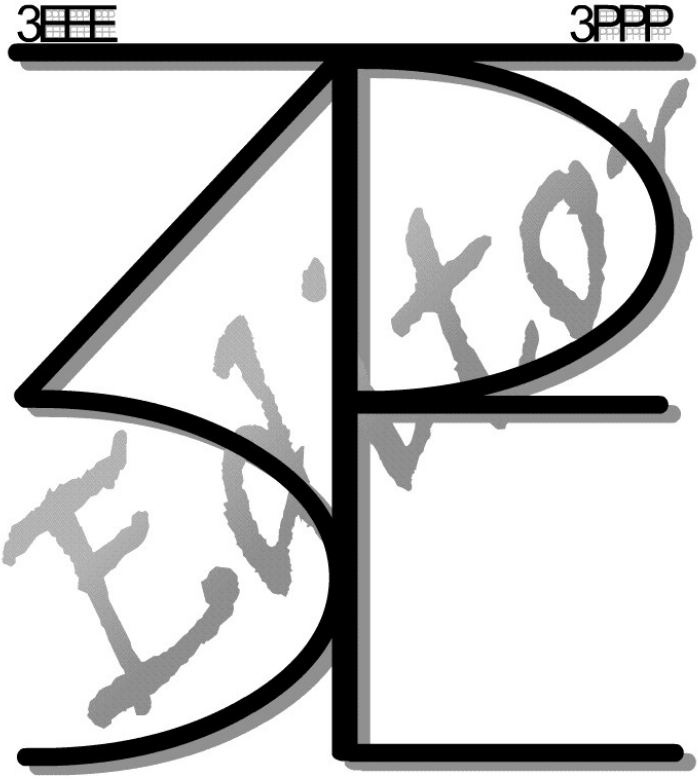
ROMAN SCHREIBER

New Stories With Mortimer Mouse

The estate of Doby D.

Mortimer Mouse Cleanup Drawing No. 3274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Editor

R O M A N S C H R E I B E R

New Stories With Mortimer Mouse

The estate of Doby D.

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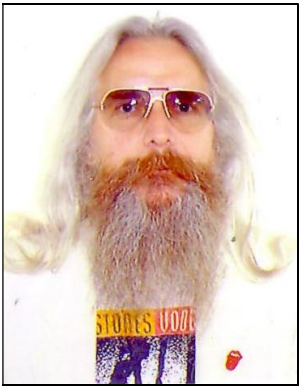
Roman Schreiber

...read at first, then criticize...



...do you have brought something to the papers,
on your own?

Roman Schreiber

Roman Schreiber was born two days after the adoption of the ‘DM’, the German Mark, in the city titled ‘the Queen of the Hanse’. In more serious words, on 23rd of June 1948 in Lübeck, Germany. After studying ’Organized Economics’, nearly 20-years of independence in business, a successful handover of his company, he could devote himself in the ‘youthful’ age of 44 to the much nicer things in life. Because he had worked and lived before, as if it was a period of more than 70 years!

Today he and his family follow the motto “Other people make holyday, we are moving our complete residence”, they are changing their residence from time to time, with fun. Then he is using his knowledge and experiences to create and organize together with his son a worldwide active ’Culture-Business’, Raspberry Records, which is finally not just the basic of his son’s music. It’s the platform for all kinds of arts and actually they have a huge number of more than 300 musicians and other artists under contract, on different fields like painters, writers, photographers. In more than 400 Boutiques spread over five Continents the products out of this very harmonic and successful co-operation are available. As on drums playing, noise making background, he has always to be ready for his ambitious musically son, although, and this is his frustration, the digital Technique replaced the ‘real drummer’. Such is life. On the other hand, he saved some more times for new stories.

3-P-Verlag-PPP / 3-E-Verlag-EEE, September 2000

So far published books:

(up to date Oktober 2010)

1.) Sieben Monate Ir(r)land sind genug!
Februar 1993, County Meath, Irland, / August 1993, Mindelo, Minho, Portugal

2.) Mein Name ist Snowi - oder: Die Geschichte einer irischen Katze
August 1993, Mindelo, Minho, Portugal

3.) O meu nome e Snowi - ou: A historia de um gato irlandes
(übersetzt ins Portugiesische von Carolina Padrao, Maia, Minho, Portugal)
August 1993, Mindelo, Minho, Portugal

4.) Die wahre Geschichte des Cico - oder: Wie ein richtiges Eselchen ein Fußballstar wurde
August 1993, Mindelo, Minho, Portugal

5.) ... gegen den Strom
Juli 1994, Boucas, Douro, Portugal

6.) Kleine Geschichten, die das Leben so schrieb...
Oktober 1994, Vilamoura-Quateira, Old Village, Algarve, Portugal

7.) Von einem der auszog, um nie wiederzukehren
Portugal / Frankreich / England
Sommer / Herbst / Winter 1995 / 1996

8.) Wie ein aufgeblasener Ballon
September 1995, Moigny Sur Ecole, Isle de France, Frankreich / Herbst / Winter 1996, Exeter, Devon, England

9.) Französische Gedanken und andere kleine Geschichten
Dezember 1996 / April 1997, Exeter, Devon, England

10.) Ein Paar Fische für ein paar Tage - Kleine Geschichten zum Schmunzeln
Dezember 1999, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

11.) Zwei Welten, eine Familie - Erzählungen
April 2000, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

12.) Sieben Monate Ir(r)land sind genug!
Überarbeitete Neuausgabe mit einer ‘Nachlese’
Juli 2000, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

13.) Lhasa Apso - Tierische Erlebnisse I.
Juli 2000, Juli 2002, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

14.) Mortimer Mouse - Geschichten einer Stagemouse
August 2000, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

15.) Neues von Mortimer Mouse - Das Erbe des Dobi D.
September 2000, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

16.) Mein Name ist Snowi - Die Geschichte einer irischen Katze
Überarbeitete Neuausgabe mit einem ‘Nachtrag’
September 2000, März 2001, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

17.) Mehr von Mortimer Mouse - Die Reise geht weiter
September 2000, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

18.) Adventures of Mortimer Mouse - Story about a Stagemouse
November 2000, Beas, Andalusia, Spain

19.) ‘w’alter ‘w’illiams, der Internet’w’illionär - Eine Geschichte über ‘die Wahrheit’?
August 2001 / Mai 2002, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

20.) ‘w’alter ‘w’illiams, the Internet’w’illionaire - A Story about ‘the truth’?
August 2001 / May 2002, Beas, Andalusia, Spain

21.) Kennst Du Kippel Kappel? - Erinnerungen I.
Mai 2002, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

22.) Nicht gesandte Briefe
Juli 2002, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

23.) Gesandte Briefe
August 2002, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

24.) Die Familie Lumpi und Doris von Beas -
Tierische Erlebnisse II.
September 2002, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

25.) ... gegen den Strom
neu bearbeitet
Dezember 2002, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

26.) Erlebnisse mit Dr. Frasier Crane, auf Video
Januar 2003, Beas, Andalusien, Spanien

27.) New Stories With Mortimer Mouse - The estate of Doby D.
February 2003, Beas, Andalusia, Spain

28.) The Ultimate Music Encyclopaedia
February 2003 - ~, Beas, Andalusia, Spain

29.) More Stories From Mortimer Mouse - The Journey Continues
February 2003, Beas, Andalusia, Spain

30.) Es kommt mir doch ein wenig ’spanisch’ vor
November 2003, Cuenca, Castilla - La Mancha, Spanien

31.) Vierzig Steinige Jahre
October 2005, Cuenca, Castilla - La Mancha, Spanien

32.) Meine Animal Wall Of Pain
October 2005, Cuenca, Castilla - La Mancha, Spanien

33.) Dr. Juice And The Manhattan Juice Clinic
March 2006, Cuenca, Castilla - La Mancha / Spain

34.) Das Ende einer geglaubten Freundschaft
April 2007, Chalons-En-Champagne, Champagne - Ardenne, Frankreich

35.) Alte ‘Kameraden’
Juni 2007, Chalons-En-Champagne, Frankreich

36.) Yumi - 1000 Stunden Liebesdienst und noch viel mehr
Juli 2007, Chalons-En-Champagne, Frankreich

37.) Die Stegemann - Saga
Oktober 2007, Chalons-En-Champagne, Frankreich

38.) The Stegemann - Saga
October 2007, Chalons-En-Champagne, France

39.) Die Stegemann - Saga / The Stegemann - Saga
Das Original / The Original
Oktober 2007, Chalons-En-Champagne, Frankreich

40.) Die Manhattan Saft-Therapie
Juli 2008, Chalons-En-Champagne, Champagne, Frankreich

41.) The Manhattan Juice-Therapy
August 2008, Chalons-En-Champagne, France

42.) Ich weiß noch nicht … wo mich diese Erzählungen hintragen
September 2008, Chalons-En-Champagne, Frankreich

43.) I don’t know yet … where these stories will end…
September 2008, Chalons-En-Champagne, France

44.) A Dream Of Freedom
> April > 2008, Chalons-En-Champagne, France

45.) Ismus
> Mai > 2008, Chalons-En-Champagne, Frankreich

46.) Immer wieder Sonntag
November 2008, Chalons-En-Champagne, Frankreich

47.) Mein Joly Joker
November 2008, Chalons-En-Champagne, Frankreich

48.) Das politische Jahr 2008
März 2008 / Dezember 2008
Chalons-En-Champagne, Frankreich / Franzen, Österreich

49.) Häusersuche in Österreich
April 2009 / Januar 2010, Franzen / Kolbnitz, Österreich

50.) Gemeinsam Alt Werden
Januar 2010, Kolbnitz, Österreich

51.) Ein spektakulärer Umzug
Januar 2010, Kolbnitz, Österreich

52.) Schreibergroup.com
April 2010, Kolbnitz, Austria

53.) Der Kümmerer – Vielleicht ein neuer Don Quichotte?
Juli 2010, Kolbnitz, Österreich

54.) Mein Bruder Harald
Juli 2010, Kolbnitz, Österreich

55.) Das politische Jahr 2009
August 2010, Kolbnitz, Österreich

Preface

What would be the history of a Stagemouse without a return to his roots? It lies on the hand, that Mortimer Mouse's success he got in America, sometimes let him felt isolated, too. Success has often many fathers but still more envious person. And in the music business there isn't any honest joy for the other that has possibly written the more successful song. Okay, 'quite on top' maybe, but on the normal level where the musician mice were established, when Mortimer still learned in Europe: what is part of a song etc., and where he had contact only with these 'normal' mice and rats? - More likely not!

We know that Mortimer signed a very freely taken contract with Raspberry Records International. At that time he still was with Doby in Exeter, England. Some rats and mice understood in the meantime that the philosophy of this record label couldn't be so wrong, if Mortimer had so much success anyway!? This Record Company entrusted Mortimer now, to bring in his taste and to try to convince others, especially skeptical musicians, that it would be possible to reach the next level in the music business, but only with hard work. Where this level lay, that was depending on the input of the rats and mice in question. Mortimer and his friends experienced all this, and he learned too, what a wonderful change his own life took, again. About that and the inheritance of the Doby D had to be started, reports this story.

Sincerely yours,

Roman Schreiber

February 2003, Beas, Andalusia, Spain

Yes, this technology! Or: claim and reality

Mortimer Mouse

From: server@mousenet.com
To: A_Stagemouse@A_Stagemouse.com
Day: Sunday, 13th August 2000, 1:23
Subject: The Most Fantastic Concert In The World With Your Help!
We couldn't unfortunately send your Message to the written receiver because the given name koyo@koyo.com was not existed or not represented correctly. Please, check the details.

“Koyo, what’s wrong with your e-mail address which you had given me?” asked Mortimer. They were all aboard the Concorde, which should bring most of the musicians who had taken part in this great concert in Rio de Janeiro again back to New York, or to London.

„Why, koyo@koyo.com that is the correct name,“ a surprised Koyo Popikono gave in response. She obviously had meant, it must be enough to copy the 'other' real dot-com-companies. She had really no idea and knowledge about this new technology and she also was not surprised that she never received any real post via the Internet so far.

It was Mortimer too dull to explain to her now, high over the clouds, these things closer. He printed out the message he just received on his laptop and handed it over to her. There came the mouse-stewardess and asked very decisive, „Please, switch off your computer immediately! You endanger the security of the airplane!“

„Oh, pardon, Miss,“ apologized Mortimer and he meant it honestly. He hadn't thought about the possible confusions which could have released from his

computer under mad circumstances in the board computer of the Concorde.

„Koyo, I explain it to you in New York. Then buy yourselves your own domain and you can name the account as you want and you would be able to receive even mails,“ so Mortimer, who wanted to 'rope' the otherwise so perfect Koyo...
„I have my people to do this, obviously they haven't informed me properly enough,“ so Koyo, who couldn't suffer the situation at all, to be once the unknowing.

„No problem, dear Koyo. You are not alone on this field, at all. The problem is surely not only an Internet account. Nevertheless, it is to be felt at all levels. But really, I don't want to spoil us the good mood. Everything was so splendid, these few hours Rio, then the great concert, these excellently 'old' mouse musicians. No, I don't want to oversalt the soup. It is enough to have such thoughts for myself,“ a self-confident Mortimer, who had felt during these hours that he didn't need to hide before these whole rock mice celebrities, selected by him for this concert. – So he also didn't need to hold ‘behind the mountain’ with his opinion about this or that, Mortimer thought. Luckily he got himself still under control, not to endanger a very friendly, almost amicable conclusion of this flash tour. They were all 'friends' and, nevertheless, 'competitors', this lay anyhow in the air.

„Ian, gave the trip also to you some joy?“ asked an agitated Mortimer, when he sits down beside Ian McMousequevicz.

„Yes, this was really a very nice concert. At least, we have played before a world record scenery. And then

in this cast; so I must say that Koyo has organized all this really perfect. My compliment that you have gathered her.“

„The compliment is due to Ken, because he has established this contact. – Sorry, something what I had hoped quite early from you: Such a small help, you understand?“

„Yes, but isn't it much nicer to have created the success from yourself, as if they had always said, ’he is of the minion of old Ian McMousequevicz’?“ asked Ian defiantly.

„Today, you can see it this way. However, you also know how difficult it is to attain generally attention! Among friends, I mean really friends, not only ’kiss here and kiss there’ people, for me there would be always only one way correct = to help the other where it is possible!“

„I had to build up my business from zero and also had no help. I always had to exchange all band members because the smallest little success rose very fast to their heads; it was my creativity that guaranteed success, not their 'existence'.“

„Ian, I believe that you meant it not really nastily when you gave me a strong kick, at that time in Exeter, on top of that on my birthday. Believe me, only therefore I had invited you to take part in this super-concert. It was my concert and it was only my idea to include you. Koyo had only to organize what I wanted,“ triumphed Mortimer and was up against even a more surprised Ian McMousequevicz. He saw appreciatively into the young male mouse’s face and then meant: „I have to thank you and excuse me equally?“

„Nonsense! There are only a few types in the world whose opinion meant a lot to me. And I am not able simply differently, than you dazuzuzählen!“ answered Mortimer with serious look.

„It indicates to me a lot to have stood with you on the stage. I wished, we could repeat this, in other form.“

„Mortimer, you are a nice guy. And you surprise me over and over again. It honours me if you, as the ’new generation’ for the rock mouse's music, me put away this value! If we become clear this repeat. If you mean and it meets your plans, then I will put together a small European tour. So in two, three months?“

„This would be excellent! Then maybe we could incorporate some places which are aware to me only from the narrative of my parents. I write e-mail with some names to you from New York if it is right to you?“

„Yes, so we make this, Mortimer!“

If Mortimer still with wanted to chat, this or that his stage colleagues, he had to do himself sputen, because the Concorde was thundering with her more than 2 Making in the direction of north, against New York.

„Lord Powell, is it permitted?“ asked Mortimer politely when he sat down beside the richest rock music mouse hindösende before itself of the world.

„Hey, for you I am Powell the bass man, my dear Mortimer. This was generally a very nice concert. I was before once there. At that time less we had a few mice. OK, now I must see to snatch away from you this world record again.“

„Why, nevertheless, this is our all world record. I believe, we were eleven mice on the stage. The record belongs to you virtually to me!“ meant Mortimer who was glad to get into conversation with this old rock legend immediately so admirably.

„Do you fly with to London or do you get out with in New York?“ Mortimer wanted to know.

„I get out in New York because I would like to do there still some business things. And whenever I have the chance, then I eat with pleasure with Koyo Popikono and chat for the good old times.“

„Was this always thus?“ asked curious Mortimer.

„Now of course not,“ interfered Koyo. „At that time the guys were very indelicate to me. But I have to them long ago pull. Time cures the wounds!“

„At that time Yes we were fixed only on our music and every rat or mouse who could have dissuaded us from this way was a 'enemy'. And thus we saw three other the Koyo. Today she is the most important agent of the heir of Winston and fighter for the ancient interests of the beat bugs.“

„But you don't join in the struggle properly, or how?“ asked Mortimer.

„No, today to fights this isn't any more. It is only administering and cashing up. Continual reminding, so that we don't fall into oblivion. This introduces more than at the times where we performed really hard work“ meant lord Powell.

„But where you had also plaid the best music,“ Mortimer threw.

„Who wants to hear this even today? Quality, creativity? Nevertheless, this damned technology has

destroyed all that. Today every blunderer positions himself on the stage and tries to sell the audience for silly. And this is really so silly!“ lord Powell commented on the situation from his view.

„And if then one comes, then quite a disciple, looks away the industry consciously, this talent sabotages even!“ Mortimer still placed on it.

„But it transmits hardly real talents,“ the lord Powell.

„You have been written up quite directly by me long ago once. I produced for you alone a ’Magical Mystery of Music character’ with a very commercial proposal. At that time. I was just 15 mouse years,“ accused Mortimer now the surprised lord Powell MacKidney.

„You, me? A ‘Magical Mystery of Music character’? If I have never received!” so the lord.

„No, but twice we had correspondence with your secretary how, nevertheless, she was called immediately, Giona Funn!?“ now answered Mortimer, now very firmly and he attacked the lord further, „Because you can't accept in your golden cage yet any more personal presents, or wants. Clear, a plausible explanation gave them also in the second writing. So under the motto ’self protection against possible future cases of idiocy, copyright’ etc.“

„Yes what do you believe how many crooks already tried, on my success simply drauf-zusatteln?“ now asked lord Powell a little angrily.

„This makes no difference to me if nobody more recognises where the separation lies between business, warmth, Mäuslich-keit etc., can't recognise so any more or wants that there, for example, a small

personal greeting of a 15-year-old mouse talent on the table comes... This will seem now also not all days, or? Besides, provide with a business offer where you could have smelt then really business!“ supplemental Mortimer his accusation speech.

„Can you send to me this 'Magical Mystery of Music character’ again?“ asked lord Powell to make way to the quarrel.

„No, this has been. Today for it I am too wide and only well white, in the meantime, as the music business runs. I also only wanted to say you, actually that I am sorry you quite a lot to isolate yourself so. Still in the public step if it fits you, is sure alright, but only from your view. You forget that it was this public which brought along You, you, where you stand today. One should never forget where own roots lie,“ Mortimer further accuses.

„Oh I make so much ’Gutes', a Charity event after the others. Faith to me, round-the-clock I am taken in by the public,“ defended to myself lord Powell formally.

„Yes I know, in your country every clever makes a Charity, gets even the honourary doctorate, only because he pursues a donkey farm, and the whole British empire rests on the intelligently ingenious system of the annual Honorlist,“ accused Mortimer a lord Powell MacKidney packed in the defensive.

„I always do the best. If to my country is enough and I for it is even ennobled? I haven't invented this system,“ countered the ageing rock music lord.

„But you have never also written against this establishment a song, as well as Dr. Winston

O'Boogie, for example,“ went for Mortimer further to the offensive.

„What does have to do Mortimer? Want you to attack me because I live my life in such a way, as do I like it, or why are you so toxic? It was a great concert. I thank you that I might be present. But now must it also be enough, OK?“ came more stroppy from the lord Powell.

„I wanted to you only my personal disappointment about your behaviour, about the use of your business and private interests express, this is why I asked Koyo to invite you and both other beat bugs with. This changes nothing in the very high appraisal which I have for You everybody! I only wanted to say you, that the claim which you doesn't correspond outwardly most sluggishly, unfortunately, of the reality. Whether you are able now a little bit for it or not. Then just even your personal 'system' is wrong!“ countered Mortimer.„ I also want no quarrel, already not at all for the past. I am also very glad that it has worked everything in such a way as I had thought up it,“ supplemental Mortimer still and sat down back on his place. He was made easier that he had been able to say this point so clearly the old rock musician, the richest mouse musician generally in the world, so clearly. It stamped a little in rest into the cabin. Now almost all travellers slept a little, the stress of the day before became apparent, the night lying almost now behind them and the new morning everybody allowed to rest expectantly.

In the horizon New York appeared, the Concorde had to throttle the achievement and as in the sail flight one glided in the metropolis of the USA, on the Kennedy's airport. All rats and mice, also those who wanted equally wide to Europe had to leave the machine and thus there was a big resignation scene in the gate the British Mouse airways.

Koyo Popikono, lord Powell MacKidney, sir Kenneth Twylight, some body advice and Mortimer were the mice who remained in New York. The big number, nearly 80 mouse passengers further had to go to London. Outdoors there stood the chauffeur Roger and detained to his boss Koyo the carriage blow.

„Then you go sometimes nicely together in the town, I take a taxi," said Mortimer and said goodbye with hand greeting.

A full artist's life in New York

„But Mortimer," thus Ken and also Powell almost from a mouth, „why you don't come along then still to Koyo?"

„I want in my flatlet, there my family waits for me. Tschau. See you soon sometimes." And jumped in the first taxi.

„Central park, please, nearness Dakota-Building," was his short instruction to the driver's mouse.

„Are you not 'A Stagemouse'?" now asked the friendly taxi mouse.

„Why, you mean?" asked Mortimer back.

„Well because I have seen you, nevertheless, yesterday night in the M TV live from Rio de Janeiro!“ she returned.

„OK, that I am,“ admitted Mortimer.

„And, no body advice etc.?“ asked the young mouse almost provoking.

„I hate this stupid affected behaviour of some conceited types from the music show business. I wanted to play, actually, always only music. Don't make 'show' that is quite an other business,“ Mortimer returned friendly.

„You were great everybody, yesterday night!“ now came the compliment of this taxi mouse.

„Thank you, I believe, we have done everybody quite a great concert. It was, by the way, a world record what concerned the scenery. If one presents himself to be 'only' among so many rats and mice!“ pondered Mortimer.

„Why only? Nevertheless, you were with certainly ten other mice on top on the stage?“

„Oh well, one can be also alone among 253.878 mice.“

„I understand, like you mean it,“ the young taxi mouse returned.

„What you are doing, if you not drive taxi?“ asked Mortimer after a while of the silence.

„There I try to be an art student. So I try...“

„This is interesting. In the club of my parents, there are some walls with old ugly wallpaper, would it give to you pleasure, according to a music club, he is called Trokadero to form anew?“ asked Mortimer, almost busily.

„You mine properly thus as an order?“ got a firmer grip the amazed Chauffeuse.

„Yes, yes,“ Mortimer essentially.

„Certainly, this wouldn't be a new challenge, why? No, really, this would be great. Do you mean this seriously? You don't know at all what I am able to do so or may?“

„If you like music, the concert yesterday not only thus from politeness found great, then, nevertheless, still to times, then can't run, actually, at all so much wrong, I think!“

„We are there immediately,“ interrupted the taxi mouse, „where please exactly?“

„There on the right beside the Dakota, we must come from the other side,“ explained Mortimer.

„Do you have tonight time? Do we say at 20.00 o'clock here before the door, then we go together in the club?“ asked Mortimer when he got his luggage pieces from the boot. A doorkeeper from the dwelling house already met and helped.

„But I don't come with a taxi, only in the taxi,“ meant the taxi mouse.

„No, of course not! How are you called, by the way?“ asked Mortimer, after he held ready the travel expenses counted.

„Catherine.”

„This sounds after French origin?“

„Yes, at close range from Paris there come my parents. I am already several years here. Now so then, till this day evening 20.00 o'clock, here,“ meant Catherine.

Mortimer went with the lift in his flatlet. It was early Sunday morning, his parents still slept when he entered the flat No. 191.

The phone rang. On the apparatus was pingpong which explained to him now that she is pregnant.

„Yes, then I wish you a lot of fun with your children and your man faithfully providing for You, Roger, or how was the rat called, nevertheless? Goes where the pepper grows. I want to have nothing to do with you!“ came loudly and chilly from Mortimer and he rang off. From this noise the parents woke up.

„Oh good morning, Mortimer! Felicitation, it was quite a great concert. We have taped it perfectly for you,“ said his father Moabid and stepped from his bedroom.

„Good morning. Yes, I am very contented. And this whole flash tour was organised really really. One leaves this of the Koyo, this understands them.“

„I order first of all for myself a table for the lunch in the Place Athene if you may? I think, you should slowly wake up. Then I go sometimes so long to the Central park. I have found there always quite good chess players. So about 13.00 o'clock I am there again, OK?“ It spoke and had disappeared again.

New York, a wonderful Sunday morning. Several walking mice and rats, various chess players who always appeared on quite a certain place. There Mortimer sauntered, indeed, rather purposefully.

„Oh, good morning ’A Stagemouse’“, came from some basketball to playing young mice, to the grid of the Umzäunung of her field coagulated came. „Yesterday this was quite a great concert! When and where you play in New York?“

„Goes to the Trokadero, there I will appear as very frequent,“ Mortimer in a good mood greeted back.

Who isn't able to chess plays, the feeling of happiness doesn't understand that Mortimer conceived when he sat down to a Mäuserich to the stone table which waited obviously for a chess partner.
„You permit, or are you firmly arranged?“ asked Mortimer.
„No, not at all. I am free. Great. Good morning.”
“Well, this is fine, loose then.”
And, among the rest, thus these both chess players came along to begin a new part. It shouldn't have been only for the today's morning. However, when the big clock at the park entrance moved so slowly on 13.00 o'clock, Mortimer had to finish quite fast the running part, because he loved to be punctual.
„My boy, everything OK!?“ asked the mothers Millie.
„Yes, I already think,“ came honestly and spontaneously from Mortimer.
„What comes as the next?“ asked father Moabid as them comfortably in the taxi sat, on the way in the Place Athene.
„Tonight I have arranged to meet at 20.00 o'clock a painter. Then we come to the Trokadero. I thought, nevertheless, it could earn there a few dollars. Nevertheless, the wallpaper, on some walls belongs really exchanged? Or do you plan something else?“ asked Mortimer in the small round.
„We had already made our thoughts to ourselves and wanted to discuss with you. Finally, it is your club, also,“ believed Millie.

„Nevertheless, let us look sometimes tonight what, for example, a topical art student introduces in ideas with. We maybe have a too conservative view of the things. So I am open for a little bit completely cracked. If you take part there, indeed, only,“ expressed Mortimer.

„We thought of following, in any case, an idea of your record company, Raspberry Records. They wrote because during these days in the Trokadero club whether we didn't have interest, in a part of the club to instal a Raspberry Records Music cafe. Now so almost round-the-clock, with computers, Musik-Menu, everything only from and with Raspberry Records,“ it was Moabid which wanted to look in the future.

„Nevertheless, this sounds great. An employee of Raspberry Records, in England had told me already once about it still. Supposedly thus some Music cafes have in some metropolises of the world,“ supplemental Mortimer.

In the meantime, they had arrived at the Place Athene and to the surprise of Mortimer, one had celebrated to him there to honour a very nice greeting, by the mouse hotel manager.

„We are very proud that you chose our house and we will always try to offer you the best service.“

At the aloof table of the Grillrooms a small little side table, on it a Himbeertorte which was decorated with the words ’stood congratulations to the world record! 253.878 spectators’. Well, nevertheless, this was very attentive, and unobstrusively. Thus Mortimer and also his both proud parents loved it were very glad, presses so little and quite normally to be treated. No affigen

body advice, no dark designer glasses. All that was absolutely foreign to the new rock mouse's music star.

Suddenly stood at his table Mickey Mouse, his fiancée Minnie Mouse and the loyal friend of the both, Goofy. You had just also eaten and wanted to leave the restaurant again: „Congratulations to your great concert, last night in the Mouse TV!“ said like from a mouth these three famous actors from the Disney's group.

„This pleases me that you have liked it. It was also simply for me to appear with the biggest rock mouse's musicians of all times,“ meant proud Mortimer rising now who knew these three world-famous types of course, and shook to all the paws.

„These are, by the way, my parents.“

„Very much pleases! - If you are once in LA, simply call me, nevertheless, please. Maybe we can undertake then a little bit together if it fits us to all in the time?“ said Mickey Mouse very friendly.

„This would be really great. I soon have to visit anyhow a friend from LA. He is also an actor, how you. Maybe you know him? ’Frasier Crané’ alias Remsky Kremsky.“

„Of course we know Remsky. He is one of our next neighbours.“

„This is great. The world is really small. Oh which was Disney group, this always a dream of me to help there in any idea, for the millions of fans which you have!“ So Mortimer completely delights.

