

# The Third Child - Friendship

## Summary

So Walter wants to become an instrument of God. And he has found his place.

The dice cup has also found its master.

But a little adventure is looming.

Walter's families have a third child, a foster child.

The children become friends and Conrad Peter - the third child - helps his new siblings to win a race.

But even he can't do it alone.

At the end the conflict in Conrad Peters' life is clarified and thereby alleviated.

## Foreword by the narrator

Actually there is already a foreword to the story "The Third Child", because the entire first part - "The Third Child - Prologue" - was a foreword.

However, some friends have drawn my attention to a circumstance that has to be explained - clarified - before we can go any further. Isn't this entire narrative a commercial promotional event? An advertising event for my profession - I'm actually a programmer - and an advertising event for my hobby project with 3D graphics?

Well, everyone can only write about what they know.

I feel the same way. So it is not surprising if my main characters are programmers and if they deal with 3D graphics.

But why writing at all? Why put these thoughts on paper? Does that have any literary value at all?

Well, I would like to leave the question of the value of this thing to other people, but I will stick to St. Paul who said: "All I handed over to you is what I also had received"

And in fact, all of the material that this story is about has more or less "fallen" to me. Angels, drunks, homeless and crazy people have all contributed to this material and it seems worth telling to me. I don't want to judge the value and the meaning, but I find that I am driven by an inner compulsion to continue doing these things and not to keep them to myself.

Now it is also clear that I will not earn any money with this story, because it is not you, dear reader, who wants something from me, but I want something from you, namely that you read the story and pass on the thoughts.

In any case, precautions have been taken if you want to make a film out of this story, because the entire story consists of 32 chapters (which is a nice round number for a programmer), which can be implemented more or less "one to one" in the scenes of a film.

However, the film needs a "scene zero", which should optically match the theme of the second part.

The film would then have the "nice" number of 33 scenes.

## Scene zero

The film begins with a view of a desert, empty Martian landscape, a storm. With a tracking shot we approach a dune and discover that the Mars rover "Spirit" has got stuck in it.

Then the camera pans to the red sky and with a tracking shot we head towards the earth.

There, like in the first film, about Europe -> Austria -> Vienna -> a single-family house in one of the less densely populated districts.

You can see Walter standing on the roof of his house and assembling something.

Veronica stands in the garden and looks up at him. It seems like she wants to say something.

This entire "scene zero" is 100% computer-animated, including Walter and Veronika.

## Walter's first family

One follows the other.

Because the universe is expanding, there is gravity.

Because there is gravity, it rains from top to bottom.

Because it rains, plants can sprout.

Because plants sprout, animals can exist.

Man lives because someone loves (him).

Because Veronika had saved Walter's world, he mounted an oversized target horizontally on the roof of his first family.

Stop! It was too big a leap now. Target? House roof? First family? How can you understand all of this?

Well, Walter was a bigamist, so far, so good.

And we had to deal with Walter's life, since we can only understand a child if we know something about his father and mother.

So this time it's actually about the kids.

But how had that been with Walter?

In a world in which there were two monolithic blocks, the "green block" and the "blue block", in a world in which there was always something final about decisions, he retained his freedoms.

He dared to have two women at the same time, to make a final decision neither for one nor for the other. But maybe that wasn't so much a sign of courage, but rather of cowardice, depending on your perspective.

In any case, he always felt a strange attraction to his second wife Monika, a common "frequency of the heart", while his first wife, Veronika, was always "extremely sympathetic to him at a distance".

In a life crisis, however, it became clear that it was precisely Veronika who could really help him.

And so he secretly decided that from now on Veronika was the "first" woman, while Monika was only the "second" woman.

He wanted to show everyone that he was exactly at home in this house, in the house of his first

family, in the house with Veronika, and that is why he mounted said oversized target horizontally on the roof of the house.

Veronika watched him: "Does that have to be? The neighbors will think we have gone crazy".

Walter replied: "I told you that I want to become an instrument of God, and this is the landing place for the spirit."

He pointed to his work, the target that shone in the sun.

Veronika complained: "You are just as crazy as your friend, the cardinal". She thought for a moment: "The idea came from him, wasn't it?"

Walter put on a mine like a western hero: "A man has to do what a man has to do!".

She insisted, half seriously, half jokingly, at least annoyed: "But do you have to relieve yourself on our roof of all places?"

He grinned: "Yes, that's my <stabilitas loci>"

It is funny that at that time the two blocks, the "green block" and the "blue block", were becoming less and less important. But that's another story that we'll get into later.

## Conrad Peter

### 1.

"And never forget where you are!" The priest, Monsignor Kaminsky, concluded the sermon.

Conrad Peter was torn from his thoughts by the sudden silence. He sat in the front row of the suburban church. To the left and right of him sat his three siblings and on the far right, his father Heinrich.

Conrad Peter was now 13 years old. He was actually in the middle of puberty, full of all the doubts about the adult world, and asking himself a lot of questions.

He had few friends of his own age with whom he could discuss his questions. But he still had his siblings and - one must honestly say - this priest. This parish also had something fascinating about young people, not least because of the separate youth masses that were held every week.

The church was of that peculiar ugliness that had blossomed in the sixties and seventies of the twentieth century, but Conrad Peter did not notice it. He wasn't used to anything else.

When the priest stood at the altar again - with his back to Conrad Peter - he thought:

*Actually, "priest" would be a desirable profession. People need you so that you can bring their prayers to God; you as a mediator will always have a special position, and you can work in a central position to improve the world.*

*Yes, improve the world. That would be a really meaningful goal in life. Once you have reached the point where you have recognized the meaning of life and have the right values on your side, then you have to work with all your might to "spread these values". It should go around the world like wildfire, this "civilization of values".*

*The adults obviously no longer have their world under control - with the exception of this priest and maybe dad - and if I work in a central position to improve the world, then the girls will be at my feet.*

When the prayer was over, it was time to pray the "Our Father" together. Conrad Peter babbled along almost automatically. Nobody had spoken to him about the true meaning of this prayer.

Yes, yes, Conrad Peter was a deep guy despite his young age and he was a technical genius. But he still had so much to learn.

Conrad Peter's father Heinrich was a single parent. During the fair, his thoughts revolved around completely different things than Conrad Peters. He thought of the woman who had left him a long time ago, he thought of her not without longing, but with a certain callousness: "She ignored all the freedoms I had offered her, just out of fear their relatives. "

When the mass was over, Monsignor Kaminsky concluded with the words: "Go there and bring freedom!". Words that once again gave Heinrich the "kick" for the coming week.

He and his children got into a jeep with an eye-catching camouflage paint job and drove home.

## Walter's second family

### 2.

Walter was now employed in a company that produced application software for UNIX operating systems. It wasn't that long ago that Walter had changed company.

The dear readers of the first book already know that Walter had worked in a green company (which was therefore part of the "green block") and that there he had a conflict with the dice cup.

