

THE JOURNEY STARTS NOW...



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HOMECOMING AND DEPARTURE

It happens every now and then that you observe a person and are fascinated by the fact that they see the world in completely different colors. Géraud was such a person. He was enthusiastic, curious, analyzed the world in his own way and developed the most wonderful business ideas. He was also a lively storyteller and he had achieved something that many people envied him for: he combined his job with one of his greatest passions: traveling. It drove him all over the world. But every trip also includes a return home.

At the end of a day that had started like any other for Géraud's family, the lights of the Adenauer Mercedes in which the father always had his chauffeur take him to the airport suddenly lit up in the driveway of the family home. The key turned in the lock and before the coat had even landed on the bench in the hall there was the pop of a champagne cork. But instead of flowing down the throat, the contents of the first glass of the sparkling mood-booster splashed onto the floor: son Paradise had crept into the kitchen and slapped his surprised father on the back in greeting. The sisters quickly joined their father and brother: the dark-haired Anna and the blonde Sophia, two beauties in their twenties who couldn't be more different and each of whom, in their own way, exerted a very special fascination on those around them.

What followed was a ritual that was part of the family's unwritten law every time Géraud returned: the spaghetti pot went onto the stove, the refrigerator and kitchen cupboard were frantically searched for suitable ingredients for a sauce, and while the pasta was still in the pot As they steamed away, Géraud, with his glass of champagne in his hand, walked towards the large world map that took up almost an entire wall of the living room. The daughters found this part of the room less relevant than the television, but the son understood the nature of the yellowed paper as something magical and looked in awe at the new pins his father was now pushing into the map to describe his route.

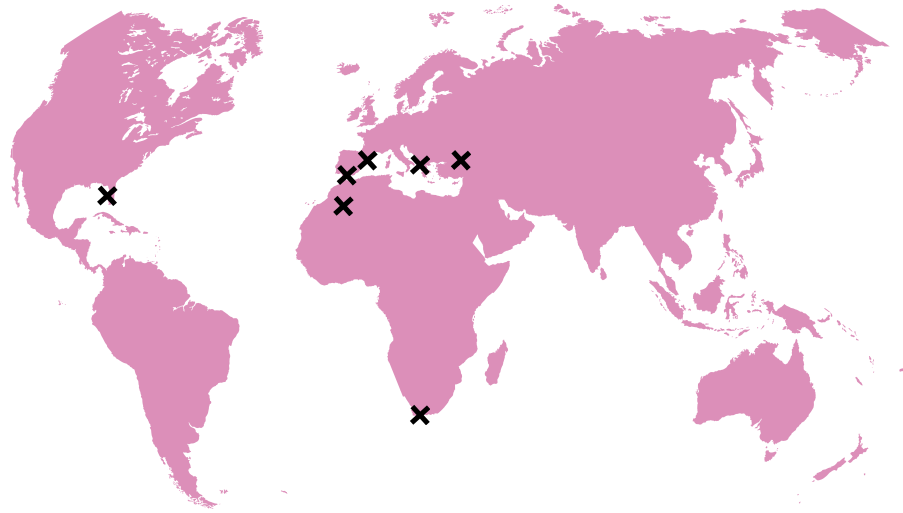
If someone stranger were to describe this evening, it wasn't just the first few minutes of the family gathering that seemed loud and chaotic.

The stormy greeting and the first wild chatter were followed by the father's stories of wonderful and exotic places that very few people had ever seen before. His anecdotes, presented with a lot of facial expressions and gestures, including descriptions of very special characters among his human encounters, an armchair that collapsed under him in the best hotel in an up-and-coming country or the ingestion of unfamiliar foods and their effects, resulted in loud laughter, further encouraged by additional opened bottles of champagne .

When Géraud later opened his old, yet elegant leather suitcase, there was a lot of excitement in Paradise in particular. So many curiosities had already been pulled out of this suitcase. Objects that hardly anyone could guess at first glance what their original use was. While the daughters criticized the aesthetics and were already thinking about which closet they could put these pieces in as quickly as possible, Paradise went back into the living room and stared at the world map. On this lively, joyful evening, no one else noticed the sparkle in his eyes that grew into a real flame.

After everyone had had their say several times and all plates had been emptied, the search began for the suitable places for the travel souvenirs. Anything that didn't disappear into the children's rooms was brought into the guest room of the house, which friends once gave the name "safe of good taste". Anyone who has already enjoyed a stay there understood this irony. The most absurd and hideous souvenirs a human being could collect were kept here, and Géraud was a master at them. Meanwhile, on the sofa under the world map, the last drops of champagne bubbled into father's glass, and peace gradually returned to the house.

The next morning the family members gathered at the breakfast table. The two sisters had set the table, and shortly afterwards Géraud entered the room with the newspaper under his arm and immediately immersed himself in it. Only Paradise was a long time coming, but not contrary to expectations. He liked to sleep late, and so the others started without him.



Hours later, however, a loud call from Anna interrupted the day, which until then had been quiet and comfortable. She had entered Paradise's room and was met with a scene of devastation. Clothes were scattered all over the room, folders and various loose sheets of paper were scattered wildly. And Paradise? One would think the wind blowing through the window would have blown him away. No one in the family had heard that he had left the house in the early hours of the morning.

Alarmed by Anna's call, Sophia also rushed over. She lifted her brother's blanket, under which a square object was visible. A mixture of confusion and admiration spread across the faces of those left behind after gaining insight into something that Paradise had kept secret for years. Even as a schoolboy, he must have started recording each of his father's trips on a piece of paper, supplemented by newspaper clippings about the different countries, and collecting these records in an old Jordan shoebox. While at first there had been surreal ideas about these places that seemed unreachable, they had obviously become his destiny. Paradise's duffel bag was missing, as was his passport, and combined with the contents of the cardboard box, it was immediately clear to his sisters: Paradise had left the family to see with his own eyes what his father had talked about in the past.

What was initially an escape for one individual suddenly changed an entire family life. What the sisters did not expect was their father's reaction to Paradies's disappearance. He urged the two of them to look for their brother and bring him home as quickly as possible. He had to discuss something with all three children that could not be delayed. He did not reveal to his daughters that this was about succession planning in his company. And so it happened that when the front door slammed shut, this time someone else stayed behind and waited for news than usual.

This time, chauffeur Schorsch didn't take the father, but Anna and Sophia to the airport in his Mercedes. The sensational classic car came into the family as a new car in 1961. It had initially belonged to Géraud's father, a wealthy mill owner, who had purchased it the year his son was born.

It was later used by the family for very special family trips to the beautiful surroundings of Munich. Especially in summer, the ride in "Adi", as the children lovingly called the vehicle, was particularly fun: on this rare model you could even lower the windows and feel like you were in a convertible.



IN COLUMBUS' FOOTSTEPS

"Barcelona, why do you think that Paradise is in Barcelona of all places?" Anna asked her sister, who was still excitedly rummaging through the shoebox. The two of them were sitting in the taxi to the airport and couldn't really agree on which city they should start looking for their brother in. "Quite simple," Sophia replied. "Do you remember how Dad returned from Barcelona many years ago and told us about the Columbus monument?"

Anna hesitantly replied "Mirador de Colom or something like that" and let her sister continue. "Exactly, and that there used to be a replica of Columbus' ship Santa Maria in the harbor. Paradise re-enacted the story of Columbus for months, and we constantly had to serve as his sailors. Later, the old industrial port became Port Vela and believe me, the great explorer himself would no longer recognize it. And now the hit: I happen to know that The Back is performing in Barcelona tomorrow evening. If that's not convincing enough."

Sophia opened her eyes and pursed her lips as her cell phone's dial tone broke the tense silence. She did this more often, not because of the tension, but because she believed that by doing so she would convince those around her of her seriousness. And most of the time her body language worked. She conveyed a self-confidence that had often helped her land interesting positions in the past - although rarely for a long period of time. "Hello, is there any news from your brother?" came the loudspeaker on her cell phone.