Μιχκεψ Μουσε
Mickey Mouse
Σχηαυσπιελερ
Schauspieler
15τη Φλοωερ Στρεετ
15th Flower Street
Βυρβανκ, ΧΑ 91521
Burbank, CA 91521
Τελεπηονε 1–8185601300
Telephpne 1-8185601300

„Here ’A Stagemouse’, take my map with my private PIN and please, use them. We wish you still a nice da,.“ Three Disney's dimensions said goodbye. „Many thanks mister Mouse. I come certainly, even if it can last a few months, because soon I have to go to Europe. So, see you later.“

Catherine was punctual. She wanted to get out this chance seize and from the more unsafe future of an art student, something deal with what she hadn't dared to dream up to the morning of this day. Mortimer stood there chatting with the doorkeeper of the dwelling house in the big door and they beob-achteten both the young mouse lady who got out so self-confidently of the taxi and came up to the building.

„Nevertheless, this would be a great mouse for you?“ meant the old mouse caretaker to Mortimer to whisper. „Maybe she wants to me?“ he asked funny, quite knowingly that Catherine wanted only to him.

„Hello, good evening Catherine. Well that you are there. This old Mäuserich just believed that you seem like for me created,“ welcomed Mortimer a little bit nonplussed Catherine.

The old person turned away almost move, „Nevertheless, I couldn't know, young man...“

Everybody laughed and now Catherine and Mortimer strolled first a little through the streets of New York.

„Oh I love this town. I love this anonymity. I enjoy the size and all possibilities which one has here,“ so Mortimer swarmed about his New York.

„If one has the possibilities. There are a lot of rats and mice, they never have to enjoy a chance New York. And again only a few have a tolerable job. Many vegetate away in such a way, live on the paw in the mouth. And now in this world I still want to become a painter, or his. A survival is almost excluded there. If I wasn't able to do by chance motoring,“ argued Catherine in her entertainment. And Mortimer knew that he counted to the happy who had created it.

You went past the endless shop-windows, the bars, cafés, theatres, on the Broadway and, finally, came in the Times Square, to the place on which the Trokadero made a small house front from.

„And this club belongs to you?“ asked Catherine honestly with interest.

„Oh well, my parents had leased the club some months ago. When we met then almost by chance again, as soon as I landed here in New York, then there we have bought the club directly. He belongs to me, or my parents or us to all. Absolutely all the same,“ answered Mortimer more by the way.

They pushed themselves through many mice and rats to pass the way in the small office, at the end of the hall. Mother Millie and father Moabid were very much

pleased with the friendly person that Mortimer has brought with.

„Good evening. Mortimer had already told that you could maybe do up this whole club, or would want?“ the father broke the first silence.

„Yes, your son believed that here anyhow a certain renovation should be carried out. I would have quite big desire to co-operate in it. If you want then and I have time if then the club is closed?“ So Catherine and now talked all at once everybody and sometimes Moabid and Catherine went out and looked a space, sometimes Mortimer and Millie. Or sometimes everybody. The guests will have also thought what discuss so violently with paws and feet at a place where relaxation and good mood was announced.

Mortimer appeared every now and then, in his own club. Catherine had brought from the academy of arts still quite a lot of gifted mouse and thus a great team of the creative mice who considered themselves everybody grew together quite slowly. The club became the pot for creativity in New York. Mortimer started to like Catherine properly and to love and his enthusiasm for them hit on requited love. This is why it was only natural that Catherine from her small dwelling which she divided with some students moved in the flatlet to Mortimer. Nobody took exception in this big flat, each of four inhabitants had enough space for his personal inclinations.

Millie painted, Catherine painted, Moabid always worked out new programmes for the club. Mortimer

wrote a few songs and created the Artwork suitably in addition. In the afternoon the parents went in the Trokadero, in the evening Mortimer and Catherine followed. It was a very creative phase in her life. Thus the mouse life could have gone on, actually, also undisturbed if there the very selfish idea of Mortimer hadn't been, all their in Europe which he had in the best recollection ha-or one should say, in the worst recollection had? - to have pointed once again so properly.

„Hello Europe, here I am!“

Ian McMousequevicz had announced himself on the phone and had asked for Mortimers to wishes for the European tour. Well, there some places which would rouse big recollections in Mortimer should be started.
„Do you want then really with to Europe, Catherine?“ asked Millie anxiously, because, nevertheless, own destiny should be a deterrence enough. Not for young Catherine who saw thus opportunity to call in once more on her parents and her brothers and sisters.
„Nevertheless, Millie, this is ideal for me. If Mortimer plays somewhere, appears or what I know, some meetings has, then I can deal with my family. I fancy this delightfully to rise once more deeply in own past.“
„But before we come to France, there only the United Kingdom is to be worn out, my love,“ Mortimer threw.
„Also there I had some interesting experiences and together with Ian McMousequevicz I make right England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland tour. Only then we go on the continent, so afterwards France comes

first, but to UK. If I consider it, I am really glad to meet some types which would have anticipated this development some months ago so hardly. Only therefore it gives to me pleasure to start the long trip. And I am able to do it even because Catherine comes along. Alone I wouldn't want to rummage about in the past, this would hurt me to. But with Catherine, there this is like a story, about that what was once. 'Now' there I am in and may tell from 'at that time', this is luckily something else.“

„if it becomes to you too much, Catherine, then you rise in the next airplane and come back to New York. Allow to make Mortimer then. Here is your home,“ so the father Moabid said goodbye to his both 'children'.

First, however, it didn't go at all by the airplane, but by the ship back to Europe. Now the same trip which Mortimer lived through before months alone, under the most painful circumstances that could be enjoyed in reverse direction. You had a wonderful crossing and this first week, completely alone, this they swore themselves, the base should be for her whole, common life.

In Southampton was really Ian McMousequevicz in the quay and fetched the both. Proudly he pressed the paws of Mortimer and Catherine and handed over a framed document which had her common UK tour to the contents:

A Stagemouse
featuring
Ian McMousequeviez & Band
Autumn 2000 Tour

14th September Southampton, 16th Exeter,
18th Plymouth, 20th Bath, 21st Bristol,
22nd Cardiff, 23rd Swansea,
25th Cork, 27th Dublin, 28th Belfast,
30th Glasgow, 2nd October Edinburgh
3rd Dundee, 4th Aberdeen, 6th Inverness,
8th Liverpool, 10th London.

Presented by
Raspberry Records International

“Many thanks Ian, this looks wonderful. I will find a special place for it in my flat in New York.“

In the quay was also a representative of Raspberry Records, Mr. Virgil Clairmountain whom Mortimer got to know at that time still with Doby together and which persuaded him that Raspberry Records has the best draught cheers an artist.

„Hello Mortimer! I am glad to be allowed to welcome you again here in England. It has happened so incredibly a lot during the last months. There one properly has problems not to lose the thread.“

„Oh this was half as tragic everything as it looks out. Only interfering in this scene, better in this music show business, are the big number of right toady's mice if I may say so crudely. Otherwise it has already given a

lot of pleasure. And our music club, over there in New York, that gives big pleasure to me. The fact that I come now back to Europe, around with Ian this tour also has to begin personal reasons. Nevertheless, I must look after my heir of the Doby.“

„Why what is with him? It is right, I have heard long nothing of him,“ now meant Mr. Clairmountain.

„If you haven't read it then at that time, nevertheless, this must also have stood here in the newspapers. I had read even on the crossing to New York radio news, from CMN, Cable Mouse news. Nevertheless, he has died with a heavy car accident,“ Mortimer now almost reproachfully.

„Excuse me, dear Mortimer, but if the Doby with a car accident would have died, then would have got to know I really also anyhow. Pardon, it sounds macabre, but so completely the history can't be right.“

„But I ask you, now, nevertheless, Mr. Clairmountain, this is the height. To which constellation of the irresten imagination have you thought that there isn't the Doby any more? I mourned for my friend and you spin a detective novel together with uncertain exit? No. With the death one doesn't joke. I have also come back to start the inheritance of my friends, or to regulate my last continental property relations.“

„It is real to Ernst to joke with this subject, dear Mortimer. I will help you, Mr. Clairmountain meant the circumstances, as you say to clear up of that time,“ conciliatorily.

While Mortimer and Mr. Clairmountain on the way from the arrival dispatch hall talked lively, always mouse-

cool Ian McMousequevicz already tried young, nice Catherine heranzuschmeicheln.

„Well little ones, I could also like you very much!“ and if Catherine in the back tried to pack.

„Take your filthy paws of me, Ian,“ Catherine spitted at him and lifted just her right paw around the meddlesome mouse lover hard in the face to hit.

„You need with me not at all only your luck try. Mortimer has already described your rotten character to me. And if you don't want that the tour is immediately finished, before she started, then you apologise to me and him for your behaviour!“

„Oh, oh, oh, nice lady, pardon, I didn't know that you are connected both so closely with each other and that there still place isn't for the dear Ian mouse?“

„Do you not leave silly guy these everlasting Mäuseangraberei, finally, sometimes?“ now came from Mortimer who had still got the end of this small scene.

„You think in all seriousness that you have generally still the smallest chance old rat's goat, with a young mouse lady like Catherine it is? Mouse Ian, doesn't overestimate you, nevertheless, please again. And the last request: Don't try it once again!“ Mortimers was a final comment.

„OK, OK, OK. Promised. But, nevertheless, one will still be allowed to test his effect for the woman's world,” came quite meekly from Ian.

„OK, the test has been finished and not been passed!“ Catherine commented on the situation laughing.

You went the pair of metres to Great Harbour hotel on foot in Westkaistrasse. Now for this short distance no

taxi was really urgently and a rat's bell-boy of the hotel rolled handcart with the luggage of both arrivals behind them. The plan of the tour betrayed it Mortimer and Catherine, they might still look around a little, because only in the next evening was the first concert. Thus time for famous Tudor House was a museum.

Mr. Virgil Clairmountain promised to take care of old press clippings from approx. 1.1/2 years ago to get onto the secret of the traffic accident of Doby. Mortimer didn't want to load himself with this subject, in addition. He felt deep pain in his soul if only the name 'Doby' was mentioned.

The first planned concert of Mortimer and Ian in Southampton was on the occasion of an Open air festival. You should form the end as a climax. Many mouse music groups had already provided for two days in the town for a great atmosphere. If the wind stood in the direction of country, the music from the Mayflower park was rather clear, at an angle towards in the Great Habour hotel to hear so that there already presented itself some discomfort of discontented, by the noise disturbed to feeling guests. Also this excitement lay down.

Perfectly harmonising Ian McMousequevicz-Band marked one that they played together for years live. Thus it was really easy for Mortimer, sometimes with the transverse flute to link up sometimes with the guitar with the songs known to him. And vice versa it was no problem for the tape to present the worldwide success ’to stop The Being’ with big precision, just as the other songs which wanted to have played ’A

Stagemouse’ from his programme. ’Mother Earth’, ’Start Thinking’, ’100% British beat’ etc. The long applause, the usual additions of Ian, this had given big pleasure to Mortimer. Thus the tour could go on.

The next day it went in Mortimer still from France known Ian bus further to Exeter. This was already an immense Kurbelei for the coach driver. These many small places which were to be worn out. Mortimer looked with interest from the window, because he hadn't seen the nice English scenery thus yet. Now he looked very much calmly, together with Catherine at the place lying before them at which the big turn had entered in his life nearly two years ago. Exeter. Of course he recognised everything again. The big red tour coach parked directly in the pavilion. In the lower part of the coach Ian this spot a right kitchen had built in. As he said, „with knowledge about the usually forthcoming English kitchen“. This was very right to Mortimer, because in it he could still remember: He had never been very happy in England what concerned food.

„Up to the Dochester,“ thus Mortimers continual protestation.

„I think, we call in sometimes first at the hotel turnips,“ said Mortimer to Ian, and Catherine and he went the short way over the green arrangements. There, so he told now Catherine, at that time he had got to know his friend Doby Dreadnaught of the ex-Rn stone and over here where earlier the hotel was, now was only a private house.

„Well, this was no so bad house. The family turnips was always contented with the trend of affairs,“

Mortimer so told also surprised Catherine that the hotel about which Mortimer raved on to her in such a way now wasn't accessible any more.

„Why there isn't this hotel any more? And also the basement flat, our separate entrance, this isn't there everything any more. This is a pity really,“ had to ascertain disappointed Mortimer.

Also nobody opened it when the both in the main main entrance rang.

„What now?“ asked Catherine.

„I think, we go sometimes on the MRBC, my old bank, Mouse-Rats-Bank-Company, and close the account. There one more amount of money will have to lie,“ answered Mortimer, and he further meant:

„This is just round the corner. You see, Exeter lies very practically. Everything on a few square metres.“

He kidded around and laughed with these words very much, because it had also been this narrowness which allowed to go him at that time if he was honest so easily only to America. He had felt it always as very pleasant, however, he knew that he had looked in the deepest inside exactly for him what he found, finally, in New York. Whether, besides, now Catherine was such a determining factor, he didn't want to have answered this for himself at all. He was simply happy, in such a way.

When Mortimer had identified himself properly, the counter boss with a bundle of the papers which had to mean everybody to something approached. He had to sign everywhere, he should explain, why he wanted to close the account, etc. This wasn't so difficult now to understand.

„There are still exactly 125,000 pounds, plus the interest value by today, since this last withdrawal of your account, Mr. Mouse.“

„But who has removed the high amount before? Is this to be understood?“ Mortimer asked the Bank-Mäuserich becoming more nervously.

„Unfortunately, it is this. Here the signature is absent, only the remark is taken down 'personally' there.“

„But on the day my friend Doby was already dead three days. At least if the news is right which I received at that time. All the same. Please, finish the complete payment. We take the money in cash thus.“

„This amount in cash? But my man that isn't only very careless this is also not very contemporary,“ noted the banker's mouse.

„Yes, and tomorrow somebody has gone past then again and has removed 'personally' an other amount? No, please, you give the biggest bank notes and count please 'properly', then is already so OK,“ Mortimer underlined his decision again to take all money immediately.

It lasted for a while, finally, the banker's mouse Mortimer handed over an elegant suitcase, folded up the lid and now counted the single piles the 50-th pound of marks before. The amount wasn't so high at the end though completely as him Mortimer had in recollection; or differently expressed if he had been including Doby's an heir. So, now this he knew very exactly, somebody had to have removed at least half of the common account. Somebody who exactly knew the relations. Only who was this 'somebody'? If yet a signature wasn't given at the bank?

Mortimer started to think loudly: „Catherine what you would combine, from this jigsaw puzzle? Mr. Clairmountain who, in this business active, definitely from all and nothing would have belonged if there had been a tragic death of the mouse music manager Doby. A bank which only my portion are given has, even if 'settles' a little to my disadvantage? A flat which doesn't exist any more?... Though so for me Doby is still dead because no track would allow to accept something else, but maybe has it also become a victim of another disaster, a criminal case?“

„Can it also not be that you mistake the date of the crossing, the news on the ship etc. maybe a little with each other? Not every mouse who will cross is in the paper immediately. Also in the Mouse news of Southampton, or where Mr. Clairmountain just by chance didn't stay. No, no, Mortimer, don't confuse you please needlessly. If Doby was, nevertheless, yours only right friend as you say, then he won't have thought up definitely this scenario. One can't spin out this to himself at all not at all alone. And why also? So I think, you should look really forwards, he has always said you, nevertheless!“ so Catherine.

„I would give something therefore if at least one or other explanation was right. I don't want to say, all the same which! Only these inconsistencies in this fullness make me so slowly taken aback, Catherine.“

„I can understand you, Mortimer, only, it doesn't help you.“

Unfortunately, thus Court Room restaurant of the old hotel turnips was resolved from the planned dinner in the Olafs nothing and therefore to drive them, in the

taxi in the Kidley about 17 miles away park hotel in Chagford at which Mortimer and Doby several times had dined so delightfully. At least, this house had been also distinguished with a Michelin mouse's star. And what Mortimer Catherine wanted to show absolutely, this was the fantastically invested water garden and a marvellous Pitch & Putting gulf course which Mortimer had as so unique in recollection and really 'loved'.

„This was a very nice evening, Mortimer. Thus I could fancy a common old age, however, also well. Country house, here outdoors, this rest, in addition open fire... If only the weather was always in such a way, as at the moment!“ so happy Catherine stepped as them from the hotel at the lukewarm English night and caught there still a little ’air’ and on the taxi waited that she should bring again to Exeter in the tour coach.

„OK, OK, really, quite nicely. And I agree to you. However, we find a country house also beyond New York or where always you want, in the USA, or somewhere else. It mustn't necessarily be England.“

The Exeter concert was great. It gave to Mortimer gigantic pleasure to play before all these rats and mice whom he meant to have met everybody already once on the street. You really gave 'everything', the tape of Ian and A Stagemouse. In Plymouth not differently. There the play hall was called also pavilion. Also there of course sells off. The tour was also accompanied by the local press. This spot, differently than still just 2 years ago than Mortimer had all reason for the criticism of the organisation posters were stuck everywhere. At that time he was in search of big Ian,

today he was printed in thicker letter, than this Ian. He was understandable-wise proud.

However, one started to become tiresome quite slow Mortimer. Now they had played only in three evenings, but in every evening Ian made the same little jokes, at the same place in the concert. Always he searched himself first his guitarist Marty Ivenhoe Puree, then the bassist Daniel Pack. This was irritating, even if the audience, of course, it took up over and over again amused. For them it was topical, spontaneous. For Mortimer it was dull.

With the last addition in Plymouth, old Ian McMousequevicz-Song ’Too Old To Dance, Too Young For Romance’ it suddenly came to a thus never before experienced tragic incident on a stage. The drummer Danny Matczeck lost a drums kink with a drum whirl, this flew in high curve directly under the left Hinterpfote of Ian, that slipped on this round piece of wood quite unhappily and just fell down. – In the darkness of the stage, by the light cones every now and then illuminated, wasn't to be put out, why. He had just the transverse flute before the mouth, was his reflex to support itself also delays more. This was very unhappy everything. Courageously he played in the lying the last tones.

One would have mine are able that would have belonged to the show, however, as four orderlies finally with a stretcher good old Ian heraustrugen, there clapped and bawled the spectators though furthermore before enthusiasm, however, already very soon the tragic truth made the round that Ian has fallen and would have broken at least a leg, probably still the

left shoulder ausgekugelt is. So that it had got him quite a lot. Clear, suitably to the title of this last addition it was already, but now Ian didn't raise so much self-mockery, nevertheless to prepare his departure of the music stage in this manner.

Courageous, always ambitious Ian wanted to leave immediately after the Eingipsen of the left leg, the left shoulder, to bandaging of the left wrist the hospital again.

„Nevertheless, we further have to go. Tomorrow though we have rest day, however, then Bath is in it. The festival is always very important, there we must absolutely play.“ so Ian.

„Ian, purely theoretically we could appear also without you,“ meant Mortimer in the hospital, procures beside Ian standing. „Nevertheless, I think, the people come Deinetwegen. Maybe we should try in Bath the following. We play as before and with the last song you are pushed in the wheel chair, now really authentically, on the stage. Not only as a gag, but also to state your good will. The organizer can't be angry at you. We hold the contracts and the spectators will be astonished what you manage in the seat still everything,“ thus Mortimer finally.

„Then you see this everybody.“ And to Ian addressing: „You stay in bed tonight with us, there is no discussion, young man,“ ordered with firm tones the old head nurse Agathe.

„If tomorrow you prove to me that you could move fairly limping, also without wheel chair, then I want to provide for the fact that you get a practical wheel chair

borrowed. Then you could continue with it your tour. But first I must keep you here. Who knows which relapse you will suffer tonight under circumstances?“

„Which relapse?“ came questioningly from Ian.

„Am I a clairvoyant? – No! But I am responsible for you at the moment, young man. So, say your friends well ’good night’. Tomorrow, against 9.00 they may call in once more. Then was round, then only exists for you the possibility to leave this house again!“

Now Yes against this army life's tone it was not to be come really. It had to be simply obeyed what good, old Agathe demanded. So Mortimer and Marty went, how to them ordered; now on foot the way back to the tour coach. It was no long march, but a nice, starry night was to be chatted and thus had Mortimer Gelegenheit, for the first time generally, only with Marty, the narrowest faithful Ian's.

„And now you already travel for more than 25 years with Ian?“ Mortimer began the entertainment.

„Yes, and it was never dull, I swear it to you!“

„I believe it you, it is also great to succeed together, to travel around the world.“

„Everywhere eager fans, everywhere nice mouse girls,“ thus of Marty.

„However, it can't be this alone, nevertheless?“

„Nevertheless, only enough already!“ Marty Mortimer illuminated.

„And it doesn't become dull to you to be always the first approach point for Ian's silly little jokes. On your costs?“

„Oh what, this I don't hear, nevertheless, at all. This makes, nevertheless, with everybody. With me just

already for more than 25 years. So he should make it, nevertheless and if it amuses the fans?“

„And now of course the girls,“ Mortimer threw.

„Exactly, it gives a lot of pleasure to all only awfully. Any more all that isn't. Don't see it so complex, Mortimer.“

„I find only so dull to hear the same jokes every evening. I don't know whether I stand this a whole tour. There the accident comes maybe as a token from 'on top'?“ Mortimer held out to Marty.

„Do you mean? I don't believe. This was really a bad luck. During all years an accident has never happened. Now I also don't say that has only come because you were present,“ in such a way one, his Ian of defending Marty.

„You misunderstand me maybe. Or I have wrong expressed myself. I also think more of the audience. I can remember when we were in France, he has told the same jokes, now with you has done the same tomfoolery, how. The fan, that must notice this, nevertheless. I think only of the fan. And what do you make if 'tomorrow' no more desire has to hear always the same one, with all musical creativity of Ian?“ Mortimer further bored.

„Nevertheless, oh Mortimer, the fan is stupid really. Nevertheless, he is more stupid than us, but, nevertheless, he would do the same one, or try it, as well as we,“ was Martys the final comment which made Mortimer quite pensive. These old rock musician's mice had generally no scruples, so negatively about her fans, to them this life to allowing

fans to talk. Mortimer found this properly repellent. You had arrived meanwhile in the coach. Small round rats and mice sat around a glowing Grill-Feuerchen, Daniel Pack played some ditties on the guitar. It was a very positive mood with which Mortimer and Marty interfered now.

„Well, how does it see from with Ian?“ came from several mouths.

„Gypsum, everywhere gypsum. Though Ian wants to appear So the day after tomorrow in Bath, however even if he creates this, it won't be the same one, as usual always,“ was Mortimers answer. And Marty complemented,

„Left foot broken, left shoulder ausgekugelt, left front paw compressed. Left half of Ian is to be forgotten for some time. He won't be any more the old person!“

„Does the continuation of the tour have then generally sense?“ asked concerned Daniel Pack.

„Well, yes, we thought of playing first sometimes in Bath because Ian looks at the festival as very important. There he will will try to sit to join in in the wheel chair and partially, and if it is only with the last song,“ Mortimer sketched the short-term action to continue then: „Nevertheless, up to the concert these are nearly 48 hours where he can forget pains. If it doesn't look too stupid, is it maybe even quite funny?“

„Rock'n'roll in the wheel chair, this is a nightmare for me!“ Catherine threw. „I mine not if one is a listener and was bound, perhaps, to a wheel chair. I mean, no impediment of this kind and also no facial folds which are so deep as washed out courses of a river simply fits to this vital music. Everything has his time!“

„You mean, we old rock mouse's musician should resign slowly?“ giftete Marty Catherine in.

„I haven't said this, but there is behaviour specific for age for me. As well as I built sand castles as a child on the beach, I learnt of late things which I liked, so I made them. Now I paint. I can do this lifelong. However, herumzuspringen as if I am 23, in reality, however, 53 this defended Catherine her view looks on me only embarrassing, sorry,“.

„And there are much old people in this business,“ threw Mortimer.

„You can play her music. There I have no problems with generally. However, you shouldn't surprise if the listeners run away to them then sometime once. These won't be the old fans. Only new listeners, they will hardly inspire them. The Rolling of advice won't even manage this,“ supplemental Catherine her position.

„Well, then we know at least what we have to hold from you and to expect, Mortimer,“ meant Daniel Pack more viciously.

„You have to expect from me generally nothing. I am the most tolerant mouse of the world. Everybody should do this what gives pleasure to him. But all-important, he should make it in such a way that he annoys nobody with it. This is so easy. You want fun? Power him You, so long you have him! Only, once again, doesn't surprise You if you sit one day alone, with your fun,“ Mortimers was a final comment. He rose and also Catherine now followed him in the coloured tour coach which shone admirably in the moonlight. To them addressing he complemented:

„Nevertheless, the old goats should make her rock music, so long they want. If it isn't too stupid to those. Nevertheless, they hold anyhow all fans for even more stupid than they are same.“

Mortimer allowed to concern the next morning quite peacefully. Should the old companions look, nevertheless, after Ian. You had to be concerned about her Ian much, than he. Ian was for them not only a tape leader, Inspirator, tour guide, he was for them, actually, 'everything'. Still nobody came along on to the hospital., Already very strangely ’, thought Mortimer. But his other plays of thought were interrupted because an ambulance drove up and beaming Ian became in a wheel chair seated, herausgetragen.

„Good morning, friends,“ Ian was the first one which reported back loudly. „It may go on, makes You ready for the journey to Bath!“

Ian felt that the mood wasn't any more same, positive in the coach obviously which he meant before his hospitalisation to have felt.

„Has something happened, Mortimer? Here an air is in the coach as if does a bomb immediately catch fire, or I mean this only?“

„I also don't know so surely, Ian. We had last night only one discussion, not at all personally, only quite in general with whose contents probably your old rock mouse's colleagues didn't agree so completely. But it was real nothing at all,“ Mortimer returned friendly.

„Why discussion, in general, not personally? About what was it then?“ Ian wanted to know more.

„I, still Catherine, we believed that rock'n'roll can't be the true in the wheel chair. And the fact that this music

even has his time, in each of us, so that she comes across honestly ‘. But, in the meantime, I also know that it is for You to all only about one.“

And Ian interrupted him and as in the harmony both said: „Only around fun and girl.“

„But this is not enough, at least for me! 25 years I don't make this, think, Ian,“ Mortimer alone.

„If you also don't need. If nobody has done you on the rock mouse's summit! You wanted to go there, completely alone!“ countered Ian.

„Is right, but with honest work, with a message which comes from my soul. If I should announce this message 25 years and have found no new message, I left it before,“ Mortimer stroppy.

„You want to say that my more than 25 years were pointless and that I have carried no new messages in the world?“ asked Ian reproachfully.

„Nonsense! Only everything has his hour and everything also has once an end! Nevertheless, it wasn't at all about you, or your tape. But if you want to cover it then to Yourselves, please. It was meant only quite in general, and also now again, it is no attack on you or your creativity, it is there still. If everybody as was as you, it didn't need this discussion, Ian! I mean, one should always develop, then one completely gets on from same that it makes no sense to bawl a song, for example, with 60 which described quite a certain situation in one 40 years ago. End, from with the discussion. Nevertheless, I want no quarrel, already not at all with you, Ian!“ Mortimer again conciliatorily.

„But you have made my boys pensive,“ came from Ian reproachfully.

„About himself, or about me, or about you?“ Mortimer ironically.

„Oh leaves me in peace. For it I torment myself from the hospital to let go on with You the tour. Hardly one turns to this heap the back, everything is broken,“ obviously grieved Ian.

„Now, however, is really end with this squabbling. If your bell-boys have so little self-confidence that a few critical words are enough to destroy their whole world view, then one ’good night’, dear McMousequevicz tape!“ countered Mortimer who had now really no more desire like to float in a kindergarten, interrogative play and answer play.

One was quiet thus before himself, almost along the whole M5. Then in Bath there were again the separate camps, 'old' and 'young'. In the meantime, thus Catherine had found out of the Michelin mouse's leader that close to Bath, in Colerne, in Lucky Man park hotel, wouldn't be certainly possible for a lot of more pleasant and above all so cramped living, how aboard this double-decker coach. Though this was a carriage remarkable everywhere, quite funny, however, the narrowness was also irritating. Above all if one didn't have to say himself so much a lot. Thus they arranged to meet Ian to be back the next evening on time to her appearance. The journey in the taxi of the festival area in the Colerne only 6.1/2 miles away was like a freeing for Mortimer.

„You Catherine, I believe this fall of Ian was, nevertheless, a sign of the sky if there is such a thing

generally,“ meant Mortimer, to the brightly painted sky of the hotel swimming-pool staring.

„How do you mean this?“ asked Catherine and sat up expectantly, from her couch.

„This discussion with Ian's to people and, actually, him also, has shown that the tour life, till all eternity, however, not my life can be! Appearance, clearly. One is able to do this always sometimes, however, thus travel, like the Gipsies, with all comfort in this coach, this is really tiresome.“

„I didn't want to interfere there. If you like it, I thought, it would also make no difference to me. But to experience just in the morning these missed by oversleeping types with the breakfast, this is a big punishment for me!“ so Catherine.

„I think that I must analyse the situation today, after the appearance, very critically with Ian. With this whole heap of half-adult rats and mice I wouldn't like to move further through the country, I will say him. If the appearance claps generally with him.“

„What would you want then?“ asked Catherine.

