

Jenny Leblanc

Lake For Lovers

Third Part of „My Teenage Adventures“



Lake For Lovers

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WARNING

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

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1. Summer's Day Out

a) Aunt Jenny

I thought I hadn't heard right, so asked my brother again:
"What did you say?"

"Anna is pregnant and I'm the father."

"16-year-old aunt Jenny" shot through my thoughts and I shook my head, because it was tooo awkward.

"But how did it happen? I mean didn't you lern anything from the first time?" I looked at him haelplessly and didn't know what else to say. He in reply only lifted his shoulders:

"It just happened in a move of lust and pleasure." he said.

"Yeah," I thought, "and my brother has lost his brain to his balls."

"Does Mum know about it?" I asked him allthough I was able to guess his answer.

"No, not yet."

"When do you want to tell her. When the baby is born?"

"No." he said and became even smaller then before. "At dinner today I thought."

"Ooh, nice dinner." I thought. "I think we will all remember it."

"Ok." I said. "And why did you tell me first. I mean. I can't help you out of this."

"No," he acknowledged, " but perhaps you can make a start, such that it is easier for me to say it at dinner time."

"Well, if you want me to..." It was strange, because in a way I giggled within me. There had never been before a situation where I had my brother that much in my hand and where he was that much in trouble. At the same time I had to think of my Mum. I really was concerned about her mental health. First her husband who went to jail and on trial for an unknown time and now her teenage son making her a grandma before time.

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"Aunt Jenny could you tell us a story?" that would perhaps be a sentence this little kid would ask me some time in the future. 'Aunt Jenny' - what a name! Am I really prepared for this?... No...I'm too young for being an aunt...But someone calling my brother Daddy, was even more silly... He was younger than me and already a Dad." It shook me all over as I had these thoughts.

"How will you begin?" he asked me after we had stood there some seconds silent looking at each other.

"Simple." I said, "I will say that you want to tell her something and then it will be your turn."

He nodded and left quietly my room.

Dinner came and we sat down quietly to eat.

"You two are so quiet. Is something?" Mum asked. She seemed to guess something.

"well, I think Beni has to say something." I said in reply and gave my brother a push with my foot under the table.

"Yeah, I think I have to", he began slowly. I could almost grab the fear in his eyes. He seemed to be unsure how to say it and what to say to calm my Mum down.

"Well," he began again, "it's about me and Anna."

"Oooh, sweet," my Mum interrupted him, " you and she seem to get together well."

I had to giggle.

"Why do you giggle?" she asked.

"Well, if you would know what I know. You would know HOW true you are." I replied and tried to suppress my giggle.

"Aha" Mum turned towards my brother and looked him deep into the eyes. "Seems to me that there is something I should know." she continued and her tone went harder and colder. Now, she was Mum, the parent-monster, who sucked the truth out of us kids and who was prosecutor and judge in one person. We loved her, but in these moments we feared her.

"Well, young man, tell me what happened!"

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My brother became even smaller than he already was on his chair. His voice became very thin and low.

“I had sex with Anna. And she's pregnant.” he said as if he would shoot to bullets at us.

“You did what?” my Mum cried out and leaned back on her chair.

“I knocked Anna up.” Benni shot another bullet with his words.

Silence. I watched my mother, how her face went pale and she starred at my brother not believing what he had just told her.

Minutes went by. No one said something. I wasn't able to move because there was this tension in the air. My brother hadn't the nuts to do any move, because he was afraid of what was coming next. And my mother just starred at him in disbelief.

“Jen, would you leave us alone.” Mum said after she had caught up with the situation.

Although I was very curious what would happen next, I knew that now the last thing to do was to ask for being allowed to stay. I quietly stood up and went out.

“Would you please shut the door.”

“Holy shit”, I thought by myself, “Now the air is burning, because normally my Mum never shuts a door when she has a dispute with someone.”

I went upstairs and I heard my Mum talking to my brother. Her volume told me that she was angry. Very angry. But I wasn't able to understand a word and in a way I didn't want to understand a word. It had to be hell for my brother.

I fell on my bed and remembered the day as my Mum discovered that I touched myself sexually.

b) Memories

I was 13-years old back then and I just had my first periods as it happened.

It was a nice sunny day in summer. We had high temperatures and my parents had put up a small swimming-pool in our small garden, for us kids to play.

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My parents were off to visit my grandparents because of anything I don't remember and my brother was away to his friends. I was alone, laying on a towel somewhere on the lawn in our garden. I had my black swimsuit on and was reading a teenage magazine. As almost all teenage magazines do, also that magazine had some pages talking about sexual experiences and giving support on how to do things and so on. The typical teenage magazine as we all know them.

I remember that they talked about the first time and about being gentle and having time. These articles about sexual things always brought me to a point, where I felt the need to give myself some love. I don't why but they turned me on.

I thought of how and where to pleasure myself. It turned me on to do it outside, but I wasn't sure about the neighbours, so I decided to go into the swimmingpool, where it wasn't that obvious, what I was doing.

Due to the fact that I had been in the sun for some time, my body was warmed by the sun and so the water felt pretty cold, which in turn turned my sexual heat off. So I grabbed myself a swimming matress to lay upon. This way not all of my body was within the water and I was able to lay there and pleasure myself.

I thought of what I had read some moments ago and I felt how my clit went rigid again. Also my pussy was turned on by these thoughts. I began slowly to touch myself by stroking over my little tits and my belly. Back then there weren't real tits, but atleast my nipples reacted already on touching. They went stiff, when I stroked them while being a bit horny.

I began to feel the warmth of lust and pleasure flow through my young teenage body. And I knew that I need the relieve of orgasm, before I was able to think straight again. This new fun thing of sexuality I had discovered some months before was too exciting and too much fun. I had found new things on my body and my pussy was more than just a thing to pee with. It was a toy for pleasure.

One of my hands went between my thighs and began to rub my clit through the swimsuit. I tried to cover it up a bit with my legs such that someone from outside wasn't able to see too much of what I was doing.

I closed my eyes and tried to think of some really exciting stuff.

I imagined how my boyfriend back then would look like naked. I imagined him as a young boy with almost no pubic hair and with a boyish penis. I imagined how it would look like when he has a hard-on. Although I had never seen one back then I tried to imagine one by thinking of the pictures in books for biology and these teenage magazines. These pics weren't showing it all, because they had to be for minors, but they were good enough to turn me on.

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The lust within my young body was building up and my hand was working harder on my clit. I felt a whole down there somewhere within my pussy. It felt like a hole and I felt an urge to stuff something in my pussy to fill that hole up. But back then my pussy was still virgin and I didn't feel ready to tore my virginity apart.

I fought back on the rising wish within me to put a finger or two up my pussy. It wasn't for that yet. Back then I was pretty sure about the fact that a boy would have the honor to tore my virginity apart.

I stopped rubbing for some moments, because I thought, I had heard my parents comming back, but it was only a neighbor shutting the door of his car.

I slowly began to rub again and everytime I stopped and resumed rubbing this need for an orgasm became greater.

I spread my legs apart and pulled the swimsuit a bit apart between my legs, such that my other hand was able to touch my clit and pussy directly.

It felt diffrently and also the water was now able to touch my pussy directly. But it was a hack of a joy.

A slight summer ind came up and went through the trees. It was summer and I was living my spring feelings as a teenager. Enjoying my fresh discovered sexuality.

In a way I was proud to be a girl and I still am. If you think of the many things a girl can do with her body and what actions a girl's body is able to do. It's really a big invention of nature. I though of it this way:

"A pussy is able to be tight when the penis enters her and she is able to accomodate herself to this penis, while giving him some surface to rub against, such that the ejaculation could happen. The same pussy is also able to get that wide and open, such that a baby could get through. But after the baby is out and the woman's body has recovered itself, the same pussy is almost as tight as before.

In addition a girl has a clit, which is a little penis, but without the possibility to eject sperm or something like that. But this little nipple is the most powerfull sex toy you can think of. The clit is even more sensible than the male glans and science hasn't found a deeper function of the clit other than sexuality.

Last but not least a girl has tits. Besides their function as milk-box for babies and their attraction for boys and man. They also have an attraction as sex-toy. I like to play with my tits and I like to stroke them. It gives me a good feeling and it turns me on. For most girls and women their tits are also part of their sex life, even when they dont have sex with a man or boy.

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If I compare that with the sexual possibilities a man's body has to offer. I have to say i don't wanna change. A man is fixed to his penis. It's almost his only point of sexual feelings. The only advantage is that this sex-toy is more obvious, It's not hidden like the pussy or the clit and it does react more powerfull than the female breast. But to be limited to one tool instead of three. I have made my choice."

While having had these thoughts I rubbed my clit even more forcefully and I felt how the orgasm was slowly building up within my body. I had reached a point of no return. I felt hot and horny. My whole body jumped for joy and was eager to get the final touch of release.

I closed my eyes harder and I felt how my clit went back under her hood. I knew now it was almost done. I felt the wave of lust and pleasure building up between my legs. The wave became bigger and bigger. The tension within my body was rising and I wasn't able to stand it much longer.

I held my breath.

The wave of undescribable pleasure roled through my young body and I stiffend while my legs squeezed the hand between my thighs.

I felt the muscles within my pussy squeeze rythmicly. My belly jerked unintentionally and my whole body was out of control for some seconds.

During these seconds of hoghest joy I wished to stop the clock. But because I wasn't able to, there was this need to touch myself regularly.

I just felt the warmth of sexual satisfaction and relief as my mother's voice made me fell off my swimming matress.

c) Girls wanna have fun

“What are you doing?”

“Nothing” I replied and my hands were jumpng back in the water.

“Did you touch yourself?”

“No.”

“Don't lie to me, young lady. You know I don't like it at all.”

I felt how my head went red.

“Mum...” I felt helpless in that situation.

“Did your brother see you?”

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“No, I dont think so.”

“Well, go change youself and wait for me in your room. I wanna talk to you.”

“Mum...” I thought I would be able to guess what would come, but i wasn't able to say anything else than this one word. It was my helpless try to plea for forgiveness.

I went up to my room, where i took a shower and changed my cloths into my normal street wear. Then I sat myself on my bed and waited for the things to come.

Some minutes later my Mum came in. She closed the door behind her and sat herself on my sofa just opposite to me.

“Ok let's talk.” she began and I nodded while I prayed that she might take it short.

“First I wanna let you know, that I'll support you when ever and where ever I can. That includes also sexual things.”

She made a pause and continued:

“You may explore your sexuality as much as you want, but please don't lie to me. I'm not the bad mother, who thinks that all girls have to be 'good girls'”

Again a pause and a smile went over her face.

“I touched myself also, when I was your age. Masturbation is a natural thing. It's part of becoming an adult. And it's also part of getting to know your own sexuality.”

I nodded.

“But lieing is always bad. You don't lie to me. And lieing in a relationship when it comes to sexuality is also bad.”

I nodded, because i wasn't able to say more.

“So don't do this again. Don't lie about what you did. I'm your mother. I'm one of the two persons on this earth you can always trust. Who else do you wanna trust other than me?”

I wasn't able to answer that question. I just bowed my head and tried to show that I was sorry.

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"Well, Jen, I think you have learned your lesson. But mistakes have to have consequences. So I think you will do the washing up for me today and tomorrow after dinner."

"And?" I asked, because I expected more.

"Nothing more. I would have been harder, if it wouldn't have been a sexual thing you lied about. And I knew you lied because you were ashamed of the situation. That's why you don't get more."

"Ok." I said in acceptance of the judgement from my mother. I knew that there was no way to get anything better than that. And in this particular situation there was also no point in running to my Dad and asking him for a better judgement.

My Mum went downstairs and some minutes later came back with some books.

"Jen, I think these are interesting for you."

"Oh, my god", I thought, "Now she wants to talk the sex talk with me."

I nodded and took the books without having a closer look at them.

"Ok, have fun! We'll have dinner at 7." my Mum said and closed the door behind her.

I let myself fell backwards and grabbed one of the books.

"Teenage Experiences" it said on the cover. And as I opened it it was full of experience reports from teenagers about their first time or how they touched themselves and had their first orgasm.

I began to read those reports and some of them really turned me on. One report went about a girl my age back then, who did it while being in church. She wrote that she put her hand between her legs and squeezed the hand with her thighs, while touching herself. She wrote that she sometimes would have a hard time breathing normally and behaving normally in church while having an orgasm.

This experience and the books my mother gave me learned me one thing: "Girls wanna have fun in sex. And it's not bad."

It had become quiet downstairs. My brother seemed to have gone though the worst part. Now it seemed to be judgment time.

I sat on my sofa, play with myself a bit. Enjoying my memories and the fact that not I was the target of my mother's anger.

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One hand went into my jeans and into my pants straight towards my now 16-year-old pussy. It was quite a time that I had my last orgasm. And in vancouver i was being disturbed by the shot. Now I thought it was time to give myself a liitle fun.

My pussy was already a asking for some stroking and my whole body was tensed up in waiting for some seual action.

I felt the shaved bush above my pussy and i felt the little nipple under his hood, greeting my fingers as the covered him. I pulled my sweatshirt higher such that my other hand could get under it to go for my tities. They also asked for some attention.

I began to squeeze them lovingly under my sweatshirt and play teasingly with my nipples. They were already standing like little soldiers in their places. I felt warm and comfortable, while teasing myself.

I began to undress myself and not only my sweatshirt went on the bed, also my jeans and my pants went somewhere on the bed, while I was staying on the sofa, sitting there with my legs stetched under the table. My whole body seem to enjoy the sexula excitement after the pause I had during the last days. It felt as if my body had become alife again and I enjoyed looking at myself.

I went to my bed and fetched a little mirror which I could hold in one hand. I went back to the sofa and went between my thighs with the mirror, watching my own pussy.

“Hi sweetheart! Nice to play with you again!” I said to myself and to my own little treasure.

2.Bordeaux, mon amour

a) Mum's surprise

The next morning, I was refreshed from a deep recovering sleep. I jumped out of bed already before time. Normally it wasn't my way to jump out of bed, before my mother was waking me up. But that day i was awake early and i was in the mood to stand up early.

I went downstairs and met my Mum preparing breakfast.

“Morning Jen! You are early, are you ill?”

“Morning Mum!” I smiled because of my Mum's teasing and gave her a kiss on one of her cheeks. “No I slept early last night and it seems my body had slept enough.” I smiled at her.