The sisters explained their thoughts and received additional confirmation from their father: a charge for a ticket for The Back had been reported on his credit card. So they just had to position themselves in front of the concert hall and look for their brother. The noise and hissing of engines starting became more and more clear, Schorsch "Adi" moved towards departure and Sophia and Anna boarded the next Vueling plane to Barcelona a little later.

There they experienced a surprise when they arrived. Miguel was waiting for them. The handsome Spaniard, who radiated the tan of July even in winter, was the sisters no stranger.

When father used to visit him, he always brought the black blood sausage specialty Botifarra Negra, a bottle of cava and deep, dark red wine.

"I'm sorry I look so disheveled," were his first words, and before he finished the sentence he was forgiven. The charming smile was the same as back then, even if his skin had a lot more wrinkles. "I wish I had more time for you, but when your father called I was in the middle of a construction site. I'm currently renovating my house. However, you are welcome to live on my yacht." The sisters had already heard about the 24 meter long yacht "Distret" but had never seen it. "Anna, that's perfect. The location where The Back is playing is right around the corner from the harbor," Sophia shouted.

The day had been long, but Miguel insisted on inviting the sisters to dinner at Da Greco, a restaurant that looks rather inconspicuous from the outside but whose name is also misleading. Because it is not a Greek, but the surname of the chef who comes from Calabria. Miguel rang the bell on the dark wooden door, it opened slowly and the three entered a tastefully decorated, brightly lit restaurant. When the first avocado with shrimp was brought to the table, Sophia also relaxed.

On that happy evening, Anna and Sophia almost forgot why they had flown to Spain in the first place. Sophia posted the third course in a row on Instagram and praised the fact that every large main course was accompanied by a second plate with a half portion so that the other guests at the table could also try the dish. And the sporty Anna was already mentally standing on one of the SUPs that she had seen on the boat. After dinner, life in the city really started, there was no way around a drink in one of the numerous bars around Da Greco.

The next morning, Sophia leaned against the railing of the Distret, the night still written on her face. Anna, on the other hand, was already sliding past her on the SUP and turned into an ever-shrinking dot on the horizon. After the third soy milk latte macchiato and some yoga exercises, Sophia decided to continue looking for her brother on her own. She installed the app for the rental bikes at the port

on her cell phone and cycled towards Mirador de Colom. The viewing platform with the Columbus monument is located on the Plaça del Portal de la Pau at the southern end of the Rambla and offers a beautiful overview of the city center and the adjacent areas such as Port Vell, the ferry port, Montjuïc and the sea.

Of course there is no trace of Paradise. When Sophia returned from the viewing platform to the Rambla, the sun was at its highest point of the day and Anna, who was barely visible during her two-hour SUP tour, was cycling around the corner. She also locked her bike and the two of them strolled together in the shade of the large avenue towards Plaça de Catalunya, the link between the old and new towns. Between tourist attractions and historic buildings lie the city's new shopping centers and northern boutiques, which made the sisters forget space and time.



Only the onset of hunger reduced the appeal of the fashion offering. As the voices and noise from the street quieted down, Anna and Sophia entered a modern vaulted complex that was just about the coolest thing they had seen in recent memory. A bright restaurant with partly very high ceilings, lots of green plants and a combination of wood with concrete and modern lighting. Although they had come primarily to find their brother, this was the first time the two of them realized the adventure he was looking for. "I told you that Honest Greens was the perfect place for us. Just look at the plates and bowls around you. "I think I could devour the whole menu and still feel healthy afterwards," Sophia replied to her sister's surprised looks as she put together a hefty selection of grilled vegetables, hummus, falafel and some tuna.

How wonderful it all was and how ridiculous the concern for the brother seemed. He should also enjoy the evening and tomorrow they would sit again at their table in Munich with pasta and the cava they had brought with them and tell each other how wonderful the short trip and stay on the ship was.

But then Sophia, who was again expertly recording all the dishes on her cell phone, suddenly started to falter. "What is it?" asked Anna, who was just scraping the rest of her smoothie out of the glass. "You won't believe what happened, the organizer canceled the concert tonight, Etienne the frontman apparently ate bad seafood the day before yesterday, the troupe has already flown back to Miami."

In a bar on the harbor, the two of them thought about how Paradise would react to this new situation over ice-cold fruity cocktails. They stared at the pictures on Sophia's cell phone, which had now photographed the most attractive destinations in the shoebox, but couldn't make any sense of it. The sun sank into the sea and made time stand still for a brief moment. At around 1 a.m. the sisters decided to go back to the boat and reconsider the situation early in the morning. Anna handed the bartender her credit card, slightly irritated by his smug smile when he looked at the name. But after looking at Anna and Sophia again, he asked: "Chicas, don't you happen to have a brother who accompanied you here?"

And Anna answered as calmly as possible: "That could be true, have you seen him?" Javier's iPhone had seen better days and when the bartender showed the two of them the photo, the sisters gave each other a confused look, that he initially thought he was wrong. "I'm going crazy, Paradise between the whole crew from The Back?" Anna shouted into the room, breaking the strange situation. Without a doubt, the tattoos on her ankles, the simple but unique style, that was her brother. "The band's new DJ?" Sophia repeated, stuttering, after Javier reported his encounter. Paradise was supposed to come to Miami because even though he barely knew The Back's team, there was an immediate sense of synergy in that chance meeting in Javier's bar.

Whether it was the alcohol or the entire situation, neither sister could find peace that night. What should they say to the father, he was the one who was more worried than they were. You were so sure that you could travel home relaxed tomorrow. And now Miami? In between lay the wide Atlantic.



MAGIC CITY MIAMI

It was strange: a few days ago they had been sitting with the family in front of the pasta bowl. And today it feels like months have passed since then. This thought ran through Sophia's mind as the cold air from the air conditioning vent brushed through her hair, her eyes lost in the distance. For several hours she kept looking through the small, oval window and watching the plane's wings break through the clouds. She just spotted the image of individual groups of islands that gradually met the mainland until they finally ended in an urban tangle. Miami - they had done it.

Anna and Sophia once again owed their father's international network that they had woken up on a yacht in Barcelona just 15 hours ago and were now suddenly able to land on the other side of the Atlantic. Although he was not friends with the well-known art collector Margulies, he still occasionally brought home gifts from his travels that had not been relegated to the storage room: works of art in oil or sculptures made from a wide variety of materials that decorated the house - and most of which had been brought to him through a single art expert: Jacques Piguel, a small Frenchman with a charming accent and unusual fashion style who had admirers and fans all over the world. Father knew him from Paris, where Piguel ran an art supply store. After he had the right nose and acquired some works of art, the value of which increased enormously, he was able to retire and moved to Miami.

Piguel picked up the sisters from the airport. They were happy to finally get to know him in person. Jacques happily told them that he lived in an apartment on Millionaires Row and that some things you just can't compromise on. His apartment is small, but his neighbor, a young aspiring photographer who also happens to be from Germany and travels a lot, wanted to make his apartment available to the sisters. Anna was well known to the neighbors: Marius Sperlich not only caused a sensation with his recordings of Bonnie Strange, but was also shared by Madonna on Instagram.

Sophia shone brighter than the blazing sun as the car made the stretch of Collins Avenue between 41st and 62nd streets.

She recognized the image of luxurious hotels, apartment complexes and yachts from social media. The apartment was a perfect starting point for the further search for Brother Paradise. And what's more: the balcony offered a magnificent view and there was a private pool at the back of the house.

There was also a lot to discover in the apartment itself: the walls were decorated with works by Marius, who focused on elaborate body landscapes. Most of the images showed faces in staged installations and filled the space with life and emotions. The resident had clearly left in a hurry and had not expected visitors to come to his apartment when he left. Some cameras were openly scattered around the apartment. Anna and Sophia pushed her aside, put down their bags and immediately felt at home in Miami. Now it was time to follow the last clue from Barcelona and look for the band The Back. Here too, Sophia quickly took the lead again. After all, she had already had a lot to do with stars and starlets, while Anna's longing gaze was directed at the beach and the turquoise sea.



The plane ride was long; the last night in Barcelona had ended more stormy than relaxing. The sisters therefore decided to end the evening with a short walk on Miami Beach. On their way they also made a short stop at the local liquor store "Triton Liquors Miami Beach", the prospect of a glass of rosé or a typical rum-based Miami cocktail later on the nice balcony was too tempting.

