

The sequel to So Gunther called him Elf Man, blending science fiction, a crime story and history, the novel begins at the conclusion of the first. Set in the near future of 2039 and 2040, but also including back stories over centuries.

So Wolfgang called him Elf Man **A Grass Clan Curse Sequel**

by W. J. Hein

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SO WOLFGANG CALLED HIM ELF MAN

A GRASS CLAN CURSE SEQUEL



W. J. HEIN

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PROLOGUE:
Günter Grass
Freiburg, Germany November 27, 1944

Günter finished a solitary dinner. It was sparse. Bread and potatoes. A slab of ham from one of the few remaining pigs on the Grass farm, which was south of Freiburg. It was the sixth year of the war and even the rationing process instituted years before was falling apart.

Günter knew the war was going badly for the Reich. Could Germany survive a second defeat? Günter knew this defeat might be much worse. This war had become a war of annihilation with Germany's main adversary, the Soviet Union. If indeed defeat is coming, Günter was counting on the Americans to occupy Freiburg. He was glad he was not living along the eastern borders.

Not that the Brits or Americans were showing mercy on the Germans. The major cities were being mercilessly carpet bombed. So far, Freiburg had been spared save for isolated raids. Except for the first bombing in 1940, when Günter's brother Bruno and his wife were killed, Freiburg was saved from the savagery of Hamburg and Berlin.

Günter's family was safe, being several kilometers from any likely bombing. They lived by the road to Horben and the outlying *Schwarzwald*. Günter had a small apartment near the *Altstadt*. He was serving the Reich once again after

manning the trenches of the First World War. It was called the Great War before this war had eclipsed it in its awful dimensions.

Now in his forties and not called up for frontline duty, Günter served police adjunct positions. He had worked with the *Polizei* early in the war to identify and round up Jews for deportation to camps in France. With the advent of the threat of bombings, he joined the *Reichsluftschutzbund*. He was a block warden and organizer of air raid shelters. There was a shelter nearby and Günter had led emergency drills for the residents in the nearby streets.

Of late Günter suffered nightmares alone in his tiny bedroom. Not the familiar nightmares of the late war. They were nightmares of the farmhouse, childhood regressions. He dreamed of hairless beings with snakelike eyes. They lined up by the hundreds at the edge of the farm, in the sky, the sky behind them an otherworldly translucence, an opaque and limitless space on the horizon. The beings only gazed at Günter's world, his familiar earth, expressionless, impenetrable. Günter thought these nightmares were the same as when he was a child.

He had awakened at 3:15 in darkness the past night, beaded in a cold sweat. The dream was so real. He had looked out his window from the third floor and saw the dim outline of the street, shrouded in perpetual darkness ever since the last years of the war, half expecting aliens to appear. *Something wrong out there.*

This Monday was typical for Freiburg in late November, cold at about 6 degrees Celsius at five o'clock and dropping to the negatives at night. Partly overcast and gray. It was dark already.

Günter thought about his nephew Heinrich, who had lived with his family after he was orphaned in the May 1940 bombing. Since then, he was a soldier in North Africa and was now a prisoner of war. *At least he should be safe*, Günter thought. His own son, Werner was in the Waffen SS on the eastern front. Günter realized Werner's prospects seemed grim. Only a lucky wound might save him.

After finishing his dinner, Günter made his way down the three flights of his apartment, and walked through the streets, looking for any lights that might be on. Some of the residents were getting careless. There was much talk that Freiburg had no major military targets and would not be a priority for the English or Americans. Günter knew however, if Freiburg was a target for bombing, it would likely be the Royal Air Force. The R.A.F only bombed at night.

There was little activity on the streets. Only a few pedestrians, most returning home from work. The women and children inside. In the distance Günter saw the dim outline of the spire of the Freiburg *Minster*.

As Günter strode past the municipal park, a drake started squawking, a solitary drake. Günter thought it was odd. The ducks should all be settling down. But the drake had heard

a buzzing sound, a drone, a drone of engines approaching. The drake heard it before any humans did. In the adjoining apartments and homes of the park, residents opened their windows and moved the blackout curtains and listened to this unholy noise.

