

The Forgotten Firefighter

On a late dark autumn afternoon:

It drives a small light blue car, a Skoda, through a secluded side street .. there diverted by the instant impulse of the driver, who could not endure the traffic jam on one of the inner city main roads.

There, however, she is prevented from passing by a dark, misshapen figure, who looks back to her in a strained posture in the other direction.

She lets her car roll out a few feet in front of him and then sees that it is a firefighter in his black uniform, with a yellow helmet and brown neck guard.

He stands there motionless - has not heard her approaching - is of something that he sees in the other direction, claimed and penetrated - and she is in the unpleasant situation, a firefighter, -:

an actually inviolable person - whose presence and movements in public space always and always have unconditional priority - to have to make a sound to be noticed.

What she does not bring then. Instead, she lets down her side window, sticks her head out, and asks him: *"Is the road blocked here?"*.

Whereupon the firefighter immediately turns around, takes note of her - running towards her and talking excitedly and breathlessly to her ... 'his emergency vehicle left without him a few seconds ago. - He was just over there at the intersection bent the corner and she absolutely must help him to catch up with him !! '

The woman is so surprised by the urgency of his address in motive and dramatic tone that she probably makes some small gesture with her hand, perhaps through which she wants to give

herself a short time to think ... or even simpler: a small barrier between this unconditional Pushing and laying down .. but which the firefighter understands as an invitation (- and it could be just as likely as that!) To run around her car, tearing open the other door and backwards - that's how heavy and clumsy he is in his stiff uniform! - let himself fall on her passenger seat .. and immediately also let down its side window .. - the head with the yellow helmet out in the air stretches and shouts to her: *"I still hear the siren very clearly and clearly .. he can only be a few hundred yards ahead of us. Get started and turn left at the crossroads to the left !!! ..*

And she drives off - and immediately realizes that she's getting into a deception, a dizziness ... - but not why she got so easily taken by surprise.

Even her window is still open, and she does not hear a siren within earshot. Rarely enough in this city anyway - but she thinks a fireman on the road every day in the immediate vicinity of a siren

would surely have much better trained sensors for it, - the other humans must remain incomprehensible.

But how should it be possible for a fire department vehicle - without the entire crew on board - to leave the station ?? ..

That had to be quite .. very unusual .. actually have unnatural reasons .. - and unnoticed by the colleagues in the vehicle it could not be! .. Which conclusion had to be drawn from this? .. or was the obvious of course, this exit without him had never taken place .. he invented them !!

However, she has a busy 10-hour day at the agency and is on her way home - and actually, she has just passed the time for a quick shower and for putting on an evening gown to celebrate her

brother's 2-year wedding anniversary, - which is also his son's 1st birthday - to attend.

Every minute she spends with this sure-fire firefighter - calling her from the air beyond the window in the best possible way direction changes at all intersections she encounters - keeps her from arriving in time at the restaurant where this celebration will take place.

And now she remembers a TV program that said that dangerous perpetrators are using this method to seek their victims: on the pretext of asking for help!

.. "But this man could not know who he was on this remote road! .. He may have deliberately set up with his back to the next approaching car !! ..

And the way he behaves, he obviously does not care at all for the sex of him chauffeuring him in the direction of this imaginary siren "!! ..

In this context, she has the crazy thought: all that and what is happening right now: first the need to follow a siren - and then every word that is said - and all of its equipment with a fire-fighter

uniform, by all appearances is quite outdated and has been second hand online from Czechoslovakia or Romania for cheap money shopped ..:

- .. All this may be part of a larger construction .. a kind of fetish .. that needs all these parts to create a magic that only becomes effective, even if not the smallest particle of it is missing .. And every second. In every minute of this aimless through-the-city driving, an arousal builds up in this man. .. - Seeks some triggering moment .. Anything she can not really imagine ... but she gets more and more curious ...-

And while she does nothing but bend or drive past the imaginary firefighter's cries at large and small intersections, she thinks she can hardly be the first to make that bizarre journey.

