

Jenny Leblanc

Tearful Farewell

Eighth Chapter of „Lake for Lovers“



Tearful Farewell

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WARNING

**THIS STORY CONTAINS
EXPLICIT DESCRIPTIONS
OF SEXUAL BEHAVIOUR AND
HUMAN GENITALS!
PLEASE KEEP IT AWAY FROM MINORS**

Tearful Farewell

a) The Strength Of Feelings

Jena's eyes filled with tears. One could see that he still hadn't come over it. It had been quite a loss for him.

"Are you ok?" I asked him, while getting over to his place and hugging him.

He was hiding his face on my shoulder and I was feeling his tears soaking my sweatshirt.

"It's ok. Let it out." I tried to calm him a bit by stroking over his back. But I knew that the comming days would be even harder for him. I wasn't able to stay in France forever and I was supposed to go home in a few days time. Then he would go through the same "hell" again. Loosing a girl, he loved, just because of distance. It is always easy to say: " You are an adult, you have to be able to cope with such things."

It's true as an adult you are supposed to be strong and to be able to cope with a lot of situations. And as a man you are even not allowed to wheep in some peoples mind. You have to stand strong.

"Men don't wheep!" they say.

Isn't that rubbish? Sometimes feelings are stronger than any reasoning and it doesn't matter if you are a man or a woman you can't hold back those feelings. The only thing an adult would do different than a kid is: an adult would hide certain feelings in public. They put an arm over their eyes or hide their face behind somthing, whereas a kid would do it openly and without any fear of making fun out of him- or herself. Because in public it's ok for kids to show emotions, for adults or even teens it's not. But why?

Do adults have to become robots, which can only work, laugh, eat and drink? Is it really bad to show anything else?

I wasn't able to give an answer on these questions that were flying though my mind and I'm still not able to answer them. But what i can say is that for me it's ok to show emotions no matter what they are and no matter what gender and age the person has who shows them. We are humans and we are able to express feelings and emotions to other humans and that's one of the many things that makes us human and not a robot. So why don't show this thing openly. As long as nobody else gets hurt I think it's ok.

"And when do you have to leave?" Jean asked me and i saw the sadness and fear of the coming date of goodbye in his eyes.

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"If everything goes as it is supposed to go, I have to leave in a weeks time." I stroked his cheek and tried to calm him a bit although I knew that this day in a weeks time would seem to him as the last days of earth. I knew it from myself. If I knew that something "bad" was supposed to happen at a certain point of time I already knew. That specific day became the last day of earth n my planning. I began to stop planning for anything that was supposed to be happening after "that bad day". It became something like a black curtain, behind which I refused to look, because everything behind it seemed to be out of reach. Just because of that "bad" thing that was supposed to be happening.

"Jen?"

"Yeap."

"May we stay in touch as penfriends or so."

"Of course! I would like to stay in touch with you. Perhaps you can come to Canada at some point in time and visit me."

"Yeah I would love to." he agreed happily. It seemed to be the golden light at the end of the tunnel, which was far away but a kind of relief for his sadness.

"May I buy you another chocolate?" I asked him. "And you are not allowed to say no." I smiled at him and gave the order for two more hot chocolates."

"Do you want to see me fat and with a belly as if I'm pregnant?" he said with a grin on his face although his eyes were still wet from his tears.

"Nooo! But chocolate is the best way to get happy again. There is something within chocolate that makes you happy." I explained smiling back at him while getting back to my place.

"What do you think about going to Biarritz by train next weekend?" he suggested, after having dried the tears out of his eyes and having some zips out of the fresh hot chocolate i had ordered for him and myself.

"Cool. I would love to do that. Would you buy the tickets for me."

"Of course. I'll do it tomorrow. We'll use the TGV, such that we'll have much more time at Biarritz during the day."

"Ok. But isn't it expensive to use that kind of train."

"Well, you have to have a reservation for a seat, if you want to use the TGV and that does cost some money, but it's not that expensive. I think you can afford it and if not, I'll take the rest on my pocket."

"Ohh, thank you, that's really nice of you. But I think I can pay for it myself. I'm not that poor."

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“Ok. So I'll call you tomorrow and tell you what I have bought as tickets and how the whole thing will go. Ok?”

“Ok. And you will tell me the price.” I urged him, while giving him my ok supported by a big smile I threw over to his place.

We had a long chat about what to do on the remaining days and after that date in the cafe all my remaining days in France were covered with things we wanted to do together.

b) Hard To Say Good Bye

The day before I left for home, we sat together at my grand-parents' home and had our one little party. Jean wanted to show me that he was (and perhaps still is) a good cook. He made one of the best pizzas I have ever eaten and as always when you eat something you love: you eat too much.

So after having on really big pizza I sat there on the edge of my bed heaving like an old woman with a fat belly.