Günter then heard the sound the drake heard, and he became alarmed. The sound of engines, many of them, the sound coming from the north. He reached for the emergency horn he always carried with him and began blasting it. The air raid sirens had not yet gone off around the city.

Residents emerged and began heading to designated shelters and Günter held his flashlight out and guided many of them in the darkness, though all knew where to go. In only minutes there was a cacophony of noise. The air raid sirens, the bombers, and the urgent cries of the populace.

Above the citizens of Freiburg appeared a cluster of British De Havilland Mosquito bombers, the Pathfinder Group who labeled the target areas with marker flares. Red, Green, and Yellow markers with priority of targets in that sequence.

Günter looked up. The flares looked like inverted Christmas trees from the ground. They appeared to be all focused and clustered on the city center. *But that should not be* he thought. *There are no real military targets here.* The flares were terrifying in their import.

Now the citizens who were alert enough had assembled in the underground shelter, and Günter hoped that the other wardens had been as quick as his block had been in rushing to the shelters of the city. In moments, the bombs started to rain down. Thousands of bombs. The noise was deafening. An eternity of noise and destruction above, while those in the shelter quaked in fear, praying there would be no direct hit. Yet, the eternity in reality lasted but twenty odd minutes. The drone of the bombers evaporated.

Those in the shelter could feel the heat of a thousand incendiary bombs. Günter walked up the stairs of the shelter after most of the heat dissipated. He had to view the outside. It was his duty.

There were numerous fires that cast shadows over destroyed buildings. As far as Günter could make out, there was destruction. *We have been carpet bombed* he cried, to no one. Carpet bombed. *They are just out to murder all of us.*

The fires raged through the night in isolated buildings, but it was not the firestorm he had been told of that Hamburg experienced. *We had at least been spared that.* With so much destruction and collapsed structures, Günter was forced to turn back and spend the rest of the night in the shelter. Those in the shelter dreaded what they would see in the morning and feared for their relatives. Surely there were victims, many victims.

Daylight brought despair to Günter when he emerged. The city looked destroyed. Yet Günter saw the Freiburg

cathedral was intact. A miracle. Every building around it was rubble. Günter ventured out, determined to connect with other wardens and to coordinate the rescue of those still alive in the rubble. He heard moans and cries. Others had come out as well as some structures smoldered, already trying to reach victims trapped under debris. Some wandered about, dazed, some wounded, in shock.

In the gray and cold of the early morning, Günter saw an odd figure in this new version of the *Altstadt*, the new apocalyptic version that had replaced the familiar one. He was framed in this new apocalypse, a ragged figure. He looked like a vagrant. Günter did not recognize him. *What was he doing on this street? A bum trying to capitalize on the destruction and loot?* Fortunately, Günter had armed himself before he had gone on his rounds. His pistol had a full magazine. All he had to do was unbutton his holster and lift the safety if he needed to.

Günter approached the vagrant and saw that he held a large loaf of bread in one hand, and a sausage in the other. He had a stout walking stick balanced next to him against a fragment of a wall.

The vagrant saw his approach and reacted with total indifference it seemed to Günter. Total indifference to his uniform, his holster, and his gun. Günter saw him take a large bite of the sausage with a satisfying look of contentment. *Sehr gut*, he said within earshot of Günter.

Hey you, Günter said. What are you doing here? Whose food is that? Do you have a ration card with proof of distribution? Or did you steal it, as I suspect you did.

Vagrant: I took it off a dead man in the street. He had no use for it. I have a great need. You cannot fault me for my hunger.

The vagrant was of dark complexion, and heavily bearded. He had an old overcoat and a wide brimmed hat. His pants were too small for him and rose up above his ankles. There were holes in his pants and his coat. The clothes were worn and bore food stains. The vagrant was no doubt a sloppy eater, always on the run from authorities he would bet.

