

Alice Mare - Pastas

Von Paperstar

Kapitel 2: Chelsy

Once upon a time, there was a young girl named Chelsy. She lived together with her mother, who was unfortunately very ill, in a village near the forest. Her father was out very often, so she didn't see him that much. Chelsy had a grandmother who was a medicine maker. She made medicine for the mother. But the little girl was determined to help her mother by herself and tried to learn everything from her grandmother to help her mother.

So Chelsy learnt from her grandmother, cared for her mother and cared for herself.

One day, her mother asked Chelsy to bring a cake to her grandmother. "To show our gratitude to grandma", she said.

The little girl agreed naturally. She put on the red dress her grandmother loved so much and her red cape.

When she stepped outside, the birds chirped and the sun shined. It was a pleasant day. Passing by their field, Chelsy thought of what her mother told her. She should stay on her way and not get distracted. Since she had to go through the forest, it could be dangerous. But when she passed by a flower field in the forest, Chelsy could not resist. "Grandma would love these flowers. They are so beautiful. And I'll make it quick." So the little girl started to pick flowers and put them into her basket. And she picked more. And more.

Suddenly, she heard someone approaching. A man walked on the path through the forest. He seemed slightly confused. When looked up, he saw Chelsy and asked: "Young Lady, I'm searching for my way to the medicine maker who lives around this area. Do you, eventually, know how to get there?"

Chelsy was sure he talked about her grandmother. She nodded. "I'm also on my way there. We could go together." She smiled friendly. The stranger smiled back. "That would be lovely", he answered. The girl found her way out of the flower field and walked to the man.

"Then let's go." He offered her a hand. Chelsy hesitated. She did not hold hands with people very often. Especially not with people she just met.

"Well, you don't have to, if you don't want to." His hand sank.

"No, I didn't mean..." she grabbed his hand. "I don't mind!"

It was a new feeling. "Would it feel like this when I held hands with father?", she asked herself and shook her head to forget this depressing thought.

"Let's go", she said.

It was no long way to her grandmother's house. After they left the forest, the two faced a bridge that was build to get past the river.

"Thank god, this bridge is here", the man said. "Yeah, I don't know how else we would

get to the other side", Chelsy agreed. The stranger smiled. "Oh, that reminds me of a riddle! Wanna solve it?"

"Uh! Sure!"

"Ok, it goes like this : You have a sheep, a wolf and lettuce. You have to bring all three on the other side of the river, but you only have a boat that is big enough for you and another person. If you leave the sheep and the wolf, the sheep will get eaten. If you leave the sheep and the lettuce together, the lettuce will get eaten. What is the least number of times you need to get all three on the other side?"

"Um..", Chelsy thought about it. She stopped on the middle of the bridge to solve the riddle. After a time, she answered: "I think... seven. Right?"

The man smiled. "Right. You're pretty smart, young lady."

Chelsy smiled, too, as she heard his praise. "Thank you."

They started to walk on. The girl wanted to ask him why he needed to see her grandmother. Obviously, he needed some medicine, it she was curious why. He seemed healthy, from what she could see. Well, it was not much, since he wore a rather big cloak, that hid his face partly. But still, he seemed well.

After a short time, they arrived at the grandmothers house. They passed the plants that grandmother cared for very much. They were the herbs for the medicine. And they were very easy to break. That's why no one was allowed to touch them except for Chelsy and her grandmother.

"Finally here", Chelsy announced to her companion. She knocked at the door and opened it. It wasn't locked.

"Hello grandma!" she greeted the woman in the bed cheerfully.

"Oh my, hello Chelsy, what are you doing here?", her grandmother responded smiling.

"I brought you some cake, with greetings from mother", she pointed at her basket.

"Are you alright?" the girl added as she watched the elderly woman sit up in her bed.

"Yes, my dear, I'm just tired. You know, I'm old." She laughed.

"Oh grandma, even when you are old, you can still be full of energy." Chelsy smiled.

"Oh, I nearly forgot", she said as she remembered the person next to her, "Here is someone who wants to talk to you" She pointed at the man.

"Oh really?" grandmother asked. "Please tell me how I can be of your help. Oh, and Chelsy, I made your mothers new medicine. It's in the back, you can take it with you now."

Chelsy heard the the stranger and her grandmother talk, as she walked to the room next door to get the medicine. Her grandmothers kitchen was used to make any kind of medicine. It was full of herbs and other stuff, Chelsy still had to learn the names of. The small girl found the bottle of medicine on a table that was full of recipes. She went through them as she heard a scream.

"What was that?", she thought as she turned to the door. It was loud on the other side. Chelsy swallowed and took some steps forward. She stretched out her trembling hand to open the door.

Finally, she turned the door knob and opened it a tiny bit. She looked through the small opening and... saw nothing but red. Her hand slipped and the door swung open. Now, the girl could see everything. The man, no she couldn't say man anymore, now he was a wolf, stand next to the bed. Her grandmother was supposed to sit in there, but instead, Chelsy only saw red. Red everywhere.

The wolf had some medicine stuffed in the pockets of his cloak. He stared at her. She knew that if she would not run now, he would get her. So her legs started to move and she headed towards the entrance. The wolf followed her. She somehow managed

to get out, but only until the wolf grabbed her arm. She screamed. She has never screamed that loud. As she escaped from his grip, the girl's view landed on something. "I have no other choice", she thought. She grabbed the axe. It was too heavy for her, but she still managed to hold it. Stumbling back and forth, she fell against the house's door and landed, again, in the interior of the house.

The wolf stared at her with mad eyes and took a step forward. Chelsy panicked and slipped further into the house.

"I have to", she thought. "It's him or me"

Tears were rolling down her cheeks, she was never so frightened. The wolf was directly in front of her and leaned forward to grab her. She squealed and took the axe. Even though it was heavy, she managed to pick it up and heaved it above her head. Finally, she let it fall down on the wolf. One time. A second time. A third time. Until she was sure the wolf wouldn't wake up anymore. Never again.

As she looked up, she saw a silhouette of someone. The girl knew exactly who it was. With widely opened eyes, her father stared at the bloody place. Everything was red. Including Chelsy.

"Why? Why now?", she asked herself. "Why does he have to appear now?" She started to cry again.

Her father approached her, hesitantly, and stretched out his hand to support her. But Chelsy just panicked even more.

"Don't look at me. Don't touch me." she whispered loudly.

She wasn't able to look him into the eyes anymore. Couldn't touch him or be touched by anybody. Not after all this.

Clumsily, the girl stood up and ran. She ran past her father, out of the red place to the forest, far away, but she couldn't escape her own red. Never.

The girl walked next to the trees. She sighed. Suddenly, she noticed a man who observed her. She tried not to look at him so maybe he will lose his interest. But he didn't. Instead, the man walked to her and talked with her. He asked if she was alone. She nodded. He asked if she had anywhere to go. She thought about it. And shook her head. The man smiled. He asked her if she would come with him, to a certain facility for special children like her. She looked at him, curious. Special? He added that there was already another girl, so she wouldn't be lonely. Chelsy thought about it and finally nodded. The man smiled brightly. He offered her his hand. She stared at it in panic. He let it sink.

"And what is your name?", he changed the topic.

"Chelsy."

"Nice to meet you, Chelsy. You can call me Teacher."