

The Diesel Oil Trade

A good week ago, we had laid off employees for bad reasons. The bad-guys had been convicted by statements of the door guards and other employees.

That evening we were with friends. We chatted, ate and finally played cards.

Around nine-thirty, our driver picked us up. We took some friends with us and dropped them off at their home. Then we drove to our office, where we also live and sleep. At this time of the evening, traffic is not a problem. There are only a few cars on the roads. Every now and then a street vendor pushes home an unlit cart on which he had spread his wares during the day. Pedestrians are rare. In the side streets it is very quiet.



Our property is on a side street. We arrive at the gate, ring the bell and wait. Two men emerge from the darkness of the street. One of them is holding a small black plastic canister that can hold no more than five liters. The door guard opens the gate. The men with the canister insult him. He had sold them water and not diesel oil. The driver shouts to the door guard to call the police. But the guard has no credit on his cell phone. The strangers disappear with quick steps into the darkness. They leave the canister behind. It is empty. It had obviously never been used before.

We go into the house and ask ourselves what this means. Slowly I understand: Our door guards had sold diesel oil to these people. Every now and then, the power goes out. Then we turn on a diesel generator. In winter, we heat with diesel oil. That's why there's a barrel in a junk room from which you can tap diesel oil.

In the afternoon, Abdul Hussain came by. I told him the story. He reassured me. He told me to think about how such a deal could look like! The guard and the driver, who is on night duty, stay in the guard's room. They sleep there and can also watch TV. Every night a different driver is on duty. If an outsider wants to buy diesel oil, he can ring the bell badly. We foreigners heard that too. So, he would have to call the night watchman. The driver would hear that. The cook is also there every other night. The watchman would have to go to the junk room and tap diesel. The dog would strike. I realized that such a deal could not work in our compound.

The dismissed colleagues had staged the incident. They had hired strangers to pretend that the night watchmen were selling our diesel oil so that we would fire them.