Günter wondered why the vagrant was not housed in some camp. The authorities had little tolerance for his ilk. If they had grabbed him, they would have pressed him into working for the Reich. *Perhaps I should arrest him*, thought Günter. *A citizen and duly sworn officer of the Reich in Freiburg must consider arresting the bum*. He refrained from that action for the time being, but he unsnapped his holster and held the butt of his gun.

Vagrant: Hold there, good man. There is no need to burnish your firearm. This wanderer comes in peace.

The vagrant looked closely at Günter for a moment and flickers of recognition lit up the vagrant's face.

Vagrant: Underneath that helmet, do I see a member of the Grass family of Freiburg? You all share a great similarity in

appearance. Why, you remind me of a certain Herman Grasse, late of California. Yes, a similar build and coloring. Are you in fact a Grass of Freiburg, my good man? If so, tis a fortune of fate for me to stumble into this blind meeting. It must be ordained. I have seen too many seasons and encountered too many events to believe in other than the inflexible and unstoppable wheels of fate. An alien ensured I would be set to follow this pathway. I long ago lost the illusion that I was master of my own actions. Truthfully, I am a puppet pulled by the strings of a master puppeteer. But then, *Herr* Grass, (and I do know you are a Grass, do not deny it), you are a puppet as well, though you do not know it. If my master, the alien, cannot put you in place on the farm on his designated visits, he can at minimum do this.

Günter, alarmed at the incomprehensible gibberish of this dark vagrant, pulled out his Luger and pointed it at the bum.

Günter: I don't understand a word you are saying and assume you are addled, though somehow you have identified me. I don't know how you know me or my family. I demand your papers, your identification. Present them at once.

Vagrant: I have no papers. I am called Ahasver. I have but one name. I am a wanderer, a walker designed to walk endlessly, in perpetuity. Honestly, it is a chore to evade authorities, especially in wartime, though I am experienced in wandering through wars as well. Humans are always

embroiled in one war or another. I grow weary with all your wars but realize it is simply part of the nature of the species. The only variation is you invent new reasons for it constantly. Just inventions of the mind to justify the same old behaviors. Repellent but you have no control over it, even if you think you do.

Günter: I am placing you under arrest you loathsome bum. You must follow me.

(Ahasver, the vagrant): Follow you? Follow you where? Through this wasteland? I laugh at you, coated in the dust and grime, a gift from your Führer. I would venture to say the local *Polizei* station and jail are destroyed. You certainly have better things to deal with. I would say, be on your way *Herr* Grass, but I fear that our meeting has set the wheels of fate in motion with no turning back. Frankly, I am tired of killing and I suppose I have succeeded all too well through the centuries in dispatching Grass.' I would lay a wager you deserve to die, and I know you will stupidly decline my useless and futile attempt at absolution. Am I not wrong? Make haste in your decision as I find it intolerable to remain in one place.

Günter advanced and decided he would slam the bum over the head with the butt of his gun if he offered resistance. Or, if he so decided, he might shoot him. He would determine that in a split second while evaluating whether the vagrant would resist. Günter figured the bum would just acquiesce after putting on this brave front. He was wrong.

In turn, Ahasver saw that his olive branch was being thrown to the dust and he sighed a deep sigh. With lightning speed, he dropped the bread to the ground, grabbed his staff, and leaped forward, first knocking the gun from Günter's hand, then smacking him on the head with a heavy blow. It happened in the blink of an eye. Günter collapsed to the ground, blood spouting from the wound on his head.

Ahasver: *Herr Grass*, I'll give you some moments to recover your senses. Do not tempt me to inflict more damage. In the meantime, I will retrieve my bread, and I'll take a healthy bite of this sausage. Apologies, bad manners I know but this constant hunger cannot be denied.

Günter was dazed and surprised to find himself on the ground bleeding. *Maybe I should just accept this*, he considered, and let the strange man be on his way. When he recovered somewhat, something in the man's face compelled him to ask what in retrospect was surely the wrong and worst question to ask. Words spilled out as if he could not help himself.

Günter: Are you a Jew? (pauses). I thought we rounded all of you up years ago.

