

# 'Touching Stories'

## Story 2: Do No Harm - A Promise To Keep

Von Kasperkind

### Chapter 1: A Promise To Keep Part I

It was a snowy winter's day in November 1978. Little nine years old Lotta Falkner was sitting at the small wooden universally used table in the camping truck, lost in drawing a pretty colourful picture on a once white sheet of paper. She was humming a nursery rhyme, her father had thought to her once, while next to her, there was the familiar sound of dishes being done.

After a few minutes, the humming finally stopped, when the little girl looked up from her work and started to watch the grown-up standing next to her in front of the small sink in the few centimetres of living-space, they called a kitchen.

„Du... Onkel Sniper...“, she said, still looking at him with her big blue eyes full of curiosity and covered with a huge pair of glasses.

„Right there“, the other one responded, turning to the girl to show her, he was really listening to her.

Lotta smiled. She liked getting his attention – unless he was angry with her.

What actually happened every hundred(?) years.

„May I ask you a question?“, she asked then, searching his gaze.

„What ever you want to ask me, lil' lady.“

She chuckled.

„I'm not a lady...“, she complained laughing, while Sniper pulled the peg out of the sink and carefully shook the remaining water from his hands before drying them with a towel.

„Daddy said, that one day, everything will be fine, if we never give up hoping and fighting for it...“

She paused, seeming to put her thoughts back in the right order before she continued speaking:

„If he was right, tell me then, Onkel Sniper“, she said in a serious voice which made him stop cleaning for a moment as this just wasn't the sound of a nine year old girl anymore, „For how long has this stupid war already been going on now?“

This time, it was the older one who needed some time to rearrange his thoughts properly, untill Lotta already made up an answer by herself:

„Seems just like for far too long, huh...“, she concluded impatiently and a little grumpy as she thought over again the situation, seh had just mentioned. But then – all of a sudden – she went back to her old behaviour and startet smiling once more.

It was an open smile. Friendly, but yet with a sense of great selfassurance. And it reminded Sniper just too much of her father...

He started feeling a little uncomfortable, for he still couldn't figure out, what Lotta was actually up to. These were always those awkward moments which reminded him of being a bachelor for far too long...

„When I am finally grown up“, the girl continued without seeming to realize the other's discomfort, „My hands will not gonna hurt anyone. Never ever. That shall be my promise now to the whole wide world!“

Now she started laughing in a very strange and euphorical way – Yes, she totally was like her father...

„Yeah. I'll always try my very best to help other people – just like Papa did.“

Although a little worried about her current state of mind, Sniper was still proud of his foster daughter, having more noble aims than most grown ups, he had come to know until now, even though, he wasn't sure how to be able to keep such a promise at all... And still, he felt a short, piercing pain inside his chest, too, as he remembered the tragic death of BLU Medic a few years ago, when the Respawn-Unit had been broken down for that one, bloody hour then...

Yes, they had been friends, helping each other not only during the ongoing battles. - They all had become a perfect team through fighting side by side every day. And friends when there were no enemies to keep busy.

And, when one day Medic had been put into lifetime - charge for his former unknown daughter Lotta, it was mostly Sniper, who took care of the little girl, for some reason, as medic often seemed nearly to drown in his everyday work and just didn't have the time for her to look after.

„Here, Onkel! This one's for you.“

„Huh?“

Sniper nearly dropped his towel, when Lottas voice brought him back to reality. She had remembered the picture, she had been drawing for several hours and obviously wanted him to look at her latest 'piece of art' now.

Sniper took the color-covered piece of paper from her hands and the same second, he just wished, he never had.

The picture was drawn in a very simple way, like children draw if they're not natural born Picassos - But this was not the reason, why Sniper closed his eyes for a very short moment and took a deep breath.

It was more the things drawn on the picture, that made him feel even more uncomfortable than before...

The picture showed the whole team, including even Miss Pauling. There were Soldier and Demoman, too. Grumpy and Drunk, as always. Pyro was eating a rainbow colored lollypop, while Scout and Heavy were quarreling over one of those stupid, bloody sandwiches again.

Spy and himself were just standing on the greenest grass, his eyes had ever seen, smiling and kinda waving very friendly to the viewer. Meanwhile, Engineer lay next to

them, asleep, while medic tried to solve the Heavy-Scout- problem by scolding them „Dummkopfs“...

There were also lots of other things on the picture, which could only be found on an innocent child's mind, but Sniper just wasn't able to pay attention to them anymore. He somehow managed to realize a big blue sky with a huge, smiling sun on it, and the figure of a little girl with large glasses, standing in the middle of the group on the picture underneath a crinkly written banner saying: FAMILY.

This time, Sniper really had to struggle, because looking down at the little matchstick men on the picture just made him feel like dying once more...

„It's all beautiful“, he pressed, forcing himself to give her a smile, for he didn't want Lotta to worry about him. Actually, he didn't want her to have to worry about anything. That was at least the one thing, he really could promise medic, when latest had been laying bleeding in his arms that one day... Still smiling kindly and claiming that everything was just alright, although already knocking on hell's gates with one hand...

Then, a few seconds before the doctor had passed away, he took his last breath to beg Sniper to take care of Lotta, who had just been about six years old then.

At this very moment, Sniper had even forgot his professional standarts and just cried like a baby, untill the rest of the team managed to convince him to get back to the base with them.

And it actually took him a whole month, untill he was finally able to handle the new situation and to keep himself busy again by taking care of medic's descendant and still continue fighting.

Not easy at all, but somehow he and Lotta made a good team. Not at fighting, but at home in their everyday life, which was so much different than that of other families, but still seemed okey anyway. And by that, Sniper soon had found his way back to his old form again, too, although there still were those moments from time to time...

„Yeah, really beautiful. Thanks, little lady...“, he finally praised her work and gave her a crooked grin.

AH! Gawd!

Just -Just f\*\*ck those bloody, useless things called feelings...