.. "Anyone who encounters something and who also let him in his car and undertakes such a nonsensical ride with him, will talk about it later .. it would be a hit on Facebook! .. photograph

him with the smartphone, .. like he hangs outside in the cool evening air in this shapeless black uniform - in which his figure almost splinters - and his head with its archaic yellow helmet ..

What a picture on Instagram !! "...

And as she's approaching a crossroads that turns red and has to stop, she thinks it's an ideal opportunity to do just that.

But then she realizes that her phone is in the black lap of this man. He picked it up from his seat - on which she habitually throws it when boarding - before getting caught.

If they, - which of course happens again and again - wait in front of red traffic lights, they do not change a word.

When it first occurred and stopped, she was almost expecting that he would ask her to cross the intersection, arguing that his helmet was a clear sign for the other motorists to give them the right of way.

"But he did not say anything. Did not do anything .. or pretended to be very focused not to lose the sounds of his siren's siren somewhere many kilometers ahead of them ".

The blue evening light - the last message of a natural brightness in the sky - has now disappeared .. And she does not know how long she has been traveling with this passenger. And where will all this lead to ..

Sure she knows only that there is no emergency vehicle ever catch up
or .. it comes to mind at the same moment !!:

"It is not excluded, yes, we meet in this completely random ride but suddenly on the site of a fire brigade train It burns in this big city almost always somewhere! ..

.. so it burns a house for example .. any 3rd floor, in which an open gas tap in connection with the ringing of a radio alarm clock has led to an explosion and the breaking out of a fire !! ..

.. And we accidentally get to this place where the fire brigade is currently in action! .. -

.. What will happen?? ..

.. If this man was really hot-blooded and determined enough to demand a stop there of their car and mix in his outdated Lithuanian uniform under the modern firefighters on the scene and pretend that he could be useful !! ..

.. such an absurd thought "!! ..

..

Or would he not be much sooner - as soon as a real fire came into sight .. you direct immediately elsewhere, not to reveal his false facade ?? ..

.. But all these were nothing but hypotheses .. - we encountered no real, before us flickering red and yellow fire .. and the siren he followed - in whose direction he let me drive .. remained the only one to reach was .. or, of course, never could be reached.

.. And then you remember something .. - to shorten the journey - .. Namely this alleged firefighter to say 'he should just call one of

his colleagues in his emergency vehicle by mobile phone and ask him where they are going' .. -

And she babbles this out, without worrying about the consequences that can cause.

..

But as soon as she has time to regret her words, the answer comes from the firefighter - who just turns her head a few inches and says: *"It is of course forbidden to all colleagues to take mobile phones or smartphones to the missions!"*

Now, before she offers him to call the Operations Center directly with her iPhone, she thinks about what this question will do to him ... and what he'll tell her - and keep it to herself ..

And remember what absolute nonsense triggers his presence and assertion in her, and what idiotic suggestions she is capable of making.

Strangely enough, she can not resist the utterly irrational and irrational temptation to consider this stray or fanatical man a real firefighter!! ..

And then, of course, wondering what had been the reason and trigger that he was - to slip into the role of a firefighter - no! .. To transform into one .. - because he never gives the impression to play a role !! .. that is not a game and not a role !! .. not for any spectators nor for himself !! ..

.. why he takes this absurd action and quasi-violent road users and force them to drive him criss-cross the city? ..

.. *"What could have only instigated him?"* ..

What was the pull that drove him behind this mission vehicle? Who could have called him that missionary place ... to that fire, or whatever it was - of which he could not have known - since it was only in his imagination played, draws? ..

.. *"Or does he just feel called when somewhere a fire station siren howls her alarming monotonous melody through the city ??"*

..

.. And then he suddenly tells her not to talk to him anymore !! .. *"I concentrate with all my might on not losing the connection to the siren of my colleagues over there! .. And everything you say can only have the effect of stopping me and making our whole trip pointless! "*..

.. where she of course immediately thinks, she could just call a few things to him .. just talk and talk! .. to bring about this condition .. and to get him to cancel this drive ..