The fact that the sisters couldn't be more different was also evident early in the morning in Miami. The sun was early in the sky, but when Sophia, who didn't want to waste any time looking for her brother, got up to wake Anna, she was already jogging through the white sand towards the sea, past fitness equipment on the waterfront. Sophia took a deep breath and decided to start the day with yoga on the beach. She packed a water bottle and her cell phone and soon stretched her body to the gentle sea breeze.

When Anna still hadn't returned after 30 minutes, Sophia got a bike from one of the numerous CitiBike stations and followed her sister along the coast. After yoga with Anna, she had actually wanted to grab a bite to eat at Zak The Baker, a trendy bakery with a kosher café behind a strikingly colorful facade. Zak was known for his baked goods and delicious small dishes. But while chasing Anna, Sophia forgot her hunger and instead got lost in all the little souvenir shops full of kitschy items. How difficult it must have been for father to find the right souvenir.

When Sophia caught sight of Anna again, who was swinging onto an elliptical trainer, she stopped next to a bench, took a sip of water and opened her smartphone. "What options do we have to find out the whereabouts of The Black and therefore also of Paradise?" she muttered to herself and scrolled through the latest Instagram feed of the local stars and starlets. This city more than lived up to its reputation of being a trendy meeting place for beautiful people, actors, models and musicians, and they were all constantly on the move in this coastal metropolis.

Then suddenly, out of nowhere, as if a foreign power wanted to fulfill her wish, a small window popped up on the phone. Sophia could hardly believe it. A live stream started on The Back's channel - and who was laughing at her there? Paradise. What Sophia didn't know was that they were only a few hundred meters apart. The stream showed the whole group, surrounded by colorful and trendy paintings, celebrating their return to the US at an art event. "Art," Sophia frowned her pretty brow. Just a few streets away, on Lincoln Road, was the hotbed of Miami's art scene, where chic shops now rub shoulders with famous galleries. And Sophia actually identified the location where her brother had just been happily sipping a Rum Runner: the Romero Britto Gallery.



Full of enthusiasm, Sophia waved Anna over and the sisters set off as quickly as possible to end this chapter, no matter how beautiful it was. In a flow of tourists and locals, they moved past fancy stores that they would have loved to enter and finally reached the gallery. Inside, the bear was obviously dancing, but even though they put all their charm into the mix, the sisters were unable to get through the entrance control and security guards without a personal invitation. Just a few meters from their destination, they had no choice but to wait in frustration for the event to end, at the risk that Paradise and his group might not take the main exit, but one of the many side exits.

Well, with all my love. There were certainly more opportunities to contact him throughout the day. Because now the Miami girls were hungry and in the mood for Florida cuisine, characterized by seafood but also by influences from South America and the Caribbean. Anna had heard of a place that perfectly combines these culinary worlds: Yuca 105 with its Peruvian-Cuban style. About twenty minutes later, the sisters were sitting in the hip location with exposed brick walls, floor-length velvet curtains, pipes visible on the plaster and gigantic ceiling lamps, including chandeliers: an exuberant combination of the vintage touch of Miami Beach with Art Deco elements.

The selection of exciting culinary creations, all prepared with exotic spices, exceeded her expectations and for a brief moment everything else was forgotten. On the way back, the renewed vibration of Sophia's cell phone broke the early evening mood. It signaled to her that there would be no point in entering Lincoln Avenue again. An update from the bassist on Instagram showed the same group that had been standing among pop art works two hours ago suddenly in a shisha bar near the "Little Havana" district, known for its Cuban flair and cigar shops. A small, and as it later turned out, very popular shisha bar was located, was less well known. Anna and Sophia jumped into an Uber to smoke one last hookah with Paradise, but then found numerous unknown guests inside the Mediterranean bar, as well as the owner, but no member of The Back.

He served the pursuers, who had failed shortly before the finish and were now visibly shocked, a sweet Moroccan mint tea and as they sipped it, they realized that their journey could not come to an end either today or in the near future. Emad, the bar owner, described the band's visit in detail and, above all, the new member Paradise's interest in his country of origin - Morocco. Paradise had also told Emad that he didn't feel like performing exclusively in the Miami area in the next few weeks and that it would take too long for him until the band's next European tour.

LOST IN MARRAKESCH



And now they flew over the Atlantic again, with the eternal vastness of the horizon before their eyes and with a lot of time to think about their own lives and all the circumstances associated with them. The sisters also increasingly reflected and felt what attracted their brother so much: not the story, but the experience. Yesterday it was the father's colorful words, today it's already reality, our own experience. Sophia and Anna always seemed to be two completely different characters, but anyone watching them side by side on the plane at that moment could hardly tell them apart. The last few days had been exciting, sobering and educational, but always had one common goal: Paradise. It was only now that they realized that they had real paradise in front of them all the time. And they decided, without saying a word, that their next destination should first and foremost be a place of self-discovery. No matter how hard the father pushed, the last few days had been pretty stressful.

A few hours later, Anna and Sophia landed in Lisbon for a layover and reminisced about their time in Barcelona, where they had rushed to the airport to catch the first flight to Miami. Marrakech should definitely be taken more calmly. Fortunately, they had no idea that this intention would be reduced to absurdity a short time later. The plane began to descend and the sisters, who had seen enough water over the last few hours, were greeted by a green oasis in the middle of the desert: the Royal Golf Club, which, with its over 15,000 trees, has shaped the exterior of the historic city since 1927.

This time, unfortunately, the father didn't have any acquaintances who were currently residing in Marrakech, but he knew of a beautiful riad in the medina that Anna had already booked from Miami. The sun had now set and only the outlines of the barren landscape could be seen through the dusty window of the taxi. The day ended late, the next started early. The sisters met in the courtyard of the riad, which seemed very picturesque in daylight, and only gradually noticed all the colors that flooded the city. What had seemed black and white last night took shape and formed a stark contrast to their previous travel destinations. When it came to accommodation, father hadn't promised too much: the riad with its four bedrooms, small pool with waterfall and private hammam was the ideal starting point for exploring the city and searching for his brother.

Sophia, who was very happy to fill her Insta account here, only noticed on the way out that she hadn't posted a single one of those fascinating impressions. She therefore decided to persuade Anna to visit the Jardin Majorelle under the cloak of self-discovery. The former historic botanical garden, created by French painter Jacques Majorelle in the 1920s, had lost its original meaning over the years until Yves Saint Laurent revived it in the 1980s. There he created a jewel of the desert, an oasis of retreat in the lively metropolis, and after his death in 2008 his ashes were scattered there in the rose garden.

Anna's enthusiasm was limited, her thoughts still revolved mainly around her brother.



"Sophia, a botanical garden, do you really think that Paradise can be found there after everything he's been doing lately?" Sophia responded with a sigh and one of her darkest looks - so off they went. On the way there they crossed the Djemaa el Fna, also known as the jugglers' market. Even in the morning, this place was already full of activity: musicians, snake charmers, storytellers and the popular orangeries with their excellent fruit juices attracted tourists and locals alike. The sisters decided to enjoy this spectacle to the full in the evening, bought freshly squeezed pomegranate juice from one of the small street vendors and moved further into the heart of the city.

Colorful fabrics with all the copper pots and spice pyramids formed a symbiosis of the Orient. While they had walked along the big, wide streets in Miami and felt very small next to the mega yachts and luxury high-rises, they now felt even larger and more cramped here. These bazaar streets, called "souks" by the locals, create an almost mystical labyrinth in the heart of the city. The colorful and wild hustle and bustle became more and more intense and when the muezzin's call suddenly echoed through the corridors, the sisters had already lost sight of each other in the commotion. Sophia was almost happy about it, after all she wanted to forget about the search for Paradise for a short time.



She continued directly into the Jardin Majorelle and, given the colorful backdrop of exotic plants and bright blue building elements, she could hardly decide which corners were not worthy of being photographed. Anna, on the other hand, remained determined to find Paradise first and foremost. However, with one difference: At the previous destinations they were always able to follow clear traces of their brother, but here they were still without any clues.

