

# A Merry Christmas à la Müller

In Cologne, it's snowing softly. Well, not in this photo but...who cares. In the Lozzi auditorium on the other hand there is a loud discussion. About? Christmas...



Jenny, now don't get me wrong! It's incredibly sweet how you're planning our first Christmas together, but ...



But? What's the matter? You were always hot for the ramshackle dump. It's still free on Christmas Eve. Or are you getting cold feet?



I will be if we're in that hut... Jenny, we would freeze solid in there! There's snow everywhere! Only in the Lozzi we have t-shirt temperatures because of this emergency power heating thingy. And anyway, we only have torches. That whole Christmas feeling would be missing.



I get it. You want kitsch without end. Typically German!



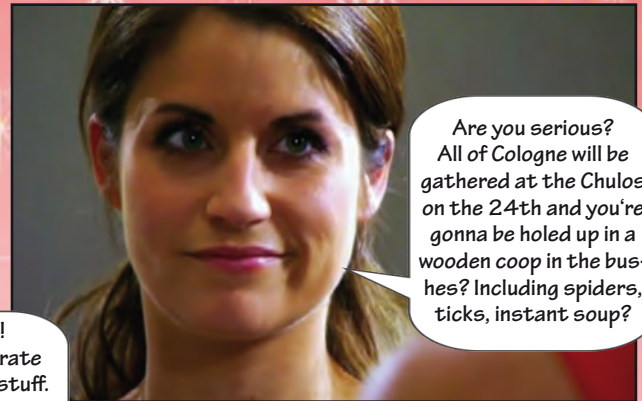
Then suddenly a little birdy (who will never ever catch any worm) appears...

Sorry I'm late. Hullo? Is there a problem?



Frau Vogel, we...er...it's like this, we...We're in love and don't want to hide it anymore and so...

Short and sweet, Emma! Frau Vogel, we want to celebrate in a hut with ornaments and stuff. Unfortunately we don't have any.



Are you serious? All of Cologne will be gathered at the Chulos on the 24th and you're gonna be holed up in a wooden coop in the bushes? Including spiders, ticks, instant soup?



Frau Vogel's romantic tactfulness is truly remarkable, isn't it?

My Emma just really likes huts. O-K-A-Y? Back to the Christmas stuff. Will you lend us angels or should we go to Heisig?



Brochures?

Herr Heisig only has brochures.

Forget it, Jenny! I'm in no mood for „Christmas Coming Out in Schools“ right now.



We'd rather bum stuff off Frau Jäger.  
Jäger-cookies, Jäger-tea...



And we'll munch on grapes  
with our tea and the  
cookies we'll dip in yogurt.

In tiramisu! I insist on  
ten portions per person.  
At least!



Geez,  
you're so  
cute!

Frau Vogel,  
thank you!  
We'll manage.

We'll rock the hut  
and Christmas Eve!



Onward to Frau Jäger with Christmassy anticipation.



Emma! Jenny! You're  
here, finally!

Look at that!  
Frau Jäger  
has already  
prepared  
boxes for us.  
Cool!

Hold on! Garlands? Paper  
lanterns? Isn't this the stuff  
from the summer festival?



Ornaments are missing too.  
Frau Jäger, what's up with this?  
Aren't you the representative  
of all things X-mas-Kitsch?



I was! Until Frau  
Lohmann - God rest  
her soul - told me that  
only frustrated people  
do this whole rigmarole.  
Since then I've been  
learning in my  
support group how  
to live without a  
Christmas crèche.

Oh. That's very wise.  
People die in crashes  
all the time, after all.



Well. We'll just have to somehow  
learn how to deal with that.

So do you want the  
decorations or not?



Er...Phew...

Well, if we put this purple  
shade over a torch, and also  
get some oregano...

So, do you hope smoking will  
make the icy hut feel more cozy or  
just make our spooky Christmas  
decorations look nicer?



We could bake labiate-cookies  
and, defying gravity, whiz up  
into the starry sky.



Sky!!! Upstairs!!!! Of course!!!! The attic!  
Why didn't I think of that before?  
There's lots of stuff lying around up there.



Ben, for one.

Er...I mean, well...I've heard  
lots of stories about the attic.



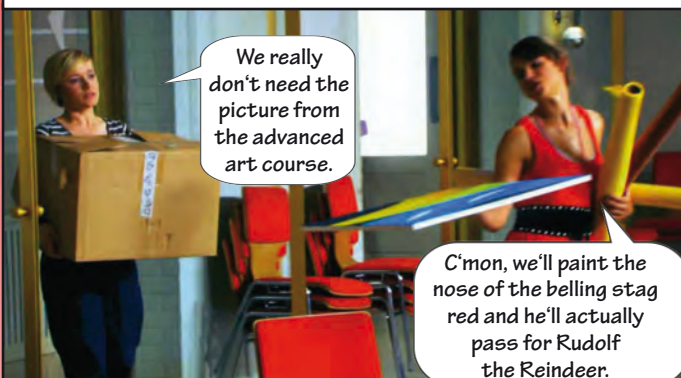
I'll get the key.

*\*whisper\** Do we really want  
straw stars which have been  
rolled around on  
by Ben and Vogel?



*\*whisper\** Please don't give  
me images, Emma! Ben in bed -  
I've already been forever  
traumatized by that.

The attic proves to be a success.



We really  
don't need the  
picture from  
the advanced  
art course.

C'mon, we'll paint the  
nose of the belling stag  
red and he'll actually  
pass for Rudolf  
the Reindeer.

So, this is it! That's all the wrapping  
paper we had. If you still need  
craft instructions, ask Herr Heisig  
for a brochure.



