

Camping

He was going to camp with her, with or without her yes.

[Wybie x Coraline]

Von Demonic_Banshee

Camping

„Hello?“

„Wybie, is that you? It's me, Co – cough cough – Coraline.“

“H- Hey, how a- are you?“

“Well, I'm – cough – ill, genius. I came down with a cold when we played in the stream yesterday. And that's – cough cough - why I wanted to talk to you. I can't – cough – go camping with you tonight. I'm – cough – I'm so sorry.“

“Oh. I- I understand. Well, it can't be helped then, can it?“

“Good to hear – cough – that you understand. Thank you. I have to – cough – hang up now. Bye, Wybie!“

“B- Bye!“

Depressed he hung up the phone. For weeks he had awaited this one day he would go camping just with Coraline.

But what could he do now that she had canceled it?

She was ill after all. He couldn't just drop in and force Coraline to go camping with him anyway.

...Could he?...

He looked out of the window. It was afternoon, but the sun was hiding behind the clouds since morning so the sky was painted in a dark grey.

Wybie felt as miserable as the sky looked like.

But suddenly he made a decision.

He would go camping with Coraline, with or without her yes.

Determined to prepare the best camping – trip she could have ever imagined he made a list of what he needed and went to collect those things right after he wrote them down.

First he needed a tent that would fit. He thought of the size and it had to be large.

But what could he use to build the tent he imagined?

Of course there would be something suitable on the loft.

There he looked in, behind and under many big and small boxes and after almost stepping into mouse traps and tripping over old, ugly shoes of his grandmother he found the one, fitting thing for his tent. His eyes were shining proudly when he was touching the soft, silky fabric that was shimmering in a dark blue. Probably it was an old curtain his grandmother sewed when she was a dressmaker.

Wait...

When his grandmother did this, he thought horrified, she certainly would kill him when she found out what he wanted it to use for.

But she wouldn't find out... hopefully.

Wybie sneaked down the stairs and looked behind some corners, just in case...

He breathed in relieved, when he reached his room without meeting his grandmother and put away the wanna- be tent into his black rucksack.

Next was the sleeping bag.

Well, that was easy since he had prepared his one weeks ago. He reached under his bed and laid it down beside his rucksack.

Okay, what next?

The flashlight.

Easy!

It already was in his rucksack.

Now, what else?

Oh! Of Course!

Marshmallows.

No one with a working mind would go camping without marshmallows and Wybie knew how much Coraline loved them. But where the hell were his marshmallows? He had stuffed them into one of his drawers of his desk, but now they were gone.

'Oh no! Gramma!', he thought and then he sighed heavily. This was Mission Impossible, because his grandmother must have had stuffed his marshmallows into the cupboard in the kitchen and that was the one and only room his grandmother almost always was.

And there he was going to get them anyway.

What was wrong with him?

She would kill him for wanting something sugary before dinner, she definitely was. And when she found out about the curtain she would kill him again right after she had killed him the first time.

To his luck his grandmother was sleeping.

'Just be quiet!', he told himself again and again. When he stood in front of the cupboard in the kitchen he realized there was another problem: he was too small! So he got himself a chair and climbed onto it, then he reached for the doorknob and when he opened it... everything fell on his head and because of the shock he stumbled backwards and fell hard on the ground.

"Ouch! Damn it!", Wybie whined, rubbing his head and everything else that hurt.

"Wybourne?"

DAMN TO THE HEAVENS!

'Run' was the only thing that got into his mind so his legs began to move on their own, just like his hand that reached for the marshmallows that had fallen on the ground right beside him.

Breathing heavily Wybie reached his room. There he stuffed the marshmallows into his rucksack, got it on his back, grabbed his sleeping bag and escaped through the front door.

When the cold air of the evening hit his face his mind became clear and he remembered the last one thing on his list that he had to get for camping with nobody else than Coraline Jones herself.

When he thought of it he couldn't do anything other than to grin widely in a goofy way.
She would love it!

The sky was already pitch dark, except for the full moon that rose high above the mountains and... it was freezing cold, wasn't it?!

Coraline was shaking as if she was an ice cube in the freezer.

That couldn't be normal! Being ill was horrible, but first of all: it was BORING. She had to lie in her bed all day long and could do nothing except for reading books. And of course she had to get sick when she wanted to go camping with Wybie.

Coraline sighed for the umpteenth time when suddenly somebody was knocking on her door.

"Come – cough – Come in!", she almost whispered, but loud enough to hear it.

The door opened slowly and when she saw the person standing there she couldn't believe her eyes.

Was she hallucinating, even when she just had caught an ordinary cold?

"Wybie?", she asked disbelieving, "What are you doing here?"