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"Jen, I have to talk to you after breakfast."

"But Mum, I have to go to school today."

"No worry, I'll take you there with my car. But I have to talk to you."

"Ok." I agreed, because there was no way to get out of this. Even if I would insist on taking the bus. She would stay with her offering and she would get angry, if I would ignore it. I knew my mother good by then, she didn't make such an offer without a good reason.

But what reason?

Did she see me, as I touched myself last night? Oh my goodness, I hoped not. I remembered again the incident in summer and it shook me, because it wasn't very nice.

Benjamin came down and sat down.

"Morning, big boy."

"Morn..." the rest wasn't understandable.

"Seems you haven't slept very well!?" I laughed as I made this statement which was also a question.

A deep, low grumble came out of his closed lips. It was as if a big bear grumbled.

While we ate there was no conversation at all. My mum looked through the morning newspaper and my brother sat there drinking his chocolate and his bread, without a big hurry and half sleeping.

I ate as if it was a Sunday morning, where I was used to be fully awake while eating breakfast. I looked over to my Mum and tried to find out in her eyes and in her face, what kind of thing she wanted to say me in the car. But there was no tell in her face nor in her eyes whatsoever. Either it was a good thing, such that her happy face was telling me the truth. Or she was a marvelous actor before the Lord. I knew from former experiences with her that she wasn't a good actor. So I assumed that it had to be a good thing, she wanted to tell me in the car.

"Benjamin, don't forget to go to Anna ask about her health today. I want you to care about her from today on."

My brother nodded.

"As I told you yesterday, I'll help you out with money during the start, but you will have to start finding a job, such that you are able to pay for your child on your own, atleast a little bit."

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He nodded again, then he stood up and went out of the citchen, to fetch his things for school. I also want upstairs to fetch my own things. It was done pretty fast, because I was used to do it the evening before. This way the chance to forget something was minimal, but it happened to me from time to time anyway. I always got angry with myself, when it happened. But I refused to make notes of things. That was the rebellious teenager in me, I think today.

“Benjamin, the bus is comming. Jen, I'm waiting! We have to leave!”

“Yeah, comming!” I replied.

“Why could I not go with you Mum?” my brother asked as he was comming down the stairs.

“Because I have to talk to Jen under 4 eyes before school.”

I saw how it worked in my brother and he had the “why” on his tongue. But he knew that protest or a lot of questions would do him no good. Because that would make my mother angry. So he accepted her answwer and went out the door, just as I arrived at my Mum, who was standing at the down end of the stairs.

Shortly after having taken a seat in her car and driving off to my school, she began to explain:

“Jen, I wanted to talk to you, because I want to tell you something.” She made a pause, while she turned right with the car.

“You know,” she continued, “that we planned to go to France during the Christmas holidays. We wanted to visit your Dad's parents.”

I nodded.

“Well, we won't. It is obvious that Dad cannot go and I want to stay here and take care of him by calling him on the phone and I want to take care of you younger brother. There are a lot of things to arrange due to his mistake.”

Partially I knew what she had told me, partially her decisions, which she told me, were obvious, if one knew the situation.

“Yesterday i had a talk with your grandpa in France about Christmas and he asked, why you couldn't come over?” she made a pause again.

Now I knew what was comming.

“And I told him I would ask you.” she finished her story.

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"Mum, I would be happy to go. But..." I answered with a smile on my face. But I knew that there were a lot of things to do here, so I tried to start with my concerns. But my Mum cut off my trial:

"It's ok, Jen. I will be able to handle it all and you may call me regularly during the two weeks asking about Dad."

b) Grown Up Bunnies

After school I went to Annick's and Anna's house. I wanted to try to get an explanation for what happened before Sarah's return and I wanted to talk to Sarah, who was at home again by now.

I rang the bell and waited patiently who would open the door. It was Annick's Dad.

"Hi Jen."

"Hi. Is Annick, Anna or Sarah at home?"

"Yeah, come in. They are all in the club room above the garage. You know how get there."

I nodded: "Thank you."

I went to the old club-room and knocked.

"Come in." I heard Annick's voice.

I opened the door and saw the three of them sitting around the table, playing Monopoly. As they saw me coming in, the smile was washed out of their faces.

"Hi Jen." they greeted me in a cold manner.

"Hi!" I replied and smiled at them in reply. This time I was prepared for this and I had no expectations whatsoever. I just wanted to have a clean end to all of this. Either I would be able to do some repair on the friendship which bound me to them or it would be the end for these friendships.

"What do you want?" Sarah asked.

"I wanna talk about what happened during the last days between us four."

"Ok," Sarah replied and offered me a seat on the sofa besides herself.

"Thanks." I thanked for the seat. "Where are the rest of the club?"

"Not here." Annick answered in a cold voice.

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“Ok.” I stated. It was hard for me to stay because I wasn't used to the fact that they didn't want me with them. I felt not welcome and every nerve within my body told me to go. But my brain told me that i had to go through this to get a clean table.

“Seems I'm not welcome anymore?” I stated again and tried to keep my voice as cool as possible.

“Yeap.” Anna replied and Annick only nodded. Only Sarah made no negative gesture or statement, she stayed neutral.

“In a way, I could understand that you threw me out of the club and I accept it. I'm no longer a member of the club. Ok. No problem. But couldn't we stay friends.” I made a pause and looked around, but there was no reaction. Anna threw the dice as if I wasn't in the room.

“Anna, I'm the aunt of your baby. What will you tell him or her? That I do not exist? Wouldn't it be a good thing if parents and aunts would have a good relationship?”

No reaction. Just silence.

“I'm sorry for getting Sarah involved in my family's things. But she offered it to me and in Vancouver some of the steps we took, she suggested. I'm sorry for not stopping her and the whole thing in the beginning. But i cannot do anything more than just say that I'm sorry.”

Silence.

“We were friends from kidergarden on. Sarah, you made me a very special birthday present just some weeks ago. Should that all be for nothing?”

Silence.

“I'm sorry for what happened in Vancouver some days ago, but I wasn't able to prevent it. In fact it was me who called for help. Otherwise sarah wouldn't sit here. But did I ask for a thank you? No. It was out of a question that i had to help a friend of mine. But now also you. Sarah. You don't wanna talk to me anymore?”

Silence.

“Annick? What have I done to you? I can't remember a thing I have done that could have hurt you? Is it sibling loyalty you play here or has your silence against me also a reason?”

Silence.

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I stood up and went to the door.

“I’m sorry. I was really in the mood to say sorry for everything you wanted me to , but without some answers to my questions, I’m not able to say sorry. I don’t like this freezing atmosphere in here. I’ll go and look out for other friends.”

I opened the door and was already on my way out as i heard Sarah’s voice:

“Wait!”

I stopped, turned back and looked at her.

“I don’t want you to leave. I didn’t know that you called for help.”

“Yeap, that was me. But it was no big thing, everyone would have done it.”

“I’m sorry for being so rude.” Sarah replied. “I want you to stay my friend.” said it and stood up to come over to me. She opened her arms and offered me a hug.

For a moment I wasn’t sure if I should accept that hug. But as she hugged me without any doing from my side, I accepted it and hugged her also.

“Are we still friends?” I asked her unsure about the meaning of this hug.

“Of course we are.” Sarah replied and smiled at me. “ We had our differences, but we talked about it and now I think it’s all out of this world.”

I nodded and remembered our discussion in the hotel room before I went to bed. It was one of the ugliest discussions I had with Sarah until then.

I looked over to Anna and Annick they still sat at the table and whispered with each other. They did not seem to be in favor of Sarah’s motion. Then my mother’s surprise shot through my head and I immediately tipped Sarah on the shoulder, while she was helping herself with some apple-juice.

“I think I have to tell you something.”

“Ohh,” Sarah turned around with a smile. “Is another Leblanc in prison?” she began to laugh. I wasn’t able to laugh about that joke, but I didn’t take it that serious.

“No. But I will go to France during the Christmas holidays. I’ll visit my Dad’s parents. The rest of my family will stay here. But i was invited nevertheless, and my mother has nothing against it. So I’ll go there and visit Bordeaux.”

Cool” Sarah answered. While i had told my little news, Anna and Annick had left the room. “ I wish you all the best for that trip and I’m happy that you’ll be able to go. Hope you’ll like it.”

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"Good." I sighed the big sigh of relief. "But what about me and Anna and Annick? Do you think I have a chance to get through to them?"

"I don't know." Sarah raised her shoulders. "Give them time to think about the situation and what happened. I think Anna puts you in one pot with your brother, while Annick just wants to treat someone bad, while she has her bad phase during this month."

I wasn't sure about how to evaluate what Sara told me. But it gave me hope for the future of my friendship with Anna and Annick. But I still wasn't able to say what it was that made them angry against me. I made the decision to wait after my Christmas trip to France. I wanted to check back on them then again and see if it was still as ignoring as it was now. If not I was determined to give our friendship a revival.

c) Off to France

During the next weeks I had enough to do with school and arrangements such that I had no time to look after Anna and Annick. I only got some news through my brother and Sarah. These news went about the unborn baby and the arrangements between my brother and Anna. They together with the parents of Anna and my Mum got to a solution, such that the baby would be able to get the best care possible, without the parents getting behind in school that much. But apart from that there was silence between me and the two siblings.

Time flew and before I really recognized it, it was time to fly to Bordeaux.

Everyone, who knows France a bit, knows that you first have to fly to Paris, before you are able to fly to Bordeaux or take the train to go there. France, although some reforms was and is still a pretty centralistic country, where everything goes through Paris.

At Bordeaux airport, my grandparents looked for me and took me with them to their home. My grandparents have a small house near a park. Their house is not far away from the station and from river that flows through Bordeaux.

As I arrived at my grandparents' home I got the visitor room and got some time to calm down. The room wasn't big. Just a bed and a cupboard not more, because there wasn't room for much more. The whole house wasn't big and it was very pretty from outside, but very cosy from inside. The livingroom was an open-room where you were able to go to the kitchen without opening any doors. The doorway, the living-room, the kitchen and a fourth room, where the bird and some old papers were lying and standing around, were in a way one room. They had no doors between each other and they all had one edge together, such that there was no way to watch directly from the kitchen in the living-room or vice versa.

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The doorway was cut in half. One half was part of the big room including the living-room. The other part was cut off by a door. That part of doorway was the connection between the rooms for my grandma, my grandpa and my own visitor's room. It was also this door, where one was able to find the small room with the loo and the washing-machine and besides that another room where the bathroom had its place. Everything was clean and simple, but it was also causy in a strange way. For me it was French.

After I had arranged my stuff, i asked my grandma, when they would eat dinner, because I wanted to explore the city. It was just 3pm and I was curious to see it.

My grandma gave me a plan for the city and said that i should be back at about 7pm.

I went by foot to the park next door and sat myself on a bench, looking around.

Although it was Christmas-time the temperature wasn't as cold as in Quebec and the whole park was very nice. I felt a feeling of holiday rising within myself. The bench, on which I had taken a seat, was pretty close to the entrance of the park and i was able to watch the street passing by. There wasn't much traffic. And most cars were french made. It all was strange and different. Only the language was almost the same as at home. I knew that they would recognize my canadian accent, but they would understand me, without a doubt.

After I had sat on the bench for a while and watched the whole scenery. I took out the plan, my grandma gave me and looked for a nice place to go to. I wanted to go to the city center. I hoped to find a cafe there. I always liked to sit in a cafe watching the people go by. I once read that Hemingway had done it the same way while writing his books and stories.

In a way I felt like Hemingway. As most girls do, I also wrote in my own personal diary. That diary was my way to get over with all the things that happened through the day. It was also my place to draw a bit and live my teenage feelings.

But since the days of my first sexual experiences, I always had made tries to write down a story. Most of the time this urgency to write a story came, when my treasure wanted to have some caressings. And most of the time the whole story went into a sexual part. All of these stories hit the dustbin unfinished. The reason i wrote most of them was to give expression to my sexual feelings and fantsies. After I had had my orgasm all of them went the way of no return for different reason. Some went there because i was ashamed of what I had written and I didn't want my parents to find my written down fantsies. All the big rest went there, because I wasn't amused about my own style.

There is something to it, when it says: The writer is its own hardest critic. You may not find every bad or good thing. But most of the time the writer find its own writing boring, while others find it exciting. That was the case as i tried to write back then.

Lake For Lovers

As I sat ther on the bench in the park, I became the idea of writing again. My imagination began to work and my treasure began to knock at the door of my brain. I felt a bit horny. But I was shy enough not to live through it in open public..I enjoyed the feeling without reacting to it in an obvious way.

After I had found a way to go to the city center, I stood up and went out of the park again. I stopped by as i reached the next busstop. I thought for while taking the bus and as i thought about it the bus came. I made up my mind and stepped in.

“City center.” I told the driver in french.

“9 francs” he said and gave me a small ticket, after I had paid. I made a stamp on the ticket and sat myself on a on-man-bench behind the driver.

Almost all seats were taken within the bus and it wasn't the latest version of the bus. It made some strange noises while driving through the streets of Bordeaux.

I looked out of the window and around myself in the bus. There was so much to see in this town. I began to love this town. Perhaps because I was on holiday here. Perhaps because I had french roots and I felt home here. Or perhaps because I just like the city. I din't know and if you ask me today, i still dont know.

As the bus reached a busstop near the city center, I left the bus and went over a big place where there were no plants at all, only benches at the sides of the place. I went straight over this place and found a small cafe at the other end of the place.

I sat down and ordered a hot chocolate. I looked around.

Here it seemed to be much more buisy, allthough I hadn't driven very far with the bus. It was a nice place and the cafe at a lot of “French” atmosphere. It was causy and warm in there and the big windows allowed me to watch the street and the people passing by.

My little horny treasure urged me to look at the bottoms of the young boys about my age that passed by. I dont know why, but when I was horny and not able to touch myself I had to watch the backward face of the guys I saw. Allthough I never thought about having anal sexual experiences, but these male buts turned me on. Especially those in tight jeans with a nice shape.

“Excusez-moi, Mademoiselle. Je peut m'assoir.” a young male voice interrupted my thoughts, asking for having a seat at my table.

“Of course.” I answered in French.

3.A French Gentleman

a)Chocolate Chatting

I looked up and looke into a young man's face about my age. He had dark hair and a young boys face.

“May I order something for you, young lady?” he asked me after he had taken a seat.

