

## Berlin Tegel Terminal D (14 comments)

The CNN flavor of the day is Tibet. As seen from a helicopter, an entire mountain monastery consumed by a Jackson Pollock pouring. Happy DAX and Wall Street numbers scroll the bottom of the screen.

Across from me a platinum blond with a dolphin grin and wide Saxon stare. Waiting for her girl band manager? kickstart sugar daddy? drug mule flatmate? to jockey up the apron... Tattoos spiral her arms like so much grapey Bacchus dribble. She exudes the subterranean fragrance of pemmican pounded from snails, the forgotten *Götterspeise* from the back of the fridge, and the ashes of a morning blunt. *F#\*K THE BASTARDS* the edgy bosom of her red T-shirt protests, a skeleton hand flicking the bird – and who can't help but wonder where all her piercings end?

I introduce my native self in Minnesotan: »So what bastards got you so jiggled then?«

No response. Like I might as well be in faraway Tibet stabbing my K2 rescue probe into the numb of the avalanche. Or maybe her wide stare widens?

CNN breaks to the seesaw abandon of a blind accordion player, the ginger stomp of his tennis shoes. *WE ARE AMONG US* – the ad asserts – *ADIDAS*.

I try it again in my displaced German: »Also, welche Bastarde haben dich so ganz arg geschüttelt denn?«

No response. Like I might as well be in the limo backseat attempting to debrief my daughter. Or maybe her dolphin grin tightens? I can tell when I'm dissed, discounted, swallow my every last speech balloon, cease, desist...

Highlights from the EM up on CNN: Germany in its bright pack-of-Marlboro uniforms, France in blue. Müller plays like Pinocchio, a tangled palette of strings commanding his jerky movements in the box.

Thomas wants to be a real boy! He wants to score the immortal goal! Please, Red Fairy, please!

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#### **14 Comments**

**Celtic Royal** (3 days ago)

Tegel is as 'arm aber Sexy' as Wowereit squared. Too bad BER one day will replace it (Wowereit's revenge).

**G. Hesse** (3 days ago)

Wenn es nur ein völlig unterdimensioniertes WC gibt, könnte man als Betreiber auf die Idee kommen, es entsprechend öfter reinigen zu lassen. Aber wir sind ja in Brandenburg!

**Andrea Fohris** (3 days ago)

I just know my flight is TXL. How can I determine if the D terminal is the right one?

**GermanAir Desk** -----> **Andreas Fohris** (1 day ago)

To learn which terminal/counter is your flight departure target, you may here become informed: <http://www.berlin-airport.de/de/reisende-txl/ankuenfte-und-abfluege/abfluege/ind...> Have a most pleasant embarking upon your occasion !

**Spry Browser** (3 days ago)

What I liked was the Orphic references to the underworld and Persephone. But to carry that through it should have been Nike instead of Adidas. Unless the author was consciously not doing that because Adidas is the footwear sponsor of Die Mannschaft? Other than that possible slip, for me this piece works.

**Scarlet Lewis** (2 days ago)

Security opens earliest at 06:09. So if you have a 7 AM international flight, ignore the recommendation about arriving two hours early, or outside locked doors you'll simply worry yourself to death about whether you'll meet your flight (you will – the security people are real 'Berliner Schnauzers' and will hustle you through).

**Anina S.** (2 days ago)

The Dame WC isn't so bad, so long as you can hover high over the toilet seats crawling with Chlamydia and Trichomonas vaginalis germs, and even cooties, which the Parisians call "jumping baguette crumbs on crack."

**Pietro** (2 days ago)

Kom hier niet te vroeg... Oersaai, te klein en producten hier zijn ontiegelijk duur.

**Dr. Willouby** (1 day ago)

The whole piece is about transference. It takes place in a Berlin terminal (death) setting, where people transfer to make other destinations (depart Berlin for the life afterwards). At the beginning the narrator projects a 'Pollock pouring' into an avalanche. Before a transference can be made, something must be projected. The narrator also does this with the Saxon woman. The first time the woman ignores him, he turns the 'Pollock pouring' back into an avalanche, stabbing his 'rescue probe into the numb' (womb). The second time the young Saxon ignores him, he imagines being in the back seat of a limo (short for limbo) 'debriefing' his daughter. In German 'Brief' means underwear or panties. But through his gift of projection the narrator is able to avoid breaking the sexual taboo and escapes limbo by 'telling' his situation, thereby 'swallowing his every last speech balloon' and 'desisting' (de-existing, dying). I will be teaching this piece in my Mankato night extension course.

**Dilated Pupil -----> Dr. Willouby** (5 hours ago)

One thing that you skipped in your very apt appreciation is that that woman in the red T-shirt with the invitation to deadly carnal sin can also be projected to the Red Fairy at the end whom the Mueller/Pinocchio figure asks to become an immortal boy, just like in A.I., Spielberg's film classic based on Kubrick's idea, in which the actor that sees dead people at the movie's culmination sleeps with his mother, who the kindly aliens can return to life thanks to a lock of her hair for no longer than twenty-four hours, although they themselves know not why.

**MATVEY** (1 day ago)

Toilet smell remember downstairs ticket counter Peter's Kunstkamera .. Sankt Petersburg ..

**Oliver Laurel** (1 day ago)

I'm glad BER is taking so long. Tegel's never crowded, and even if your departure's on the other side of the terminal, it's actually only a short stroll. My solution to there being no food court or clean toilets is that I bring along nuts, raisins and three kiwis to contain my hunger before boarding, and wait to alleviate until once I'm in the cabin.

**ProCON** (17 hours ago)

The story arc to this piece extends into the comments. I find them fascinating, like groping through the bargain stalls at Victoria Secrets and locating transparent woman underthings that I can only imagine a man ever struggling into. I'll be back to read more. (Perhaps somebody will respond to this?)

**Classic Norton** (2 hours ago)

No wifi. No air-conditioning. Smelly toilets. Worst duty free shopping selection (Christmas tinsel!? Black Cat firecrackers!? Corned beef!?) I've ever encountered. Tegel is a third world airstrip, except third world airstrips have duty free booze, perfume, jewelry, and cigarettes. Plus wifi.

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