less the travel expenses, she became quite unfriendly and aggressive.

Well, this was no longer the Lek I knew before, I give her the amount she was asking and she left. For me it was obviously the last time we met, our former relationship did not matter to her, only money, money, money! Asians are losing the face often, but Thais more often, and Lek did not greet me any longer since then, she just turned her head to the other side, when I past her bar.

This behaviour was rather primitive and did not much at all with our former relationship! But I got used to her stupidity and did not care any longer about her. After a while I realized, she was no longer working there. I changed the title of my new novel "Leks adventure", into "Daengs adventure", because I did not want to be reminded all the time to the bad Lek. She reminds me rather of a nun, who moves after 20 years monastery into a brothel.

For more than two years I did not see Lek and I supposed, she must have left Pattaya. However, was it coincidence or not, just the following morning after I wrote down this chapter, I had my

Daeng was once more with me and this time she seemed somewhat oppressed. She told me a rather strange history about her mother, who wants to return with her to Sakhon Nakon, and in Bangkok the mother is going to issue a life insurance for her, because she is not yet married. I could not entirely understand the story but finally I handed her over the amount of 3000 TB for that insurance. Daeng was now straight once 26, thus still very young in my opinion. She stated, to return in about 10 days to Si Radsha, and she wants to to keep the job with Samsung.

And had no doubt it was her real intention and she left as usual my condo.

The more strange I found her sms message afterwards:

“Dear Tiluk, I am now on the way to Sakhon Nakon with mother.

We shipped everything from my room along, I am very unhappy

and feel sick. My Tiluk, I will never forget you and thank you for everything! miss you much, take care! Bye bye Tiluk”

This sounded like a farewell for ever!

I ask back by sms, we had an agreement to correspond only by sms because mother and other relatives should not know about the farang, what is the problem?

The answer was not at all clear:”I am unfortunate, cannot tell you, I miss you Tiluk!”

And that was the last contact, afterwards the phone was interrupted, no more sms, no information, no mails, complete silence!

First I supposed, she has no more money to buy phone cards and it might be only a question of few days. I wrote her by e-mail address, but no reply, the only one reading her mails, was me, since I got the password. For sure, she had no other farang friend, at the beginning of our relation she had mails with one or two Americans, she finished them soon later. Somehow, she disliked

Chapter 21

Finally a sign

Towards the end of November all of a sudden a sms from Daeng, I could not understand the message and called her immediately back, yes, it was her voice but she sounded rather anxious, what Happened? She explained, having to care for a new born baby:”But you where not pregnant when you left me two month ago”, I argued back. “No, it is the baby of my married sister, she just delivered at the hospital in Sakhon Nakon and disappeared without trace but left the new born baby there, I think she is hiding in Bangkok. Mom ask me to care for the baby, it is a hard work and I have no money to buy baby milk, it is very expensive”. “Oh, I think, your sister is not a good girl like you are?” I replied, and Daeng just had a short laugh. She sounded rather desperate, but stated, she might return to Pattaya on December 21, if in the meantime the problem with the baby would be settled. And once

Chapter 22

Journey to Sakhon Nakon

In Sakhon Nakhon I knew as well lady P., about five years before she used to work as a waitress in the restaurant M. She was not a closed girlfriend to me, but rather an acquaintance with special affection. Sometimes we went out with her working mates for dinner into a farang restaurant. And only one time at the Loy Kratong, again with her colleagues, we were walking hand in hand

to the beach, and for the first time I noticed her very tenderly hands. Her working mate Wan did not appreciate our performance, but we did not care. But that was all, we did not meet alone or somewhere else, sometimes I gave her special tip when paying my bill in the restaurant. And once I asked her, whether we should marry, since I wanted her in the household and for babysitting with my son Europe. To my surprise she accepted my rather peculiar proposal, however, I never knew if she was just joking or not? In such case I would have remained each year for six months in Thailand and another six in Europe. However, it did not get actual because my son disagreed.

During the waterfestival or war, P. reported an accident with a motobike and soon later Wan told me, she is very ill and lay for weeks nearly dead in their common room at Soi Chaiapoon.

I asked Wan, if I can help P. with money in order to get treated?

But Wan did not like my proposal, she stated, P. has a Thai boyfriend and she, Wan, is taking as well care of her working mate.

Thai nationals can get hospital treatment for only 30 TB, but only where they are registered, (place of birth) therefore in the case of P. it was Sakhon Nakon. Wan reported, she was granting money to P. in order to travel back home, I told her, I would have been prepared to help, but she refused. P. was away and for a long time out of my mind. One day, about two years later, P. appeared all of a sudden, together with Wan she visited me and we went out all the three for dinner. P. was still ill, she had water on the lungs, could not work but had a baby boy about one year old! She left her boy with the mother-in-law and her husband, in Khon Kaen. P. asked me, if she could stay overnight with me, I accepted, but would have preferred a healthy P. instead of a ill one! But Wan did not like at all and argued: "No, no, P. can sleep in my room!" I knew, P. had no money and was certainly expecting some from my part. However, if Wan wanted to take care of her, she should do and I did not sponsor any money. Wan is only a platonic friend until today, but she was on permanent alert in order to avoid that P. and I do not

meet without her observation. As a graduate bachelor of the University of Ubon Ratschatani, Wan felt very special and she always stated: "First marriage and after sex!" And since I have no intention to marry, we always remained platonic.

The next day Wan announced that P. left for Khon Kaen and for the time being the problem was settled, but Wan mentioned, she granted P. a credit of three thousand Bath. This was her problem, if she would have accepted P. with me, I would have gladly donated her this amount, because I felt somehow guilty for the time when P. was very ill.

By coincidence, once I sponsored Wan just 3000 TB as a deposit for her new job in a hotel. And she could now compensate it with the amount she provided to P.

