

**Make my Wish come true**

**Make my Wish Come True**

by Jana Schäfer

© 2021 Ravensburger Verlag GmbH, Ravensburg

[www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com](http://www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com)

© English sample translation by Connie Cramp



## Chapter 2

The next few days flew by at breakneck speed and Bonnie's departure got closer and closer. She was getting more and more excited, and had already planned her exact route with Eric, which would take them through Rome, Paris, Barcelona, and lots of other amazing cities. I was a little jealous, but I was also happy for her. To stop myself from sinking into self-pity, I concentrated on my studies and my job at the yoga studio.

I attended my classes at the academy regularly, learned more about script development in a lecture, and attended a seminar on camera work, image effects and aesthetics. As always, I took plenty of notes so that I could go back over them later. Meanwhile, at home, I had to slalom around Bonnie's new travel backpack and hiking boots. Every evening she told me about a new attraction she had discovered that she wanted to visit.

When I left the building after my last session on Friday, an icy wind was blowing against me, unusually cold for early November. I wrapped my coat more tightly around myself and stepped out onto the street, where the usual stream of passers-by hurried past me.

"Abby? Wait up!" Amar, a friend of Bonnie's who was also studying acting at the academy, ran up to me. Like all the others at the film academy, he had completely devoted himself to his passion and was willing to fight to reach his goals.

That's what I liked so much about this place. The students came from all over the world, but we all had a dream, a vision, for which we were willing to give up everything. This commonality connected us, and it had made me feel at home at the academy right from the start.

"You're looking for internships, aren't you?" Amar asked when he caught me up, slightly out of breath.

"That's right. How did you know?" I asked him, surprised. We only knew each other fleetingly; Bonnie had introduced him to me when we'd both happened to be in the café at the same time. Since then, we'd just exchanged a few words when we'd seen each other on campus.

"Bonnie told me. It's so hard to get a foothold in this industry," he said, grimacing.

"You're right about that," I admitted with a sigh. "Are you looking for internships too?"

"I got a supporting role in a film this summer, so I'm focusing more on my courses at the academy this semester," he said, smiling.

"That sounds brilliant! Congratulations."

"It's only a small part." He waved a hand dismissively. "But thanks. It's a start and that's what matters most."

"Exactly." I pointed down the street. "Are you heading to the subway too?"

"Nah. I have to go the other way, I just wanted to let you know that I heard about an internship that could be up your street. Bonnie said you'd be up for anything but filming for this starts in two weeks. They're looking for an intern right now because somebody else dropped out at the last minute."

"That sounds good, tell me more." Against my better judgement, hope began to rise in me. Starting something in two weeks' time was totally spontaneous and I would miss some important classes, but I could catch up on them. Besides, this semester was also supposed to be for gaining practical experience, so my lecturers would definitely support me.

**Make my Wish come true**

**Make my Wish Come True**

by Jana Schäfer

© 2021 Ravensburger Verlag GmbH, Ravensburg

[www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com](http://www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com)

© English sample translation by Connie Cramp



“A friend knows Jennifer Torres; she’s directed some great productions over the last few years. Her latest project is a film that’s supposed to be a sort of crime thriller and...”

I stared at him in disbelief. Jennifer Torres? Of course I knew her. She was a well-known director and had won countless prizes for her films. “Can you put me in touch?” I burst out. “Sorry, I don’t mean to interrupt but that sounds perfect. I’ve been looking for an opportunity just like this!”

Amar grinned. “Sure, I can let you know who to contact. Since they need someone so quickly, you might get lucky.” Amar pulled his mobile phone out of his pocket and sent me the number to call. I wanted to pinch myself. I never expected that this day would take such a great turn.

“Thank you so much! I owe you dinner for that,” I promised.

“I won’t say no to that. I’ll keep my fingers crossed for you, let me know how it goes. I’ve got to head off now, see you!” And with that, Amar plunged into the stream of people and disappeared around the next corner.

Speechless, I stared after him, unable to comprehend what had just happened.

After a few seconds, the shock started to wear off, and I made my way home. The sun had finally fought its way through the clouds again and had bathed the street in a dull light. If everything worked out with the internship, I would spend the next few weeks in a film studio, working with professionals. It couldn’t get any better than that.