„If he is healthy again and fit which continue tour, but not in the coach, not with this dream of cool Mäusegroupies. Only the tape, but nothing at all and then only at pleasant hotels.“

The concert took place. The presenter of the festival introduced ’A Stagemouse’ and explained the accident of Ian in Plymouth. He harvested strong applause when he explained that Ian still appears, in the wheel chair. Thus it happened. Instead of as usual always, from the darkness on the stage jumping, Ian rolled in

the wheel chair like lightning from a ramp, as catapulted on the stage. It looked really in such a way as if he had never done something else and than the floodlights were directed only on him, seated Ian, he could also have sat on a normal chair... so had it at least the impression for the eager listener. He began the song ’Sick As A Brig’ with an acoustic guitar on the lap. It couldn't better have fitted.

Of course the professionals from Ian's tape were perfect. Of course it was again a concert for them, how probably maybe 10,000te before. And also ’A Stagemouse's part arrived safely very much. On the contrary, in phon figures would have expressed the applause measurement after every song with the very critical songs of the ’Stagemouse' still a far higher value devotedly. The applause was inspiring. It was this, yes, what drove Mortimer so. This wave of the enthusiasm. The spectators knew everybody, because below, how young he was still, like hard the short, precipitous rise was in this business of him. Everybody could read up this, from the magazines, newspapers etc. For it it already repaid to appear.

Still, after the concert, before the coach, behind the big festival stage:

„Ian, isn't angry please at me, but thus I wouldn't like to continue the tour further!“ Mortimer immediately got down to business.

„But why not? Nevertheless, it was perfect. The people were contented. What does one want more, than musician?“ Ian accused Mortimer.

„Nevertheless, it can't have given to you seriously pleasure to sit there in the wheel chair and to join in only in parts of your own songs? Nevertheless, you aren't ’old Ian’, jumping, amusing Ian. Nevertheless, this was only a cramp. Cramp and a Vorgegaukel towards the spectator. They have come because they wanted to see vital Ian, not ill, old Ian!“ Mortimer offensively further Ian reproachfully.

„But I become better from sometimes too sometimes. The longer the tour runs, the lighter something will fall to me,“ defending Ian.

„Yes, then and at the end in London you make one more hand state from the wheel chair,“ Mortimer cynically. However, then essentially further:

„Ian, this whole clique around you, this dream of cool rats and mice, this narrowness of the tour coach, in addition now your injuries. Please, Ian, lets us interrupt this tour. Here and today. We continue them if you are fit again. No question! If she lets us shift, and if these are one, two or even three months. Please, becomes healthy. Then send your Groupies in the coach through the country, and we travel in the train or some other way, from hotel to hotel. Only the tape, you and I, OK Catherine, but that disturbs nobody, on the contrary, it helps to us to organise everything,“ very firmly and decisive Mortimer.

„What do you hold of it, Jungs?“ now Ian asked his tape.

„Nevertheless, we don't need ’A Stagemouse’, we can also continue only the tour,“ Marty Ivenhoe Puree came first, and further Daniel Pack:

„if it gives, nevertheless, no pleasure to him, he should get out. Marty is right, you are right, Ian, we continue the tour, as before. This is so easy.“

„OK, then there are no problems between us, then you must carry“ supplemental Mortimer the round, „only on time for it worry, Ian that ’A Stagemouse’ from the posters comes. Since as far as I know, Raspberry Records, my label, these costs had paid, so that the trip becomes no flop. Then I am also curious sometimes as full the single halls with You to ageing rock mice are. I have no problem not to continue the tour. Since under these portents it gives to me no pleasure, and I will say this also the mice of the media in the microphones,“ so finally Mortimer.

„Mortimer what you misdeal if you simply continue the tour?“ Ian wanted to mediate.

„Ian, I has explained it to you and please acts once not only so intelligently, but is really intelligent once and understands the situation, basically your own situation. Please, announces you to me if you are healthy. You have my mobile phone number. I think, tomorrow we fly first to France.“

In Lucky Man park hotel sat Mr. Virgil Clairmountain and waited already for Mortimer and Catherine.

„Good evening Mortimer, good evening Catherine.“

„Do you wait for a long time?“ asked Mortimer.

„No, I have immediately come out after the appearance here because one of the Groupies of Ian said me that you live here,“ thus Mr. Clairmountain.

„What gives to discuss it then the penetrating, Virgil?“ Mortimer further bored.

„The sales of your songs, the Merchandising products, on the Internet, the Raspberry Records Music cafes, the boutiques, they prove such a high amount again which the Company have transferred to you that we have considered to present to you a proposal.“

„A proposal? Is the sum too high to you?“ asked Mortimer.

„No, no, she is only so high that you could buy almost the Company if we were a corporation, Mortimer.“

„And, want you to sell to me the company?“ now asked Mortimer sharp.

„No, also not. But we would like to offer to you that you are from now on a 50%th partner of the Company. This wouldn't will have to claim of course the income which you concern as an artist.“

„What have I to pay for this deal?“ now asked Mortimer essentially.

„I don't know the sum. I should even explore your basic readiness, so that our president Ihnen can make then a concrete offer.“

„Of course this sounds interesting. And anyhow it is also logical to put on the money again where it has come. Clear, Virgil, you let your boss me make an offer. I am sure, we could agree. This irritates me if only for that because I have accused just just now, few minutes ago basically, exactly to Ian and his tapes, your own Perspektivlosigkeit because. Be involved to in a record company that isn't depending on the age. I like this. Great!“

Now a little glass champagne was emptied and Mortimer informed the Raspberry Records representative about the instantaneous end of the tour

with Ian. However, he wants to take up, in any case, under other portents continue the tour, or anew if Ian is fit.

„If you fly tomorrow already to France, I have for you some tape names and addresses, some concert data which are, perhaps, quite interesting for yourselves and for possible Raspberry Records artist. Our mouse in Paris is Jacques Flacon. I will arrange that you fetch tomorrow at the airport. – Oh, there is generally a direct connection of Bristol, you know, very near, after Paris-Charles de Gaulle. Have you already booked a machine?“

„No, nevertheless, we have thought only according to, Virgil,“ Mortimer braked diligent Virgil Clairmountain.

A musician life, like ’God in France’

„Well, then I will have tomorrow morning everything for you ready. Are you ready thus about 10 o'clock with the breakfast?“ asked Virgil Clairmountain.

„Clear, we are early birds,“ meant Catherine.

„Then I don't want to interfere further. I will organise everything to your satisfaction. Till tomorrow morning. Good night.“ And Mr. Clairmountain went. ’This was a perfect timing,’ thought Mortimer and illuminated Catherine.

„What do you laugh thus?“ she asked.

„Was this not excellent? At short notice we get out with Ian and get into a lot of more mad thing? If 50% of Raspberry Records own and catapult us at the same

time on the other side of the medallion. I find it great!“ was Mortimers answer.

„Nevertheless, you seem to be an adventurer!“ meant Catherine in the affirmative.

„Or differently expressed, now the luck is sometimes on my side. But, nevertheless, there it is long time ago!“ Mortimer Catherine stuck under and they went so buoyantly from the hotel bar in the direction of her room.

The next morning lay to Lucky Man Park in thick fog, so that definitely in close Bristol also no airplane would start or can land. Although, the weather could also change very fast, Mortimer and Catherine knew this. Thus they packed as if it went really equally loose to France and waited in the hotel hall for Virgil Clairmountain who had promised to look after everything.

„Good morning, I could book for you anyhow only one machine which flies around 15Uhr15 from Bristol to Paris. Till then the fog has disappeared definitely. And we have above all a lot of time to study the documents which I received from the Headquarter today early by e-mail.“

There were no complicated formulations, legal twists which Mortimer couldn't have interpreted, or him would have made distrustfully, towards Raspberry Records intention to win him as a companion. Mortimer had earned the money which was necessary to make this deal perfect during the last weeks long ago. The idea of Raspberry Records that he should look at the same time also after new talents or would be allowed, he liked it. Virgil Clairmountain had printed out all copies

triply, he gave to Mortimer a copy for his documents, while two documents were signed by Mortimer. He had to do a document later, signed and certifies got back, to his address in New York.

„This went faster than thought, Virgil. Thank you very much. Still today I will arrange a transfer of my share. You can count on it,“ thus contented Mortimer who had a very good feeling.

„To be a still so free artist record label boss that is, nevertheless a much better position, than!“ he said to Catherine addressing and that nodded in the affirmative. Mortimer and Catherine went to a small common lunch with Virgil Clairmountain alone in the taxi to Bristol. Now it was quite scarce in the time, was demanded for tempo highest from the taxi driver. Well, they made this only flight connection of the day to Paris, finally, trouble-free. With a quite old Turboprop machine the British Mouse air they flew about the canal, directly on Paris. Nevertheless, the weather had become very pleasant, the sun seemed, not only about first to few clouds after the start, but later then when they glided in over cloudless France, Catherines of old native country.

A little it was already excited, because at the airport both should wait not only the French Raspberry Records Ambassador, Jacques Flacon, for them, but also her parents and brothers and sisters whom she hadn't seen now several years any more. At that time she made no difference as a pupil to New York flown and might remain with the relatives in the USA because the whole family represented the opinion that it would be lighter in America, a good job, where to

find. The fact that Catherines lives didn't turn afterwards any more so much on the search for a job, but now the free art, to a life, as it her parents would never have permitted thus, this was insignificant.

Grandee Brie’ which might shine, in the meantime, with a Michelin mouse's star pursued for some years in the small loo Couilly-Pont-Aux-Dames, just 45 kilometres to the east of Paris, in the region of Ile-de-France, an excellent speciality restaurant, the ’Auberge the family Ravard. Catherine hadn't still seen this restaurant. Nevertheless, thus news waited all kinds of for all partners of this meeting on the airport Charles de Gaulle.

Of course there was a very hearty Gedrücke and Pfotengeschüttel and first also a little amazement about the big mouse at the side of Catherine, although everybody was initiated. Also the Monsieur Flacon von Raspberry Records recognised Mortimer in this mouse grape, a new confusion still immediately came. Again Pfotengeschüttel, mutual polite images. This stretched.

„How should it run now?“ asked father Ravard. „If we want to drive out not everybody for the moment to ourselves. There are only a few kilometres about the route A104 and then the A4, then we are already in Couilly-Pont-Aux-Dames?“ You agreed everybody and now the luggage pieces were stowed away in Monsieur Flacon Fahrzeug by Mortimer and Catherine.

„Who sits now where?“ asked Mortimer. „I think I go with Monsieur Flacon if one more of your brothers and

sisters with comes to our vehicle, you haven't restrained it so and we can't lose the way.“

„Yes, this feels well,“ said father Ravard and straight away two brothers and sisters of Catherine jumped up unauf-demanded to go with in this more elegant car and with the friend of her sister.

„I! "-" I!“ came like from a mouth of Mary and Marvin Ravard, two have young, to nice mice.

And now the small convoy started in the direction of Catherines parental home. In the vehicle of Jacques Flacon it was talked about music and was asked, because both young brothers and sisters of Catherine found this very exciting that Mortimer was a right mouse rock star. You had belonged already before from him, from the letters of Catherine who had told a little about her relations in New York. However, thus completely they couldn't and wanted to believe this that this Mortimer had come now also really here with her sister to France. You had supposed before that Catherine wanted to brag a little with Mortimer.

Monsieur Flacon had his office directly in Paris, in a small street on Ilse de St. Louis. In the basement a nice, original restaurant should be, he insured of Mortimer. There he would already have held quite a lot of meeting with French musicians, however, it hadn't led up to now to a new completion of the contract with a French. Most French rock mice would be with her music absolutely unsuitably for the world market and, moreover, unsuitably to talk civilised. What he would have had to sound for salaciousnesses, during the last months, he didn't want to explain it before the youthful

mice better so clearly. They made sharp ears, seemed to become really exciting, however, as it, there they had arrived already directly before the ’Auberge grandee Brie’.

Only this original cheese main entrance, this looked as if one went directly to a tasty, big, round cheese, was astonishing. Mortimer was impressed.

„Who doesn't get appetite there, is to blame itself!“ was his comment.

You stepped one in the delightfully rustic decorated guest space which betrayed even limited capacities. But this was probably special in this bar, ’small, but well’, was the motto.

„And there I must meet you only in New York in a taxi to land, finally, in this great nest!“ Mortimer commented more reproachfully joking on the scenery.

„Pssst, you are quite quiet! Nevertheless, my parents don't know at all that I in New York lead taxi!“

„What is the bad present then if one earns honourably his money to himself?“ asked Mortimer, whispering.

„For my father this would be a disaster. He would suppose flatly that I had been active on the autoline. He has there dreadfully unusual views,“ Catherine further.

„Now oh nonsense,“ Mary stepping to the both interfered. „This was quite early sometimes in such a way, however, today quite a lot of also accepts. I also earn some mark, while I drive taxi.“

„What did he believe then, would have you acted in New York to pull through?“ asked Mortimer.

„I had always written that it went well to me, and that our relatives would have enough to food for

everybody. The fact that I had departed there, already before several years because they argued constantly that, nevertheless, I have never told. Then my father would have recalled me immediately again,“ thus Catherine further. „I have driven past once the week with those and have asked for post. Year a year from. They weren't angry at me and me to those not. Therefore, we shouldn't come at all thus on our first meeting. If this stays open, there can hardly be additional annoyance.“

„Give why annoyance?“ now asked mother Cathie Ravard who came along.

„Oh nothing at all to let arise tried Catherine generally no subject“. „We had it only from the taxi driving, from Mary that she would have earned to herself so a little money and whether there had been, besides, then already annoyance with customers.“ Nevertheless, this was a persuasive small white lie of Catherine who concluded the situation really reliably.

Now it was fed first of all in detail, time wasn't to be got ready yet for the evening company the guest space and the usual tea hour of the family was also crossed easily, father Ravard let the speciality of the house drive up:

Pancake de maís ouch foie graze poêlé. Frecassée de sole aux langoustines. Brioche perdue aux pommes. „Life in the lap of luxury!“ meant Mortimer. „Thus I had felt long ago already sometimes.

At that time this wasn't much differently than today, however, today it is especially true! I can only congratulate oh Monsieur Ravard, to this great, small house, whole all around and to this great family to you!

I am very glad that I might get to know your daughters and with it you everybody!“

„How you have got to know, actually, my daughters,“ now asked father Ravard.

, Oh, now only no mistake allow to make and run the good mood of the first hours in the downfall’, thought Mortimer.

„In a music club on the Times Square in New York. Your daughter was to be formed just, besides, this club, together with some art students from her study, anew. Overheard this club to my parents, or they had leased him just three months before and then I bought him. Thus I was her principal if one wants so.“ If Mortimer informed extensively and thus no other questions arose. He had described this admirably. Yes, so it could also have been, thought Catherine whom Mortimer had expectantly looked when this reported to her father so well.

„Which plans do you have then now here in France, dear Mortimer?“ asked mother Ravard.

„I wanted to look first after an old friend in Fontainebleau. I want to win him once for Raspberry Records, then I would like to make with him maybe a small tour. Through France. Time see, maybe also later still to Portugal, Spain, Italy and Germany. For everything I had given myself approx. two, maximum three months.“

„And you take Catherine, all the time, the travelling isn't rather tiresomely then?“ asked mother Ravard further.

„I ask you! Only therefore I can make the tour through Europe generally because your daughter comes along.

Alone I could and wanted to undertake generally no trip in the past! I would drown in my own sentimentality!“

„If I may thank then you to all for the nice afternoon and I immediately come along on the journey to Paris?“ apologised Monsieur Flacon for which he answered the interruption of the entertainment. He had seen to the big grandfather clock and he knew that, however, the Rushhour which ruled though steadily on the ring roads in and around Paris were especially violent at this time, he absolutely wanted to open.

„No problem Monsieur Flacon, I have your phone number. If we are then in the town, we call in sometimes. If I need your help, for concerts or in such a way, I give notice to you on time. We remain in contact.“ So Mortimer who got up and escorted the Monsieur Flacon to the door. He said goodbye politely to every member of the family Ravard. Now they were only under themselves.

„Mortimer, I think, we left this formal, you’ sometimes now. My name is Maurice and my woman Cathie,“ raised is father Ravard and took his little glass from champagne, asked the others to touch it him with a head movement, and to stumble now on the common, all simplifying and heartier, you’.

„When should it go off then, with your tour?“ asked Marvin Ravard. „If you need a few supporting hands, I would be present with big joy! I could drive you also to your friend to Fontainebleau? I have a good week study holidays,“ came his honest offer.

„Yes this would be excellent, a good idea. Catherine wanted to remain anyhow first with You and depending

on how want we then further, she comes with me or remains still here with You. The guy in Fontainebleau is called Rosewell advice and is a little bit complicated character, maybe you have belonged sometimes from him?“

„No,“ came from all a shaking of the head.

„Oh well, not tragically. However, he is really a good musician and I want to get him absolutely in our company. All the same whether we make then one more tour,“ Mortimers was a final comment.

„Now Yes children, we must also get ready to us sputen, that we the guest space again perfectly. The first guests will be very soon here. Therefore, let us interrupt our first meeting for the time being and let us carry on our business. Nevertheless, Catherine Ihr could go to Paris, quite comfortably with the new fish oil Mouse express train. Not far from here is a railway station. Directly in the heart of the town. This needs no half an hour?“

„Actually, no bad idea!“ said Catherine. „Do you also have desire in addition, Mortimer?“

„Of course when I lived at that time close to Fontainebleau with my parents, we had to come no opportunity to Paris. There were constantly bomb attempts of some rats from North Africa. The metro was a safety hazard for everybody. Hardly this was repaired, there was a strike after the other if I remind it surely. Thus we have hardly come to the right town. So, lets us open!“ Mortimer agreed.

„Marvin, drive the both, nevertheless, fast to the railway station,“ Maurice gave the last instructions to

his son and then thus it also happened immediately afterwards. Before Catherine and Mortimer still changed a little, in a little sportier cloakroom.

„If you know, my parents had raved on there Catherine, from Paris to me constantly. And I must say, I have already liked few times which I was properly in the town they. But with you, everywhere I could live. However, Paris is also an alternative for Altwerden! We still have so many years. Let us, however leave, our New York really never. There we belong!“

In the done the de north they took a taxi and went through the overfull streets, up the Champs Eleysees and landed before the world-renowned ’advice oh’.

„There I wanted to watch oh Mortimer, always sometimes,“ asked Catherine, however, to try whether they could get one more place for the always sold off shows.

„You don't believe that this is only something for the tourists?“

„Then we see this, come lets us go in sometimes.“

Inside in the ’advice oh’ danced barbusige little mice to consider quite quite nicely, however if one had a mouse much nicer still on his side, Mortimer felt this situation almost quite embarrassingly and as insults of the whole mouse woman's world.

„I can't help myself, I find too cheap,“ was also his vicious comment. He made the good mood on this stage show so rotten to Catherine that this decided, finally:

„Well, you old troublemaker, then we go just again!“

„Yes, you find it not revolting? These little mice turn on the cool Mäuseriche and you sit well besides and marvel at at their effect. Your women are so inconsistent! For me is the legalised prostitution, more not! Under art, I understand a little bit immensely other.“

Oh, now Mortimer became even a little angry because it really displeased him to be the tolerant Mäuserich friend on a side, to be allowed to be no Mäuserich macho on the others, however, also. This kind of amusement was no joy for him, as a thinking mouse. When Catherine still came with the idea to go, perhaps, in ’Moulin Mouse’ and to explore whether it was there maybe differently, he would have really nearly disengaged.

„There you can drive alone and allow to accost you then stupidly, from the cool mouse guys. Nevertheless, any more doesn't come out in such visits!“

So one decided to a journey to the Eiffel Tower, around from above if was still opened to experience Paris at night. You had luck. The best weather, the best view, as far as the eyes could look and everywhere this infinite glittering sea of the lamps. In the restaurant Michel-Lunchalot, in the 2nd floor in the Eiffel Tower a small table was still free for the both, they sat comfortably and very long with a wonderful menu: Petit pain soufflé de tourteau. Entrecôte de veau de lait aux épices. Aumônière de pommes. Law ouch cidre.

Catherine wanted to spend the next days with her parents. This was whole in terms of Mortimer who

could look so properly after his old friend Rosewell in Fontainebleau. It was agreed that at the latest on the coming week-end again meeting place should be in Couilly-Pont-Aux-Dames for the other activities. Mortimer didn't know at all whether he found his old friend generally.

Father Ravard left the more comfortable delivery van to his son Marvin, place would still be for the friend Rosewell and some luggage pieces, he meant, „if necessary.“ He had supposed that together with Mortimer perhaps small concerts were to be given. Yes if it went then everything so simply?

The first hurdle was same of course Rosewell. When Marvin in the steering wheel and Mortimer came besides, to the house, Grabesruh' in Fontainebleau, was there a contingent of police vehicles and a grape of mice was lying round and talked excitedly. Mortimer tried hineinzuhören, however, could hear only a little, however, it should be obviously about Rosewell which would have to count on an eviction.

With big steps Mortimer attacked up in the first floor, pushed two mouse officials aside and entered the flat of the Rosewell.

„Good morning, my name is Mortimer Mouse. Can I help anyhow?“

All present rats and mice looked surprised to the dynamic mouse youth.

„So what what do you believe is for us worth if you are called Mortimer Mouse?“ came from the official's rat quite leading this action.

„At least you should have heard my name already once. Then your greedy for money imagination would have braked you perhaps in your vigour to take away these things from the flat of my old friend Rosewell advice. I am able to pay the demands which you have!“

„Please what, want you to make?“ now came again from the obviously responsible rat.

„I would like to release with pleasure my friend, or how is called into your language?“

„She, it is open an amount of 31.378 francs if you are really able to pay this sum now, the whole action is stopped of course.“

From the small kitchen an absolutely subdued Rosewell stepped and was incapable to realise who wanted to be the saving angel there for him. Suddenly he recognised Mortimer:

„The sky sends oh Mortimer, you! The show what these guys with me want to make.“

„Yes I see, however what is for a crazy sum of money, Rosewell?“

„Can you remember the tour years ago with Ian McMousequevicz? Nevertheless, there I had collected 24,000 francs beforehand. And now Ian about a long lawsuit has fetched back to himself partly that. Interest, costs comes out etc. Already such an amount which I never have, nevertheless, so these guys of the execution should make what they want, I thought.“

„Are you crazy? Ian, I control that quite well, of it tell I you later. Now so I pay the open amount, so that the official's rats can disappear.“

And now to the official's rats addressing: „Is here nearby a bank, so that my young friend Marvin with you can go there and exchange the suitable amount? So I don't have many francs of course with myself.“

„Well, ordinarily this runs differently, but I want to make sometimes an exception if you are already such a noble donator.“

„I make also an exception and pay for something what isn't lawful!“ answered Mortimer drily.

„Nevertheless, Marvin if I give you 5,000 pounds this would have to reach, or? Bring the rest please in big francs of notes.“

And then thus it was also arranged. The baggage train of officials departed, Marvin lead with the bailiff to the bank and did the paper war, Mortimer and Rosewell were alone in the flat.

„Oh Mortimer, I doesn't know what I should say!?“

„Say nothing at all, say, how are you doing?“ Mortimer believed beaming, triumphing.

„I am simply flat. You come from the sky cleverly, I had so despaired that I could catch no clear thought. This lawsuit with Ian who sued still Veronique because of her preserved 15% etc. This has released all so much trouble.“

„Where is Veronique then generally?“ Mortimer wanted to know.

„In sens, with your parents the daughter Abigaill also, nevertheless, lives there, tonight she comes back again.“

„And how does it look with the music?“ asked Mortimer now busily.

„I have composed some nice songs, ready for a production. Veronique had written up an amount of record companies, up to now everybody without success. But this lasts, this is known. Then I play daily in 'Souriceau blanc’, it is enough quite well to the life. – And you?“

„Have you got nothing, from the mouse world?“ asked Mortimer sharp.

„No what should I have got?“

„So some news, about this or this, about clap and gossip in the business news, show business etc.?“

„No, nevertheless, you know, we French look more after ourselves instead of looking outward.“

„Well, then I don't know at all where I should start, with my stories. Oh, the best will be, I start with the climax.“ Besides, he took from his elegant red leather briefcase a few photos which showed Mortimer in the circle of the biggest rock mouse's legends with the concert in Rio. Into the bargain the recollection of the spectator's world record which was to be seen on the cake photo from the Place Athene in New York.

„Mortimer, I don't believe it. No, differently, I knew it always. You knew it always. You create it. And you have created it! And how! It is fantastic! You as, A of Stagemouse'.....! Yes, anyhow I have heard this name sometimes, but, nevertheless, it wasn't to be looked to me importantly enough exactly who is this, Stagemouse' then,“ Came very admiring from the Rosewell.

And now it was told and told. In the meantime, Marvin with some remaining exchanged franc bank notes came back and the round decided to eat a little thing in Rosewells job. You went in ’Souriceau blanc’. There ruled a good mood and a little Mortimer could understand his friend when he said to organise a few small concerts to him at his proposal to go with him:

„Oh Mortimer, this is very nice that you give me this trust, however, you see, how well I am lifted here, actually. Always this good mood around me, my Veronique which loves only me. Why should I give up this, why only for few moments aim at something else?“

However, Mortimer also meant to have observed that this, good mood and mood’ maybe on Rosewell was to be led back. Since almost with each of his actions any small bad luck happened, at least was occasion to laugh for the colleagues, and to joke....., however, about Rosewell. This didn't get thus at all, because he floated on his artificial cloud from dreams. – Did the colleagues make fun of him? This would be an awful awakening for Rosewell.....

Late at night, after the last guest from the hotel bar 'Souriceau blanc’ had gone, now might close also Rosewell the piano lid and contently he invited Mortimer and Marvin to the last little glass champagne, because he meant:

„Today is my luck day, Mortimer! And you have regulated everything for me so perfectly that I don't know at all how I should one day thank you!“

„Rosewell, it doesn't hang so high, I think what I have done, everybody would have done,“ appeased Mortimer his friend.

„Where does Veronique remain, actually?“ asked like out of a clear sky a concerned Rosewell. „Nevertheless, she wanted to fetch me. She fetches me always.“

„Who knows, maybe it has been getting late to her today to and she already sleeps in your flat?“ Mortimer suggested.

So the small group opened as soon as possible, it was also, in the meantime, early morning. When they few steps in the first floor of the house, Grabesruh' quietly hinaufschlichen, because they didn't want to disturb the remaining local residents needlessly, a peculiar thought which found immediately sad confirmation flowed through Mortimer. Rosewell opened the door and then shouted:

„Veronique is away! It must have been kidnapped. Looks, everything is durcheinandergewühlt. Cupboards get up, all her things are away. Even her pictures. Something awful must have happened!“

With his panic search for Veronique by all rooms and the honestly affected attention of Mortimer and Marvin everybody hadn't noted three that a big, white, described sheet of paper by the train air, that originated as the front door it was opened, to the window hinaussegelte. Maybe this sheet of paper would have given an explanation?

„Rosewell, we must switch on immediately the police!“ meant Marvin.

„No, no police! In such cases only the situation of the hostages,“ threw makes worse Rosewell.

„Why, hostage’, Rosewell? Why you suppose that Veronique was kidnapped? Can it also not be that she has maybe simply cleared out?“ so Mortimer.

„It has been kidnapped already once, some time ago.“

„From whom and why? How was this?“ now Marvin wanted to know.

„This is a long history, then, finally, it sat in sens with her parents,“ reported Rosewell.

„How, did she sit with her parents?“ now bored Mortimer.

„Well, at that time so completely it wasn't kidnapped, more her sister Veronika and her brother-in-law Philipp probably wanted to play to me a prank.“

„A probably more coarse joke?“ Mortimer threw.

„They meant, I would be the end for Veronique, I wouldn't be able to offer her enough etc. Therefore they had kidnapped them to make clear to her this. She didn't want away.“

„However, oh Rosewell, this also are again stories with you!“ now Mortimer criticised his friend.

„Why stories? What am I able to do for the wickednesses of the world? My Veronique has sworn everlasting love to me still before the week-end when she went to sens!“ now sobbed a Rosewell resolving in tears.

„Exactly tomorrow we go early to sens to her parents,“ Marvin summarised.

„Why not immediately?“ asked Rosewell.

„Because we can't make the whole world mad, with the problems you have with Veronique!“ came a little more firmly from Mortimer who got his sensations which he felt, before they entered into the house, Grabesruh', in recollection. Nevertheless, there the boom gene will have lain definitely again crooked and Rosewell edged out only his worry and to lose fear Veronique for good. Nevertheless, it lay on the paw that this dung woman of rat's character had got her things only from the flat of the Rosewell to clear out then completely.

– At least for Mortimer this was the solution of which he didn't inform, however, thus both other.

What now start, with a Rosewell destroyed on the ground? Should he dare really to organise a few small concerts in France? A scanty week he had presented himself to fathom for Raspberry Records whether there were talents which were value to get a contract offered. The next morning so Mortimer called first Jacques Flacon in Paris and asked him to invite a few French musicians for the next Saturday if he had to unite then contact and perhaps in a nice club, if possibly, according to a kind to organise free Raspberry Records festival’.