It was now late midday and Anna felt a great emptiness in her stomach. Since her sister didn't respond to her calls, she decided to go out to eat alone. Hadn't Sophia said something about a restaurant that morning that she had found on Instagram? It was supposed to have the most beautiful view of the entire city. Yes, now Anna remembers: his name was Nomad. She googled the location and quickly reached her destination. The previous guests hadn't promised too much, the view was fantastic, but the prices and visitors were comparatively European. Fortunately, everything that North Africa has to offer came from the kitchen: lamb with potatoes, vegetarian plates with avocado and couscous and even date cake.

Sophia, on the other hand, who is always very open to strangers, met Youssef at the same time. The journalist was also taking photos in the botanical garden when Sophia finished her series of selfies there. Extremely interested in the sisters' reason for traveling, Youssef was keen to write an article about their experiences over the last few days. Sophia arranged to meet him that evening.

Anna, who still had no idea where to find Paradise in this unmanageable Marrakech, returned to the riad like Sophia in the late afternoon, where her sister was already waiting and told her about their encounter. Late that evening, the sisters and the journalist met in a Mediterranean restaurant that their father had recommended to them. La Trattoria combined Italian-Mediterranean cuisine with Moroccan culture. The hall in which the tables were set up around the swimming pool was an experience in itself - a good choice!

The evening was relaxed and fun. And after the sisters answered some questions in his blog interview, Youssef asked: "What interests does your brother have? I could show you the most famous hotspots around here."

He spoke very good English with a charming Arabic accent. The sisters didn't know where to start. Paradise was such a special, versatile person. So Anna took her phone out of her pocket to show Youssef her brother's Instagram account. But she accidentally tapped on the "Local Geo" tag for Marrakech. When she took a quick look at it, she suddenly jumped: a Moroccan tattoo shop was showing her brother's stomach. Paradise had many tattoos all over his body and most of them were reminders of places he had visited before. The sisters had almost forgotten that. They watched the short video with excitement, the whirring of the needle, the palm tree in the desert, black lines on skin.

Even though few people in Morocco drank alcohol, Youssef liked Prosecco as much as the sisters, they toasted this find together and decided to go to the tattoo shop together the next morning.



Youssef picked up the sisters in his old Mercedes E Class. "The fact that Youssef drives a Mercedes is perhaps a good omen for the family reunion," Anna whispered in Sophia's ear. "Think of our trips with Mercedes 'Adi.'" The curious Youssef, who had not missed the sisters' whispers, wanted to know what they were talking about and the siblings' experiences with their father and the vintage car just came pouring out. A story that would remain in everyone's memory forever was a May trip to Lake Starnberg with a packed picnic basket. After a sunny day with fun ball games on a meadow, feasting and teasing, there was a huge cloudburst on the way back and the car stopped in the middle of the Isar bridge shortly before the destination. Soaking wet, they had to walk a long way home until a taxi finally arrived. But this was to be the only mishap on a family trip with the classic car, because chauffeur Schorsch always meticulously ensured that all parts of the company were always properly maintained.

Youssef and his guests arrived on the outskirts of Marrakech. There they were greeted in the studio by an older, very friendly man. He showed them the photos of Paradise that he posted on his page as a promotion. Paradise wanted a palm tree in the desert on her stomach in a very minimalist style. He told the tattoo artist that he was excited about the Agafay desert and wanted to go there yesterday. There was supposed to be an eco-camp there, a lodge, more of an oasis, in the middle of the desert, about 30 kilometers outside of Marrakech. Since the camp had no phone reception or WiFi, the sisters had no choice but to go there themselves. So they got back into the old car and set off into the desert with Youssef.

How quickly the environment changed. Yesterday the hustle and bustle at the jugglers' market had kept them in suspense, today they were driving through a no-man's land behind the external borders of Marrakesh. They couldn't have wished for a better end to their adventure. Barcelona had been too short, Miami had been quite stressful, but now this peace, alone in the desert, an incredible feeling. Suddenly the sky clouded over and became darker and darker. The drive wasn't long, but after just a few minutes the shifting sands of the desert were blowing over the roads and getting stronger and stronger.



Halfway there, they could barely see the road anymore; the sandstorm was churning up the desert floor. Youssef, who experienced these storms more often, remained relaxed and continued towards Paradise.

“Pffffh” The air in the tire pressed against the old rubber as the car suddenly drove uncontrollably into a deep pothole. Youssef couldn't see it, the cursed sand blocked his view. The car was stuck.

UNSERE EMPFEHLUNGEN... OUR RECOMMENDATIONS...

Restaurant: Nomad

Modern & traditionell nordafrikanisch

📍 1 Derb Aarjane, Marrakesch

Restaurant & Café: Le Jardin

Marokkanisch mit modernen Einflüssen

📍 32 Souk Jeld Sidi Abdelaziz, Marrakesch

Restaurant: La Trattoria

Italienisch

📍 179 Rue Mohammed el Beqal, Marrakesch

Bar & Restaurant: Les Jardins du Lotus

Mexikanisch inspiriert

📍 Dar El Bacha, 9 Derb Sidi Ali Ben Hamdouch, Marrakesch



FASCINATION CAPE TOWN

Anna sighed deeply and pushed her dark brown strands away from her face to watch the sun glitter on the 737's wings just before they broke through the thin cloud cover. How peaceful the world seems from up here, she thought. The departure from Marrakech, on the other hand, was more like an escape; the experience in the desert still hung in the sisters' bones. Shortly before reaching the oasis, they had failed again to find their brother. After the storm sent Youssef's car into the desert sand, the journey had to be stopped. It took hours for help to arrive to pull the car out of the sand and take it to a workshop in Marrakesh. Anna and Sophia ultimately came to the conclusion that it made no sense to look for Paradise in and around this winding and lively Marrakesh.

At first the sisters were frustrated. For weeks they had done nothing other than chase after Paradise, only to end up starting from scratch again. But then Anna made a suggestion: "While we're in Africa, let's travel to Cape Town. I've heard so much about these great beaches and water sports and for your convenience there are lots of fancy shops there too. We'll take some time off and only look again next week." They would tell their father that they had evidence that Paradise had left for Cape Town. And it wasn't entirely cheating, after all they had also found information about Cape Town in Paradise's shoebox collection. So when Géraud paid for his daughters' tickets as usual, they actually had no idea which corner of the world their brother would be heading to next.

Anna and Sophia, also known as Luna and Stella by their father because of their different personalities, looked nervously through the large arrivals hall of the airport terminal. At first glance it seemed like any other in the world, with its gray ceiling tiles, slowly rotating luggage belts, colorful car rental billboards and hectic hustle and bustle. At first they had planned to stay in one of the many beautiful guest houses around Cape Town, but then they chose the even more convenient route and contacted one of their father's acquaintances. And there she was: Khanya shone out of the hustle and bustle like the first rays of sunshine from receding storm clouds. It definitely wasn't a mistake, this warm-hearted one and friendly civil engineer to call.

The Nissan they left the airport in looked new. However, there was a cracking noise from the gearbox when the car switched to all-wheel drive.

This cracking sound was to amuse her several times during her stay and become part of her memories of Cape Town. For Sophia, Cape Town was anything but unknown. She had also heard and seen a lot about the beaches of the African coast from friends and bloggers. She was all the more surprised at how intensely the unusual architectural diversity of this metropolis and its many contrasts affected her and immediately captivated her. She stuck her face out the SUV window into the warm city air and marveled. There had also been street stalls selling local delicacies in Marrakesh, but they weren't just a few meters from a luxury restaurant.

Anna, the football fan, on the other hand, still remembered the 2010 World Cup well and was excitedly looking for the unique Cape Town Stadium, which, surrounded by the salty waters of the Atlantic Ocean, was an eye-catcher for every visitor to Table Mountain. The journey through the urban areas seemed endless to her, but then she saw for the first time the blue horizon in which several colorful kites were floating and knew: she was close to one of the many kite beaches that she really wanted to experience.