I quickened my pace and took the nearest subway. The sooner I called Jennifer Torres and convinced her to hire me, the better. I would make it clear to her that I was made for this job. The sceptic in me warned me not to get my hopes up, but I’d never been very good at that – at least not when it came to my career.

---

“Tell me again exactly what happened,” said Bonnie, looking at me with shining eyes.

It was early evening, and we were sipping chilled iced tea in our local bar, which had a cosy, chic atmosphere with its black furniture and retro-style photos of New York. As usual, we’d made ourselves comfortable at a small coffee table in the corner.

“I called the director and told her how much I wanted this internship. She said I should send my CV, details of my previous experience and a letter of recommendation from a lecturer, which, of course, I did straight away.” I leaned back in my chair with a hopeful smile.

“That sounds so cool! I’m sure it’ll work out. It has to work out!”

“I hope you’re right. In any case, I just have to wait and see now. She said they’d let me know by tomorrow at the latest. It would be incredible, Bon! I would finally be working on set. With professionals who know what they’re doing!”

In my mind, I could see myself sitting in the studio with directors and producers, chatting about how to stage different scenes. Of course, in reality I would probably just be getting coffee and diligently taking notes while they talked among themselves, but even that would be pretty exciting. My only other internship had been just two weeks long and I’d been working on filming a TV series which would be broadcast in the early evening. On that job, I had actually been serving coffee and dragging props around, even though those tasks fell outside of the assistant director’s area of responsibility. If this internship worked out, hopefully it would be different.

**Make my Wish come true**

**Make my Wish Come True**

by Jana Schäfer

© 2021 Ravensburger Verlag GmbH, Ravensburg

[www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com](http://www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com)

© English sample translation by Connie Cramp



“My fingers are crossed. If anyone deserves it, you do. Besides, if you get it, I don’t have to feel bad about leaving you on your own.” Bonnie pulled a face and tucked a strand of dark hair, which had come loose from her plait, behind her ear.

With her black hair and the brightly coloured clothes she bought at flea markets or on hippy fashion websites, she was pretty much the exact opposite of me visually. I wore simple dresses, preferably jeans and a top, making sure that everything went together. Today, I had gone for a knee-length black dress that made me feel very elegant every time I wore it, as if I could take on the world. Also unlike Bonnie, I had long blonde hair and blue eyes, which my mum often compared to the colour of a mountain lake. I didn’t get that since she’d never been to the mountains in her whole life. But she liked to use figurative language and metaphors. After the separation from my father, she had described her heart – quite theatrically – as a heap of broken fragments.

“Thanks, Bon. But you really don’t have to feel bad,” I said, taking a long sip of my iced tea as if the sweet drink could drive away thoughts of my mum.

Quiet music burred out of the speakers on the walls, a mixture of pop songs and old classics. It mingled with the babble of people’s voices, creating quite a pleasant background noise.

“Everything OK?” Bonnie asked after a while, dragging me back to reality.

“Yeah, I’m fine, just thinking that I should check in with my Mum again.”

Usually, we were in touch at least every two weeks. Mostly, she’d call me to tell me about all the new things she’d tried. From pottery to baking classes, she’d done everything in the last few years, and her interest in one thing never lasted very long.

Sometimes, I wondered how I could be descended from her, given how different we were. While she loved variety, I needed a certain stability. That’s why I had been giving regular yoga classes. Although I’d only trained as a teacher a year ago, I had been practicing yoga since I was fourteen. It was the perfect balance to my busy everyday life. My way of coming down and focusing on the present moment. Whenever I’d been through a crisis in the past, yoga had been the constant, keeping me together.

“Always with the mandatory calls. My next one’s coming up soon.” Bonnie shook her head in mock annoyance, but I knew that she loved her parents dearly and visited them whenever she could. Since they lived in Queens and we lived in Brooklyn, all she had to do was take the subway a few stops.

“Right, I have to go to the toilet. I’ll be right back.”

