

Writers Blog: Slow Train To Spain [3] The Shingles



El Puerto, view from my balcony

I've got the shingles. In my head and in my eye. And some lost ones at the left side of my body. Not right at all, already for more than 13 months. Therefore I walk around with a cap and shades all the time. Not to look interesting, as U might think. It's just practical.

In fact, the shingles are terrible today. That's because of the risk I took by staying in this beautiful Hotel El Puerto, is kinda growing over my head, shingles and all. And the shingles are triggered by stress. Stress is trigger numero uno, that's my experience. So I am doing the *Everybody Loop-ti-loop*, to keep on being positive. Being negative is trigger numero dos, actually.

The fact is I've got no more money. But I promised to stay for two months. I had hoped that this most beautiful hotel I ever stayed in, El Puerto, and believe me, I've been around, that this lovely hotel should give me the room for free, in return for playing a big role in my new book, the bestseller-to-be: 'The Wonderful Disappearance of Mrs. Pear.'

That lovely book will be a paperback this time, in other words a rather thin book for my doing, (a funny thriller with serious undertones) in fact it will fit wonderfully well in our beachbag, next to the towel and the suntan, and the thermosbottle with cola-something, the wallet and the sunglasses.

Actually the city where I do live, Haarlem that is, gave me a subsidy to write this book here and now. But the amount is not sufficient. So I invited some people to gimme some money, in exchange for a role in the book. Well, some people did, for which I'm ever so grateful. In fact, these people will be mentioned in the back of this paperback, under the title with thanxxx to: 'The wonderful Disappearance of Mrs. Pear' has now 40 written, and edited, (by the author) of the max. 180 pages this book is gonna be. Because I wanna be a *Paperback Writer* too, instead of the *GonnaWriteAClassicGonnaWriteItInAnAlley* 660 + pages (no, thankGod not 666) of my last year published, very very fantastic book 'Murphy Slaw', the last of the thrillogy.

Anyhow, right now I've got the worst fit of shingles since I arrived here. I even have a fever. Well, that's good for writing, when it's not too high. I hope my doctor will read this writers blog and he will app me with some advice. Although there seems little or nothing to do about it; the shingles have to be cured by itself. Hmmm. Perhaps the Semana Santa might help. Especially when I wear my rosary, a transparent babyblue rosary with real Lourdeswater in it, in the heartplace, say bullseye if that this rosary, shouldn't sound so aggressive for a rosary. And if it helps for the shingles, it might help as well for more money, U never know. For I know that Mr Pfizer and consorts will only come up with some vaccine if it took on pan-epidemic proportions, and since it is not contagious (if U wear the shades and cap if you're unlucky enough to get it in your head and eye) and incurable, well, we know by now that ain't no problem for Mr. Pfizer, he will throw some vaccine on the market anyhow. Therefore I just love babyblue rosaries, especially with real Lourdeswater at the very heart.