The dice cup had been a funny fellow who had not only advised the company's managers, but had also repeatedly talked the normal employees into everyday life.

The boss of the green company had removed the dice cup at the time to save the company from certain doom (at least that was the official reason). But that was of no use and the company actually got smaller and weaker.

And so it was no surprise that Walter had to look for a new employer, which he luckily found.

Funnily enough, his new employer was the very same university graduate who had offered the dice cup after the boss of the green company had kicked him out.

And so Walter was again in a company with the dice cup. But that's actually not our topic. Just to round off the curve that was drawn in the first part of the story, we want to tell a little here how the dice cup fared.

Of course, the dice cup was a little troublemaker, as the dear reader may remember, but doesn't it also have its good points?

A troublemaker is there to bring systems from rest to transient states. And isn't it in these transient states, these states of imbalance, in which we are most creative, in which "life goes on the most"?

Of course you had to have learned "how to use the dice cup", you had to "have tamed it" and "be able to use your innovative strength" before you could let it get close to you. But without this innovative strength, everything always ran towards the state of equilibrium, towards that dreary gray that only the uninspired could really wish for.

Be that as it may, that morning Walter drove to his new company - he came from his first family - and, after leaving the car in the parking garage, went to the company entrance.

He took a look at the company sign, on which "We serve the future" was written in capital letters, and enjoyed the friendly, bright atmosphere of the entrance area, which was kept in yellow / orange tones.

But wait, wasn't that his second wife Monika, who turned the corner here ?!

"What are you doing here?" He asked, a little flabbergasted.

She was obviously not entirely happy to meet him here, but had obviously expected it and answered quietly: "Actually I didn't want to tell you yet, but, well, word is already getting around that your company is looking up and maybe you want to outsource one or the other work. That's why I have a meeting with your boss today. "

"Then I wish you the best of luck", said Walter and both paths parted again.

### 3.

On the way to his place of work, Walter passed a closed door behind which there was a conference room.

A briefing was in progress in this conference room. Everyone who was responsible for a part program had to report and problems were discussed that could not be solved within a part program.

The dice cup also had its place in this meeting as a "universal advisor". But it was already clear from the arrangement of the chairs who was the boss here and who was only "delivering" consulting services.

The boss asked Mr. Muller, who was responsible for a part of the program: "So, Mr. Muller, where are you?"

Müller replied: "Well, we are actually quite well on time, of course there are small technical problems - nothing that cannot be fixed by a few hours of overtime - but there is a strategic question that I am discussing here would like to."

The boss did not hesitate and asked Muller: "Shoot them!"

Muller continued: "The last regression tests have shown that the quality of the software is not yet working. Too many mistakes in too short a time. But if we use the time to correct the errors, we won't have time for the last two features. "

The boss thought about it and put his hand on his chin: "Difficult! What does the universal advisor think? "He looked at the dice cup and was obviously waiting for an answer.

It didn't take long for the dice cup to come up with an answer: "Well, quality is debatable. I mean, if we lack the features, then that is clearly a breach of contract, but if the quality is a little suboptimal, you can fix it later - and we will probably get more money for the corrections via the maintenance contract. "

The boss thought for a minute and then made a categorical decision: "OK, we're going to forego the features and get the quality in order."

The dice cup looked defiant, crossed his arms over his chest and said loudly and clearly: "I am innocent of these feature's blood".

So this is what happened to the dice cup and we will not go into it any further.

**4.**

Walter spent this weekend with his second family.

In the course of time they had found a regulation that everyone could get along with. Walter spent the evenings and nights during the week alternately with one family and then with the other family, but the weekend was not divided up. One weekend with one family and the next with the other.

The second wife, Monika, lived with her children Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl in a beautiful rented apartment on the edge of the city center, where it was a little greener than in the center, but where public transport connections were still very good.

Lieserl was a rather introverted girl who spent a lot of time at home and with books.

Carl-Friedrich, on the other hand, was an extroverted doer-type, and since he was now over 12 years old, Monika never knew exactly where he was. He just had a lot of friends with whom he was always on the move.

In order to improve this situation a little, Monika had agreed with Carl-Friedrich that whenever he went away he would write where he was going in the large wall calendar.

He now even had a smartphone that did this job for him. So Monika only had to take a look at the computer to find out where Carl-Friedrich was at the moment.

She thought.

On this Friday Walter called Monika: "Is Carl-Friedrich here for dinner tonight?"

Monika was standing at the stove, so went to the computer, tucked the phone under her cheek and logged in: "Wait a minute, today his location is extremely imprecise, I'll call him on the second line."

Monika dialed Carl-Friedrich's number and asked after he had answered: "Where are you today?"

Carl-Friedrich replied only briefly: "I'm not saying it's a secret" and hung up.

Monika looked confused, but luckily Lieserl interfered: "I know where he is, he's with his friends from the go-kart club."

Monika was now connected to Walter again and answered him: "No, he is not here today, are you coming anyway? ..... Yes? ..... OK !, Ciao".

She turned to Lieserl and asked curiously: "How do you know where your brother is?"

Lieserl replied: "I hacked into his smartphone."

Monika was a little surprised because this experience showed her how far the children were technically superior to them, and in the evening, when the children were already sleeping and Walter was lying next to her, she dealt with this topic: "Our children are slipping away nicely slowly. Today Carl-Friedrich didn't even want to tell me where he was. "

Walter didn't take it that hard, and - to be honest - he wanted to sleep too. Therefore he contented himself with a short comment: "You don't always have to know everything."

## The assassination

### 5.

Conrad Peter was in physics class.

His physics teacher was one of those ultra-religious combat atheists who defended the dogmas of the atheist pope with claws and teeth, no, much more, who attacked with them.

No wonder, then, that Conrad Peter was not on good terms with him. However, Conrad Peter was a technical genius not least because he was interested in all things physics. In spite of that aversion to the teacher, he still got home good grades.

This time, however, he allowed himself a piece that earned him additional work.

"Conrad Peter, what do you know about Galileo Galilei?" Asked the teacher.

*Of course he's asking me that because he knows I go to church.*

*Now he wants to hear again that Galileo did not just claim that the earth revolves around the sun. That was already a tough step back then, and in the end it brought him into conflict with the Church that he tried to move people out of the center of the universe.*

*No, he wants to hear that Galileo also formulated the principle of relativity, according to which it is physically impossible to give one of two different inertial systems a special position. The different coordinate systems are therefore all equivalent.*

*Of course he wants me to say that all religions are equivalent, they are also something like coordinate systems.*

*All coordinate systems are equivalent. Pah. Let him see how the complexity in the mobile end devices increases when they now have to support all three positioning systems: GPS, GLONASS and GALILEO.*

Conrad Peter did not want to get involved in this lengthy discussion because the atheist was clearly in a position of power, and so he said only succinctly, but still subversively: "He was some kind of unbeliever who claimed that the earth revolves around the sun . "

The teacher had already had many discussions with Conrad Peter, and he knew that he would always take the shorter argument, so he limited himself to enjoying his position of power and gave Conrad Peter an additional exercise: "Here you have a book about that are you going to give us a lecture next week. "

He rummaged in his pocket and pulled out a book that he had obviously already prepared. It was entitled: "The Significance of Galileo for the Occident".

