



Nuremberg in January 2007

**"The devil gets my reputation!
I need a work!
I need an applying!**

**I burst out of envy if I see your beautiful wives, your
noble automobiles and your
expensive country houses ..."**

G. B. Shaw

**"The doctor at the crossroads", 1
(Dr. Ridgeon)**

EDITORIAL

"The cat of the ambassador - a erotic story ..."

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**The old Ambassador felt miserably, tired and uses. Ever more frequently lately he
longed himself the end of its days here. Its young wife, Eva, was him thereby also no all
too large assistance.**

**Although he loved it from hearts and it could be absolutely certain their love. In this
fact its numerously existing young lovers did not change for anything. Even if Eva at
least once in the week with one this young gentleman on any and most unimportant
ball in any message in the capital diverted itself.**



**The old married man was jealous in no way. In the
opposite, it promoted Eva's passion as well as possible and
it could do everyone of its lovers personally. Finally they
were all diplomats - like that as it also. He knew exactly,
when a recent began affair, when it reached its zenith,
when she abated and when it was finally for it again time,
its wife a new to present suitable Lover.**

**Like always, the old Ambassador sat in the wheelchair at his favourite place in his small
garden highly over the cliffs of the isle. The lonely small and extremely pictorial island
was its private residence. It had this family seats with the chancellor in far Berlin
insisted itself, when it transferred the message decades ago in the capital of the small
South Seas Archipelago. After the will of the large old chancellor in Berlin, this should
be the last official act for the old Ambassador. But this old fox giggling only quietly in
reproached hand, if it thought of the powerful chancellor in the homeland:**

**"target in its kinglike palace", he slight cough the experienced envoy into its
handkerchief from noble damask, "we squat nevertheless will already see, who
survives whom here".**

**Breathing fell the Ambassador from day to day more heavily, those sight of its aged
eyes it anyway already nearly had left and moving from own strength was already for a
long time suffered it. Joseph, its in honours of turned grey servants, supplied it with the**

most necessary one and drove it to each morning or whenever its gentleman wished this, in the rattly wheelchair on the cliffs of the island into its garden.



Faithful companion in all the years, was Eva, the faithful and tenderly old-Egyptian temple cat, an extremely noble like equally, rare race cat. From there observed the old diplomat with an equally age-old telescope the again-fashionable freighters and steam ships, which populated the horizon in daily more largely becoming number.

And like always the cat lolling itself most pleased in the lap of its gentleman, was pleased completely apparently their life and enjoyed tender allowances of the Ambassador. In all the many years cat Eva held the loyalty for its gentleman. In its occasional longer trips of the animal could not change anything.

But always then, if the beautiful animal emerged after longer disappearing again, the physical condition of the Ambassador improved also suddenly. Therefore it did not hold back it, when it interrupted its drowsing abruptly, it with its green eyes significantly and knowing illuminated at the same time, from its lap jumped and in the rock cliffs disappeared.



So intensively, as he in-heard ever more frequently in itself, so, as if he wanted to notice coming the Grim Reaper in time, then he listened on the other hand to striking the waves, which broke in well one hundred fifty meters of depth to the beach of the island. It enjoyed the play of the sea-sea gulls, like it in adventurously seeming and daring aeronautical gloss achievements it, fallen in love, its residence, his garden and the whole island bypassed.

The Ambassador completely particularly loved its garden. It was put on and maintained after its plans and designs in every detail by native gardeners. And still today, many years after, may be accomplished larger repairs or changes any kind only after detailed consultations with its Excellency. Equivocal and ambiguously tended to express itself the Ambassador over its garden as follows:



"even if this world is long no more, becomes my garden and I one to be - the garden above, I down". Not only, because in a certain small and separate part its past cats of the rare race of the old-Egyptian temple cats found their last place of worship, no also two of its wives were bedded at this idyllic place in the course of the decades to the eternal peace.

Occasionally that'll feelings came up, above all in the old man, if he with frightening to the principal and corpulently, but to its large luck promptly there-divorced all-dearest ladies of its heart thought. With Eva, its current wife was that naturally different, because Eva was a rare stroke of luck - a jewel.

