

Garbo Laughs

It was a dark and rainy night, when Greta Garbo decided to leave her bedroom. She was indeed very tired after such a long day of shooting, but still she couldn't sleep. „Why not drink a glass of milk?“, she thought, and went downstairs into the kitchen.

While she went to the icebox to pick up the milk she thought about her day at work, filming with Ernst Lubitsch for the first time.... „Garbo Laughs“ *that is what they want me to do... but, oh, it is so uncomfortable to laugh in front of many people... and it won't work, I can not do it*“, so, as we can see, Ms. Garbo was really exhausted of all the thinking and trying to laughing the whole day, she really, really needed this glass of milk.

There she was, in the middle of the night in a cold kitchen, holding a glass of milk in her hands, and realized that there was something very strange happening behind the icebox... there was a shiny light... it seemed to pulsate, to radiate. Garbo couldn't believe her eyes. Was she dreaming? Was the milk already having an affect on her? „That can not be real. I must see what is happening behind my icebox“, and with all the power she had in her arms-remember it can't have been much, after such an exhausting day-she threw the icebox a few inches away from the wall, and what she saw did astonish her.

There was a whole in her wall. A hole which was filled with light. „What can I do now? What is that? Oh why did I have to drink a glass of milk?“, but she, who was as slender as a withy, was able to worm her way through the tiny space between the icebox and the wall. She had no choice, she was not able to do anything against it, as she was nearly absorbed by the whole. It didn't felt bad, it was warm and comfortable... until she reached the other end of the hole.

The other end, anyway, was hard and cold. Not her kitchen, not her bedroom either. Where was she? There were many books... and some strange things, seemed to be made of a strange kind of material... „Oh father, where am I? Is this a library? So many, many books.“, Greta Garbo was right, she was indeed in a library, but what she didn't know, was, that she did not only left her home and her glass of milk, she left something more... more important, but she would soon find out.

Greta Garbo was alone in this strange library... it was still dark and cold but she was alone, and at least this was something she liked of her new situation. Still wearing her silk pajamas, she just walked through the library. There were still some lamps turned on, and there were tables, again with this strange boxes... grey... strange material... one was even shining, and things did move at it, as if there was a little screen... as if this would be a little cinema.

She could not resist. Yes, she was Greta Garbo, was she was human too, and she had to find out what this was. She got next to it. She looked closer. There was a screen and there was a newspaper shown... or something like that... it was such a strange thing... some pictures were moving... some not... And when she touched the screen, there was an arrow moving around. But what was most weird of all the things which did happen already during this night, was the date... the date which was mentioned a this „article“...

<http://www.premiere.com/>

„2007??? What does this mean? Am I in 2007? I made a travel in time?“, Garbo asked herself aloud in the library. She couldn't understand how this was able to happen, but she realized that it did happen... along this grey-screen-things, proofed it for her...

She realized how this arrow was used, and while she touched the screen, and moved around she saw the so called „movies“ of 2007. It was quite a shock. All has so much changed, it was sometimes hard to bear... though it was interesting, and when she found out that there was a something called „Google search“, she felt like a little kid, couldn't resist and typed in „Greta Garbo“... she was never a good typer, but since she had to learn to type a bit for her new movie, it was way easier to do that now. She used the error and clicked at „search“. She couldn't believe what she saw, her name, her simple name cause 2.070.000 results. And to be honest, she also searched for „Marlene Dietrich“, and she was quite a naughty girl when she saw that Miss D. only had 234.000 results, and giggled about it... well „giggle“ is quite understated, she laughed out loud, as if she haven't laughed for a while... and she found out how to print out the results too. Clever girl as she is, it didn't need her long to do so.

She goofed around a bit with this google search and visited some websites about her. She was never very interested into her own stardom, but, she wondered if she still had her fans after such a long time. She found this site, and that site.. some were made with love, others were interesting reads, others were quite... not her

style. But one site she found, one site, was such alive, she never thought of something like that after all the others she has seen.

<http://www.garboforever.com/Menue.htm>

Of course, there was much written about her, her personal life, and her movies... she was not always happy with the things she saw written about her in this medium which was called „The internet“ (she found out, how it's called during googling), but she can't change it, and felt not as bad with it as during her time in Hollywood.

There existed a Forum too. All only about her! Greta Garbo, the girl from Stockholm, Hollywood star, „The Divine“ was not easy to impress, but now she was really voiceless. So many people, from all over the world, met there, in order to talk about her and other things („*Why not, I am not the only person in this world!*“), they shared time, hobbies and interests together, but one thing was sure, all were brought together by herself.

This was something she never could dreamed about. Some things she read made her laugh, others made her wonder, cause they talked about things which would still come into her life... others made her sad... but when she thought about this google results again... she got a good laugh again. She felt good, she saw that her work really moved things, her career was not useless, and she had proof that her habit of being a reclusive was not wrong.

She knew, though she found all the people in this forum quite nice, she would never give any autographs, but not, because she do not respect them as her fans, she only realizes that an autograph is nothing worth to be loved... what the people see is what they get, and she, if she would ever find her way back into her time, would try to work very hard to make herself laugh in „Ninotchka“. She always wanted to play her parts the best she could, just fort he people who watched her... this was more worth than a signature. And people like this forum members showed her, how much she was loved by them, even without the possibility of getting an autograph, without being a possible „customer“.

Sun was starting to rise already and Greta thought she should find her way back home, cause how should she try to explain how she came here.. in her pajamas, and looking like Greta Garbo? She swooped for the prints of the google results, and went back to the place where she landed. There was this light again... she moved closer and was absorbed again.

There she was again, in her kitchen, holding the two prints in her hands... the glass of milk-or the rest of it- stood still there at the table... but now it was cold and useless, she had to be on set in only just an hour. No sleep for Garbo. But one thing she knew, today she would have no troubles to laugh out loud at the restaurant scene in „Ninotchka“, cause she would carry the prints with her... Marlene Dietrich has only a tenth of her own results... the best laugh ever!

THE END

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