

**ROLF SCHREINER:**

# Ein julefortelling



Det e igjen tid for å gleda seg te at adle TV-kanaler med respekt for seg sjøl ska visa «En julefortelling» i ein eller aen versjon. Den finns som tegnefilm fra 1983 med Mikke Mus som den stakkars kontoristen Bob Cratchit – og det lages stadig nye versjoner med merr eller mindre kjente skuespelare.

Det va den engelske forfattaren Charles Dickens – helt og kjendis i sin egen samtid – så skreiv «En julefortelling» (A Christmas Carol) i 1843. Stor suksess!

Bogen handle om den harde, rige og gjerrige Ebenezer Scrooge – han mislige julen og det han kalle sløsing av pengar. «Humbug!» Ein natt i julen får han besøg av gjenferdet itte den avdøde partneren, pluss tri ånder så fortelle at de så ikkje e snille, må vandra rundt i dødsriget med ekstra tonge lenker te evig tid.

Men åndene gav Scrooge ein siste sjanse te å bli snille. Og då blir det helomvending – han gir bort pengar, og han hjelpe både egen familie og kontoristen med den syge sønnen. Adle blir lykkelige – ikkje minst Ebenezer Scrooge sjøl.

Då Carl Barks skreiv Donald-historien «Jul på Bjørnefjell» (Christmas on Bear Mountain) i 1947, introduserte han ein gjerrige gammal fyr (eller and) så fekk navnet Scrooge McDuck – takk, Dickens! Og det blei Skrue McDuck på norsk.

Siden det e jul, så har eg òg ein fortelling. Og siden både Charles Dickens og Carl Barks skreiv på engelsk, så kan ikkje eg ver dårligare. Fortellingen sto i Collier's Magazine i 1943, og forfattar e S.I. Kishor. Her e «A Tale of True Love».

John Blanchard stood up from the bench, straightened his Army uniform, and studied the crowd of people making their way through Grand Central Station. He looked for the girl whose heart he knew, but whose face he didn't, the girl with the rose.

His interest in her had begun thirteen months before in a Florida library. Taking a book off the shelf he found himself intrigued, not with the words of the book, but with the notes penciled in the margin. The soft handwriting reflected a thoughtful soul and insightful mind. In the front of the book, he discovered the previous owner's name, Miss Hollis Maynell.

With time and effort he located her address. She lived in New York City. He wrote her a letter introducing himself and inviting her to correspond. The next day he was shipped overseas for service in World War II. During the next year and one month the two grew to know each other through the mail. Each letter was a seed falling on a fertile heart. A romance was budding. Blanchard requested a photograph, but she refused. She felt that if he really cared, it wouldn't matter what she looked like.

When the day finally came for him to return from Europe, they scheduled their first meeting - 7:00 PM at the Grand Central Station in New York. «You'll recognize me,» she wrote, «by the red rose I'll be wearing on my lapel.» So at 7:00 he was in the station looking for a girl whose heart he loved, but whose face he'd never seen. I'll let Mr. Blanchard tell you what happened: A young woman was coming toward me, her figure long and slim. Her blonde hair lay back in curls from her delicate ears; her eyes were blue as flowers. Her lips and chin had a gentle firmness, and in her pale green suit she was like springtime come alive. I started toward her, entirely forgetting to notice that she was not wearing a rose. As I moved, a small, provocative smile curved her lips. «Going my way, sailor?» she murmured. Almost uncontrollably, I made one step closer to her, and then I saw Hollis Maynell.

She was standing almost directly behind the girl. A woman well past 40, she had graying hair tucked under a worn hat. She was more than plump, her thick-ankled feet thrust into low-heeled shoes. The girl in the green suit was walking quickly away. I felt as though I was split in two, so keen was my desire to follow her, and yet so deep was my longing for the woman whose spirit had truly companioned me and upheld my own. And there she stood. Her pale, plump face was gentle and sensible, her gray eyes had a warm and kindly twinkle. I did not hesitate. My fingers gripped the small worn blue leather copy of the book that was to identify me to her. This would not be love, but it would be something precious, something perhaps even better than love, a friendship for which I had been and must ever be grateful. I squared my shoulders and saluted and held out the book to the woman, even though while I spoke I felt choked by the bitterness of my disappointment. «I'm Lieutenant John Blanchard, and you must be Miss Maynell. I am so glad you could meet me; may I take you to dinner?» The woman's face broadened into a tolerant smile. «I don't know what this is about, son,» she answered, «but the young lady in the green suit who just went by, she begged me to wear this rose on my coat. And she said if you were to ask me out to dinner, I should tell you that she is waiting for you in the big restaurant across the street. She said it was some kind of test!»

It's not difficult to understand and admire Miss Maynell's wisdom. The true nature of a heart is seen in its response to the unattractive.

De så ikkje lod seg røra litt av den fortellingen, e liga kalde i hjertet så Ebenezer Scrooge va før han fekk besøg av gjenferd. Adle andre ønskes ein god jul.