

A Christmas Story!

Wenn Träume in Erfüllung gehen!

Von Zwiesi

She stood at the edge of the bridge. It was all so useless now.

"Why, why did you all have to die today?" she cried. Tears were running down her cheeks. It was Christmas Eve but for Channy her world had shattered into peaces an hour ago. The police had called informing her, that her whole family had died in a car crash. They had wanted to come and visit her daughter London where she studied art. She already had had some of her pictures exposed in more or less famous exhibitions and would probably become famous. But now every thing was over. Everyone she had loved, everyone she had cared for was dead. She took a step forward again now able to see into the abyss. Under her she could hear the Thames run but it was to dark to see her. She could only see the black nowhere she wanted to sink in. She took a deep breath and wanted to jump when she was suddenly pulled back by two strong arms. "What the hell where you trying to do?" some one yelled into her ear. Channy who had lashed about suddenly stopped. She knew that voice. She knew it so well. Sloly she turned around to face her saviour.

He had sat in the car, looking out to admire the little decorated houses. He loved to drive through the suburbs of London, away from the bog noisy roads. That's why he had made a little detour on the way to his next appointment. He intended to cross the Thames on a little bridge but halfway across he had to stop.

"What idiot ha parked his car right across of the road?" he exclaimed. He would be late to the dinner. Well. Not that he really cared for this kind of dinner but he hated to be late. He tooted a while, but the car in front of him didn't move so he got out. Suddenly he noticed that the car was empty. He peered into the dark to look for the driver of the car. Then he saw her. She stood behind the boundary seeming determined to jump as she took another step forwards.

He swore under his breath and darted to this young lady. He reached her just in time to prevent her from springing.

"What the hell where you trying to do?" he inquired and tried at the same time not to be beaten by her fists. But suddenly she stopped ad turned around to face him. When she looked into his face her expression turned from anger to disbelieve.

"This can't be true..." she stammered, "I must be dreaming!"

Channy couldn't believe whom she saw. "This can't be true..." she stammered, "I must be dreaming!" This couldn't happen to her. She must be dreaming. Yeah, every minute

she would wake up and find herself lying in bed. This was just one of her wonderful dreams, where he rescued her. Suddenly her counterpart began to laugh.

"You should see your face, really great!" He took one hand off her and wiped of her tears. With the other he still hold firmly on to her. One never knew if she tried to break free. But Channy didn't think of running away. Not while lying in the arms of this man.

"I think we both need some rest after this", her saviour sad and guarded her to his car. She wanted to protest but he said that in her condition she couldn't possibly drive. So she sat right beside him in the car as he turned around his car and drove home as fast as possible. During the ride he examined the lady more carefully. She had red hair, probably dyed, but he liked it. Her beautiful sparkling eyes that looked so sad at the moment. Her filigree figure that made her look so vulnerable that one just wanted to protect her from harm. He guessed that she was about twenty.

"What's your name?" he asked her, trying to start a conversation. She gave him a quick glance but then looked out of the front panel again. "Channy" she said. "Well I am" he wanted to continue but she interrupted him. "I know who you are" she said. "You're Alan Rickman"(know you know it^^) He smiled at her. "Am I so famous?" he asked.

"Wel, I've seen every movie you ever played in."

"Wow, that's a lot of videos stuff I think." Then he too felt quiet until they reached his house. Inside they took of their jackets and handed it to a servant waiting. "And Jack, please call Mary Sue and tell her that I was held up."

Then Jack left and Alan led Channy into the next room. It looked like a library. A fire crackled in the chimney and filled the room with welcoming warmth. He sat down at the couch in front and indicated her to do so too. She chose an old looking armchair from witch she had a good look at him. She still couldn't believe this al was true but all twitching had had the same result a small pain but no waking up or something like this. Her host watched her for a moment.

"Why did you stand on that bridge wanting to jump?" he finally asked. For a long while she didn't answer and he already feared this was the wrong issue, when she finally began to speak.

"My family wanted to visit me today. Normally I fly to them, but they wanted to make some holyday here in England and came here with the car. An hour or two ago the police called me to tell me that they had had an accident and all had..."she couldn't speak any more. Tears were running down her cheeks again. "...had died!" Then she broke down and started to cry uncontrolled. Alan stood up and rested himself at her side. He patted her back, trying to comfort her and she leaned against him, letting her tars run. Sometime the tears stopped and Alan stood up.

"You're okay again?" he asked. She nodded shyly. He ordered something to drink for both, a Cognac for himself and a hot chocolate for Channy, and then he began a conversation. Bit for bit his guest started feeling comfortable and soon they had a lively discussion going on. Late at night Alan stood up.

"I think you're tiered after such an eventful day. You can sleep here, I have enough guestrooms and tomorrow we'll celebrate Christmas together, if you like." Channy at first didn't know what to say. This was a dream coming true. She nodded. Alan smiled at her. Then he lead her to her room, leaving her alone after showing her around. He said good by and gave her a good night kiss on the cheek then he vanished down the corridor. Channy stood there for a moment lightning struck trying to realise what just had happened. The place where seconds before his lips had rested was burning like hell. Then she dressed for the night and went to bed.

Maybe tomorrow wouldn't be as bad as thought, were her last thoughts before the fell into sleep.