“No, thanks, but you may call for the servant.”

He nodded and lifted one hand, showing the servant that we wanted to order something.

“How may I call you?” he asked while he seemed to check me out.

“I'm Jenny.” I replied while I checked him out too. He seem to be a very handsome nice looking young boy, about my age with pretty normal cloths. He had blue Jeans and a sweatshirt on: nothing special just normal street-wear.

“Nice to meet you Jenny. I'm Jean.”

“Nice to meet you too, Jean.

“You don't seem to be from here. Your french has a little accent. Where are you from, Jenny?

“I'm from Quebec, Canada.”

“Wow!!” he exclaimed and his eyes checked me out again.

“Do you were born here?” I asked back and looked him directly in the eyes. He had blue-grey eyes. I really liked his eyes and his face. His whole look was sporty and not at all fat.

“Yeah, I live in the north of Bordeaux.”

“You seem to be a sporty person. What do you like as sport.”

“I like basketball, but I'm too little for playing in a club.”

“Cool. But you don't look as if you are too small.”

“Well, I'm only 1,79m and for playing in the team in the local club you have to be 1,85m or taller.”

Lake For Lovers

“Ooh, I see. Well, I’m doing dancing for a sport and I like swimming. But I don’t do the swimming only for fun, not in a club. It’s more playing in the water than really swimming. But dancing I do in a club.”

“Wow, what do you do in the dancing club. You dance everything?”

“Almost. We dance classic dances like Waltz, Polka etc. And also latin dances like Salsa, Tango, etc. But no allday disco-dancing, because we only do couple-dances.”

“Ahh I see.” I nodded and went on: “ Well, I’m not at all good in dancing. I always feel stupid, when I have to dance in front of other people.

“What may I bring you?” the servant asked. I shrugged a bit, because I hadn’t seen him coming, but I immediately turned towards him and said:

“I would like to have a hot chocolate, please.”

“and a cloke for me.” Jean added to my order.

“Ok.” the servant verified our order and went back to the bar. I turned back to Jean. Again I caught his eyes and tried to dive deep into them.

“How come that a young canadian lady like you is in france now?”

“I’m having a look at my grand-parents. My father’s parents live here in Bordeaux and I’m here during my Christmas-holidays.”

“Cool. When do you have to go back.”

“On January, 2nd..”

“Ooh, that’s early.”

“Yeah, but I like it here and at home, there are many things my Mum has to do, where I would only be a stone at her foot.”

“May I ask why?”

“Well, my dad is moving place and my Mum has to help him a bit.” That was a lie, but I wasn’t sure if I could tell him the whole truth already. He looked trustworthy to me, but I only knew him for some minutes.

“Here are your drinks.” The servant interupted us again. He had the hot chocolate and the coke with him. The chocolate had a nice hat of cream on it and a little sweet biscuit at its side. He also put a small dish with the receipt on the table.”

Lake For Lovers

“Mmmmh, that looks fantastic.” I exclaimed and took a little of the cram with the little spoon.

“May I pay for you?” Jean asked.

“Well, I would like to pay for my own thing.” I replied.

“Ok, but accept my invitation for a little trip to a small lake nearby.”

“Small lake?”

“Yeah, there is a small lake nearby with an indoor swimmingpool at it. In a way it's an all-year swimming place.”

“Cool. Yeah I would like to go there.” I replied and my heart jumped up and down, because i already felt something for him.

“What about tomorrow afternoon?”

“Yeah tomorrow afternoon, would be great.”

“Ok, tomorrow at 3 pm at this place.”

“Cool.”

b) Thoughts of Admiration

We had a small chat about everything and nothing, but very soon jean had to go again. I was left alone in the cafe still zipping on my hot choclate.

Jean was a nice guy. I really liked him at first glance. I felt some butterflies in my belly and i kind of missed him as he wasn't with me anymore.

Sometimes I think my feelings go mad. I knew this guy only for a few minutes and I liked him already. He wasn't my dream man. He was sporty and not at all brought shouldered. He wasn't the big bear I dreamed of as my dream man. A big bear who was able to give me safety and security.

But allthough he wasn't what i had dreamed for, my feelings told me that i liked him. In fact I seemed to feel some love for him. My heart was beating away like mad and my mind started spinning around him and his person.

Lake For Lovers

As I was a young girl I didn't believe in love. I thought of it as myth, because i didn't feel anything when I looked at my parents. It was normal that they were there caring about me. In those days, when i met a boy, i also felt nothing. Even when he was looking like my dream boy. I alwways asked myself: When do i get this feeling of love or is it just a myth. But then as I met my first boyfriend I knew that love wasn't a myth. It was a feeling that comes like thunder and lightning. It hits you and it can become stronger and stronger, but if you don't work on it, it can become weaker and weaker.

I stood up and paid for my hot chocolate. I still had my head somewhere else.

I felt my body very intensely. My heart was beating like hell and my thoughts were with him. Where does he live in this big town of Bordeaux? How would his room look like? How would his parents look like? Would his parents like me?

All these questions shot through my mind and my fantasy began spinning. I imagined how his parents would look like. I imagined his room and what he was doing at the moment.

I imagined a room with a bed and the normal things. In my imagination he had posters on the wall with some NBA stars and a lot of basketball stuff. I thought he perhaps would have a sofa in his room and he would like soft rock.

I arrived back at my grand-parents home.

"Hi Jen, how was your day out?" my Grandma asked me.

"Good." I replied dreamingly.

"What did you do?" she asked curiously.

"Nothing."

"Nothing? You seem to have met someone, I know this face." She said and smiled at me.

"Yeah I met someone and i think i like him."

"I'm happy that you already met someone. Will you meet him again?"

"Yeah, we will go to a lake where there is also an indoor swimming-pool."

"Ahh, I know where that is. Will you go by bus?"

"Dunno. He is the one who organizes the whole thing."

"Hmmm" my Grandma nodded. "promise me that you take care and that you don't step into other people's cars."

Lake For Lovers

“Granny, I'm not a little child anymore. I know what precautions to take.”

“Sweety, I'm only cautious, because I know those eyes you have at the moment. Feelings are not always your best advisers.”

I nodded.

“I promise, I'll take care.”

Silence.

“Granny?”

“Yeah.”

“Did you ever feel something for a boy whom you did hardly know?”

“Yeah, your Grandpa.”

“Really?

“Yeah, I met him after a cinema session and we went into a cafe. He was the nicest boy around.”

“Cool. What did you do?”

“Well, we met again and again and after a long time we married each other.”

“Hmmm. Not a solution for me.” I smiled, but I had to force that smile.

In my inner heart I knew that those feelings for Jean had to stop. I hardly knew him and even if he would be as sweet as I imagined him to be, I wouldn't be able to have a relationship with him, just because I lived in Canada and he lived here in France. In France there is a saying that says that you do something “à contre cœur”, which means that you do something against your heart. My heart told me that I liked this Jean, but my mind told me to step back and cool down those feelings.

As I lay in bed that night my mind still turned around Jean and my feelings for him. It really had hit me right into my heart.

I closed my eyes and tried to imagine how the next day would go. I imagined him in his swimming-slip and how he would look like with his slim, sporty body, his grey-blue eyes and his short, dark hair. My look turned down to his swimming-slip, where a big bulge showed his malehood covered.

Lake For Lovers

I knew that what imagined at that moment was a view from the past put on Jean's body. But I didn't take care of that. My teenage sexuality took over my mind and the feeling of love and care was pushed away by a sexual feeling of arousal.

I felt how my little treasure became wet and aroused. My little female penis called clit went hard and lifted his little hood. I felt aroused by my own imagination. But my mind wanted to push it away.

"Jean's pic should stay clean, without a connection to my sexual fantasies." I tried to tell myself.

I opened my eyes to loose those arousing images. But it didn't help. I still had those images in my head. I felt aroused, and felt a big love for this Jean, whom I wanted to be clean from my sexual fantasies.

I fought with myself and took a book to read to get my thoughts somewhere else. But it still didn't work. All of a sudden i had an idea. I went back to the bathroom and took a cold shower. I almost screamed because I switched the shower towards really cool. But this almost frosty water turned my body down and my arousal went away like some snowflakes in the wind.

After the shower, i went back into my bed and my mind was washed clean. Now that my arousal was gone, I was able to read and think of something else than Jean.

c) The Lake

The next day as I woke up, my thoughts again went back to Jean. It felt like a little kid waiting for Santa. It was nervewrecking and time went by like a very slow snail.

Even while breakfast and lunch I had the feeling as if everything went in slowmotion. All though everything went it's normal way I had the feeling as if everything took almost no time. I tried to read, but I wasn't able to concentrate myself on the book. I asked my Grandma if I could help her, but there was nothing I could do.

At about 2 pm I took my things and went to the bus. It was far too early, because the bus needed only 10 min., but I wasn't able to stay at home any more.

I sat down in the cafe and ordered a coke for myself. I chose my place such that I had the frontdoor in sight and to see Jean immediately when he would come in.

I zipped at my coke and I looked at my watch almost every other minute. I still had 45 min. Which seemed to me like a little eternity. Again I tried to get some other thoughts by looking through the window and watch the people go by. It was a nice day. Very good for a day out at the lake, abit cold, but nice.

Lake For Lovers

My imagination began to run and I imagined myself how Jean would come in and how he would say hello to me. How we would do the “embrasser”, how he would kiss me on both cheeks. I tried to imagine his soft lips, his breathing close to my ears and his body close to mine.

My mind told me that I was silly and fallen in love, but my heart loved it and my imagination went on and on.

Then all of a sudden the door opened and Jean came in. It was as if Jesus Christ Superstar came in. A smile went on my face and he smiled back at me.

“Salut Jen!” he greeted me and we kissed each other on both cheeks.

“Salut!” I replied.

“Can we go?” he asked.

“Of course, just let me pay my coke.” I said.

We went by bus to the lake. The lake was on the countryside near some suburbs of Bordeaux. It was a beautiful scenery with the lake and the indoor swimming-pool in a house with an old front. From outside one couldn't guess that the house was with an indoor swimming-pool. Everything telling was well covered from the visitor.

As we entered the house, I immediately got covered in the typical indoor swimming-pool smell of humid, warm, wet air filled with the warm smell of chlorine. Although my eyes were stuck on Jean, I registered the smell and in a way I liked the smell, because it meant fun for me.

We paid our entry and I went into a changing cabin, where I took off all my clothes. As I was naked. I looked down at my body and checked myself out.

My whole looked pretty pale. It was obvious that we had winter and my body hadn't seen much sun. But apart from that I looked pretty. I liked myself and I felt pretty female. I wasn't a friend of these new sun-studios where you could get a sunburn all year. So I accepted my paleness and I felt ok with it. I always had to think of history where a pale skin was a sign of royalty. In addition I once had heard that girls have more white blood parts than boys, such that they look a little more pale by nature. I knew that was a stupid, but in a way I thought it made me even more pretty.

As I put on my bathingsuit, I remembered the song out of Bernstein's “West Side Story” called “I feel pretty”. It's a song the Maria in that opera sings. I knew the melody by heart and I began to hum the melody just for myself.

I felt lucky and happy. Happy because now there was a lot of time I had to

Lake For Lovers

spend with Jean and lucky because I had shaved my pubic area just before I left for my holidays in France. My little treasure looked beautiful and I felt comfortable with the idea of showing it someone else eventually.

After i had locked up my cloths and things, I went showering and i already felt a big excitement within myself. I was curious how he would look and how he would react on my look.

It's strange, but in a way you offer a very deep insight into your own look, when you go swimming. You wear some kind of cloths, but to hide something is very hard. Perhaps that's the reason, why i liked to go swimming, because I was able to go after my voyerism without being recognized as such.

I liked to watch people and I like to observe them, but I always kept my secrecy. I never starred at someone. And if you discover a beautiful person, who wouldn't look at him or her. Of course it depends on your and the other ones gender, but in a way everyone does it.

As I left the female part of the changing area and entered the big indoor swimming hall. He already waited for me.

"Hey Jen! I'm here."

"Hey!"

"Let's go have some fun!" he suggested and I nodded in reply.

"I think he doesn't know what second meaning his sentence could have." I thought by myself. If we wouldn't be in here but in a more intimate place, I would think, he wants to have some sexual fun with me."

We swam some rows and he told me a lot about himself. He was 16-years old, just as me at that time. He only had his mother, because his Dad had left his mother as he was very young. He was the only child and he was a musician in his free time. He told me that he would like to play the guitar in his free time.

I felt excited. He became more and more what seemed to be my dream boy. But I fought back on my feelings, because I knew that I had to leave him after my holidays and there wasn't much chance to keep up the relationship afterwards, because we were both still students and we both had plans to go for college or university. In France there are these higher schools, which are almost like a college, but where you have to make a test to get accepted as student. He told me a lot about it and he told me that he wanted to go to a higher school he only called "NZ" more I did not understand, because I wasn't able to memorize the whole name. The only thing I was able to memorize was, that it was a higher school for navigation, ship building and engineering in Toulouse and that he wanted to go there after school.

Lake For Lovers

I told him that we dont have these higher schools in Canada, but we have colleges and universities, where we could study. At that time, I wasn't sure what i wanted to study, but I was sure about studying.

As we made a break at one side of the swimming-pool, he turned towards me and asked:

“Do you like me?”

I was surprised by his question but it shot out of my mouth: “Yes!”

After a small break, I asked back:

“Do you like me?”

“Yeah!!” he replied and came pretty close. He went on whispering:

“Would you follow me to a secret place in this building?”

“Secret place? What do you have in mind?”

“I know a place where we are on our own. Without anyone disturbing us.”

“Why?” I was able to guess what he wanted to do, but i wanted to hear it from him, because i wanted it also.

“I wanna kiss you and hug you.” he whispered in my ear and gave me a shallow kiss on my cheek.

“Ok.” I agreed and we left the pool.

4. Living Love

a) Feelings

As we went somewhere more intimate, I felt happy. The surge was gone to see him. I had him with me and he was so nice and gentle. His smile was the smile of a god.

But my mind was already spinning about the fact that I had to leave him this evening and that I had to go home in a few days. It seemed as if my mind and my heart were talking with each other.

“Hey, don't get too excited, we have to leave that guy in some days.” my mind told my heart.

Lake For Lovers

"Shut up! Let me feel good! He's such a nice guy!" my heart replied like a little kid without good manners.