.. *"and so escape him !!"* .. -

..

She fears, however, that this may be too much provocation, and he could respond aggressively to that. And, besides, there is still this not-nonsensical curiosity: what that would be, what that human being would accept as the goal and endpoint of their journey together.

.. And they've been driving through the city for so long now that she knows that they're hopelessly late to attend her brother's wedding anniversary celebration.

..

And then !! - .. She asks herself in all seriousness:

".. Is this ride actually an invitation to myself to bring about its end! .. with a statement .. a narration .. a proposition .. any reasoning .. which allows him as well as I to go apart without losing face !! .. - because he himself does not seem that have at least a clue of where it all leads !!" ..

..

This thought immediately puts them under pressure to find an answer that would hurt neither him nor her - nor ever could it ..

.. And how this suggestion of her could look .. would have .. to satisfy him somehow .. not to challenge another argument! ..

But then appears !! - a completely fantastic idea in front of her eyes:

"This man next to me is from a different time !! - .. he is from some past !! ..

.. Maybe he was really a firefighter .. 10 or 20 years ago .. There in Lithuania or Bulgaria !! .. And what he has on is his real and real uniform .. - which he wore there during his missions !! ..

.. Maybe he had actually been fired at this time, because he was really late in a mission there !!

.. And that has brought such a huge trauma in him, that he has since fallen into the madness again and again, to put on his old uniform and to stop anyone and to make his mistake to make up for then .. to get rid of his guilt!" ..

.. But how blinded did you have to be to not realize that everything around him has changed ?? ..

The event to which he referred was also happening in a completely different city !! ..

All this did not interest him !! .. He was only interested in the siren he did not get out of his head !! ..

.. And again she comes back to a previous thought: How many times has he already done his 'time travel'? .. what did he experience? ..

or: it can only have been pure failures - otherwise he would have found the redemption, which he condemned again and again to condemn ..

.. "And: - very important !! .. Where is he in the times between his rides !! .. And when and why, and how often does he feel called by some sudden impulse to slip into his old uniform and stand in the middle of a street ?! "

.. And here she suddenly notices that his uniform looks completely outdated ..: But not he himself!! ..

.. Also an additional mystery !! ..

.. Actually, it brought her previous theory into wavering ..

.. Or: .. if she had to adapt her there .. the implication would be ...: the time would have passed him without being able to touch him ..
He was so quasi at the time of the then occurred catastrophe in its present appearance also preserved ..

..
An absurd fantasy of course !! .. But she does not have another ..
.. *"next to how many drivers and car drivers he had already sat .. And how long? .. And how did he leave their cars then sometime .. Had they forced him .. somehow ?? ..*

..
No one who ever promoted him could contribute the least to the solution of his private and highly personal problem !! "

..
But at the same time this question cast doubt on exactly what she had just intended as a statement !! ..

After all, someday one could find someone who provides a reaction .. an action that rips him out of his repetition compulsion !! ..

.. Someone who had an answer .. a medicine for the disease that condemned him to do these pointless trips over and over again !! ..

..
And she wonders what has happened so unforgivable during this missed mission ..

.. *"All firefighters have free days every week .. have holidays for a few weeks of the year .. have downtime during illness ..*

Also on all these days, her colleagues go out to missions where they can not attend ..

.. *This can not always be the cause of such a tremendous despair, which condemns the person concerned to appear time and again in a present over and over again from which he has long since disappeared!"*

..
.. And these thoughts lead them to the supposition, the emergency in question .. in which he had to be present in such unconditional desire, or should have been present! .. but from a tiny oversight .. a ten-second delay maybe just ..- .. was NOT present !! .. was involved as a victim someone he knew !!

.. *"a relative .. a mistress .. such a thing comes to mind immediately ..*

.. The more comprehensible is then the absolute necessity that drives him .. drives .. - .. sends him into times and futures, which otherwise are otherwise quite unattainable ..

