

The Last Unicorn

Von abgemeldet

Prolog:

..."I'm alive! I'm alive!"

I woke up frightened and bathed in sweat. Again this dream with the same sad song! What's the idea?! Why me of all people???

Distracted, as always, I stood up and went in the dark to the bathroom, to wash my face with wonderful cold water. I didn't need any light. I knew my house inside out.

After the cooling I felt better, the shaking eased and I just went shortly the few steps to the next room, to look, if my daughter was still sleeping, because sometimes she woke up when I stood up at night. I had the feeling anyway, that she had a very sensitive ear.

I opened the door quietly and sneaked to her bed - she was still sleeping and smiled. I passed my hand over her hair and kissed her forehead, and then I left the room as quiet as I came and closed the door behind me.

I lied down again in my bed, but I couldn't sleep anymore. Why was I haunted by this dream? Why?? And yet I couldn't remember anymore what that dream was about - I just could remember this song, which still haunted my mind... this deeply moving song...

I shook my head and dragged the bedcover to my chin. The air-conditioner worked well. I wanted to forget this song, but in an inexplicable way I couldn't. As if it has any important meaning to me, which my subconscious didn't want to give away. I had this dream a week before and he didn't want to leave me! I couldn't understand, why.

I tossed and turned restless in my big bed. It was no use! I couldn't sleep anymore! And it was only shortly after 1am, I had to get a good night's sleep! What should the patients think about a tired doctor?

"Damn it", I cursed loudly to myself and sat up in my bed. Outside the moon shone, and the cold light felt through my window. I hadn't pulled down my Venetian blinds and looked outside the silent night. Everything was so peaceful and quiet, as if there was nothing what could destroy this silence.

Suddenly I had to think of Jason again, and my heart contracted. Don't cry again! I took a deep breath and tried to stay calm. There were still times where I terribly missed the daddy of my daughter. I couldn't understand why it had to be him! He had been so young!

When he died, I wanted to give up everything - even my job. I'm a doctor, one of the best I guess - and I couldn't help him nevertheless! The reason why I hadn't given up my career had been my daughter. It was my wish, she will be fine every time of her life, and I with my 24 ages got a lot of money as doctor, which was good, because I had

to manage everything alone. I was glad, that the house was my own, so I had no commitments (except of water and electricity)...

After one hour, when I still couldn't sleep, I took my disc man and listened to Enya. Her music was good for sleep, what I found out later. Why didn't I have this idea earlier?? I thought, before I felt to sleep after the first song...