"Hey don't talk to me like this. I'm the one who's responsible for logic and reasoning."

"Yeah and it's my job to be there for the well being of Jen."

"Without me she wouldn't be a person."

"Without me you wouldn't exist, because you wouldn't get enough blood."

"I'm controlling you."

"And I'm feeding you."

"Hey let's calm down a bit and talk like adults ok?" my mind suggested.

"Ok, but don't make me feel bad."

"But you'll feel bad anyway. In a few days Jen have to leave for home and then you'll feel like a bit of shit. Wheeping all day."

"But I wanna live the moment and at the moment I feel like in heaven."

"This heaven will turn into hell when we leave."

"Yeah but that I don't wanna see at the moment. For me life ends at that point in time at that moment."

"Ooh my goodness. I see. And in the end I have to do the work to get your mood up again."

"Yeap..... That's what I call life."

"Life? That's madness in its pure form."

"But without these lows you wouldn't feel a high as a high. It would feel like everyday."

"Uuuuh. I'm not feeling anything. That's your part, but you are right. If there wouldn't be high and lows, life would be a straight line. I think that would be boring."

My heart agreed.

"Thin about this way." my heart went on, "If there wouldn't be highs and lows, there wouldn't be orgasms and sexuality. And sexuality is not only my thing, it's also a thing you are part of."

Lake For Lovers

“You hit me. A good orgasm is like a drug. Unfortunately we are in a female body.”

“Huh?”

“Well, you know...”

“Good gracious, mind! You are such a big idiot. Do you really think that always when a boy gets an ejaculation he had an orgasm?”

“Well, in a way yeah.”

“I think I have to teach you the difference between a biologic function and a feeling.”

“Huuuh?”

“The ejaculation is a biologic function. It happens under certain circumstances. But feelings are not bound to circumstances. They happen only when they want to happen.”

“Could you explain that to me.”

“Look, if a boy strokes his prick and thinks a bit about naked girls or something else stimulating he can get an ejaculation. But that doesn't mean he had an orgasm. Orgasm means he has reached a high. It's like a drug.”

“So what you wanna tell me is, that orgasm goes deeper than some sperm.”

“Yeap. Exactly! That's why there is no difference between the two genders. Also think about it this way: A boy has to pause after an ejaculation, a girl can have another one immediately afterwards.”

“Hey, yeah! I should be happy about being in Jen's body.”

“You got it!”

By now Jean and I had reached a changing room. These rooms were meant to be for schools. When a class had swimming class, they used these rooms for changing. In the afternoon, these rooms were open but almost nobody used them. So there was a big chance that we would be pretty lonely in there.

b) Hot Hugs

As we went into one of these changing rooms, it was empty. Jean sat down on one of the benches and asked me to sit down besides him.

Lake For Lovers

I sat down and leaned myself towards him, such that our shoulders touched each other. He hugged me with one arm and pressed me towards himself.

“Jen?”

“Yeap!”

“Do you like me?”

“Would I come this close, if i wouldn't like you?”

We laughed. He because he recognized the stupidity of his question and I because his laughter was infecting me.

“Would you write me a letter, when I'm back at home in Canada?”

“Of course. Hey, I'm not the kind of guy who uses you and throws you away when you are away.”

I giggled.

“Nice picture! But i know what you mean.”

“Jean?”

“Yeap.”

“I need to tell you something.”

“Ok. What?”

“It's not that easy. You have to promise that you don't laugh at me first.”

“I promise by everything that's holy to me.”

I looked at him and he looked at me and I checked him out for a minute. I don't know why, but i tried to find out if that promise was real. But I had to tell him about my feelings. I had to tell him my urge to see him. I had to tell him about the arguements between my mind and my heart.

“What do you want to tell me?” he asked me again, because i made such a long break.

“Well, I wanted to tell you”, again I made a break, “ how can I say it...Damn, it's very easy but also very hard to say....”

“Come on! Say it! I know you want to tell me something. I can't read it in your brain or in your eyes. You need to tell me.”

Lake For Lovers

“I love you” I shot at him and kissed him immediately on his lips, such that he had no chance to laugh or do anything to make fun of me.

I pressed my lips on his and it was more something of silencer than a real kiss. And first he also tried to get back a bit, but then he gave in and we kissed each other as if we had done it for years.

Within myself I felt some big rocks rolling of my heart. Now he knew what I felt for him. Now there was no going back.

“Hey, you are always good for a surprise!” he exclaimed as I ended our kiss.

“Sorry.”

“No, you don't have to be sorry. It was quite nice to be surprised that way. Especially because I feel the same for you. But I wasn't sure how to say it.”

I nodded.

“Could I have another one?” he asked after some seconds of silence.

I began to smile and giggle.

“Unsatisfiable!” I laughed and stood up to sat myself on his lap, such that I was able to hug him also.

I felt his breathing on my face. I felt his lips joining mine and I closed my eyes to enjoy this kiss. It was a kiss out of deep felt love. But it was a virgin kiss, because I pressed my lips together, as if there was something bad in my mouth. But I did it, because I wasn't sure if I should let it go or if I should stop at this point. I felt his tongue making one short innocent try, but there was no further forcing from him.

“Wow! “ he breathed heavily as we parted again. “If all Canadian girls kiss this way, I change place immediatly!”

I laughed and I put my head softly on one of his shoulders.

“Well, I had some training with another guy and during the days just before I left for France there were some things that gave me a big need for love.”

“Well, if you need a strong shoulder to lean on: I'm there for you.”

“I know, but here is nothing ou can do. And the worst thing is that I have to leave you in some days.”

“Hey, I'm not out of this world. And we are not living in the 13th century.”

I giggled.

Lake For Lovers

“Yeah. You are so right. But there is a say my mother always says and most of the ties she's right...

“What say?”

“Out of sight, Out of mind! Which means if you don't see someone regularly and you don't have the chance to visit him or her, the relationship won't hold very long.”

Silence.

“Do you have a telephone number?”

“Well, my parents have one.”

“Ok. I'll call you once every week and I will show your mother that this say is dead wrong.”

I hugged him even more tight, than before, because I hadn't expected something else.

“That's my Jean.” I smiled at him and we joined again in a kiss.

While I kissed him I felt how something in his swimming slip, began to move. Something that I hadn't thought of before that day: his boyhood.

“Oooh, it seems your little friend has woken up?” I said with a smile.

“That's my way of saying thank you for the kisses.”

I giggled and he began to laugh about himself.

“Strange way of saying thank you. But I take it as a compliment.”

“You better do, otherwise that little friend of mine will never give you joy.”

“Ooooh, danger!” I giggled and after a small pause I went on:

“No, but seriously. I think we should go that path!”

“Huh? What do you mean?”

“I mean, that we shouldn't have sex.”

Lake For Lovers

c) Cooldown

“Hey, who talked about sex?” he asked me in surprise.

I didn't know what to say. But i recognized that I had made a mistake.

“I'm sorry.” I gave him a quick kiss on his cheek. “ I made false conclusions.”

“It's ok. “jean said calmly. “ You were disturbed by my little reaction. But that reaction wasn't intended. Allthough...”

“Allthough??”

“Allthough I have to say that you look very sexy.”

I felt how my face blushed and i felt like a red light glowing.

“Thank you.” I said while lowering my head and looking down to the floor.

He had beautiful feet. I saw immediately that he was one of those guys who took care of his feet. They looked beautiful. They were bigger than mine, but nevertheless they looked cute.

I turned my head again towards him and looked him deep in his French eyes. His sight was calm and friendly. He looked like an angel that had come to me to give me some comfort while I was in France.

“Jen?”

I shrugged a bit, because I had lost myself in his eyes.

“Yes, what happened?”

He laughed.

“Nothing. But may I ask you something?”

“Of course angels may ask me everything.”

He ignored my compliment and went on:

“I was wondering why you won't have some intimacy with me?”

“Huh? I'm here with you alone and I rarely know you. Isn't that intimate enough?”

“Well...”

“Sorry, may I know what you expect from me?”

Lake For Lovers

"Nothing. But it seems to me that there is something between us, that keeps you apart from me."

"What do you mean?"

"Well your reaction on my little reaction wasn't as i expected."

"Aha, what did you expect? That I would fuck you here and now?"

"Hey, Jen, don't become aggressive. I did nothing at all and you begin to attack me."

"Huh? I'm sorry but I don't understand what you want. You tell me you want more intimacy. What should I conclude from that? Also, please remember, we are in a public place. Any moment a stranger could come in and surprise surprise... There are two teenagers fucking. Do you really think that is what I want?"

"Jen? Is it really me, you are attacking? I haven't asked you to do this. And if I asked you for more intimacy I thought of a bit more openness for sexuality. I haven't asked you to do it with me here and now."

"Yeah, perhaps I should get naked and suck your dick instead."

"Jen!! " his voice went up and it became louder. "I think you don't want to understand me! I thought i could talk with you, but it seems you think of me as some strange Canadian guy, who only thinks of that one thing."

He made break while he softly pushed me off his lap. He stood up and turned towards me.

"I'm not that kind of guy. I'm taking time and I let you decide when and where it happens. But I'm sorry there are somethings I can't control. In the end I'm a boy and boys get hard-ons. We can't hide it like girls, when our body gets horny. I'm sorry that it happened while you were sitting on my lap. But these things happen."

He opened the door.

"I think you have to think about yourself and how you behave, before we should go on with our little relationship."

Silence. My mind was as empty as an empty bottle of water. I was in a state of shock. I wasn't able to react on it.

"Call me when you got grown up." With these words he left the room and shut the door behind him.

Lake For Lovers

The trip had reached its sudden end. I went back to the showers for girls and had a shower. While I stood there under the shower I tried to remember what had happened some moments ago. But I wasn't able to say what I had done that made him that mad. It was only my opinion and my wishes, which I had told him.

As I reached home, I met my grandma, she was preparing the dinner.

“Hi grandma! How are you?”

“I'm fine, Jen! You are early my sweetie. What happened?”

“I had some trouble with Jean. But I don't know why.”

“Aww, I'm sorry for you. What happened?”

“We went into the indoor swimming-pool and there we went into a changing room to have a talk. We kissed and then he asked me if we could get more intimate. And I said no.”

She nodded, while she put some noodles into some hot water.

“Sweetie, I think It was your way of saying no, that made him mad.”

“Huh?”

“Sweetie, I know your way of saying no. Someone who doesn't know you like me and your family may take it as aggressive.”

“Granny, on which side do you stand?”

“On your side, sweetie. But I know your way of saying no. It's not always the diplomatic way and sometimes you go too far.”

“Great! Should I have gotten naked and invited him to fuck me right there in the changing room? Perhaps I should have invited him to knock me up.”

“You see, sweetie!” my granny replied calmly, “ That's what I mean. I give you an advice and you attack me as if I had said something bad.”

“Huh? Is the whole world gone stupid? Am I the only one thinking normal.”

My granny didn't reply. So I went on:

“I love him and I want to be with him, but neither the situation nor my mood was that way to be sexually intimate with him. So what should I have said?”

Lake For Lovers

"You should have said what you feel and you shouldn't have accused him of anything. You should have stay calm instead of getting wild."

"But he had a hard-on. It was obvious what he wanted to do."

"Sweety... you don't seem to understand. But let me try to explain..."

The telephone rang. My Grandma went to take the call. After some moments she came back and said:

"It's Jean. He wants to talk to you."

5. Angels forgive

a) *An Angel's Call*

As I went to the telephone the old excitement came back up. I felt my heart in my throat and my hands were clumsy from the invisible sweat that was soaking my hands.

He was on the telephone and he wanted to talk to me. What would he want to say? Would he accept a sorry from me? Would he perhaps say good bye? I didn't know, but deep within myself I hoped he would forgive me.

"Hi", I said as I had put up the phone.

"Hi", he answered and immediately there was this relief that went through my whole body. As if someone had put his hand on my head and had said: "Calm down little Jen! I'm with you and I'll protect you."

"You wanted to talk to me?" I asked curious, but I had trouble in hiding my excitement. I really tried to cover it, because I wanted him to say first what he wanted to say before I would try to turn him into "my direction".

"Yeah", he replied with his lovely voice, " I wanted to say that I'm sorry about what happened today. You know, I love you and it is impossible for me to stay mad at you."

Heaven opened its doors and I went through. That was the feeling I had as I heard these words through the phone. Some tears of happiness and excitement shot into my eyes and I was searching for the right words.

"No, I have to say sorry." I tried to answer, " I behaved like a stupid little girl, not knowing what a big person you are. A person with a big heart and a even bigger soul."

Silence. My granny went by and gave me a papertowl to dry my tears.

"No, Jen. I was the stupid one. I thought I had to teach you a lesson, but I forgot that I would cut into my own flesh, if I'm going to do it. I sat here and I wasn't able to forget you. I called you to ask you for a second chance."

Silence. I wasn't prepared for this. I thought I would have to ask him for a second chance, but now he was going to do it. How should I react?

"Will you give me a second chance?" he asked and his voice was having this begging tune of a sweet little dog. "I'll show you that I'm worth the try and I'll carry you on my hands all the way."

Lake For Lovers

Silence. My brain was feeling as if it was a big hole. But my mouth was answering his question without any order from the center of intelligence:

"Yes, I will and I will show you that I'm more grown up than that little girl from earlier today." My mouth answered his question.

A male squeak went through the phone followed by a silent "yessssss". Someone seemed to be as relieved about this as I was. Although I was able to keep silent, within myself I was doing the same thing as he seemed to do. And silently I did the same gesture one does when he or she throws a strike in bowling. I knew within myself that this wasn't the best strike I had and there was something to it that made me think, but at that moment I didn't want to think about these little things about who deserved what and why.

"Jen?"

"Yeap."

"Could we meet tomorrow in our cafe and start our second chance?"

"Of course we can. Is 10 am ok with you?" Although I wanted to see him immediately, I knew that I had to step back a bit and be thankful for his forgiveness. Not to forget I was on holiday and on holidays I wasn't in the mood to get up early in the morning. During school I had to stay up for most of the days, so now was the time to sleep a bit longer. "Girls need some sleep for their beauty." I thought by myself.

"10 am is great. See you then."

"See ya." I held the phone until I heard him put the phone back.

"See." my Granny said shortly after I had hung up the phone. "You give a little, you take a little. Sometimes your little heart breaks a little. That's the glory of and the story of love." This was a very free repetition of a song text, but it fitted into the situation.

