

All I want for Christmas...!



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This booklet is one of seven new Christmas stories from Wageningen, the Netherlands. With these stories, ZinZin – a local cultural center without a permanent residence – and the Wageningen public library (bblthk) celebrate the Christmas season of 2021 in a connecting way.

Wageningen residents contributed to these new Christmas stories in various ways. It started with a request to all residents: send us a photo, drawing or painting telling what this Christmas means to you. These images were the source of inspiration for seven amateur writers from all corners of Wageningen society, who attended a writing workshop together. The image the author of this story chose is featured on the front of this card.

Painting cover: Tijn Meijer zu Schlochtern

All I want for Christmas...!

I could hear these words from the moment I woke up, on repeat, like a skippy ball spelling songs and sounds to soothe, but to no avail, I could not plug the source or silence my headache. All I want for is quiet, peace and quiet but that song was just horrible! Where was that music coming from, Did she leave the radio on? It was dark out, her room was empty, the office as well, Did she leave a note before she left? Someone left the radio on, and which damn radio was it? Lulu, bless her heart and ears, had a taste for music and never was the house fully silent. It seemed like everything in here was making this awful sound, I dared not call it music anymore, not unless we should consider the gentle hum of a fridge or the tick of the tock to be musical artistry. Alllllllll I want was on repeat, or was the song just so long? All I want for, pardon the pun, all I wanted was to find peace, so I put on my coat, grabbed my keys, took a good steady look in the mirror, scribbled a quick note by the drawer,

Off to D's, Mariah is bothering me

Bye, goodnight and see you tomorrow Daniels, he tipped his hat, dashed across the green salt and staggered straight into the alley. Hands deep in the pockets, step, crunch, step, crunch, slip, correct march, crunch ahead. The night was cold, frozen sideways to make sure Santa would slip and fall, merry and glee, Warm thoughts, warm thoughts. He had to catch himself a few times but he made it to the main street and the Christmas decorations greeted him with a soft golden glow. Wageningen has its moments, he noted, pulled his coat tighter and inclined further, Wageningen in the snow is no Paris in the rain, it was far cozier, few people were out, He thought, looking at the cold faces as they walked by, there, there and there walked history, memories of gleeful student nights, laughs and mad dashes to the sidewalk, random social exchanges that could only happen in a town like this. Where would Lulu be right now?

He remembered their first kiss,

The citytown was white from head to toe, draped in shifty powder, blankets, quilts and pillow snow, the sky a flurry of silver frenzied flecks flying to and fro. The busstation, the only station really, was empty and snowed over. It was not a night for public transport but I had to walk

this way, Was I wearing the same jacket as now? She was waiting, I must have been late, warm thoughts, warm thoughts, it was time for huddling together, warm cocoa and warm thoughts, it was so cold even my thoughts took a sidestep, slipping and crunching through the white. She would be waiting and tonight I would try to kiss her, it is Christmas and all I want is,


Hey! There you are!

Konta! How are you? Mi ta bon, I'm well!

Arm in arm over meadow and farm, Lulu and I walked from the station to the dike, making our first date a post date, we delivered Christmas cards and swapped stories, sipping mulled wine from a flask, I would later find out she made it special for that night, it was a special night, up the beautiful mountain we roamed, arm in arm, shoulders locked in a brushing match, she smelled of lavender and coconut, her breath was warm and nice, like her smile. She smiled with a twinkle in her eyes, a big smile from ear to ear, Ah yes, she was beaming when we turned the corner and heard them singing, young and old in a big circle, singing;

Don't care about the presents underneath the Christmas tree,

I don't need to hang my stocking there upon the fireplace,
Santa Claus won't make me happy with a toy on
Christmas Day
I just want you for my own,
More than you could ever know
Make my wish come true
All I want for Christmas
is you.

I just want to tell you: 

Now it's your turn. We hope the card inspires you to surprise someone with a personal message. And if you got this message: feel the connection and celebrate Christmas your way!



Foto: Sven Scholten

Wageningen is a potluck of scattered stories from across the world and I wanted to share my love for this citytown. Christmas is a time for reflection on the randomness of the last years and celebrate the friends and family that contribute to Life.

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