Again, P. disappeared from my visual field for a few months. In February of the following year, when going through my agenda, I found a mobile phone number under: "sister of P. Sakhon Nakon".

Oh, yes, I was wondering how she is, when she left I surfed in the net for information about her lung problems and printed about 20 pages. The information was rather in general, but could be as well useful for treatment. I was curious to ask how her sister is now and dialed the number. But what a surprise, the one who answered the phone was P. herself!

She recognized me right away and seemed to be happy about my call. She stated having been completely healed from her suffering, but because of the boy she could not work and therefore she is out of money. Well, since years I had somehow a moral obligation and guilt towards P. And now was the right time to compensate my duties. And the reason, why we were not intimate friends was only due to Wan!

I transferred the amount of 5000 TB to her banking account and my bad conscience with Lord Buddha was back to normal.

But only about three weeks later, I got another sms: "Hell, I have no money, please transfer again by Bangkok bank, P."

OK, I sent the amount but made it clear that we are not married, despite the fact, that we really intended and planned to do so, some years ago. I declared that she should ask for further support from her husband, but if she would return to Pattaya, it would look different and I could take care of her. She stated, the following two years she cannot go to Pattaya, because of her son, and besides she lives temporary as well in Khon Kaen with her husband and his family. The very direct approach and language P.was using, was just opposite to the soft way of Daeng, she never used nice words like tiluk etc., but just came to the point, and that was money! When I asked her, why I should support her further, she replied:”You are my farang friend, and farangs always have money”. OK, it was open and clear to me, no words of big love and honey, she said, all that is bullshit and untrue, empty words, because all ladies in Pattaya wants only one thing: money, money and again money! And about the support from her husband she stated:”He is giving me some money, but no longer enough!”

OK, this was the normal case for many married Thai ladies, but in order to find a solution, they have the farangs. I left P. with a good-bye and wished her a all the best for the future, in my opinion, I could help her and now my guilt was compensated.

However, Lord Buddha had another opinion about our relationship. From April 12 to 20, Pattaya is celebrating the “Songkran” festival, or better the water war. A kind of people seems to enjoy it, and most of the long stay farangs would as well appreciate it, if, yes if this cracy time woud be reduced to two or three days, but not 8 days of non-sence and molestation of people. The splashing of water in a gentle manner is an old Thai custom for the “Songkran”, and nobody has any objection against this nice tradition. It is after all the buddhist New Year and the longest holiday season in Thailand. But sprinkling and puring water with a pressure hose against the face, or throwing sharply pointed icepieses toward the eyes, is not great fun for one who has only one eye left! And it is quite logical, I am avoiding this place for that period in April.

Chapter 23

Where is Daeng?

In the imperial hotel, I got the same room I had four years before, but when the lady manager recognized me, she offered me the most luxury room for the same price! Imperial hotel offers over 200 guest rooms between 200 and 2000 TB per night. However, I was more than satisfied with what I got and did not want to change the room. First I sent sms to P. And another one to the mobil number of Daeng. From P. I got a reply immediately, but from Daeng there was no echo. P. Announced her arrival in about half hour, I was expecting only her. But in Thailand, and particular in the Isaan, farangs encounters always smaller or bigger surprises.

I got a call from the lobby, about visitors waiting me at the reception, I was certain it was P. with her boy. Well, it was P. and a girl of about 12 years, who was carrying her son. P. ask me how I am feeling, I told her: "I am OK, but what about the girl and your son, you know I am looking for Daeng, but if I cannot find her, all the money will be for you, but I expect as well some compensation from your part."

She understood and agreed, but for some reason she might come alone only on April 17, before always with a relative and her son. I provided her a considerable amount of money and made a budget until my departure on April 20, because I was still searching for Daeng and was therefore keeping back enough money for her. P. went back after a while, she came every day with one of her relatives. And she and her people all enjoyed eating in the new Big-C department store, just nearby the hotel. P. went to the huge MC Restaurant, and they could order whatever they wanted. For this people it was something special, because they could never afford eating there with the budget they had. In the restaurants were several waitresses, and the ones little looking similar like Daeng, I was questioning: "Sorry, do you have a relative with name Daeng?", and I wrote down the whole name of Daeng.

But I did not make any progress, only a nice smile of sorry. P. did not like my efforts, she argued: "Forget Daeng, I am sure she got married and can no longer go with you!"

P. asked, if she is allowed to take along two cousin the following day? I accepted because it was great fun to eat at Big-C with young companionship. Of course, I was the paymaster, but the expenses remained within my budget.

Well, one of the cousin was only 14, but with a bosom like "Dolly Parton" and eyes such as "Irma La Douce"! And P. was only a shade beside her, I was sure, this girl was not at all innocent.

P. was alerted and ask me: "You want her, no problem for me".

"Yes, for you not, but for me, you think I want to land in the monkey house in Sakhon Nakon?" P. was laughing and I answered her: "No, no, you are sufficient for me, with you I know you are 25 and there is no problem."

OK, she again promised to see me on April 17, and now she told me way not before, it had something to do with the moon calendar. On the other side, I could not forget her cousin, it was like an evil attack on my person, I felt like possessed by her aura!

An kind of erotical ecstasy overcam me until the following morning. Fortunately, I was a "burnt child", once in Manila, I got into a similar situation, only the girl was 17, but still to young according the new law! And finally I was involved with a criminal gang who hunted me all over the Philippines for money ransom. (My reality novel: "Flucht aus Manila".) And this experience was real not inn the TV or movie, and like after a war, one is shocked and marked for a life time.

In the above case, it was helpful to me and protected me from a wrong step.

Meeting a lady for the first time was rather amusing and exciting, but as well full of nice expectation, and the reality was always a cold shower or more precise: disappointing!

But this was not the case with P. and I was right away addicted to her! I gave her a tidy amount, which I had actually carried with me for Daeng, but it did not look very promessing to locate her during the remaining 3 days. There was a songkran parade with lots of pic

Chapter 24

Silence continues .