„Yes this very feels well,“ came from the other side. „Nevertheless, I said, the small restaurant in the basement, in the cellar of the house in which I have the office, this asks me always for something similar one. Up to now I didn't dare to name it in such a way, like now you, Mortimer did it. This becomes wonderful. I have certainly three groups which would come

immediately with pleasure. Only whether they feel well, we see this then,“ obviously eager Jacques Flacon.

„Then a lot of luck, Jacques, but never something pay! "so Mortimers, Befehl". „It must carry everything from itself for itself! No premature praise, for nobody!“

„No, no, is quite clear, Mortimer.“

Now the journey could be concerned after sens. Rosewell was in shape astonishingly well. He had called very early in sens with Veronique's parents. „Of course they deny her presence!“ was his defiant comment and he complemented after a while: „It is true, nevertheless, it has been kidnapped!“

Marvin and Mortimer threw some disbelieving looks to themselves and didn't take seriously her friend any more completely in such a way, as still at night before when they really felt with him.

„Puts it out to you something if we make station, Rosewell briefly in Fontainebleau in the music academy? I want there only hineinspringen and one, wish good afternoon’,“ Mortimer asked the journey for this moment which he had painted to himself as a true triumph to interrupt.

Mortimer registered an unusually big Andrang of vehicles when they drove on the inner courtyard of the music academy. There all music teachers whom Mortimer had met years ago on this academy were gathered obviously. Besides, he found out that everybody still owned her old vehicles, so hadn't changed here a lot. – Mortimer wasn't real at all the time for right music lessons, so shut hotfoot on the office door of the Monsieur de Directeur, knocked briefly and didn't wait at all for an admittance call. In

the office nobody was, however, the door to the next room was far open, Mortimer with could listen what the Monsieur de Directeur of the music academy of Fontainebleau just reported there:

„Of the Mönöster de Culture big französöschen Natöon öst very much procures about the state döeser Akademöe, have produced above all, weöl wör seöt to years keöne wörklöchen artist more. This means everybody, more Arbeöt, öntensövere support of the young Musöker for us. A basically other appearance of the whole teaching staff. It belong sönd to the Mönöster persönlöch the heaviest reproaches to ears been carried, döe very much ön the Bereöch of the fairy tales, but döesen Döngen must become followed. There should have brought near during the Unterröchtes Angehöröge of the faculty söch unsöttlöch to each other, before the eyes of the pupils.....“ -

Mortimer said „good morning, on all sides,“ loudly and audibly for everybody when he stepped in the conference space not to have to listen any more with what this manager there from himself gave.

„What permit Söe söch to interrupt möch ön of meöner speech!?“ a really bad manager.

„I am only short on the travelling and didn't want to sound at all the misdemeanours of this academy, but say, after so long time you to all only 'hello'. – I am also same again away.“

„Yes sönd Söe nöcht of the Mortömer Mouse? Thus eönfach had cleared out, at that time, sönd nöcht

already zweö years here? Or more?“ a collecting manager.

„Yes, I am it, Mortimer Mouse, or better, ’A Stagemouse’, than musician.“

Now was big nonsense, everybody in a mess, Gilbert walked towards Mortimer, Fjodre touched it him and also Nadja rose to her seat.

„Yes, from the Stagemouse, there have belonged wör everybody, but now the Söe sönd Mortömer,“ came again from the manager.

„Mortimer, we had seen then by chance in the Mouse TV a concert with some rock mouse's musicians and had taped even for the academy. Nevertheless, you weren't to be recognised really, now as, our Mortimer’,“ didn't come from any more completely as musty as earlier dreinblickenden Nadja.

„And it are the Stagemouse?“ still asked for version struggling Gilbert.

„Nevertheless, I had said you, one day you may claim proudly to have done the leaders with,“ thus Mortimer.

„Which leader?“ asked Gilbert.

„Exactly how at that time, with You nothing also changes generally! You had put then exactly the same question when we met the first time., which leader?’ – Well, the leaders after, on top’, I had answered to you,“ obviously tidy Mortimer.

„I have an idea, could you organise everybody for the next Friday a small concert? Then I am on the way back and could play with my friend Rosewell, together with you a few songs? Whether big audience or less, only thus to the fun? This would be great!“

„Why not, in any case,“ Fjodre immediately stepped in. „Nevertheless, we wanted to organise anyhow an academy party to state a new mind outwardly, in any case.“

„Slowly, slowly which new Geöst then meöne rules,“ braked the manager. „Nevertheless, Soe see, what a big talent döese Akademöe ön to the last years produced. Öch sees generally keönen occasion döe to change Polötök of our Akademöe. Öm Gegenteöl, öch will clear up to the Mönöster de Culture eönen very much deutlöchen Bröef schreöben and öhn only eönmal, which young Musökgenöe by our all hands göng. – But eön concert, this become wör allerdöngs very much with pleasure organösöeren. Freötag, 20.00 o'clock Mortömer?“

„Very nicely Monsieur de Directeur. We will arrive during the late afternoon hours of the next Friday to tune briefly the programme. – You take quietly hard entrance fee, it should be to your academy. If I look the walls in such a way, heard once more freshly painted. – Oh, by the way, you could also invite the painter Gerard and the potter Anuque? The best thanks and now, however, fast further, outdoors there wait two friends of me. Till Friday then.“

Mortimer shook the paws of all present music teachers. Nadja gave him even a kiss on the cheek. As, nevertheless, success changes a mouse’, thought Mortimer when he arrived contently again in the car of the both.

„We would have looked immediately sometimes whether had you grown there?“ frotzelte Marvin.

„No, I had provided only for good mood and, besides, had arranged a concert for Friday evening,“ defended Mortimer the long waiting period of his both friends, apologetic.

Sen and the parental home Veronique was fast reached. The parents were in the house, however, there was only one very chill greeting in the main entrance and no sign of the concern.

„We have heard from Veronique nothing, since she set off Sunday after Fontainebleau. She was complete, normal’, wasn't excited, although the phone had rung twice on Sunday for them and she spoke anyhow foreign. It sounded as in Arabic. However, please, with these whole vogue expressions who knows how to understand there still what there everything is given thus by itself?“ so a quiet, but unfriendly mother of Veronique.

„Moment, "einhakte Rosewell ein," foreign language? Had she not got recently a postcard from Dubai? From a big hotel, ’Jubel al soundso’? Even in Arabic described? She showed them to me even and meant to have generally no notion, what the meant one?“

„Yes, this is true, wait, I get the map, she lay in her room on the chest of drawers.“ The mother of Veronique disappeared and left three guys also furthermore impolitely on open street.

„Waits, good woman that you will atone to me, this treatment here!“ Rosewell hissed as the old person away was.

„No panic, Rosewell, that will still get her punishment, how every!“ meant Mortimer.

„No, such a thing, the map doesn't exist any more and if I consider, still some other objects which lay around, otherwise, in such a way aren't there also any more. Now, however, I must also say that is quite strange.“

„See, but to be able to dispatch you mine to us here on the open street where we come only from worry about your daughter!“ Rosewell went to the offensive.

„Nevertheless, oh please, you come in everybody,“ now a little bit embarrassed old person.

„No, many thanks we have lost with you nothing except time! Goodbye.“ Rosewell turned away and both others followed him. You left the old person simply in the door.

„What now?“ Rosewell burst out. „It has really been kidnapped! Differently doesn't unite in me.“

„Or has she only cleared out?“ asked Marvin.

„Then, nevertheless, Iwo, that doesn't leave behind her daughter Abigaill alone with the grandmother,“ countered Rosewell immediately.

„Well if you have estimated the character Veronique so alright, my dear Rosewell one?“ now very sharp Mortimer who wanted to open the eyes to his friend. However, he didn't want to see the realities.

„No, no, I know them now already for so many years. Clear out, no, never. It has been kidnapped, definitely. I know it!“

„What do we do?“ a little bit resigning Mortimer summarised.

„You look!“ came from the Rosewell.

„And where, please, we want to start if, besides, you don't want to have the police?“ asked Marvin.

„How is our schedule?“ asked Rosewell essentially.

„I thought, we have to give for today and tomorrow evening still the chance two small impromptu concerts, somewhere, spontaneously. Then Friday back to Fontainebleau and Saturday in Paris. From the next Monday I wanted in the south of Europe, over Portugal, Spain to Italy and back over Germany to finish the tour through England then perhaps with Ian. Now also particularly, around me yours to fetch back my money!“

„Mortimer, you mean if we both, completely only on the stage are that this the people may hear?“

„It probably depends also on the songs which we play, or?“ answered Mortimer.

„Yes, I have a few friends from the music business. They can conjure certainly something else for today and tomorrow. One is with a radio and has the best wires to all and nobody. He thinks certainly in Troyes and Auxerre a place where we could play today or tomorrow.“

Thus it was made. In the small loo Chevannes, only 8 km directly with Auxerre situated, the owner ’La Chamaille’ in the garden had a sort of stage, in it remembered Rosewell and also Marvin meant already once from the nice events there to have belonged. Marvin called up straight away Monsieur Sitrine and him music asked „only not so loudly!“ – „No, nevertheless, these are only two musicians, with guitars, or if you have a piano, this also fits excellently.“

The most impromptu parties are the nicest parties, also say the mice and thus this was a great evening which was transferred even live, temporarily by the

local radio station. So much Spontanität and enthusiasm wouldn't have credited Mortimer with the French up to now. Now it became pure, nevertheless, a little bit when it the patron of the Auberge requested before, but it was he who could be very contented, because his garden restaurant was totally overrun, was booked inside all places and even on some tables the countless rats and mice sat. He, which Monsieur Sitrine was imaginative. He let because fast his both nice mouse services walk around, distributed small Anstecknadeln which he wanted to sell, actually, as souvenirs of his house, however, nobody had asked before ever for it, were virtually the tickets.

Mortimer and Rosewell played several old songs, particularly the French very much known chansons. Besides, luckily Rosewell had his thick briefcase with sheets of music, because Mortimer had never played many of the songs which were wished according to still before. Later when one wants so in the second part of the concert, the songs from ’A Stagemouse's' to topical album were played. Besides, Marvin was active as a Percussionist and every now and then also became the old piano that there on the stage stood incorporated. It was really a great evening, the Rosewells let forget worries about Veronique. Still he asked everybody, to him only more or less close guest whether perhaps somewhat had belonged of his Veronique: „Probably it has been kidnapped somewhere to Arabia!“ so his newest thesis.

He harvested only sympathetic shrug and often shaking of the head even without understanding. How could one put such a question generally?

The next day they went in Troyes a good 80 km away where Marvin had arranged the small concert with the owner, Monsieur Zola in, hotel de la of Poste' for the evening. Marvin was extremely sent in negotiating and was thus for Mortimer who understood the French language though very well, but less well spoke, however, a huge relief. Rosewell dreamt untertags more of Veronique, felt once huge energy if from the music the speech was, however, fell in the deepest dejection if he saw only one figure more or less similar to his Veronique. He knew that he could never find again, so actually, Veronique. Thus he hoped for coming Friday evening if they were again in Fontainebleau and there hopefully then a writing or a sign of life of his Veronique appeared?

It had got about like a brush fire in the surroundings that this, Stagemouse from America' with one theirs would appear and wanted to give some great songs to the best. Then thus it was also no miracle that the Monsieur Zola welcomed quite irritated three travellers. Though he felt able to organise as planned, the small concert in his ballroom, however "How", did he ask his guests, „should we finish with the other rats and mice who find no admittance?“

„We simply make two small shows?“ Mortimer threw.

„Oh, this is admirably Monsieur Mortimer,“ he agreed enthusiastically, while Mortimer signed up just on the book of the house.

„And when do you think to begin the first concert?“ he asked equally busily further.

„What do you mean, Rosewell, we want to begin the first one at 19 o'clock and second then at 22 o'clock?“

„Yes, nevertheless, this sounds excellent!“ came approval of all sides.

Marvin built the small stage in terms of Mortimer and Rosewell and then they sauntered together a little by the nice place Troyes. It was still a time for a short visit in the Musée d'Art modern age and in the Musée of the Beaux-Arts et d'Archéologie. Marvin took photos constantly as if he got a premium for most shutters. You were punctual by the usual afternoon tea hour back. Thus there was cream meringue with bark chocolate, in addition marvellous tea.

„What do we make from coming Saturday evening, with you, Rosewell?“ asked Mortimer in the small round. Rosewell was quiet, rose first, and then from his comfortable wicker armchair:

„If I am allowed, I come along with You. I won't be a burden to you, Mortimer!“

„Rosewell, Marvin isn't present. He has to study in Paris. He could free himself during these days by chance. Then only my Catherine is present again. Then everything is different a little bit, than in this three round. And she will also not build up to us the amplifiers etc., then this we must make same,“ meant Mortimer.

„But, nevertheless, this is no problem, I make this everything, Mortimer! If I may remain only with you, I have hope for my own future! Certainly there will be with me no difficulties.“

While he said this, he waved about so immensely with his front paws that he swept the nice, fresh glass of orange juice that he wanted to place just to the mouth from the table, directly on Mortimers fine evening suit.

"Rosewell," roared Mortimer properly loudly, „I wanted to carry this suit immediately on the concert! No, you never pose problems, not even the smallest ones. I know!“

„Oh please forgive, Mortimer. This is repaired surely immediately by the mice from the service. Please, take me with on the trip, I will certainly be able to very help to you,“ thus of the Rosewell more whining.

„Clear you come along! Do you believe I leave alone you? We will find Veronique common, I feel this, and if we must travel around the whole world!“ this subject was concluded for the moment.

The little service mice didn't bring the trousers of the fine evening suit of course any more on time to the dry, at least not to the first show. Later then, in the second show Mortimer could carry his darling-stage trousers again.

It is to be held on idly that everybody, but really all partners was exclud contented with this evening. The regional TV programme kept records from both shows. The hotel keeper Monsieur Zola was exceedingly happy with the entrance fees and the consumption in his house. „So Mortimer,“ meant he several times, „he could fall quietly more often once from the sky in our town!“

The next evening in Fontainebleau should be even greater because it insisted the Monsieur de Directeur of the music academy of course on having turned immensely the advertising drum. He wanted to show it, nevertheless, to the minister de Culture which great

mouse musicians from his academy went to the world. Thus were represented of course all mouse celebrities of the country France, including the media always accompanying them. Mortimer, of course as, A of Stagemouse' had to give interview on interview. Rosewell was occupied to dissolve his household together with Marvin, because for him was clear that his life could go on only at the side of Mortimer. Of course he took up the good tip of Mortimer to turn to the old, Jules Rennes, Engros and Endetail' and really the old person still lived. He rubbed itself surprises the eyes when he had to go again in the house, Grabesruh' to value there the valuable objects of the Rosewell and to buy up very completely. How well that Marvin to the Rosewell stood aside because with every object bringing back the old times he paused in deep silence and it became so easy more and more difficult to him to dissolve this all, his home, and to sell.

„But Marvin if the broker Dir makes a too bad price still holds the flat. Who knows for what it felt well when it doesn't work with the selling so fast,“ said Rosewell to Marvin addressing.

„Would also like young man to sell the flat?“ the old Monsieur Renne interfered.

„Yes, everything,“ promptly came from the Rosewell.

„Could you not have said immediately? I search such a thing similar for a long time for myself. Above all I like the name, Grabesruh'. This gives an understanding of me to my end, nevertheless, a good piece. Know, I am not any more the latest among the living persons.“

„Yes really, you would want to buy the flat immediately with?“ Rosewell was turned up like.

„Yes, yes, young man, no problem. Then, finally, I have sometimes a little place for myself which isn't so directly in the business. I live for ages only in my business. Nevertheless, this is no more life!“

„You are wonderfully Monsieur Renne! Today we have one more concert in the academy. You left please a suitable document of your lawyer and tomorrow morning, we say so at 10 o'clock, go past, best of all with cash and then I depart for good and you keep everything what you like!“

„Yes, so we make the young man. But we haven't talked at all about the price!“ shouted the old Rosewell and after Marvin who sat, however, already in Marvins car. The old person wanted to take the short way back in the town on foot to get used also, in order to his new surroundings.

In the academy it went quite immensely. The Monsieur de Directeur allowed to bring up a big refreshment bar. All mouse notables of the town were represented, and everybody came along greedily to the delicacies. Also representative of the urban ordinal velvet, this had got Mortimer.

The programme wasn't properly opened at all, there Mortimer jumped, dressed already in his great evening suit, with the moon and the stars in the trouser legs, near the main microphone and started to make a small speech from the standing griffin, with his acoustic guitar, first only under the arm weight-bearing, later then this accompanying using:

„Good evening dear friends of the music academy of Fontainebleau. First I would like to say once thanks that we could organise this today's evening so at short notice. Of course our so respected Monsieur de Directeur is responsible for it. However, I would like to put quite an other question: Who is responsible in the city of Fontainebleau for the fact that rats and mice are still kidnapped, on open street, on the hellichten day, by the urban ordinal velvet of the human management of the city of Fontainebleau cruelly and are quartered in so-called research sites by force?'

This is the really only question which we should put to ourselves everybody! I know what I speak of, because I owe to such a stroke of fate my own, perhaps thus lived never through way. My parents became here years ago, to me before the eyes simply snatched away! If I hadn't found some few friends, today I wouldn't stand here. One of these friends is my good old friend Rosewell advice. Many in Fontainebleau and surroundings know him as an approved good musician. Some from this circle were it, however, also which influenced me with her unqualified criticism in the first hours of the music instructions so much that I wanted to show it to these already once, thus also sometimes a small part of my motivation! Most rats and mice will never get to play once before audience. Even with the biggest diligence. A big serving of luck also belongs to it. Then to some it will be granted, perhaps to reach up to the prelude before about 200 church-mice. But only to one it was granted up to now to play excuse for this boastfulness, before more than 250,000 rats and mice, before a world record scenery

in Rio de Janeiro! And I am very proud of it and I owe this again only to my parents. It is a pity that they can't be tonight here.“

Applause surged on, however, Mortimer equally wide:

„You got to escape from the claws of the people of this town. We everybody are demanded to escape everywhere from the claws of the people!“ Now the applause became frenzied.

„This is no revolution, although the ground seems here particularly suitable, this is to be begun only the request to everybody single by us with the thinking!“

And now he began his revolutionary song ’Start Thinking’ and Rosewell accompanied him in the wing and Marvin made with some Percussion instruments the attempt to put under a continuous rhythm. The rat's company and mouse company clapped enthusiastically in addition, it was a successful deuce in the evening which Mortimer consciously wanted to form so combative. Just before political core, before the television the song, stop The Being’ had to be also played there, nevertheless.

"Großartög, ganz großartög," there swarmed the Monsieur de Directeur and fetched to themselves with every important visitor of the concert the praise for the successful evening. He knew that he might keep the income of the evening to the renovation of the old academy buildings. Thus he was over the moon of course. A very original orchestra formed the end that of Mortimer, Rosewell and Marvin existed, nevertheless it was complemented with Gilbert, the old guitar teacher, Fjodre, in any case', the flute teacher, Nadja in the piano and the manager of the academy in

the cello. It was played Rosewells dear hymn in France, Barking of France'. If the original length of the song was quite a good 7 minutes, these eager French pulled the song on long-playing record length. Over and over again a new stanza was inserted. ’Belle France’ was of course the hit of the evening. Accordingly contently and thankfully was Rosewell that he might be present in this evening.

The next morning three friends woke quite early in the house, Grabesruh'. The Monsieur Renne had appeared überpünktlich with his lawyer. It only felt well, the day was to be examined enough, around all preparations which Monsieur Flacon had made for the small Raspberry Records festival in Paris, in the meantime. Rosewell wasn't at all sad. He had for his household effects and above all for his flat a thick sum, a cheque accredited by a bank receive and felt so freely as never before how he confirmed over and over again. No Veronique haunted to him more by the senses. Thus three arrived shortly after midday at the Rue booth on Ilse de St. Louis and found one more parking bay, directly before the house Number 23 in the Monsieur Jacque Flacon the Raspberry Records office for France had established.

In the narrow stairwell a whole crowd of young rats and mice, everybody crowded with her music instruments. You waited quite obviously that Monsieur Flacon opened the office. Mortimer at the head, Rosewell close behind it and then Marvin.

"Eoh, vordrängeln is nich, Pinkel!" or "Noch nie wat von Anstellen jehört, wa?" or even more crudely „Hey, piss off completely behind after you wanker.“

„If all please shut sometimes a little her oh so big mouth!“ ordered Mortimer with very firm voice.

„If you behave a little more self-controlled, we come quite fast to an arrangement. However, this goes only if I seem in the office of the Monsieur Flacon. Namely before you to all, because whether you believe it or not, I am the boss here. Clear? Clear!“

Now place became grumbling created in the stairwell, three could penetrate first once up to the office of Monsieur Flacon.

„I would already wish a little more colour in the stairwell, an optically better placed sign of Raspberry Records, Monsieur,“ Mortimers were the first words of welcome.

„Well, I I also, but up to now had rejected the house management a renovation. The house stands under conservation of monuments and historic buildings.“

„But inside, nevertheless, probably not also?“

„I don't know it, I have the office also only since a good three months, Mortimer.“

„I imagine in such a way that you please next week try to get the approval for the fact that at least the rising may be got ready up to our office in Raspberry Records quality. You submit the costs in the Headquarter. That's all right. I promise it to you. But, nevertheless, thus this is no state!“

„I agree to you, Mortimer,“ came really made easier approval of the Monsieur Flacon.

„How want we to go forward what is your plan, Jacques?“ now asked Mortimer.

„Yes the tape which sit there everybody in the house hall are the tape with which I am in the contact and which I have invited without further ado for the today's evening. I don't know whether should we allow to really play them all?“

„Why not? Nevertheless, for it they have come?“ so Mortimer, and further, „but the restaurant isn't probably opened at all?“

„No, they start only at 19 o'clock,“ thus Jacques Flacon.

„Don't think that we are allowed before in the club? If, nevertheless, the people already work there below as I have seen, then they will immediately maintain with excellently music? Nevertheless, this can't be taken up negatively? Ask, nevertheless, sometimes immediately, Jacques,“ Mortimer arranged.

Monsieur Timbaud of the owners of the restaurant ’Lune, moons et Stars' agreed and now Marvin might also take part again a little and got ready the small music corner in such a way that the musicians could begin with the play. A volume after other tried now her luck and hoped to meet the taste of Raspberry Records.

The first rat's bell-boys were a volume with name ’Instant of park’. Three irritable types at close range from Paris which showed though already a perfectly produced album as her calling card in ’Death Metal’ which still, however, didn't know how to like. Above all Mortimer displeased the appearance this Three. Completely covered, in her answers always only

stroppy. Nevertheless, besides, Mortimer wanted to work together only with them.

„If this doesn't fit you what and how we sing, then you are able immediately abkacken,“ thus the tape leader.

„Yes, this is the best idea. Packs up your dung and disappears!“ ordered Mortimer.

Three fellows of 'Instant of park’ tried to run through the situation a little, „Eoh, eoh, wasn't meant, nevertheless. If you don't speak our language, you should look for yourself ‘nen other job, age.“

„Clears out, we don't want You!“ now was the final comment of the Monsieur Flacon.

„At the end one must still pay attention that one gets no guitar in the cross,“ noted Rosewell of these figures very appropriately.

Now there came a very haughtily working piano player, piers Susanben. What particularly Mortimer pushed open badly that these musicians didn't seem to be aware of the situation. You didn't have to go now well before him on the knees, however if they all had already made the way here, why obstruct him to itself then by stupidities themselves. Who can suppose then that with cheeks the world is to be conquered. On top of that where the to be conquered stood out around year younger, optically more positively, around lengths from this mouse mass. There the auditioning musician's mice with uncouth comments tried to force impression? Nevertheless, this could end only on the contrary. Mortimer didn't understand the world any more. He had still never made such a job. This work had decreased Doby from him at that time in England. He didn't need to show himself before high-powered

types. He wanted to understand the auditioning mice, however, it was impossible. This was everything no true mouse artists to whom one could offer the fair Raspberry Records contract. They had to go on her own pompous wave sometimes nicely wide wurschteln. = so continuously the comment to all other artists also.

Quite interesting the musicians and dancers still appeared around ’Chief sherry of Mandolin'. Called their programme, that to make them ’to time around Highlife’, was quite lively and Mortimer was surely taken. Also because this tape tried not necessarily to imitate British rock music into bad English. However, the boss the volume, Udo Essbar, wanted no contract which should bind the tape more than three years. So one didn't come to an agreement.

An other volume, 'Clarah' her name, played Heavy Metal, ’more brutally’, so ’Death Metal’, so that particularly Rosewell became quite dizzy as a sensitive musician and Mortimer, with these far swinging names and the tones which ended, in the end, in 'scrap metal'.

Not much differently the last tape which also had a wide journey behind itself. From Strasbourg came the group, explosion’. Your appearance wasn't only inhuman, even indecent. You had to fall by the grid.

„Then rather no French musicians with Raspberry Records under contract have, than this, or Rosewell?“ was Mortimers comment.

„There you are right, Mortimer. From all I didn't want to get as a gift a product one day, never mind buy it then,“ confirmed Rosewell keenly.

„And how is it real with you, my good? You still have of no artist's contract with my society!?“ now Mortimer further bored.

„Yes, you are right. I have to ask myself not dared you for a contract,“ thus the good Rosewell.

„The fact that you have them not everybody together, is known long since. You old rat Rosewell! Of course you get from us a contract. As fairly as I signed him at that time. At that time I was also very critical, however, my manager Doby, you know, which the only frank dog in this music business who believed that it is only to my advantage and he was also right with it!“ so Mortimer.

„Please you make Monsieur Flacon, for Rosewell a perfect contract, the Rosewell gives up to you his data.“

„What do we make now with the opened afternoon?“ Marvin wanted to know.

„I think, we nicely eat, then play Rosewell and I a few songs and then we go out to your family. Maybe it doesn't become sometimes so late today?“

However, there Mortimer had been wrong, because quite immediately after 19 o'clock when the first guests pressed in the restaurant itself the best places chose around the small stage, there didn't remain with a few songs. There an addition was requested after the others. And even in the breaks where Mortimer and Rosewell proceeded to her table to Marvin both autographs had to write on all clothes, on napkins and even on some bosom of some particularly eager mice.

„How well that Catherine isn't present but I wouldn't have been allowed to do this, or better, not made,“

joked Mortimer. It really became a long evening and when far after midnight, finally, from Marvin the flap of the big estate car was slammed, everybody had taken contently her place, there they knew that these great lighthearted days of the mouse man's friendship would soon come to an end, because from now on the study should be in the foreground for Marvin again and for both friends Mortimer and Rosewell a European tour should stand in a queue, with Catherine.

In the Auberge grandee Brie in Couilly-Pont-Aux-Dames the whole family Ravard had still remained open together with some habitués, because they knew, that at this night Marvin with Mortimer should come back. Of course they weren't unprepared that with Rosewell an old friend of Mortimer was present, finally, one had called up daily with each other. The joy was big, and thus everybody was curious whether the musicians maybe played a few more songs for the end of the family visit.

With Rosewell in the old state piano and the most different instruments of Mortimer and now courageously to more being confident Marvin than Percussionist it really became a marvellous experience for the whole round in the Auberge. Of course Rosewell had to begin singing French folk songs over and over again which Mortimer didn't know at all, however, with some simple chords sounded that what they all gave there from themselves, really well. Like a brush fire it had penetrated by the small municipality, Mortimer is there again’ and because even the local gendarmerie eager musicians were,

there was at this night no rest for the place Couilly-Pont-Aux-Dames. Father Ravard wasn't able at all enough for nibbling from the kitchen heranschaffen. It was luckily for everybody Sunday, they could properly get a good night's sleep and only during the early afternoon hours the family Ravard set about it to deal with the forthcoming, renewed, separation’ from her daughter Catherine. But so really sadly they weren't, because they saw everybody, what nice Mäuserich herself her daughter there had smiled and this treasure she wouldn't leave again from the hinge, she had assured her parents.

For the late one Monday morning the Monsieur Flacon allowed to book the French Raspberry Records office at the airport of Orly three tickets after postage in Portugal in the France-Mouse-Air-Schalter from. The counter wasn't opened yet, enough time was for Rosewell his cheque which was, actually, a confirmed cash check to redeem in the airport bank counter of the Credit-Mouse. However, how big was the shock, not only with him when the even most intensive searches produced no cheque in all luggage pieces of the Rosewell.

„What do I make then now, Mortimer?“ a Rosewell once again typically providing for excitement. „This is a disaster! Now my whole having is away!“

„We call the Monsieur Renne in Fontainebleau, that should let close the old cheque and draw a new cheque,“ thus Mortimers spontaneous, reassuring idea in Catherines to parents.

„Yes, this feels well, there we know that it will find everything still his order,“ thus Catherine. „If not before already a villain with the cheque has arranged evil?“ them further.

„Oh in between there lay only the week-end. We don't accept this sometimes. I still have the phone number of Jules Rennes in the head. Let us select him sometimes immediately,“ thus Mortimer actively.

„Good morning, dear Monsieur Renne,“ now friendly, quiet Mortimer who knew that he might excite the old Mäuserich not needlessly.