As soon as Bonnie was gone, a guy strolled over to our table. I suppressed a sigh. I hated situations like this. Flirting wasn’t my thing, any more than turning away guys who suddenly showed up and tried to come on to me, even though I didn’t want anything from them. Bonnie always said that I didn’t give guys enough of a chance. I guess she was right, but my experience in that area over the last couple of years hadn’t been great. After my father left us, Mum was devastated, and my image of true love cracked for the first time. Another crack appeared when my first boyfriend broke up with me after a year because he had fallen in love with someone else, whom he had almost definitely met a few weeks before and been seeing behind my back. Since then, I’d only had casual flings, and in the last few months I’d been concentrating on my studies, basically avoiding men altogether. It was easier to protect my heart if I never let anyone get close enough to break it.

**Make my Wish come true**

**Make my Wish Come True**

by Jana Schäfer

© 2021 Ravensburger Verlag GmbH, Ravensburg

[www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com](http://www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com)

© English sample translation by Connie Cramp



“Hi.” The guy eyed up my dress thoroughly. A smile appeared on his lips, and he slowly ran his hand through his mid-length blonde hair. In the summer, it might have made him look like a surfer, but right now it just looked disgustingly greasy.

“Can I buy you a drink?” He asked me – or rather, he asked my cleavage, which he couldn’t stop staring at. Disgusting.

“My eyes are up here,” I replied, calmly, my hands sweating slightly. Where was Bonnie?

“Of course, I...”

“So, I’m back,” interrupted Bonnie as she sat down opposite me, eyebrows raised at the stranger. “Is there a reason you’re standing here staring at my friend’s cleavage or are you just a creep?”

“I...uh...I’ll get going then.” The guy turned around abruptly and disappeared.

“What an idiot,” I muttered. “And you wonder why I stay single.”

“Well, not all of them are like him.”

“Maybe not. But the ones I met last year weren’t much better.”

“Could that be because you weren’t giving the men who weren’t idiots a chance?”

Bonnie said it in a jokey tone, but we both knew she was serious. Since we’d known each other, she’d been nagging me about my attitude being too pessimistic. Which was probably true since I didn’t give most guys the chance to even get to know me. But I didn’t need any distractions right now. And I definitely didn’t need a broken heart.

“No,” I said, defending myself, “but I just don’t have time for any romances right now, you know that.”

Bonnie let out a deep sigh but relented and changed the subject. She told me about a casting that was supposed to happen before she left for her trip and said that she thought she stood a good chance of getting the part. It was only a small supporting role in a movie, but, like me, Bonnie would take any opportunity if it would bring her a little closer to her dream.

A little while passed and we ordered a second glass of iced tea and a bowl of peanuts. The music had been turned up by now and the bar was beginning to get crowded with more and more people in cocktail dresses and suits. At some point, Bonnie started telling me about her travel plans for her trip to Europe. She’d been raving about how great it was going to be for the last few days, but I still listened carefully. I was really happy for her.

After we had finished our drinks, we made our way home. It was a cool evening, and I turned up the collar of my leather jacket to shield myself from the wind. I probably should have dug out my winter coat today.

We were heading into the nearest subway station when my phone rang. I fished it out of my pocket and looked at the number. Unknown. Frowning, I stopped walking and took the call.

“Hello? This is Abby.”

“Abigail Jones?” Asked a female voice.

“Yes, that’s me.” I pressed the phone tighter to my ear, puzzled. I never got calls from unknown numbers.

“This is Jennifer Torres speaking.”

I froze.

**Make my Wish come true**

**Make my Wish Come True**

by Jana Schäfer

© 2021 Ravensburger Verlag GmbH, Ravensburg

[www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com](http://www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com)

© English sample translation by Connie Cramp



“I looked through your application and I liked what I saw. If you can be flexible and spontaneous, I’d be happy to have you on my team.”

“Definitely. I’m very flexible and spontaneous,” I said without thinking, ignoring Bonnie’s raised eyebrows.

“That’s great. Then I’ll email you the details. Unfortunately, remuneration will be limited, but accommodation and food will be provided during filming. And at the end of the project, I will, of course, give you a reference. I have some friends who work at the film academy and I’m happy to offer opportunities like this to young talents when I can.”