No brochures,  
please!

Oops, this  
table cloth  
really looks  
the worse  
for wear. Are  
those white  
candle wax  
stains or...

Brrr. Emma, honestly?  
I think, improvised like this,  
our Christmas Eve will be  
a total disaster.



You know,  
I just had a  
really crazy  
idea. How  
about...we  
celebrate with  
my family?  
At our home?



Wow! An at-home  
Christmas. That really  
sounds good, in a very  
luck-dog way.

Me? Disappointed? Nonsense! I only chance  
these ramshackle dumps because of you.  
I am and will always be the spa resort type.



Or would you be disappointed  
if we stayed here and didn't go to  
this secluded hut in the woods?



And you know the best thing?  
As soon as my parents have imbibed  
enough mulled wine they won't be  
hovering outside my room anymore.

So after the gift giving,  
we can share a woolen  
blanket without getting  
interrupted?

No shivering,  
no talking -  
just cuddling  
and kissing.



Wonderful,  
so wonderful.  
I'm there -  
celebrating  
Christmas à la  
Müller.



And so time flies and wham! it's Christmas Eve, already...

Jenny, what's wrong? Are you frozen to the seat or are you planning on spontaneously hibernating in the car?

Just a sec. Then I'll be good to go. So we'll be celebrating here...

Bad idea! Stefan has invited loads of Harani pals. Knowing him, champagne bottles and cigars are circulating while a few booked girls are stripping off their Santa outfits. That's totally cheap!

I get it. You're scared. We can still cancel the whole thing and go to your place.

Things are completely decent at our place. I mean down-to-earth. Well, more like... eco-friendly. To be precise...vegan. There will be a goose but only visually. That thing is made of ... tofu.

Hurgh! Sushi with cucumber is okay with me as far as vegetarianism goes but... tofu ... goose ...to be honest, Emma ...

Let me guess: Not exactly your taste?

Not so - yeah. I mean soya isn't. We could order a pizza or make sandwiches or... Oh never mind. I can do this. Never let it be said that I'm a chicken.

Talking of chicken...You already had chickenpox, right? My little brother caught it.

Again? He's faking. Nobody gets it twice...

I'm talking about my other little brother. You know...

Oh. Otto. Olaf. No wait - Oskar. Oliver? Whatever. The blond one with braces and the bowl cut. Don't worry, Emma! I like your family. And I know everyone after all.

Are there any Müllers left in the phone book who won't be celebrating with us!?! Please tell me that we'll be getting mulled wine as the aperitif...

Ah, almost. You'll like Grandma and Grandpa. Uncle Theo tells obnoxious jokes. It's best if you laugh anyway. Aunt Margot tells everything twice, Aunt Heike eats for ten. My cousins Malte, Martin and Micha only talk about football, and my ...

Jenny, you belong to me, and I belong to you. We can do this! Relax! You won't have to do anything. Unless...can you play the recorder?



Merry Christmas!  
There's food, laughter, singing and gift giving.  
Afterwards Emma serves tea in her room.  
As a kind of nightcap.



So? Hand on heart:  
How was I?



Breathtaking!  
Our „Lovefool“ duet on  
the recorder was such  
a big hit. No Elvis could  
ever top that.

And I love your present!  
Thanks Jenny! Finally I have  
flowery bed sheets too.  
The same as you! That  
was so sweet of you!



Sweet? That was complicated.  
IKEA has discontinued  
Alvine Örtter. You could only get  
remaining stock on ebay.

Love to...Oops! Emma ...  
There's an envelope sticking in  
your waistband at your back.



Kiss?

Surprise...  
It's for you.



I was supposed to throw that  
thing into the tombola drum at  
Saal 1 but... this prize immediately  
made me think of you.



Emma Müller!  
You always amaze me. Let's see  
what you pinched for me.

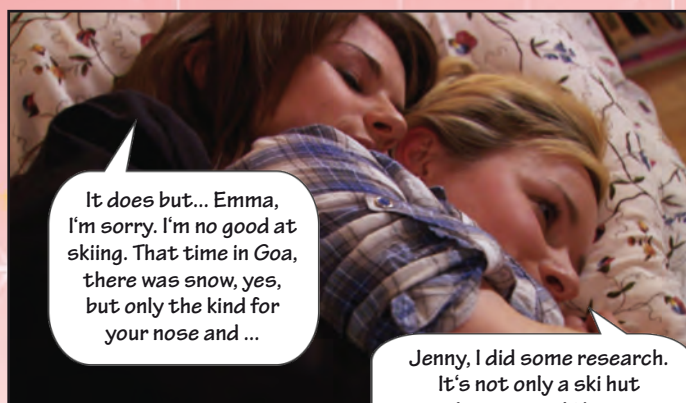


Gift certificate  
for a weekend for two -  
in a romantic ski hut  
in beautiful Tyrol in Austria

Omigosh. Er..incredible.  
You always manage to blow  
me away. I don't know what  
to say. A ski hut in Tyrol...



You haven't been there before, have you?  
Just in Riyadh, Cape Town, New York and  
London. And it sounds far better than  
a ramshackle dump in the scrub.



It does but... Emma,  
I'm sorry. I'm no good at  
skiing. That time in Goa,  
there was snow, yes,  
but only the kind for  
your nose and ...

Jenny, I did some research.  
It's not only a ski hut  
but a spa ski hut.



Really??? Oh Emma... I could  
cry for joy right now. Sauna,  
whirlpool, a fire in the fireplace...

...a magical winter wonderland,  
starry sky, and from morning to  
night, just ... us, Jemma!

the end