Ahasver: (sighs) A wandering Jew. Yes, or at least I used to be. But you of your ilk would never let a Jew be, would you? And I detect a standard Grass confession in your question. You assisted in the round ups, did you not *Herr Grass*? We've gone this far, be honest.

Günter: (nodded). For the good of the Reich, yes. You will all find another place to live.

Ahasver: You mean Jews will find another place to die. Everyone you identified and arrested, everyone you deported from this city will die. You sentenced them to death. Do not shake your head in denial. Deep down you know this. For this confession, you must die yourself. I knew it would come to this.

Ahasver killed Günter Grass, dispatched him skillfully as he had dispatched other transgressors through the centuries. Without a backward glance, he picked up his bread once more and chewed on the dark loaf in evident satisfaction and he continued his solitary, endless journey through time.

**PART ONE:
GERMANY**

Chapter 1:
Wolfgang Grass
Freiburg, Germany September 26, 2039

When Wolfgang Grass received a call from the *Polizei*, he already knew what had happened. He had gotten a call from an associate and had already turned the local news report on his Samsung television.

There were several reporters on the scene breathlessly reporting what was assuredly a crime scene at a farmhouse south of Freiburg, located on a road to Horben in the *Schwarzwald*. There were already reports of dead bodies, and explosions that were heard early that morning. It was obviously a big deal for Freiburg that day. No doubt it would be on most of the day on different streaming channels, and Wolfgang realized, would hit the nationwide news at minimum.

Wolfgang easily recognized the property and the farmhouse, which was intact. It was the storage building that had disappeared, leveled. Remnants of the roof and windows were scattered about. No doubt a bomb, or several bombs had gone off within the building.

The reporters said that there appeared to be no survivors and that maybe there were five bodies, though it was uncertain. In hushed, wide-eyed tones, a female reporter said it was impossible for the *Polizei* to tell for sure because

there were “body parts” spread on the property. One of the *Polizei*, a sergeant acknowledged that there were two intact bodies discovered in the kitchen of the farmhouse, but would not identify them, pending notification of kin.

Wolfgang, without emotion, assumed they were his two sons, Hans, and Franz Grass. His first thought was, the idiots, the *verdammte* idiots.

He rose from his chair and turned off the Samsung. He walked to his bedroom and stood in front of a full-length mirror. He checked his look, and decided he needed a haircut. He felt through his scalp and realized his reddish blond hair, turning now underneath to grey, was thinning out. He wondered about hair treatments, and if the products offered in the media would work. He did not like the thought of going bald. It would affect his look.

He was clean shaven and always was. Did not care for facial hair. It itched and made him look older and it was grayer than his hair. Never liked stubble either. Clean shaven, neat, meticulous. Besides, he had a firm jaw line. No sense covering it up. A sense of power-imposed virility still there. He dropped down to the floor and watched himself do fifty pushups. No faking them. He did pushups even though he was wearing a shirt, tie, and slacks. Not enough to work up a sweat though and ruin the crease of his shirt and slacks, just to ease some tension.

He had just been ready to leave for his office in the *Altstadt* when his associate had called him, about to grab his suit

jacket and be off, after pounding away on his laptop that morning. He was not about to depart now.

He called the office and said he would continue to work from home. His assistant was surprised because that was not like her boss. She had the local news on the internet as others in the office, but she had not made a connection yet. That would soon follow.

Wolfgang changed out of his shirt and tie and put on expensive casual clothes. He figured the *Polizei* would be calling him shortly. He briefly considered driving to the farmhouse, but decided it was a bad move. A crime scene. It might make him look connected if he showed up too soon.

He made a cold lunch, and he thumbed through office reports, and he waited. His sons, such losers. They took after their mother. They hardly looked like him. The appearance of those two twins, well it no doubt was one of the many reasons he jettisoned her and moved on to a younger female.

It was as if both sons were diminished in the process of duplication. Both undernourished. Poor skin, barely average height. Not like his side of the family, strong men really, robust, taller. Good soldier material. His sons, the sallow skin, and the mousey brown hair. Hell, they were already showing balding patterns in their twenties.