Largely and slim grown, very intelligently, young, whole fifty years younger than their husband, and with very much existing female roundness and shoulder-long reddish hair, was it most discreet a woman, like it it had always wished itself - also, if it did not belong to it alone. But which made that already. Alone by their presence it to gild it the separatingness and isolation on this outboard of the world diplomacy.



To the old gentleman all bones of its tired and reduced body pain and it did could in the wheelchair keep itself only laborious. Deeply it drew the flavour of the fresh air of the Pacific into its lungs, always in the hope, which would return lively breeze of the sea to it a little from the physical efficiency of past days. Also he longed himself much for Eva's embraces. But remained with unfulfilled hope, the imminent end seemed ever more near to come.

Joseph knew around the devastating condition its senility gentleman and it suffered with it, particularly since it became conscious, to who extent and extent the physical purge of the Ambassador progressed. Thus he scuffing hotfoot, so much the own physical defect it evenly too left, here and brought to his gentleman the likewise very old telescope.



"I thank you, Joseph", murmured the old man and put the glass on the stand hasty done around telescope and trembling hand to some extent to the peace to bring. Which the old person saw, deep joy seemed to prepare for it, because an inexpressible feeling of the luck spread in the old and gaunt body, tapered it around ten, twenty perhaps even thirty years - the Ambassador awaked in the forth sense of the word to new life.

The shape of the Ambassador straightened up, tightened, the infinitely numerous folds of his skin disappeared and its pale skin bronzy themselves. The derange and unhealthily working yellowish confused hair would have been enough silvery radiating white, and to a old-Greek philosopher in the honour. Joseph had in former times already seen this unbelievable conversion. And times it suffered everyone with the very old man from far Europe also.



And every time this happened, there was not only an unexplainable death on this lonely island, but also Joseph's body adapted to the body its gentleman. At first this fear made for it. But it forgot then very fast, particularly since the Ambassador laughed only surprised and wanted to know curiously, with which young girl Joseph the last nights would have spent. In the many

years its servant shank had to be silent Joseph learned to serve and enjoy.

With the euphoria of the old person also Joseph exceeded again once over itself and it thought with joys to the new coffee-brown female beauty, which was responsible for some days for the breakfast and the five o'clock tea of the envoy. Joseph radiated over

its whole by the domestic sun weathered and by the storms of the life drawn face,
when he thought of the adored lady:

to their probably-formed long legs, to which firm thigh, to which narrow hips and particularly to the womanlike unloading was however always dispatched back part of the admired ones, which Joseph tempts other small dear proof frequently to or, it with the snappish reference, "however, but grandfather..."



This would change and for its now was completely safe itself of Joseph. The radiating smile in the steel-blue and flashing eyes of its Excellency gave it quite. He would kiss each square centimetre of the skin of his darling, the waist of the girl cover and her any longer did not slide from to leave, completely to be silent by the sumptuous and very female chests and he introduced himself - like he its face in them was buried. And - around like much decades its own life clock in the shade of the regeneration of for his once this mark one would reset.

An energetic hand movement too new life of the blossoms diplomat returned it quite erratic into the reality. "see only Joseph", called his Excellency pleased, ", see only completely exactly, it were and it love themselves - it is finite so far" and with an elegant and extremely momentumful hand movement handed it to the servant the glass and meant it to see through.



Deeply to their feet, in the fantastic and beautiful bay between the rock cliffs Eva, the woman of the Ambassador diverted itself with a looking unusually good, young, largely grown blond man.

"it is its first secretary Horvath, Excellency", pushed Joseph surprised out, ", Joseph, I white it already longer time", confirmed these and added calmly:

"I presented to her the young man and I believe that he is completely useful for our purposes".

The recent pair, which seemed for each other created from this distance, had gotten rid of already of all articles of clothing and swam as, as they create God had, as an innocent, a merry and an unencumbered, perhaps even somewhat childlike ridiculous couple in the waves of the Pacific. While Eva's up-struck uncomplicated and merry laughter the cliffs and it gave way to recruiting the naked young man ever more readily, the married man won completely in weight and importance:



"Joseph", he meant to its servant, "God turned may my witness be and he may me forgive, but this young man is our rescue before the gentleman of the eternal darkness", spoke and stretched for the track-sent sun its arms against and thanked his advocates and sponsors in the infinite widths of the universe for its rebirth.