She spoke calmly, at a comfortable pace. Before my eyes, an image emerged of a woman who was professional and self-assured. Exactly what I had been looking for.

“Thank you,” I managed to say, probably not sounding the least bit professional and self-assured.

“My pleasure. I’ll see you soon. Until then.” As soon as she hung up, I started squealing.

“What happened?” Bonnie asked, her eyes wide. “Did you get it?”

“That was Jennifer Torres on the phone. She’s an incredible director and I’m going to work on her team as an assistant. Me!”

“Oh my God! That’s fantastic!” Bonnie gave me an exuberant hug and, despite the fact that we were standing in the middle of the stairs to the subway station, we broke out into a ridiculous dance. A few passers-by gave us curious glances, but I couldn’t have cared less.

“I can’t believe it. I’ve been dreaming about this since I started studying two years ago. In fact, no. I’ve been dreaming about this since I was a little kid.” I smiled all over my face and linked arms with Bonnie, who seemed just as happy as I was.

We jumped down the stairs and took the next train, talking non-stop. I imagined meeting famous actors, working at Jennifer’s side, helping direct the scenes and inspecting the studio’s equipment.

“I knew you could do it,” Bonnie said, laughing.

“Thanks,” I said. “For everything. And especially for telling Amar about my search for an internship, I never would have heard about this otherwise.”

“Of course, always. I’m just glad you have an internship. And an amazing one at that!”

“Me too.” Jennifer Torres was going to email me with more details, but everything sounded incredible so far. How could I turn down a chance like this?

When we got to our apartment, I threw my jacket and bag on the bed and picked up my mobile phone. Already, a new email had landed in my inbox.

Subject: Details of internship on the set of ‘Treacherous Winter Magic.’

Oh my God, that sounded great. My fingers trembled as I opened the email.

*Liebe Abigail...* I skimmed through the lines of text, soaking up all the information in a matter of seconds.

The shoot would last several weeks, from mid-November to mid-February. The film itself was a thriller set in the 1920s, which made me squeal a second time.

I had probably seen the *Great Gatsby* at least ten times and I loved the costumes from that period. That could only be a good thing.

*Catering is provided on site. One day a week will be free...*

“This is awesome,” I whispered.

**Make my Wish come true**

**Make my Wish Come True**

by Jana Schäfer

© 2021 Ravensburger Verlag GmbH, Ravensburg

[www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com](http://www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com)

© English sample translation by Connie Cramp



*I'm really looking forward to working together and I'm sure you'll be a real asset to the team. Remember to pack warm clothes. On days off, there will certainly be the opportunity for you to explore the ski slopes.*

*Yours faithfully,*

*Jennifer Torres*

My smile was extinguished. Confused, I read the last couple of lines a second, and then a third, time.

Ski slopes? What ski slopes? Why would I, on my day off, drive out of town to hit the ski slopes? I scrolled up in the email, looking for the part about accommodation. I must have accidentally skipped that section. After all, I already had a room to come back to in the evening. I frowned at the address. How could I have missed that?

The shoot was going to take place at a hotel called the White Season. I had never heard of it. A few seconds later, I realised why.

"This can't be happening!"

"What's going on?" Bonnie asked, glancing over my shoulder at the screen of my phone. "Why are you looking at a hotel in the middle of the Rocky Mountains?"

I slowly lowered the phone. No, no, no. I had seen it all laid out before me, the chic studio, the exciting shoots in all kinds of places across New York that I didn't know about yet...

"Because that's where the film is being shot."

"What?" Bonnie looked confused.

"I'll fly to Denver to film and spend the next few weeks in a hotel in the middle of the mountains. In the snow."

Her eyes widened, but instead of the pity I had been expecting, she put a hand over her mouth and snorted loudly.

"Bonnie! It's not funny. I get this amazing chance to be part of a film shoot and then I have to go somewhere snowy, of all places. I hate the cold. You know that."

"You really wanted to get away from the New York Christmas hustle and bustle. At least now you can do that. And, who knows, you might fall in love with the landscape. Snow-capped mountains glittering in the sunlight, a picturesque atmosphere, and a stylish hotel – that all sounds great. Other people go on holiday to get that." She sounded almost euphoric and, although I usually loved her optimism, this time I was finding it hard to share it.