### 6.

Conrad Peter had a robot dog that he always took to school. This robot dog was adaptive and programmable, and that suited Conrad Peter very much.

Not only was he a skilled hobbyist who was good at using soldering irons and alligator clips, but he always had good ideas when it came to adding new functions to a programmable device.

Of course, the robot dog was switched off in the school lesson and lay silent and silent in the pocket, but now, on the way home, he hopped around Conrad Peter, wagged his tail and barked.

*Actually a dangerous thing. The more functions I build into the dog, the more likely it is that one day it will no longer do what I want, that it will become self-employed, so to speak.*

Conrad Peter thought.

But he had concrete plans for his dog, and for that he needed a minimum of autonomy, as we shall see later.

A girl approached Conrad Peter and tried to stroke the dog. "Is it cute," she said, and added, "Does it have a name too?"

"Yes, he's the 'Avenger'", Conrad Peter replied with a strange intonation that didn't bode well. The girl was a little shocked, but also intrigued.

Perhaps she was not so fascinated by the dog as by its creator, so she added, "Did you build this yourself?"

She made a stupid impression, so he didn't even try to explain the difference between "building" and "programming" to her and only said briefly: "No. My father bought it for me, but I added a few gimmicks myself" .

## 7.

Yes, Conrad Peter was a technical genius and he was considering becoming a priest. But first and foremost, he was a young guy who would have loved to show off that he had a girlfriend.

That is why he had invited the girl, even though she looked a little stupid, to show her his "kingdom" one day.

And you could really say that his father made it possible for him to have his own "kingdom". There were two large desks in his room, one full of electrical and electronic handicrafts and the other with school books.

In the corner of the room there was a life-size figure of a robot, namely the C-3PO from the movie "Star Wars". It was a humanoid protocol droid whose primary purpose was to establish contact between humans and machines.

We shall see to what extent it actually served this purpose.

Conrad Peter said to the girl: "Look out, now it's going to be fun. I'm sending my dog on a trip! "

He took a remote control that looked like a smartphone and touched a few buttons. The dog raised its head, started moving, and marched to the cat flap in the door. After a few moments he was gone into the open air.

The girl was not so much interested in this demonstration as she was in Conrad Peter and asked: "Are you an only child?"

Conrad Peter replied: "I have three siblings, but none of them can hold a candle to me. At the age of 8 I already assembled the most complicated Star Wars spaceships, the control of my electric train was legendary and I am still unbeatable at 3D games ".

She continued: "What is your favorite drink?".

He was a little confused because she wasn't impressed by his loud mouth: "Well, that depends on the situation. When I'm very thirsty, pure, clear water is best, but if I have to, I also drink a Coke. "

He wanted to focus on his favorite topic and made another move: "Did you know that the young

Anakin Skywalker built C-3PO? When I grow up, I would also like to build a robot-human contact. That is, when the robots are so far advanced that they have anything meaningful to say at all ”.

And then he went one better: "Robots are the next topic at all, once we have the 3D graphics under control".

A monitor was running in the room, on which one could see how it was switched over and over again from one surveillance camera to the other so that the dog was always in the center of the picture.

The girl had gone into the next room while he was speaking and brought him a glass of water: "Tell me, what about your mother?"

*The dog is now running in disconnected mode. As long as he is on the road, the connection should be as narrow-banded as possible, preferably to zero bandwidth, we only need a video connection for aiming and triggering.*

*Of course, the dog is not overly intelligent. I programmed it yesterday and it now simply follows the trajectory, orienting itself towards the WiFis that are everywhere.*

*Fortunately, I found this freeware with the enhanced motion capture, which allows me to keep the Avenger under observation even in disconnected mode.*

He almost managed to ignore the question about his mother, but now they came back, the memories of all the questions he had asked his father when he was little and wondered why his mother had left him : "She left us when I was a little boy, my father had to fight for me".

The girl asked: "And why?"

"Her relatives did not agree that she should marry a Christian and take off her headscarf", was the answer: "And she would rather go back to her relatives, these, ..., these, ....". He got angry look around his eyes.

At that moment the dog turned into a playground where there were noticeably many girls with headscarves. All the girls ran up to the cute dog.

The remote control rang.

Conrad Peter picked up and saw a video transmission of the event from the dog's point of view on his smartphone.

When the girls got close enough, Conrad Peter pressed an orange button and the dog began to rotate around its own vertical axis and spray yellow and red paint from all of its body orifices. All the children were splashed on and started screaming and crying.

Conrad Peter laughed: "That's funny, isn't it?", Pressed a green button and a printer spat out a panorama photo.

Conrad Peter gave the photo to the girl: "Here, as a souvenir!"

## The wimps

### 8.

Heinrich's heart beat right of center.

Yes, he was what you would call a militarist.

In any case, it was clear to him that the Christian West could not be defended simply with good words. It was also necessary to take up arms and defend yourself if the worst came to the worst. He was able to gain a lot from the idea of defensive Christianity.

Heinrich was a florist in the civilian profession, and this fact alone would have made him a thoroughly peaceful person. And he was also outwardly peaceful. Only he made this distinction between inside and outside, between "them" and "us", between good and bad.

Now he was sitting in the conference room of the district court, waiting for the juvenile judge who had summoned him to an initial hearing.

*Always those wimps and do-gooders. Everything has to be discussed to the point of vomiting.*

The juvenile judge entered the room, there were two of them alone in the room. She sat down and began: "Well, you are here because of the assassination attempt by your son Conrad Peter."

Heinrich weighed it down and said evasively: "Is it already certain that he is behind this?"

"It is his trajectories that intersect with the spacetime of the event. That counts as stringent evidence in front of every court", she said unequivocally.

The first shot went in the pants, now Heinrich had to resort to asking.

He would have loved to clarify the way two noblemen of the Renaissance would have done it, outside the gates of the city, with two swords: "Don't you see that so closely, he's still a child."

The judge got a little louder: "Your child is a real danger. Who knows, next time the robot dog will not only spray paint but ..... I don't even like to think about it".

Heinrich begged: "No, he certainly didn't mean that badly, it's all just a preparation for his career as a successful technician."

The judge had no understanding: "You can argue as much as you want, the fact is that he stays in the youth home until a suitable foster family has been found. I can only accommodate you so far that you can make a suggestion as to which family he will come to! "

"But I don't have anyone," Heinrich slipped out. He would never have dreamed that he would one day be so small in front of these mighty wimps.

Judge: "The hearing is in two weeks. So you have two weeks, that's all I can do for you." She got up and left the room.