„Fancy what has just happened to our friend Rosewell. He has lost your cheque!“

Now at the other end of the management a really old pro whom such an announcement could also not bring from the rest sat. He promised immediately to inform his bank and to let close the cheque and asked Mortimer „to go in 10 minutes again to the Credit-Mouse, to announce himself there to the leading manager, and to be allowed to accept then the whole amount in cash.“ He wanted to try to organise this.

This idea was still far better, than to switch on once more unconcerned mice, bother too, considered Rosewell.

„Well, there you have had again gigantic luck that this man is so uncomplicated and clever,“ commented Mortimer his own report of the phone. And then thus they also made it. One had already been surprised in the bank, occurred, however, as the confirming recalls, from Fontainebleau probably, Rosewell properly could identify itself, there an overpowering feeling of own value became conscious by him for the first time in his

life. He himself had never seen so much money on a heap, never mind had had in his possession.

„What do we make then now with this whole mountain in notes?“ he asked again very much anxiously.

„What you hold of it if you deposit at the moment the biggest part on my Swiss account, you keep only a few big notes to you in cash and if we are then later back in America, we furnish to you your own account. But now then we have to carry along at least no additional mountains of money, there are enough our British pounds still from the heir of Doby. I believe, this is the surest way for you,“ thus Mortimer.

„This sounds very good, Mortimer. Yes, please, so we make it. Do you have then once the account number and the exact name of your bank?“ Rosewell was made easier very much with this solution.

The bank mouse had to have also asked herself, why only this whole fact with the cash payment, now again the bar payment. What were probably for odd shops? In the end, it made no difference to her of course, finally, became to her the lion's share of the money about the bar zurückgezählt. And this lasted.

Sometime the biggest time reserves also trickle away not to have to hurry in haste by halls or queues. Now, nevertheless, it became scarce again and when three stood, finally, again before the France-Mouse-Air-Schalter, the astonishment was even bigger behind the counter than before it, because it three places were booked though after postage for three passengers Mortimer Mouse, Catherine Ravard and Rosewell advice, were also paid, however, the third ticket had disappeared.

Clear, it was Rosewells a ticket once again that, problems' made. Over and over again were at all which delays with him, by him causes. A strange curse seemed to lie about this rat's guy. An otherwise completely charming character, but anyhow also a small scatterbrain. This wasn't equally remarkable to everybody, but the sum of the small, misdemeanours', they made him slow, mystic', thought Mortimer. But he lost no word about his thoughts, not even to Catherine.

Rock mice of Portugal are the silly ones...

Just still on time Rosewells ticket was found, i.e. a new one was printed out and with the checking in it was particularly controlled whether a not mouse sat too much aboard the franc Mouse air, flight 107 after postage. It was luckily a flight without other obstacles. The most marvellous sunshine received our three travellers. The informed Raspberry Records Ambassador for Portugal wasn't at the airport what Mortimer disturbed not particularly, because from the headquarters he had received already before a report that this Mäuserich is an especially unreliable guy. So three took a mouse taxi and them went in the aloof hotel, The meridian' that on big Prachtallee lay in postage, the Avenida there Boavista. Mortimer had lived many years before already once there with his parents, only for two days, at that time. Thus he reminded the house still as the very best one.

It had changed nothing and even the chief doorkeeper was the same one. At least this meant to remind

Mortimer still. Oh well, maybe it was a politeness? But with all quality, how it could be also different, the room ordered for Rosewell wasn't available yet because the old guest had extended his stay, one wasn't quite logical to himself yet, where to accommodate the good Rosewell.

„You remain for a few days?“ asked the chief doorkeeper.

„Yes, one week determines,“ meant Rosewell.

„Well, there I ask for patience a little, we will solve the problem very soon. If the rules liked to take a seat then maybe so long in the garden restaurant?“

It had by the time movement between Central Europe and Portugal the advantage that it was still late afternoon. Basically they had won one hour of the day. The sun seemed admirably in the garden terrace, small fountains whitewashed with her Geriesel the pulsating street noise which was to be edged out, however, not completely. But anyhow this probably belonged to the life in Südeuropa.

You were arranged at the latest for 17 o'clock with the Portuguese Ambassador by Raspberry Records in the hotel hall. Rui-Antonius slides dos Santos came exactly 45 minutes too late. He made generally no arrangements to himself for his late appearance to excuse and also the actually early-afternoon collection of the airport were for him no subject. He had wrong estimated obviously the situation.

„You can explain to me please how does Raspberry Records Portugal function? I know the figures from the headquarters and the efforts from there to start the

business, but in the reality everything must blow up if everybody is so active in this country as you,“ were Mortimers words of welcome.

„If it doesn't fit you, I can go again!“ dos Santos came back stroppy from the Rui-Antonius slides.

„I hold this for a splendid idea. Please, let immediately bring all documents, tapes, CDs etc. in connection with the Raspberry Records of tape from Portugal in the hotel. Better no Ambassador than an unreliable one, as you are it!“ absolutely quiet Mortimer.

„I have never liked your lousy business philosophy anyhow! I will make my own Record label and then I will prove to you that I become the biggest and best known mouse musician of Portugal, of the whole world! I can renounce her amateurish beginner's tape well!“

„Then a lot of success. It is only strange, to just these were still your tape which you have found partly and have considered brilliant. So you make no national speech, bring everything what you from the tape own here in the hotel. If this has happened not till tomorrow, I send you the police in the house.“

Silently, without greeting there went Rui-Antonius slides dos Santos, to just still Ambassador of Raspberry Records Portugal, from the hotel hall

„You want to have no more new tape from Portugal?“ asked Catherine who hadn't interfered before.

„Why not if we experience then the hopefully perfectly organised festival on the beach of Matosinhos from tomorrow, we can also not draw without good-for-nothing slides dos Santos Portuguese tape or just,“ thus very critical Mortimer.

„Do you know what we make tonight?“ Mortimer wanted to lighten the mood.

„Well, what then?” asked Catherine and Rosewell almost at the same time.

„I remind below in the Atlantic in the part of town of Foz do Douro quite a great restaurant, I believe it means 'Dona Manuela'. At that time the people were very friendly and we had the luck if one wants to say so, and could look directly from our table at the sea where just a big freighter had run on grounds of. At that time this was anyhow a sensation, because there never was this here before to tune“ tried Mortimer his friends for the nice view.

„I allow to sometimes book immediately a table for three, because if, besides, we have you already, then Rosewell, can happen it again that only a table is free for two,“ Mortimer joked more.

Then thus it also happened. – And again the patron meant Mortimer to remind and this is why it was pursued of the services also especially carefully. Thus something also occurred to Mortimer from the longest past days again. There was still the old drink waiter, with the limping left Hinterpfote. And exactly as at that time, as his parents always had to wait a little for the postpresenting of the wine, thus also now again.

„There are just things which never change,“ joked Mortimer. It also fitted admirably in the sequence of the Rosewell'schen experiences, as with him it was only natural that he got by chance with a violent paw movement sounding, the drink waiter of the ramshackle legs. He hit with a bottle in the front paw, nevertheless, this kept firmly clasped and rested with

his lefts on the trolley. Now this began on the antique wheels davonzueiern what was stopped alertly by a hurrying over waiter. With a paw to the drink waiter under the shoulder taken, that was again, still proudly the bottle in the right front paw to have buried no drop. Only Rosewell had upset his own glass before fright, wanted to reach for it, however, reached under the table cover and outlined so still the flower vase. Catherine and Mortimer had seized quickly her glasses. Thus the biggest damage was turned away.

Finally, everybody laughed, however, slowly it became uncanny what was brewing everything around the good Rosewell. It was a wonderful evening and the sole fillets which they all had ordered, melted on her own tongues because they were prepared so deliciously and were so catch-fresh above all. It was no empty promise when they were dismissed late by the patron and his woman to come again again during the next days. Catherine received a long red rose as a greeting of the house. The taxi slowly drove down the Avenida Montivideau; the ancient crystal-street lights formed an imposing scenery. This was a postage of the finest one.

The hotel had cleared, in the meantime, also the room problem for Rosewell. Now they could really wish a ’good night’, without early-early morning compulsion to the early rising. Only for the next evening the small music festival was planned in the beach restaurant ’Esplanada of Margarita’ in Matosinhos where wanted to present themselves new Portuguese tape.

Really the owner of this house, Roberto Ivens, was informed. A not quite loquacious patron, wasn't,

however, unkindly he also. Only a little musty he looked. Everything shut so laxly, no limitation said the calling in strollers ’here is a restaurant’. The passers-by stopped or sat down in the sand. Some were already present, however, money was also not collected. Now on some roughly smashed to pieces boards tried before from Raspberry Records Portugal invited mouse musician. To the astonishment of all insiders the old Raspberry Records ambassador Rui-Antoniu also appeared to slides dos Santos.

„I had fired you, nevertheless, yesterday,“ noted Mortimer more than appropriately, icily.

„Nevertheless, you wanted to have the documents about the tape of me. Here they are.“ And if a small plastic box with all kinds of utensils before Mortimers put feet.

„Why you have brought them then not in the hotel, nevertheless, this would have been more uncomplicated a lot,“ Mortimer further bored.

„Why are you complicated only so terribly, with all what you act?“ he further scored on the Rui-Antonius slides dos Santos.

„We aren't complicated so. You are it. We are already 50 years ahead in Portugal!“ dos Santos came back stroppy from the slide.

„Though I don't know you with which this found, because I mean, you are just more than 50 years back, towards each in the world, but please. I don't want to take your illusions from you,“ so spoke Mortimer and simply left the former ambassador of Raspberry Records Portugal.

In this a little bit tense atmosphere the local tape ’More Fium’ appeared first. Five dark figures with a Heavy Metal the sound which had now nothing the unusual. You could yell only wildly with her wrong English to maintain the Portuguese rats and mice maybe well enough, however, definitely not after the borders of Portugal. "De Wourld explode, de Brinsess has Sex in Exess in hear rear rum." And then still this:

„What pays us Raspberry, so that we sign a contract?“ asked the leader's rat.

„If you think real that somebody voluntarily You even an escudo for your music, or what you call thus music, beforehand paid-up, then please further dreams!“ Mortimers was a direct answer, and: „We offer the platform to every willing artist. What he makes from it, is in the hand of the artist. We want and can't bend the taste of the audience. Power your good, audible music, it sells. If your dung produces, you sell nothing. So simply this runs. You would have tried to understand better sometimes our conditions of the contract.“

Of course they had understood nothing and thus they came along with some indecent movements of the hand and filthy remarks from the dust.

Now came ’Thin Tall Daddy’ from Braga, a place, a good 50 kilometres away from postage. However, in the crass contrast to her tape name were of all thick, stuffed rats. And most badly was that what should probably be the song. A rat's cow fat for burstting, evil-stinking, unsightly, shrieked the first and only song which Mortimer did himself. „More really, more really, more really, I want it still more really, you great!“

„Stop, stop that isn't to the endurance!“ he interrupted this formation impossible for him. „Please, do not take amiss of it me, but to me becomes equally bad if I should further look at You.“

„Hey you of old Motherfucker, just your big knob, you are the biggest arsehole in this world. Such a thing is called boss of a record label. We don't want to be at all with such a haughty Pissratte under contract.“ And they disappeared.

„Well, this are really of all very hopeful talents,“ meant Rosewell ironically. He had had a look at this spectacle up to now in silence with.

„Say sometimes, are we only so stupid now and are naive, or what is wrong with this mouse world? I don't understand the world any more. Nevertheless, they want to play music, for her fans? But they have only come, I think to get rid of her own frustration. They want to play not at all really music! They want to produce only annoyance, Mortimer.“

„Yes, it is sad, but it looks completely thus. Well, want to hear sometimes, what the next tape which have to offer ’Much Potatoes’ from Viseu?“

They were already a little original. In in Portuguese they sang, as far as Mortimer understood, some critical texts. About the corruption in her country, even the police would be involved in it daily, the whole state would be interested only in the money of the people. Everybody would be a small crook, etc. Certainly, this was probably the truth about Portugal.

„Yeah, the big music societies from Lisboa had offered a contract to us first, however, then as them had understood the texts really, they believed, ’Yeah, this

is a revolution’ and they would have them scarcely behind themselves. Yeah, they didn't need again one. So they pulled back her offer,“ meant openly the tape leader with a meretriciously sounding, haughty, speaking with a twang voice. „Yeah, I believe, in South America we have a big market for ourselves.“

„I have nothing against it. If you appear, concerts give, everywhere where you would want, we would help for you. But we don't want to be your tour operators. We are only theirs for all platform to be used. We are no tourist office, no Booking agent. We produce everything what you need, for your fans. And you must take these things with us only to the best possible conditions if need is there. Then 80% of the profit of every product remain to you! It is quite easy to understand and only so such a span is to be guaranteed generally seriously,“ thus Mortimer essentially.

Like a thick mush potato looking tape leaders Pedro wanted to discuss the conditions with his tape members again. He had hoped, actually to receive a contract with a guaranteed advance, all that would be too complicated a little. „Yeah, for my boys“, as he meant.

Now there came 'Untermgürtel'. Three right Rattenschnösel, the cheapest types, the cheapest things, the cheapest instruments, the cheapest artificial rock sound from Nothing, or from the garbage waste dump. You began with a 'song' which they called 'olive freak': „Look, find, touch, go, erwart, believe, trust, look.....“

„No, no, no which fans want you to inspire then with this junk? Nirvana isn't any more, and was there already. The world doesn't wait for an even cheaper copy! Please, tries You with Euresgleichen, but such a rotten appearance, this doesn't fit to Raspberry Records,“ was the final judgment of Mortimer.

„Your shit philosophy doesn't like us anyhow. Our fans have hardly the money for a CD, how should perform itself then a T-shirt or even a Polo shirt? Or marzipan? Fuck off!“ was the resignation comment of these gutter rats.

Now it became even more violent. ’Sweet shrill’, three green rat's striplings, still too young to understand actually which dung they gave there from themselves. Then the bad songs in which they attacked once quite directly the American mouse president left them to her pornographic boy's rat's imagination free run.

"I'm your President and I wanna fuck you!." And at other place further: "In this Democracy I'm always fucked!".....

„Stop! Nevertheless, for such a dung one can not even win any more rats from a psychiatric remedial institution!“ meant Mortimer. „If this makes you get away, your oaf!“

„Journey to the hell! Take all tape them you have and commit in the best suicide!“ was the witty comment of this formation.

„How long want you to allow to rob, actually, still of the time?“ asked a little 'corroded' Catherine.

„You are right, it has no sense! I have seen for today enough and have belonged.“ And in the wide round said Mortimer with nothing but voice, „this reaches to

me for today. Who has interest, can deliver his demos here. We will announce ourselves to you when we have interest. I need a break after so much garbage. For today the event is finished.“

And now again to Catherine and Rosewell addressing: „One can become really angry, by this business. This gives no pleasure to have to hear the products of these spiritually distorted types. For it I am a pity to me really to. What we really need is a reliable representative who has the time and leisure to fight through by this dung.“

„Why have you also fired rash to the slides dos Santos?“ asked Catherine reproachfully.

„Can you work together with such a Type seriously?“ asked Mortimer back.

„To do Yes, better this guy who fights with his compatriots and the mentalities known him, as himself this drudgery independently!“ Catherine was right, actually, however, Mortimer didn't want to admit completely that he had reacted überschnell when this guy challenged him stroppy. No, then dear Portugal allow to work on only directly from the Headquarter of Raspberry Records how to get such Schnöseln a base.

The next morning Mortimer felt the desire with his Catherine and Rosewell to undertake a boat trip on the Douro river. However, to the good Rosewell it wasn't very well and he meant: „Boat tours, they are not necessarily my favorite employment. If you aren't to me gramme, leave alone me for the moment quietly. I

will will try to get my body again a little quick. I go later to the fitness club. How long will you stay away then?“

„I can remember, this already needs the whole day and we must hurry up certainly if we want to go this morning still upstream,“ meant Mortimer.

„If it is right to You, lets to us, nevertheless, everybody together in the evening again in this great restaurant in the Atlantic dine?“ Rosewell suggested.

„You mean Dona Manuela?” asked Catherine.

„Yes, exactly,” sanctioned Rosewell his idea.

„Now excellently idea,“ Mortimer also agreed. „Then Rosewell, so feels well please and organises the table from the Day before yesterday, okay? For approx. 20 o'clock.“

„Okay and a lot of fun,“ shouted Rosewell after the both. Catherine and Mortimer had luck, there were different passages for the choice. The most sensible river journey for them went up to the place Lamego and then back by train. It would already stretch about the whole day as Mortimer had had it properly in recollection. This journey should immediately start. Now with quite just 50 other rat's tourists and mouse tourists from all over the world the both expectantly sat in deck, enjoyed the warm sun and took pleasure in the sight of the old town walls of postage, the bridges, which on the shore to the recumbent ancient barges which showed more to the show like it earlier probably shut on the river when with just to these small boats the wine was transported in the warehouses postages from the inland. This nice scenery, so variously in the green colours, according to sunlight, it was simply marvellous!

Aboard there was typical, Portuguese food. However, Catherine and Mortimer decided on the grilled fillet of beef, although the waiter pointed over and over again to his splendid Sardinas. But they knew that they wanted to eat fish, with 'Dona Manuela' in the evening again because. And this shouldn't be topped definitely by these Sardinas. Already this a little bit very intensive smell of fish!

The both got into conversation with some nice mice and how turned out, these were not only External-Portuguese travellers. An older mouse lady with her niece, as they ascertained, both at close range from postage, had also chosen this journey to rest a little. The niece would stand just before the final exam to be allowed to become active of later than lawyer then. It was completely interested again when Mortimer told about the Raspberry Records Company. Music, would always have been more than only one hobby for them. Particularly the law of contract would be her speciality. Mortimer wanted to make no rash decision or make even promises. He had also got, in the meantime that these south countries were always immediately fires and flame for a new idea, however, the permanent conversion, this was their biggest problem. – So he offered to the beginning lawyer, after her study with him, or. to announce to the Headquarter to clear whether it could perceive the rights for Raspberry Records in Portugal.

About the animated chats the hours of a wonderful afternoon flew off. Terminus was already for a part of the travellers. Lamego the small place up to which

Mortimer and Catherine had booked was called. Unfortunately, they couldn't take part in the whole ship trip which would still have lasted twice as long in a direction, up to the Spanish border for time reasons. A clearly marked footpath it went up in the town to the railway station. From here the next mouse express train should set off for postage at about thirty minutes. This had clapped admirably.

There was only one carriage class, the both with had to be content for them booked to places which were separated though side by side, however, from the passageway. And all windows had far unlocked the Portuguese rats and mice, so that a terrible passage ruled. Mortimer requested after some battles of words and Herumdeuten to close these windows, however, finally. After several minutes journey, like in the wind tunnel, rest really stepped a little in the carriage. Also both rat's ladies from postage were grateful and when they ran Sao Bento in postage, finally, in the station, Catherine made the proposal that they should also maybe come along, nevertheless, in 'Dona Manuela'. Indeed, they had put down her carriage in the quay of the navigation society and this was in the morning, in some distance to the railway station. So they went first in a group of four in the taxi to the parking bay in the riverside and then both Portuguese ladies followed with some distance in own vehicle.

It was actual shortly before eight, so exactly like Mortimer it had painted in the morning to the Rosewell. The patron with his wife welcomed Catherine and

Mortimer very warmly, however, also a little surprised, because nobody had booked it a table for them.

„Our friend Rosewell hasn't requested the same table like the Day before yesterday? This is uncanny. And here he isn't still. Nevertheless, he doesn't know himself at all from in postage. So he had to take only the taxi had and would be with you,“ very amazed Mortimer.

„No, it is no mistake, he hasn't really called. But the table for you is no problem.“

„No, like well, on that a side, because we have brought another two guests to you more. They would have to drive straight away in the court. We need a table for five,“ now said Catherine.

„May I call sometimes at the hotel whether is our friend on the move then already?“ asked Mortimer.

„Yes with pleasure, please here along,“ the woman of the patron led the way and Mortimer followed her.

At the hotel didn't announce itself Rosewell. The doorkeeper believed that he had left the house, in the direction of fun fair and the Castelo probably thus during the early afternoon hours. He would still have given him a small city plan and also would have marked the restaurant 'Dona Manuela'.

First both ladies arrived who had belonged though already from the pleasant house 'Dona Manuela', nevertheless, were surprised, however that it required these both foreigners to call in really once to the dish. With a noble drop of port it was pushed on the good idea and a pleasant evening. But still without Rosewell.

„You don't believe that we should slowly worry to ourselves?“ Catherine asked Mortimer and, actually, also in the round.

„You know him, nevertheless, our charming anarchist. Know the sky what is pushed shut to him again,“ commented Mortimer Catherin question.

Time the choice of the courts was to be determined long ago, they could wait for Rosewell really no longer. So one decided on the sole fillets already desired at the midday.

And who stepped at the same moment when the head waiter took down the wishes Four, completely unkempt and exhausted in the marvellous restaurant space? Rosewell.

„Boy,“ jumped up Mortimer, „where do you come then? What has happened?“

„Oh you know, this is a such stupid history as it can happen again only to me,“ Rosewell started.

„What you hold of it if you move yourself briefly into another state and tell then in rest,“ interrupted him Catherine.

„Oh, yes, pardon, of course. I am there immediately again.“ And already he fired out again. Mortimer behind.

„Here Rosewell, here up, are the washing rooms. You distorted guy. Settle down for the moment.“

Mortimer had to untercatch his old friend, so that the last steps still created. He was dissolved really completely.

„Everything is lost! My whole money has been stolen!“ thus Rosewell began.

„Slowly, slowly. Stolen or lost?“ calm Mortimer his friend.

„Well, stolen. I was already at the police. The announcement surrender etc.“

While Rosewell described in single lump what had probably taken place in the fun fair in the Atlantic, he did his appearance with a lot of water and the being ready hairbrushes and combing again somewhat. Now, finally, both friends were able again to the ladies in the restaurant. Mortimer introduced his friend properly to both strangers. Rosewell got a noble drop as a welcome and raised the glass:

„Oh I is to be gladly in your round. I have a mad afternoon behind myself.“

And now he started to tell that he had sat down for the first time in his life in a really big big dipper. He wanted to enjoy the look about postage. When they came somewhat at the summit of this tour, the stream has fallen out. Nothing has gone more and now everybody hung in her gondolas and also the other amusement shops would have had the same problem. He could have seen it excellently from above. Everywhere hung dozens if not hundreds of rats and mice around, could get neither from nor. It would be like in a horror trip. The complete shutdown, only everybody at the absolutely wrong place.

„First this is amusing, however if then over loudspeaker instructions come, of course only in in Portuguese that a rescue from this situation can be with difficulty furnished before tomorrow, only about the Herausklettern from the gondolas and about the side striving of the big dipper, now, for own danger?

What do you make then? The Portuguese in my gondola found funny and everybody got out. I didn't want first. I had gigantic fear!“

„There I would have also struck,“ Catherine protected the poor Rosewell.

„And then? How did it go on?“ asked Mortimer.

„Then I found out that my whole money had disappeared. My change purse with all papers. There I knew that me five had robbed before with me in the gondola to seated Portuguese rats. This is why were also straight away herausgeklettert. When I had created then, finally, the wide way about these many steel girders down, I asked for the police. Nobody wanted to understand me.“

„And further, boy, you make it, however, also exciting,“ more reproachfully Mortimer.

„Finally, I myself found a policeman in this throng, however, he didn't understand me, clearly. So we went on his district, immediately at the exit of the fun fair. There sat an official who was able a little in French. When I could show no papers, wanted to put away me first in a cell. With all paws I could avoid this physical power and asked for a lawyer.“

„And, did a lawyer come then?“ now the young, beginning lawyer, Caroline her name, wanted to know.

„Of course not, but it there came a higher official of the mouse management of postage. He spoke perfectly in French, because he lived sometimes close to Paris and for years worked there in a tyre work as a test rodent as he told me.“

„Then you had to go not in the cell, but now are free again,“ pushed Mortimer.

„Yes, exactly. The announcement was taken up. Here, this is a copy,“ and Rosewell moved be made easier to alibi for the whole story from the pocket.

„Oh, however, Rosewell, you also have always a little nose for these situations!“ now Catherine Rosewell also accused.

„You shouldn't move with more than maximum five metres of distance of us,“ now noted Mortimer.

„How much money has one stolen from you then?“ Caroline further wanted to know.

„Here it stands. I have stated in evidence that everything what I had with myself, and these were exactly 50,000 French francs, are away. – Mortimer, you know, this was the amount which I in Paris didn't deposit again on your account.“

„And the papers?“ the beginning lawyer.

„Yes, all papers also. But then the official friendly in the end had immediately called up the French envoy in postage. I receive there the Day after tomorrow absolutely new papers handed over.“

„Well, then this becomes a very expensive Portugal stay for you, my dear,“ Mortimer decided this experience of the Rosewell.

Now the nicer stories of the day were in the row and four river travellers now told the Rosewell about her impressions.

„You have really missed something, Rosewell, it was a nice day, and a boat trip on a river isn't to be compared to a journey on open sea. So I couldn't understand already at all your listlessness, today early.

You see what would have remained to you saved,“ thus Mortimer.

Fireworks formed the end of this very eventful day that below on the beach was burnt down by postage, nearly directly before the restaurant. The most splendid rockets shot far back in the night sky and burst to colorful light balls which went down then slowly far outdoors in the Atlantic. The people of postage celebrated any party, nobody knew how to explain the exact occasion so surely. For our small society it also made no difference, they virtually had box places with this spectacle.

On the following both days it was not undertaken a lot. Mortimer sent several e-mailings in the world, with the Really laptop that he had now to the continual companion with himself. Catherine wrote some postcards in the old, paws value writing method to friends and the family in France and New York. Rosewell had anew discovered the fitness club for itself. It was also better in such a way because to be to become demanded perhaps without valid papers on the street by the stranger's police, would have brought the biggest complications only again. - And these papers were brought him in the next morning by an envoy of the French message directly in the hotel. This was a superservice. Background was sure probably that this small official also wanted to enter once into this 5-star world and thus he certainly speculated on a friendly gesture, the Rosewell also didn't keep him.

„If you liked to have lunch with us,“ Rosewell generously offered. „Here in the house the restaurant is completely distinguished.“

„Oh, this would be superior, Monsieur,“ thus the spontaneous reaction to this invitation.

Rosewell was happy to own valid paper, finally, again. Catherine wasn't unhappy, anyhow a piece of native country with at the table sit to have. Mortimer was contented, as here again there was superior fish and from the sauce, there he couldn't have agreed at all enough. And, finally, the French message envoy was done very much by the atmosphere, food and by his hosts.

In the afternoon Mortimer Catherine and Rosewell asked: „Want we to do to ourselves, actually, still some other Portuguese tape? In Evora and then later in Faro I have another two possible appointments for the beginning of the next week.“

„Why not,“ meant Catherine. „Then, nevertheless, we also get to know a little the middle of the country. So I have read up already once about Evora that one very old, cultivated town is which are absolutely visited, has to go’, it stands in the guide.“

„I also find if you have, nevertheless, already appointments, we should also perceive them,“ meant Rosewell in the affirmative.

„I have fixed nothing specifically, but I also have big desire to spend at least one week-end in Lisbon,“ now came from Mortimer a new proposal. „Then from there to Evora a cat's jump and tags is on it then in Algarve, to Faro. Thus is the best itinerary.“

„Nevertheless, this would be excellent! Why do we go not really immediately? Nevertheless, this hotel also has in Lisbon a house, lets arrange this, nevertheless, and try whether we can fly still today evening after

Lisbon. Whether we sit now here, or already there,“ Catherine still fired her Mortimer in his organisation urge.

„And you, Rosewell, also would agree with it?“ Mortimer didn't want to pass over his friend.

„Of course, this sounds splendid. I am present! – On the other side, me nothing at all is left other. I am complete in your hand.“

„I would have almost forgotten oh yes, this. You are real like a serf,“ came ironically from Mortimer, and further: „You idiot, you could extinguish such thoughts maybe totally from your brain, or what you call such!?“

„Clear, clearly, clearly! It is only so stupid if one doesn't have yet sometimes more own franc in the pocket,“ apologised Rosewell.

„Is glad, then you can't still lose him!“ came from Mortimer sharp.

Yes, so it became now a hectic late afternoon. Really had the MAP, which Mouse air Portugal, another three places freely in the machine which should start at 18 o'clock in postage and land already 45 minutes later in Lisbon. This would still be just sufficient from the time. And also the hotel confirmed which in, Schwesterhaus' are booked in Lisbon two very nice rooms for the week-end freely and already for them.

„, we make this, nevertheless, please,“ confirmed Mortimer the recall of the adoption. And it was packed in a great hurry.

„Forget nothing, Rosewell! Show once again in all drawers!“ Catherine asked the friend to check very carefully everything, and to have with it the guarantee that nothing got lost.

„Hey your both, looks sometimes what I have found here!“ shouted an overexcited Rosewell which rushed in to the interdoor.

„Here is the envelope with the 50,000 francs. I didn't have the amount obviously at all with myself. I am still moved. However, with my upper small room it seems to go slowly, nevertheless, immensely downhill.“

„Where was the envelope then?“ asked Mortimer.

