

1. California





It is a sunny morning, like every morning in California. Some days Stampy wishes to have it cloudy and dark and rainy to take the weather as reason for staying home. But, the sun covers the country and calls people out.

Stampy brews his coffee and takes his seat at the balcony. He let's his view glide down the hills than opens his laptop

to search the internet for new crop circles. This was his new goal, to visit one.

His parents built this nice villa in the hills, where he has a free stay for all life time.

Any time he sits there and his eyes thrive along the far horizon pictures from his heart come up like in the cinema and fly over the country. Some images he let's fly others he pins down.

What is missing in his life is a woman who belongs to him to shares his feelings and plans.

Stampy keeps himself busy with adventurous travels. His parents don't worry anymore about his restlessness. They have experienced that he returns healthy each time he leaves, even it is for many month and far away countries. His parents trust that his education and body training prepared him to survive.

Stampy enjoys his mountain-guide-employment wherein he can join free education programs. He learns about nature in general, environment rescuing and maintaining. He likes the feeling that he creates his own income. As public official his salary is not low. As most young entrepreneurs in life he wants to know more about the earth, being human, love and what has created all this. But there is a dark cloud blocking his enthusiasm. Stampy feels that he sweeps a very important truth about his comfy life under the so called carpet: the wealth of his parents which he will inherit one day is based on outlawing others. The huge battery production with all this silicon washed out of lakes in South America dried out lands and ruined many families. It is wealth based on knowledge but on acting cruel to others without courtesy. They don't create faith at heart but worries and despair among the folks who cannot hinder them.

He runs away cuddling up in adventures not wanting to confront his parents and loose it all or at least start to invent a rescue fond for all the aggrieved local inhabitants. So this darkness inside a corner of his consciousness grows and gains on weight. Some days the scary dark corner drifts up to his gastric and intensifies to a knot too heavy to carry and puts his day on a break. The despair forms to panic and blows off his focus. On those days Stampy doubts his existence has a reason. He feels like an actor in a boutique show lacking depth, honour, dignity. Guilt builds up that his life leads to a crucial future for the planet.

"Dongi-dong-dungdung, Dongi-dong-dungdung", the doorbell rings twice. Stampy on his way to the entrance thinks for a moment, yes, his new explored young lady Vanty is coming over.

As he opens the door far open, there it was, his new human adventure. Vanty., wearing a baby blue stone washed mini dress. Her small feet with coated toe nails covered with blinking ankle jewelry in leather high heel sandals.

Stampy looks up from her exceptional long straight sun tanned legs and his glance lands on the leather necklace with a dove resting between her breasts, which look like citrons in a shopping net. Her blue eyes shine in contrast to her brown skin. Dark straight eyebrows give her the look of being strong minded. The brunet waved long hair, separated through her sun shoulders, covers her ridiculous beautiful face.

Opening the door created a wind stream and a wave of orange-peppermint scent guards Vanty as she carefully torches the wooden floor in direction balcony.

"Welcome, I'm happy you are here." Stampy announces and guides Vanty over the steps to the balcony. Vanty looks left

and right to laser out a comfy sitting pillow on the bench, puffs it and plumbs down. She opens her bag and hovers out a two litre bottle of cold orange-coconut-lemon-juice. "Here is what you wished for."

Stampy still standing grabs it, fills two stone cups at the metal table next to his LG Rugged Book and stores the bottle in the small balcony fridge. He sits down in his armchair and leans back, happy with all his attention captured by Vanty's appearance.

"Now, what is it this time you want to explore?", Vanty twinkled smiling towards him, and her lip gloss shines and sends little light sparkles to the warm air.

"I don't want to leave alone again, I want to ask you to join me on the trip. This time it will be less risky than wild-water-rafting in Rio Pacuare in Costa Rica."

His eyes widen by the thought of having Vanty day and night on his side.

Vanty constricts her eyebrows together setting up a drought face, not sure if she got her ears right, if this turns out to be again an invitation. As she thanked easily last time not wanting to break her bones in the wild river Rio Pacuare in the rainforests of Costa Rica. Besides the danger of insects, flesh-eating fish, monkey bites and flesh eating bats. She thought, she made it clear, that she would like to reach a high age in a healthy body.

"This time the journey will be more spiritual, less body torture, but not less exciting." Stampy enthusiastic, gestures a watermill with his hands and underarm to overwork her sceptic look towards him.

Vanty releases her crinkles between the brows, widens them to push them up to her Mickey-Mouse hairline as to reunite them with her main hair and the eyes widen and her glossy lips crinkle to circle, to form the words. "What? Spiritual, you intend to collaborate with the wine-testing market?" She says in jest, feeling already as her words blur out between her glossy lips, that he might be serious about his new venture.

"There are also very famous wine-gardens, we can thrive through, in South Africa." He let it just swap out, fixating Vanty with his eyes to catch the next vary of her exceptional beautiful face.

"What is it really?", Vanty wants to know.

"It is a new crop circle, spotted in Credo Mutwa, South Africa." Stampy starts to explain."

"What is a crop circle, Stampy?" Vanty asks, takes a sip from her soda and places the stone cup back on the metal table and leans back to sit under the sun umbrella. The sun is coming up strong.

"Crop circles are patterns, created by flattening crops, usually cereals. The size can vary to over hundreds of meters. It is said the corn stalks are bent by heat, without breaking them."

Stampy nestles out a brochure from the open placement area under the table plate. He turns over some pages and hands the brochure over to Vanty. "This is the newest. It shows six arms, containing more than fourhundred circles of different sizes, spiraling clockwise. It has a cross section dimension of five hundred metres."

"Why should one want to visit bent wheat stalks?" Vanty wondering about Stampy's interest in this farming field patterns.

"Because it is said, that this patterns, in this huge size with correct geometrical symmetry just appear over night, wit-

hout anyone noticing, are made by Aliens", it bursts out of Stampy and he let's his body fall back into his seat.

"Wooh", Vanty get's a shiver that her body hairs stand up, "do you think, that is what it is, Aliens? Wow. We might see some."

Stampy replies: "Yep, that is the point." The Africans call them "Fairy Circles" and they tell, that they have been appearing since ever. This crop circle is situated in Durban Ville Area near Cape Town." Stampy points towards the brochure, Vanty still holds: "See, on the second side." Vanty turns the pages and reads out loud: "Over centuries, people had discovered, that the star gods sometimes communicated with human beings through these sacred fields. Time and time again, strange circular depressions were seen in the centre of these fields. These depressions were called 'Izishoze Zamatongo', the great circles of the gods."

"This sounds amazing, I want to fly with your there. Let's do this, I'm in. How long does a flight go from California to Cape Town?"

"Twenty hours and twenty seven minutes."

"Uh, that is long. Where can we stop?"

"There is a flight that goes four hours and twenty minutes to Atlanta, with one hour, ten minutes time to change the airplane, than from Atlanta fifteen hours and fifteen minutes to Cape Town."

"When are we going? I have no time limit."

"Let's start on Friday, so we reach Cape Town for the Weekend."