"Yeah, Granny. I know." I gave her a hug. I was thankful that she had put my head straight and I was also thankful that Jean was the person, who he was. I wasn't able to answer myself the question why I had deserved this. But I enjoyed these moments of joy.

During these moments my world was whole again. I felt ok and all the bad things from home were forgotten. I felt as if my home was at my grandparents and as if I had lived there since my birth.

Lake For Lovers

After dinner I went into my room and laid myself on my bed. I looked towards the ceiling and thought about Jean. I imagined his face, his smile. How he talked to me, how he smiled at me and laughed.

Warmth engulfed my heart and my body. It was as if I was watching an angel before my inner eyes. Jean was his face and his face was Jean. There was no body, no sexuality, no lust. All this fleshy things were gone. There was only this innocent joy about the existence of a person I fell in love with. Is there something more virgin than that? No, in that moment Jean was a person without a gender. He was an angel, who had a body of a human.

Forgiveness is something that isn't easy to execute. But he had been able to do it. He called me and had said that he would give me a second chance. Is there something bigger than that?

No, there is nothing bigger, especially because I hadn't to say I'm sorry. He just did it, without any precondition. He showed me that he loved me and he showed me that this love was without any condition. What to expect more?

Nothing.

Is he a good lover?

Why this question, when there are these high values he already showed me.

Is he able to satisfy my needs?

Irrelevant. Angels don't need things like sexuality. Angels put love on a higher level.

b) La rêveuse (the female dreamer)

Jean and I were just married and he was carrying me on his hands to our bed. We both laughed, because we both had drank some alcohol. I fell softly on the bed.

“Hey Jean, did you notice, i have no slip under my wedding dress?”

“Ooh, I think I have to beat my little Jen. Hope your little treasure does not get a cold.” He began laugh.

“Noooo, I had some hot thoughts, so my little pussy is moist and warm.” i giggled.

He took off his shoes and showed me also his hairless breast. He was muscular and very sexy.

“Ooooooh, you are my man!!!! Yeah, that's my Jean!”

“Moment, I will come and inspect your little treasure.”

Lake For Lovers

“uuuuuh”, I began to giggle and lifted my dress, such that my treasure and my legs became visible underneath.

“mmmm, your crotch is heaven and your legs are those of the sexiest woman I ever met.” jean exclaimed while he slowly came over onto the bed. He laid down besides me and we kissed. I sucked in his tongue and I felt his big hard-on in his pants.

His fingers were rubbing my clit and my little treasure became even more moist than before. I felt the my body filling with lust and warmth. This unsatisfied lust and excitement went though my body. I had this urgent need for sex and for sexual relief. I wanted to be fucked. I wanted to be a bad girl. I wanted to feel him close to me. He should fuck me. I wanted his best shot.

I sat up and bowed my head towards his stiff prick, which he had freed out of his pants. This little stick of flesh was the only thing I wanted at this moment. I wanted it deep in my treasure. I wanted it to do its job good.

I sucked on his prick and made it all wet. He moaned while I did it. I played with the shaft of his malehood, but I made sure not to touch his glans with my tongue. I wanted him to shot his juice into my treasure not into my mouth.

Now he was my man. I had the rights on his prick, his sperm and his naked body. I was the only girl who had the right to ask him to show me these things and to give them to me. He was the man to knock me up. He was the man to give me a baby.

“Fuck me now!” I gave him the order and he smiled. I layed back on the bed and he went softly between my legs. With one hand he placed his stiff maleness at the entrance of my treasure. I felt his big glans, his stiffness and I wrapped my legs around his male apple of an arse.

We joined in love. I moaned and closed my eyes in lust. A smile went over my face. Now his prick was mine. He was my own, I would grip him with my pussy, stroke him with my pussy-walls and urge him to give me all his little swimmers.

My legs pressed down on his bottom and forced him to go deeper into my deepest places of my treasure. I felt his hairy balls at my bottom and the glans seemed to be short before my uterus.

He moaned into my ear and his hips began to move and we began to dance the dance of sexuality. I felt secure and horny. I wanted him fuck me and I wanted him to knock me up. I wanted him to fill my treasure with his sweet, white juice of sperm.

“lili loooooove yoooouuuuu.” I moaned, while he fucked me harder and faster.

Lake For Lovers

"yeaahhhh, I love yooou toooo.." he answered me and stopped fucking, but his prck stuck deep in my treasure.

"I'll fill you up. You'll drown in my juices." he said and began to fuck again.

Damn he was such a nice fuck. Allthough it was missionary I loved it. I felt him all over.

His stick of lust began to pulse and he was pumping sperm into the root of his penis. We grabbed each other closer and he made some finishing moves of deep thrusts. Then his whole body went rigid as his stick exploded within my hole from venus. I felt his hot shots deep within me. His prick pumped like mad as his juice of maleness shot into my welcoming womb.

My legs pushed him even deeper into myself and I hugged him with my arrms and forced him to keep his head close to mine.

After the first waves of his orgasm was over we joined in an unbelievable kiss. I sucked his tongue into my mouth. And urged him to explore my mouth as if one tongue wasn't enough for my mouth.

"Jen!"

I lost the picture.

"Jen?" It was my Granny's voice. I slowly surfaced from my dream and as I opened my eyes I realized that I had fallen to sleep while laying on my bed with all my cloths on.

"Yeah." I replied only halfway back in reality.

"Jen, you have to change. You can't sleep in your streetwear."

"Ok, Granny I'll change in a minute." I mumbled as a reply while forcing myself to get back into reality.

My whole body felt clumsy and the dream I just head felt pretty real.

"Holy shit." I thought by myself "This was so exciting. I was a bit angry at my Granny that she had woken me up. But how could she guess that I had such an exciting dream."

After my Grand-ma had left the room, I stood up and ent to the bathroom, where I took off all my cloths and put on my pink nightgawn for that night. I left my body naked beneath the nightgawn, because I felt horny and very girlish that evening. That dream had woken up some very sexual needs within me.

Lake For Lovers

While I brushed my teeth I made the test and I slipped between my outer pubic lips with one finger. It was warm and moist. My feelings were true and I was barely capable to keep them down until I was ready for bed.

I went into the living-room, where my grand-parents were still sitting and watching TV. I gave them both a kiss and said good night. But within my head I was already pleasuring myself.

I felt a bit guilty, because my Granny still thought of me as an innocent girl. But I wasn't able and in the mood to tell her the truth. It also was part of the excitement, that she didn't know the real Jen. Perhaps it was better that way.

I went back into my room.

c) My body and I

I closed the door behind me and layed down on my bed. But I layed myself on the bedcover, not underneath it.

I closed my eyes and tried to calm down and to enjoy the feelings within my body. My whole awareness went down to my little treasure and it seemed as if it was asking it, what it would like to do.

My thoughts went back to the dream I had some minutes ago. This dream had been so real, and I wished it had been true. But there was no way in this world that that dream could become true.

I opened my eyes again. My sight went down my body.

"This was me, laying there and enjoying life. I liked to be a girl. It was a pleasure to keep this body in shape and to be a little venus. Yes, there were also downsides. As a girl you are not as strong as the boys your age. That gets you sometimes in trouble, but there are some weapons we girls have no boy can withstand.

One of the weapons we have is the shape of our body. I don't know any boy, who is straight in his sexuality, who doesn't like the curvy shape of a girl's body. It turns them on. But then there are also our titts. Boys like them and girls care about them as if they are their little pricks.

Boys secretly want to have a big dick and want to be able to get a hard-on always and at any point in time.

Girls on the other side care about their titts. They want them to be the right size and firm as in their teenage years.

What's more stupid? I don't know. But one thing I know. I like my body as it is."

Lake For Lovers

My hands went over my breasts and I softly stroked them and weighed them within the palms of my hands.

“These are mine. My sweet little milk boxes.”

I lifted my bottom to wrap up my nightgown, such that I now was laying almost naked on the bed.

Naked my titties were looking even nicer and as if they were made out of skin-colored silk.

My sight went downwards and I stopped at my belly button. I lightly circled it with one finger and I felt this silly feeling all over my body. I almost shuddered, but it was a positive feeling and it excited me.

“Hey, little belly button. Nice to see you again. You look beautiful today.” I greeted him within my thoughts.

“This little thing every human being has and it is the sign that you were born, the sign that your body is able to live without the help of your mother's body. And a sign that two human beings had to have sex, before a little baby gets this little thing after birth.”

Again I circled around my belly button, while watching my belly moving with my breathing. I felt alive. Never before in my life I was so aware of the fact that I was a living human being.

I looked at my hips and my pubic area.

“Hmmm, I need to shave my pubic area again. It's not as soft as it should be.” I said to myself while stroking over it with the palm of one hand.

“Hey, I never got aware of the fact that I have really nice hips. And these hips are only there because girls or women have to carry babies. I really hope these hips will carry at least one baby.”

My sight stuck some moments on my hips and I saw myself in the mirror, which I saw before my inner eyes. I looked at myself. And I fell in love with myself.

“Only a girl who loves herself can give love.” That I remembered from school. Of course this is true for both genders. But I think for girls it is especially right. How should a girl give love if she doesn't feel ok with her body.

I felt ok with my body. Even my bottom was something I could look at all the time. It was a typical female bottom. I didn't know why, but I thought it was typical.

Lake For Lovers

"Isn't it strange, That thing has nothing to do with sexuality, but it's the first thing everyone is looking at. Boys are looking for girls' bottoms and girls looking for boys' bottoms. We judge each other by our bottoms in a way. Of course no one would admit that, but if someone has nice looking bottom he or she already has a plus."

My eyes were still on my hips, but one of my hand had made its way between my young thighs and I could feel the warm dampness of my own gender.

"hmmmm, these pubic lips are soooo soft. It's really a pity that I could see my own treasure directly. But I have to say mine are as soft as a cloud from heaven." I dreamed while I was touching my own pubic lips.

"Let's see if my little penis is also on its place."

I removed my hand a bit and one finger went between my outer pubic lips to look for my little clit.

"Hmmm, he has left his little hood. That's nice."

I began to play with my little nipple of lust and pleasure.

"Welcome to Jen's pink heaven of lust!" I said to myself.

As soon as I began to play with this little toy, my whole body was filled with this damp warmth of lust. All of a sudden there was this sexual urge to push forward. But I tried to resist this urge atleast for some more minutes.

My hands went back to my little titties and I stroked them. They were so nice and firm. My index fingers played with those little nipples on the tipp of my titts. These little nipples were already standing there rigid and stiff like little guardian soldiers waitng for more orders to come.

"Hey little soldiers, how is the sight today. Seems Jen is getting naughty today." I said to them.

"Perhaps I will get some milk out of the little holes on the tip of these nipples, soon." I played dreaminly with them.

"Well it's a bit early for getting pregnant and having a baby, but I'm curious how it feels when milk comes out of these little nipples." I smiled at myself.

"On the otherside I have heard that they should hurt, after the baby has nibbled on them for some time." That wasn't such a nice thought, so I tried to get on other things.

"Perhaps Playboy would take me as a model. These titts are heaven made." I thought by myself and began playing again with my nipples.

Lake For Lovers

“Girl's Playground. We have to titts, one belly-button, a little nipple called clit and a treasure. That's amazing. Boys Payground: They have their prick.” I had to giggle

“Am I jealous? Not really. I have more choice and more possibilities. Although I have to admit that this easy way to get an orgasm could get me jealous. But hey, if I do it on my own, I know how to get me going.”

My sight went down my body and I looked at my legs and feet.

“Hey Jen, these jumpers are beautiful. And your feet almost look like your hands. You seem to care about them?! Yes.”

I gave myself the answer, while my hand already had made its way back between my young thighs.

“Young and strong these beautiful thighs. They are part of my treasure, if they wouldn't be able to spread apart as wide as they could, I wouldn't be able to have that much fun.” I considered, while my index-finger got moist again during its way through my outer pubic lips. I stuck the finger into my mouth.

“Jen, you are not only beautiful, you are also so tasty that I could eat you up in one.” I said to myself while sucking on my finger.

6. Heaven On Earth

a) Sweet Excitement

I felt the excitement rise within my body. It felt warm and very sweet. At the same time I felt a bit strange, because I was at my grand-parents and I never had touched myself while being at their home.

“Well, they are French! Who if not they would understand it?” I thought by myself and softly circled around my belly-button with one finger. I really liked this little tickling that rushed through my body.

“Jen you are really a bad girl.” I said to myself, having a big grin on my face. I knew that some people would think what I just said, but I did not mind. It was a good feeling and I needed it for my inner balance.

I began to play with my sweet little nipples again. These little soldiers were pretty stiff.

“How is it on my little milk-mountains? Hope you two like it?” I grinned again.

“Hey soldier! Where do the babies come from?” I asked my little nipples, but they didn't answer. Of course they didn't. How could they.

Lake For Lovers

"F! Sit down!" I had to laugh. I was making fun of my own body and I personalized parts of my body as if they were little people themselves.

"You know soldier they could come out of my little treasure! I have little thing within myself called womb, there they grow for 9 months and then..."

A picture of me giving birth to baby appeared in my head. Sweet thinking, but doesn't that hurt? How did someone tell me:

"It is as if you want to press a melon through the hole of a needle." That pic was awfull. But how did my father always say:

"All things that do not kill us, make us only harder." And before me millions of girls and women have survived a birth so why shouldn't I?

Anyway i wasn't pregnant at that moment so I skipped that path of thinking and came back to my little soldiers.

"Did you ever meet each other?" I asked them. "No? But should have. You look almost the same as if you were twins." I pressed my titties towards each other and tried to get the two nipples touching each other.

"Say hi!" I giggled. This game was fun. It was stupid and anyone watching my playing like this must have thought:

"Now she has become baby again."

But I felt ok with it and it was a nice way playing with my own sexuality.

"Hi soldier how is the weather on your mountain?"

"Fresh and awsome!"

"Here two!"

All of a sudden these little soldiers reminded me on little things I could put into my little treasure as prick alternative. My little treasure was crying for some attention and it was already wetting itself.

"Seems someone needs my attention." I said giggling

My fingers went down to my third little nipple, which had left his little hood and was standing there waiting for some attention.

"Good day Mr. Hood! Wonna have some fun today?" I slowly began to play with my little tool of lust.

