



Patrick Wirbeleit – What the hell?!

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First Chapter

That's her. The reason I got into this mess. The girl in the middle. That's who I'm speaking of. Annika.

Come closer and look at her!
Isn't she beautiful?
Hey!
Wait!
A blackhead
Not that close!

That's me, by the way. Jonas.
Watch Annika's reaction when I pass her by.
Right!
She doesn't react at all.

Even if I had a brightly glowing light bulb stuck in my bottom – for Annika I would still be invisible.
Vroom
That was Tristan on his Vespa.
And now look at that! *sigh*
giggle *whisper* *chatter*

That is exactly the reason why I need a Vespa.
Me. Vespa.
Unfortunately, those things cost money. A lot of money. And I don't have any of that.

No money, no Vespa.
No Vespa, no Annika.

In the neighbourhood where I live many adults don't have a job. My parents don't have one either.
Neither of them.

No work. No money.
So, I don't need to ask my parents for money. Of course not.
I don't even get pocket money.

So, I have to earn my own money.
Highly motivated.
Unfortunately, others are in the same position.
As soon as there is a job offered in this town, it's gone within seconds.
Wanted: Ice cream vendor

Whoever has a job, sticks to it. For that reason some people keep on doing the poorly paid job they did while they were still at school until they are older than their own grandpa!

At the town hall, there is a pinboard with job offers. As you might expect, you can never find a note hanging there. I went there nevertheless.

If you want a job, you'll find one.

Only opens his mouth to eat. Don't disturb.

Wanted: Ash Sweeper. Lots of dirt, lots of work, poor pay. If you are interested, please dial the number six three times with a bloody finger. Ask for Satan.

I sighed. What can you do when you don't have a choice?

When you don't have a choice, you just take what you can get.

Needle.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

Hello? Is the job offer for an Ash Sweeper still available?

I have a job!

That's great, Jonas. We could use a new television set.

Oh, really?

Yes, there is one missing here in the kitchen.

My mother sits in front of the TV for the most part of the day. Except when she's cooking... My father, on the other hand, spends his time down in the basement and does handicrafts.

Do you like your new job?

I'm only starting tomorrow morning!

When?

At six.

Sigh

As discussed on the phone, I waited on a specific bench at the back end of the town's park at six o'clock sharp. I noticed that I didn't know at all how I should get to my new workplace from there.
Would someone come and pick me up?

Whoosh!

Click

Whoosh!

The boss is that way.