My sms to Daeng remained without echo again, several times I tried to call, but the one taking the phone call was either a woman with a deep voice or a man with a high voice? And the only word was as ever “Cock” or similar, but no answer to my inquiry. For sure, Daeng did not receive the sms, because she would have answered right away. I asked Pit about her opinion, she knew Daeng as well, and in her opinion, the mother was mediating her to a Thai husband. And Nong, the other lady I knew since seven years, had the same opinion, because a young lady without children has a value in the Isaan provinces.

Whatever happens, if she was happy and lucky with her husband, it was as well OK for me. But many open questions still followed me, first, she always mentioned, never again a Thai man, and that she likes to be free and independent in her daily life. And secondly, why did she not tell me, was that big secret, she could not inform me, that marriage she disliked? We had an agreement for a lifelong friendship whatever happens.

I concluded three possibilities, the first one: she went back to her first Thaiman she was together with for a period of three years, secondly, she was told by her mother to marry an other man, and finally she had to take care of the baby, her sister left at home?

The sister left also her husband, and perhaps he was asking the money back, but since mother could not pay back, may be, he was just taking Daeng for compensation? As a logical step, aside taking care of the foundling, why not as well for the husband of her sister? I must admit, this was rather an abstract hypothesis, but not impossible. And this “Cock”, one of her sisters name, may be that was the one answering the phone or her husband?

All hints I got were rather towards the way of marriage, because the mother was money greeding and might have sold her for 60.000 TB. Was the concern of her mother only about marriage or for money? Or that life insurance only a marriage contract, who knows?

Yes, even after transferring 2000 Bath to her account with Siam City Bank, there was no echo at all. And she did not enter into her e-mail address, every two month I went to her mail and cleaned it up from junk mails. Criminal offers from Nigeria, attempting to cheat innocent Thai woman. All the mails sounded same: "We have 55 millions of us dollars black money to transfer abroad, but for this transaction we need your help, and you will get 20% commission for your efforts, you just open an account with 100.000 Bath on your name and withdraw authority for us."

Well, few Thai woman lost 100.000 TB because the black money and the fat commission never arrived, but the criminals were taking away millions.

The Thai police arrested 38 Nigerians in the African quarter of Bangkok, (between Foodland and Grace hotel) accusing them for drug trafficking and e-mail cheating. All were sent back to Lagos by a special charter flight. But cheating e-mails still appeared with Daengs address. Finally I deleted her phone number, but how could I forget her, all over I had her gifts in my room who constantly reminded me of her! And I had as well the CDs with the Isaan music and songs, we bouth together in the Tukcom. I realized that I was really missing her, something, I did not experience yet so far with others. In a way, she had qualities most woman dont have, but when playing the Isaan music, a rather sad feeling overcame me, as if somebody closed to me passed away!

But than I told myself, she had also negative characteristics, once in the Tukcom, I observed how she forced herself in a queue, yes, she could fight and defend herself! And if we would have been together during 24 hours every day, who knows? However, we

Chapter 25

The surprise

End of August I returned from my vacation in Europe, it was almost one year since Daeng disappeared, and there was no sign of her after all. However, several times there was a brief call with only one ringing sound on my mobile phone, from the monitor I could locate a code from Udon Thani, with a fixed net number, box or private, who was that?

With the code of Sakhon Nakon I would guess on P., N, or even Daeng. Somebody was checking if I am back in Thailand! I new about two ladies from Udon Thani, however, they did not now about my coming back, therefore, it was someone who expected me at that time. And soon later I got a sms-message: "R.....I am in Udon Thani with my son and have no money, I want to return to Pattaya, please send me money for the bus and food, P....." Well, this was a surprising news, but since Daeng was nowhere, I sent P. the money for the bus ride to Pattaya.

I was wondering, what made her change the target, obviously she had another problem?

From our meeting in Sakhon Nakon, I knew, she was totally "burned out", and she understood, only if she came to Pattaya she could count with my further support, but what about her husband?

The next day she arrived from Udon Thani, carrying her son in the arm. She looked very tired and dilapidated. She explained the reason for her appearance: "My husband had a motobike accident last June, and since that time I have no longer financial assistance from him, and I cannot leave my boy with my mother-in-law, because she treats him badly." This sounded not very good, because supporting a child in Pattaya, was quite expensive.

"And what about your husband, is he still without work?" I questioned back. P. answered: "Yes, and I told him about you,

that only you can help me and he has no objection against the farang sponsoring, he has no money and he cannot say no, I need money for my son and me". "But with a baby in your room you cannot work well", I argued. "I know, but I am giving Pee, into a nursery". "OK, but this is not easy to handle, but you can try", I replied. But I wanted to know from her about my new assignment as a sponsor:" And who is this farang you can get help?" She answered with a soft smile:"You of course, I have no other farang, and I want only one!"I laught as well and said:"Oh yes, I remember about five years ago I asked you to marry me, and you accepted, but dont forget, we are not at all married! And how do you know I am going to help you now?" Again, she answered with a smile:"You are "Chaidee" and we know each other for many years, you must help me!"For her, it was a natural consequence like the flow of the river Mekong. "OK, you have a very good record with Lord Buddha, and additional luck that my tiluk Daeng did not come back, and as well on the erotical level we two are special, therefore I can help you now, but, in case Daeng should cross-up, that could cut off our relationship!" P. answered:"Yes, I know that lady you were searching for in Sakhon Nakon, I think, she is married and might not return". "For sure, I will help you until Daeng is back, in case she is coming one day, there will be a little problem, I believe Lord Buddha is gentle to you!" I replied and she was looking more relaxed now, I dont know what would happen, if I would refuse my help, but I was not in a possition to do so. Indeed, it looked good for P. because Pit let me know, she is planning to stop working in Pattaya in about six month, and she might return to Bung Khan, 902 kilometers away from Pattaya. It was, as if a higher power was arranging all that for P.? My whole budget was for P., and for her it was somehow a logical case. P. was hard one, not sweet like the ladies here, she never called me "Tiluk" or "Darling", because she stated that is not honest,all the ladies only want money, she just called me by my first name. Only now I got informed, she was a full orphan since she was 19, her mother and father passed away almost the same year at the age of 52 and 53, both died from diseases. Due to that, she was studying at the higher school with a