**9.**

Heinrich came out of the district court, went to the car, got in and drove off.

He turned on the radio music.

*That these do-gooders always have to make such a big deal out of every youthful prank. When I was a child, we had very different adventures. And spraying other children with paint was always an option back then.*

*Only the underlying technology has changed - and with it the monitorability. We really did worse back then, but nobody followed our trajectories.*

*Well, the do-gooders are in a position of power, that's why we have to submit for the time being. But where am I supposed to find a family so quickly where Conrad Peter can get adequate accommodation?*

*He needs a strong hand to guide him so that he can find his way into the future. Who knows which wimp family the judge would put him with.*

The song from the seventies has just been played on the radio: "Turn your radio on".

That made a string vibrate in Heinrich, and he decided to go to church and sit there alone in the pews. For a long time now he has once again set his "antennas to receive". He hadn't done that in a long time, actually for the last time before Soraya left him. It was nice and cool here in the church.

*If only Soraya were there. Why did she have to leave me then? She just had to decide, I would have done the rest.*

*Was she dissatisfied? Didn't I offer her enough? All the beautiful excursions into the countryside, the joint theater evenings and the celebrations in the church.*

He heard a little mouse scurrying through the church, and when he turned around he saw Monsignor Kaminsky approaching cautiously.

"Otherwise you never come to pray. Do you have problems? ", Monsignor Kaminsky opened the conversation quite directly.

Heinrich thought for a moment whether he should reveal his problems to the monsignor. It had always been his concern to contribute more to the community than to receive from it.

But now, he had to accept this, he was in a position of weakness and there was a very good chance that the monsignor knew a trustworthy family who could act as a foster family.

"Father, you know my son, they want to take him away from me." Heinrich began to explain his problems. "Apparently I can't take care of him," he continued.

Monsignor Kaminsky knew the Soraya story, and he concluded with razor sharpness: "Yes, that's the ramifications now. I always told you 'don't get mixed marriages'. Unfortunately we weren't strong enough at the time to win Soraya over. "

There was a brief silence during which Heinrich realized that people in a position of weakness could not expect help from Monsignor Kaminsky.

Perhaps it was this experience, this being alone, that ultimately led Heinrich to no longer take Monsignor Kaminsky's statements so seriously.

At least this realization had brought him now, that he had set his antennas to receive and stopped by

the church.

But we anticipate the events. Let's let the action unfold.

Kaminsky asked: "Is he going to a foster family?", To which Heinrich only nodded briefly.

The priest continued: "You will see that it is not so bad. He has good genes and will find his way. Now you have to learn to let go, you no longer have everything in your hand. "

*Nice words. But that doesn't help me. I need a suitable foster family for Conrad Peter. Who knows what wimp the juvenile court would put him with.*

Heinrich said goodbye and sadly set off on his way.

## In search

### 10.

Heinrich had thought about it. He had thought for a long time.

In the end he had thought of a family that he had known for a long time and that could be considered as a foster family for Conrad Peter.

So the next morning he drove to his friends, the Browns.

He himself lived with his children in a single-family house with a garden on the outskirts of the suburbs. The Browns didn't live that far away, although their house was far more tastefully decorated and lavishly furnished.

Heinrich parked, got out of the car and pressed the doorbell. Mister Brown - he still called himself "Mister" Brown and not "Herr" Brown, even though he had come from the United States many years ago - opened the door.

He was still in his elegant dressing gown and greeted Heinrich politely: "Heinrich, you haven't been seen for a long time."

In terms of appearance, the Browns reminded a little of Gomez and Morticia from the "Addams Family", although they didn't display nearly the same bizarre behaviors, but were honest people. A technical employee who had worked his way up the hierarchy of a large company and a housewife who had nevertheless retained the elegance and beauty of a society lady.

Heinrich replied: "Yes, you know, the many worries with the children - and the flower shop is no longer as good as it used to be ..."

Mr. Brown hooked: "Well, it doesn't matter, now come in and have a coffee."

Heinrich followed Mr. Brown into the room, sat down when asked, and waited for the coffee.

After Mr. Brown had put two cups of coffee on the table, he also sat down and waited until Heinrich started the conversation.

After the first sip of coffee, Heinrich began to speak: "I already mentioned it on the phone, about my eldest. Something happened to him there, so, well, he got caught doing something stupid, at least - you know, I'm a single parent - and that's how it is now ... "

Mr. Brown relieved Heinrich from the trouble of saying things too clearly and said: "I understood, you want us to adopt your Conrad Peter."

Heinrich now explained the situation more precisely: “No, we don't have to talk about adoption right away. I think that means foster family. In any case, the trial is next Friday and I know with you that he will be in good hands. ”

Mr. Brown also wanted to shed some light on the counter-arguments, so he explained: “You know, Heinrich, Martha and I, we thought about it for a long time. Our children are already out of the house and we are no longer the youngest either. But Martha would definitely appreciate it if she had someone again to look after. It could also bring more variety to our family life. The only thing I'm not sure about is your son's hobbies. I don't know if we can set up a tinkering room for him here in the house ”.

Heinrich replied: “He is now 13 and will soon be attending a technical college. He will have less time for his hobbies anyway ”.

Mrs. Brown came into the room during the discussion and now put the end point: “Well, Heinrich, you can count on us. When did you say the trial is at 11 o'clock? ”

"Yes," Heinrich got up, said goodbye and made his way home relieved. It seemed to be a nice weekend after all.

## Disappointment and a way out

### 11.

The week passed quickly. Walter had taken off this Friday because he had planned a bathing trip with his second family.

Friday morning was splendid weather and it was easy for everyone to get up, pack their swimwear and comfortably get into the car, Walter, Monika, Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl.

They had to drive all over town to get to the lake, which was a few minutes' drive outside the town. Since they had only started at 10 a.m., the weekend traffic was already noticeable, which began to block the city's arterial roads every Friday morning.

They fought their way through the traffic jam, meter by meter, street by street, yet they were relaxed and relaxed.

Everyone except Walter.

Obviously he had had too much coffee for breakfast after all.

What is now taking revenge.

He looked for a public building that should have a toilet.

He finally stopped in front of a large public building, ignored the no-stopping restrictions, switched on the hazard lights and jumped out of the car. "I'll be right back," he called out to his family.

A jeep with an eye-catching camouflage paint job was parked in front of him.

### 12.

In the public building of the district court, a housekeeper was sweeping the corridor in front of the courtroom. The company name "Magnet elf" was on his overall.

In the negotiating room, on the other hand, the negotiation about Conrad Peter had just reached its

climax.

The judge announced the verdict: "The court has hereby determined that the well-being of the child is endangered if it continues to be entrusted to the custody of his father. The mother was withdrawn from custody a long time ago. Since there are no close relatives in question to continue to look after the child, it will be handed over to the care of a foster family after careful examination. "

Turning to Heinrich, she said: "I think the father has a suggestion as to which foster family the child should come to".