Smart like their mother, good in school. Weak in gymnastics. Weak in mind he thought, though both

considered themselves to be intellectuals. They had managed to excel in advanced education, but they were emotionally stunted, Wolfgang considered. Not worth much of his time, though it was always apparent that they sought his approval. He had no patience for those two puppy dogs idolizing him.

After the divorce he saw less of them. His second wife didn't like them. Just as well, an excuse for Wolf to avoid a lot of contact. Still, they tried to hang around when they could. Yet it wasn't that often. When he saw them, he told them to work out and fuck some women, but it never looked like they followed his casual advice. Bookworms and wankers, his English friend laughed. Wolf, you sired a couple of nerds. Wolf held his temper, and agreed, but he later screwed his English friend over in a business deal, much to his satisfaction. An affront to his enormous ego assuaged. What was it Americans said, don't get mad, get even. So, he did.

Then those fools started their podcast. It provided some notoriety and some local fame. Wolfgang had to admit that they were pretty good at it. They had slavishly followed Wolf's own political persuasions. Wolf was right-wing all the way and one would have to say that he was in tune now with many Germans.

The *AfD* had finally achieved dominance in German politics and the current Chancellor belonged to the party. True,

they had to form a coalition government with moderates, but it was a big step up from the past.

Wolfgang was sick of what he had grown up with. At fifty years old, he had seen his share of democrats and socialists, with their pandering to immigrants and progressivism. The Merkels and their euro zones and their liberalism. Fortunately, Germany was wising up and shucking their guilt trip about a war that was now a hundred years in the past. Enough with coddling and subsidizing and welfare, and climate change. Now was the time for strength in nationalism. A new era for Germany.

His sons were right in their political beliefs. They just overstepped their bounds. They fell in with the wrong crowd, the Neo Nazi extremists that got ahead of their skins. Stupid moves, the hothead Franz that pushed the two into a badly considered adventure. They had bragged about all of this to Wolfgang. He told them to watch their backs, but they did not listen.

Closet intellectuals who thought they could subsidize violence with a few Neo Nazi hotheads and morons, then get away with it without getting their hands dirty. Killed right out the door. But why, and by whom? That was the question that was in Wolf's mind.

Then there was the question of what was to be done about it if anything. He went back to the full-length mirror in his bedroom, and he preened and adjusted his pullover, the high priced one he bought in a trendy store in the *Altstadt*,

and he combed his hair, and he smiled at his handsome reflection. Nobody can fuck with him. He had mostly contempt for his sons, but Wolfgang wasn't about to take the latest blow to his ego lightly. Nor give any advantage to a bunch of left-wing pussies. This was a setback for Germany though he didn't have all the details. He just knew it in his bones.

Chapter 2: Wilhelm Schreiber Cologne September 30, 2039

Willy Schreiber arrived late for work at the *Bundesamt für Verfassungsschutz (BfV)* in the *Chorweiler* section of Cologne. In conjunction with the *Bundeskriminalamt (BKA)*, the German equivalent of the American Federal Bureau of Investigation, it was the center for investigation of domestic terrorism.

It wasn't unusual for Willy to be late. He was sixty years old and, what was the word for burned out, *ausgebrannt*. That summed up Willy well. Mired at the lowest level of Upper Service at paygrade 9, *Kriminalkommissar* for the past 10 years, overlooked for advancement and frequently transferred, all Willy thought about was retirement. He had years to go before that happy transition.

Not that he wasn't capable when he infrequently rose to the occasion. Not lacking in intelligence, he had risen through the ranks initially and had a master's degree in criminal justice. The problem wasn't intelligence. Willy didn't play politics. He was obstinate and as he got older, a cantankerous *Hurensohn* who spoke his mind regardless of the level of superiors. When he evaluated facts, that's what he gave his bosses. Didn't matter if they didn't want to hear it. When he got stuck on a problem on an investigation, he stayed there until one superior, or another ordered him to

move on. Usually, he was quicker and smarter than his superiors, and they typically hated him for it. The bosses demanded some loyalty and subordination. Willy proved just to be a pain in the ass. *Du gehst mir auf die Nerven* was the typical plaintive cry of the bosses. He heard it that often. In fact, as of recently, he sought it out as an affirmation of sorts.