credit she could never pay back with her salary, yes, she paid it back with the money I give her later! I was always wondering, where she was learning English? No I understood, but she could not graduate because a further credit was no longer granted. Therefore she came to Pattaya as a waitress, first she was two years with the Diana Inn, and afterwards with the restaurant M. located at Soi Bouakao, where I met her around five years ago. And from this time she got the misconception that all farangs must have plenty of money!

Yes, this years must have affected her character as it does with most ladies in this sinful city. And honestly, how would we react, if we work every day between 9 and 12 hours, for a monthly salary, a stupid farang is just spending in one evening? P. belongs to the Thai ladies, who want the same for them as well, first I found it quite arrogant, but after all understandable.

And every time I was reminded to the words of Daeng: "Pattaya is not a good place for me, it is making me a bad woman!" How right she was! All over Thailand, Pattaya and Phuket are just good places in order to earn money, and no lady is relocating there, if not in need of money. I give P. enough money for the start, she rented a big room for 4800 TB monthly, and for the nursery she paid another 5000 TB monthly, plus each weekend 500 TB for a private care of her son, because the nursery was only open from Monday to Friday. P. got a job as a waitress in a french restaurant located in the famous "Walking Street" of Pattaya. There she earned about 4500 TB monthly, when she visited me, she received extra money, but my calculation did not match, I told her, the son must go back to her sister to Sakhon Nakon, since the whole story with the nursery did not at all work well. I give her a list and she understood, on the other side, I promised her my assistance, if she is following my advises, and she did it!

But first, she said, her sister wants 5000 TB monthly, I, as well as P. found this amount too high, finally the sister agreed for 3000 TB monthly. P. had another sister in Phuket, that one left three children with the sister in Sakhon Nakon. As I understand, P. has 3 sisters and two brothers. P. left the job at the "Walking Street", I could mediate her a job as a waitress in our residential complex,

and later she became cashier. Most of the time I used to eat there, but she did not like people know about our relation. But soon, I found out few of her female colleagues got somehow jealous and made funny comments towards me. We both preferred to be quite reserved when in the restaurant, in order not to provoke the co-workers. I bought her a televisor, a CD-player and a mobile phone. And her birthday gift I bought five times, opened as well a account with the Siam City Bank, because that bank did not ask commission when transferring money. Since many years I had a saving account with that bank, but only a small amount there, and instead of cancelling that account, I give P. the full power to withdraw money, and few days later the amount was gone. However, not to my surprise, I was expecting it. P. always made a "Wai" for thanking, but as already mentioned, never with "Darling" or similar words, "those are only empty words, I like you as my friend and I like my son and my husband". OK, very clear and open I answered and said:"but most you like my money", she did not deny and added with a smile:"Yes, I cannot change it, it is like that". Her open words sometimes embarrassed me, it was not the way I was used with other woman. Once more, after Daeng, I had a strange type of a lady as a partner, as well very different from a Daeng, more demanding, more aggressive, and much more money minded, but as well open and direct. Oh yes, most men feel good when the lady uses flattering and sweet words, nevertheless, it is only for money! With P. It was different, I knew the son was from her husband and that she was still in contact with him, however, she mentioned once, he might have a "mia noi", a second wife in Khon Kaen?

And opposite to many cases, her husband was not the elderly brother, who later on, is turning out to be her husband! But P. was no longer the soft lady I knew five years before, our partnership was more like 40 years of marriage behind us! And when the job did not please her, it was my debt, because I had arranged the job for her. To my disadvantage, P. did not butterfly and stated, she wants only me! And really, my German colleague, who is known for his great success with ladies, told me:"I suppose, P. is a lesbian, when touching her arm, she hit me!"

I had a good laugh, because he felt little insulted, how could a lady do this to a casanova?

But I allowed her to look for other sponsors, for a better one, I told her. She did not like my proposal and replied: "I am not a prostitute, I have you and no other man, except my husband who is after all the father of my son." And she added: "You want to get rid of me?" "Of course not, but you are getting very expensive for me, I would spend 10 times less if I would just take ladies from the beach", I argued back. No she got little upset: "That is not the same at all, this ladies are going with all men, I not!" "OK, you not, but you are also only interested in money, what is the difference" I asked her. "Don't compare me with a whore" she finished the conversation. Well, in a way I should feel very happy with such a woman, on the other side, I was doubting if this privilege was worth the big money? My neighbor, a born casanova type, used to say: "Pussy is pussy, unimportant if it belongs to an academic graduate, a teacher or illiterate woman!"

But as a socialistic humanist, I valued my sponsoring little bit different from an ordinary sex tourist. Due to all the disadvantages P. experienced in her life, I felt good helping her out of the problems and I found more satisfaction going on this way! And why should I mind about the comments of other farangs?

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Chapter 26

The sms

Early of October, all of a sudden I got the following sms:

“ For Khun R.....!

I’m very sorry, I have not done good to you, because I have something I can not tell to you! But I never forget you, because you were very good to me for long time. I hope you are not angry with me and hope to see you again. And I want you to know every time before and now I never “Gohook” (lie) to you. Daeng”.

I was reading the message about three times and felt somehow like in a trance, what was that secret she could not tell me? Was she married, or ill? I copied the sms immediately into my agenda, it sounded like a message from another world. I called back but to my disppoinment, the answering voice was again that “Cock”.