.. *As if he imagined his arrival at the scene of the accident, would have accomplished some miracle of salvation to which none of his colleagues of that time had been able ..*

And so he in this disaster - where he could not be present! - suffered this particular huge loss and shock !! ..

.. And he does not care about the fact and truth that this misfortune has happened once and for all and can not be retroactively changed by any intervention from the future. - ..

.. even if in the cinema just such a story is often told ..

.. And still .. nevertheless sits there this person in this very present moment quite concretely beside me and wants to be brought somewhere !! "..

.. to a place that definitely does not exist anymore !! .. following a siren that threw its notes over the city many years ago ..

.. This again a question that she could actually ask anyone as their co-driver .. or could not put him again exactly! ..

And not because he forbade her to speak to him, because his hearing would be compromised.

.. "Simply because the hope of receiving some enlightening .. or satisfying answer from this human being is ZERO!" ..

..

.. And what else would she say to her brother if she arrived hours later at the site of his unique celebration? ..

Would anyone believe that when she described what she was experiencing? ..

..

"I could make a game of it and ask everyone seated at my table what they would have done in my place" ..

..

But unfortunately she was still far from it! -

.. She has to free herself first from this firefighter ..-

.. And she knows that from his point of view she must do him a cruelty,

.. because she takes him the vehicle in which he sits and can believe that he can still reach his colleagues in the fire engine and this disaster.

.. This person has made her a fellow player in his personal drama - or the invention of a drama !! - and she gave herself for it without resisting .. And voluntarily ..- Willingly! .. as if she was in the right place !! ..

- .. perhaps felt closer to all the distant tragedies and love stories that she witnessed on television or in the theater.

.. - What happened to her right now took place on a level she had never before entered ... and she was seduced by the idea that she was drifting towards a finale of exploding colors and emotions.

..

.. "- hopeless .. hopeless kitsch !! .. like every wonder that comes as desire and dream in humans .. and this stray fireman next to me has triggered it !! "..

.. had filled her with hopes !! .. with illusions, how they could not be more ridiculous !! ..

.. And actually she takes it a little bit sickly that he had not designed his production with a little more content and dramaturgy before he went public with it ..

- although of course it's completely clear that he would never think of making an opera out of his obsession.

..

.. But one thought did not let go: Why this man did not want to draw conclusions from his constant failures .. Or could .. And these trips stopped ?? ..

Certainly he behaved as hopeful and focused on his goal in each of these ventures as in the very first! ..

.. *".. he just does not have the slightest chance to change his behavior !! ... Everything he does, he does, because absolutely nothing else can be done" ..*

.. But the night was still long .. And she can not drive him for hours and hours through the city !! ..

.. It occurs to her that could slowing down and claiming that the gas has run out ..

.. but she is afraid that he will listen to the lie and look at her with a look that tells her that ..

..

The next idea is to steer her little blue car against some roadside obstacle .. to do a small sheet metal damage .. and tell him she has to call the police now to have the accident recorded .. because of the insurance ..

.. sure he would then leave her car ..

.. but to do what? ..

.. He would be back on the road .. as an obstacle to the next car that came by accident at this time !! ..

.. But now it was dark .. We are in a barely illuminated outer district of the city ..

.. This next car would see him too late in his black uniform .. And just run him over !! ..

.. And besides, she would really have the problem with the damaged car and would have to call the police to have any chance to get the damage replaced by the insurance.

.. And what would she say to the police then, why she suddenly turned off at this quite straight street and drove against the concrete bollard? .. Was she maybe distracted by someone ?? ..

..

.. And when you this whole thing seems completely hopeless, it comes to an argument against the onward journey, which immediately convinced her completely, and of which she is spontaneously so convinced that she immediately blurting out with it:

"This siren, which we follow behind all the time, can not be your colleagues car anymore! .. In a big city like this are still any sirens of emergency vehicles not only the fire department .. Also the police and the emergency doctors on the way !! .. And probably the siren sound, which you believe to follow the whole time very often crossed with the others !! ..

.. and we just always followed the one who was loudest out there

..

.. And we have completely forgotten that these sirens are turned off when the mission goal is reached !! ..