Mrs. Brown interrupted him, "Yes, we are. Mr. and Mrs. Brown "

The judge turned to an inconspicuous little lady who had not been noticed by anyone: "Does the family office agree with this election?"

The officer said after looking at her file, "I'm sorry, I can't say that. We do not know Mr. and Mrs. Brown, they are not approved as a foster family. "

The judge closed the session: "Then the child will stay in the youth home until this question has been clarified. This ends the session. "

It took Heinrich a moment of shock to understand the outcome of the negotiation. All the wimps in the world seemed to have conspired against him and his son.

Fate took its course.

### **13.**

And how fate took its course, because Walter had ended up in the same hallway as the negotiating room when he was looking for a toilet.

Now he emerged relieved from the door that had been the epitome of freedom for him ten minutes ago and turned into the corridor that led to the exit door.

Heinrich, on the other hand, was in an exceptional psychological situation, he was concentrated in every fiber of his existence on finding a new foster father for Conrad Peter. And not a wimp, but a solid family man with a strong hand.

Walter came towards him. Walter was wearing a sleeveless outdoor jacket and shorts. So it's no wonder that Heinrich - in his exceptional situation - saw Walter as a kind of soldier.

He became curious and followed Walter. When he got into his car outside, he stayed in the background for the time being. Then he slipped into his jeep and followed the family at a good distance.

### **14.**

After a while they got onto the highway. Heinrich still followed them.

Monika began to broach a topic that was close to her heart: "Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl will be in fourth grade next year. We should think about how things will go on afterwards. "

Walter didn't want to deal with it now: "Well, that will show up".

Monika found it unfair that Walter never interfered, never worried and never made decisions, so she said, a little louder: "You always with your indifference. That is an important decision. Go on to high school, where you then facto can only study more, or do we give them the opportunity to

orientate themselves practically? "

Walter suddenly felt like discussing: "Now you are indifferent. OK, they are twins, but you can't give them both the same edge."

Now Monika was really loud: "Now you are getting personal. Can't you formulate that from the point of view of your needs without being abusive here?"

Walter waved one arm and looked at Monika: "What do my needs mean here? Who always has this obligation to plan?"

Suddenly Carl-Friedrich shouted: "Attention, the exit!"

Walter had to swerve over three lanes from left to right and just caught the exit.

Heinrich, who was still following them, had to brake sharply and change lanes while the others honked so that he could still make the exit.

*He wants to shake me off. The Force is strong with this one.*

## **15.**

When they got to the parking lot by the lake, Heinrich stayed behind consciously. He parked his car on a small side street, took the binoculars with him and went to the observation post, not without first noting the license plate number of Walter's car.

Nothing unusual happened all day, but Heinrich remained faithful to his observation post. Little did he know that Walter was a bigamist and Monika was just one of the two women.

Around three o'clock dark clouds came in and a thunderstorm was forecast.

But as so often in life, Walter and Monika disregarded the dark omens and then let themselves be surprised by the rain shower. Everyone ran to the car. Walter rummaged in his pocket and couldn't find the car key. He searched for a good 10 minutes, during which Monika and the children were completely soaked.

Heinrich saw this through his binoculars and again misinterpreted that.

*A smart man who toughens up his children.*

## Decision

### 16.

Heinrich had simply left his flower shop to be a flower shop for a few days and tried to find out more about Walter.

He had found out his name and address from a handlebar survey.

The car was registered to the address of the first family, which is why Heinrich had a surprise waiting for him on the first day of the observation. Because this woman - Veronika - was not the woman - Monika - with whom Walter had taken the bathing trip.

But even the bigamy thing didn't bother Heinrich in the end, because he thought to himself: "The main thing is that this Walter knows what he wants. That is the most important thing when you raise children that you set a clear line."

And actually he was right, because Walter knew exactly what he wanted: namely, lots of children, that's why he was a bigamist.

Now that he had got some idea of the situation, Heinrich dared to ring the bell and question her on a day when Veronika was at home alone.

She opened the door and greeted the man she had never seen in her life: "Yes, please, how can I help you?"

In this case, Heinrich didn't think much of talking about the bushes and fell straight into the house with the door: "Your husband, I assume it's your husband ...", she nodded uncertainly, "..... I was very impressed."

Veronika smiled uncertainly and tried it with humor: "Do I have to be jealous now?"

Heinrich fended off: "No, no, it's different. It's about my son."

Veronika was impressed by Heinrich's straightforwardness and invited him: "Don't you want to come in first?"

Heinrich thanked him and they went into the living room.

Veronika asked: "Do you drink coffee?"

Heinrich was grateful: "Yes, with milk, please, without sugar."

She fetched the pot of ready-made coffee from the kitchen while he used the break to take a look around the room.

After she poured it for him, he started again: "Well, excuse me if I fall through the door, but I'm looking for a foster family for my 13-year-old son."

Veronika looked a little astonished, was silent for a long time, and then began carefully: "Why can't he live with you anymore?"

Heinrich had expected this question and he gave his prepared answer: "I have been withdrawn from custody because I am already overworked with the other three children. You must know that I am a single father."

Veronika seemed a little relieved because she had already expected some excuses: "Well, honesty

versus honesty. Both of us, my husband and I, have been on the waiting list of the youth welfare office for some time, so it is a coincidence that you of all people come to us. May I ask how this comes about? After all, the youth welfare office usually chooses the foster families for the children."

Heinrich also relied on honesty: "In fact, it's all a great coincidence. I don't trust the youth welfare office, who knows what wimp my Conrad Peter would go to, but you make a solid impression on me."

Veronika had to giggle. "Solid!", She thought and couldn't help thinking of all the weaknesses that Walter obviously had, first of all, of course, his weakness in decision-making.

Veronika collected herself again and bravely pursued the subject further. Because she had really been waiting for a third child for a long time. So she asked, "Yes, but how did you get to know my husband?"

Heinrich said truthfully, without giving the details: "I say, a coincidence. He was in the right place at the right time and I noticed him."

Veronika didn't want to dig too hard: "Well, everything will have to be discussed, but personally I am not averse to giving in to such coincidences of fate." She paused: "How will we proceed now?"

Suddenly the phone rang.

Veronika apologized, went into the anteroom and picked up: "Haselbacher! ..... Yes! ..... Oh? ..... That's good news! ..... When? On Thursday ?. .... What did you say, was the name? ..... I'll discuss this with my husband and call you back today! "

She hung up and came back into the living room.

She asked Heinrich: "What, did you say, was your name?"

Heinrich replied: "Schmid. Heinrich Schmid"

Veronika had one more question: "So your son is now 13 years old?" "Yes," answered Heinrich.

Veronika concluded the conversation: "Well, I think I have to discuss this with my husband first, but what if you could give me your phone number?"

Heinrich gave her his number, said goodbye, and left.

## **17.**

The time had come the next Friday.