"Ooh yes, you are doing me such a favour!"

Lake For Lovers

“My pleasure.”

I began to arch a bit, because of the sudden rise of lust, that shot through my body as I had began to play with my clit.

Why the hell did I call my clit Mr. Hood? I didn't know. Perhaps the clit was female, but in that moment it was a “Mister” for me.

I closed my eyes and began to enjoy the warmth that filled my body. It was a warmth of excitement and expectation. I knew what the end of this would be. But it was this expectation of something great. Something awesome. Feeling never felt before.

I entered my own treasure with two fingers. It felt hot and warm in there. I knew that I was horny as hell. But it was always a big thing to feel the reaction of my body on it.

My fingers were soaked with my own juice of love and sex. They were smelling and tasting like... Jen. Yes that was the taste of my own body. I liked that taste. It was sweet and salty, hot and juicy.

My fingers began to move in and out of my little treasure and my other hand played with Mr. Hood. I was beginning to feel the excitement of sexuality. I was feeling myself as a human being, as girl. As someone who has accepted that sex is part of life and that no one can steal it from him or her.

I felt my own heartbeat and my breathing began to go faster and thinner.

There was this urge to get this final explosion. This need to have this relief of sexual feelings. I felt it build up deep within my womb and coming all over my treasure. I felt how it filled my whole pubic area. It was an urge, a hole that all of a sudden appeared within my treasure. I felt this need to fill it with something.

My finger went faster and Mr. Hood went back under his hood. This was the first sign that I was close. I continued to stimulate my senses and my brain produced a whole lot of really exciting pictures. All of them I either had seen somewhere or experienced myself.

“MMMMmmmmmmh” I groaned and my thighs were pressing my hands together. My hole body moved to one side and I felt this unbelievable rhythm within my treasure. I felt this warmth through my whole body. My brain exploded and then went blank as the orgasm grabbed my body.

I was out of breath and it took a while to get back to normal. My senses came back and I became aware of my surroundings again. I slipped beneath my bedcover and went to dreamland.

Lake For Lovers

b) "Home to Jen"

The next morning I felt really good. I hadn't the feeling of being spied on, so I went into the living-room without any bad feelings.

"Good morning Granny."

"Morning, sweetheart. What do you want for breakfast."

"I think I take some hot chocolate and a croissant."

"Ok."

Granny went into the kitchen and I sat down to wait for my sweet little breakfast. I looked around and recognized the little clock within an old wooden shelf. It looked really old and very expensive. It had a golden touch and three golden balls were turning back and forth. I began to watch that little play while thinking of Jean. Today I would meet him again. I felt how my excitement rose. It was as if I would have to act in a few minutes. But it was only Jean whom I would meet.

The telephone rang. I heard my Granny taking the call. A few minutes later she came in the living room:

"Jen, it's your mother. She wants to talk to you."

"What the hell does she want?" I thought by myself. "Ok I'm coming" I said and went to the phone.

"Hey Mum. What's up."

"Hi Jen. How are you?"

"I'm fine and you?"

"It's ok. Benjamin has a lot of trouble with his new role as father, but he is managing it. How is your holiday."

"Good. I found a sweet boy, with whom I'll meet today. But that's not why you are calling, is it?"

"You are right." my mum admitted. Then she paused and I heard her breathing.

"Are you ok?" I asked her after I hadn't got an answer for some moments.

"Yeah, I'm ok, but Dad..."

"What's up with Dad?"

Lake For Lovers

"The judge ruled that he has to go to prison for 10 years. He will have parole after 5 years."

Silence.

"And how is Dad coping with it?"

"He still isn't saying anything. He wants to protest against that judgement. So I think he will call the next higher court."

"Typical." I thought and said at the same time. "Should I come back early?" I asked after I felt that my Mum perhaps needed me now.

"No, Jen, you deserve that holiday. Please stay where you are. I'm able to cope with it alone."

"Mum, are you sure."

"Yes, darling. I'm sure. At the moment it would be hard for you to stay here. So please stay at granny's home."

"But I could give you some support. I could lend you my ear from time to time. Sometimes that helps in these situations."

"I know. But I have Benjamin and you are not gone for ever. So please stay where you are. We will see each other early enough for me to talk about what I have on my heart."

"Hey Mum, I'm your daughter you can talk to me when ever and about what ever you want."

"I know. But I don't want to destroy your holidays."

"That's nice Mum. But if you need help, then my holiday has to step back."

"That's nice darling. But it's just that I wanted to hear your voice and that I wanted to tell you the news about dad."

"Ok. Do you know when the higher court will hear Dad's appeal?"

"No. But it will probably after you have come back home. As you know the courts are sometimes slow, but they work."

"Yeah I know."

I saw my Granny come around and all of a sudden I was reminded on the fact that I still had my breakfast waiting for me.

"Mum?"

Lake For Lovers

“Yeah.”

“I’m sorry, but I have to go eating my breakfast. I have a date later.”

“Ok- Darling. Have fun.”

“Do you wanna talk to Granny again?”

“No, I have told her everything I told you.”

“Ok. Talk to you later.”

“Yeah. Bye bye.”

“Bye Bye.”

I felt relieved that there was nothing big happening at home. But the call from my Mum brought back the memories on what was happening at home. Things I had put away for the last days, but now they came back. It was as if some was calling me back to earth.

“Earth to Jen! Earth to Jen you have trouble at home.”

I was a bit down as I went back to the living-room. But the sight of my sweet little breakfast was changing it again. It was this sweet little secret within the cocolate that lightened up my mind.

It reminded me on Jean and that I would meet him in a few minutes. All of sudden all my sad thoughts were gone. I felt this excitement again. I really enjoyed the chocolate now and the croissant was as if heaven had kissed me on my stomach.

c) Cocolate & Talk

After having breakfast i went back to my room to get something to wear for my new date with jean. I decided to wear a pretty normal but tight jeans. I also decided to wear nothing speacial on top. So i looked pretty normal, which means it looked as if i was wearing street-wear, not something for a date.

After I had made my personal arrangements, I left my room agaon and said bye to my granny.

The bus I took was pretty packed with people. I was surprised by the amount of people which wanted to go the same way i wanted to go. Especially because of the time of day. I thought that the main stream of people would take the bus one hour early than I had taken it. But also my bus was stuffed.

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I went to our little cafe and I ordered a chocolate for my inner ballance. I had to giggle as I saw the place where I had talked to jean for the first time. It was this sweet little excitement, which made me giggle.

“Hi Jen!”

It was Jean's voice and I turned around immediately.

“Hi!” I stood up and we hugged and kissed each other on both cheeks the French way. It was a great feeling to see him again. In a way i had missed him and I felt stupid about how I had behaved in the swimming-pool.

“How are you?”

“I'm great! And you?”

“I'm also great. Missed you so much.”

He looked into my eyes and I looked back. We starred at each other for a long time.

“How long will you stay in France?”

“Huh? One more week. Why?”

“Because I want to know how much additional time I have to spend together with you. That's why?

“Well, as I said one more week. But that doesn't mean that we cannot stay in touch.”

“Yeah. Would you like to be my girl-penfriend.”

“Why not.” We laughed.

After a short break I began:

“Jean, I want to excuse myself for the way I behaved in the swimming-pool. That wasn't ok.”

“It's ok Jen. After I had left i felt that i couldn't be mad at you for a long time. That's why I called you.”

“OoH, you are so sweet.”

“Yeah that i heard more than once. But in most cases the girls went and I lost touch with them.”

“Ooh, really? I'm sorry. But I promise I won't loose touch with you.”

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“Yeah that's what all girls said. But i think you are different.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, you are straight to the point.. But at the same time you are so lovely.”

“Thank you. And you are my little french angel.” i giggled, allthough I meant it pretty serious. It was my inner excitement that made me giggle again.

“Oooh thank you. That title I haven't got yet.”

“Cool. What other titles did you get so far.”

“Mr. Playboy. Mr. Franch Kiss. Mr. Sweet Ass.”

I had to laugh thes titles were all so cute and telling. But at the same time you could get offended by them. He seemed to mention these titles as if they were road names.

“Do you believe in Angels?” I asked him.

“Not really. But if you want you may call me as you said.”

“Oooh, thank you. You know with me it's strange. I do not really belive in Angels, but sometimes it's nice to have something to believe in which could give you some backup, when you are in trouble.

“Yeah, I know what you mean. But don't you have a family.”

“Of course I do. But to believe in a person you can't see, that watches over you, is very exciting I think. It makes you feel special. And i don't know anyone who doesn't want to feel special.”

Jean nodded.

“Did you ever had a person whom you love like mad?”

I asked him just out of interest.

“Yeah.”

“Whom”

“You.”

I began to giggle and we kissed very short and flat.

“No, really. I thought of the past. Did you ever had the feeling of having met

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someone you don't want to let go ever again?"

"Yeah. I had someone. But that's another story."

"Ooh cool. How was her name?"

"Miha."

"Sounds like cat."

"Well, she was my little girl. But she already had a boyfriend as I met her."

"Ooh, that's unfortunate. How long were you together."

"Hmm. Let me think. I think it was all in all 1 year. But that includes also the time where we only wrote each other."

"Didn't she live here."

"No she was here as exchange student. She came from Romania. Timisoara to be exact."

"Cool. Tell me more."

"No. It's pretty sad. And I don't want to bore you to death."

"No you don't I like these stories. Please I wanna know everything. And It helps me to get to know you better."

"Well..." he made a break and looked deep into my eyes. I replied his look and begged him with my look.

"But you have to promise me something." he said after a while of checking me out.

"What? I promise you everything." My curiosity went mad.

"You won't laugh about me and you won't tell the story to anyone else."

"Promised!"

"...on everything that is holy to you?"

"... on my own eyes and everything that's holy to me."

"Ok, order yourself a nice chocolate it will take some time to tell you the whole story."

I did as he told me and he began to tell his story.

7.Jean's Story

Mai + June + Juli 2004

I met Miha by luck because we were both in the same exercise group for the AI-lecture of the summer semester 2004. I met her because Ralitsa, a girl from Bulgaria, our tutor, said that we should work in groups of two or three, such that she would have had not so much work with correcting the solutions. I asked some students but they said that they were already three. Then Gautam talked to me, if I would search for a group. I said yes.

Miha and Gautam had already agreed on making a group, so I was the third man. First I wasn't sure how I should talk to her in French or in English, because Gautam was able to talk in both. But very soon it was only English we talked, when we met.

In the second half of the AI-exercises only Miha and I were the ones who were regularly showing up. Gautam only came to ask for the points we got. This way she showed me that she is someone I could rely on and she had always this "magic" smile on her face when she was greeted by someone. I sometimes dropped her with my car at Guckelsberg, but I should later learn that it was a small way to go to reach her home. I felt touched by her trust in me and wanted to meet that trust by being very careful with what I did and would do. I began to ask her about Romania and because I had heard of an historic exhibition in Trier, the idea of making a trip together by sharing a train-ticket was born. I also remember an incident where I left the computer science building on a Sunday or Saturday and she came by and asked me if I had my door card with me. I said "yes" and "lucky girl" and we had a little smalltalk and I opened her the doors to the computer science building and the computer science lab and went back to my home. I also remember one incident, where she had made a solution for an exercise. After we had discussed it, she asked if it is o.k. so and I said yes, but I continued that she had to translate it into English, because in this one case she had written the solutions in French. Later she told me that she had written it in French, because she had found a similar solution in the library and she had made it the same way by copying the sentences.

During these months she told me also an incident with her health insurance and how the certificate from her Romanian insurance got here but then went back to Romania because of any postal reason. Such that her mother had to send it to her by post which took another week or two. She also told me once that she had been shortly before going home, because she had an aching tooth and she went to a French pharmacy to buy something against the pain, only to be without pain until she got back to Romania and could visit a doctor there, because visiting a French doctor would be too expensive and too much paper work. But she said it was very difficult to get such medicine, I think because of French law.

July, 7th . + 8th , 2004

I got an email from the tutor of our AI-exercise Ralitsa on the 07/07 that we should work over our programme because it doesn't work. After some thinking I sent her an email late that evening, that I would have a look over it on the following Friday and that she could join me if she wants. She responded the next day with an email that said yes.

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July, 9th, 2004

We met before the exercise room at 13:00 h. She thought she was a little bit late and said sorry for it and gave as reason that she had eaten something just before our appointment. I said to her that I have time and we headed for one of the computer labs where we worked for 2hrs. Then I made an end to it because we had made every possible change to it and the program wasn't still working as it should. We went down the computer science building and I said bye to her.

July, 19th 2004

I met her at 14:00 h in the computer science building because I thought we had an appointment, but I wasn't sure. She saw me and asked me if we had an appointment, I said that I had time and that I thought we had. So she said that she waited for a friend to come but that she wanted to go to the library with me, where she had her things, to ask me some questions about AI. I agreed and we went to the library where we worked 2h on her questions about the AI-script. During these two hours a friend (girl) showed up and Miha and the other girl were having a short talk in Romanian. After 2h we went down to the AI-exercise, which was the last one before the exam and which was a catastrophe. It took 2,5 h to talk through 3 exercises and not every question could be answered satisfactorily by the Tutor. So both of us were very angry after we left the exercise-room. She showed me her room in the maths-building, where we wanted to meet at the next day at 15:00 h.

July, 20th, 2004

I met Miha at her room in the math-building (room 224) and we work two hours on the AI-script. She told me that she had told to her mother about the AI-exercise the day before and that she, Miha, was very upset about the last AI-exercise and had had a headache from it. At the end of our meeting Miha's mother called her on the phone. They had a short talk in Romanian. Miha told me that in Timisoara they were actually working at that time on the water pipelines. Which meant that not at every time of the day there was water supply which is not very good in the summer where there are temperatures over 30° in Timisoara. She thought at her dog Betty. I invited her to bring her home with my car. She said yes and were very eager to get her things very fast into her bag, such that I tried to slow her a little bit down. We left Miha's room at about 17:00 h. On the way to the car she also told me about a say of her mother that said: "If you want to talk with me : shut up!" I amused myself about this say.

I dropped her with my car at her home.