Just in this instant united to its feet, in the gold-yellow sand beach of the archipelago, its hot and intimately loved Eva with sporty fast nude perfect bodies of the good-looking so extraordinary blond young man from far Europe. And as Eva before the mutual releasing high point, saw it briefly opened the eyes and looked upward to the edge of the so almost insurmountable cliffs their man. Highly and upright-standing he had stripped his sad owing to its assistance I and had risen to a new, more significant existence.



Eva however did not only give, it took also - most valuable which had to give her their young lover - and she took it for her man. In the same moment, when it surrendered sakes in its arms its final fate and fulfilled themselves thereby its life, beautiful green eyes shot two sharp track-send white lightning's the cliff up, let the Ambassador as in a thunderstorm penetrate and illuminate, brought it in the dassing colours of this world to the glowing and departed finally on the horizon of the sky just as fast from Eva's, as they had come.

A little later, as by adding or by the dramaturgy of a skilful magician over the cliffs of the isle deep darkness and deepest night became fallow..... with an impact.



Well glad, cleared up, correctly merrily and nearly already litting the young old Ambassador its strove sleep in accordance with oh against. Of course its faithful servant had Joseph already all for a peaceful night prepared recalling the mandatory glass of warm milk, so that he, its gentleman, became pleasantly comfortably relaxed into the realm of the dreams falling asleep - however this, like always so deliciously milk its Excellency was safe itself, it in this night certainly would not need.

Thus it opened demonstratively with both hands the powerful wing door to its bedroom and could imprisoned be taken by the light, for the warmth, by friendship and love:

It received it a aureole from golden light cones, it, the area and the bed clasped, thus, as if should it and the entire area part of their enormous radiant emittance strength become. And then it saw its favourite, the cat. Comfortably purring the beautiful old-Egyptian temple cat on the noble sheets, their eyes lolling itself shone equal enormous phosphorus stones and on their iris was reflected small, white lightning's.



"Eva, my little darling", whispered the Ambassador lucky, kneeling at the bed place down and dear-costs extremely tenderly the noble animal. After one while of the affectionate solidarity the envoy noticed blood-pure at the claws of the animal and as he concerned the cat into the eyes asking and at the same time saw, was reflected in them his own past again, than the Diplomat went to the peace, the cat clinging itself a little later into its arms and saw it from large, green eyes affectionately on

The thunderstorm did not come surprisingly, in its kind had it it expected and longingly here-wished, finally brought it to it the release of its suffering, returned to it hope and confidence. It would renew it and to it a new life chance would give. But this thunderstorm was louder and more threatening, than all different before in its violence and intensity.

Fear overcame the Ambassador and let it concerned high-frighten. In the same breath the door jumped up to its sleep in accordance with oh with a loud bang and one in white dressed shape completely entered the area, surrounded by a bright aureole of supernatural white, nearly track-sent light.



"Eva", stammered the Ambassador, frightened, joyful and surprises at the same time. "as beautifully my loving that you are finally there". Eva remained mute. It floated more than it went and stopped at the bed at its side. With a hardly noticeable movement of its shoulder it let slide its garb to soil and showed up their husband in their whole and wonderful beauty - exactly the same, as it had created its creator.

It received it with open arms and it locked for it with a long and tender kiss the asking mouth. And the more and the more deeply it into their body penetrated, the more seized the life spirit of the young and much too early decedents first secretary of its body possession. And they loved themselves the whole long night.....

On the next morning, briefly after the breakfast, the envoy sent after his servant, in order to send a personal telegram to his superiors, the chancellor. When the servant occurred, it saw its gentleman at one of the large windows stood and noticed, how this out-stared almost immovably at the enormous widths of the Pacific.



"Joseph," he meant to his servant, "ensures you please for the fact that this telegram his Excellency, whom chancellor reaches, on all-fastest way. Berlin is to inform the members so unfortunately of the secretary Horvath died. It is a tragedy".

"Yes", Mr. Ambassador ", meant also the servant along-feeling," it is a tragedy. These swimming accidents are also really very terrible. Now we have the third death in your term of office to deplore ". And in turning it noticed still that the Ambassador held his cat on the arm. "Oh", called the servant pleased, "Eva is also again here".



