

Sepp's Epic Perils & Pitfalls

Sepp Book #6



Rehab

and

Restoration

*The **Sepp books** are works of fiction.*

The names, characters, businesses, places, events, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to real living or dead persons is purely coincidental.

I used actual historical events to provide a time frame and appropriate settings for the series of Sepp books.

The character Sepp in the Sepp books is also entirely fictional.

My imagined Sepp does, however, abide by the known facts of the real Sepp's life, and with his permission, I have sometimes quoted from his works and poetry.

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Sepp woke up sicker than ever before. In a desperate rush to the bathroom, Sepp barely made it to the toilette. He was throwing up and having bloody diarrhea. Sepp was sick, and he wished to die but couldn't. Sepp had always been thinking that to drink alcohol is healthy. He too had been enjoying the powers of alcohol, since way back when, since age 14. He remembered being taught: "Don't trust anyone who can't hold his liquor!" Did this mean he could no longer be trusted? Or worse "Could he no longer trust himself?"

Every bone in his body was hurting. Walking with faltering steps, he had to sit down. Sepp remembered his suicide plan from the previous night. The why it didn't work he disremembered. Sepp had no idea how he had gotten home, and back into bed. The black and blue spots, the bruises cuts and scratches on legs, arms, and one side of his face, looked scary. Resting his eyes closed Sepp tried as hard as he could to recall the happenings of last night. At some point he was seeing images which allowed him to relive the moment of landing in the bushes, feeling the pain and not able to move. It wasn't until later in the day, that his friend Bob, the bartender from the Redwoods-Inn, stopped by, to check up on him. Bob talked about Cher bringing him home, and he had questions about the burned out Lincoln at the bottom of the cliff. Now Sepp started to recall specific parts and happenings, like the being lifted from his car and dropped onto a bush. Somehow he remembered the voice of his 'Guardian Angel.' Yes and the 'Good Samaritan' who brought him home, it was Cher. Piece by piece the puzzle became a picture. And it wasn't a pretty picture, after all, it was scary.

Sepp limped around the house. His legs showed big blue bruises. His shoulder hurt. On his head, he could feel the two big bumps. He was glad that nothing was broken but was very unhappy to hurt as much as he hurt. Still, he couldn't understand why he was alive.

Two days later, in the afternoon, Thea, his wife returned from Germany. Sick as he was and having no reason to keep it a secret that he was in a bad situation, he told her all he knew, and what he remembered about attempting suicide by driving the Lincoln Convertible off the Cliff. He told Thea all he knew about the traumatic event, the accident prior to his

failed suicide and about seeing an attorney and getting ready for jail or prison. Thea was not happy. She said, "So that's why I suddenly felt the strong urge and need to come back here?" She kept on asking questions as she was not buying into his saying, "Ja! I don't know what happened? No! I don't know how it happened?" If Sepp thought his wife would leave after seeing him going through hard times, Sepp was wrong. This time, his wife decided to stay. Sepp had no clue that Thea was staying to make a point, namely that she would never let him down. She always told her relatives about what a good man her Sepp is. Her ears were ringing from what her aunts and uncles had always been telling her "Mixing with those kinds of people, the mountain people from the Sudeten is no good choice. After all, they aren't real Germans. They aren't from German stock." No, Thea was going to do whatever was in her powers to help the man she had married. It was Thea, Sepp's wife, who found a priest, a Father Freeman who came by and visited Sepp, who offered prayers. Unbeknown to Sepp, Father Freeman had been praying for Sepp since the most undesirable, unexpected event, the accident. Sepp noticed him pray and didn't listen. He didn't hear his wife pleading: "Please Sepp, please do not get drunk again!" But Sepp answered her "Ja! I need some alcohol because I am hurting, I have too many problems now!"

Thea made sure Sepp saw a doctor. The doctor was prescribing painkillers to ease Sepp's pain and Valium to ease anxiety and alcohol withdrawal pains, as he felt Sepp's heavy drinking was caused by stress, anxiety, guilt, remorse and depressions, all because of the car accident and physical injuries. The medications, however, caused Sepp to feel dizzy. Once he stopped taking the pills and had a beer, or two, or three, or four, he always felt much better.

Bob and Cher came by. Both suggested to Sepp that he should check in, at this one Worldwide Known Recovery Home, a private place dealing with drug and alcohol problems. Sepp went there. The older gentleman who was running the place, by the name of Gene said: "... the answer to your problem is..." "Ja! Yes, what is it?" Sepp interrupted him because he was most anxious to hear the solution to his pain and agony. "Just don't drink any alcohol, and you don't get drunk!" Gene suggested. Sepp was sure that the fellow had no idea about the real size of his problems. What a stupid answer? That Gene fellow he just didn't get it. "Ja! What about

money, my money, the cost involved, and the fines and the attorneys and those experts?" "Ja! Yes! How does not drinking, help, and fix my problems, and help me deal with the wreckage and expenses I am facing?" Sepp left Gene and the Worldwide Known Recovery Home cussing, enraged because he had not gotten the answers he had hoped to get. Worst of all he was frustrated because he didn't know what to expect in this situation.

While the hit and run court case was going on, and the dates were pushed further back, yes, Sepp needed to be on the road too, and so he did drive and drink. Driving with one eye closed, it helped. He was getting good with it. Both eyes open, having a double vision was getting scary. What was happening to him? Why did he have those problems after a few drinks? He was sure that it was his eyesight and he might need his eyes checked.

It was one predicament after the other, and getting pulled over for driving under the influence didn't help either. Sepp remembered this one-day when he argued with the arresting officer as they impounded the car he was driving. The next day when he bailed the car out, his stash of the best sensimilla had disappeared. Sepp was angry yet should have been happy that they hadn't added possession of drugs to the DUI charges.

