

First encounter

Von mitch

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She turned on her back. Above her in the bright blue sky some small white clouds could be seen. Oh my, autumn will come soon. It was already September, but the summer had come late and it was astonishingly warm for this time of the year. She slowly floated on the water and looked at the sky.

This was the far end of the lake and she was alone. She closed her eyes and listened to her peaceful surroundings. There was the rustling of the trees around her, some children watched over by their parents were playing and splashing near the shore on the other end and in the back some cars from the nearby motorway could be heard. Beautiful. Life was good and she was utterly content with it.

She relaxed in the warm water for nearly ten minutes when she was disturbed by loud shrieking, splashing and laughing from the far side of the lake. A group of kids had embarked on the small rowing boat and was coming in her general direction. Well, it's been too long anyway, I'll get wrinkled all over, she thought and decided to swim back to the shore.

/** "Ce matin la" -- Air **/

FIRST
ENCOUNTER

A break at the lake

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She reached the shore and got out of the water. Not on the part of the lake with the sandy beach where most of the people had put down their towels and were sunbathing, no, she preferred a more secluded area on the steeper sides of the lake behind some bushes. Not that she disliked to be among other people, as she already had to deal with them at the office all day and she came here to relax after work, after all. Besides that, she always got a little embarrassed when she could feel everybody staring on her body when she left the water. Most times she wore her blue tinted swimsuit and she was said to be "beautiful as a goddess". Add some men in their healthiest years to that and you get the deal.

So she climbed up the bank and sat on her bathing towel. After swimming for nearly an hour, she was a bit exhausted and wanted to dry in the sun before going home. Riding a bike in wet clothes is not good for your health and changing right here was out of the question. The bushes weren't THAT dense. So she laid down in the sun, feeling the warmth of its rays on her body and closed her eyes, drifting off in thoughts. A cool breeze came over from the lake.

Hmmm, the lake. Be the gods blessed that she had found it on one of her field service trips. It was about 200 meters long and 40 meters wide, not very large but anything from crowded. It was surrounded by bushes and trees while the sandy eastern shore made something like a small beach. In a tall tree, a rope was hanging close to the waterside, to be used as a swing by the local kids. Great fun, swinging and then jumping from four meters height straight into the lake, doing all kinds of tricks.

She liked to come to this lake after busy days at the office. She had found a convenient place to drop off after work in the village nearby and from there she took a bike and rode the four kilometers over to the lake. Here she could just sit down and forget whatever worries she had. It was a private place for her, as she had not told any of her sisters about where she was going those sunny afternoons. (And private it was indeed, as the lake was in private property and only local people who where on good terms with the owners were admitted. Getting hands on official keys for the big gate on the road to the lake had been a bit of a hassle, but after all, you just need the right connections.)

Her thoughts wandered further off. Would he come today, too? Could it be she was waiting for him? If so: why? Wasn't she coming here NOT to think about other people? Wasn't she doing that at the office all day? She found no answer to that. But if her assumptions were right, this would be the last time she could see him this year. He

looked like a student to her and the semester would start next week, so he'd probably be too busy coming here.

She caught herself again musing over him. She'd come here to forget work and be alone for some time. She never bothered to watch the people around the lake, neither the playing children, their parents nor young couples that were enjoying the sun and each other. Even so he had caught her eye the first time she'd seen him around. She did not know why, he was just dozing off, leant against one of the big trees. That first afternoon she caught herself peeking over to him more than once, not knowing why.

After this encounter, she saw him again several times and started watching him from afar, never too obvious. Not once did she walk over or speak to him. This silent admiration was enough for her as she still could not understand why she was interested in him. On her recent visits she might have been looking forward more to him than to the lake and always was a little disappointed when he has not been there.

So what did she know about him? He would come one or two times a week, always late in the afternoon. Swimming didn't seem to be his dearest interest, he mostly sat by one of the big trees, reading some book or dozing off in the sun. He always had a small bento with him. But if he has a girlfriend, why does he always come alone? she wondered. From what she had seen of the books, he had to be interested in technical stuff and engineering.

A sound from the road behind her put her out of her thoughts. It was the distinct sound of a special machine. That would be him. He always came on his motorbike. She heard him stop to open the gate and ride on to the field next to the lake where a car and some bicycles (hers too) were already standing.

Three minutes later she could see him. He had already changed out of his driving clothes and made himself comfortable under a tree on the opposite side of the lake. He sat down and looked at the lake, the bushes and the trees. He scanned his surroundings, taking in all the imagery of this quiet place. After about ten minutes, he took out his bento and started to eat, still looking around. She noticed that he did not have any books with him this time. No book. Guess I was right, it's his last time this year. Somehow she was a bit sad.

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Half an hour later it was time for her to go. He was now lying in the shades, looking asleep. She packed her things, put on her sandals and

walked over to the field to get her bike. When she stopped to open the gate, she turned around and shyly waved a goodbye to him. She mounted the bike and off she was. I wonder what I should cook tonight? My sisters will be waiting.

On her way over to the village she started to sing. Not some slow and sad tune, but a happy, upbeat song. The sun was about to set in about an hour and the shades were getting longer, but the air was still warm. She did not know why, but she was feeling good. She had the definite feeling that they would meet again soon.

THE END

/** "Playboy, Playgirl" -- Pizzicato Five **/

Belldandy created by FUJISHIMA Kosuke.
Keiichi created by FUJISHIMA Kosuke, too.
This story 2004 by Christian Garbs <mitch@cgarbs.de>.

The lake is called Muellersee and really exists at 9°57'11"E 52°23'20"N. I've spent some really good times there some years ago. Those summers were the best.

The original idea for this emerged one of the lonely 3-hour ways back home from my corporate headquarters while listening to "What it feels like for a girl" by Madonna. During that time, I was re-reading the complete Undocumented Features saga (again!) and was just in this "damn, I have to try writing fanfics, too" kind of mood. This time, I've done it for real.
(more author's babble removed -- we wouldn't want the notes to get bigger than the story, would we?)

Counsel, advice, suggestions and proofreading by THE CREW.
Check out #ant on EUIRC.

This is my first fanfiction, so please do send comments.
You can reach me at <mitch@cgarbs.de>

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Thanks for reading!

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