“That was awsome, but now I will burst into a thousand pieces.” I exhaled while stroking my belly.

“OOOh, please don't. I dont want to whipe all that fat.” he joked.

“Fat? I'm not fat. I'm the skinniest girl you have ever seen.” I laughed and he entered into my laugh as he had gotten what I meant.

“Geez. Wher di you learn to make such a good Pizza?” I asked him. Allthough we had spent a lot of time together the last days, i knew almost nothing about his background and his family. He still weas a white sheet of paper.

“Oh, didn't I tell you.”, he replied in surprise, “ I have an Italian Mum, who was born in Milano.” He said the italian name, which surprised me.

“Cool. And she showed you how to do this?”

“Yes and no. She told me how to do the pasta, but what I put on it is my own creation.”

“Well, you hit my taste with it. It was a heavenly taste.” I honored his cooking.

“Hmmm, I found it a bit salty. But perhaps that's the best sign of me being in love.” He laughed out loud.

“Now, where you say it. It was a bit salty.” I added while laughing also and he hugged me and we kissed like an innocent couple in love.

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We stroked each others back and I pushed him very close to me. It was innocent passion for each other that broke through in that hug.

“You know..” he assumed the talk after we had stopped kissing breathless. “I have bought a little something for you.” said it and opened the little bag he had taken with him that day.

“But you don't have to.” I tried to stop the unstoppable. It was one of these things you find nice but you don't really expect or want it to happen, because it causes you to blush and it feels as if your head would like to explode.

He gave me a little present and said:” That's for you sweet Jen. Such that you won't forget me.”

“Should I open it now or tomorrow?” I asked, but as soon as I had spoken this question I felt how stupid the question was.

“Open it!” was the simple, loving order that came back on that question.

The whole thing was nicely wrapped into white paper with little red hearts on it. It was heavy at all. It really was a little present, which you give away for good. I opened it and it was a framed picture of him smiling at me. And in the top left corner of the picture it said:” For Jen” together with his signature.

“Oooh that's so nice of you.” I hugged him again and kissed him straight on his lips. “This thing will have a special place besides my bed at home. I promise.”

“You are welcome.” he said and smiled like a little honey-cake-horse.

“But I have nothing for you in return.” I warned him.

“Ohh, don't worry. I already have my gift in return from you.” He calmed me down.”

“????” I was surprised and clueless what he had in mind.

“Don't you know it already?” he asked me as if he had told me already.

I shook my head. I wasn't able to determine what he had in mind.

“It's your smile.” he paused and then went on: ” It's this smile that runs over your face, when you meet someone you like. It's this smile that you cannot fake. It's your smile and it's special.”

I felt how I blushed. I must have looked like a girl with a red strawberry as head.

“Thank you.” was the only thing I could say in reply. It really took my breath, because this was more than I had expected.

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“I love you Jen.”

Those words from him hit me like a holy strike from heaven.

“Wow.” I exhaled. “That’s a lot. I didn’t expect that one.”

“Well, take your time. But know for sure. I’ll be there for you whenever you need me. I’ll be your guardian angel.”

“wow wow wow. Stop. Let me work on that.” I tried to stop his river of words which expressed his love for me.

He stopped and looked at me. I was able to guess that he was curious what I would say on that.

“I have to say you are always good for a surprise.” I tried to begin. “Let me digest this in the following days, ok? But for the moment let me say that I also like you very much. But there is this distance between us. You live here in France and I have my home in Canada. How should that go?”

“There is always a way.”

“You have an idea?”

“No. But I think that if two people really love each other then distance is the least thing to cope with.”

He sounded really good and my heart wanted to say: “Yes, love you too! Let’s go.” But my realism held me back. I wasn’t able to solve this situation the good way. So I tried to cover the whole thing trying not to have to solve it at that moment. I kissed him and held him close to me, such that he wasn’t able to say another word. And the rest of the evening I always tried to keep other themes up and when he came back on that theme I kissed him.

The next day I had to be at the airport at 8 o’clock in the morning because of the normal check in procedure. Jean insisted on coming with me to the airport. He wanted to stay with me as long as possible.

Now, that the good bye was close, I felt something in my throat. It’s this feeling that you have when you are sad but not yet weeping. I knew that this moment would be hard. But Jean made it even harder by coming with me to the airport.

I saw on his face that he had a hard time too. His mouth made these strange moves from time to time, which indicated that he was close to weep. His eyes were filled with tears already.

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We stood before the customs and I had to go through them, to get back home. I should have been happy about it., but I wasn't. It was a really sad moment for both of us.

“Bye Jean.” I hugged him while saying it into his ear.

“Bye Jen. We'll keep in touch.” he said it as a promise.

Afterwards I hugged my grand-parents and thanked them for the nice holiday. My granny also had tear in her eye. The whole thing was a very sad moment, watching it from a third person perspective you could have the impression as if someone had died.