Another day coming from Shady-Creek, Sepp's drove into town, the brakes stopped working when he tried to park outside David's office. Any earlier, Sepp surely would have gotten in an accident. Instead of being happy, most grateful and thanking his 'Guardian Angel' Sepp was outraged, thinking sabotage, crying foul play. The mechanics found only wear and tear, normal for a 17-year-old car, and an empty brake-fluid-tank. The brake-lines were in need to be replaced as well.

Two weeks later, a city police officer stopped him, and when asked if he had been drinking, Sepp answered: "Yes! Officer, I am drunk! I know! Sorry, Sir!" Then there was another DUI stop, of which Sepp remembered little. Sepp spent a few more nights in jail, sobering up. By now indeed, yes he was getting very concerned, yet he just wasn't able to do without the stress relieving power of a man-size drink as needed.

About the drunk-driving-cases, Sepp was lucky, he got another two weeks in jail, and a cash fine. After paying the cash fine, Sepp had little, next to no money left. And he had to take classes, driver education classes.

Herr Wagner came from Germany and visited as he had heard from Sepp's wife that things were not as rosy as thought. Once Herr Wagner found out that Sepp was in financial trouble, he asked for his invested money. He was not concerned about Sepp, but only how fast he could get his money back. Sepp full of fear and anger had been keeping his feelings medicated with alcoholic drinks. He let him have it and spilled out all those resentments harbored for years now. Herr Wagner looked surprised when Sepp told: "Leave me alone! Go f*ck yourself!" Then Sepp was telling Herr Wagner that he had been getting his money up front when he enslaved Sepp as an apprentice, at 20DM a month for seven years, and was getting rich on a young man's labor. Herr Wagner didn't like this at all, and he was threatening Sepp with legal steps, he would take, as well as getting him arrested if he ever again sets foot on German soil. Was Sepp happy about having said what he had wanted to say to his prior boss? No! It wasn't satisfying in any way not even when he told him: "Just go and piss up a slack rope!" As an answer Herr Walter punched him in the face, Sepp stood back. He now calmly asked his x-boss and shareholder to get on his plane and out of the country. One more blow and Sepp promised to put him under citizen arrest and drag him into court and sue him for all he is worth. That got Herr Wagner's attention, and Sepp not even threatening but just, as a matter of fact, told him: "Here in the United States there is no limit as to the amount of a lawsuit! How about me suing your ass for a million bucks? Or more? Not enough? Get out of my sight! Go home! Better go now!" Herr Wagner left. Sepp had aired his feelings. He needed a few drinks afterward to calm his nerves. He was shaking. He was truly angry. He was infuriated about his very own actions and words.

Sobering up, Sepp tried a logical approach. He inventoried and analyzed his ups and downs, taking into account the past experiences as far as he was able to remember. The more Sepp back-traced his steps, and looked at how well he had managed his life; he realized those highs and lows. The days with moderate, or no alcohol consumption were the highs, those many days he spent intoxicated while maintaining a buzz were leading to lows. Sepp then took a close look at the most painful events. Here Sepp had to admit that at all of them, he had been consuming large

amounts of alcohol. Finally, he started to realize that the worst had been happening to him while intoxicated.

Sepp still was trying to explain to himself, why he always needed to have alcohol available? Was it when he had a date? Was it because he expected to entertain some company? Was it because it allowed him to relax? Was it for any other reason? Sepp remembered that it originated way back while living in the attic of the Ferry-Restaurant-Café&Bar in the Hansestadt. As an apprentice, he learned the value to offer libations and to use them to complement life's situations, fine food, all celebrations and to enhance feelings. Ever since, he made sure he had Cognac, Scotch, Vodka, some mixers, and beer, on hand or at least easy access to the much-needed liquors, as it was customary. "There is many a good reason, always to stock drinks. Running out of food is excusable, but running low on alcohol a pending disaster!" Sepp's said to himself, as his troubled mind made up excuses.

While living in the restaurant's attic, he got used to it, to have alcoholic drinks handy. Later in life, at many of Sepp's jobs, in hotels and restaurants, he had keys to the liquor storage room. He knew he needed the access just because in case a drink was needed at odd hours. Someone had mentioned that he was an alcoholic. He wasn't one of those people living on the street corner, asking for a handout, and as they got some money, they bought the cheapest vermouth to warm up. Sepp was self-made, and hadn't he been able to handle life just fine? The more he was thinking about it; doubts crossed his thoughts. Maybe he was just trying to remember the good part, and suppressing all the pain and suffering, for there was much of it too. Sepp realized after a few too many drinks he had caused himself and others great discomfort. Then again most likely, it all was just bad luck. And the DUIs, they were because of the police. Why had they nothing better to do than stopping him? Yes, they were out there waiting just for him, looking for him, making his already harsh life more difficult. "Why don't they chase real criminals? Can't they do something useful to earn their upkeep?" Sepp asked himself: "Why do they go after me! I am a good guy?" The more Sepp thought about his troubles, the more excuses he found, creating a case of denial.

David McArthur was dragging the Hit and Run accident court dates out, for a whole year, into summer of 1985 until both accident victims were well enough to walk into the courtroom. That way it helped the judge to decide on the punishment. Whereby Sepp offered through David to sell any assets he had if needed. An amount of 2 million dollars was mentioned as a reasonable amount to settle, to satisfy the hospital bills, and to cover damages. Sepp didn't have so much on assets. So he was worried 24 hours a day. Sepp was fully aware that jail time and probation after going to jail was in the cards.