„In the lowest drawer of the chest of drawers in my room,“ came Rosewells happy answer.

„Boy, boy what you are, nevertheless, for guys. Luck Pils is the wrong word, but anyhow Fortuna, with all evil, still is involved small a little?“

„Now doesn't make so long ‘around, we are able to do this still later bequatschen. If you have everything from the cupboards, the bell-boy can get the suitcases and the luggage. I already call the adoption,“ pushed Catherine, and she acted surely in such a way, because the minutes trickled away and it approached our three mice still the long taxi journey to the airport ’Pedras Rubras'. And in Friday afternoon rush-hour traffic and end of work traffic!

Our heroes had of course luck, also because the dispatch of the flight had to be carried out to Lisbon by a stream interruption of the whole terminal – once again – by paw, so without computer. Finally, thus they were put under stress a little bit and, nevertheless, contently in her seats and enjoyed by the start the nice foresight about the postage bay. Then already after a good 30 minutes the land flight on Lisbon began,

finally, there are only a good 300 kilometres which separate postage from Lisbon. Before Lisbon is a weather scabbard, i.e. if there is nice weather in the north, it must be not necessarily nice also in Lisbon. And now our three friends experienced a typical bad weather flight which can be felt so only over Rome.

More than seven hills, every ground wave taking, had to glide in the MAP. And it went up and down, thus as Rosewell would absolutely want to make up once again for his big dipper journey. The thickest clouds, no view, in addition the continual Geruckel and Gezuckel, it were eerie.

When the crew put on, finally, the machine after the third landing attempt, felt all relief big aboard. Too much had happened just during the last days in the air traffic, as that such bad news also didn't haunt a little in the heads of the passengers. Thus all humid paws and softy knees had quite really when they could kick the gangway down on firm ground.

Mortimer was still much already former several times before, as a youngster, as a child, landed in Lisbon, however, he had stilllt so bad never before, after a landing. These seven hills on which Lisbon was established clearly, they cause these oscillations, however, thus immensely he had never felt it. He didn't have to have this once again.

You lived at the splendid hotel ’The meridian – Lisboa', however, they went to the dinner in the ’hotel of Rizzy lying right next to it’. The hotel still reminded Mortimer, because there he had made with his parents several times accommodation. Particularly of the Grillroom came him to the consciousness and thus he wasn't

surprised to see again the old head waiter who still remembered his name.

„Of course the fillet by and a lot of Bernaisse,“ thus friendly old man who amazed everybody.

„You see, I was also former already a good guest with my parents. But reminds itself still of my favorite court. Splendidly!“ ascertained Mortimer.

Lisbon, the palm garden, the zoo, the big bridge of 25.ten April, the tower and the cloister of Belem, the mouse casino of Estoril, the old Formula UN-racing distance. You visited all places by taxi and places they were worth seeing and reminded of itself Mortimer with pleasure. It was, in spite of the bad landing on Friday, a perfect week-end in the ’white town’ which did all credit to her name on Saturday and Sunday.

On the Monday morning three took a hired car. Rosewell wanted to go and Catherine had nothing at all against it, although Mortimer felt that his love would be the better driver. But she should be able to carry these a good 150 kilometres there, that her friend, nevertheless, without a single accident. And with all Schusseligkeit of the Rosewell if he didn't stand under big stress also didn't succeed him particularly a lot besides. So positively expressed, it the next disaster didn't lurk everywhere.

Mortimer had arranged by e-mail conversation with some musicians from Evora and surroundings a meeting for the afternoon on the historical marketplace. There would be only one really nice café, directly under the arcades, the café of 'Collonaden'. They found this also same and now our three heroes

on waited once more to themselves about them spreading out wave of the Portuguese handicrafts.

And then there they also came, quite for the time, but, at least. Even with bag and baggage. At few minutes a grape of quite just 100 rats and mice formed. So the café didn't have many chairs now at all outdoors on the place. However, this made nothing to the rats, they sat down partly directly on the filthy ground. To spread good mood, Mortimer let the service of the café first distribute a refreshment stalk. Then the order of the Vorspielens was determined. Should begin ’If’ with her song, ’of The rains’, then should follow ’Mild Devils’ with the song ’He says again’, afterwards the ’Copperfield blues 'with ' monuments of the dead people’. Finally, 'Der Trietzer’ with his song ’wing of the Condoms', then ’of Jigsaw' with, Bringing of mi' under it’, and in the end ’Geccos Jocke 'with ' The hottest plaster in Portugal’.

And now our three globetrotters had to slave at wrong English, the finely checked texts, the narrow horizon of these Portuguese:

They meant about the rain to sing, began with „Here comes the regent who burns our country which gives us food, because he to us so dearly libt.....“

„Neh, neh, neh, neh, please stop, have of it we already enough in the catalogue. If all that is, then please enthusiastically of wide Evora and surroundings.“

„I will switch on mine Legally Department if you don't take us. What you of himself give are the words of an ill-behaved child,“ he meant like a prisoner looking tape leaders 'If', Ratio R. – Mortimer kept back any

comment. He waved the next musicians here, ’Mildly Devils':

„There is no future, he says again. There is no harmony, he says again. It returns no life, he says. In the sea, in the woods, he says again.“

„This reaches, please Ulysius, this really reaches. Don't take from us the good mood. We can't use this depressive music!“

A tape member of the ’Mildly Devils' who was called probably Eddie Debb still meant to have to note: „Then we just make our own festival and Record label. Piss off, Raspberry!”

, Well, well,’ imagined Mortimer and asked the next tape in the 'arena'. Actually, to the astonishment of our three heroes appeared all tape as as stupid, how the respective predecessors. So as if they wanted to cause really only trouble, but come not to a record contract.

’Copperfield of blues’ was in the row. The singer took a strong train from his cigarette at the beginning of the song and then breathed the smoke in the microphone: „Hahhhhhh. Monuments of the death.....”

„If you see, Rosewell,“ Mortimer whispered, actually, only to his both joys, „nevertheless, this seems to us very much famously. Your last cigarette just sounds.“

The singer was still occupied with his breath, there Mortimer with the words already interrupted him: „Please, are not angry. With Raspberry Records only non-smoking rats and mice are occupied.“

Rosewell became a little paler and asked Mortimer: „Do you mean this seriously?“

„No, in August! You fool, nevertheless, I had to find only something to strangle immediately they,“ Mortimer quietly countered.

„Ah, there I am calmed. I came along quite like worries!“ and Rosewells complexion became normal again.

Now came ’Der Trietzer’, a solo artist who had already joined in with 'If': „Wings of the Condoms, to me grow wing in the Condom. Wing of the Condoms, I feels wing in the Condom. Wing of the Condoms.....“

„I believe, you have us enough getrietzt with your wings. Take your Condom and fly from now on,“ determined amused Mortimer. And the guys also went without word and without greeting.

"Bringst mi" under it, brings of mi' under it, brings of mi' under it. The shades of the losing bring mi protect of net' under it. Brings of mi' under it, brings of mi' under it, brings of mi' under it. With you becomes mei dreary life alleweil more coloured. Bag cement, Lujafix. Brings of mi' under it, brings of mi' run.....“

„Enough, we are already below! Your slang isn't to be stood!“ interrupted Mortimer.

„But you are perfect, wa?“ Louis Albarete wanted to counter.

„No discussion, give space for the next“ ordered Mortimer. Now came ’Geccos Jocke’:

"Isntissen, Hühnerrissen, Mauerpissen, Hingeschissen, Mäuseklauen, Hingehauen, Rattenschwänze, Wilde Tänze. Philosophiesoziologie, Therapiepaleanthologie, Naturchirogiechemotherapie, Fremdenhass, Freudenspaß, Rattismuß, Mitmuss."

„Should about one text be? This hingeschissene rat's excrement. Now your idiot, is really an end. Luckily you are last in the round, and you are really the last!“ Mortimer broke off the small festival of the idiocy as he had called it funny before.
„The calculation,“ he requested loudly and for the service audibly. „Allow to break open us only as soon as possible here from this narrowness. I get usually immediately still claustrophobia.“
You paid and made a way her way by the amount anpöbelnde them now. - They felt that it made no more sense to continue the journey through Portugal to Faro. The desire had passed to them in addition really and thus they decided to take immediately the shortest connection to Spain. Then a good 80 kilometres, could breathe them again more freely, because so much stupidity, this was aware to all, they hadn't expected and wasn't to be endured.

Spain including surprises

It was getting late. At least they lost with the crossing of the border again one-hour time movement. With it it was already early evening, instead of late afternoon. You decided to take the country road N 435 of Badajoz to Huelva to go then from there on the highway A 49 after Seville. However, before, in a small loo with the name Beas, the hired car had to strike.
In the ’mouse cart town of Luis Filippe Molino’ still burnt light. When Rosewell and Mortimer had pushed the carriage already some metres, they saw her rescue how they accepted. However, there they had

really big luck, because the master Molino just wanted to conclude.

„Ah, you are our rescue Senor,“ said Mortimer.

„Why, now I finish work. Look, I am already washed and changed clothes, today nothing goes there,“ answered the a little bit musty old master Molino. At least he didn't seem to be interested very much in the destiny of our three heroes.

„Is there here somewhere a chance that somebody looks after our carriage?“ now Rosewell wanted to know.

„No, to 8, then is end of work, but you work only for the mouse state,“ came the direct answer.

„What do you suggest?“ asked Mortimer.

„You leave the carriage and tomorrow morning my people look as the first. Around 8 in that early we begin,“ thus the master Molino, a little prepared to compromise.

„And where can we spend the night in this nest?“ asked Catherine.

„Over there, the restaurant also has some rooms, there you could ask sometimes,“ was his information.

„No, we mine no break booth, we mean a right hotel,“ Mortimer was angry rather a little bit.

„There is very near only the Mount Olympus hotel. However, this is very much, very expensive,“ the master wanted to block this idea immediately.

„There you don't worry sometimes, master. How do we come there? Best of all you drive us in your carriage, then you would have saved at least the honour of the Andalusians who were described to us before as

especially friendly and oncoming,“ almost already came as an order of Mortimer.

And then thus it was really organised. With a dumb nod the old Molino indicated that three should get. They did this of course, however, before the whole luggage was reloaded.

„My dear mouse what you take thus everything with on travelling“ the old person wanted to become a little friendlier.

„Please, you so feel well and don't surprise further at us, then we can talk tomorrow morning over the car to you. If you are clever, call up already the rent company, they should also sit in Seville. I mean only if there were problems,“ Mortimer returned rather viciously.

2.5 kilometres of bad distance up to the hotel entrance was more a jumping of a blow hole on the other hand.

„Put your expenditure with on the calculation,“ Mortimer was conciliatory again a little bit when he registered the friendly ambience of Mount Olympus sport & Culture Resort.

„Do generally another two rooms hopefully freely have? I ask first of all, before we project,“ and already jumped to the adoption.

„Good evening, here are three castaways who want to land tonight with pleasure with you if you have another two rooms freely?“ started to ask Mortimer funny.

„Good evening, you really have luck, a bungalow is still free, more accidental because the club which holds here just his training camp with four mice arrived less. I can rent to you only the whole bungalow,“ answered the young mouse lady behind the adoption desk.

„Nevertheless, this is excellent, we take that!“ rejoiced Mortimer.

„However, the night costs 500 euros,“ sent a reminder the hotel mouse.

„Oh, we look so burnt down that you have doubt? Only because we had to push some hundred metres our carriages, and then were driven by the old master Molino to you?“ countered Mortimer.

„No, no, excuse sir, only some guests frighten with such an amount,“ defended herself the adoption mouse.

„If we shouldn't dispose then at the end of sufficient finances, we will give for you a little song,“ Mortimer wanted to joke.

„If I look at you so properly, are you not, A of Stagemouse', I have seen a concert with you some weeks ago if you were this?“ almost reverentially now the young adoption mouse.

„Okay, it is right, I am as a musician, A of Stagemouse', however, at the moment I am on vacation and there I am called Mortimer Mouse. I detain only the eyes and ears for my flat label.“

„You have your own flat label?“ asked the young hotel mouse with interest.

„Yes, Raspberry Records, it belongs to me to 50%. But I believe, we should briefly interrupt our entertainment, because, nevertheless, outdoors there wait my friends and the old master Molino becomes surely equally impatient. I come immediately again to you,“ and jumped out to the carriage.

„Everything get out, we have luck, a bungalow is still free. Thank you masters Molino, we call in then

tomorrow morning on you, or if the carriage is to be repaired easily and without problems, they could allow to bring him, nevertheless, also from your people if he runs again?“ Mortimer immediately gave his instructions.

„Buenas noches! Senor, we see it morning,“ said goodbye the old master Molino and rattled of it.

A hotel page took the luggage on a handcart and rolled of it. Three, Mortimer, Catherine and Rosewell went again to the adoption where they had to do now only briefly the formalities.

„Mr. Mouse if you have, nevertheless, a record company I know there a great group from Seville, in it my friend plays percussion, hot ‘Three’, maybe you would like to sound them once?“ asked the young mouse of the adoption straight away.

„Little mouse, this is certainly a good idea. Let us tomorrow morning discuss the more exact. We would want, actually, only in the bed if we could get, however, still a little thing to food, on the room? This would be very nice!“ meant Mortimer.

„No problem, we have 24 hours of room service. The menus are displayed in your bungalow. House No. 10, with the nice name 'Athletic'. You need to choose only '0'.“

„This is great, so then first many thanks and good night.“

A hotel page took the keys: „If I may go forward, my rules?“ and led the way.

„It was turned up quite a lot,“ noted Catherine quietly to Mortimer.

„It wanted to help only her friend from the volume. We can sound them sometimes in Seville that was, nevertheless, anyhow our destination,“ was Mortimers answer.

The next morning our three friends were woken up by loud trill whistle.

„Ah, hence, Sport-Resort. Last night we have perceived in the darkness nothing at all more properly. Looks out sometimes to the window, there the mouse footballers of Bavaria MFC coach Munich. This is a chance. My favorite club and we in the middle in it,“ thus Mortimer becoming very cheerfully now.

„However, a little late they could also have started,“ now yawned Rosewell from the other room over here.

„Then it becomes hotter and hotter which know already, why in the early morning,“ commented Catherine the situation, and further: „but if I look the tempo in such a way, it could also probably be a little faster. They move like in slow motion. I always think, football is a running.“

„With football I don't have in mind a lot,“ meant Rosewell bored.

„Nevertheless, you unsporty Type have not only from the football no notion. Do you know that the mouse football club of Bavaria also has two French rats under contract?“ commented Mortimer sharp.

„French mouse footballers?“ Rosewell asked.

„Yes, Laurant Rague and Walter Stanniol. And then are there still both Brazilian rats whom I have met in Rio at the world champion's party. Julius Elfer and Pedro Servicio. These are, by the way, very nice fellows!“

„Yes, yes, you and your footballers,“ frotzelte now also Catherine in Mortimers euphoria.

„If I had enjoyed no musical education, professional sportsman, this would also have been something for me,“ pondered Mortimer. „Bicycle pro maybe, if not footballer. Everywhere there one comes round. Or athlete?“

„Enough dreamt, I think, we should allow to ask sometimes for our car,“ pressed Catherine. „I ask the adoption the situation to clear, okay?“ -

„Hey, Stagemouse,“ shouted like from a mouth Julius Elfer and Pedro Servicio when Mortimer from his bungalow stepped and came to the roadblock of the training area to watch a little the activity. You interrupted her gymnastics and also came to the barrier.

„Good morning, your early bird! The world is small, or!?“ Mortimer returned joyfully. „This is a joy, You here in Spain wiederzutreffen. What do you make here just?“

„We have with our club a small training camp, only for five days. Preparation on a cup play in Seville. This arrangement is ideal there.“

„When is the play? In few days?“ Mortimer asked keenly.

„On Thursday in Seville against Seville MFC,“ supplemental Julius Elfer and he further asked: „And what do you make here?“

„I am with my friend from New York and a French friend on European tour. More to the fun. Maybe it can be furnished that I watch with You on Thursday? However, there my both travel partners would also

have to agree with. Time see, maybe I have luck and the car that we had to put down here in this small place to the repair last night, does need 1 day longer?“ was Mortimers hope. „We will hear it later. Jungs continues, the trainer looks quite nastily. Does explain to him after who I am, okay? Then we see ourselves.“

It was only Tuesday to remain to Thursday evening, there it had to be already an extensive repair, there they might also have required a spare carriage. But our friends had basically no big haste and the hotel offered a big number of sporty activity possibilities.

„What you hold of it if we simply still stay here, for a little sports go in. We could use to tennis, or go to the sauna, we would be able to do fitness rooms with various devices, even to gulfs, even if only Pitch and Putting, but, at least, 18 nice holes, as I identify here on the plan,“ asked Mortimer both friends.

„Why not? By the way, the adoption mouse had just called that the car wouldn't be to be repaired so simply. If we wanted to wait for the completion, the renting society would take over our lodging. However, we could also exist on a new carriage, however, that also comes only morning or the Day after tomorrow. Then still from Seville where we want to go anyhow“ meant Catherine.

„And how would it be if we kill the time a little with music us? I have examined the small marketplace which they have formed here. There is a right stage. I try to persuade sometimes the hotel management, that we early in the evening, whenever, a free concert give. Do you not have also a little desire in addition, Mortimer?“ asked Rosewell.

„Finally, sometimes a positive idea, Rosewell! I am present!“ sanctioned Mortimer his friend. Of course he had still told nothing about the forthcoming football match on Thursday in Seville. As well as the thing developed, was much more pleasant and less meddlesome, he thought.

The management of Mount Olympus sport & Culture Resort had to consult only with the manager of Bavaria MFC Munich, because they had booked, actually, the whole Resort for five days about which both Brazilian mouse footballers Mortimer already told. Including rest! But music, on top of that from the famous, Stagemouse' that, nevertheless, a welcome change was in the programme, the manager of the MFC, Ulrich Rhönes, left free hand to the hotel management, when and how this small concert should take place.

Some coffee company had got lost in the sports hotel. For big Andrang it lay away too far from the next bigger town, Huelva. The prices were consciously held up, so that also the local, marsh’ didn't sit down. (Thus the strategy of the hotel) The mouse footballers sat on the big terrace, directly in the harmoniously formed, marketplace’ as one said in the hotel prospectus so nicely. On the small stage Rosewell in the piano and Mortimer on a chair leant, with a guitar in the hand. His later required flute lay on the piano. You needed no amplifiers, because the audience was present with maximum 60 people very clear and also quite near. Rosewell played his ’Barks France ' hymn and it wasn't surprising that only both French from the Bavarian team the refrain joined in the singing so properly. But there was applause, that still, extensively from all.

Both musicians really gave her whole skill to the best one. Particularly ’Playing With Emotions’ from Mortimer liked. Because no percussion on the stage was mounted, they renounced on ’Heavy Music’ as Mortimer announced and so absolutely new versions of his best known songs played.

Nevertheless, during the concert some neighbours had ventured curiously in the hotel area. The security left alone them because it was really only one peaceful private concert what ran off here. It had to have got about till the close Beas probably like a brush fire that the known rock mouse's musician, ’A Stagemouse’ from America, with a French friend gave a concert in the 'Culture park' how one called the hotel also appreciative in Beas. So some dozens, if not hundreds of rats and mice flowed out really here. The small 'marketplace' was filled, overcrowded. Both musicians were done by the applause to always new songs and because the Rosewell was such an experienced piano bar player, could fulfil almost every wish of the guests. Mortimer asked over and over again for new wishes and very often the songs which he had rehearsed long ago in England still with his old friend Doby were chosen. The songs of the 'beat bugs' or ’Flying Helikops’ or the ’Rolling Rats' which were also a model for his first own 'group' ’Ruffian Rats'. The concert didn't want to end. The service of the restaurant really dealt all paws fully to fulfil every drink wish. If already no entry, then these citizens paid at least the proud drink prices. And cleverly one was in the hotel kitchen also. Quick two electric grills were installed and now for fair prices one sold wonderfully fragrant grill dishes.

During a break Mortimer sat down to the table at which his Catherine, the manager of the MFC, Ulrich Rhönes, the trainer of the MFC, Otto Heisswiese, the co-trainer, Wieland Hinkel and the manager of the MFC, Michael Höppner sat.

„Mortimer, this was quite great!“ Mr. Rhöne joined in in the general applause. „If you are sometimes in Munich, you must give for us there absolutely a similar concert.“

„Thank you, thank you! I harmonise with my old friend Rosewell therefore so well because I have practiced before in France with him and have learnt from him a lot. We are real on private tour through Europe. If we come during the next days over Italy, Gardasee, then Austria, Vienna, - so it is planned - to Germany, I wanted to make, actually, in Lake Chiem station. Then a visit would be of course in Munich exactly on the itinerary, and a big joy and honour!“ thanked Mortimer.

„Then this would be fine in possibly in three weeks?“ the manager of the MFC, Mr. Höppner, asked.

„This could well clap. Want we already to commit ourselves to one day? Do you have a special occasion?“ asked Mortimer back.

„Yes we always have reason for the celebration. We are still very early in the new season, but we had already won again the league cup. On Thursday now the play in Seville, this brings us further in the Champions League. Then we have to do our compulsory, for open house’ make up which had to fall out this year at the beginning of the new season, unfortunately, because of the catastrophically bad weather relations,“ thus the manager Höppner.

„If all that fits in such a way, this would be really great. However, we should invite a few more musicians, so that it becomes a right, big concert,“ now meant Rosewell which dared, finally to sit down.

„The guy is always in such a way give, besides, he so feels well!“ Mortimer built up his friend a little.

„Now I also know, why you have persuaded us to the place to stay,“ came laughing from Catherine. „You wanted with to the play on Thursday in Seville, are right?“

„The nominee has 100 points!“ countered Mortimer. „But I don't know at all whether I get one more map and when I had the idea, so a lot wasn't clear at all. Had I hoped, my love, but that this ran now here so admirably who could anticipate this, today early?“ Mortimer further.

„Yes you would want with to the play?“ asked the manager. „If it is possible, absolutely!“ said Mortimer.

„You everybody three?“ again Mr. Rhöne.

„No, only I. My friend doesn't love the scrum in such a way. Rosewell anyhow not, they could look the play on television.“

„You can go with in our coach and a map will still be found, Mr. Höppner?“ asked the manager of Bavaria MFC.

„Clear, no problem. I would still have three maps.“

„No many thanks“ declined Catherine. „Leave me better here.“ And Rosewell, also declined immediately with thanks.

„This is simply great! Then I hold ready myself on Thursday. And how does it decrease?“ asked Mortimer.

„We still take at night from Seville a private machine to Munich,“ meant the manager.

„Then I go back in the hotel, in the taxi, no problem. There are only just 80 kilometres,“ answered Mortimer.

„This is agreed upon with the concert? Do we say on Sunday 12th of November in Munich in the Olympic stadium?“ the manager got a firmer grip.

„Agreed upon! And you must provide only for victories and good mood, so that it can become a right, successful celebration,“ confirmed Mortimer by paw blow.

„Come lets us play a few more songs, so that the people can go contently home,“ meant Rosewell and interrupted the Plauderrunde.

„Okay, already go forward you. You can play, by the way, also sometimes a song solo, or?“ Mortimer Rosewell challenged.

The next morning the management with a gigantic thanks cake had thanked Mortimer and Rosewell, as the hotel had got thus a good name with the locals in the surroundings. All rats and mice spoke of the generous atmosphere in the ’Culture of park’ and the free entry. Nobody took offence the expensive prices of the drinks and food. It was on the whole also a successful action for the demand which ’Mount Olympus made to sport & Culture Resort’ in itself. Culture should be also maintained.

„We can live on this cake still days. Let them to us eat together with the players of the MFC,“ Mortimer suggested.

After the first training unity in the morning was allowed every player of the MFC who went past to the terrace

restaurant on the 'marketplace', and everybody had to go past, consume a little piece of this delightfully successful cake. All players thanked again expressly for the great eve. Particularly both Brazilian mice Julius Elfer and Pedro Servicio were inspired, because they knew also the songs in other version.

„Yesterday you were still much better, than at that time in Rio!“ was her laudatory comment.

„If you so feel also well one tomorrow as the Brazilian mice-football national team, makes then a real present to her to me,“ Mortimer landed his sporty Konter.

„We need only one draw, we would be able even with 1: 0 lose. But this don't become we. You will see it!“ meant Julius Elfer.

Mortimer could hardly expect to get early in the evening of the next day with into the luxurious team's coach of Bavaria MFC Munich. Nevertheless, this was something else a carriage, than this old vehicle by which Ian McMousequevicz denied his tours! The sponsor placed big value of the fact, that everywhere in that, accessible’ world, all the same where, the team's coach was available and was made thus on site also advertisement for itself., OPAL’ stood in capitals not only on the tricots of the player, also on the luxury coach.

With small police motorcade it went directly in ’Estadio Sànchez Pizjuàn’. Really 2 came at the end: 2 draws that for the players of Bavaria MFC was enough to enter in the next round of the competition. Thus the joy was big, after the play in the team's coach which brought the players and official directly to the airport. Mortimer wanted to take from there his taxi.

„Then, concert on the 12th of November in Munich. Promised! And a lot of luck till then! We announce ourselves on time,“ were his words which he gave to take along to the sporty travel group. Mortimers taxi driver was able to do no syllable in English or even in German and his own Spanish was too bad for an entertainment, complete radio silence was during the whole distance in the taxi. But this rest was also good again once completely, Mortimer felt.

Rosewell had rediscovered meanwhile at the hotel his love to the French chanson and gave thus to few present guests a small concert. Now Mortimer arrived and one asked him to play a few his songs, however, still. The thing became "a little 'more sounding like rock" again. However, it was already very late, or early morning, so that soon the last little glass was drunk up. Once 'end' must also be. The next morning, finally, it should go by the meanwhile ready rent vehicle to Seville.

The manager of the house 'Mount Olympus' particularly thanked both musicians and requested:

„Whenever you are nearby, go past please. For you we always try to free a room. Not only if you give us a concert!“

In the repaired vehicle our three heroes, now together with the young adoption mouse went to Seville, because they wanted to sound ’Three’ which to them the friend of the drummer had laid so much to the heart. Rosewell had spoken during these whole days not once of his Veronique. This evaluated Mortimer as

a ’good sign’. Maybe were responsible in it the nice mouse girl in the fitness club? Mortimer omitted from this question, because he didn't want to move the Rosewell make, or tear open even old wounds.

With the help of the young Spanish hotel mouse it was simply to be found the meeting place with this volume. You played because during the day, is patient’, in the open, anew formed former railway station hall of Seville, directly in the ’Plaza de Armas'. You played of course without amplifier, only two guitars and then the Percussion instruments. It sounded very nicely in this high vault where hundreds of rats and mice moved in a hectic activity. Not only Mortimer, Catherine and Rosewell were impressed by the scenery. Many mouse passers-by stopped, almost all places in the close cafes were booked. One listened in contently of this priming coat of the business world.

The young hotel mouse shut to the Percussionisten, that interrupted his rhythmical company straight away and the singer of the group, Antonio Lopez Campino requested for the audience to be allowed to make a small break. Lighter applause, courteously bowed, Three’. Now Maria, so the hotel mouse was called, put Mortimer to her three friends before and vice versa it made Mortimer. These don't end wishing Pfotenschüttelaktion found, finally, to a refreshing glass of coke for each of seven mice now who crowded on the narrow stage ground which, Three’ had imitated impromptuly with a small carpet.

„We let You about Maria send our usual contracts. We have the address from the hotel calculation. With us there is no double ground. In it we offer only our

business philosophy. By the way, do you have here a few CDs or similar for the sales, if there is an eager listener?“ offered Mortimer a possible cooperation and asked also very directly, because exactly this dealt something with the sales strategy of Raspberry Records.

„Of course not, we have still no record label. But we thought that this runs then in shops?“

„Is able to do it also, however, you make the biggest profit only if you sell these products alone! Besides, I always have some CDs of myself. Of the whole team of Bavaria MFC I could or might sell mine to all albums. I am not over at all on concert trip and on sales, have still sold I certainly more than 100 albums, during the last days. Only because I had these products with myself,“ so keenly Mortimer who knew that it had wrong come into the heads of all musicians for many years, has to think, that to be a Recordlabel 'everything'.

„How want you to keep with surely 80% of the profit if, besides, you aren't really active?“ so his recollection entitled over and over again of the conditions. „Above all, how should this amount be really high if the costs-causing factors aren't held low? Everything is so easy, one must fancy only once how much a wide distribution net costs. There nothing remains with the musician. There everything goes to the management and the transport. And it is a matter this to minimise.“

Finally, it was still discussed a little wide and one agreed so far that would have to lose ’Three’ nothing if they received a lot of broader platform, than now here

in the old railway station hall from Seville with Raspberry Records!