And whenever that's exactly what happened, because of your extraordinary hearing, you have already noticed a new siren somewhere else and we followed it !! ..

.. In this way, we have certainly followed at least 10 different sirens across the city in the opposite directions !! .. and still thinking to follow your own mission car !! ..

.. Most likely, their mission is long done and gone, and your colleagues have already returned to the station .. !! "

..

.. 'The fact that he came too late to use, can not be changed with the best will

.. There is nothing left for him but to face this fact and to return to his own station. '

She also says' that she would like to take him there, but she is a little bit desperate that the family celebration she's been waiting for is over before she can get there and if she's going to get him now drive the other side of the city, that will happen for sure. '

.. And since there is still no argument from the head outside the window, - continue:

.. 'And so he could do her a huge favor by taking a taxi back to his station! .. I just let you out at the next taxi stand .. Speaking of her there, that he maybe also no money in his uniform here ..

.. Would give him therefore like 40 €, which would have to be sufficient for the trip home safely .. and asked him very much to accept that as a gift !! .. That is unfortunately still the least, with which she could help him! '..

..

.. Contrary to their expectation, there is still no answer from the man at their side .. Unmoved and unmoved he keeps his head out of the window ..

And some time passes before she notices that there are no more instructions from where she has to go ..

..

And she just drives straight on across all intersections and hopes that soon a taxi rank can be seen.

..

.. And again the question comes to her, whether what she had just said, another driver had said so similar to him to get rid of him .. And if he has resisted at some point against such attempts ..

And his keeping still is the consequence from the experience, resistance does not help .. It never helped ..

..

.. Perhaps he also realized that these and similar proposals for the termination of the journey also released him himself, chasing a chimera ..

.. The area they are driving through is completely foreign to her. She was never here. It is a suburb of 20-30 storeys of uniform

skyscrapers against black night with irregular patterns of small illuminated windows. - in between nothing. Dark gray shrubbery. Parking. Grass pieces in the last breath.

..

The traffic lights in this remote area are switched to flashing yellow and she fears that they will have to drive long before any taxis are waiting nearby for customers.

..

She notices the stall, which suddenly appears at the edge of this high-rise development on the roadside, only when she sees a movement of her co-driver in the corner of her eye - he pulls his head back into the car.

And she thinks he saw the stall earlier than her and wanted to signal her. .. she just wants to believe that as a truth .. She knows it herself .. A baseless desire .. Another illusion maybe ..

She slows down and stops her car just in front of the small taxi stand in which just 3 taxis stand - the drivers seem to be all asleep.

.. And when she just mentally takes a start to find words to apologize, the firefighter has already torn open his door next to her and ran out ..

Does not run to the taxis ..

Runs purposefully past the taxis ..

.. But running means to someone like him .. In this much too big heavy old Swedish firefighter uniform actually stumble .. actually incessantly falling forward .. without finally falling - without being able to fall over on the ground! ..

..

So this person now walks or stumbles on a narrow sidewalk behind the taxi parking lot in the area between the skyscrapers ..

..

Runs through the small islands of light that throw the thin lamps over him at regular distance on the paved road ..

.. and she looks at that.,. She looks at his slow removal .. His appearance in the bright places .. His immersion in the shadows between them .. And again traversing the brighter .. Immersion in the dark .. And so on .. And so on ..

.. and then he was suddenly gone !! .. Or. There was no light left to take him out of the deep shadows.

..

As she pulls the side door of her Skoda, she notices that the three taxi drivers are staring at the sidewalk. As if everyone had awakened from the same dream at the same time as this impulse.

.. *"sure they woke up from the heavy trampling of the boots of the fake firefighter"* ..

..

But she - unlike those anonymous taxi drivers - she remembers that in his race this fireman may still hear the distant siren sound he had been following for hours at her side.

She drives off and is tormented in the onward journey of remorse, in what pathetic way she has rid herself of this man.

..
How incredibly ridiculous is the idea that he would sit in his black uniform and his yellow helmet in the back seat of a taxi? ..

