

*Merry
Christmas*

A dream



ROTTENSTEINER

A DREAM

CHRISTMAS STORY N° 3 BY HANNES ROTTENSTEINER

It was just before Christmas, sometime around 1850. I still had some errands to run in town. So shortly after sunrise, I grabbed my coat, gloves, felt hat and cane and headed out. I've always loved the wintertime. When nature is hidden under a thick blanket of snow, silence descends, and the crunch of boots in the snow is the only sound when walking through the forest. The way from the village to the city was long, but I was happy to take it. The town, usually so bustling, was now quiet as well, with the warm lights behind the ice-covered window panes. Suddenly feeling tired, I wrapped myself tightly in my coat and sat down in a corner.

I must have fallen asleep, I must have been dreaming, I can't explain it any other way. I was in the same city, but it had changed. Everywhere it was blinking and banging, people were running through the area, jostling each other. And again and again I heard the one word: "Christmas stress". Suddenly I was in an apartment. Parents were racing each other, throwing all sorts of kitsch at a plastic tree, arguing about the correct dose of small lamps on it. Red-nosed reindeer and running Rudolfs roared from a box, while the kids turned up the volume on a flicker box showing some trolls in colorful pointed hats. At dinner, things really got going, because the kids didn't sit still, even though they were supposed to, and finally everyone rushed back to the plastic tree, where the kids quickly opened all kinds of packages, threw all kinds of toys into a corner, before the whole family gathered in front of the flicker box. In the meantime, salmon sandwiches were piled up on the table, and the mother told a little box in her ear about the successful Christmas party, until the children thought she should be quiet, since they didn't understand Little Lord.

Finally, I woke up again. I took my bundle, the stick and walked home through the forest. When I arrived, the baked apples were already on the fire, the children were hanging apples on a small fir tree that I had cut days before. It had begun to snow again. I sat down by the crackling fire, lit my pipe and enjoyed this Christmas atmosphere, whose peace was broken only by the quiet singing of the children: "Silent night, holy night!"

At this contemplative time of year,
we wish you a little peace and
quiet. Hopefully you can enjoy the
days with your family and
recharge for a great New Year.

Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year!

Warmly
Family Rottensteiner