In the afternoon Walter and Veronika drove to the youth home to pick up Conrad Peter. His father Heinrich was also there to say goodbye. Fortunately everything went smoothly, Walter and Veronika had already been there to meet Conrad Peter.

So now the three of them sat in Veronika's car and drove to the outskirts where the house of Walter's first family was. Veronika inherited this house from her parents and luckily it was cheap to maintain.

It was spacious and offered enough space for a family of five. And Walter was absent half the time anyway.

As they turned into the path of the settlement, Walter's thoughts were tense. Would the children like each other? Today the two half-siblings Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl were also present because they

wanted to get to know the new family member.

First of all there was a refreshment that Veronika had already prepared. Walter introduced the new child: "This is Conrad Peter. He will be living with us from now on".

Silence.

A bad sign.

"So how about you play the 'My Reality' game with Conrad Peter as a welcome?"

"My Reality?", Conrad Peter asked. "Sounds interesting, but I always thought there was only one reality," he added, and: "Monsignor Kaminsky always says: There can only be one truth."

Well, we already mentioned that Conrad Peter still had a lot to learn.

In any case, Walter had set up a room in this house that had several computers and offered the children an installation that could be described as a "multiplayer holodeck", although the technology for it was still very much in its infancy.

You could create your own virtual worlds there, like putting together small bricks with a Lego kit.

And you could then more or less "enter" or "inhabit" these worlds.

You could enter these virtual worlds individually or in groups of up to five people.

Of course, it was easiest to simulate sitting positions, i.e. car races and dogfights, but Walter already had plans to use motion capture technology in order to be able to "walk around" and even "run around" in these worlds.

This "I'll show you my world, show me yours" principle was very popular with the children, so it shouldn't come as a surprise that they jumped up enthusiastically at Walter's suggestion and immediately took Conrad Peter into the computer room.

Carl-Friedrich said: "I suggest we take the beginner level with the train, so Conrad Peter can get used to how the system reacts to his movements".

## **18.**

They went into the computer room.

Unfortunately, the entire installation was still very much in its infancy, so that the children could not play this game alone.

On the contrary, they needed Walter to initialize the software and set up the communication channels between the computers.

But it was really a nice train game. There were two train drivers, a dispatcher and two shunters who simulated the operation on a branch line of the Austrian Railways together.

They played about who brought about the most spectacular accident.

Fortunately, this installation was completely local and no one could follow their trajectories, otherwise they could run into problems at school playing games like this.

Walter was aware of that and he would have been the last one who would have provided the computers in this room with an Internet connection.

They played like that until just before bed.

As an exception, Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl were allowed to spend the night in the first family's house today, and Monika was alone.

Since it was agreed beforehand, it was not a problem and she had a nice evening at the cinema.

## 19.

The next day, Saturday morning, Carl-Friedrich sat on the terrace and watched the birds. There was still enough time before breakfast.

Then Conrad Peter came out and sat down with him. Carl-Friedrich started the conversation: "I think it's really cool that you found a name for your identity in the My Reality game so quickly. Mister F, Mr. F, what does that mean, does that have a deeper meaning? It took us a long time until we had our names together, 'whereami' for me and 'lovely cat scenery' for Lieserl".

Conrad Peter tried to distract: "It doesn't matter whether it has any meaning, in any case the whole computer room is really cool and the game is really awesome."

But then he came up with something else: "I have another question. I heard you muttering to yourself yesterday evening, what were you doing?"

Carl-Friedrich was amazed: "Well, I prayed."

Conrad Peter was somewhat confused. He only knew praying from church, where he always believed that a priest was needed who, so to speak, "brought people's prayers to God". It was completely new to him that one could pray without a priest.

So he asked: "Prayer? I only know that from church, our father always took us with him. But that you can pray all by yourself is new to me. - Say, what did you pray, I imagine it would be incredibly difficult to find the right words. "

Carl-Friedrich said: "If I can't think of anything, I'll just pray our family prayer". He reached into his trouser pocket and handed it to Conrad Peter: "Do you want it? I know it by heart. "

Conrad Peter took the slip of paper and read it quietly:

*Lord Jesus Christ, please forgive me for being afraid of the Father. Please also forgive that I am afraid of death.*

*Thank you for playing the game of life with us, I hope you will complete everything that is lacking in us.*

*Thanks for not sleeping.*

*Please help me believe in you, thank you for keeping your secrets.*

*Also help all my friends and all who need your help.*

*Help us say what we want.*

*Thanks!*

*P.S .: Whenever you want, everything will end well.*

**20.**

Everyone sat together at breakfast. All except Monika, of course. So Walter, Veronika and the five children.

Walter asked again: "Was the My Reality game funny yesterday?"

"Great accidents, the best thing is to drive across the flank," said Conrad Peter.

Walter smiled.

Then Carl-Friedrich asked: "Conrad, I'm on the go-kart track this afternoon to train. Do you want to come and see it?"

Conrad Peter thought for a moment and then replied: "Gladly, if I may. I won't miss that."

Walter summed up and made a suggestion: "Okay, then I'll take Lieserl to her mother's and the rest of the family will go on a bathing trip. I'll follow you then. Agreed?"

Veronika nodded and breakfast took its course.

**It is getting serious****21.**

Carl-Friedrich and Conrad Peter came to the go-kart race track early on Saturday afternoon, but this time it was different than usual.

In front of the little house where you could register for the rides, there was a long line of people who were extremely upset.

"What's going on here?" Asked Carl-Friedrich the first person who stood in line.

"All go-karts fully booked, all practice lessons fully booked, from now to the race in six weeks", was the short answer.

By the cars where you got in there was a group of youngsters, among them a tall, slim fellow who looked triumphantly over at the crowd.

He turned to his friends and said: "This time we will definitely win the race. My father has reserved the track for the next six weekends. No one can train there except us."

The friends mumbled in agreement and rubbed their hands together.

The owner of the racetrack sat in the little house and pulled down the blinds. He turned to his employee and said: "This Mister Fink is saving our business. He has paid three times as much. We are restructuring ourselves with that."

The clerk finished counting the money in the cash register and then nodded in agreement.

Carl-Friedrich came back from the queue to the edge of the racetrack, where Conrad Peter was waiting for him: "There is not a single minute of training available for the next weekends before the race. That stinks a lot."

He looked at the young Fink standing by the cars and their eyes met.

The young Fink grinned.

"It's my world to only win the go-kart race once!", Explained Carl-Friedrich and he sighed: "How should I train now?"

Conrad Peter thought for a moment: "This is not a problem in principle, you have your game."

Carl-Friedrich contradicted: "Yes, of course, you can also go go-karting there, but we don't have the right track, I absolutely have to train on the real track, otherwise there is no point."

"Wait and see and drink tea, I have someone else who can lend us his eyes and legs," said Conrad Peter mysteriously.

Then they drove home, Conrad Peter to the house of the first family and Carl-Friedrich to his mother Monika.