It was thirteen months since the accident happened that Sepp had his day in court. At the time of the trial, Sepp on David's advice agreed to accept a trial without a jury. Sepp was going to take whatever the judge would hand down. By now, Sepp had through his attorney paid several 100,000 dollars on restitutions. Unbeknown to Sepp, his umbrella liability insurance, turned out to have a 2 million dollar ceiling. All medical bills were already covered, all court cost had been covered. David McArthur dealt with the insurance companies, including the one providing the umbrella coverage. Sepp had no idea what he had bought on insurance. The day when David said, "You are in a very unusual good situation based on the excellent insurance coverage you obtained for yourself and your corporation." Sepp, however, remembered only the insurance agent who had suggested to cover every eventuality, and how could he forget the insurance agent's office-lady. Wasn't she cute looking, and a close friend of Alida, his real estate friend? Sepp had signed up for everything as offered and prepaid his insurance premiums for a year. He now remembered it was more than 20Gs a year including the umbrella. When he paid his insurances premiums in cash, Sepp now clearly recalled that it took the lady in the insurance office 20 minutes to count and recount the cash. Sepp remembered her smiling face when he invited her to visit him at the Redwoods-Inn. Yes her name was Nancy, yes she was a hoot, wasn't she? Yes, Nancy was entertaining and funny. But was this before or after she had a few drinks and them having smoked a joint? Sepp was smiling thinking about Nancy, however then the serious part of life, reality set in. He asked David: "Am I going to get prison or jail time, and how much time?" David's answer was "It's all up to the judge!"

David pointed out that there was no proof that the accident was

Sepp's fault. He explained Sepp's inability to provide a complete statement about the accident as memory blanks, common in traumatic events of people experiencing catastrophic events. David reminded the judge that Sepp had turned himself in, instead of moving to another country, which he could have done, as a noncitizen with a valid foreign passport. Sepp admitted to all his wrongdoings and the leaving the scene of the accident. There was no evidence that alcohol or drugs were involved on Sepp's side, the victims, however, were under the influence of marijuana, according to their testimony. However, there was no blood test. David brought up that Sepp without being court ordered had used his money and various insurance policies to cover almost all of the restitution and other costs, including first responders, hospital, and doctors. Held against Sepp were those various DUIs he had gotten before the accident. The judge did remind Sepp: "You Mr. Schuster, did not only leave the scene of the accident but left the two victims, on the road to die. The only reason it didn't happen was a miracle that a doctor arrived within minutes of the impact."

For the felony hit-and-run Sepp was sentenced to a stiff fine. Sepp also got nine months in jail, 240 hours of community work, and he was told to make restitution and put on three years of probation. The judge left the door open to change the felony into a misdemeanor at any time, provided that Sepp completed restitution and jail-time.

Then the judge told Sepp: "Mr. Schuster you need to make your arrangements with the person in charge at the County Jail, after all, you have been there before and know where to go and whom to see. You need to report there no later than 90 days after the date of sentencing."

Sepp was not feeling too good at all. David McArthur did his best trying to cheer Sepp up, by explaining to Sepp, that his insurance coverage indeed had played a major role in the plea bargain made with the DA.

David McArthur did not come along when Sepp talked with the gentleman in charge of the jail. After all, Sepp had been there before, doing a few days at a time on drunk-driving charges. To start his jail sentence, because of a shortage of beds in jail, Sepp had to wait another 45 days. Then the day came, that Sepp checked in at the County Jail. Sepp received his County Jail issued jumpsuit and matching sandals. After one full week in jail, every weekday, Sepp was out on Work-Furlough, wearing his regular

clothing. Whereby the work was spelled out as Comptroller at the Redwoods-Inn and Director of S-Invest-Now-Corp involved in rehabilitating older homes in Hillcity. While being on Work-Furlough Sepp was not allowed to go home to Shady-Creek, or visit his wife. Sepp also was not allowed to socialize other than what was part of his work routine. He was not allowed alcoholic beverages at any time or drugs. And Sepp was not allowed to drive.

Ann solved the transportation issue. Tom, became his driver. Tina's boyfriend and one of Sepp's renters, had just lost his latest part-time job working in a warehouse. That was the same Tina, the young lady Sepp had first met on the street, and later at the Fatima Motel. She was a working girl, and proud to be an African-American-Vietnamese crossbreed, at least that's how she had introduced herself when Sepp first met her. Ann had set it up with Tina's boyfriend Tom that he got the equivalent of a month's rent for driving Sepp as needed, during each month Sepp was in jail. Having a chauffeur, Sepp spent a few half-days at the Redwoods-Inn, the other days he went to his corporate office in town, conveniently located at Ann Pope's residence. Every evening he was being chauffeured back to jail just outside Valletown.

On the weekdays, when Tom picked Sepp up from jail and took him to the 'corporate offices' in the Hillcity, Sepp visited with Lani and Lisa in charge of the Rawwood Splinter Group, doing repairs and maintenance on various properties in Hillcity. Some days Sepp hot-tubbed at Ann Pope's place, passing the time. And no! Sepp did not drink any alcohol while being in jail and on Work-Furlough. Sepp also made no stops at Shady-Creek while on Work-Furlough. Tom was very happy about the arrangement as Sepp allowed him the personal use of the limousine during the day aside from chauffeuring him to and from jail. Returning to jail, Sepp got strip searched several times. He didn't care for it, yet he understood the guards needed to make sure that he didn't bring anything with him to the jail.

Jail time in Sepp's case was a very scary thought while he was facing it, once booked and physically in jail, it was not a bad deal at all. The guards were polite. At the time cigarettes were in high demand and the jailhouse currency. Sepp always had plenty of money on the books for cigarettes, which he handed to those who had no money. While only spending weekends and weekday nights in jail, Sepp met a many good people. For

almost all those he talked with, the ending up in Jail had been because of an unfortunate event. For two out of three, it was because of alcohol or drug abuse, and much like in Sepp's case, one moment beyond their control had caused big changes in many people's lives.