His social skills were not of help in moving through the ranks either and had gotten worse since his divorce. Two grown offspring and living in a small and undistinguished apartment in the *Bayenthal* District apartment with one of them. Not one to be invited to social gatherings or to meet the bosses' wife. He had gotten sloppy with age and careless of dress. He was one of the last of the chain-smokers in the department, and he reeked of cigarettes. Out of shape, with ill-fitting suits past their prime, like himself.

Willy's current posting was with The Joint Terrorism and Extremism Prevention Center (called *GETZ*) based in Cologne. Politically motivated crime; left wing and right-wing extremism and terrorism. He had been at this job for five years. Willy was assigned left wing investigations (Department 5), though of necessity there were ties to Department 2, right-wing extremism.

The *BfV* in Cologne was a large complex, a maze of offices and floors. Willy had a cubicle facing his bosses' office. His

phone betrayed a waiting message from said boss, Klaus Weihnacht.

Willy hated getting greeted by a message. Of course, it meant Klaus was very aware that Willy was late for starters. Secondly, it usually meant something urgent. Willy had planned on idly researching potential troublemakers and then taking a long lunch. Willy picked up the messages, two of them. He did not have time to listen because Klaus was already standing up at his office and beckoning Willy over.

Klaus was an up-and-comer, younger by at least twenty years than Willy, ambitious and a toady for whomever was higher up in the ranks. Klaus would evaluate very carefully instructions and directions. Apparently, he had decided the investigation was a shit detail that somebody as lackluster as Willy could be assigned. Klaus was shrewd enough to know from experience with Schreiber that if anything came of an investigation, he was at least capable enough of either following up, or burying it, as required.

Weihnacht's office was orderly, as meticulous as Klaus himself. Not a paper on the desk, while Willy Schreiber's was buried in a mass of casually stacked paperwork. Klaus stared at Willy's loose tie, which had a conspicuous stain on the bottom, probably dipped by accident in a bowl of soup. The tie was too long, a pickle tickler for sure, that hung an inch under Willy's scratched up leather belt.

Klaus: *Kommissar* Schreiber, you are the poster image of a *BKA* man today. Schreiber, I have a lot on my plate today, so

sit down, listen intently, and hold off from your usual litany of sarcasm and cynicism while I relay the facts. An urgent matter. The recent explosions in Freiburg.

Willy had read about the incident early Monday. It was national news; the apparent accidental detonation of IEDS by Neo Nazis at a farmhouse. On the face of it, it looked cut and dried. Inexperienced morons planning an internal assault on one of the usual targets for right wing extremists. A mosque or a Muslim center. Maybe a synagogue. It all looked explicable, except for the odd suicide of the two twin podcasters, who owned the property, and no doubt allowed this nefarious activity.

The twins, Hans, and Franz Grass, known as podcasters, Clever Hans, and Awful Franz their sobriquets, were your standard right-wing nationalists. They died on the farm as well, but the odd fact was that it appeared to be a double suicide. Odder still, was that they were wearing Nazi uniforms, memorabilia from the World War 100 years prior. Despite his superior's warning, Willy couldn't resist interjecting.

Willy: Um, wrong department. That would be Department 2.

Klaus: No, Department 5. You Inspector Schreiber. Most assuredly and decidedly *du*. Refrain from speaking now. I have the floor, and you will shut up until I tell you otherwise.

Willy: *Jawohl mein Kommandant.*

Klaus: (ignoring Schreiber) Schreiber, this is a directive from the Deputy Director. That high. We are ordered to assist the investigation in Freiburg. You are ordered to assist the local State Domestic terrorist authorities in Baden Württemberg. They have uncovered potential left-wing extremism related to the farmhouse IED detonations this past Monday. The state investigators have uncovered a meeting of two probable left-wing sympathizers who were at the farmhouse the day prior. You are to directly interview one of them, Alex Hoffmann. The other will require a phone interview as he resides in New Zealand and has already departed from Freiburg. Dieter Schmidt. The Director was not satisfied with the initial investigation and expects us to uncover more “complete” data on these two individuals.