## 22.

It was Saturday evening. As I said, Conrad Peter was a technician's soul. He wanted to help many people and he wanted to help them through technology (for the sake of mercy we want to forget the assassination attempt with the robot dog).

Because he was firmly convinced that the only progress that could really exist in the world was technical progress. Since new people kept coming and old people died, humanity had to start over again and again. There had to be wars again and again, and social progress only existed as long as there was enough money. No no, technical progress was the only lasting progress.

*Yes, yes, it is true, it was the god Prometheus who brought fire from heaven to humans, but wasn't it also countless James Watts and George Stephensons who first tamed the fire and made it useful for humans in a nice steam engine?*

*And how was it with TCP / IP? It was exactly like that.*

After everyone believed that Conrad Peter was already asleep and he was sure that no one would come so quickly to check him, he put a cushion under his duvet and left the house through the window. He had his 'Avenger' with him and made his way to the racetrack.

*This dog is not only an "Avenger" but also an "Explorer". It has a memory extension that makes it possible to save large amounts of scene data in a standardized format.*

*Conrad Peter arrived at the racetrack after a long drive, put his "Avenger" on the road and gave some commands on his smartphone.*

Then the dog started moving and slowly followed the road. The dog made two complete circuits of the course, one half left and one half right of the middle.

He moved his head rhythmically to the left and right and thus scanned the entire scene.

The whole thing took no more than an hour, and so Conrad Peter was able to make his way home before the last trams went out of service.

## 23.

*This little robot contains the complete plans of the course*

thought Conrad Peter when he woke up the next morning and had a look at the 'Avenger'.

But now the greatest work was still to come.

He had to find out in which format the "My Reality" game saved the scenery and the dynamic models of the go-karts and he had to find the interface through which this data could be fed in.

So he asked Walter over lunch: "May I go to the computer room this afternoon? I would also like to develop my own reality that I can then show the other children."

"I would like to read the newspaper in peace this afternoon," said Walter. He thought of the countless hours he had spent with the children developing the railroad.

"Don't worry, I can handle it on my own!" Conrad Peter interrupted him.

Walter shook his head in disbelief: "Fine, but don't break anything!"

So it was.

At 1 p.m. Conrad Peter entered the computer room.

At 1.30 p.m., the noise of the engine from the computer room was heard for the first time;

At 3:30 p.m. Conrad Peter fetched "the daughter" and "the son" to do a first test race against each other.

At dinner Conrad Peter announced: "Carl-Friedrich can now practice on the real racetrack. In the computer room."

Walter and Veronika were very astonished, but the other children confirmed the matter.

So Walter called Monika that evening and told her the news.

## **24.**

On each of the five following weekends, Carl-Friedrich was Veronika's guest and went to the computer room to practice go-kart races with the other children.

Walter didn't even have to be present because Conrad Peter had improved the user-friendliness of the "My Reality" game so that it was now child's play to use. It was now, so to speak, "fit for troops".

*The whole thing is still far too bumpy. Each program uses a different format for the scenery data. The communication between the computers also makes each program somehow different and in the end we are really indulging in a luxury that nobody will have in the future. Because this is a completely local installation that prevents anyone from following our trajectories. Such local installations without network access will simply be forbidden in the future.*

## **The other way**

## **25.**

It was on one of those five weekends that Walter was once again present at his first family's house.

On Saturday at 3:30 p.m. there was the obligatory snack with the Punschkraperln in the obligatory colors red, green and blue.

Conrad Peter asked Walter: "Why are you actually a bigamist? Can you reconcile that with your religion?"

Walter thought for a moment. Then he replied: "You know, it is an art in life to make the right decisions. Sometimes it is even an art to make a decision at all, so a bad decision would be even better than no decision at all."

"That reminds me of what dad said about mom", Conrad Peter thought out loud: "All she had to do was choose freedom, but she chose peace with her relatives, that was more important to her. "

After a short pause he asked Walter: "Which is more important, peace or freedom?"

Walter found it impossible to give an answer to this question. Yes, OK, Walter seldom gave definitive answers, but there really wasn't a simple answer here: "That you young people always ask such questions to which there is no answer. If a question arises in your life, then try to make a decision, and then act on your decision. Basta. "

He added: "Until there are arguments against the decision."

Conrad Peter seemed to like this answer, so he took the green punch mug and began to eat.

Walter took the red one, as a matter of course.

"And I'll have the blue one again," sighed Veronika and ate.

The competition

## 26.

On the Saturday morning of the race weekend Monika, Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl were having breakfast.

So today the big go-kart race should take place.

In any case, Carl-Friedrich thought of this race with every fiber of his heart, because he would have liked to have won a race for the first time in his life.

But now he was going to get revenge for the fact that Carl-Friedrich had always kept such a secret about the go-kart hobby from his mother. Because Monika was not aware that the race should take place today.

"You are going to Aunt Erika in Graz today," she began the conversation.

"What? Why to Aunt Erika?" Asked Carl-Friedrich, aghast.

Monika explained: "Well, last year you promised that this year it would be you who would personally congratulate her on her birthday. I have already packed a candy dish and got you a bouquet of flowers. You will hand them over personally today. You can get from Aunt Erika lunch too. Everything has already been arranged. Here's your ticket. "

Carl-Friedrich was now torn between the race and his promise from last year. "A promise is a promise and will not be broken," the children had already been taught in kindergarten, and Carl-Friedrich was very uncomfortable that he might not be able to keep his promise.

"Yes, but it's a go-kart race today," he tried to contradict.

"You promised," said Monika.

Carl-Friedrich was desperate.

Immediately after breakfast he called Conrad Peter: "Hello Conrad. Yes? Did I wake you up? Sorry. I have a problem". And he described his problem to Conrad Peter, that he had to be in two places at

the same time.

"When is the race?" Asked Conrad Peter. Carl-Friedrich replied: "At 11 o'clock". "And when and where is your train going?" Was the next question. "At 9:35 am at the main station," the answer.

"Perfect," said Conrad Peter and added. "Don't worry, we'll fix it. We'll meet at 9:25 am on the platform. I have to give you something that will help us."

## **28.**

After Conrad Peter happily handed over his smartphone to Carl-Friedrich, he made his way to Ulmenstrasse 117, that is, to his father's house.

The smartphone was no ordinary smartphone, because it had a few additional "gimmicks", as we will see soon.

Everything went smoothly on the way to Ulmenstrasse.

Veronika was not so lucky.

As soon as she drove off, a garbage truck blocked her way while still inside the settlement. He rattled through one house after the other and seemed to take ages to do so.

Veronika had no choice but to reverse a good 300 meters against the one-way to the next intersection. There she could then take an alternative route.

It was extremely important to Veronika that she faithfully stood by her "third child" Conrad Peter. If she had promised that she would be in Ulmenstrasse at 10 o'clock, then she was there too. There were no excuses.

