

Call of Duty - One Shot Collection

things no one likes to talk about

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 3: I had an awesome day!

It was a long and tough day, but Alison was still awake and very excited, when she got home.

The door closed behind her, she put shoes and jacket away and went into the living room. Dave was sitting on the floor, a pencil in his hand, paper on the table. He was drawing something and barely realized, his big sister was back home.

She took a look at her boyfriend. John was sitting on the couch, one foot buried under the other leg. In his hand a dish of ice cream. The spoon was still in the other hand, right on the way to his mouth. It also was already opened, but John's eyes fixed the flat screen in front of him so fascinated, the spoon was unable to find his way to the tongue.

"I... am back home.", Alison mentioned and watched her boys. "Hi, Ali!", Dave looked up shortly, smiled and looked to his sheet again. John also looked up. "Hey, Hun."

Alison raised her brow and she came a little closer. "That's all, guys?"

But now she was able to see, what was forcing her boyfriend to take such a close look at the screen. Football.

John was such an amazing soldier. He even received the three highest decorations available to British Commonwealth military personnel. But shit got serious, when 22nd people start running behind a ball.

Alison sighed and sat down, next to him. He still hadn't reached his mouth with the spoon, so she decided, to take it. When she just started to enjoy it, John suddenly jumped up and shouted out loud. "Oh c'mon buggers! Can't be too difficult!"

Both Dave and Alison looked up at him, some kind of fear in their eyes. "What the fuck was that?", Dave asked and earned a slap on his head from Alison. "Don't talk like that.", she told him.

The boy rubbed his head and pouted.

Right after that, John sat down and grumbled something Alison wasn't able to understand.

"I had an awesome day, John! Such an epic story as well!", the woman suddenly started.

His eyes still on the TV, John only gave her an "Uh-huh."

"John! Seriously! I always listen to your war stories, so please, listens just for once!"

Not that he was never listening, Alison never talked about work.

She always was afraid of being boring to him. And he also never asked.

He was handsome, had an amazing job, was gentle, kind and polite, but even he had

his flaws.

So, even he was interested, he always forgot to ask and sometimes he just pretended to listen. After all he still was human and not any super hero.

But he got that she sounded annoyed in some way, so he -with a broken heart- turn off the TV and turned towards her, while he was reaching for the spoon to continue eating his ice cream. "I'm all your's, Darling.", he promised with his deep voice. Listening to him, rolling the letter 'r', made her smile and she was about to forgive him, but it couldn't always be that easy.

So she tried to be serious again.

"You remember that huge fire last week? I talked to a woman, who did an amazing job in case of that. It's a super story I can use for our *Everyday Heros* series."

John nodded, his mouth full of sweet ice. And even Dave was looking up to his sister by then.

He stopped drawing and climbed up to them. Between them, exactly, starring at John's ice cream.

Without a word, the older one handed him the spoon and gave him that dish with the rest of his dessert.

"Continue, Honey."

"Okay. Well.. Just let me tell you, how she told the story to me."

*It was about noon. I was walking around, came from shopping and just wanted to get back home, to try out some new shoes I bought. *adores**

Anyway, the street was nearly empty.. well, of course there are just a few people in 24 hours anyway. This area people don't want to be seen in. They always say, poverty rules here and we all know what people think about that.

*Anyway, when I nearly reach the end of the street, I heard that woman scream. She was crying and running out of the door, of the building which already was smoking. "Help me! Please do something!", she shouted and I looked up to finally realize what had happened. I quickly put down the bag with my new shoes and looked for my phone, which was buried in my handbag. I was cursing this damn thing. *laughs**

When I finally found it, the first little flame was already be seen. He quickly called the fire department and looked to that woman again. She still was crying but throwing a thousand "Thank you."s into my direction. "You're the only one who has been in there?" Then she suddenly started to cry again, even harder than before. "My baby girl! My poor little baby girl!" She sobbed and I couldn't get, why she didn't take her baby with here, when there was just smoke.

I looked down at her and felt the anger rise when I took the keys from her shaking hand and ran into the house. The third floor wasn't a problem to reach, but because of the pressure the fire caused, the door was hard to open. The keys weren't needed. Of course not.

When I came in, the sight was already that bad, I wasn't able to see two feet in front of me and it was scratching my lungs and throat. I put my scarf in front of my nose and mouth and already thought about that baby had died. It was impossible that this little body would have survived that intoxication for long. But it might have been a cold comfort for her mom to bury a body and not just ashes, so I continued searching.

I bashed every door open, I was able to and finally reached the child's bedroom.

The heat and smoke were burning my eyes and I really had to fight unconsciousness. I looked down at the little body and almost cried. There was no sign of life. No screaming, no movement. But I still took it, wrapped it into my jacket and wanted to leave the house

as quickly as I could. Unfortunately the fire had been faster and the door which would have let me get outside was still already taken by flames. There was no way but the windows. In my desperation and fear of dying in there, I started crying. I looked at the little body in my jacket and cried even harder. Slowly I made my way to the living room windows, which were on the street side, when my body seemed to give up. I caught and cried and caught again and again, while I was sitting beyond the window, too weak, to stand up. The flames already surrounding us.

But then.. Suddenly there was a voice. No. No fireman. That baby. It suddenly began to scream. I widened my eyes and looked at it.

*So.. I thought, if this baby's got enough power and trust in me to save it, I had to do the same thing. I forced myself to get up on my feet, looking at my shoes and imagining my new ones down on the street. *laughs**

I was just thinking about what was worth to live for. Not just these shoes, but this little life in my arms, too. And when I finally reached the window, I saw something. Looked like a body and I heard the window crashed open.

When a man's voice reached my ear, I finally closed my eyes and landed softly into this man's arms.

I also remember fresh air. The baby's screams and my tears. The fireman said something to me, which I don't remember, but I remember, that I smiled.

John and Dave looked to Alison, who had a very proud smile on her face.

"This is just great, isn't it?", she asked in excitement.

"Sure it is.", John confirmed and smiled, too.

People might think, she wasn't the right for him. Too soft, looking too young and more like girl, than a woman, but to be honest, she was exactly, what he desired. And she had her *adultsides* as well.

Putting own hand on her chin, he leaned forward to kiss her gently. Dave just released an "Ewww."

John let go of her and smiled, that her cheeks blushed.

"Thank you for being my hero.", he said, catching a confused look.

"You just save me from insanity... Everyday."