She couldn't help but smile about seeing him.

The boy waved his hand in a greeting way and then went next to her bed.

She could see him shivering as well, maybe he was cold, too?

"Hi, J- Jonesy. Surprised to see me?"

"Of course I am! So – cough – what are you – cough - doing here so late?"

He bowed his head down, looked to the ground and rubbed his neck with one hand in a shy, but cute way.

"Well, w- we wanted to go camping together, you remember?"

Were her ears betraying her now, too?

"Didn't you listen to me when I told you I'm – cough cough – sick?!"

Wybie began to smile shyly and, she now saw the things he got with him, dropped down his sleeping bag and rucksack.

"I have listened to you, but you know what? We can go camping anyway. We're just staying here in your room."

Coraline raised one eyebrow in disbelief. Was he serious after all?

"Okay, let's give it a try.", she said and nodded in agreement, willing to give him a chance to explain. Wybie seemed to be very relieved about not getting kicked out by her and began to open his rucksack quickly.

"Okay, Jonesy, can you get out of your bed for a second?", he asked, now going to get impatient. He seemed to hold back a big balloon filled with happiness that was growing inside of him or something, because he was hopping from one foot to the other, almost driving her crazy within the seconds he had asked for.

She did as he had told her anyway, because she was curious about what he had prepared for her, even though she now was freezing even more.

"Please, hurry up!", she pleaded, catching a cough in her throat.

"Just be patient.", he answered when he pulled out a shimmering, big, blue blanket or something like this that he had stored in his rucksack. He then climbed onto her bed and began to tighten the fabric over a leash that hung over her bed. When he had finished, her bed now looked like a canopy bed and she felt the urge to lie down under the fabric immediately, so her legs began to move. But Wybie held out one hand and shook his head.

"Wait, I'm not finished."

And then he grabbed his sleeping bag, unfolded it and laid it down on the bed. Coraline smiled at the idea and did the same with hers that she had put under her bed like Wybie had done before with his one at home.

"Am I allowed to go back to bed now, Master?", she asked in a teasing way and Wybie was nodding, hiding his blushing face in the darkness of the room. He followed her on the bed when she tipped her hand on his sleeping bag beside her, dropping a bag filled with marshmallows on her knees that he had brought with him.

"OH! I – cough – I love marshmallows! Thank you, Wybie!", she said, smiling happily at the sweets in front of her.

"I- I'm not done, yet... I have s- something more to show you."

Surprised to hear this she looked in his direction when he reached down with a shaking hand to grab something that was hidden in his rucksack, which laid beside the bed.

When he pulled out a glass and opened it, her breath got caught in her throat.

Suddenly hundreds of fireflies were flying out of the glass and were now distributing all over her room. Each and everything was bathed in shimmering green and yellow light and only the full moon with its sallow, silver light was a little bit brighter.

The sight was enchanting and time seemed to stand still. It was like a dream.

Coraline grasped Wybie's hand and was holding it tightly, her mouth was forming an O and her eyes were widening in disbelief with every second that went by. Her lips then turned into a loving smile that Wybie could have died for.

"Did you catch them all just for me?", she asked toneless without taking her eyes off of her shimmering surprise.

Wybie in response just nodded, not being able to focus on something other than her tight grip on his hand and her lovely smile.

She couldn't believe he had done something so wonderful just for her. Not only had he thought of all the things they needed to go camping in her room and brought her marshmallows that she loved so much, no, he had made the effort to collect hundreds of those shimmering, little fireflies just for her and just to let the camping be as beautiful as possible. But it was more than beautiful, it was amazing and it was better than her best dream could have been.

Just how long must he had been looking for all those fireflies in the darkness and then trying to catch them all? Hadn't it been damn cold?

"Oh Wybie! You're the best!", Coraline exclaimed, suddenly throwing herself at him, not letting go of him. His body stiffened like a board and he was sighing happily.

There was definitely no better camping - trip she had ever done.

Time went by as she had snuggled against Wybie's chest, watching those shimmering lights float in the air, listening to his heart that was beating way too fast but in a comforting way that was almost lulling her to sleep, warming herself up with his body heat and sighing in satisfaction. Soon after she had embraced him she had felt him relax after he was sure it was ok with her to be that close to him.

Maybe he sometimes talked too much and maybe sometimes he was annoying but she knew he was the greatest guy she had ever met, in his strange own way.

And that's why she loved him so much.

xXx

Und wieder ein OneShot zu Coraline und wieder auf englisch.

Wenn ihr Fehler findet, dann teilt sie mir bitte mit, damit ich sie korrigieren kann.
Danke!

LG,
Demonic_Banshee