..
Although there could not be a real station to which he could drive back, - but he could really have taken the money to go back to his apartment and told the taxi driver that he was from a masquerade ball.

.. he had not believed her for a second !! .. - But she had also wanted to sound harmless! .. Too much harmless to sound with an everyday and harmless word like TAXI .. -

On the other hand, this man certainly had not the least idea of how much he overwhelmed all who fell for him !! ..

..
.. However, that was not to be expected .. If he could have such thoughts, he would of course not at all capable of such an action !! ..

.. It was over .. But she does not let go ..

.. She wonders where this fireman is running between the skyscrapers on the outskirts of the city.

.. "He actually runs away from all roads !! ..
.... *How long does he think that through, this race !! This uniform looked like it weighs 20 kilos .. No one runs so miles for the area !!*

..
Maybe he's sitting on a bench next to a dark, deserted playground between the skyscrapers. And think about where he'll run from there. "

..
And she imagines how suddenly a woman walks out of one of the residential towers to the playground to search for the wool cap of her daughter she had forgotten there hours earlier.

..
And she looks for this cap between the worn toys without noticing the man in the black uniform on the bench.

But he already saw the red woolly hat before the woman arrived - it lies under the steps of a small wooden climbing house - but he does not move.

But it is inevitable that the woman finally has to notice him! ..
.. and starts screaming ..
Or not even scream ..
Just go to the pillar of salt at his sight ..
Can not move .. Just wait what is coming ..

: *"He would probably run away .. Would go somewhere in the dark .. Looking for a road with significant traffic, where he can get rid of his absurd story again ..*

.. or - maybe I underestimate him !! ..

Maybe he would have told the woman on the playground a completely different story !! Maybe this story has something to do with the fact that many years ago he used to live in the house from which she had come

earlier ... and he would have played here on this playground, on exactly the same equipment he could not forget because he had someday been to blame for an accident there ".

..

And she finds all these fantasies terribly sentimental and cheesy.

However, it was also clear that she would never find out what had driven him to get a firefighter uniform and thus to stand in the middle of a road ..

.. It could have been just such a thing ..

.. And finally she arrives sometime in front of the restaurant where the family celebration takes place ..

Her brother asks her what was going on. He tried ten times to call her and was worried because her phone had been turned off all the time.

She takes her iPhone out of her pocket and realizes that the battery is dead. And replies, 'She had gone lost her way after a detour and then her car just gave up and she was waiting for the ADAC' -

And her brother says *"it's absurd to see in what box you drive around"*.

.. She mentions no one in the course of the evening, what she has experienced on the trip ..

..

EPILOGUE

In the coming weeks, on her way home from work, she spontaneously deviates from the direct route, trying to rediscover the side street where this fireman picked her up.

.. Nevertheless she says to herself:

"It is quite out of the question that I will find him right there again ..

.. The intervals in which he appears are so completely out of all numbers games !! .. just outside the categories of past present and future "...

.. And she actually envies the one or the other, which he puts in his way ..

.. She regrets not having held out long enough. She regrets not having experienced what has caused such an obsession and also, - where he was traveling .. And what would have happened to him there .. And her

Even if only to experience him where and how he admits his defeat ..

..

Instead of coming to this second encounter, she gets into a serious accident on one of these rides .. gets trapped in her small car .. bleeds considerably from several wounds ..

.. A special unit of the fire department begins to weld her from the sheet metal wreckage ..

..

She survives ..

A few days after the operation, she receives a visit from a firefighter at the hospital ... in private clothes, of course.

..

He says he was in action during her accident. And it was as strange as she kept whispering in the car over and over again:

"Has the forgotten firefighter arrived yet? .. did the forgotten firefighter come yet? .. did the forgotten firefighter come yet? .. did the forgotten firefighter come yet? .. Has he arrived?"

.. did the forgotten firefighter come yet? .. did the forgotten firefighter come yet? .. did the forgotten firefighter come yet? .. Has he arrived?? "

THE END