While Sepp did his jail time, David his attorney was busy, dealing with Sepp's wreckage from the past. He used the General Powers of Attorney, on behalf of Sepp, wisely by making sure that all the bills in connection with the accident were paid, as well as all restitution was promptly made by using money from Sepp's insurances as well as money from Sepp's accounts. From the nine months of jail, Sepp had to do only six. It was then, two weeks before being released from jail that his old friend Olaf showed up in jail. David McArthur was Olaf's defense attorney as well. Olaf had nearly killed his neighbor with an ax because the fellow was screwing his bride without Olaf's permission. After the deed was done, Olaf hid out in 'the Wilderness' first. After that, he was living in the trailer on Lisa and Lani's land. Olaf had turned himself in and was getting started with doing his time as well. As Olaf pointed out, thanks to waiting, the axed fellow was in good enough shape that he could kind of walk. "Well, he limped, hobbled and waddled into court. But he was alive and okay." Olaf said. He was sure that the judge was somewhat sympathetic to his case of 'raging jealousy.' Yes, Olaf had gotten six months of which he expected to do 90 days.

In jail, Sepp also met some real losers or maybe winners because the jail was like coming home for them, they just couldn't stay away from it. Sepp had no desires to join their clan. On the last day, when he was kicked out of jail, released around 4 in the morning, he called Tom. It was pitch-dark. Sepp waited outfront of the County Jail then Tom arrived to pick him up, with Tina in the limo. As they left the jail parking lot, thunder and lightning accompanied them on the way. Tom drove both to the Holiday Inn Hotel at the beach where Tina had rented a room. Tom left both there. In her hotel room, Tina surprised him, with California champagne and more. She called it: "Get out of jail celebration!" Tina said, "We just want to thank you for being such a good man. We truly are indebted to you!" It was her way of saying thank you. Tina did mention that she appreciated him renting them a house. She also wanted to let him know: "We both, Tom and I are very grateful that you hired Tom as your chauffeur!" By noon Tom picked them both up, it was raining as he dropped Sepp off at Ann's place. Here

Sepp enjoyed part of the rainy afternoon by soaking in the steamy hot tub, while being showered by rain drops. He was free, no longer locked up, it meant a lot for him.

Sepp & Ann Pope

In the months following Sepp's release from Jail in February 1986, he spent a lot of time with Ann. Sepp and Ann surely had good times. Sepp felt he had a lot of catching up to do. There were three new brands of beer; he had never tried before. There was a new vintage of wines too, just arrived on the market. One new label for unblended Scotch Whisky he noticed as well as two new brands of vodka in the liquor aisle. So much he hadn't tried yet, just to name a few.

Ann took a vacation from work and went with Sepp river rafting. The two had water fights at a friend's place, and yeah, yes they did a lot of semi-crazy-fun-things too. Having a buzz going, they did exciting things, including camping trips to nearby lakes and mountains. Getting high together, they did every so often too. She liked her orange juice and vodka. She also had a source supplying her with cocaine. Cocaine was new to Sepp. It was also new as an easily available street drug to Baycity. However, as it was not cheap, it was the drug for the wealthy. Inebriated at times Lily and Sepp quarreled. Then another fight between the two, the earlier ones had long been forgotten. And a week later Ann blew up at him again. A few days later, when drunken anger exploded about nothing, Ann Pope and Sepp had their final big fall out. He was angry, furious! But he behaved. Being on probation, he wasn't so stupid to mouth off at an officer of the law. She had called the Hillcity police on him, to lock him up. Realizing the state she was in, they let Sepp go. When the officer asked him: "Are you okay to drive home?" Sepp said: "Ja! Yes, Officer, I am!" Sepp was lit. But Sepp made it back to Shady-Creek. It was August. They had had six months of good times, till it all ended on a sour note.

A few days later one of Ann's neighbors told Sepp that the police officer had been classifying Ann as one those hookers. They had plenty of them in Hillcity. It was the same officers who had told Sepp: "Stay away if she doesn't want you at her place of residence!" How could the policeman not have thought she was a working girl? On her salary as a bank teller, she couldn't afford the place. Aside from this, after Sepp had left, a stimulated

Ann, delirious, hugged and kissed the officer. It was Tom who told Sepp "Your Ann she was trying to get the troopers full attention. If he had come to take her statement, drunk as she was, it didn't work out exactly the way as he had planned. But it must have worked out." Tina's friend Tom observed that the same officer did visit Ann a few times over the next couple of weeks, without uniform being in plain clothes. When Sepp saw Tina again, she pointed out "Sepp, I don't know if you knew it, but Ann had made much use of my Tom while you spent nights in jail. She had him chauffeur her, and f*ck her several times a week." Sepp wanted to know "Ja! Who told you?" Tina's "My Tom, he doesn't lie to me. I found it unfair. See I do it for money, she was getting it for free when she had him doing her." Sepp asked, "Ja! Are you worried about your Tom?" Tina looked at him with big eyes "Sepp, yes, my Tom is selling cocaine now, and Ann put him up to it. I am afraid he will be in prison sooner or later. I know you can't-do anything about it. I just wanted to let you know. I hate the bitch." By now Ann had moved out, she sent him the house-door key in the mail. Sepp wondered what to do with all the furniture, he went and looked, to his surprise the home was empty, no furniture, pictures or what have you left, except one set of dirty dishes in the sink. Sepp had other problems. Lisa and Lani made it their job to clean it up.

It was Sepp's luck that Father Freeman had some projects in need for help, Sepp was allowed to do community hours for the church. He did office work, built a fence around a garden project, drove groups of people to seminars and using the help of his friends Lisa and Lani, he worked on a housing project. It took Sepp three months, but he got it done by the end of 1986.

Sepp's Life

During all those months Thea, Sepp's wife had been holding the fort down at Shady-Creek. Sepp had been able to get her a driver, a fellow by the name of Goofus. In return for staying rent-free, in a trailer at Shady-Creek, Goofus drove Sepp's wife, using the Cadillac Convertible.

Soon after breaking all ties with his in-town girlfriend, with Ann, Sepp's crumbling empire was getting closer to implode. The insurance companies were bringing civil action against him. He was no longer able to keep the properties he had acquired for the Corporation. Sepp realized that all he

could do now was to sell them off, below market price or refinance at a ridiculous 20% interest. There was one exception. It was the Fatima Motel, which he had already deeded over to David McArthur to cover bills.

