

Frank and the Germans

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Frank sank into his chair and poured himself a glass of scotch. Another day. Four more cars, one wagon. It was his family's job to sand, polish, shine – until whatever damned contraption came under his care was as good as new. Or looked it, anyway.

When the two men in suits walked into his office, Frank sighed under his breath and put down his scotch. This was not one of his more social days. But when you were in business for yourself, you had to paste on a smile, whether it hurt or not.

“Good morning!” he said, flashing a grin. “What can I do for you gentlemen today?”

The man on the right cleared his throat.

“Good morning!” he said in a thick German accent. “I think that it is possible we can do something for you.”

“Oh?” Frank winced. He didn't like that accent.

“Ja, ja,” said his shorter companion. “May we please have a few moments of your time?”

Frank's face stiffened.

Outside the office, Jim and Peter were working on a green Cadillac. Their heads flew up when they heard Frank's voice booming through the office walls.

“I don't need your damn Kraut money! I fought you in two world wars. I want nothing to do with you now!”

Peter and his brother Jim watched, stunned, as the two German businessmen fled from the office, through the garage, and up the street. Frank followed them out of the office, shaking his fist.

“Hey, Dad, who were those two guys?” asked Peter.

“Some damn Krauts. They wanted me to sell their cars.”

“Yeah, they’re just walking into Badanai Motors,” said Jim, peering into the distance.

“Hey, did you get their names?”

“Just the name of their company,” Frank said with a curl of his lip. He pronounced the name with all the contempt his patriotism could muster. “Volkswagen.”