"Oh how cool," said Sophia, who immediately activated her cell phone camera as they entered Khanya's chic designer house. It was just outside the city on a hill in a gated neighborhood. The women later stood there at the window and watched as the sun slowly disappeared behind the horizon and the sea turned reddish. The sisters had their own bedroom and Khanya even offered them her kite surfing equipment. To end the evening, the three of them sat together on the back terrace next to the small pool with a glass of South African wine, which Sophia had had a weakness for since her father had brought a bottle of it back from a trip. The family was initially surprised by this because Géraud usually only drank sparkling wine, but the wine turned out to be a gift from a business partner who had no way of knowing.

At dawn the next day, Khanya informed the sisters that she had to spend a few days on business about 400 kilometers outside the city to supervise a construction project. Anna and Sophia had already noticed the huge cranes of the construction companies in the city center. The reformation of apartheid had led to the rapid growth of the middle class and the need to create both housing and commercial real estate across the country. "Let's head straight to the beach," Anna suggested once Khanya had set off. But Sophia was able to convince them to use the clear view of the morning to get a better overview of the city. Inspired by her Instagram feed, she really wanted to go to Table Mountain. But Anna was able to dissuade her from this goal by arguing that it would take a whole day.

Their hostess had left the car to them and so a short time later the white SUV drove through the gate of the residential area and instead of going to Table Mountain, which is easier to reach by gondola, Signal Hill Road took it to another viewpoint with a nice overview of Cape Town, the Waterfront and Table Mountain. There they stood, their eyes fixed on the city, each lost in their own thoughts for a brief moment: Anna and Sophia, the unlikely sisters in complete harmony. In fact, as Anna looked at her sister up here in the warm light of the southwest coast, she was a little amazed at how close they had become over the last few weeks. She remembered the harmony in her childhood, then the different circles of friends during school and the later distancing due to the completely different everyday life. A few hours ago they had been unsure whether this stopover was a good idea, but at that moment they knew: they needed it.

"Anna, I don't understand this city," Sophie suddenly interrupted her thoughts, lifting her sunglasses to tuck the temples into her blonde hair. "Just look at these colorful little houses at the foot of the mountain and just behind them is the city center with all its modern office buildings - somehow it just doesn't fit together." The sister, whose eyes were still on the stadium, turned to her and looked at the end of the mountain. "You're right, the contradictions of this city are unique." They finally drove down from the mountain towards the brightly colored houses built in Dutch style on the Cape had been.

Over coffee there, the barista explained to them in just a few words the history of Cape Town's oldest district, known as Bo-Kaap. From Bo-Kaap we walked towards the harbor. A friend of Sophia's who saw her Instagram feed recommended lunch at the Victoria & Alfred Waterfront. The formerly run-down harbor district, like other parts of the city center (e.g. Green Point), has been extensively restored in recent years and is now one of the most visited places in South Africa, with apartment prices reaching into the double-digit million range. The V&A Food Market, located in a brick building of a former power station, with its many stalls full of delicacies from all over the world, drew the sisters further and further inside. Back at the main entrance, they stopped in front of a particularly tempting stall: the Trecastelli Bakery, with delicacies from the owner's native Italy. "Oh how delicious," enthused Anna. "And look, Trecastelli also has a restaurant on Blouberg Beach, we definitely have to try that."

After the delicious lunch, Anna and Sophia spent the rest of the day on Blouberg Beach. Sunbather Sophia in the warm sand and always in view of one of the muscular surf boys, Anna with the kite board in the waves.

The plan for the next day was a trip to the surrounding wine country north of Cape Town, after which the sisters would prepare themselves in the evening with a glass of Shiraz and a map of the region. It was unbelievable what a selection of renowned wineries and top-class restaurants were located there. Since the trip was supposed to take up a whole day, they started it with a big breakfast and then decided to drive to Franschhoek. According to the Internet, there should be a nice walking route along the Theewaterskloof dam. They reached their destination via the narrow and winding roads of the R 321 over the Viljoens Pass: the reservoir, which is used by the surrounding farms for irrigation in the summer months and is surrounded by impressive coniferous trees that are otherwise only known from Canada. After a short hike along the lake, the two reached a hill from which there was a unique view over the idyllic landscape along the Franschhoek Pass.

A few hours later in Franschhoek, Anna and Sophia chose from the numerous restaurants with French cuisine the Foliage with chef Chris Erasmus, a lovingly decorated restaurant with brick walls, impressive ceiling beams, an open kitchen and a gigantic selection of regional wines. Sophia surfed the internet overjoyed and began sharing the wild mushroom risotto with the world in her usual manner.

In the evening, exhausted from the many impressions of the day, the young women cooled their feet in the water of the pool. They looked back on memories of the last few years, told each other stories about Paradise and Géraud and were more relaxed and happy than they had been for a long time. Anna looked over at the blonde Sophia, whose hairline had turned a light brown during the trip. The more the two of them got rid of their everyday habits during the trip, the more similarities they had in common. At the dinner table in Munich on the eve of Paradise's disappearance, they still seemed like fire and water. But now, with your toes in the refreshing water, almost as one.

The day before Khanya's return, the sisters used the Nissan again for a trip to the Cape of Africa. The coastal road along Boulders Beach, characterized by its bizarre granite rocks, is also the habitat of African penguins. From the Olifantsbos car park with direct access to the Cape of Good Hope reserve, Anna and Sophia walked along the Cape Point Shipwreck Trail, which takes its name from the stranded shipwrecks Thomas T. Tucker and Nolloth and is known for its exotic plants and animals is.

Suddenly the shrill ringing of Sophia's cell phone shattered the idyll. "Hello, Dad," she said. "You probably want to know if we already have a trace of Paradise." Géraud was silent for a moment before answering: "Perhaps you can explain that to me. You only flew to Cape Town a few days ago, but yesterday a deposit for an apartment in Portugal was debited from my bank details." Sophia cleared her throat and struggled for words. She didn't know how to answer her father. But he didn't wait long for an explanation for the wrong track and simply sent the two of them back to the airport the next morning.

"All the plans I had for the next few days," Anna whined. "My interests have definitely been neglected here." "Yours? Nonsense!" replied Sophia.

"I really wanted to eat at Nourishd and we weren't in the Bungalow Lounge on Long Street either." For the first time, both of them had a lot of understanding for Paradise, who had secretly left the house that morning in Munich to completely plan a route to plan for yourself. They had felt a similar freedom in Cape Town and actually had no desire to put their personal wishes aside again just to bring their brother home.



REUNION IN OLHÃO

The large glass doors opened and the mild Algarve air blew towards them. Sophia immediately began waving her straw hat. The outside area of the airport was decorated with palm trees and other exotic plants like they already knew from Africa. Since the sun was already low in the sky, the sisters decided to spend their first night in Portugal in a hotel. The address that their father had given them where Paradise was supposed to be was in the coastal town of Olhão, about fifteen kilometers from Faro airport. Anna and Sophia got into a taxi and drove to the hotel they had booked near the port of Olhão.

It was clear that they had enjoyed their time on the southern coast of Africa and that they were more motivated than ever to end the increasingly tiresome search. Both eyes were out the taxi windows when Anna remarked, "I still feel like we never left Africa. The architecture here looks as Arabic as in Marrakech, and the many palm trees remind me of Cape Town." "Yes," Sophia answered. "That's right, you can hardly compare this area with Lisbon. What on earth is bringing Paradise here?"

They now had to solve this puzzle, and both tried to find an initial answer by analyzing the surroundings while they were driven in silence towards the hotel. The harbor still seemed very hectic even at this time of day, and the coastal town itself seemed almost untouched by tourism. The large industrial buildings, built as part of modern fish production, conveyed a rather industrial image of the city. But when they got to the city center, this changed. The cube-like houses, built under Arab influence, and the large harbor complete the atmosphere of a historic and authentic fishing town.

The hotel wasn't particularly inviting, but it would be enough for one night. Anna and Sophia threw their suitcases onto the groaning bed and decided to get another impression of the port city on foot. They came to the long parallel street of the waterfront promenade, characterized by a multitude of lively cafés and restaurants. They quickly reached the two large red brick market halls that separate the lagoon from the city.

"It seems to me that there are no nice beaches here," said Sophia with clear disappointment in her voice as they looked at the harbor basin.