Sepp was willing to sell whatever he had to sell and to do whatever he had to do, to settle the suits brought against him in connection with the most unfortunate accident he had. For a month it looked like he might come out from under the pile of bills, and be able to rebuild. Then Herr Wagner's lawsuit to get his money back with interest was all it took to sink the already floundering corporation. Whatever was leftover went into a pool of assets, to be liquidated and divided out during bankruptcy. Sepp's Corporation ended to exist. Having used up all his money as well, Sepp was nearing the point of being broke. Then he remembered that in the other Lincoln, the Lincoln he had gotten from DR, he still had a stash of cash in the trunk. At some time he had put the large envelope, his prudent cash reserve under the mat. He looked, it was still there. It wasn't a fortune. He counted the money. 10Gs in hundred dollar bills brightened his day.



By end of 1986, Sepp had reached the point that he was no longer able to deal with the heap of issues he had caused. Getting drunk was no longer a solution. There had to be someone out there, smart enough to tell him what to do. He didn't know a way out of his unique and almost unbearable situation. Yes, he was guilt-ridden, because of his actions. Sepp was full of fear of the unknown. "Did I lose everything? What will the bankruptcy court decide? What are people thinking of me? Will I be able to stay or will I be kicked out of the country?"

Now desperate, Sepp followed David's suggestion. He went to a small lesser-known Rehab, a place handling people's problems caused by alcohol. Sepp felt very welcome by the lady who interviewed and counseled him. Sepp was promised a first-hand experience in the alcohol and drug rehabilitation-field during the four weeks at a Recovery Home and with this a 'new life.' Here a safe harbor waited for Sepp. The benefits to escape the spotlight of the outside world for at least four weeks alone were worth trying. Getting room and board, no stress, weekly exercise classes to stay in shape and food, brought in from a local restaurant were an additional bonus. The Rehab's owner-operator was going to provide Sepp with any

needed paperwork for the court, to show that he was not only dealing with any and all issues related to alcohol but working on getting the knowledge to instruct others about the disease of alcoholism. Getting a certification as alcohol counselor, sounded to Sepp like an opportunity he didn't want to miss. The options for advancement after going through the alcohol treatment program looked very encouraging to Sepp.

Convinced that he was doing the right thing, Sepp signed up, paid in cash, as he still had money, and got ready to start a new life. It was Thursday, January 1 of 1987, Sepp had a cab drop him off at the Rehab, and he checked in. Sepp had told friends and acquaintances that he was going to be in Europe for a month or so.

Sepp enjoyed his time at the Recovery Home, nice folks, good food, and very enjoyable company. At the same Rehab, Sepp also met Carla, a genuinely spoiled, extremely rich young lady. He also got to know the people who worked there. One of them was Bill Reedy. He was Sepp's primary counselor. Sepp made friends with a great number of people. There was a DA from up North, Paul C, and Fred N, one of the Elders of the local Indians, the native tribe. The latter told him about the history of his tribe. Sepp learned from him much about how the arrival of the Christians and the establishment of the Missions had affected his people, the local tribe. According to Fred N, the arrival of alcohol had done many of the local natives in. Fred N was convinced that it had something to do with the gene pool. Paul C, a DA, from up north, he had been trying to stay sober for quite some time now. Paul C was returning to the Rehab on a regular basis. He called it his yearly retreat. Paul was able to go for some time without a drink. But then he had one, just because he needed it. Paul's problem was that he couldn't stop drinking once he started. He too was talking about it being in the genes. Both Fred N and Paul C believed that slight variations in the genes caused some people to have problems when drinking alcohol. They talked about that not all persons have the same genes. Like Chinese people have slightly different genes. African people have a gene variation. Indian people have another gene variation, and so do American Natives. According to Sepp's new friends, those different versions of genes dictated whether someone was going to be a person who can tolerate alcohol or is unable to consume alcohol. Sepp listened, but he knew he didn't have any of their problems. Where he came from, people did drink, and beer and

wine were nothing but a staple. Alcoholic beverages were simply part of life, and there was nothing wrong with his gene pool. German people did drink. About not being able to stop after one drink, Sepp didn't have this problem. He never had any intention of stopping after one drink anyhow.

At the Rehab, breakfast was good, and plenty. Then they had lectures, had lunch, on certain days they had fitness classes too. A visiting doctor kept a record of each individual's health. The lectures were based on the owner's book and a 9-step program. After dinner they did have meetings in-house, twice a week there were H&I visitors, and there was also one AA meeting once a week. Sepp's attorney friend David and Thea were the only two who knew about Sepp's real whereabouts.

By now all restitution was made, Sepp also had completed the community work hours, he had no new DUI since leaving jail, and he was in a Rehab program. To further please the judge, Sepp took Antabuse, a medication that causes severe reactions if mixed with alcohol. Sepp was willing to do whatever it took. Yes, he was willing not to drink any alcohol for the sake of the court if it helped in settling things. Dry and sober he was, on Antabuse. After 30 days Sepp left the rehab but was part of a group, which got together once a week. They were all graduates of the same Rehab, calling themselves 'friends-in-recovery.' Yes, their meeting format was that anyone who needed to talk did share important issues in his or her life. The other members of the group were providing support by giving advice. It was an interesting concept, the idea of bringing problems out in the open and let others solve the same. Sepp noticed that just by talking about issues which bothered him, it provided a certain amount relief, and it was like letting steam off.

By now Thea, Sepp's wife had met another German lady, through Helma, the real estate broker. The same had a souvenir shop and boutique in town. Thea was hanging out with her and staying busy. Sepp's real estate license was still in Helma's office, but understandable he hadn't done any business lately. Lucky enough Sepp got to list and sell another liquor license, and his financial picture changed from red to black.