I guessed it was her husband and therefore I did not want to causing her problems and sent just a sms. There was no reply and everything remained as mysterious as before. But I now got every Sunday afternoon a short sms from Daeng. I let her know, I sent a long e-mail, but she only answered:”Sorry, I have no internet connection available”.

I ask P. for assistance, and she called up Daeng with her mobile phone, somehow, the two might still know each other from the time

at the restaurant M., but nevertheless, they came from the same province and perhaps originated from the same village?

And P. informed me after a long call with Daeng: "Yes, Daeng is married to a Thai man and is living in the province of Samut Sakhon, approximately 70 kilometers southwest of Bangkok.

With her husband she is operating a food shop and every Sundays they are selling food in the village. And she is happy there with a simple lifestyle."

I guessed, she used to send the sms, when she had the mobile phone on Sundays afternoon for her?

Well, Daeng was not extravagant and used to work hard, and if her husband was treating her correctly, she certainly remained faithful to him. If he does't, then I was convinced that she would leave him.

In one of her sms she was asking me, if P. was good to me?

I answered back truthful as it was going on, and soon later P. told me, Daeng was calling and stating, she, P. should be nice and gentle to me! This news made me happy, it was the voice of Daeng with her lovely and decent attitude! For P. it was good news, once more she could profit from Daengs absence and Lord Buddha was in her favour. For me it was quite obvious, it could take years, or perhaps never, that she would ever return.

It was written in the stars or the exclusive knowledge of Lord Buddha, who else could tell me? But in my subconscious mind, I knew she might return one day. And as well as my other colleagues, Wan, Nong, Tscha-Tscha, etc. were of the same opinion. On January 10. 2009, was Daengs 28. birthday, I sent her my sms congratulations. And she thanked by return sms in her usual kind manner. For my part it was clear, I could not remain waiting for a uncertain period of time, on the other side, P. was confronted with a lot of problems with her sisters, and I give her a considerable amount of money in order to settle the most critical difficulties, i.e. paying the deposit in order to free her sister from the monkey house, were she was arrested for having excessive credits! Well, P. did not ask me for money to free her, but later she

Chapter 27

Successor

P. was not particularly a beauty but neither ugly, physically rather with a tender body and as well clever. She understood my suggestion how to go on, and the conditions for my sponsoring.

Particularly when I promised her my financial assistance, she appreciated my proposals. She knew as well, that I always kept my words and I got the impression she is fully trusting me.

It was no secret for, that after few years at home and ill, she had plenty of credits from her relatives, and she was now asked to pay them back, because she had a farang. When in Sakhon Nakon, I realized, her old motorbike was as well “confiscated” by her aunt!

P. did not want to inform me about her problems, she stated, it does not concern me, only she and her sisters and other relatives.

Until now, I could always settle her financial needs with my ordinary monthly budget.

One morning she did not visit me on time and as well did not appear in the restaurant, her mobile phone was out of operation.

The restaurant manageress asked me, where P. is?

I couldn't help, because I had not the slightest idea.

Was she again sickly like years ago? Finally, towards lunch, I got her message by sms:”Soory, could not see you this morning because I got an emergency call from my sister in Sakhon Nakon, now I am riding in the bus.”

As usual, I did not understand anything!

I asked one of her friends in the restaurant, the help cook, to call up and clear the matter for me. And she was able to explain the problem:”P. still has a big amount of debts toward her former school, when her father passed away, she studied on credits and could never pay back! Now she got a court order to be there the

next day, and she is obliged to provide a downpayment of about 12.000 TB”, her friend told me. I asked the other ladies, and was told, this is very common in Thailand, and the high interests is rising the bill to a huge amount and neglecting payments is punished with prison. P. Was not asking me for money, and after I was informed by the others, I was convinced, it was not just an attempt or trick to get my money. I sent her 20.000 TB and asked to take along the court files.

And she brought the file along, all written in Thai language, I could only read the figures. Nong was translating the file and she confirmed, P. was not telling a fake story, she had a problem!

After the downpayment of 12.000 TB she had 43.000 TB left to be paid until March 2009! I was taking a deep breath, shall I drop down our relation or help her with this debt extortion? If I did not help, her debt would be higher and higher every year, and one day she might land in the monkey house in Sakhon Nakon. Another lady informed me, one does not go to the prison, if paying 500 TB down! This would have been a way for P. but not a good solution. I felt sorry for her and decided to help, however, this amount was no longer part of my budget, but not very difficult to provide, instead of travelling abroad during the Songkran, I just remained in my condo and the money was just used for social help. Additional, my personal account with Lord Buddha got a nice increase.

And I was certain, it was not the only debt she had.

I was not checking the receipt of her final payment, because the file could as well carry the name of her sister, who knows?

For my part, this case was settled, but P. probably got a somewhat wrong impression of my financial power! She expected further extraordinary support from her farang friend.

Her colleagues got jealous and became nasty towards me, asking me for money as well! Each waitress wanted also something from this

everything was much better. Listening to the conversation is often plentiful of depression, hopeless banality and filled with prejudices.

But was there really everything much better when we were still young? Humans are inclined to remember rather the positive occurrence of the past, therefore these judgements can not be objective. And it is quite normal to complain about the little pension, just because one does not understand to manage the budget. It is possible to live qualitatively well with a modest pension. And if not in the west, for sure in Pattaya or Fun City!

However, the Thai government prefers farangs who are spending a lot of money, so called “Kiniaus” miser are not welcome!

In order to obtain the yearly visa extension the farang must proof he gets a monthly rent of at least 65.000 TB, approximately 1450 Euros. People over 50, but without pension, may have a deposit of 800.000 TB on a Thaibank. However, having just this amount and no proof of using it during the past year, might cause a problem when asking for extension with the immigration.

Owning a condominium is no guarantee at all and is not honored, the immigration wants cash money in the bank and proof of regular money transfers from abroad. For this, I have one fixed saving account and another for the transfer and withdrawing of money.