"The taxi driver gave me this brochure," Anna replied, pulling a crumpled, colorful brochure out of her pocket. "The really beautiful beaches are on the offshore islands and can be reached by boat - his cousin offers something like that. It may be a bit inconvenient, but I think there is a lot more peace and more natural beaches there than in the tourist hotspots." They continued walking along the promenade until they stood in front of the address that their father had sent them.

Ahead of them stretched a modern apartment complex, separated from the harbor and one of the boat docks by one of the waterfront's small parks. The architectural style, based on the cube-like architecture of the old town, combined the cityscape of the promenade with luxurious contemporary elements. The very next morning they would return and look for Paradise, but hungry and thirsty from the journey and also a little tired, they strolled back towards the market halls and ended the evening with petiscos - the Portuguese equivalent of tapas - and a glass Finish off Vinho Verde.



The excitement had driven the sisters out of bed and they found themselves in the hustle and bustle of the fishmongers early the next day. The market hall's displays bowed to the variety of fish and seafood produced by the Atlantic Ocean. Local traders sold fresh vegetables and fruit as well as fresh flowers at stalls in front of the hall. Anna decided to have a pumpkin mousse for breakfast and Sophia bit into one of the juicy figs the region was known for - then they made their way to her brother's.

The apartment complex looked as if it had recently been completed. The doorbell signs were not yet labeled. "Show me the screenshot Father sent again," Anna murmured, rubbing her forehead thoughtfully. "It's this apartment Anna," Sophia answered firmly, pointing her finger at the doorbell for apartment number 3. The system cracked after she established the connection, but they received no answer. After ringing the bell several times without any result, they were about to turn away and think about another solution when the front door of the house opened and a parcel delivery person stepped out. Anna quickly recognized her chance and made a dash for the door. Done.

Sophia, visibly annoyed by the wait and probably long since ended up in a café without Anna's willpower, banged on the door of Apartment 3 with all her might. And then not only both sisters were almost speechless: it opened slowly in front of them. Standing in boxer shorts was the man they had been looking for like a phantom for weeks. He narrowed his eyes as if to make sure his sleepy mind wasn't playing tricks on him.

Without a word, the sisters pushed their way into the apartment and Paradise, who was still standing in the doorway completely perplexed, said "Hi - I'm glad to see you. But in a small fishing village at the end of Portugal, you are the last people I would have expected."

While Anna was still searching for words, Sophia was already pouring out a loud torrent of words about her brother. It was questionable whether Paradise, who had only recently returned from Club Columbus in Faro, even understood any of the sentences. But after what needed to be said was said, silence returned to the apartment.

The lost brother gestured the sisters to the kitchen counter and they sat down on the stools. Together at a table, that's how this adventure began and that's how it should end. But first there was a lot to tell. A little later, the cork popped on a bottle of Prosecco that had been stored with two others in the otherwise yawning emptiness of the refrigerator.



"Paradise - you're crazy! Without saying a word, you disappear in the middle of the night without any money and now look at this apartment," Sophia giggled and looked at the apartment. They were right by the sea, and the large bedroom with ensuite bathroom and the open kitchen in this fresh new building secretly made his sister a little jealous. Paradise, who was clearly enjoying seeing his sisters so exhausted, took spaghetti and pureed tomatoes out of the kitchen cupboard and soon both were simmering on the stove. "It's very simple," he explained meanwhile, with a confidence that was foreign to the sisters. "I've made good contacts in the music industry in the last few weeks and an investor who thought my work was cool gave me an advance for equipment and stuff. By chance, the manager of the band I was with had built this apartment complex and said I could try out living there for a small deposit." He initially rented the apartment, but now wants to buy it. "And the next time we meet here, I'll invite you to Pizza na Pedra. You've never eaten at such a delicious Italian restaurant, I swear to you." "You always with your Italians," answers Sophia. "My friends recommended Terra i Mar". "There should be good seafood and wine from all over the world."

The siblings talked and talked and talked, lay in each other's arms, laughed a lot and lost themselves in memories from their childhood. When Anna finally fell off her stool after the fifth glass of Prosecco, the sisters suddenly remembered their mission and sent their father one of the many pictures they had taken that day. The long journey was worth it; they would return with Paradise the next day.

They thought. "Sophia, wake up and take a look at this." The next morning, Anna pulled her sister by the arm until she sat up, grumbling, and pushed Anna's arm back, with which she was holding a piece of paper in front of her face. "I still have to sort something out with my sponsor in Batumi, I'll be back in Munich next week, I promise," Sophia read her brother's writing and groaned. "It's okay - he should come next week. Was that so important that you had to wake me up now?" Anna slammed the bedroom door and sat on the balcony, sulking.



"How can she expect him to actually fly home next week just because he left two lines on a post-it note," she thought silently.

A little later the two of them frantically closed the doors to the apartment and Sophia quickly took a few photos of the two pools, which unfortunately she was no longer able to enjoy. The journey home was coming up. Having landed happily in Munich, her father was relieved to pick her up from the airport. "Look, look, Sophia. He even asked Schorsch to drive the Adenauer out of the garage to celebrate the day," joked Anna as they pushed their suitcases out of the terminal. "Indeed," Sophia replied. "And Adi looks exactly like his grandfather's pictures; he probably had it restored in the last few weeks out of boredom."

Géraud was waiting for his daughters with great anticipation, which was also evident from the picnic basket filled with delicacies and champagne on the back seat. "Hello, you two, the sun is shining and there is a lot to talk about. So I thought that we could spend the afternoon comfortably at Lake Tegernsee." "Yeah, cool," said Anna. "But what kind of elegant picnic basket is that? I've never seen it before." Géraud said that while the sisters were away, he not only had the car restored, but also had the attic cleared out. He came across the basket that his father had probably bought in the 1960s for one of his first trips by car to Italy. "My parents told me a lot about this trip, especially that sometimes they even slept in the car when your grandfather couldn't find a cheap guesthouse and that out of sheer thrift he even ended up eating in a soup kitchen in Naples with Grandma because he always asked the Italians for an inexpensive place to eat. And then the Adenauer, which was already rare and expensive at the time, parked in front of the feed for the poor, unbelievable," laughed Géraud.

But now it was the sisters' turn to tell the story. Together with their father, they relived the last few weeks and finally returned home happy and relieved to have completed their mission with flying colors. There, the familiar environment quickly brought normality back: Anna sat in front of her scripts again, studying diligently for the next semester and Sophia advertised herself as a personal assistant via her social media presence.

But the week after Paradise wanted to return had not yet passed, when a cryptic text message suddenly arrived on Géraud's cell phone. "Hi Papa. Luna and Stella have probably already told you that I have found a great sponsor. But now I urgently need 5,000 euros to cover notary costs. The banks here are a bit strange. Could you help me out and send a check to the address attached? It's in Batumi - you had something to do at the university there too. It's the last time, I promise, I won't be annoying again afterwards. Greetings Paradise."



Av. da
CABELEIREIRO

15

15

UNSERE EMPFEHLUNGEN...
OUR RECOMMENDATIONS...

Restaurant: Pizza na Pedra

Italienisch

📍 Av. 5 de Outubro 50, Olhão

Restaurant: Terra i Mar

Fisch, Sushi

📍 Av. 5 de Outubro 20, Olhão

7imeio Winebar

Tapas, Cocktails

📍 Av. 5 de Outubro 38-40, Olhão

Strand/Beach: Praia da Armona

Ab Fähranleger, verkehrt regelmäßig

📍 Av. 5 de Outubro 2a, Olhão



ADVENTUROUS GEORGIA

Four days had passed since the cryptic message from Paradise had brought an abrupt end to Munich's return to normality. The number with the Georgian area code that had sent his message was no longer available a few minutes later.

Sophia chewed on the straw of her fruit cocktail and turned her visibly annoyed gaze to Anna. "We traveled halfway around the world, worried, only to end up in a half-hungover but happy Paradise. I really can't understand what dad finds so scary about this stupid text message. So far he has paid the price for Paradise all the time. Does that shock you too?" Anna, who was just about to bite into her khachapuri, a gratinated bread filled with cheese, egg and butter, answered with a slightly ironic tone: "I think it's the fact that he asked for money Instead of simply charging the card as usual, it irritated him." Sophia shook her head in comprehension and the sisters stepped out of the Bern restaurant onto the street.