The priest, Father Freeman, who had come by and had prayed for Sepp, happened to need help which included maintenance work, gardening, painting, and a new redwood fence. Sepp volunteered, in return

for a nice letter to the judge, Sepp got it done, he brought Lani along, who refused to get paid, because he wanted to help Sepp getting back on his feet and in good standing with the community.

David did miracles as he was able to have the judge changing the felony into a misdemeanor charge. At the same time, the judge sealed all files. The idea was to allow Sepp a fresh start, provided Sepp kept out of trouble.

Sepp's Life in Bay Area

Carla, part of the group called 'friends-in-recovery,' a tall, slim lady, in her late 20s from Sacramento was seeking advice from Sepp about moving to Baycity. She drove a Mercedes sports car. She preferred her pale skin color to suntan. She was hiding her beautiful brown eyes behind glasses, perched on a long nose above the full lips. Sepp liked her pretty, oval face. The curly dark blond hair at the time, Carla changed every four weeks to a different style and color. She always modeled the latest clothes and accessories, often with the designer labels showing. A few days after consulting him, Carla called him and enquired "Sepp you said you have a real-estate-salesman-license. I found a home I like. It's near the ocean. Can you write up an offer?" Sepp met with her and wrote up the offer. Her was for the full asking price, all cash, plus an extra 20Gs if the owners vacated by the middle of the month. That's how Sepp got to find out, that Carla wanted, what she wanted when she wanted it. Yes, she wanted to move into the home within the next 30 days. Sepp was quite impressed. The sellers accepted the offer without a second thought. The property went into escrow. To Sepp's surprise, after calling Carla and telling her that escrow had been opened, Carla's father deposited the full purchase amount into the escrow account within twenty-four hours of opening escrow. Carla moved to her new home the same month. In Sepp's mind, this was the kind of people he liked. If you had money just spend it, don't nickel and dime, and get on with life.

Sepp, stopped by to see Carla, every few days, and did help her with some things around the house. Sepp attempted to thank her, for giving him her business, by lending a helping hand. He liked her, and he respected her. Carla was amazing; she acted secretively, was strong-minded and had an answer to every question. She was very friendly to those who got to know

her. To new people in her life, she appeared reserved and always on the defensive. Then one late afternoon, he was adding some picture hooks, and Carla called Sepp into her bedroom. Here she was, stark naked on her canapé bed, legs spread showing all she had to show. Not sure what to say, Sepp stepped closer, and Carla was asking Sepp to come to her. Carla wanted what she wanted when she wanted it. Well, that's when the good friendship they had, changed into an affair. Sepp lived with Carla for a while. Looking back she had plans for him long before he had any plans with her, yet Sepp wasn't ready for her plans. Maybe it was because she didn't tell him about her plans for him but always talked about money, her money. And about making love, it was when she wanted it; he had to be ready and drop everything, however, when he wanted to get intimate with her, he got the "Not now!" "I'm busy now!" "Forget about it!" which sounded much like his wife, and therefore was a true turnoff for Sepp.

Sepp, Carla, Bill, and Bill

To think his situation over with Carla, in April of 1987, Sepp made plans to take a trip south with Bill Reedy, his friend, and counselor from the Rehab. Bill was more than 15 years sober at the time. He was in his mid-fifties, tall athletic built. His always-smiling square face with the bright-grey-brown eyes carried a positive feeling to wherever he went. Bill's hair was cut short and grey-white. He dressed casually. Jeans pants and a jeans jacket were his usual outfit. Bill was curious, asking more questions than giving answers. He was sensible, imaginative, tolerant, and reliable. Sepp had done together with Bill day trips to the South Coast, as well as up to the North Coast, where his mother lived in a trailer park. His father had passed away many years ago. At one of these visits, his mother asked Bill why he hadn't picked up those items he always wanted. She talked about a box of personal belongings his father had left him. Bill said he would look at it. A few weeks later when Sepp and Bill stopped again at his mother's trailer, Bill decided to take a picture and an old service revolver, out of his dad's box of things. Bill was thinking about framing both and mounting them on the wall at his apartment in Baycity.

Sepp, short on cash, borrowed 10Gs from a bank. He bought a Van, a blue and white Volkswagen Van. Soon after, first week of April 1987, Sepp and Bill, were ready to go on their Mexico trip. They headed south. First stop was San Diego, the next day they drove over the border into Tijuana.

Here they spent several days. Sepp was wondering what he would do, if he would see his Coupe de Ville, the Cadillac Sepp had lent to Herr Schmidt and his friend, who had left the car in Tijuana, before getting deported to Mexico City and then back to Germany. They never saw it. Sepp and Bill did check out the sites, and the sights, so they did, including the bullfight ring, and the area where the rich people have their villas. On the second day in town, in the evening, Sepp insisted on visiting one of the girly bars. It happened to be the same bar Sepp had visited with Dave, his attorney friend while attempting to rescue those two stupid know-it-alls German Dummkoeffe, Herr Schmidt, and Herr von Noburg a few years earlier.

The joint hadn't changed much. In the large room facing the bar, they were seated in a booth. The lighting was dim. Just like the time with David, women of all ages were dancing in their underwear on stage. Last time Sepp remembered they were all bra-less, this time, however, all wore bras. With David, they got to select from the girls on stage which one they wanted at their table. This time several Latino women were visiting their table, offering their company. The woman Sepp invited to sit down next to him left no doubts about her plans. It wasn't like last time that the woman of his choice would attempt to create a bar bill by ordering drinks. This one, she had her hands on his pants, searching and finding his zipper in no time. Sepp's hand was busy between her legs, hidden by the dark and the tabletop, all while Bill was sipping on his CocaCola. Sepp was listening to his body, feeling the girl's touch, and he watched those women on stage, dancing, waiting for their turn to get to entertain a customer. Sepp, too busy, hadn't even touched his soft drink. At a round table with five chairs, located between Sepp and Bill's booth and the stage, five young American men sat down. All had military haircuts. A sparsely dressed wasted young woman followed them. Sepp heard her saying something to the effect of: "...and where the f*ck do I sit?" So two of the guys lifted her up and put her on the empty table in front of them. Five guys and many hands helped her get situated. It looked like she loved the being the table's centerpiece. Sepp thought it was part of tonight's show. She wore no underwear. Blond long pubic hair matched her blond corkscrew hairstyle. The liquored up hussy on the table, noticing that Sepp looked fixedly at her, laughed and blew kisses into his direction. Apparently, she felt no pain but enjoyed being seen and having everybody's attention. They were quite obviously lit, three sheets to

the wind, all five guys and she as well? With her spreading out on the table, the guys were joking and laughing.