As I had gone through the customs, I looked back to wave. But Jean had already covered his face behind his hands. He was heaving while wheeping. I wished to be able to go back and hug him. But I wasn't able. But granny hugged him and tried to calm him, while she waved back on me. Then I had to go and enter the plane.

c)Home, Sweet Home

The first part of the flight was still hard, because I had to think of my time with Jean. I admit there were some tears running down my cheeks and I wasn't hiding them. But the closer I came back home, the more I thought of my Mum and my brother. How would they be? Would my brother still be together with Anna? How would Anna be?

A lot of questions which I wasn't really thinking about, because I thought more of the question: how would my Mum look like? How would she be? It was this joy of comming home, that took part in my thoughts.

It was this urge, which makes you run even longer than you would normally do, just because you know it's going home and you want to be there. There is this magic to your own home, no matter where it is and how often you switch home. There is always a place, where everyone says, this is where I live and this is where I feel ok. And this place often has this magic. Perhaps because you have most of your things there. Perhaps because you know where everything is. Or last but not least, perhaps because some of your loved ones are there. There are lot of ways to define where home is, but I think and believe everyone has one the one or the other way.

As I went through the Canadian Customs I had to smile, because I knew that I would see my Mum and my brother in a minute. It is strange but always when I was away and come home and I'm close before seeing my family again, I feel this urge to smile and my face gets a strange smile on it. Something between: “Yes I'm happy” and “Why the hell am I smiling, I'm only comming home?”

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My Mum was already waving as i left the customs and she a big smile was on her face. Right beside her was my brother, he also had seen me, but he kept cool.

“Typical! Men!” I thought.

“Jen!!! Welcome home!” my Mum welcomed me while hugging me and pushing very close towards her.

“Hi Mum!” I tried to answer, while being hugged. I don't know if she did notice my reply, but her hug suggested me that she had missed me.

“Mum, you are pushing too hard.” I told her very calmly, because she was still hugging me without letting off a bit.

“I missed you so much.” She said and let me off a bit. “Am I not allowed to hug you anymore.”

“Of course you are and i love it, when you hug me, but it did hurt a bit.”

“Oooh, I'm sorry.” She stroked over my cheeks. “ How was the flight?”

“Good.” I turned towards my brother and gave him also a small, short hug. “ Hi bro. Hope you are ok?”

“Hi sis. I'm ok thx.” He said cool and without any emotion. But he turned towards my luggage and took care of my suitcases while we were leaving the airport and looking for our car.

“How was it in France?” My Mum asked while we drove home.

“Nice. Especially the nice young guy i met there. His name was Jean and he fell in love with me.”

“oooh”

“I also liked him and we will stay in touch as penfriends.”

“Have you seen more than Jean's eyes?” Mum joked.

“Of course I have.” I wasn't really amused about that joke and my voice made it clear. “ I have seen Biarritz and some very nice parts of Bordeaux. It was really nice to have someone at my side who could show me around. Of course Granny and Grandpa would also have done it, if I had asked them. But this way it was much more easy.”

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I had to tell my Mum the whole story and she asked me a lot of questions during the rest of the day. But the best thing was still to come.

As I came down for breakfast the next morning, my Mum was already up and doing all the necessary things in the kitchen.

“Morning.”

“Morning Jen. Hope you have slept ok, back home.”

“Yeah, it was as always. But nice to know that I’m back home.”

After having sat down with my small breakfast and zipping on my hot chocolate, my Mum joined me and sat down besides me:

“Jen, after breakfast, would you please come with me into my room?”

“Of course. Why?”

“Well, I have a little surprise for you.”

“Another surprise? Another holiday?” I joked.

“Noo. Don’t worry, I wanna keep you here for time atleast. You also have to go to school again soon.”

My mind was already spinning around: “ What would my Mum have as a surprise for me? A motorized bike? The expensive handbag from the shop in the center, I saw just before I felt? New shoes?”

I wasn’t able to get clues and I hadn’t expected anything. So I had really no clue.

After breakfast we went into my mothers room and she went on her knees and grabbed a big box underneath her bed.

“Well, I thought because you are going to be a young lady soon and it’s better to be prepared for the future. So I have bought you a new PC.”

I almost fell back out of her room.

“Thanks Mum. That’s really a big surprise.” I hugged her in thanks.

“Hope it’s the right one?” She said looking at me with some questionmarks on her face. But after a short look on the box I knew it was one with the state of the art hardware at that time.

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“Mum you did a marvelous job. Thank you Thank you Thank you.”

“You are welcome my little lady.”

The phone rang.

My mum went and shortly afterwards she came back and said:

“Jen, it's for you. It seems to be Jean from Bordeaux.”

End of Lake for Lovers