What a devastating signal that would be for the children if the adults no longer kept their promises.

After all, there was a traffic jam on the main road. And that although it was Saturday morning and she hadn't expected a traffic jam.

A fallen tree was to blame.

Here, too, Veronika had to turn back "a little illegally". She drove over the cordon and then took a different route.

After all, the inevitable traffic jam was on the city freeway. Fortunately, the "rescue alley" had been introduced a few years ago now, so that Veronika made progress here, too, under the horn of the others, but nevertheless. Fortunately, there was no policeman around.

At the very end a railroad barrier blocked her way.

The train came after a minute, so this time she was really lucky and didn't have to commit any illegal acts.

And in fact Veronika arrived at 117 Ulmenstrasse at exactly the right moment.

When Conrad Peter came down the stairs with the robot C-3PO and looked out the window at the street, she stopped in front of the garden gate and honked briefly.

They quickly loaded the cargo into the back seat and drove off.

## **29.**

Lieserl was already waiting at the racing area with a prepared go-kart. According to Conrad Peter's

telephone instructions, she had activated the machine / machine interface of the go-kart, so that a socket was exposed behind the driver's seat, right next to the engine, next to which the letters "USB 7.0" were written in large letters.

When Veronika and Conrad Peter arrived at the racetrack with the C-3PO robot, they heaved it out of the car and put it in the go-kart.

From the back of the robot's head hung a cable that looked like a pigtail of hair and had a plug at the end. This plug fit into the USB socket on the go-kart.

Conrad Peter activated the connection and immediately called Carl-Friedrich. This sat in the moving train and picked up: "Hello, Conrad?". "Yes, hello, what is the situation?" Asked Conrad Peter.

"The train is delayed as usual, so I still have a good 1 ½ hours before I get to Graz," replied Carl-Friedrich.

"Very good, that should be enough for the race. Now please do what I told you", Conrad Peter gave the final instructions.

Carl-Friedrich hung up, took a wireless headset out of his pocket, put it on, pressed a few keys on the smartphone and then placed it with the display facing down on the little table that was attached between the two window seats.

After two seconds, a holographic cloud began to form around the smartphone in which, after a while, you could see details from the start area of the racing course.

First you saw Conrad Peter, then Lieserl, and finally the cloud spread over the whole compartment and covered the other travelers.

The go-kart formed around Carl-Friedrich, so that in the end it looked as if he was sitting in the go-kart himself.

In the end there was only Carl-Friedrich and the holographic cloud. The compartment and the other travelers were completely gone.

Carl-Friedrich moved an arm cautiously.

C-3PO at the racecourse moved the same arm in the same way.

"Contact," said Conrad Peter and clicked his tongue.

### **30.**

Conrad Peter and Lieserl pushed the go-kart to the start and withdrew. There were only a few minutes left to the race.

Walter, Veronika, Monika and the other children were already in the audience. They sat there and waited eagerly for the events that were to come.

The race started.

The young Fink pulled away like lightning right from the start. Carl-Friedrich had problems with the controls. This indirect control via the C-3PO robot reacted much more slowly than the control on the "My Reality" game at home.

But after a few laps he got used to the differences and fought his way closer and closer to the young Fink.

Meter by meter, second by second.

But Fink still had an ace up his sleeve. When C-3PO got within a few meters of Fink, he poured yellow paint on his head, so that the electronic eyes no longer worked.

This made the control of the go-kart even more indirect. The direct video connection was interrupted and the connection was only made indirectly via the dynamic model of the scene. Carl-Friedrich had to drive more slowly. There were only three laps left to the end of the race.

But our friends were lucky enough to be able. The young Fink blew a tire and had to go into the pits.

Carl-Friedrich fought slowly but steadily towards the goal, at the boxes he overtook the young Fink.

The conductor came on the train and opened the compartment door.

Inside were two adults and a young boy. The fellow was sitting with his arms crossed and eyes closed, a headset around his head.

"The tickets, please," said the conductor.

Fortunately, the smartphone was intelligent enough to show this external influence in Carl Friedrich's virtual scene.

Carl-Friedrich was sitting in his computer-animated go-kart, saw the conductor hovering over the racetrack to his left, reached into his breast pocket and handed him the ticket.

The conductor thanked him and disappeared again from the scene.

Despite this very last disturbance, Carl-Friedrich stayed in the lead until the finish and won the race.

The other children, Walter, Veronika and Monika surrounded the go-kart and celebrated C-3PO.

### **31.**

Then the owner of the racetrack announced over the microphone: "The Fink team won. The other team has a robot as a driver and is therefore disqualified".

There was loud hooting, also boos and in any case a huge commotion.

Conrad Peter struggled through the crowd to the microphone, snatched it from the owner and said loud and clear: "Your terms and conditions say that the team whose go-kart is first to cross the finish line wins. The driver is not important. So I'm claiming victory for our team. "

The owner looked helplessly at his employee. This nodded. "OK, so your team won," he confirmed.

When the owner disappeared from the scene, he hissed to his employee: "We must better hide the terms and conditions!"

## The truth will set you free

### 32.

Carl-Friedrich and Lieserl, the twins, celebrated a birthday party together.

Veronika provided the house and the garden for this, but of course Monika had to do most of the work, not to mention Walter.

Conrad Peter was there too. He went into the house to get a drink. On the way back he met a woman he knew from church.

"Grüß Gott Frau Körner," he said politely.

Mrs. Körner replied: "Hello, Conrad. I haven't seen you in church for a long time. What brings you to this district?"

Conrad Peter explained: "My father doesn't like to talk about it that much. I'm with a foster family now."

"And that with my friend Veronika, of all people? Well, you were lucky again after everything that has already happened to your family," said Ms. Koerner, surprised and at the same time relieved.

"You know about my mother?" Asked Conrad Peter.

Ms. Körner said: "Yes, I was practically in a box seat back then. Your mother Soraya had an argument with your father and then cried at me."

*Soraya stood in the anteroom in front of a mirror and tied her headscarf on.*

*Heinrich asked: "Are you going to put on your uniform again?"*

*Soraya immediately recognized what he was getting at: "There is no danger from us."*

*"Us? Us? So you're still on your relatives' side?"*

*"I'm by your side too," she explained.*

*Heinrich said in a binding tone: "You have to decide. Where are you at?"*

*"I've made up my mind for you," she said clearly.*

*"Then you go out with me today without a headscarf. I've given you long enough time to make up your mind."*

*Soraya hesitated a long time. Then she turned around, went out alone wearing the headscarf and slammed the door behind her.*

"She came to me and complained about her suffering. She had long hoped that your father would manage to accept her for who she was, but he couldn't," she explained.

"Yes, exactly," said Conrad Peter, unmoved: "she just had to decide."

Mrs. Körner tried one last time to explain the matter to Conrad Peter: "He put his religion above love."

Conrad Peter said goodbye to her and thoughtfully went on his way.

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