Before losing her date, Sepp's woman of choice got up. Led by her hand, he followed his female company. They went upstairs, to a small room with a single bed, and clean sheets. She undressed at once. She was in her thirties, and she was a professional woman, she was good. She surely was. Sex with her was very pleasing. Sepp was happy not to be intoxicated. He enjoyed having intercourse with the Tijuana sex-worker. It was much like last time, with David, when he went upstairs first with a young looking hooker with large breast, and two hours later with another hooker, he failed to recollect what the second one looked like. It reminded Sepp of the services he used to get on St.Pauli, in Hamburg, whatever you paid for, you got, and it was all up to par. And most of the time Sepp had a buzz going, had a view pick me up and motivator drinks. However, here on the trip with Bill, Sepp was sober, and it felt different and refreshing, the sex with a pro in Tijuana.

Coming back downstairs to their booth, Bill was still sitting where he had left him, evidently waiting for Sepp. The table where those five guys played with the woman earlier, it was empty now. Sepp, pointing at the table where the drunken hussy and her friends sat, asked: "Ja! Did they leave?" Bill answered: "Yes! They were not only liquored up and but also getting into it with other customers."

Sepp & Bill's Story

Next morning they drove south. Downhill, entering Ensenada the VW's engine sputtered and spat. Under a cacophony of backfiring, they made it into town. Bill expressed his amazement about the fact that Ensenada was next to the Ocean. When Sepp asked at the first gas station for direction to a VW service place, he was told: "In Mexico, every mechanic is a Volkswagen engine expert." Without any problem, Sepp found a garage. This one was just down the street from their hotel. It was a small garage, the mechanic Sepp talked with, he sounded most convincing, "I hear it, carburetor problem, I fix it for you." He assured Sepp that it would be done the same day. By midafternoon, the VW was ready to go. Sepp was happy.

Sepp had decided to stay at the same hotel where Bill used to visit many times, last time about 17 years ago. Little had changed. The structure and layout still the same. Bill told Sepp: "Believe me or not, I had no idea that Ensenada was right on the Ocean." Yes, hard to believe that he didn't notice the Pacific. But as Bill explained his past Ensenada experience, Sepp understood. Bill used to come to this hotel in Ensenada with his girlfriends. Back then he worked in the city for a rental car company. "Bringing a woman to a hotel in Ensenada meant I would have her attention for the entire stay, usually two nights, one day," Bill said. "After a day's drive from San Francisco, we always arrived in the dark. We went to the bar and went to bed. Our daily routine was: Getup, and have a drink at the bar. Then get a suntan out at the pool, and visit the bar. Go to the room, go to bed, go to the bar, and hang out at the pool! Go to bed; go to the bar and so on!" Then he smiled it was "Sex, sleep, drinks, sex, rest, drinks, sex, and sleep until it was time to go home." Bill shaking his head recalled, "Every woman I brought along to Ensenada was like me, they all loved to party. Each was a real boozier. As far as I remember none of my lady friends was ever drunk or unable to walk straight or having a slurred speech, throwing up, or sick with hangovers! No! Those girls were able to put it down and hold their liquor. And they knew to put out too."

On second thought, Bill said: "I am not sure how they did it, but they did it." He added, "So did I, yes so did I, until it worked no more!" Sepp asked: "Ja! Didn't you go to visit the town and any of the restaurants?" Bill's answer was: "We ordered our food at the bar, or at the pool, you know, they bring food to you!" Bill explained "We always left town before daybreak, to make it back to San Francisco by nightfall. As I recall, it was just about a 9 to 12-hour drive, with stops at the border, and for gas, and to pee." and added, "Back then, less traffic and gas was cheap!"

Sepp jokingly asked "Ja! Say back in Tijuana when I went to get some from that Mexican hooker, you were not taking advantage of the wide selection of local pussy. You haven't given up on sex, have you?" Bill's answer surprised him "With all the HIV and AIDS going on these days now, and sober I am very picky, which I wasn't during the years of partying, and indulging in any variety and sexual behavior."

After two days in Ensenada, Sepp and Bill headed further south, they stayed one night at a hotel without running water, on the beach in Guerrero Negro. The swimming pool was full of sand. The rooms on the ground level were windowless and doorless. Fine sand covered the floors in those rooms. The hotel was a damp place, and it was a cold night too, everything: mattress, linen, pillow all felt wet. The hotel got flooded last winter during a southerly storm. Three months ago the Pacific Ocean waves had filled both swimming pools and on the bottom floor many rooms with sand. Much still needed fixing. Glad to leave the hotel behind, the two got back on the road in the morning. They arrived in Santa Rosalia about 6 hours later. Here Sepp and Bill checked in at a clean, beautiful hotel overlooking the Sea of Cortez. After a hot shower, Sepp was ready for Santa Rosalia.

