

A winter night scene with a lit street lamp, a red telephone booth, and snow-covered trees. The scene is set in a park-like area with snow on the ground and trees. A black street lamp with a glowing yellow light stands in the foreground. To its right is a red telephone booth with a white snow cap. The background shows more trees and distant streetlights under a dark blue sky with falling snow.

Meg Queenz

All I Want For  
*Christmas*

A Celebrity Interview  
Short Story

*I don't want a lot for Christmas*

*There is just one thing I need*

*I don't care about the presents*

*Underneath the Christmas tree.*

*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, you yeah.*

As the car came to a stop, Ray-Ray looked up, gasped, and hurriedly undid her seatbelt.

“Are you going to wait for me?” I asked, my voice taking on an amused tone.

She looked at me like a child whose hand was caught in a cookie jar. “Oh, uh, yeah. I will.”

I reached over to tuck a piece of stray hair behind her ear. “I was kidding.” I said, laughing a little and then sobering up. “You can go without me, Sunshine.”

She looked decisive, her eyes going from me to the un-touched snow-filled field that we had just stopped at. She sighed, dejected. “I’ll wait. But hurry up and put your mittens on!” she said, her voice raising again in excitement towards the end of the demand.

I laughed at her again. “Fine, fine!” I said, grabbing the gloves that I had stowed away in the middle console. As soon as all of my fingers had been placed into them, she was reaching across my lap to unlock the door for me, grinning the entire way.

“Let’s go, let’s go! Gotta play in the snow!” she sung to the tune of *Let It Go*.

I opened my door, and she took that as an opportunity to do the same, though she didn’t stop there; she ran into the field without any warning, yelling at me to do the same.

Grinning, I followed after her.

*“What do you want for Christmas?” I asked, clutching her hand as we walked up the condo we rented for the winter.*

*“Snow.”*

*I laughed. “Babe, you wanted to come to LA for the winter.”*

*“I know, I know.”*

*“Did you change your mind?”*

*She looked at me, detecting the slight hint of confusion in my voice. “No! No, nothing like that. I just- I guess I just miss snow. It’s been a while since I’ve seen it, and even though California is nice, there’s no snow here.” She kissed me on the cheek. “Thank you for bringing me to LA though, Ni. I love it here too.”*

*She unlocked the door the condo and walked in, but I stayed behind, standing there in silence for a while. How could I give her snow?*

Eventually, Ray-Ray got tired from running around in the snow and falling, and we decided to go back to the the car to warm up. The upside to having a larger car, though, was that the back seats folded down. So instead of sitting in the front seats, we stripped off our jackets and boots, and lay down in the back of the car.

“How did you pull this off?”

Her whispering caught me off guard for a moment, and then I answered. “I did some research and *tada!*”

She was curled up against me, though she lifted up her head to squint at me. “I mean it, mister. How?”

I grinned at her, leaning forwards to peck her lips before answering. “A good magician never reveals his secrets.”

She sighed, and layed back down.

“Well then, since you did this for me, what do you want for Christmas?”

I grinned at her. “Let me think about that, and I’ll let you know.”

She yawned, “Okay.”

A few moments later, she was drifting off to sleep and I came up with my answer.

I scooted around so that my mouth was near her ear. And with that, I began to sing.

*I don't want a lot for Christmas*

*There is just one thing I need*

*I don't care about the presents*

*Underneath the Christmas tree.*

*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.*

She began to stir towards the the second line, and was fully awake and alert by the time the end of the verse came around.

She sat up, carefully avoiding hitting me in the face.

*I don't want a lot for Christmas*

*There is just one thing I need*

*And I 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.*

Laughing, I started up the next verse.

*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*

*You baby.*

She looked into my eyes, grinning, and I could see a certain light in those eyes of hers.

The way they shone with childhood happiness when she was running amuk in the snow was nothing compared to the way she looked at me now.

“I love you so much,” she said, her eyes beginning to mist. “So, so, much.”

I kissed her nose. “I love you too, my sunshine. Thank you for my present.”

She grinned at me again, laughing and nestling her head into the crook of my neck.

This really was all I wanted.