This was very busy and characterized by large unfinished buildings whose construction noise disturbed the idyll. But at least they offered shade, which was very welcome in these subtropical temperatures. Well, actually returning to Munich after her wild travels had been really pleasant. But the view of the kilometer-long beach boulevard of the Black Sea coast made up for the fact that they had followed their father's request and set off again. Even the adventurous Géraud was suspicious of sending a check to an unknown address in Georgia. He preferred to send his daughters on another journey to a country unknown to them.

Géraud, who, among other things, gave lectures at international universities, met a gifted professor from Batumi a few years ago. They visited each other several times over the years and often discussed the development of the region, which has undergone rapid change since the change of power in Adjara in 2004. Professor Aleksandre Gelashvili was an old man with horn-rimmed glasses and a patchy part of the head who lived in a light blue heritage building that the sisters were now standing in front of.

"I am happy to welcome you and hope that the journey has not caused you any trouble," he replied to the sisters' shy greeting and invited them in. "This is exactly how I imagined a professor's apartment," Anna whispered in Sophia's ear as they put the suitcases on the floor. The high walls were decorated with stucco and an impressive tiled stove adorned the approximately 100 square meter apartment.





"Thank you," Sophia said as he filled her cup with coffee and she explained what had happened to them. "We flew over Istanbul and after arriving in Batumi I was still using the bathroom when my sister was already heading towards the exit. In a hurry and afraid of not finding her, I ran to the nearest exit and suddenly found myself in Turkey." Anna slapped her forehead and continued her sister's story. "I tried to follow her but a border guard stopped me. It was a huge spectacle until I convinced him that they needed to be brought back. And what caused even more confusion was that we were both born on the same day and have the same address on our passport. The officials thought our passports were fake. It was very difficult for us to convince them that we were actually twins." The professor laughed. He knew the problem with the city's proximity to the border and knew how difficult it could be to leave the Turkish side. One is the language barrier, the other is the ever-increasing number of guests that the city has to manage. "Gambling is a blessing and a curse for our city. The issuance of gambling licenses brought a tourism boom as gambling is strictly prohibited in neighboring countries, resulting in our beloved Batumi becoming a 'Little Las Vegas' of the Black Sea coast," he explained. "But our city also has many beautiful sides to offer and very good restaurants such as Old Boulevard."

An hour later, Sophia winked at Anna, signaling that they had heard enough stories about the Georgian countryside and the professor's winery. Anna recognized the sign and interrupted Aleksandre. "Does this address mean anything to you? It's the only lead we currently have." He looked at Anna's cell phone with the text message that had been sent to her father and scratched his head. "It seems this is the suite of one of the new hotel buildings, about a 15-minute walk from here. Whatever you plan to do, I ask you to keep in mind that not every casino in this city is operated by a reputable investor. Gambling also attracts riffraff."

"You can believe me, Sophia," said Anna as they stood in front of the massive hotel building with a casino. "If Paradise greets us the same way they did in Olhao, then I'll rip his head off."

Sophia pressed the golden handle of the front door with a smile, ready to actively support her sister's plans. "I didn't think he would stay in a five-star hotel with a sky bar. "He probably just spent too much money and there's not enough money left for the return trip," said Anna, looking at the gigantic high walls of the lobby. Thanks to Sophia, who knew exactly how to get to the hotel suites without much discussion, they gave the concierge a note with a wink and a few minutes later the two of them were standing in front of the door behind which Paradise seemed to be.

"Paradise is finally opening," Sophia shouted as she alternated between ringing the doorbell and banging on it. Suddenly Anna jumped; behind her a giant of a man cast a shadow on the door. "What's the problem," he spoke in broken English. Sophia, who had just been trying with all her might to get into the suite, also backed away in shame and took a step behind Anna. "We received a message from our brother asking us to visit him here," Anna fibbed.

The situation seemed to calm down because the bald man said that he was a good acquaintance of her brother. "He was sure that his family would support him," he said with a funny undertone, rummaging in his pocket for a large bunch of keys with which he opened the door for them. The sisters hesitated for a few seconds, but then entered the suite. "Where is he?" asked Sophia, trying to keep her voice from trembling. At that moment two men stepped out of the next room, one more frightening than the other. And that's when the sisters realized that this story had taken a completely new turn.

The large study of the suite, which connected the bedrooms with the living area, was marked by a previous fight, and a visibly distressed human being sat on the heavy dark brown oak chair that could be assigned to the desk. "Paradise, what the hell," Anna burst out as she saw her brother tied up with duct tape in the middle of the room.

An older man in a tuxedo with wavy gray hair entered the room and pointed the finger on Paradise, who was slowly coming to in a torn shirt and a wrinkled baby blue suit.

“Who does this snot think he is,” the man cursed, kicking the end of the chair in question. “My money - this idiot gambled it away and told me he could pay it back straight after he originally wanted to use it to finance his million dollar idea.” Anna remembered the professor’s words and after the brief shock she realized what had happened: The promised investor that Paradise had talked about in Olhão was a loan shark for the Georgian mafia and now it was up to them to ransom their brother. “Let him go, we’ll bring you the money,” Sophia asked the smartly dressed leader of the group.



But he signaled to the sisters that the exchange would only take place when the money was in cash at his feet. And the 5,000 euros that father had given them on the trip had become 12,000. After all, you had to wait four days for the money because interest rates fell. The sisters had to leave their cell phones as collateral and were then allowed to leave the suite to get the money.

Anna and Sophia rushed to the hotel elevator. There the twins stared at each other over the mirrored walls. "In the text message it was 5,000 euros, we don't have any more," said Sophia. "Believe me, I've been thinking about what we should do the whole time," Anna mused. Ping - suddenly the elevator stopped on the way to the ground floor, the door opened and presented them with a colorful, flashing and extremely tempting view.

"Come quickly," Sophia said, pulling Anna out of the elevator. "No Sophia, no, we won't do that, are you stupid?" Anna defended herself. But her sister had already disappeared in the crowd of players. A short time later, the two stood in front of a roulette table and put their brother's life on the line. "And now everything on the 19th, it's father's birthday, he's supposed to fucking help us," said Sophia.

But the more sensible Anna moved the 5,000 euro chip to the middle between the 19 and the 16. "Today is the 16th and so we have at least two numbers in the race," she said. "Rien ne va plus," the croupier whispered, the ball rolled and rolled and rolled and finally landed on the red 16. The croupier pushed a stack of chips to the sisters. They only hugged each other for a moment, then cleared away the plastic coins and immediately redeemed them for euros. "Seventeen times the amount and the effort, I can't believe it," laughed Anna. In the women's toilet they hid the unneeded 78,000 euros all over their bodies in their clothes, 12,000 euros went in the envelope that their father had given them.

A wave of vodka and cigar air greeted the sisters as the suite door opened for them for the second time.

The men had probably no longer expected her to appear again and were therefore very gracious as they stood in the doorway waving the bills. Paradise was immediately unleashed and sent out of the suite with a powerful blow to the back. "Let's get out of here," he said, casting a stunned look at his sisters. "How did you manage that, Luna and Stella."

Fortunately, the host professor was not at all surprised by Paradise's strange outfit, as he had at least kept his passport in addition to his outfit. However, the three had to endure a few more stories about Georgian tourism and the country's status as the cradle of wine before they were allowed to retire to the guest room. "78,000 euros, what madness," Anna patted Sophia on the shoulder. "We could use that as part payment for the apartment in Olhão," Paradise suggested. But now the three of us finally had to fly back to Munich to sort out their father's affairs.



UNSERE EMPFEHLUNGEN...
OUR RECOMMENDATIONS...