"Yes Joseph", answered the diplomat pleased, to "Eva is a great stray cat, but she returns fortunately again and again. "Yes Sir, it is really a luck", meant also the servant and departed, in order to give the telegram up. And the cat purring on the most comfortable, lolling in the arms of its gentleman, dear-costs themselves it the hands and stroked tenderly with its gumption its cheeks. Their eyes illuminated it. Were marvellous green eyes.



The Ambassador turned from the window and again to his desk. It smiled and worked extremely lucky, very recovered and in its nature balanced and strengthened. It was like a miracle - from the senility, the purge abandoned diplomats a fresh and in a juvenile manner working stately "young old man" had become. The view of the Ambassador was directed toward the wall opposite:

There a picture hung of Eva, its loved wife. It was an act portrait and it showed Eva with the cat. The Ambassador loved this painting, it could, if it had to be, hours before it spend. Not only, because it showed its wife unclothed in full life size, and because the cat, which held Eva in the arms, covered its wonderful and very female torso only very incompletely, no, were the pairs of eyes of the representing it, which Ambassadors fascinated so tremendously:



Always, if the Ambassador and the cat were lonely, then the diplomat took itself a chair and regarded, always with the cat in the arm, the portrait of its wife. And it lasted then mostly not for a very long time to the two in such a way loved pairs of eyes on the painting glowed and small white lightning's on the man with the cat in the arm down to sizzle left.

In far Berlin the chancellor in bent attitude and the hands were located on the back crossed on the balcony of his seat and regarded very thoughtfully the excited driving of the beginning town with millions of inhabitants. Also it was tired its office and did not feel grown the tasks lying before it so any longer. And there still Hermine was also to all misfortune. Hermine was its wife, a captures from its time as a consul general at the Austrian Hofe in Vienna.



But that was for a very long time and Hermine had today with the delicate, merry and life-glad Austrian princess from at that time about still as much together, as an old sailing ship with the enormous MS Imperator, which should break open in these days of Hamburg from to its young remote travel to New York. In addition Hermine was not a straight example of faithful wife. But that would have disturbed the old chancellor little, if the at present current lover had been not calculated a more or less insignificant living man and actor.

"If it would have selected itself at least one government advice or highest one - no, a theatre hero must be it", snarled the old chancellor morose in its in all honours beard turned grey.



On his enormous desk still the telegram of his friend, the Ambassador lay. And a thought busy it already the whole time, left it any longer loose and did not haunted to it incessant in the head around:

It could visit the homeland of its ancestors nevertheless, lead a life without Hermine, resign simply, be again young, which visit islands of the South Seas, and which nearly still virgin twentieth century in full courses enjoy - in the good as in the bad and... and...

The chancellor stood for the founder of the family dynasty before the picture of his great-grandfather, and both men regarded. Thoughtfully, asking, searching and living the one, the chancellor - experience and knowing around the problems of the great-grandchild, the other one, the painting, the great-grandfather. In the arm the painting held a particularly noble and beautiful cat - an old-Egyptian temple cat. Cats of this special race were already held for primeval times in the dynasty and admired by the relatives very much.



Also the chancellor loved these beautiful animals and whenever it went, he regarded the painting and could by the view of the temple cat illustrated on it imprisoned be taken. After one while of intimate regarding time and space mixed themselves, played present and future absolutely no more role, mixed themselves the components of the life here and now with completely new and unknown values so completely of different world.

When the aide of the chancellor entered its work rooms, it before fright nearly the heart stopped. The whole enormous area was fulfilled from a gentle, mild breeze of the sea and far away from completely far believed the officer music to hear:

The gentle melodies of the South Seas - as well as the surf of the Pacific and weighing the palms. From the chancellor however each trace was missing. On whose he found desk only its resignation letters and otherwise nothing. No reference, no message.

When the aide looked around the area, nearly the impact would have met it:



where otherwise always the portrait of the great-grandfather hung, now the chancellor against and in the arm held he looked to it a cat with bright green eyes. And as the officer the picture easily affected, determined it to its inexpressible frightening that the colour of the painting was not yet completely drying

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