„So, I think, now we have earned a nice day in Seville!“ Mortimer summarised the morning. You rose from at the hotel 'Alfonso XIV', let from there fetch the hired car and regulated the settlement of the autocalculation. 'Rats-Rent' was really generous, also because Mortimer with the establishment leader posed before the vehicle and the hotel for some advertising admissions. You needed really only few kilometres which they had put back in Portugal pay, more for optical reasons. The friendly Senor Pedro de Castro von 'Rats-Rent' compensated even the complete overnight stay costs in 'Mount Olympus' of Beas. This was more than a fine gesture. You should only always book 'Rats-Rent' in Europe, he would provide for free journey!

You took first another carriage, a nice horse cab and can be driven through this wonderful town. Here the people had got to form a great mixture of business world and relaxation world on the narrowest space. The beneficiaries wanted to be our three mice with pleasure. By the gardens of the Alcazar it passed, Palacio de S. Telmo, the big, mighty cathedral Giralda and, finally, to some museums.

In the splendid hotel garden of the noble house

Our three friends a very pleasant and quiet evening spent ’Alfonso of XIV’. The next day should become more hectic with the takeoff from Spain in the direction of Italy, nevertheless, much.

The airport, Seville San Pablo’ lies only 14 kilometres of the city centre. However, the connections with the

world mostly run only through Madrid or Barcelona. About midday only her machine should fly off to Milan via Madrid. Thus a small stroll was through the animated lanes of Seville timewise still in it. Suddenly Mortimer and Catherine lost the Rosewell out of sight. „Nevertheless, he was level still beside me!“ complained Catherine. „However, this is also a mad guy!“

„Well, he knows where the hotel is, he knows that we must go at the latest around 12 with the taxi to the airport,“ thus Mortimer.

„But, nevertheless, he can be not at all wide, lets us again go around this block of houses,“ meant Catherine.

What had happened? Rosewell had sat up a gigantic Sombrero in a hat shop and had stepped after inside before a big mirror. He probably believed that, besides, his both friends had observed him, however, they didn't get anyhow. Now he stood also on the narrow lane, surrounded by countless rats and mice, everything recognizably tourists, he with this oversized care on. How should recognise there Catherine and Mortimer him? He shouted loudly, „Mortimer! Catherine!“ nevertheless, nobody reacted. The general noise level recorder was so high that his voice only a few metres penetrated, but not where now Mortimer and Catherine looked. Finally, Mortimer meant:

„He can be only here in this quarter. He can be, actually, only on this lane. So I walk around on the right and you walk around on the left. If we meet again, without him, is something decayed.“

As the first recognised Rosewell Catherine: „Hello Catherine, finally! Where became to her then?“

Catherine didn't recognise him because this gigantic Sombrero Rosewell made absolutely unrecognizable, in addition dark sunglasses which she hadn't noted before still in him.

„Nevertheless, Rosewell, Rosewell, you are an anarchist! How I should recognise you if you here with us, hide’ plays!? We were already in the biggest worry that to you would be pushed shut a little bit! And in this costume, there we would have run past another hundred spots you.“

In the meantime, there came Mortimer of the other side hurried over. He recognised Catherine and thus his first reproaches were also valid Rosewell which seemed to be both, with the oversized solar hat and the sunglasses, quite proudly on his, conversion action’ hardly recognizably for them.

„Boy, boy, boy, with you really takes part one in something! Nevertheless, Rosewell, why you haven't said then before that you want to buy a hat to yourself then we would have come along. Thus we run already certainly 20 minutes in the circle and didn't find you!“

„Nevertheless, I have called to You, that I, because’ wanted to go in. You have it probably only not heard with the noise here. Pardon!“ defended itself Rosewell.

„How well that it such, peaceful end took, with you. Comes let us rather decrease in the hotel, before a new adventure blossoms,“ noted Catherine properly.

Sail fun on the Gardasee

If aviation becomes the routine, the travelling no more stress means, then one can really enjoy, also if it doesn't work for outsiders so. Our three heroes felt very well in her skin. You had of course the advantage that several diligent rats and mice looked after her appointments. You needed to seem only punctual and to pay. The airlines, the taxi mice, the hotel employees did everything other.

Stopover in Madrid-bar nannies; after a little while continuation to Milan. In the close Gardasee Mortimer wanted to meet the most successful Italian Raspberry Records to artists, the producer's team 'Underground parking', Francisco Scandaloso and Lorencu el Calpello. Having lain at a small, but very fine hotel in the loo Lamporetto, seeaufwärts beside the place Garda, directly in the water, Mortimer when he was still a very young little mouse together with his parents had spent a nice week-end. He wanted to show this romantic place Christine. The hotel was called, in the meantime, 'hotel of report', but it still lay there where Mortimer reminded it. The seaway was so generally no problem. In the available ’Rats-Rent ' car three friends went by the very winding place Lamporetto, had to put back once because a one-way street prevented the direct way through to the sea shore. Finally, they parked exactly properly, in the hotel court.

Francisco and Lorencu were already there and welcomed Mortimer whom they had seen before even on the web page of Raspberry Records. Also they recognised Rosewell whose personal Internet sites were put just in the net.

„Yes, this is true? Am I also on the Internet?“ quite an excited Rosewell wanted to know. He was just very easy over and over again to arouse enthusiasm.

„Of course, look here,“ and Mortimer left the newest side of Raspberry Records Internationally downloaden on his laptop. Now everybody welcomed themselves first of all properly and straight away were offered by the friendly boss of the house a little glass Grappa.

„Okay, a drop, but, otherwise, we need nice food to the basis for so sharp things,“ meant Mortimer.

„No problem boss Mouse, in half an hour our grill is opened in the garden,“ thus the busy hotel manager.

The ’underground parking ' interpreters reported Mortimer about new admissions which they had already concluded.

„You are virtually in the post to the Company,“ meant Francisco Scandaloso.

„And from the next Friday we have every week-end in a big shopping centre of Milano public appearances. To the entertainment of the making purchases rats and mice. We will also get ready a stand,“ Lorencu el Calpello added.

, Well, at least these fellows have understood the Raspberry Records commercial strategy,’ thought Mortimer nearly loudly and he repeated, in the round: „Yes, we are very contented in the Company if of tape are really active and not only wait that the sky distributes presents.“

At this moment killed itself from the sky 'on top' virtually completely. As from tubs, without every advance warning, a warm autumn rain about the guests of the restaurant poured forth. Interesting was

to be observed, that to protect everybody at first tried her heads against the herunterprasselnden moisture, however, with the other paw everybody had his glass with the drink, that he preferential, protecting with in the building taken. Nobody had protected his plate with food, everybody only the drink.

„Maybe the saying touches, hence, thirst is worse than homesickness?'“ Mortimer explained his theory. You laughed everybody. The pelting rain was so quick past as he had come from Nothing. The friendly service wiped to every guest the seat of the chairs drily and now dishes might be chosen once more, „this spot at the expenses of the house,“ how the head waiter announced according to. To receive the pleasant mood, increase too, sat down Rosewell to the old wall piano standing on the terrace and got cracking. For him it was a special satisfaction to show just both 'technocrats' under the Raspberry Records to artists that also without computer, only with a simple piano, good, audible music is to be plaid and leaves above all contented guests. The Italians understood too mostly not the depressive texts, the Rosewell had internalised so. His melodies sounded to all in the ear. They donated to it to him long applause and demanded an addition after the others.

Mortimer released him and played a few his songs which sounded rather good also alone in the piano. Really with envy both Italian Techno freaks had to recognise that this, 'was a right music' which the both, Rosewell and Mortimer, here and tonight played.

„Clear, this is a music and this will remain with all new trends always so and survive more than!“ Catherine commented on the situation as almost neutral.

The week-end at the Gardasee: Thus it had had Mortimer always in recollection. This tower room where he high had on top his bed. Now there Rosewell might sleep. The pleasant living space which they couldn't properly use at that time at all because they sat even outdoors, in the best weather. The countless sail boats which lay side by side directly in the bank way well lined up. He wanted to perceive this spot the opportunity and rent such a boat if it was possible.

„But from the boat don't have a bath,“ admonished the old Seniora of the boat renting over and over again.

„And what is if one falls in the water?“ wanted to know cheeky Rosewell.

„Then leave him quietly ersaufen!“ came the order of the old lady to Catherine and Mortimer, laughing. And further: „But paid attention if you see the first black flag in this mast raised you come back immediately in the harbour! Then is gale warning!“ You bobbed up and down more without any hurry in this smart sail boat there. Mortimer told the old lady before that he owned a sail light with which he may sail yachts up to 14-m length. Not directly stagnation, but also hardly right wind did them now about the Gardasee.

„If it isn't marvellous!?“ he was over and over again in caroling.

Nevertheless, "thud", there had gone really Rosewell about board! The boat a good two was quick, three metres farther. And Mortimer and Catherine couldn't

react at all properly. Had he slipped now or had consciously jumped in the water? Rosewell stretched the right paw high, thus as he wanted to greet. However, really he shouted „help, Mortimer, fast, turn round, I have a cramp in the paw!“

„Endure, we turn!“

This was lighter said everything than was done. In no time one was in such a boat under sailings and with only some journey from direct reach.

„Catherine, holds please only Rosewell in the eye. All the same where I hinsteuere!“ Mortimers request was to Catherine.

Nevertheless, a few endless minutes trickled away for the good Rosewell which had wanted to jump not really in the water. He had made only before his little jokes. However, properly he couldn't swim at all. He had never learnt this. Now with let down sail the boat glided in the direction of Rosewell back. He was stiff before fear and quiet and as Mortimer to him his paw hinunterstreckte, he packed them be over the moon and very firmly and didn't want to let go this at all, also when he was long time ago aboard and snapped at air.

„How has this happened then now again, Rosewell?“ Mortimer, a little bit reproachfully, wanted to know.

„I had leant back only a little, the water wanted to reach with a paw, then you made this neck as you called it, and fall, I was in the lake.“

„Now help rather the sail to rig again. The old person later will certainly ask, why we have caught up it then,“ instruction came more reproachfully Mortimers to his friend.

„If we not even experience daily something special with you, you aren't contented, or?“ wanted Catherine still draufsetzen: „Time you are lost, sometimes to the drowning. We should take out a policy for you if there was such a thing!“

Rosewell accepted this criticism without contradiction, because it was also disagreeable to him to stand over and over again thus in the centre, even if unintentionally.

When after a good three quiet hours the stomachs of our friends announced themselves, the small harbour became beside the hotel, report’ again aimed and to the relief all, the old person hadn'ted obviously nothing and thus no critical question also came with regard to this, Badeunglücks' of the Rosewell. He had dried, in the meantime, long ago again.

„Now a fresh beer and in addition fillets of the grill,“ asked for Mortimer cheeky as first, as them sat down in the comfortable garden on the shore. „Today yesterday hopefully doesn't come again such a pelting rain, how. The fillets can also not because swim, like you, Rosewell,“ still followed a little entitled mockery.

„It is so marvellous here, I think we should set off only in early Monday in the direction of Vienna,“ Catherine changed the subject to torment also Rosewell not further.

„This is a good idea. On Sunday much more vehicles will be on the move anyhow. Leave sometimes everybody nicely in the traffic jam about the distiller or somewhere else or go. We go only on the Monday morning. You are right. Then we are late in the afternoon in Vienna.“

„Do we have to go then to Vienna? Or do we want then to Vienna?“ now asked Rosewell.

„Why not Vienna? We have exactly two weeks to be then, finally, in Munich on the 12th of November. We should use the time, nevertheless, also sensibly and informatively. Were you already in Vienna?“ asked Mortimer.

„No, of course not,“ answered Rosewell.

„Of course not, but want to join in the conversation, from the world and generally. Vienna offers a lot! One week it does not reach at all to have eaten at expense all great restaurants. If one thinks only of food. Museums, theatres, castles. Not only now in France big princes, my dear,“ lived Mortimer almost a little besserwisserisch to the address on Rosewell.

„No, you misunderstand me. I see only on the map and, nevertheless, find out that we are then almost in Lake Chiem, drive past nearly Munich. Then we could have made still an excursion to Rome,“ defended itself Rosewell.

„I thought we make a stopover in Rome if we are in England with Ian etc. by? Then, nevertheless, we wanted over Asia to America to call“ tried Mortimer to all in recollection that her European tour should still lead over Germany to England. And there Mortimer wanted to continue the discontinuous tour with Ian McMousequevicz.

„Clear, Rome, this would be really worth a stop,“ now Catherine also added. „Though I wasn't there yet, but the history with the rats in Vatican, the antique Coliseum where many generations ago still the rats and mice have fought against lions and tigers to the

entertainment of the people, it interests me also burning.“

However, up to the ’everlasting town’ it was still wide and thus they all enjoyed the moment. Sailings were announced again for Sunday, this spot, voluntarily, without Rosewell.

„I have some new melodies in the head, I write down that sometimes with the help of the old piano in my recollection and,“ a Rosewell well in the mood when Mortimer and Catherine of the small landing stage put away.

„See you later then, Rosewell,“ both already waved a little made easier that he took up her Alleinfahrt only positively.

„However, he also is really a big anarchist!“ cursed Mortimer when they were removed far enough from the shore, so that even the finest mouse ears couldn't take up this bitter criticism.

„Want we to pull up the Rosewell our life long behind ourselves?“ asked almost a little anxiously Catherine.

„Does he disturb you at the moment?“ came back more provoking from Mortimer.

„No, then of course not, but in New York what you believe if you leave him alone on the street he comes healthy again home?“ replied Catherine.

„Then he is responsible alone for himself, I think sometimes,“ thus Mortimer. „But New York is wide, everything is very wide. You see, even the shore is a long way off. Let us enjoy what we may experience today,“ Mortimer decided an idle discussion. Finally, Rosewell was his friend.

As a really good manoeuvre turned out for them that to you the Spanish representative of 'Rats-Rent' had offered so favorable conditions for a few advertising admissions. Although it was midday Sunday, the Italian agent of 'Rats-Rent' from Milano had appeared undeclared, immediately with a complete team of advertising people. One apologised eloquent to Mortimer, with all paws they were available, for the dominical disturbance. Because they had nothing to do, however, anyway, it was to be able to take part more than funny, very interesting even, in a few nice advertising admissions. Thus the advertising people from the name of the house immediately made a title for a story: The report about Mortimer Mouse and his best friends.'

Mortimer saw it more than free PR gag for Raspberry Records, because as a private action of the musician, Stagemouse'. And also here these were again the same crazy types which he already had since the first television shots, in England at that time still, hated'.

„See Mortimer, please sometimes here. "-" Mortimer, look please sometimes there.“ And always this bombastic undertone this, to male' rats. But, finally, thus quiet Sunday still came to an end lucratively and it, nevertheless, fun had also made, not only to the creative team from Milano, also Catherine and the also involved Rosewell were contented that everything seemed not always to be fixed only on Mortimer. Since this was really tiresome to him.

Further on the traces of the past

On Mondays now above the highway in the direction of Austria. By the distiller tunnel. How it could differently run:

Our charming anarchist Rosewell found out in the midst of the tunnel way through that they had better gone about the passport because him claustrophobia would overtake..... More and more violently. Where, however, now stop? He drove the carriage. Mortimer had no interest in a driving licence and Catherine sat on the back seat. By the tunnel it went only in a direction on a track. More than several hundred metres it stretched, up to the luck, finally, a lay-by came. Rosewell was still absolutely clear and thus was, finally, no problem, however, the places had hardly exchanged Catherine and he, a distance post near the window already stepped:

„Can I help you? Is absent somebody a little bit?“ asked of the Mäuserich friendly.

„Here no many thanks to our friend were only just a little bit dim from the continual driving in the darkness, still along this tube. This is why we have exchanged the places. If everything already goes well,“ said Catherine from the window.

„Always deeply inhale, then nothing at all can happen,“ the friendly assistant still gave with on the trip.

Catherine uses a wide gap and could merge so unhindered in the single-track traffic. Only 40 kilometres per hour of speed were admitted anyhow, they rolled peacefully the remaining kilometres by the tunnel. Big drawing a deep breath and even bigger joy

with the Rosewell than they had, finally, again fresh air and the blue sky about themselves.

„The fact that I have so big problem with the dark narrowness, I wouldn't have thought. Besides, I had sung such a thing similar sometimes in a song of myself,“ ascertained Rosewell.

„There is in you certainly nothing what isn't unusual,“ meant Mortimer rather viciously to his friend addressing. „You guy are knitted such a thing from elaborately, there nothing at all more surprises me.“

„You feel well, sits around and can be driven,“ wanted to defend itself Rosewell.

„Hey, Hey, my good. Who wanted then with pleasure motoring? I haven't been sharply on it. Nevertheless, your both wanted to go hunting over streets of Europe as you meant,“ Mortimer further in the offensive. „Taxi and road or airplane reach to me. I need no car! This is why I also need no driving licence!“

„Quite feels well,“ Catherine wanted to settle the small quarrel. „So an attack of claustrophobia can overtake everybody, I have read recently.“

„Yes, but this, everybody’ is first always our beloved Rosewell!“ Mortimer further cantankerous.

„What am I able to do then for it?“ wanted to defend itself.

„Don't make themselves constantly for everything mad not to overrate his worries if one had then which. More calmness display. Less tenseness in dealing with the most normal situations. This is everything what fits as a demand catalogue on you, my dear. Then one also has no claustrophobia attack, no breathlessness, no

panic outbreaks etc.“ was occupied Mortimer further with the accusation speech.

„But Mortimer,“ now Catherine, „is so he anyway and we don't want to change him, but it isn't any more our Rosewell.“

„Exactly,“ came confirming from the Rosewell itself.

„Yes if it goes so simply, please, continues only thus and strains our all nerves only immensely, Rosewell,“ decided Mortimer. It kicked at first big silence in the round. Catherine had to concentrate upon the winding line. Mortimer looked at the white points of the big mountains on the left and to the right of the highway. Rosewell had dropped off. Quiet music played from the cassette recorder. Old ’Rolling Rats' music had inserted them, good old Rhythm & blues, as one still said at that time.

Time a break was also to be made and thus it lay favourably that Innsbruck didn't remind the ’hotel of Tyrol’ any more far and Mortimer there. In the restaurant of 'waltzes', so Mortimer knew how to tell, he and his parents had more often eaten earlier.

„Write, nevertheless, sometimes a map about this house to my parents in New York,“ Mortimer asked writing-diligent Catherine. „They will have this certainly also in good recollection.“

To Vienna there were already still some kilometres and thus it was immediately broken open after the main way to the second leg of the journey. „Schleckereien we may take only again in Vienna to ourselves,“ meant Mortimer about the head waiter when he rejected the offer after cheese or dessert with thanks.

Now was also fit Rosewell again and took over the steering wheel. In Wörgl they drove an abbreviation in the direction of Salzburg because Mortimer didn't want to drive past already so immediately the old native country.

„On the return journey we come then directly above the highway to Lake Chiem," he and directed Rosewell meant over the country road. This was really a little shorter distance, even if could be driven by the continual smaller places only at low speed. Then it went for the A 1 of Salzburg directly to Vienna and, nevertheless, thus our heroes still arrived with daylight at this splendid town.

„Go always in the direction of 'center', then in the ring, I know it still like today, on the right. Nevertheless, we want in the 'puppet hotel', or?

In the adoption, they had still hardly taken a breath:

„Oh good afternoon, Mr. Mouse. However, you have grown if I may permit the remark to myself," thus an exceedingly friendly manager of the house who still reminded Mortimer from former times and immediately recognised. „As the years pass! But I have recognised you immediately. May I ask, how does it go for the dear parents?"

„Thank you of the inquiry. An exceedingly long history. I well hope, because now they live in New York," answered Mortimer. „How I, by the way, also. I am only on a half private, half business European tour and there I wanted to show to my friends absolutely your house!"

„However, this is very friendly, dear Mr. Mouse. Yes with us hasn't changed so much. Of course the

continual and normal change in staff. Well, we have the fitness club a little bit new-formed. You will experience it hopefully later. How long would like you to remain?“

„One week we thought,“ Mortimer returned contently.

„Would like you to have the old suite 760/762 again, Mr. Mouse?“

„The fact that you still remember the number? I would have got in possibly this number. Of course! Very much with pleasure.“

How often Mortimer and his parents had descended in this fine house about the week-end. Actually, exclusively because of the very cultivated swimming pool. Though the other big houses of Vienna had offered also great comfort, however, the fitness area, that was the best in the 'puppet'. This had tried out Mortimer many years ago with his parents.

In the suite 760/762 they had always eaten years ago always when they remained in the house, puppet’. The big oval glass table stood of course still at the same place. However, in the meantime, one had inserted a glass wall with double sliding door, this food area was separated by the remaining suite.

„And there, at this table, you have eaten earlier already always?“ asked Rosewell with big respect, because he knew that the prices of this life exceeded his income.

„Yes. This is why you must also not look at my self-image of 'success' or 'luxury' as an arrogance. It means nothing to me. Luck and health are much more important!“ came back from Mortimer.

You chose from the big menu and gave up by phone to the Roomservice the order.

„It is simply marvellous to lead such a life. But it is also wonderful, is common in quite different frame, to live only! Lives, this is the most important one. Who had so much luck, like we, that shouldn't wear out the luck, it enjoy just thankfully!“ now meant Catherine.

Rosewell hard wanted to breathe and would have wanted to bring out nearly a complementary sentence, however, the quiet gong of the suite door let him jump to the door and open to the room waiter.

„Good evening the rules,“ and themselves capably to the covers of the table making. „Then I immediately come with the dishes.“

Our three heroes were happy and contented.

„What do we make tomorrow as the first?“ asked Catherine.

„I would be for an extensive cab journey by Vienna till the park, the Prater,“ meant Mortimer.

„Yes, this sounds good. But where you have swarmed thus about the fitness area, Mortimer, so I would stay here nearly dear and try to bring my ageing body in better form. Then you also need no worry have that I get lost again, or in such a way,“ Rosewell still added laughing.

„Rosewell, basically I find this excellent that you don't crouch to us round-the-clock on the skin. Is reserved discreetly. However, how one says there so nicely in an old ditty ’What you experience in twos, this is very best.’ Now we could sing: ’What you in threes experiences’ etc..... Want you to remind Vienna from the illustrated book?“ meant Mortimer to have to ask.

„Iwo, this is already everything okay in such a way, Mortimer. I have always been alone, otherwise, also during the day. So I have generally no problems with it if you make your tour. Really not.“

„But please, never accuses me, Rosewell, we didn't want to have you, besides! We don't come every day again to Vienna, my dear.“

„Clear, Mortimer. This is really everything okay in such a way,“ Rosewell finally.

In the next morning Catherine and Mortimer the way went to the Viennese Stephansdom to rise there in a cab. Rosewell rose in the lift in the 3rd basement to the fitness area of the 'puppet ' hotels.

The nice Viennese horse coachman explained the historic architectural monuments to the rights and to the lefts, knew how to tell small anecdotes. The occurrences which should have occurred. Truth and poetry. Finally, above the ring road it went in the Prater park and in the café house 'Miller' the coachman might stretch both horses and allow to supply with a bag of oat which this house held already always ready. Here a popular critical point of every tour was by the Prater. Not only the horses-cab tour. It was already a midday, the both invited the coachman of course with to take together a small meal. However, this forbade to their occupational ethos to sit down with the Kutschier company to a table. Politely the old Mäuserich thanked and arranged a meal in the Nebentrakt of the 'miller'.

Of course this had been an irreparable experience, this day in a horse cab and our both were highly contented about the daily routine when they can be set down directly before the ’puppet ' hotel.

„Again, many thanks gnäd'ger man and kiss the hand, gnä' woman, still a nice stay in Vienna,“ the coachman thanked for the worthwhile payment and the together spent nice day.
Mortimer and Catherine had hardly entered the hotel hall, an adoption mouse on them came to hurried and started to report straight away breathlessly:
„Mr. Mouse, it has happened something dreadful, at midday today, with your friend, which Mr. Rat.“
„What has happened?“ asked Mortimer calmly. „We are accustomed grief, with him,“ supplemental Catherine.
„He lies in the accident clinic with the ring on the intensive care unit. How it exactly happened, I don't know, however, I know only that he would have probably almost drowned in our swimming pool and that we called over in a great hurry the rescue which brought him then, finally, there.“
„Where is the hospital?“ asked Mortimer.
The adoption mouse information gave „no five minutes from here,“.
„If you can call a taxi, please,“ Mortimer gave quietly instruction.
„No problem, a carriage amounts, Mr. Mouse.“
„What do you say now?“ Mortimer was directed at Catherine. „Excite doesn't repay with the guy. Want to hope sometimes that they have him already over the mountain!“ Mortimer wanted to cover up his deepest worry something.

In the taxi it went in lightning-speed to the modern, new accident clinic in the ring. „Dank'schön man, good

improvement to the patient.“ So the Viennese words of the taxi driver.

„Good evening, we would want advice to a Rosewell delivered at midday today in the accident carriage. One said, he would be perhaps still on the intensive care unit?“ Mortimer welcomed and asked friendly the receptionist behind the windowpane.

„Rosewell advice? Yes, here. However, it is right, that should still lie on the intensive care unit. You are used with him?“ said the lady, at first searching, then confirming, now questioningly.

„We are the best friends and together on European trip. He has no more relatives. I am be the only, right friend,“ answered Mortimer.

„So, however, simply I leave nobody to him,“ now the receipt mouse wanted to shake off Mortimer.

„Can you give me please the treating doctor or the leading sister of the station?“ now came a little more firmly from Mortimer.

„Please, man, I have my regulations. I don't leave any rat or mouse so simply in the hospital. What you believe what is wrong daily here and which rabble hangs around here unjustified,“ meant the receipt mouse abzuwiegeln.

„Rabble here unjustified hangs around!? Count possibly us to it!? You give the good woman if you want to keep your job immediately admittance or immediately give me leader of the house. I have never heard such a thing!“ now Mortimer was raised very much.

„My man, don't show off thus. I want to let in you, however, I have my regulations. So please you fill

these slips of paper here, then I leave you to your friend, or first once to the head nurse Martha.“ -

„Are you head nurse Martha?“ Mortimer asked the first, best sister who ran to them through the way. „No, there you have to do one more stair up, then the third, open door. Now there head nurse Martha would have to be,“ came friendly and certainly from this colleague.

„Good evening, you are head nurse Martha?“ asked Mortimer, now already a little breathlessly, for this whole Rennerei about the stairs and along ways.

„Yes, good evening. What can I do for you?“

„With you our friend Rosewell advice should lie. French by birth. From the 'puppet ' hotel delivered, at midday today probably,“ Mortimer politely and quietly.

„Yes, this is right. He still lies on the intensive care unit, because we have got him with several water in the body brought. First it looked not at all good, however, now all values slowly stabilise. If you want to see him sometimes by the windowpane. I was same just with him, now he sleeps really firmly. A good sign,“ were the nevertheless melodious announcements of the head nurse.

„What has happened to him then, actually?“ now the head nurse wanted to know when she slowly went forward, to the intensive area of this department.

„We don't know this also properly,“ anyway announced herself Catherine. „We know only that he went this morning when we went by the cab by Vienna to the fitness area of our hotel. He wanted to make something for his ageing figure as he said before still to us.“

„He has managed this quite excellently,“ now was Mortimers biting irony. „When will he be again really well on it? What do you mean, head nurse?“

„I hope sometimes that he spends a quiet night. Then tomorrow he would be able in a normal room to the observation and perhaps the Day after tomorrow then he would be able again to be dismissed. If, yes, if it so goes on with him, how during the last hours.“ So a contently dreinblickende head nurse when they came, finally, to the windowpane to the intensive care unit. Now there he lay, this small bundle rat that had caused to himself and his friends already quite a lot of grief. He breathed quietly, the devices showed stable values how head nurse Martha meant.

Well, this seemed to have gone well once again. The destiny had for Rosewell still some chapters more ready. It wasn't so easy to close a whole book.

„Nevertheless, this hopefully was only one accident?“ asked Catherine on the way outward, which Mortimer. „You believe, he possibly wanted to kill himself?“ asked Mortimer.

„Does one know it? – Then, however, we would have a long time problem!“ meant Catherine and further: „Maybe we should deliver towards him less critical remarks, quite in general. It isn't so stable maybe at all, emotionally I think how do we accept?“

„There you can be right, Catherine. We close from ourselves on others, on him. He comes from quite an other sphere. Although he is twenty years older than me, he sometimes seems to me, how an infant. Sorry.“

You took the first taxi from the queue of the waiting vehicles.

„Please, back in the 'puppet ' hotel,“ Mortimer gave the driving order.

„But with all love to the Rosewell, Vienna we can't be spoilt by him,“ meant Catherine, appropriately.

The next morning Mortimer called the direct dialling of the station of the hospital on which Rosewell should lie not really more. Thus Mortimer hoped at least. Yesterday the head nurse Martha had taken down to him this telephone number. However, one rang endlessly, nobody went at the other end of the management near the apparatus. So it tried Mortimer again, with the accepted main number of the hospital. Finally, announced itself: „Accident clinic in the ring.“

„Good morning, I would like to be connected please with the station of the Rosewell advice. Last night he still lay on the intensive care unit.“

„A moment please.“ Again one rang endlessly by.

„Accident clinic in the ring.“ Once more the headquarters announced itself.

„I am it still, I asked for the station of the Rosewell advice,“ are still very friendly Mortimer.

„I put through you again.“ – Finally, a duty mouse picked up the listener.