Restaurant Ambassadori

Italienisch, europäisch

📍 Seafront Promenade, Batumi (near old dancing fountain)

Restaurant Bern

Georgisch-europäisch

Dachterrasse, Live-Musik, Bar

📍 Rustaveli Str. 17, Batumi

360 Sky Bar und Restaurant

Bar, Steaks, Sushi

📍 Rustaveli Str. 28, Batumi

Restaurant Old Boulevard

Traditionell & modern

📍 Ninoshvili Avenue 23a, Batumi



I WANT
YOU
NAKED

IN THE SPELL OF ISTANBUL

The plane took off from Munich airport bound for Istanbul. Anna stuck a piece of chewing gum in her cheeks to relieve the pressure in her ears and looked sullenly at the screen. "I've now seen every film that interests me twice. "It's impossible to invent as many Netflix series as we need for this annoying flight," she complained. "If I can get hold of Paradise this time, then he can be prepared for something." Sophia, who was staring at the thick cloud cover outside, also sighed. "It was a huge embarrassment that we returned from Batumi to Munich without him."

After the exciting liberation of Paradise from the clutches of the Georgian mafia, the three of them agreed to immediately return home together so that they could finally learn their father's important message together. Each of them had hidden a third of the cash they had won from the casino on their bodies so as not to have to declare it. After saying goodbye to their friendly host in Batumi, they boarded the fastest flight to Munich, connecting via Istanbul. There, however, something happened that Anna and Sophia could never have imagined after the last 24 hours: Paradise said goodbye to the toilet "quickly" during the stopover. And when the sisters had already made themselves comfortable in the connecting plane, they waited there, initially amused, but then increasingly panicked, for the junk dealer. The aisle seat remained vacant. Paradise had not reached the plane in time.

"When I imagine how worried we were about him," Sophia said angrily, tapping her forehead with her index finger. "We actually believed that he had fallen into the hands of criminals again because of the money." A thought that had already proven to be unfounded after landing in Munich. Rather, Paradise told them via text message that he wanted to relax a bit in Istanbul after all the stress in Batumi. "It would be a shame to simply ignore Istanbul," he wrote. "There is a mega music scene in this melting pot of cultures, just think of the film *Crossing the bridge - the sound of Istanbul* by Fatih Akins." Furthermore, Géraud is not entirely innocent in his enthusiasm for Istanbul. After all, he introduced Paradise in Frankfurt to the music manager Sadi, who had numerous contacts with Turkish rappers. "I have enough money with me now, that's the message Father can definitely wait a few more days," Paradise finished his message.

Géraud saw it differently. When his chauffeur Schorsch brought Anna and Sophia home alone, he treated them to an evening of pasta together at the kitchen table at home, but also made it very clear that the two of them should return to Istanbul the next day to finally bring Paradise home. Finding suitable accommodation for Anna and Sophia in Istanbul was not difficult for Géraud. He had been friends for a long time with a couple of architects in the city with whom he had already completed one or two joint projects. After a short phone call with Elif and Malik, the sisters' accommodation was fixed.

The Turkish Airlines plane touched down hard on the sixth runway of Istanbul Airport, which opened in 2018. "I've experienced better landings," Anna continued to complain. "But what can you expect in row 30? Dad is becoming more and more frugal with his bookings for us, but the main thing is that he has his HON status and only flies first class."

The girls' faces quickly brightened when Ayse suddenly stood in front of them behind the customs checkpoint. Elif and Malik had sent their 20-year-old daughter to take Anna and Sophia to a holiday apartment in Istanbul's artists' district. Ayse had conveniently parked her dented Fiat panel van right in front of the main entrance. "There won't be any tubers here that quickly," she laughed. "You were super punctual." With the windows open and to the cheerful chatter of Ayse, who lived up to her name, which stands for cheerful and life-affirming, the guests approached their temporary accommodation.

The closer they got to the city center, the louder the sounds of the city became. Anna and Sophia began leaning out of the windows to take in as much of the tingling atmosphere and sounds as possible. They also kept hearing snatches of strange-sounding music. "Somehow I understand what Paradise means," Sophia whispered into her cell phone, which she used to post impressions of street musicians and the hustle and bustle of the city all over the world.



The sounds of the city had little to do with traditional Turkish music. One had the impression that different sounds could be heard on every street corner. Very few of these songs were based on European melodies.

"If Paradise is going to use Sadi as a reason for breaking his promise, then maybe we should call him and ask for tips for our search," said Anna, giving Sophia the idea of stalking Sadi's Instagram profile. "How easy," she immediately exclaimed, completely excited. "Look, just eight hours ago Sadi shared photos of Paradise at the Riddim Club and also wrote that they will be together at the Beat tomorrow." "If your whole family is so into Turkish music, then you're definitely in this apartment." "That's right," explained Ayse as her rickety vehicle stopped on Baskurt Sk. Street in the Cihangir district. "The house in which your apartment is located was named after the famous Turkish musician Barış Manço. However, he wasn't born there, and "We also doubt that he ever lived in this house. It's more of a homage to him," she smiled and opened the door to an impressive, over 100 square meter refuge, the design of which was unmistakably influenced by the theme of music.

"I feel like I'm in the Arabian Nights," exclaimed Sophia as she entered the spacious living room with a transition to the orientally designed balcony with a view over the Bosphorus. The architects designed the rooms with their special feeling for both worlds as a combination of playful oriental elements and modern European design. "How crazy! There's even a karaoke system," Anna joined in her sister's praise. "The four of us could spend a great evening here with pasta and sparkling water."

Sophia, who was opening the bathroom door and immediately activating her cell phone in view of the huge freestanding bathtub, agreed. "There are also enough sofas, and we could draw lots for the use of the master bedroom between us, Paradise and Gérard." After a short introduction, Ayse said goodbye to the sisters, and they decided to leave after a break in the hamman around 1 a.m to make to the beat.

The rooms there were only slowly beginning to fill up at this time. Anna and Sophia sat at the bar counter and let the keeper mix Turkish drinks for them. Sophia chose the Raki Mule, a combination of the Turkish aniseed liqueur with lemon juice and ginger beer, Anna chose the healthier-sounding Fresh Spirit, the combination of raki, eucalyptus syrup, lemon juice and mint. "Look, isn't that the famous Turkish rapper Ezhel who's coming to Munich in March," Anna Sophia tapped, moving her head to the right. "Could be," Sophia murmured. "I thought earlier that I had seen the rapper Liz from Frankfurt. But maybe she also has a doppelganger." The first band performance of the evening turned out to be a fusion of traditional Turkish music with Western influences. "Highly fascinating," Sophia commented on the sound. "I've never heard anything like that, really cool."

The elegant young man on the bar stool next to her listened. "Let me introduce myself," he said. "My name is Zeynel Özkan. I would like to explain a little to you about the importance of music for our city." Anna and Sophia, always keeping an eye on the front door so as not to miss Paradise, let Zeynel guide them through the Turkish music scene.



They learned about the many different variations of Turkish music, mixed styles from East and West, but also independent interpretations of classical tunes or even jazz music. "Istanbul is also known for its many top-class music festivals," explained Zeynel. "They take place in very extraordinary locations, and this creates unforgettable musical experiences that visitors can enjoy for the rest of their lives." These festivals are usually organized by the foundations of large Turkish companies, which are also very involved in modern art.

After two more cocktails there was still no sign of Paradise, but Sophia and Anna didn't care anymore. During the course of the conversation, Zeynel revealed himself to be a fabric manufacturer whose company in Turkey produces silk fabrics for kimonos. With glowing cheeks, they made plans with him for a kimono fashion label that they wanted to set up together in Munich. Zeynel therefore suggested a trip together the next day to a sewing shop he already worked with. The further search for Paradise had to wait a bit.

UNSERE EMPFEHLUNGEN... OUR RECOMMENDATIONS...

Ciya

Regionaltypische Küche

📍 Caferağa, Güneşli Bahçe Sok, Istanbul

Karaköy Lokantasi

Traditionell türkisch

📍 Kemankeş Mahallesi, Kemankeş Cd. No:57, Istanbul

Uskumru

Fischrestaurant

📍 Anadolu Hisarı Körfez Cad. No:55, Istanbul

Neolokal

Cocktails, Weinbar

📍 Arapcamii Mahı, Bankalar Cd. No:11, Istanbul

THE JOURNEY CONTINUES...