"I don't even have proper winter boots," I muttered, sinking onto my bed.

"When are you leaving?"

I opened the attachment. A plane ticket. There was no turning back.

"We're flying the week after next."

"Then we'll go shopping tomorrow," she said firmly, giving me no chance to argue. I couldn't argue anyway, because I needed more than just winter boots if I was going to survive the shoot in the mountains without getting frostbite. But I would endure anything for this job. Even a thick coat and winter boots that gave me blisters.

---

Two weeks later, the time had come. I stood nervously in the foyer of the hotel near the airport. Jennifer Torres had invited the crew to meet at a hotel the day before the flight to Denver so we could get to know each other before we began planning for the next few weeks. I

**Make my Wish come true**

**Make my Wish Come True**

by Jana Schäfer

© 2021 Ravensburger Verlag GmbH, Ravensburg

[www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com](http://www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com)

© English sample translation by Connie Cramp



had run through everything in my head a hundred times over the last few hours to make sure I had it all. Phone, purse, passport, winter clothes, my yoga stuff...

"I'm so excited about the shoot," someone very close to me said suddenly. "Apparently there's another intern, but I'm sure I can prove myself to Jennifer Torres, I'll be her number one in no time."

Curious, I turned in the direction of the voice and saw a young woman about my own age. She had her mobile phone pressed to her ear and was clearly one of my future colleagues. Or rather, a competitor, since, from the way she was talking, this was going to be a competition. I followed her inconspicuously. She made her way through the foyer, heading for a group of people who were standing near the reception desk.

I narrowed my eyes as my gaze fell on a tall woman. She wore a dark mini skirt with a wine-red silk blouse and a matching blazer. She was chatting to a man standing beside her. Her whole appearance radiated elegance and strength. I knew right away who she was, and my excitement began to build.

The woman was Jennifer Torres, the successful director I admired so much. I straightened my shoulders and walked towards her. The other intern must have had the same idea because she put her phone away hastily and ran towards Jennifer too, so that we both stopped in front of her almost simultaneously.

"Hello, I'm Jill," the other intern introduced herself. "I'll be right by your side while we're filming and I'm so looking forward to it. It's really an honour to work with you."

I gave her a look from the corner of my eye, irritated. Who spoke like that nowadays?

If Jennifer Torres had wondered the same thing, she hid it pretty well. "No need for such formality, Jill, we're all friends here," she replied with a smile, as her gaze slid from Jill to me.

"Hi, I'm Abigail," I said. "But everyone calls me Abby." I thought I heard Jill snort softly. What was her problem?

"Abby, how lovely. I'm really happy you're both here and I'm sure you'll be a great help on set. I'm looking forward to hearing your ideas. We'll meet in the hotel dining room for dinner in about an hour. Until then, you can get settled in your rooms." She gave us another quick nod and then turned back to the man standing next to her. And with that, the conversation was over.

I turned to leave, as did Jill.

"Don't think you can ruin this internship for me," she hissed as soon as we were out of earshot. "I've worked hard for this opportunity and I'm going to get everything I can out of it."

Oookay. She definitely had a problem with teamwork.

"Fine," I mumbled and turned away from her with a shrug. I would deal with her excessive ambition later.

With my heart pounding wildly, I grabbed my suitcase, went to the reception desk, and asked for the key to my room. Several other people – who I suspected were also crew members – did the same. The excitement in the air was almost palpable. Everyone seemed to be looking forward to the shoot and working on the film. I fought the urge to pinch myself and make sure this was really happening. Jennifer Torres knew my name and was looking forward to working with me. With me!

**Make my Wish come true**

**Make my Wish Come True**

**by Jana Schäfer**

**© 2021 Ravensburger Verlag GmbH, Ravensburg**

[www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com](http://www.foreignrights-ravensburger.com)

© English sample translation by Connie Cramp



Grinning, I typed out a message to Bonnie. For now, nothing could spoil my mood. Not even overeager Jill, who was already telling a cameraman how many great ideas she had for the shoot...