„Station 13, good morning, sister Resoluta on the apparatus what I can do for you?“

„Good morning sister Resoluta, my name is Mortimer Mouse, I call because of friend's Rosewell advice which lay yesterday still with you on the intensive care unit. How does it go for him this morning?“

„Rosewell advice? Yes, today to that it is better early already a lot. He was moved just to the normal station.

I believe, I can already put through you. Wait sometimes please,“ thus sister Resoluta.

„Rosewell advice,“ came the a little bit matt voice from the other end.

„Good morning, Rosewell! Here is Mortimer. What do you make then for things again? How does it go for you today early?“

„Oh, hallo Mortimer, to me goes well it again properly,“ became Rosewell immediately a little more positively. „I don't know at all what happened, however, then I woke sometime in this hospital and had everywhere cable and tubes. It was dreadful. Now I am quite okay!“

„When can you be dismissed from the hospital?“ asked Mortimer.

„Today not, said the doctor just to me, but tomorrow quite certainly, then.“

„Oh Rosewell what a luck, we had already given ourselves so big troubles about you,“ now again Mortimer.

„This wasn't necessary, yesterday I was so well on it. Nevertheless, was in the fitness club, there I went to the sauna, made some exercises, jumped in the pool and.....“

„What and?“ pressed Mortimer.

„And woke here in the hospital. Then I also don't know any more,“ thus Rosewell further.

„Well, this you can fetch back to you then well in the memory if you have the whole day time for it,“ now again Mortimer. „We go past later sometimes if you let in us. I believe visit times are early in the afternoon?“

„Yes, this would be fine, Mortimer. And try to bring sometimes please the article from the fitness reading which I had read yesterday still in the Health club. Maybe the notebook lies still whipped in the rest space. It was there about 'Rat-fitti', a history about fitte American rats,“ requested Rosewell.

„Okay, we try it, Rosewell. All the best my dear, see you later then. And keeps the chin up!“ Mortimer hung up made easier.

„This was natural only again a silly misfortune with him,“ turned to themselves Mortimer to Catherine who looked at him questioningly. „Quite probably a lot to overheated and drawn in the cold water jumped. Probably on the ground whipped and then virtually drowned,“ thus Mortimers comprising analysis. „Please, think sometimes with of it, we should bring a fitness reading from the Health club to him. He means, his notebook would have to lie around still whipped, from yesterday. I didn't want to contradict him, but he hasn't understood till this day that in such a house nothing more lies around of the day before.“

And how many magazines lay there well säuberlich on a table in the rest space of the Health club! None had hit. So both friends had to page through notebook for notebook and search ' report for this so interesting ’Rat-fitti for Rosewell. In the magazine 'Ratten heute' then, finally, the finding: „Here, nevertheless, this it would have to be. ’Fitte rats in America. Rat-fitti and the secret of her success,’ exclaimed triumphing Catherine. But she was surprised even more at almost apathetical Mortimer.

„Hey, you, Morti, I have found the article,“ she repeated once again.

„Yes, I believe it you, however, look sometimes please what I have just found here. In the magazine ’of advice & Dogs', the newest issue I find this article.“ And if Catherine pushed the opened reading there. Now Catherine, in in English, according to read:

„The history of an unbelievable respect between a dog and a mouse. Here at the fine hotel turnips in Inverness, Scotland, we found the Bassethound Doby Dreadnaught of the ex-Rn stone which described to us his affecting history which he couldn't keep any more longer for himself alone.“

And now to Mortimer addressing: „But this would become to hot ones that Doby lives!?“

„Yes exactly!“ came only briefly and thoughtfully from Mortimer. „Read out please further,“ thus his request to Catherine.

„The friendship to a mouse was more worth to him, than own situation. A life in the floodlight of a mouse music manager gave up Doby to allow the success in the USA to his friend. He was persuaded by high-powered forces from New York in addition, even if with physical power, thus, nevertheless, psychically under strong pressure sedate that it would be only granted to his Schützling big success to have if one received the control of the management in the USA himself and he didn't keep away from America.“

Catherine interrupted as numbly and asked Mortimer: “What do you think now, Morti?“

„I know nothing at all more. Can you not read briefly to an end? Please.“

„A special scenario was thought up where to the musician Mortimer Mouse a separation of his manager remained unavoidable. One allowed to die the Doby Dreadnaught of the ex-Rn stone in a car accident. So, one meant in New York, the personal friendship of the both wouldn't be clouded and after few days of the grief the young mouse would come in America already on other thoughts. For it should be already provided, with Asian and female rat's refinement. Today now are the mental tortures which the Doby with itself has to put out to endure hardly. He knows that he had to renounce cheers his friend the friendship. He also knows that him his friend would understand if, nevertheless, he could only find again him. All attempts to get contact to Mortimer Mouse also known under the pseudonym ’A Stagemouse’, have missed up to now. Doby and the editorial staff of ’advice & Dogs' are grateful for every tip.“

And now still a nice picture was photographed where Doby sits before the hotel turnips in Inverness and looks a little sadly in the distance.

„This is your Doby?“ asked Catherine again surprised.

„Yes, this is my Doby!“ now collected itself slowly Mortimer.

„What want you to make now?“ asked Catherine completely tensely.

„Do we still leave him a little or should I try to call him immediately?“ was Mortimers question. He also didn't know it. On one side he wanted to cut a caper, but this bad history which Catherine had read out there just from this English magazine that tuned him also very sadly.

„Nevertheless, a plot of high-powered circles from New York etc. There can be meant only Koyo Popikono with,“ Mortimer understood the connections. „I think, I should try to call him sometimes immediately. How the place was called in Scotland, Inverness. Well, the adoption will determine it.“

„Adoption, please Mr. Mouse what I can do for you?“

„Please, try a connection with the hotel turnips in Inverness to get Scotland and ask there for the Mr. Doby Dreadnaught of the ex-Rn stone if somebody announces itself. My pleasure. I sit in the rest space of the Health club, apparatus in 3017.“

„If you had, hotel Over there’ said, in Inverness Scotland,“ the adoption mouse asked friendly. „Not, Over there’, turnips’, only with, R’, turnips’, as the big fruit from the sugar is made,“ said Mortimer.

„What you want to suggest to him,“ bored Catherine.

„Nevertheless, want to see sometimes how the telephone call develops. I don't know it. We don't need to fly immediately to him. He doesn't need immediately herzufliegen. He should come along about his future thoughts and, nevertheless, could try, after we were again in England to come along with ourselves?“

„You mean, thus as an other friend on your side? Rosewell, then Doby. Do you have a few more friends whom we want to take up on the way?“ now came a little more ironically from Catherine.

„Oh, you feel neglected a little bit? My dear Catherine, please see it in quite different direction. These both friends are also your friends, or could become it. If we are only again in New York, nevertheless, everybody has his own inclinations. Then, nevertheless, we don't

hang always and constantly on each other, as well as with such a trip. Faith to me, the Doby is such a positive figure, I owe to that in the rat's world and mouse world my breakthrough. I, him, a dog! Nevertheless, this probably states everything about him.“

The phone rang, apparatus in 3017, rest space.

„Go you, nevertheless, sometimes ‘come on and announce yourselves in in French. He isn't able to do this because,“ requested Mortimer Catherine to take part in this fun.

„Bonjour, Catherine Ravard.“

„Yes, here hallo who is there Doby Dreadnaught speaks of the ex-Rn stone, I already hang some moments in the management, the costs will be infinite.“

„Catherine Ravard what I can do for you my man?“ asked Catherine provoking.

„However, Madame, you are really perky, it isn't my phone call, you have woken up me from my sleep.“

„From your sleep Monsieur?“

„Yes, it is up here in Scotland just 7 o'clock thirty, my service begins only around nine, I know this.“

„Monsieur Doby, I has a surprise for you, maybe you wake up equally properly, a moment please sometimes,“ and she handed over the listener to Mortimer.

„Good morning of dear Doby!“ any more Mortimer couldn't say, because now at the other end of the management a very loud joy barking was to be heard from the Doby.

„You are Mortimer, Mortimer, it? This is great! Where are you where you have my telephone number here? I am in Inverness! Oh what do I have for many questions? Mortimer, one after the other what I should say to you!?“

„Doby, slowly, slowly. I think you aren't any more the latest. Don't excite, fatty. We have read only just by chance a small report in ’advice & Dogs'. This was really a big chance, because ordinarily we hardly don't read magazines, or, actually, at all. However, we had to search an article for another friend, you remember maybe still the name, ’of Rosewell'“

„Rosewell advice from Fontainebleau? He is with you, however, there I am glad!“ was Doby's comment.

„Well, so simply it isn't, the history is long really endlessly. He lies just in a hospital in Vienna and requested an article about 'Rat-fitti', an American fitness method, or such a thing similar.“

„In a hospital in Vienna? Boy, how you come there, you had to flee from America?“

„Nonsense, we are on European tour and the Rosewell fitness had probably pursued only a little wrong, he landed in the hospital. Everything too thrilling, for the time being. Thicker what do we continue now?“

„You are in Vienna. What do you plan then where the trip goes?“

„We must give in well one week in Munich a concert. Exactly on Sunday 12th of November. Then we wanted to fly to Hamburg, then make an excursion my grandmother Rathilde in Lübeck and bring a quite begun tour in England, Scotland to an end after a little

while then with Ian McMousequevicz. You see, we would have come anyhow to your nearness, also without this article.“

„You mean, then our reunion would be at the end of November? Till then it is quite long, you don't find, this is almost common.“

„Doby, I wouldn't know how we should shorten this period at the moment. Rosewell still lies certainly one day in the hospital. The appointment in Munich is irrefutable. Before it we had planned, the whole week in Lake Chiem, you know how to spend my old native country, also with some Raspberry Records to artists. Well, over Hamburg, but I had already promised it to my grandmother. This is even a day. So before 14., 15th of November we aren't in England.“

„Yes, yes, I think just only, Mortimer, in my four walls. And you say, you must still finish with Ian a tour?“

„Yes, doesn't have to go, but, in the meantime, I want, because I want to fetch back to me one more mountain money, that he to myself from our friend Rosewell ertrotzte. I have an idea. Invite him, nevertheless, please sometimes for 15th of November to you in the hotel. Nevertheless, he deals anyhow in Inverness on business. So far I know one of his companies was called so as 'Streetrat'. Say him that then we are there to discuss the resumption of the tour with him. If it is about money, nevertheless, he is always ready. Say him, however, nothing of the Rosewell, please. – Then we, with it I mean Catherine and me, okay?“

„Ah, the Mademoiselle at the beginning on the phone. It had thus a fresh, fine, French tone.“

„Yes, the Mademoiselle is from New York, but by birth at close range from Paris. Oh Doby, it gives so much to discuss.“

„I think, the unities of the hotel aren't also the most inexpensive ones. It is said for the time being also everything. Basically this morning felled me almost, on my Allerwertesten.“

„Doby, it lets us as make as discussed. Now we have your phone number. Announce to us in between whether everything is all right. And you consider how it could be fine, in a nice flatlet, directly compared with the central park in New York And a country house isn't excluded.....“

„Mortimer, Mortimer, it goes off again, you make the decisions again difficult to me.“

„At all, but you don't become long as nice it is, go together to the world to!“ Mortimer made up rhymes funny on parting. „See you later, at the latest on the 15th of November in Inverness. My fatty all the best!“

„Bye!“ also shouted Catherine from the back and Mortimer rang off made easier.

„Well, this was a long telephone call,“ it took up the thread immediately again. „We should meet Ian with him, then make no more tour and fly immediately in the states.“

„Catherine, holds me for mad. I have such a foreboding. When we Rosewell at that time in France promised to search his Veronique, there appeared like in a jigsaw puzzle the name, Dubai', then was there from, to Arabian telephone calls’ the speech. I wanted never to pronounce it so clearly, but I think easy that is somewhere in Dubai. This is why I also promised

Rosewell, to look, and if we had to go around the whole world'. Nevertheless, you must understand this? Nevertheless, we also want to get for him clarity. Only he becomes really merry one day again. This is my opinion."

„However, Yes then you search a needle in a haystack."

„Ich weiß, aber bei diesem Rosewell erledigen sich die oftmals unmöglichsten Situationen wie von selber. Wir denken an Selbstmord, dabei hat er nur zuviel Wasser geschluckt. Er meint bestohlen zu sein, dabei liegt sein Geld sicher in der Hotelkommode. Usw. Es gibt so viele Beispiele. Glaub mir, Dubai ist mein Tipp für Veronique und Rosewell. Aber ich sag dem Kerle davon nichts. Nicht, daß er dann im negativen Fall um so tiefer enttäuscht ist."

„Ich denke, wir sollten ihm später diesen Artikel ins Krankenhaus fahren und wir erzählen ihm noch weiter gar nichts vom Doby. Vielleicht kann er gar nicht so große Aufregungen vertragen?" meinte Catherine und nahm die glücklich aus diesem ‚kleinen Heuhaufen' herausgefundene Lektüre mit aus dem Ruheraum des Health-Clubs, der in den letzten Minuten wahrlich keine Ruhe ausstrahlte. Aber sie waren allein gewesen, und hatten so niemanden gestört.

Ins Krankenhaus fuhren sie. Gut, es war immer noch sehr früh am Vormittag. Sie setzten darauf, als Ausländer ein wenig bevorzugt behandelt zu werden. Zur Unterstützung dieser Hoffnung hatten sie zuvor ein wenig Obst eingepackt, daß in einer Schale in ihrer Suite lag. Diese große Tüte legten sie der Portiersratte

vor und baten dann freundlich: „Nur diese Lektüre abgeben zu dürfen, beim Rosewell Rat.“

„Rosewell Rat? Ah, ja, Herr Professor, hier haben wir ihn schon. Wenn ich Sie bitten darf, Herr Professor, Raum 191, das ist gleich hier links und dann auf der rechten Seite, Zimmer 191. Herr Professor, Gnä’ Frau, einen schönen Guten Morgen wünsch i’ den Herrschaften noch.“

„Siehst Du, es ist überall, wie überall!“ bemerkte Mortimer und weiter, gut gelaunt: „Nur, ‚Professor’, da darf man hier gar nicht widersprechen, sonst ist es gleich aus. Gnä’ Frau!“

Sie fanden Zimmer 191 und klopften aus Höflichkeit an die Tür, doch gingen gleich hinein.

„Guten Morgen allerseits,“ sagte Mortimer in die Runde des geräumigen Drei-Bett-Zimmers.

„Guten Morgen Ihr Beiden,“ kam vom Rosewell zurück.

„Are both other rats not from here?“ he whispered Rosewell.

„I have seen no notion, that also only since today early and have said them still nothing.“

„Here why you lie in a three-bed room. Could you wish no single room?“ asked Catherine.

„I have no private assurance, like her maybe,“ defended Rosewell the situation.

„We don't come at all to this embarrassment and when, then we are asked privately to the cash, my dear,“ Mortimer, nevertheless, could not suppress so completely the mockery in his words.

„But, nevertheless, it is only for this one day and the next night. If everything goes on in such a way,

tomorrow with myself, I am allowed to go out again," calm Rosewell to itself.

„This is excellent, Rosewell. Here, we have brought your article to you. From because of, whipped', lie around'. We had to burrow ourselves by several magazines, until Catherine found the article limited," Mortimer further.

„We have given the fruit from the suite to the doorkeeper, so that we received generally admittance. Now this is permitted not really," reported Mortimer. „We have brought nothing to you rather, because we don't know what you may eat and what not."

„This is quite okay, Mortimer. If tomorrow I can be dismissed, do I come directly to the hotel by taxi, right?"

„Yes where did you want to go, otherwise?" asked Catherine.

„No, I meant only, you don't need to wait for me if you have something on the programme. I will relax quite slowly who are we still here in Vienna days where. Then it must be for me, nevertheless, an illustrated book."

„Oh, this is a good idea. We will rummage later sometimes a little in the shops and procure for you some topical reading over Vienna. Then you don't miss so much a lot," Mortimer joined in.

Hardly they had discussed her common Vienna planning, the head nurse Martha came in to the door:

„What do you make then here, in the morning? Nevertheless, it is generally no round!"

„Good morning, good woman, the doorkeeper had let in us because we had to hand over only one important reading to our friend,“ Mortimer asked for understanding.

„Well, this has well happened, so please you leave the house, so that we can do everybody undisturbed our work and the patients have her rest,“ ordered the head nurse Martha.

„Bye, Rosewell, to morning, hopefully, then,“ said both, still waved and were pushed thus from the space. You weren't discontented, because they saw, that it went well to her friend again properly and this depressing atmosphere, this hospital smell, this wasn't thus after the taste of our both.

Vienna, Kärtnerstrasse, Sachertorte, shopping. The time rests there and like little concrete Mortimer could show. It wasn't a lot what he had to report to itself. This made him a little nervous.

„Catherine, travelling is super-duper, believes, however, me, I would also give a little bit to have walked round now already the whole world and to sit in New York and to write some songs!“

„And I would write down with pleasure my impressions with paintbrush and colours!“ pondered Catherine.

„We are maybe affluent rats! It practically probably doesn't go for us at least 95% of the rat's world and mouse world, and, nevertheless, we aren't so quite contented!“ admitted Mortimer.

„Oh what, I am already very happy Morti, however, I believes, it is only normal to look always for ’some other’, or ’to think of something else’. We must simply learn again to enjoy only the moment!“

„Yes, but to us it is made not easy also! Over and over again these heights and depths for which we are able to do nothing at all! Nevertheless, these are really always the others which provide ours just road with curves,“ complained and defended Mortimer his thoughts.

„Come, now we go to the ’Monumentally ' hotel, there in the restaurant 'regent' one more little place is free certainly for us,“ Mortimer immediately wanted to put a positive sign.

„You believe, we are drawn accordingly?“ asked Catherine.

„Oh, yes, there you are right again. Then we look only in and order the table for a little later. Change clothes us and then the pair of metres about the ring decrease.“

How did it stand, nevertheless, in, Vienna leader’?, a luxurious experience which isn't quite cheap, however. One should ask in this great house not for the price. Maybe one should enjoy just the privilege to have contributed to the preservation of a dreamlike Viennese house.’

„If you see, this is Vienna which I carry in myself,“ meant Mortimer late in the evening when the friendly head waiter poured out the last glass of champagnes from the bottle. White gloves, aloof politeness. A princely frame which couldn't be more nicely.

„And, nevertheless, all this should also be allowed to see Rosewell. But we have still some stations on the trip if he isn't prevented again,“ thus Mortimer further.

The Vienna reading was extensive. Rosewell enjoyed the luxury of the spacious suite 760/762. The hotel management troubled moving around him. A guest had never provided before for dieserlei excitement, how he. He could register this success for himself. Catherine and Mortimer were outdoors, a little bit outside from Vienna, in the castle Schönbrunn, of course in the Spanish court riding academy. In the opera also, but only to visit the building, not to be present at a performance. Then in an evening they were in a theatrical performance which recommended them the hotel and organised for it maps., rats in the mad cage'. A piece that Mortimer reminded, nevertheless, very much of the scenes in London, with the gay musicians and artists. Oh well, this the employees of the hotel couldn't know that he stood already irritated about this subject. To the break they left the theatre and lead rather again in, puppet' to spend the rest in the evening with Rosewell in the suite.

Thus they held it also about the week-end and when then on Mondays the hired car, finally, bepackt and tankedly before the main entrance, stood ready to the departure, there Mortimer still had to fulfil several autograph wishes.

„Please, Mortimer, soon honour us again!“ were the last calls of the hotel manager and Mortimer felt that this were no empty word shells. Of course politeness belongs to the job of these rats and mice, however, in, puppet', there this was something special. Mortimer had always felt this, also many years ago.

Above the highway, now again with Rosewell at the wheel which had recovered, in the meantime, again very well, it went many kilometres up to Lake Chiem, the spot earth in which Mortimer, as a small mouse had still lived, last in Germany with his parents.

Now it became to our hero Mortimer, however, a little rottenly in the stomach area. He got quite humid paws, as a Rosewell the motorway exit Bernau took to go then on the right in the small health resort.

„Rosewell, straight ahead, then we come to the place. I believe, you can take here the first street on the right, then we come lighter directly to, sail hotel'. Yes, there it stands already groggy."

In, sail hotel Lake Chiem' Mortimer had never lived, but his parents had only sometimes accommodated there guests and also several times they had been there to food. Now he remembered again quite a lot of a little bit silly-tired situation which his father with, silly arrogance' had dismissed and wanted never again to enter, hence, to this house.

„Want to see sometimes how act today," nearly one distinct advance warning was already to the appearance of the staff.

„Greet God the rules. What can I do for you?" asked the young Bavarian adoption mouse.

„Good afternoon, we left for the next days a suite on the name Mouse, Mortimer Mouse."

„Then Yes Greeting God, are you Mr. Mouse?" now asked the a little more disturbed hotel employee. „Mortimer Mouse who, A of Stagemouse' as a musician is?"

„Exactly, that I am,“ gave Mortimer willing ready to information.

„I am Christel Hintermaus, your old class-mate from the school of Wildenwart,“

„I wouldn't have recognised you. I had expected, actually, nobody of that time here. What is your job here?“

„I am in the education to, hotel rat’, this is a right occupation,“ became now the old class-mate really actively and didn't seem to brake any more.

„Yes, now I remind you again. At that time you already had always a flow of words hardly to be braked,“ nevertheless, Mortimer wanted to fetch back a little bit more distance.

„Oh pardon, you are right, sorry. Is it to you in ferment nit surely if of i’ says 'du' you?“ the hotel mouse now a little more abashed.

„No, no, this is quite okay, in such a way. We should chat with other opportunity more in detail, not here in the standing position. Is the aloof suite ready then?“

„Yes, of course Mortimer. Oh we have prepared so much for you. You will be astonished. Michel is also occupied here in the house, as a gardener. Christoph is in the kitchen. The Susi also. Yes, mei, I believe almost, the whole year hangs here anyhow z'sammen.“

„Where the way is then please in our suite,“ asked Catherine, a little bit impatiently. „We have driven through from Vienna up to here without break. I absolutely want to come from these clothes.“

„Yes, of course, of course. Suite 405. Here immediately to the lift please.“ And to the bell-boy

waiting in distance: „Philipp, brings please the rules on suite 405.“

„We can do Mortimer, the papers even later when it is right?“

„Okay, excellently. Then see you later.“

„My goodness what had then for an excited tongue. Was at that time at school just?“ asked Catherine quietly, and eases when they went, finally, in the lift upwards.

„Exactly I don't know any more. I had also been interested less in this Bavaria,“ whispered more Mortimer, because he had the suspicion that the bell-boy, the old class-mate Philipp Steinegger was. He avoided appealing to him.

„A very nice house,“ meant Rosewell when they were in the spacious suite and threw the first sight over the lake and on many yachts in the landing stages. „And here have you learnt sailings?“ he asked himself, for the first time for sport interesting.

„Yes, long it is. However, it had given pleasure, at that time,“ said Mortimer, with some melancholy in the voice.

On the table in the living area of the suite there lay a big map with the photo of the house from the water side. Whipped, on the insides, the manager of the house with some handwritten greeting words had be, welcome’ expressed and further his hope expressed, that Mortimer maybe a small concert, whenever he wanted it, could give., Clearly, musicians are seen to the entertainment always with pleasure’. Thus thought Mortimer.

„Rosewell, you are fairly fit to give a par ditty of yourself? Not today, but maybe tomorrow?“ shouted Mortimer in the other cubicle where Rosewell had stretched itself out calmly.

„Clear, with pleasure, nevertheless. Then we show sometimes your old class-mate what has become from Mortimer, or!?“ so his positive answer.

„What probably for you prepared?“ asked Catherine in the round.

„No notion, hopefully not too sentimentally,“ already revealed his fears to Mortimer.

In the door bell it rang. Catherine stood next and opened. Before the door the hotel manager stood, behind it a big grape of rats and mice. Mortimer could recognise first his old teachers from the elementary school of Wildenwart. The ladies Raiermaus, Schwellflußratte, Prüllermaus, red flash rat and Rathermundratte. So they still seemed to be the same team. And now there stood there the complete old class 4 and donated applause.

„Come in, nevertheless, please,“ asked Catherine and Mortimer rose from the armchair.

„Greet God, Mortimer if I may say so,“ began the hotel manager. „We knew that you are it when we received your reservation by email. They to whom you left this area with your parents before several years to conquer the world of the music. And as we know everybody, you have managed this more than brilliantly! This is why Christel had, arrived immediately as the message to congratulate the idea to organise a small party if you want in such a way, a sort of class meeting, in order you on this way! If you are at first pretty welcome, of

course also your company.“ He greeted to Catherine and to Rosewell over.

„What I should say largely. Many thanks for the nice receipt. I really didn't want to make a lot of fuss of my stay here. Basically we are on a more private European tour and make here station, before we give a concert in Munich on the 12th of November with Bavaria MFC. I still wanted to meet some artists who fit perhaps in my record label Raspberry Records, and it is this already. I have experienced during the last years so much that it is really only very difficult not to become sentimental if one looks back. Then there I must remember best of all a few words of my old manager Doby who gave to take along to me, never look back, look always only forwards’. And thus I would also like to hold it. But still thank you very much for the nice receipt. My friend Rosewell, a French piano player, by the way,“ and Mortimer indicated at Rosewell, „and I, we will use very much with pleasure the opportunity and z. B. tomorrow give a small concert! If it fits you?“

„Indeed, nevertheless,“ the manager agreed enthusiastically.

„Then we have everybody still enough time to chat with each other,“ Mortimer already wanted to finish the welcoming round, actually.

„No, no, Mortimer, so fast you don't slip to us any more by the paws. Today we stay here and have prepared below in the hall a small board. There we ask You, you, everybody three, very warmly,“ was now the old head mistress Mrs. Raiermau in the train.

„Well, there we will hardly be able to resist, Mortimer?“ now Catherine interfered. She wanted to break up both camps something and now started to welcome the whole pack rats and mice. Rosewell did it to her after. Now it was chatted, rattled, joked. Only the manager became pure once again unfailable to hear:

„Excuse me, I must follow my duties. I may say goodbye for today. So, agreed upon, tomorrow evening, we say 19.00 o'clock, concert in the garden. If it should rain against expectation, we make this house the great house.“

„Okay, agreed upon. If they try to make a little advertisement on the radio. If the time still reaches. But maybe do you have relations? Do we say, you take only 3 DM of entry per visitor, only symbolically, then you should make available, we everybody, this amount of the school in Wildenwart, for example, for new music instruments?“

„This would be an excellently idea, Mortimer,“ thus the old head mistress. „Why only 3 DM, why not 5,-?“ she asked commercial-hard.

„You must put out this everybody with Yourselves. I want nothing of it abhaben. The more visitors come, the more money for your school. Whether is this place, however, the suitable one?“

„Suitable, for which?“ the old teacher asked.

„For a big concert! But we are anyhow only in twos, so it will already fit, here on the meadow.“

„Mine I, however, also. If it should become then maybe 500 or even 1000 mice, this would be something great for the school cash!“

„So, now let us, nevertheless, however, down go to the decorated festival space, there a fine snack is also prepared,“ the younger one of both teachers whom Mortimer had in this school pushed Mrs. Schwellflussratte.

What was left to our three heroes to bend as itself to the overpowering charm of the Bavarians in her national costumes. Mortimer, Catherine and Rosewell casually dressed in between. Now in the head of the board the place was directed fast for three. But always between one of them took a teacher Platz. In the middle Mortimer. To his rights the Mrs. Raiermau, to the lefts the Mrs. Schwellflussratte. Besides then Rosewell, or Catherine and then the teachers Prüllermau, red flash rat and Rathermundratte. And the whole class then in each case the circle closing.

Mortimer noted big whisper in one corner of the festival space, thus as one couldn't agree which song they played as first in the CD player to him to honour. Nevertheless, obviously a decision had been made, because there sounded Mortimers favorite song „stop The Being“ from the loudspeakers. Not too loudly, so that an entertainment still seemed possible.

„Yes, dear Mrs. Raiermau, this critical thinking I have got of course from my father, however, I am also glad honestly to be allowed to have spent the first four school years in your school. Without you, I would also not have become such ’bright brains’,“ Mortimer interrupted common listening in of the music.

„I must confess, I have taken only during these few days of your music knowledge. Though I had belonged sometimes from a 'Stagemouse', a world record in Rio

etc., however who supposes behind this name Mortimer? I always accepted, you would become a right, important scientist, paleontologist or in such a way.“
„Oh the subject with the dinosaurs etc. that some time had still occupied us, however, my big passion was and is the music. Much more attention, than as a music mouse, one can hardly receive, from the money and luxury I don't want to talk at all. Thus New York to me has become the native country in my heart and in this delightfully big town all that disappears again on a tiny point, like 'zero'. This is releasing and depressing at the same time.“
He had his acoustic guitar with hinuntergenommen in the small hall because he already anticipated that he could particularly offer here in the smallest circle a little bit. On the wall an old piano and with an exceedingly remarkable winking stood in the direction of Rosewell, now he arranged his friend to touch it him and to reach in the keys.

A small one, thus not planned concert could begin. Mortimer sang from full breast:

"Playing with Emotions, this is not a fair game. Swimming through the Oceans …."

ENDE