Exploring the town itself both admired the bolted metal church designed and built for the World Exposition 1889 in Paris, by Eifel, which had somehow made it to Santa Rosalia. They also spent some time at the visitor center of the old copper mine. They enjoyed dinner, in a small restaurant, Grilled Salsa Verde Chicken for Bill and a Special Quesadilla for Sepp, the food was exceptionally good. They paid. Sepp went to the bathroom, and they left. Arriving at their hotel, Sepp realized that he forgot his bag, a brown leather handbag on the chair at the table. A devastated Sepp told Bill, who didn't think there is any chance what-so-ever to retrieve the money and traveler checks. But maybe they left the passport. No! Sepp didn't expect to find it at the restaurant. Still, he raced back to it. He drove as fast as the VW van would allow him to. Sure he was in bad shape now. In the bag were his German passport, traveler checks, and an envelope with cash, all of his 2000 bucks. Yes, all his money, but the 50bucks and change, Sepp still had in his pockets. Sepp just knew it! "Ja! It is all gone!" As Sepp entered the restaurant, the daughter of the family running the business, waved at him while putting the phone down. She showed Sepp his handbag. He grabbed and opened it, and all was there. Nothing touched! Nothing was gone! She said: "I have called every hotel in Santa Rosalia, trying to find the Señores. I just talked to Señora Rosa at the Santa Rosalia Hotel, the one you are staying, and left a message for the Señores, about the bag." Sepp handed her 100 dollars, and she refused to take it. "Happy you are here!" She was truly ecstatic that they came back. "Otherwise, my

mother would have taken the bag to your Santa Rosalia Hotel a little later.” The girl told him.

Sepp was unable to say more than thank you, thank you. The young lady’s mother was coming out of the kitchen. She was greeting him, and she too was happy that he had come back to get his bag. Sepp was shaking the mother's hands, unable to express his feelings with words; he gave her a big hug and stuttered: "Muchas Gracias Señora!" With tears of true happiness in his eyes, he squeezed the 100-dollar bill into her hand and left. He didn't want them to see him crying. Sepp was crying. Sepp was happy, so euphoric and relieved. Driving back to the hotel, Sepp heard it, but didn’t hear it when Bill said: “Good things happen to good people, and you are a good man!”

The next day they visited Mulege, a beautiful old town, spending half a day there and half a day exploring the surrounding. Then after four nights in Santa Rosalia, it was time to cross the Sea of Cortez to the mainland Mexico. They got on the Ferry in the Evening. After getting used to their company of cockroaches, they had some rest in their cabin and arrived in the early morning hours in Guaymas.

Most taxi services were by VW vans, those days in Mexico. People flagged Volkswagen vans down for a ride. It took a while until Sepp figured it out. Quite often people waved at them, as they drove on, Bill always waved back. Off the Ferry, Sepp stopped in Santa Clara, just outside Guaymas. He was looking for a store to buy some bread and cold cuts to snack on while going down the road. Having stopped near a small shopping center, trying to decide which store to visit, an older woman with two young ladies in tow approached them. Sepp understood a little but not all the older woman was asking him. Then she talked to Bill, mentioning Hermosillo. Most likely these women thought they were a taxi service, but then soon noticed them both being foreigners. Sepp introduced himself as being Alemán, and pointing at his friend he said: “This is Bill, my American amigo.” One of the young women, coming to find out later both being the older woman’s granddaughters, she asked in English if they drive to Hermosillo. When Sepp said, "Ja! Si Señora!" the young woman corrected him "Señorita!"

Yes, Sepp and Bill planned to stay one night in Hermosillo before traveling back to the US via Mexicali. The Señorita now talked to her grandmother in Spanish, and there was a lot of nodding heads. As far as Sepp understood she explained to her grandmother, that the car has California license plates. She also was sure that they have space in their car for them two girls. She knew because she and her sister will need very little space in the car. The girls had to get at least to Hermosillo, and maybe even get a ride all the way to the border. And she was telling her grandmother that she knew, exactly how to get a ride with those two turistas. Sepp understood, and he was not going to disagree. He still acted like he didn't hear a word, and true his Spanish wasn't very good either. Then the Señorita, she asked Bill in her sweetest voice, "Please Señor, take my sister and me to Hermosillo!" After hearing his: "Hmm, hmm! It's OK with me!" She turned to Sepp "Please, Señor, per favor!" Sepp said: "Ja! OK, but we have to do some shopping first for snacks, for the road, and some sodas, to drink." "Oh no, you do not need to buy anything." The one girl said. The other showed them a basket full of food and water, saying "We wish to share our food with the Señores because you share the car with us." The other also promised: "We help pay for gasoline!"

It was a very enjoyable ride to Hermosillo. On the road, the young ladies were handing out dried fruit, and baked goods and water, and fruit juice to drink. Both Bill and Sepp felt being well-taken care of. As they arrived in Hermosillo, Sepp came to find out; both girls had no place to stay for the night. They were planning on spending the night outdoors just huddled up against each other using a blanket. Why? To save money, of which they both had little. Sepp and Bill insisted that they stayed at their motel, compliments of the guys. They invited them as well to have dinner with them, in a small bakery & taco place, across the street from the motel. Sepp had overheard the girls talking about what to do while sleeping in the same room with the two men. The younger, the 13-year-old girl was reassuring her older sister that she knows these two are gay, and not interested in girls. The older, 15-year-old girl was not so sure but accepted her younger sister's words. At the Motel, Sepp also noticed relief and surprise as the girls realized that they got their very own room. The Señoritas ride for the next day was secured as well. The four of them left early in the Morning, and about 9 hours later arrived in Mexicali.

By now Sepp and Bill knew pretty much everything about the young ladies including their US destination. They both were bound for King City. They had planned on hitchhiking and or travel by bus from Mexicali. Knowing their plans that they had to get to King City, Sepp offered, we take you all the way, and Bill agreed. He was the one who told them both, that they would deliver them right to the house door at their parents' home. Sepp and Bill got to see two real happy faces. Relaxed, unworried and looking forward to being soon back at home with their family in King City, these two young women were nothing but happy campers, from here on. Once they crossed the border, Sepp and Bill waited on the US side for the two girls and took them to their hotel. Early next morning, after a good night's rest, the four, in the blue and white VW van, were en route towards San Diego and from there on to the north. They delivered both young ladies to their parents in King City the same day, in the late Afternoon.