



Living the good life at the Hague Motel

Alles hinwerfen und neu anfangen: Am besten mit einem leichten Job, der viel Spaß macht und von dem man leben kann. Genau! Und dann wird alles besser. Vielleicht.

medium US

Last summer, I spent a weekend with my friend Nancy in the resort village where I grew up: Hague, in New York's Adirondack Mountains. Early Sunday morning, Nancy returned from a walk through town with exciting news: "The Hague Motel is for sale, and I think we should buy it."

The idea was great: stop working at my corporate job in the city to hang out at this motel on the lake, relaxing with guests who were very happy to be on vacation. "Let's make ourselves a Bloody Mary," I suggested, "and discuss this further."

We started making our plans. The motel would be open only in the summer months, we decided. Very few tourists arrive in the off-season. Neither of us really wanted to live in Hague during the winter, either, when the days are short, snow is everywhere, and the town pretty much goes to sleep. Yes, this would have to be a summer motel.

The next step was to take a look at the motel. First we toured the five motel rooms — though the word "toured" may be saying too much. Each room was just large enough for a bed. Not that guests would be sleeping much anyway, since a very busy road ran by right outside.

Behind the motel was a broad lawn with five cabins, a sandy beach, and a swimming area. This was more like it! Although I couldn't imagine renting the motel rooms even to my worst enemies, I could see possibilities for these rustic cabins.

"Rustic," by the way, is a word open to interpretation. It can mean anything from "falling down and in need of lots of work" to "picturesque and charming." We would try for the second, but it would require a good amount of time, effort, and money.

Returning to Nancy's house, we mixed ourselves another Bloody Mary and continued planning. We should come up with a name for each cabin, Nancy said, thus creating a design concept that would define their decor. She suggested Moose Haven, Whispering Pines, and Heron's Roost. I thought we should go with Mouse Haven, Roaring Road, and Bird in the Bedroom. There are laws about truth in advertising, aren't there?

Nancy remained focused. The next step of her plan was to set up a nice little café where we would serve breakfast. "Fine with me," I said, "but not before 10 a.m." As I could see that Nancy was starting to doubt the wisdom of going into business with me, I quickly offered to work late into the night at the reception desk. I imagined all kinds of guests driving up late, night after night. They'd want to stay up talking with me about their adventures on the road. Many of them could play small parts in the novel I'm writing — or plan to write.

Yes, this is where I could be of use. Of course, I couldn't possibly cook breakfast after being up so late. Now that I think about it, all the morning tasks would simply have to be Nancy's responsibility. I also thought that the guest rooms needed to be cleaned before noon, but I was sure Nancy wouldn't mind.

Perhaps our plans for a new career path weren't realistic enough. It's October now. I'm still in my corporate job and still looking for characters for my novel — but not at the Hague Motel. I didn't want to be in Hague in November anyway. Who knows, though? If it's still for sale next summer, I may start thinking about it again. ●

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<u>Adirondack</u> [ˌædərɒndæk]	
<u>cabin</u> [ˈkæbɪn]	Hütte
<u>corporate</u> [ˈkɔːrpəreɪt]	bei einem großen Unternehmen
<u>focused</u> [ˈfəʊkəst]	bei der Sache
<u>Hague</u> [heɪg]	
<u>hang out</u> [ˌhæŋ ˈaʊt]	Zeit verbringen
<u>Heron's Roost</u> [ˌherənz ˈruːst]	Reihers Rastplatz
<u>lawn</u> [lɔːn]	Rasen
<u>Moose Haven</u> [ˌmuːs ˈhervən]	Elch-Paradies
<u>off-season</u> [ˈɒf ˌsiːzən]	Nebensaison
<u>picturesque</u> [ˌpɪktʃəˈresk]	malerisch
<u>roaring</u> [ˈrɔːrɪŋ]	brüllend; hier: dröhnend
<u>rustic</u> [ˈrʌstɪk]	rustikal
<u>Whispering Pines</u> [ˌwɪspərɪŋ ˈpaɪnz]	flüsternde Kiefern