

der Morgenmuffel

by Matt Potter

She looked at me, morning-hazy, brows skewed but hopeful.

“Frau Kanzlerin,” I said. “Be honest with them. Deutschland will love you for it and it could carry you beyond the 2013 election.”

“*Ach so,*” she said. She patted her hair — typically, a mid-morning mess — and sipped her seventh coffee for the day. “*Dietmar, ich glaube, du hast recht.* Dietmar, you are right, I think.”

I sat on the corner of her desk, and crossing my ankles and swinging my feet, looked past her hangdog wrinkles — caused by sleepless nights worrying about the Greece bail-out, immigration problems and Berlin's shitbag local economy — and smiled. Angela Merkel can be a sweetie when she wants to be.

I patted her on the hand. “Now, we can leak it through usual channels,” I said. “Or do it officially. Or you can make a personal appearance on the new shopping channel premiering tomorrow.”

“You choose, Dietmar,” she said. “*Ich bin zu müde.* I am too tired.”

Leider, the new shopping channel was scrambled — another victim of the Global Financial Crisis, just another wrinkle for the hardest working woman in German politics — so she said it off-the-cuff quasi-officially in a *Bunte* interview: “*Ich bin wohl eher ein Morgenmuffel.*”

She hates mornings, she said. Next day, it made headlines in all the important newspapers, including *die Berliner Zeitung*. Look at her face and hair, they all said. Let her get up later and everything will get better.

Good call, though. Honesty is changing the course of history.