In comparison with Malaysia, buying a house or a apartment there, one can obtain a 10-years resident visa. While the holder of a yearly visa in Thailand must report every 90 days to the immigration! But everybody wants to stay in Thailand and not in Malaysia, for sure it is not the climate or the food, is it the different religion or the mentality of the woman?

In Thailand, I can buy sa much houses and condos as I want, but for the visa extension I get only a mild smile from the immigration officer. And when having my 90-days stamp last time, the high decorated lady sergeant ask me:”Are you going to buy a house in Thailand?” I answered:”No, I own already a studio, thank you”.

I did not ask further, but was wondering about her question, because she must know that farangs cannot buy land (real property) in Thailand on their name, but on the name of the Thai lady, or the Thaiboy for the homos! It is not very advisable to involve immigration staff in the daily life, as long as everything works well for the lady, certainly I could get preferences, but what, if we get into problems with each other? Obviously, I would be told to buy a one way ticket back to Europe! Every Thai citizen can report a farang to the immigration, just accusing him for having insulted Thailand, the King, the Royal Police or only the country itself! And the bad farang is expelled back home, if he cannot prove the accusation against him is wrong! As an author and publisher in a mini-bonsai size, I was financing the whole production costs for all my books, and additionally I am now sponsoring P. with all her needs. However, this is not the main issue, because most of my money is still going to my ex-wife number one, and not by court order, but when we divorced, we made an agreement to help each other in the future. And I am used to keep my promise, that is my weakness.

Well, Pattaya is a place with a lot of temptation, and as well to spend plenty of money, but also for cheap lifestyle. Playing golf is certainly a good exercise for pensioners, I as well planned once to play golf, but after I lost my left eyesight due to the heat, I decided to drop my intention. And after I observed the golf player for several years, I found this sport rather stressful, every morning waiting until everybody was present, three mini buses for the transport, loading and unloading the huge golfer sets, yes, it was like in a monkey house, and finally after the bags are stowed in the correct mini bus, the start to the far away golf

court could be given. No, thank you, it reminds me to the military times, only, instead of missiles and cannons it was the golfer equipment. And this time consuming game is no longer cheap, I was told, one must budget between two and four thousand bath

Chapter 29

What else?

“Quo vadis”, where do you go? Was the question of Jesus to Petri in the acts of the Apostles. This question arises as well to me somewhat different with regard to Daeng, does she ever again return? The answer had probably only lord Buddha. But strange to say nearly all of my Thai acquaintance where of the opinion, she might return one day. The fact, that she sent me sms from time to time was one sign for a possible return. However, the other question was the difference of age, 43 years, yes, I could be her grand father! But I never had the impression of such a big distinction, the age did not count much in our relation. And because she came from a old fashion province and culture, it made it quite easy for us to understand each other well, i.e. she did not like discos and similar places. While other young ladies ask me sometimes, if I go to a disco with them, however, I always reply:”Sorry, but this is not my cup of tea”. On the other side, there are several factors, she would remain faithful and stay for a very long period with her husband.

Her very modest and self-satisfying view of life plus the loyalty, could be the cause for a long stay with the husband in Samut Sakhon. And if the mother was taking money from the man, she might be even more obliged to remain with him.

But one was for sure, in case her husband would strike her, she would not tolerate that and leave him! As per information by a report from the “Bangkok Post”, approximately 50% of the married Thai men are striking their wives! Since the year 2007, there is a new law that makes it now punishable. But the law might be practised like the traffic penalties in Bangkok. A new radar speed control introduced two moth ago, resulted in 75000 penalty notes

each of 500 TB. According to the above mentioned newspaper, within the fixed time for the payment, only 4800 people were following their obligation. The majority of 70000 did not care about the new law! With regard to Daeng, there was another open question; can she ever get her own children? In the west, childless couples are doing all kind of efforts in order to get a child, if not of their own, by adaptation. In Thailand this is less a problem, the frustrated husband just makes a baby with his “Mia Noi”, or second wife.

Quo vadis? Where do we go? Despite our high tech society, humans are still little above the stone age men. Humans are still producing the most deadly weapons, not to kill animals, but others of the same kind. Animals are killing for survival, humans for pleasure and money. And what is disturbing most, all are so called christians, but if they would really believe, how could they kill?

Yes, and where do we go?

The only certainty, we all have a dead day! An open question remains, what happens with our consciousness (soul). Most religion have a simple explanation, whatever the thesis, you must believe and not question, the later is already a sin.

And the world has plenty of charlatans stating they met Jesus Christ and similar! In the USA, this is one of the best money making method. Today, we have the world-wide web, and e-mail connection, and since the deputy manager of God is travelling by air and by “Papamobile”, I suppose, God and his deputy must have as well an e-mail address! Well, I wrote a nice e-mail with my questions, but dropped it again, because I realized, questions are not at all in line with them, and secondly, I left that organization about 20 years ago, not the one from Rom, but the reformatory wing.

However, I was in Thailand and here Buddhism is the main religion, additionally, Daeng was in permanent contact with Lord Buddha, why not addressing an e-mail to him?

Lord Buddha@hotmail.com

“Dear Lord Buddha! I am only a very small fish in your pond, but since I live in Thailand, I find your thesis more suitable and practical than those of most middle Eastern religions.

While Jesus Christ was murdered 32 year old by the Romans, you just became illuminated at this age. I am not considering to become monk, however, I try to follow and observe more or less your teaching. Nevertheless, I have a few questions you might answer me:

1. I dont like to re-incarnate neither as a dog, a water buffalo nor as a human being, but rather prefer to enter into the Nirvana. Please let me know how I can qualify?

2. My former tiluk Daeng, a faithful follower of you, she is donating you nearly daily with all kind of food and drinks over the smell of fumigating sticks. Do you know if she is really married to a Thai man, and if she ever returns? You can forward this mail to her, when she is contacting you next. Thank you very much!