Willy: Let me guess. It is Director Scharnhorst, the new one appointed by our esteemed *AfD* cronies. Wouldn't they love to turn up leftist involvement. I know the fellow at State. They are an efficient bunch and not likely to be missing much.

Klaus: You don't need to know which Director ordered this. Succinctly, the deaths of the two brothers in the farmhouse may not be a mutual suicide. It may have been arranged to look like one, though no obvious evidence has emerged yet. You are ordered to pursue this to the Director's satisfaction and to prepare a thorough report upon return.

Willy: (sighs) What is the general information on these two “suspects”?

Klaus: Both are Professors out of the Universität of Freiburg. Schmidt is a professor emeritus.

Willy (thinking) Professors involved in extremist acts? I can’t recall any tie in to known extremist left-wing groups inside or outside of the University.

Klaus: Both professors are noted for their historical papers and investigations of the crimes by Nazi’s in World War 2.

Willy: That makes them automatically left-wing sympathizers or worse?

Klaus: There are those that believe the time for German guilt for events that happened a century ago has paralyzed our advancement and caused much harm. They have helped to shape German policy for decades. The winds of change are upon us Willy. Show our superiors that there is no involvement from these professors, and we will move on.

Willy: On the surface of it, it’s a shit detail. I respect your decision to put me on it. Shit details and Willy Schreiber are a perfect fit.

Klaus: Take care of this Willy, and we will move on. If you turn up more about the right-wing groups involved, then it will be worthwhile. In the meantime, orders are orders. You need to leave for Freiburg tomorrow. Why don’t you take

the train? It is a pleasant excursion, and fast. The official *BfV* transports are off limits to you, for smoking on the last vehicle you used. I don't believe another fine is going to stop you from your noxious habit.

Willy: (sighs) No train for me, high speed direct or not. There is no smoking in the damn trains, nor in the stations. Several hours would be unbearable. In fact, I'm dying for a smoke right now. I'll take my own vehicle.

Klaus: Dying for a smoke is about correct judging from the statistics. Why is it more Germans are smoking than the last decades? I think we are up to 30% smokers once more after some declines.

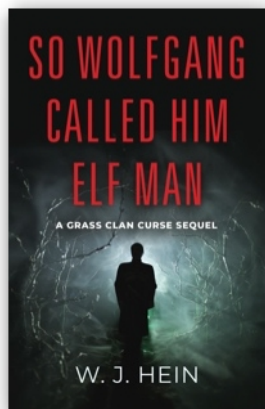
Willy: Right, ironic, no. The more you ban smoke in all public locations and transport, the more we smoke. I submit smoking is a cause worth dying for. It is that or the daily misery of being alive unprotected by my precious cigarettes. For the uninitiated it's the only way to get ourselves through it. If it shortens existence, that may be a bonus.

Klaus had done his level best to keep a stern facial expression, but this caused him to crack a smile. *Choice Willy*, he thought. Willy noticed and continued.

Willy: If I may be excused, I'll now head to the fully ventilated smoking room at the other end of the building. I'll do the background checks today and I'll will drive to Freiburg on the autobahn,

Klaus: Suit yourself Willy. Take as many days as you need there, but don't screw it up. If you don't protect me with one of your fabulous reports, you won't believe the next shit detail you get. Or a transfer to Human Trafficking. That would do wonders for your final years in this organization.

Willy (clicks his heels) Message received *Herr Kriminaldirektor*.



The sequel to So Gunther called him Elf Man, blending science fiction, a crime story and history, the novel begins at the conclusion of the first. Set in the near future of 2039 and 2040, but also including back stories over centuries.

So Wolfgang called him Elf Man **A Grass Clan Curse Sequel**

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