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July, 22nd, 2004

AI-exam: I was about 30min. early and she was already there and smiled at me as she saw me. She had her 0,5l or 0,3l Pepsi with her from which she drank some sips. I asked her: "Is that to calm down or to wake up?" She answered: "To wake up." After the exam we talked and I invited her again to a trip by sharing a train-ticket. Unfortunately she misunderstood my statement that I want to wait after 6th August because of her exams. She thought I had exams til then but I thought she had exams til then. She said that she would send me an email. We said good bye and I thought: That's it, you saw her for the last time. Soon she'll be back in Romania, because I already knew that after this semester she had to go till 15th September at the latest.

July, 24th, 2004

I met her by luck at a tram-station where we both wanted to go with the tram. I asked her about the exam she had at the same day about "Theory of functions". She answered that she first had a good feeling and had begun to answer the questions. But after she had finished one exercise she thought about it and thought she had to do it again. What got her such time-loss, that she hadn't finished the exam. After one stop she said good-bye. I think she searched for a shop to clean some cloths. Later she told me that she was about to meet a friend of her and afterwards going to the swimming-pool. So my first conclusions were wrong!

July, 26th – August, 1st

I thought a lot at her and crossed my fingers for her thought exams. I missed her in a way and wanted to see her again.

August, 2nd, 2004

I decided to write her an email in which I would ask her to make the train-sharing trip with me. As I left the Computer Science building I found out that my mobile wasn't on. As I switched it on, I got a message that she had wrote me an email. First I thought that would be an answer to my email. But it was an email in which she asked me to look for her Matr.-Nr. in the AI-Results if I would find them on the Internet. After I read the Email I first thought to answer the email with my handy, but then I decided to go to her room and to talk to her to get everything right. She was actually there and had just send me an answer to my email. We talked about the trip and she said that she had three friends which would perhaps come with us. We came to the conclusion that she first had to make an appointment with her friends for the trip and then tell me when. We also talked about Romania and how to get there and about some simple Romanian Words. The idea of me making a trip to Romania was born.

Late in the evening I read her answer to my original email and wrote her an answer, that said, that I would be happy to have a meeting just for talk and drink.

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August, 4th, 2004

I met her again after I was at my tutor for the stage. She told me that she had received the email from my handy, but that she had made another decision that said, that we would go to Andorra on Saturday and after we talked a little bit we came to the conclusion that she would send me a message the following day how many people we would be. And that I would buy the tickets on Friday for the train to Andorra.

August, 5th, 2004

She sent me a message that she had one friend who wants to come with us. I confirm to her by SMS that I would buy 3 Tickets for the bus to Andorra on the following day.

August, 6th, 2004

I bought the tickets and also a small book for learning some Romanian and a City-Map of Andorra.

In the afternoon I got an email from her asking, if I had bought the tickets and what I would show her and her friend, she was very excited. I answered her that I had bought the tickets and that I would go after her wishes. She answered that she would like to see many churches and political buildings. She also told me that her friend was arabian and asked me if I would have had a problem with it. I answered no. In the evening I wrote her an SMS that she and her friend should bring their mobiles with them in case we would loose each other. She answered that I won't escape from her but that she'd do as I said.

August, 7th, 2004

Trip to Andorra: I met Tarek for the first time. In the bus we talked a lot about Romania, Jordan and Romanian and Arabian language. In Andorra I showed them all that know and we made the tour with the little train. As we came to one of the main places in the car-free-zone, there was a market there and Miha saw a little doll out of porcelain, which she bought. The doll was looking like a clown in white with colored spots on his face and on his cloths. After some other visits we made a lunch-break at McDonalds where I went to the toilette and afterwards she asked me how and where they were. I said her that they were upstairs and that there was a queue before the women's one. She went with her back-bag. After the lunch stop we decided to go to some political buildings that are not so far away as they first seemed. As we went there it was not as exciting as Miha thought because these buildings weren't finished yet. On the return we set on a green place besides the road and talked a lot. Then we returned to the center of the town and looked in pretty much every cloths- and shoe-shop. Miha found a pair of shoes with high heels but she first thought they were to expensive. But they were so interesting that she always thought about them.

Afterwards we returned slowly to the station where the bus was about to leave. We stopped at a statue with a little park. We sat there and made some pictures. It began to rain but only some drops. As we reached the station, it was 45 min. until the bus would start, so Miha said that she would go back a bit to have a look at some shops and that she didn't want us to be bored so she was

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going alone. I decided to go into a bistro in the station and to eat a baguette and to drink something. I said to Tarek that he could do what ever he wanted to do and that we would meet in the bus. At about 5:30 it began to rain heavily with thunder and lightning and I thought about them and where they would be. I already sat in the bus, as they were showing up.

On the return tour we talked a lot. Miha told me that she was using a bus-company to come to Frenchy and to go back to Romania. As I asked her for the price I was surprised how low it was and said that my trip then would be no question. She told us that she thinks about going home at the 20th or 22nd August, 2004. I told her that it is her decision. She hoped that she could go at the 20th, such that she would have the weekend with her boy-friend, because at the following weekend(27th -29th August) he wouldn't be available. Also she told us that she had an exam on the following Tuesday and that she normally made free after that.

August, 8th, 2004

I was in the computer science lab and wrote her an email that I would have a map at hand and that we should meet on Tuesday afternoon or on Wednesday to make a decision about the trip on the following Saturday. She answered me that it would be Wednesday, when we would meet and she thanked me for the trip to Luxemberg. Also she said in the Postscriptum that she actually was sitting behind me in the last row and that she had to go to work now. I hadn't seen her and I got her message to read at home, because I had left my handy there. I also hadn't looked out for her, because I didn't expect her there. She had told me the day before that she would have to go to work on that day and I thought that she would be anywhere in the city or in the math building for work but not in the Computer Science Lab.

August, 10th, 2004

I wrote her an SMS in the evening that I didn't want to disturb her, but that she should send me an email about planning the following Saturday on the next day and that I hoped her exam had gone well.

August, 11th, 2004

She wrote me an email in the morning that she had forgotten to email me and that we could meet at 18h at the bus-stop mensa-University. She wanted to buy a digital camera from Media-Market and asked me if I had some information about it. I confirmed her that I would be at the bus-stop at that time.

I waited since 17:15 before the math-building because I thought she would work in there and I wanted to surprise her. But instead she had been in the city to recover her Pulli that she had lost in a bus that morning. She went to the city to ask for the Pulli, but she didn't get it back. So as I went down to the road to see if she's already waiting at the bus-stop, she was already sitting there and waving at me.

At the bus-stop I gave her the first example of "Pentru Miha". because I had decided in the two days before that I would make the trip to Romania. But she said that the dates, I had in mind at that time, weren't very good because she would have to go to her lectures then. So we decided to talk on a later date

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about this thing. I also wanted to give her some non-French Euro-coins I had looked for in my purse the evening before, but she said no and that I should keep them because they were the only ones I had from that way. So I accepted her no and kept them for my own spending.

During the bus-drive we met an Hungarian from a place near Budapest, who had heard us speaking about my trip to Romania. He told us that I could fetch cash at every ATM with my credit card in Romania and that they would give me reasonable exchange rates. I told Miha also that I would possibly need only my identitycard and a return-ticket for getting into Romania.

In Media-Market we looked at the camera she had seen. I asked her about her computer at home and if it would have an USB port. She said that she would mail to her sister about it and that she would possibly make some changes to her computer equipment. She made the decision to buy a camera from Kodak and was sure that it would cost her 99.-EUR. At the cash machines it said only 88,-EUR, so I said to her just pay and go. She also looked for a raser for her boy-friend but didn't found one because she didn't knew his preferences at that time.

After we left I made the suggestion to go to my place to unpack the digital camera there and to test it. She said yes and that she shortly had thought about going with me to her place and if her place would be in a condition, such that I wouldn't be disturbed. I said to her that I had thought about this in the morning and that at my place there wouldn't be anything to disturb her. Before we went to my place, we went to hypermarket and bought some ice-cream with capuccino taste. She told that this is normal use in Romania. If you buy something expensive you have to eat and/or drink on it to let it hold for a long time.

At my place we had first some difficulties with the camera and she and I were angry because we couldn't get the the camera to run. But after some tries I got it to run by luck and we both were very happy and ate each one portion of the ice-cream and she left me some very good chocolate which she said I should try. I tried it after she had left and it was really good, so good that I bought a second bar, which I took with me to San Sebastian.

I showed her the book about Romania I had bought that noon, some fotos of Bordeaux on a calendar and the map with distances I had told her about in my email. We decided that San Sebastian would be the next apropritate destination for the following Saturday. We also agreed that she would email me if Tarek would come with us at the next day and that I would try to buy the tickets in Toulouse because we thought at that time, it would be cheaper. She left in a little bit of a hurry because I had made a little mistake with the timetables of the bus 12.

August, 12th, 2004

She wrote me an email which I couldn't open, because my email-account was defect at that time. So I called her on her mobile and asked her for the content and said her that I would call her back in the evening. After I had the content of the email from her, I went off to Toulouse to buy the tickets. But it wasn't cheaper, infact there was no regular direct connection between Toulouse and San Sebastian. The cheapest version was to go directly from Bordeaux to San

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Sebastian. So I bought 3 tickets and made a little mistake because I thought Tarek would be between 21 and 25. After buying the tickets I SMSed her the timetables, that there was no other solution and that there would be no call back in the evening. She said o.k. and that I should buy them. I answered that I already bought them and that she and Tarek should bring their Passports with them to prove their age.

August, 13th, 2004

It was rainy the whole day. She emailed me if I still wanted to go and if I thought that the weather would be better the next day. I answered her that we had to cross fingers and that I was sorry for the disturbances the day before.

August, 14th, 2004

Trip to San Sebastian: In the morning it was raining and we decided to go despite the weather because giving back the tickets was no option. So we went to San Sebastian.

In the train, shortly before leaving Bordeaux I found out that Tarek was actually over 25. He was 26. So he went to ask if this was a problem and they said to him that no. And it was really no problem. At the return tour there was a ticket-check from a lady but she said nothing.

As we left the train I said to her that I had now city-plan with me and that I and Tarek would rely totally on her and her orientation. She smiled and said something I don't remember. As we left the station, they both were fascinated by the outdoor front of the station and the first impressions of San Sebastian. They both made some fotos immediately. We also visited the cathedrale, some other churches and some old city-doors. But only the cathedrale was open to go inside. We also headed for a museum but we founded only after making two times a circle and Tarek asking an arabian,french girl which spoke his arabian accent he told us that afterwards. This girl showed us the museum. Miha wasn't very amused about this and she showed her *bl*. When she shows it there is an expression of boredom or unwillingness on her face and at the same time she says "bl" but the l with the tongue coming out of her mouth and the upper teeth on it, such that the tongue was still covering the lower teeth and bounded by the lower lip of her mouth. It was something typical for her and for me it wasn't disturbing. It was her way of telling someone that she wasn't amazed about something or someone and I found it funny and fitting for her personality at the same time. For me it's something that will stay in my memory and remind me on her.

But we didn't went in the museum because we couldn't find out what they were actually showing there. Instead we were making jokes that also in the museum Miha would get a discount because of her age. All through the morning it was rainy and wet.

At the lunch-break at McDonalds we talked about next Saturday, but couldn't come to a decision because everything was to far away and we didn't knew anything about Bilbao. I also showed her my list with possible Travel Dates for my trip to Romania. She decided that the first option would be the best and she said that I should leave Bordeaux on a Friday, such that I would have the weekend with the family and stay about 14 day and leave at Wednesday. We agreed and I gave her a new version of "Pentru Miha" on which I filled in

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manually the dates we had agreed on.

After the lunch-break it was still wet but not rainy any more. It was time for shopping. She first saw the shoes she already saw at Andorra at a Zara's shop, but at the cash-machines she found, that one of the shoes had a scratch on its heel. After talking to the lady of the shop there wasn't another pair and the lady wasn't able to lower the price, so I said to her "Leave it." And she left and said that she's angry about those women who can't buy these things and make them such scratches to these things such that nobody else can buy them. I tried to calm her down a bit. Afterwards we went through a park and found a closed boat hiring for petting boats. She was a little bit sorry that the hiring wasn't open. But I had my thoughts about it, because she had told us shortly before that she can't swim, so I thought how would she save herself in case something goes badly wrong. It was just my "brotherly" care that came through at that moment. Later I learned that she has no problem with it and that she was many times in a boat and isn't scared. She wrote me that if one takes care, one stays in the boat and doesn't have to worry about anything. So now I know her point and how she handles it.

After an excursion by chance to the stadium of FC San Sebastian we went back and she found the shoes at another shop, without a scratch. She bought them. Tarek was so happy that he made a jump in the air and lost his camera. But the camera wasn't broken. She also bought a pink tie for her sister. I also asked her during a walk in a shopping-mall when her oral exam on the following Tuesday would be, such that I could cross my fingers for the particular time and not for the whole day. She said between 9:00 and 10:00.

After all the shopping we sat down on bench in a "garden" park, we had already went through, after the thing with the scratched shoe. We ate the croissants which I had bought while she was shopping. Tarek made some fotos of her before a fontaine, while I was watching her bag and her. We told each other a lot of jokes.

Then we returned to the station, where she bought some foto picture cards of San Sebastian

At the return trip in the train I asked if I could come with them to catch in Dudweiler my bus because last time I had sat at Roemerkastel for over 30mins. They said yes.

As we left the train at Bordeaux Tarek went to the information and asked about train times to Bilbao and Koeln I think. Afterwards we went to a phone shop because Miha had to make a phone call to congratulate her grandmother for birthday, otherwise her mother would kill her when she would be back home, she said.

We went to the city council, where we took the 15 to go to her quartier. But we only caught it because we began to run which made Miha laugh.

At her quartier we found out that the next 12 would come in 30mins. I said that I would wait and that they could go home. But they decided to wait with me. After some time Tarek made the suggestion to go to a church, where he wanted to take one or two fotos of the church and then to come back. As we went to the church they invited me to come with them to their home and I said yes after I had ensured myself that I wouldn't disturb their privacy.