3. My present acquaintance P., is as well a sincere member of your organization. She told me, to have a very good relation with you, and that you are always influencing me to sponsor her more and more money. And after one year I gave her fivefold the amount, I spent for Daeng in about two years! I think, this is not honest toward Daeng! And when I told P. I must be “Ding Dong” or “Baba Babo” having sposed her too much, she just refered to you.

I understand, I got a lot of credits for the Nirvana, but was it not a little bit to much?

I thank you for your answer, I will gladly make good promotion for you and your thesis. With best regards R.B.”

I sent her several times smaller amounts, and she was always very thankful. I was of course very eager to hear what happened to her during that long period?

She mentioned to travel with a lady friend of her and was not yet sure about the exact arrival time. In the meantime I got finally as well her mail address: the name of the village is named "Na Tong Whatana", and the district is "Ponnagerl", about 20 kilometers east from the city of Sakhon Nakon.

Therefore, she was not residing in the province of Nakhon Samut.

I wrote a long letter in English with a computer translation into Thai, however, according to P. this kind of translation is very bad and not understandable. But her English was presumably good enough to understand the most important!

In short, I was able to explain her the whole story since she left me, including the new partnership with P.

I mentioned as well, that I wrote a script or a book about her and she asked back: "good or bad", my reply: "good of course!"

And about the big money I was providing to P., she commented: "P. has a son and must support a family, therefore, it is ok you are giving her more money!"

With regard to the pending network marketing job and about selling my books in Pattaya, I made her a proposal for a future cooperation. I calculated over my budget and worked out an offer, but P., did not agree with a lower salary, I finally made an open file and both of them should get monthly the same amount.

Daeng pointed out, it is too much for her, but I told in reply, I don't feel good if she gets less than P.

After she let me know the exact arrival time, I reserved a condo room for her in the same building. However, she wrote back: "Too much money". But I answered: "never mind, it is only for two overnights, and I am paying the bill as you know."

I checked as well, if there is a flight from Bangkok to Sakhon Nakon? And by coincidence, PB Air had a flight with departure

almost the time as my flight to Sakhon Nakon. I booked her the one way flight immediately on the internet. Again, she seemed not to be pleased about that and said: "this is too expensive". The flight is costing around three times the amount for the bus ride. But I got the main reason for her dislike only later on. She wrote in one of the sms, there would be a chance to buy 4 pics for her mother all together 7000 TB, if I can help her? OK, that was still in line and I give my agreement. Later the pics would be sold for about 14.000 TB, I had a good laugh because it sounded rather strange, but she answered it is a serious intention and at all a joke.

I eagerly awaited the arrival of Daeng, because I had a lot of open questions.

And she came early in the morning in the same manner like in the "old time".

She looked somewhat older, even slimmer because she was working in the rice fields, as she mentioned. No, she was never in Samut Sakhon, and as well not married and she had no contact with her former Thaiman at all.

And she denied also, that there is a man with name "Cock" who answered her mobile phone, but a sister, the same one she told me before. However, I insisted the deep voice must have been from a man, but she could not follow my version. OK, it was not at all important and we changed the topic.

On the other side, she had a very different story to tell me, and she wanted to inform me about it just when we were alone in my room, and no body else should hear: "Well, I must tell you, mother had a big financial problem and I wanted to help her, in an agency in Sakhon Nakon I booked with a group trip to Taiwan. There I could work black in a factory and earn a lot of money for mother. For this arrangement I paid 40.000TB, it was a loan with high interest to be paid back after my return. Our group was boarding from Sakhon Nakon by bus until Hat-Hay, in the south of Thailand. From there we were embarking in an old cargo ship to the south of Taiwan.

We were picked up by agent and could enter the country illegally".

The remaining story she just told somehow sketchy, but as I understood, the six month contract was only a very big fraud, because the group was identified by the taiwanese police as illegal immigrants and workers. The money confiscated and the group shipped back to Thailand. Daeng did not like to inform about it, because she mentioned it is shameful. It was the the story of all illegal workers worldwide, and the Cambodians, Laotians and Burmese people working illegal in Thailand are experiencing exactly the same fate. But that must have been during the time, when the voice of “Cock” was taking my phone calls. Daeng and her mother got into a deep financial problem, now there was not only the old debt

but as well the credit for Taiwan to be paid back!

That was presumably the moment when she contacted me again and decided to visit me. I give her money for the days with me and as well for the three months, while I was in Europe. But she said nothing about her debt and the downpayment.

We discussed our plans specifically about the job in networking, starting after my return in September. And I concluded she is willing returning to Pattaya.

We celebrated our reunion and it was great fun after a long time of absence. Daeng wore a pendant with the image of her mother around her neck, and she said, mom does not know she is in Pattaya. The first incident happens in the evening, Daeng forgot her key in the room, and the office staff is away after 6 PM, therefore we could not ask for a second key. After several fruitless attempts to open the door, we decided she sleeps in my room.

P. generously granted me three days leave for Daeng, therefore, her stay during night time with me, was no problem

We went to the restaurant where P. was working as a cashier, there Daeng was also greeted by some farangs who heard about her by myself. I did not know, if she was feeling good or bad with them?

We made some photos after dining and we had not the slightest disagreement, everything seemed to be ok and to her full

satisfaction. At around 2 pm, we went back to our condos, she to the 5th and I to the 8th floor. She said she would like to relax a bit and afterwards she will come up to my room. We still had to discuss our transfer to the airport the following day and as well the flight to Sakhon Nakon. I was busy myself with the internet and e-mail pendings, but at about 4 pm, I was wondering why Daeng was not yet with me?

I called up her room phone number, but nobody took the call. Therefore she was either in a deep sleep or outside, but why did she not tell me before? If she went shopping, she would tell me.

