

German Suitcase

Holiday in Spain

It was the worst holiday Max and Maria had ever had. With both coming from Schwarzwald and being happily together since months, they decided to make a trip to Spain.

But after they had landed in Spain, everything Max could think about was playing his new game, *Assassin's Creed*. He'd gotten it as a present for his 16th birthday which had been only a few weeks ago. Since then, he also was allowed to drink alcohol legally, at least as long as the German law permitted it.

His girlfriend Maria, who had hoped for a better holiday full of kissing, making love and being content together, was on her period and went into her typical state of being pissed of everything that doesn't go her way. So, of course, she was very disappointed of her boyfriend who cared about her as much as about a rice bag in Asia – nothing at all.

No matter what Maria tried, she couldn't stop Max from playing *Assassin's Creed*, and finally, she just wanted to go home again.

It was the last day of their holidays, and they still hadn't made love or something else. After Max had played his video game for more than 24 hours long and drunken vodka throughout the whole time, he wanted the last bottle – sparkling wine – the couple had bought. But Maria, who didn't want him to get even more, probably dangerously, drunk, prevented him from drinking it by hiding the bottle beneath her clothes in the hotel room's drawers where he wouldn't look.

Max got angry and shouted at his girlfriend, still playing *Assassin's Creed*:

"Where is our last bottle of sparkling wine?"

Maria, pretending to want the bottle for herself, but actually only wants to stop him from getting alcohol poisoned, answered him:

"You have already drunk it, don't you remember?"

For a moment Max actually stopped staring into his laptop – the screen was loading – and looked at Maria, calculating and thinking hard.

"Are you sure?", he said in a voice that was hard to understand. "But I only drank some vodka. Oh, and beer. And red wine. But I didn't drink our sparkling wine!" Max looked directly into Maria's eyes. "So tell me, where is it!" His voice had become a shout by now.

Maria gulped, afraid of her boyfriend.

"I ... I ...", she desperately thought of an answer. But she hesitated too long. Max, who knew that she'd been lying to him, stood up, spilling an untouched glass of water that had been standing next to him, and approached his girlfriend.

Maria could smell the alcohol he literally seemed to radiate. Disgusted, she wrinkled her nose and backed away a few steps.

"Where is it?", Max shouted angrily.

"I don't know. Really", she whispered, crossing her fingers behind her back.

He seemed to accept this answer, and took a step backwards. Maria was about to let out the breath she had been holding the last few seconds, as Max's hand shot forward and slapped over her face.

Maria's head rocked back, and a searing pain shot through her left cheek. Shocked, she touched her face, her mouth opening slightly, and stared at Max. His eyes widened, aware of what he'd just done, and he moved one step forward, but Maria steps back automatically.

"I ... I'm sorry, Maria. This won't happen again, I promise!", he stuttered, being unnaturally sober.

"You're right. It won't happen again.", Maria said in a steady voice. "Because it's over! Not only

with our holiday, but also with our relationship. Got it?“, she shouted, turned on her heels and stomped away.

In the late evening, Maria returned to her room. Max was already sleeping in their double bed, so Maria took her pillow and her blanket and – after throwing herself around restlessly for hours – slept on the couch.

On the next morning, both silently packed up their things, separating them by a piece of paper inside their suitcase they had taken together. Nobody said anything. Throughout the entire flight, Max and Maria simply ignored each other.

Without another word, they left the airport separately, agreeing wordlessly that Max would somehow send Maria’s things.

The worst holiday in their life had finally ended. In a disaster.