So we went to their home by foot and they both showed me their rooms. Miha also showed me some fotos of Timisoara she had with her. I won't forget three

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of them. The first one shows her with her parents and a big birthday-cake. It was her 20th birthday, I think. The second shows her alone sitting on a piece of lawn which is covered with snow and she is smiling into the camera. The third one shows her and her boyfriend playing on the beach in the shallow water and both are laughing into the camera. One could see immediately that they are enjoying having found each other. She also gave me two books for the Romanian language. She said that she wouldn't need them anymore. I thanked her and took them. Later I found out, that they are actually older than her. After a walk in which she emptied her account at the Banque Populaire we made a walk and they showed me where I had to go on the following Friday to park my car before their home. They also showed me a nice place from which one could see over Dudweiler and their home from the backside. I remember that we talked about language and that Tarek asked me about Participle Present in french. After that walk they made some food. We talked a lot about everything and nothing. Also about Popstars. Tarek showed us some videos also one from a female popstar from which I didn't remember the name. Miha found the look of this star not very nice. She made a statement over the ass and of the postar and boys looking at it. I answered: But I've read that also women look at men's bottom. I and Tarek began to laugh. She answered: "I admit, I look sometimes at men's asses. I admit."

At about midnight I left for the last bus. They brought me to the bus, although it was too cold for Miha and she was shaking because of the coldness.

August, 17th, 2004

At about 10h I SMSed her and asked her about the oral exam. She answered that it went well and that we could meet at that day or at the next day. She also told me that she would leave definitely on the following Sunday. I answered her first that I could be there within 30 mins. but then made the suggestion of meeting at 14h. She replied that she would wait for me at her room in the math building and that she had to take lunch with her Professor in advance.

So we met at her room in the math building. We took a lot of paper stuff with us before we left the room to go to her place. She gave me some empty paper that she hadn't used and wanted me to keep it.

At her place we met Tarek and told him that she had passed the exam. After making some arrangements we left the building for some shopping at Hypermarket and Media-Market.

Miha bought some stuff for home at real also she bought a pocket for her digital camera, some tooth brushes for an electrical tooth brush and a memory chip advance for digital camera. Also some creme and shoe inlays for her new shoes at dm and a thing for clothing I don't remember.

After the shopping we left and went to their place by bus, where they made something to eat. After the meal she tried to make a call to the bus company to reserve one place for her for the following Sunday to go home. But they said to her that the service was closed for that day. She wasn't amused about it. We talked till late in the night. We decided that we wanted to go to the Zoo at the next day afternoon.

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August, 18th, 2004

She wrote by SMS me that I should take the bus 12 which was leaving Dudweiler at 14:52 and heading for Roemerkaestell. Miha asked me if I knew a way up to the tower which could be seen from campus. I answered that I had to look on the map to decide and that I would send her a message.

I met them both at the bus and we were going through the zoo for about 2h. In the zoo she found especially the seadogs very nice and we stood before their cage some minutes. After going through the zoo, we went back by bus to a central tram station, where she and Tarek were heading for the center, because Miha wanted to meet a friend called Diana at 19:00h in the city center. I was going home and had a look on the map. I decided that it would be possible to go up there and thought it would be easy. I SMSed her that we had to meet at the math building if we would want to do it and that it is her decision if we would do it.

August, 19th, 2004

At the next day she mailed that she would like to do it and that she didn't thought it would be to hot. So she asked me to come to her room at 13h. I confirmed her that I would be there.

I was a little bit earlier at her room because of the bus, so she was writing emails at every one at home, to tell them that she would head home on Sunday. She also told me that she had reserved her place in the bus.

After Tarek had arrived from their place we made the way up in a very short time. As we arrived at the tower we went up the tower to have a look around. We made a little break up there. But after we were disturbed by a young couple with four or five dogs, we had to leave because Tarek wasn't easy with the dogs. So we sat down a little bit at the foot of the tower, where some wood benches were standing. But not for long then we had to leave another time because of the dogs.

I wanted to go to a small suburb to then take the bus, but I lost myself with them and we went by ear and orientation and came out of the forest near Waldhaus. From there we took the 47 to AquitaineBasar and the 12 to their home. Their Tarek made himself some cigarettes and Miha fetched her banana-cake she'd made the evening before. Afterwards we headed for my place where I had made some stuff to eat. Between main course and desert Miha insisted, that she wanted to wash up a little bit, although I said to them that no guest has to do the washing up at my place. She said when she meets with her friends they do it the same. So I gave in and dried the cleaned dishes. Afterwards we got out Miha's cake that she had made the evening before and brought with her. It was a banana-cake with pudding and chocolate on top. As she had cut out a piece for each of us and put them on plates she said: "Take one." on what I answered: "Take one and get fat!" We laughed and ate each a piece of the cake by sitting on my balcony. The cake was fantastic! During the whole evening we talked a lot. I showed them an episode of "Last Of The Summer Wine" after the cake. They both laughed a lot and Miha was happy because she had also Romanian subtitles with it. She said that she hadn't laughed this much the last days. After some talking and showing Tarek the calendar I showed them the road-map of Romania I had bought and Miha showed us where she was born, in Sânnicolau Mare, she also told as why and

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she showed us some other things of Romanian history and family history. They left with the bus at 23:40. Although Miha had only drunk Cola, she said afterwards that she had slept like a baby that night and that she hadn't got the power to pack at that evening. Miha and I agreed to meet for going to the mensa at the next day at 13h.

August, 20th, 2004

The next day Miha and I met to go to the mensa together. We ate chicken with curry sauce, rice, salad and soup. Because Miha had to empty her mensa-card she also bought pudding for both of us and a portion of honey melons. But the honey melons were a disappointment and the rest was to much for her and I had to fight also.

During the meal she said that she would go into the city to look for some things as presents and a scart-cable for her DVD-Player. So I offered her to go with her into the city to have a helping look for some things she wanted to buy and when she would head home I would leave her at my place. She said o.k. Then she remembered that she had to go to the bank first, so we first headed for her quartier where we went to the Banque Populaire. There she took the Amex-Cheques with her she had ordered. Then we headed for the city where we stayed to buy a tight Pullover for her in wine-red and her sister in white, 3 times hand-creme for her friends in Romania and a hot-water bottle from a drug store as presents for home. During these shoppings she told me that she and her boyfriend had exchanged little teddy-bears, but her one for him is more for the money because he says: "I love you" if you press him on the belly. Then we went to Thalia, there she bought "16:50 from Paddington" and another crime-story-book from Agatha Christie. Afterwards we went to Karstadt where she bought some coffee without caffeine for her grand-mother and some Nescafe as powder for her mother and a lot of sweets for her family. She looked especially for Lindt-chocolate and chocolate that you could not yet buy in Romania and other things I don't remember as presents for home. She forgot to buy a scart-cable for her DVD-player and I forgot to remember her on it.

At about 15h we left the city, because she had to go shopping for "The Big Noise" on the following Friday with Tarek at Plus in Dudweiler and she had to pack and she said that one or two friends would come also to visit her for the last time that evening. She went with me to a central tram-station where we took the 12 after some waiting. At my place I left her in the bus.

August, 21st, 2004

The next day I picked them up with my car at their place at 6:45 to go to Bilbao. It was rainy.

We left their place at about 7:00 and on the way to Bilbao my car was pretty much washed. As we reached a parking slot at Rue Jeanne d'Arc in Bilbao it was still wet but not rainy anymore. So we headed for the city center. We saw one church from inside on the way to city center. Then she said that she had a human need. I asked her if it is urgent and she said no. We went to search for a toilette. We passed the station on both sides and went to see the cathedrale. On the way to go there Miha found that the tram was looking nice and she made a foto of it. We visited the cathedrale from inside there Miha made a little

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donation to get a candle which she enflamed and prayed a little prayer. I was deeply touched by her ability to believe in a higher Good. Perhaps she was praying for a safety return to Romania or for some people at home or her dog she admires very much. We went to the place before the city council where we made some fotos. Then we found a little shop with foto picture cards and toilettes. Miha bought some cards and both Miha an Tarek went to relieve themselves. But every other church we saw afterwards were closed inclusive the Basilica. We also found an orthodox church there but also that one was closed. We also saw a park and a zoo for free in there but the zoo wasn't very exciting. After making a lunch break at a Quick. It began slowly to rain and and we went into a shopping mall where Miha bought a lovely, sitting elephant who's holding a heart with the writing "Love" and some aftershave for her boy-friend. Because she was afraid that the pullover, she bought for him at an earlier date, wouldn't fit him and then she wouldn't have something for him. But these fears were without reason, she told me later, because the pulli fits him, if he likes his presents, well. time will tell. As we wanted to go out of a shopping mall it was heavily raining. So we stayed and waited. After some time we decided that we could sit down anywhere and drink something but everything was packed, so we made the decision to go back to the car and head home.

At the car Tarek wanted to make a little break before leaving because the rain had stopped, so we began to eat some biscuits and drinking some Pepsi. Miha saw a park at the end of the road and we decided to go there and have look at it. But as we headed there it began another time to rain. So we only went to a small open place with a roof where orchestras can sit and play outside and we did our break while talking about everthing and nothing.

At the return trip Tarek was falling asleep allthough he had drank some coffee at the start of the return trip, when I was driving through the city. Also Miha was shortly falling asleep allthough she said to me minutes before that she wasn't sleepy or tired. I saw it in the mirror and I felt very good at that moment because for me it was a sign that my driving was o.k. and also a sign of deep trust in me that nothing would happen. Because nobody who's afraid of something can close his eyes and relax like that.

But I woke them up, because someone used his horn and I reacted to it.

Back at their home I helped Miha with some minor stuff, like reminding her to take her vitamines. She showed me some Romaninan money and gave me a purse full of euro-cent coins. I gave her the latest version of "Pentru Miha" in this version I had typed in the dates we had agreed on in San Sebastian, my IdentityCardNo. and the plead that she should reserve the place on the bus for my trip for me.

At about 22h we ate and talked I played some titles of the CDs I brought with me. We had a lot of fun. At 0:00 h Miha went showering after about 1 and a half hours she came back, and said that she had already closed her cases without our help. I could smell the smell of the shower gel she had used.

Although she had said all the time before that she would need our help to close her cases and she had made jokes about it. Now she was pretty much ready to leave.

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August, 22nd, 2004

Afterwards we talked and a friend of Tarek came by who is working in the local hospital in Bordeaux. We talked about how to get Miha's luggage to Rue de la Gare. They discovered that there was only the 19 that was going in time, but not going to Rue de la Gare. So we decided that I would load 4 cases in my car, go with Miha to Ronnstraße. Then I would unload the cases and leave her there to pick up Tarek at 7:00 at the city council to bring him with his case also to Rue de la Gare. Miha meant that her father would kill her if he would know what we were doing. I answered her that I would kill her personally if she would say a word to him. Her answer was, so I would be killed anyway. I answered that she should say to him if he asks, that she had called a taxi for it.

Shortly before she was about to leave Miha and I became a little bit sick. She went frequently to the toilette. I made a joke by saying that I was feeling like a girl having her period. We laughed and Miha answered that she wants us to have an ovulation.

At 5:30 we packed the 4 cases plus her hand luggage into my car. We only left out one case which Tarek had to bring by bus to the City Council, where I would pick him up to bring him also to Rue de la Gare, where I had brought Miha before. After packing my car we went up to her room, to have a look if she hadn't forgotten anything. There she gave me and Tarek each a glass of olives, that she had bought as present for home but couldn't take with her. She also gave me my package of Chips back that I had brought with me because it was a left over from the Thursday before and I knew that she liked it. She also gave me also an open package of turkish honey. At about 5:45 we sat down again at Tarek's room without much talking.

At 6:10 I gave Miha a 10min warning and she said that she would go 5 min before leaving to the toilette for the last time.

6:15 I gave her the 5 min signal and she left for the toilette.

6:20 We left and I dropped some coffee on Tarek's floor while leaving his room. On the way to Rue de la Gare I and Miha talked about if Tarek would make it to the bus.

We arrived at Rue de la Gare at about 6:30. I said to her not to move and to let me unpack the cases from the car.

At about 6:40 I said to her: "I leave you now to pick up Tarek. I'll be back." She assured me that she would be o.k without me because there were already other people waiting. As I left her she helped me to get out of the parking-slot by waving. I left her because I wanted to be in time at City Council.

I waited at City Council for about 15 mins. During these minutes I already had to fight for the first times with my tears.

At 6:55 Tarek came and we headed back to Rue de la Gare. At about 7 we were at Rue de la Gare. There was nothing to see from the drivers, so we were in time. Miha was smiling as she saw my car again. We talked some minor stuff, then the drivers came and Miha slowly began to check her luggage (ca. 120kg in all) in. She also saw a young woman she knew already, so she had someone to talk to during the travel. This fact made her happy because she first thought that there would be a baby on board and she thought that it would be boring and nothing with sleep because of the baby.

Then she asked if someone of the drivers spoke English or French because of my trip and the answer was that I should try it.

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One piece of her hand luggage went also down to the cases because there was no place in the bus, where the seats are. In this back-bag were some bottles of Romanian wine. She put that bag herself on top of the other luggage. She later told me that they arrived safely in Timisoara.

Then it was time to say good bye and I had already big difficulties to hold back my tears.

She said that Tarek and I would have a friend in Romania and she said that now they would kiss each other for good bye. So we kissed each other and she went into the bus. She waved as the doors shuted with this "magic" smile on her face. Then I lost control over my tears and Tarek said to me that I should calm down and that I am really a friend. Then the bus went off and she waved I tried to wave back but the tears were already running over my cheeks. I went with Tarek to my car and left also. Shortly before the bus was leaving the parking at Rue de la Gare, it stopped and I stopped also.

I saw her waving and Tarek waved back. I couldn't because I had to fight with my emotions and tears.

Back at Tarek I cried for nearly 2 hours. I left him at about 10h and headed home to my place and after an hour looking at Romanian TV and crying, I slept for two hours. After I woke up I looked at my mobile. I recognized that she had wrote me a SMS that had reached me in the middle of my sleep. I wrote back that I had slept for 2hrs and that I'll miss her. I don't know if this SMS reached her.

8. 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 weep in some peoples mind. You have to stand strong.

"Men don't weep!" they say.

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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 something, 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 through 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.

"If everything goes as it is supposed to go, I have to leave in a week's time." I stroked his cheek and tried to calm him a bit although I knew that this day in a week's 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 in 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.

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"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."

"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.

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"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.

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 wantit to happen, because it causes you to blush and it feels as if you 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 wrpped 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 in 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."

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“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.

“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 ver 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?”

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"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 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 chack 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 wheeping. 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 this strnage moves from time to time, which indicated that he was close to wheep. His eyes were filled with tears already.

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.

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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?"

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 leting off a bit.

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

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“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.”

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 citchen.

“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?”

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"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 hte art hardware at that time.

"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."