Suddenly a strange feeling overpowered me, something was not not right! I had a second key and went down to the 5th floor, first I knocked on the door, in case she was still sleeping she would certainly open the door now. But there was no response so I opened and the only item I found, was a letter on the table and the key for the room!

The hand written letter in the original version was as follows:

“To R.....

Now I can not tell you. I have to go home now!

Because if I tell you, I know, I will not make you feel good, sorry.

And I am thinking to much, you are very good to me, but I make not good to you.

I come here, I want you to be happy to see me again. I hope, you not think I come for your money.

But I can not tell you, it is not a man!

And my mama she do not know I come here.

Sorry tiluk.

Daeng”

“I never forget you because you are very good to me.”

I was speechless and read the letter several times, if it was not a man, what else could it be? Was she ill, or upset with my other colleagues questioning her like curious journalists, was it P., or our

relationship at all? Or her anxiety about the flight to Sakhon Nakhon, she did not like?

I tried to call her, but she had her cell phone off, it looked like a farewell for ever! I sent a sms message with only the following text: "Hi tiluk, I do not understand!"

I walked around as if in a dream state, asked P. if she knew something, but she was as well surprised, and nobody knew.

First P. laughed, finally her rival left, but later she sent me a sms of pity, which I found nice of her. Right away I sent a sms to PB Air, in order to cancel her flight, the cancellation fee was 1000 TB, and the remaining amount subject to refund.

And as well, I cancelled the transfer seat with Bell Travel to the airport, this one without cancellation fees. In the meantime I recovered from my little trauma, I was already to many years in Thailand for a more serious aftereffect.

The next morning, I heard the sign that Daeng's phone was again on, and she could read my sms. She must have been back home early that morning.

And I received a reply:

"Hi, I am sorry, hope you are ok, and I have problem about my money and debt at home, I do not like to tell you, because not good!"

Well, at least I was now aware of that big secret she could not tell me! It was not a man, not an illness, not P. or something else, but the usual money worries.

While in the bus travelling to the airport, my phone rang, no it was not Daeng neither P. but a lady from PB air, she asked in a very good English, if my cancellation was still valid, after my affirmative reply, she mentioned about the cancellation fee of 1000 TB , I just told her, this is ok and according the rules. And to my amazement, I was given the money within only a week on my credit card account. A proof that even a Thai company can work very efficiently. PB air is the smallest airline in Thailand, but probably the most efficient!

OK, at the airport I had plenty of waiting time left, it is required to check-in around three to four hours before departure!

But I made the check-in already the day before by internet, and the bus ride from Pattaya to the airport was only 1 ½ hours. Due to that, I was in the transit area soon after 5 pm, and my departure was only at 8.30 pm.

Enough time to exchange several sms-messages with Daeng. She was back in her village in the district of Ponnagerl, fortunately, I had enough credit on my sim card, because in the transit it is impossible to buy cards. Daeng seemed quit desperate, she did not like to let me know, but step by step I understood, it was her Taiwan adventure with the big loss that give her much problems.

At least I finally realized, her big secret, she did not want to tell me, was always her money problem. And I had the impression, she was as well for a short time in jail, when arrested in Taiwan.

I asked her how much the whole debt including the interest, would amount to?

She replied it is around 50.000 TB, well, that was quit a big amount for her, but as well for my part.

I let her know, I must think it over, and I might inform her upon my arrival in Europe. She was not asking me for the money, she just answered my questions, and it was up to me, taking her problem into further consideration. Actually, she settled down our relationship with her letter when visiting me. She did not expect my help and was willing to face the problem on her own.

However, she was still my friend and I give much money to P., why should I not help Daeng as well?

Somehow I felt sorry for her and remembered all the colored beads handycrafts she was giving me during our relationship, may be she was expecting money in compensation but did not let me know.

I was ignorant and not aware of her intention!

I calculated the whole gifts together and found out, it could be one or more thousands of dollars worth? Well, upon arrival, I sent her

my sms information: "Hi tiluk, I am transferring the equivalent amount of 50.000 TB to your account".

She answered with the usual kindhearted and warm thankings, and mentioned, she is going to pay back all middle of June.

Meanwhile she also wrote, having sold the four pics for 12.000 TB, instead of the expected 14.000 TB.

Open was the question about her return to Pattaya, even before her visit, she mentioned she is earning money by selling food to the people in her home town. And if she would own a bike it would be more convenient for her business. She asked me about my opinion regarding taking a loan from an old lady in the city.

But I asked why, if she still has credits to be paid back?

Her answer was no, but she wants to buy a mobile kitchen and earn her for herself enough money, because people enjoy very much her food. She stated to be happy with a simple life in the country side, and I knew she can work hard and efficient.

But I did not like her proposals for a credit, and asked again, how much this business would cost all together?

And her answer came quite quick: "About 70.000 TB".

Hi, that was a lot of money again, I wrote her, she should not take any credits because of the high interests, but I might be able to help her step by step. And she was again thanking several times with a doubtful comment: "After I will not anylonger need money, because I can make my living with the business".

I sent her a small amount as downpayment, but the remaining I will transfer from Pattaya, when I am back there end of August. She is now waiting for my return flight. But what pleased me more, was her sms: "Tiluk, when you visit me next April, you can see my business and I will tell my family about your kind help".

OK, it was therefore no longer a secret about her farang friend and therefore no more hiding problems. However, in the meantime she

Appendix:

Books written by the same author:

“Einmal die Ferne sehen“ 1968 (out of print)

“Weltuntergang” 1991 (out of print)

“TIMO” Der schwarze Kater 2004

“Schatten im Paradies” 2003/5

“Flucht aus Manila” 2005

“Die Prinzessin von Kalasin” 2006

“Daengs Abenteuer” 2007

“Sumalis Rache” 2008

“Hans im Glück” 2009

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