



Angels in the Snow
Written by: Karen (cheergirl)

Christmas Eve, December 2007

It was late and the entire house was silent, an occurrence that didn't happen too often with the twins Sami noted as she closed the door to their nursery. She leaned back against the wall, weary from lack of sleep, but she still had things to do before she could retreat to the sanctity of her bedroom.

Then again, she'd had many sleepless nights over the past few months and all the blame could not be laid at the feet of having infants in the household. She shook her head, not wanting to think about the other reason why many nights sleep was an elusive prize that she seldom seemed to find.

Pushing away from the wall, she made her way down the hallway, pausing momentarily to admire the Christmas tree that stood proud and majestic near the huge picture window, the miniature white lights blinking and shining like diamonds illuminating the darkened room. It was a beautiful tree, one that she had painstakingly worked on during her limited free time, but despite all her efforts to make it a wonderful holiday, she had failed miserably.

For the one she wanted to notice its beauty never even acknowledged the presence of the tree in the room, or any of other Christmas decorations she had placed strategically in their new house. She had hoped his eyes would alight with something, anything besides the ever present look of cynicism that now pervaded his entire demeanor.

Then again what did she expect? Nothing had been the same ever since Lucas had reported to EJ with such malicious glee about his tryst with her, how even though she had married EJ, she'd gone to Lucas' bed without a moment's hesitation on her part.

She shut her eyes trying to erase the memory of that afternoon in the hospital. It had been a good day for them; EJ was given the news he was to be released from the hospital, they were making plans about the move into their new home, they were even laughing over trivial things, it had almost seemed like they were slipping back into their long ago friendship.

It had seemed too good to be true, and of course it was because in the space of a few minutes all the happiness was gone from the room. It had only taken a few words from

Lucas and when EJ looked to Sami, the look of shock upon her face over Lucas' confession was truth enough.

EJ had shut down on her right before her very own eyes. Gone was the tentative trust and the precious threads that were starting to help mend their bonds of friendship, they were swept away amidst Lucas' laughter as he shut the hospital door, the harsh sounds echoing down the hallway as he walked away from EJ's room.

She'd tried to explain, but her explanation fell upon deaf ears. For once, it seemed EJ didn't care to hear what she had to say. Finally she'd left his room in tears. If only he had taken the time to listen to her reason why she had chosen to seduce Lucas and that was to keep him from trying to take her daughter Allie away from her. She couldn't endure having her daughter taken away from her especially after Lucas had allowed Will to leave Salem without even saying so much as a goodbye to his own mother.

She tugged on the necklace that Lucas had also pointed out to EJ was a symbol of her undying love for Lucas until it broke free from the resting place where she had kept it around her neck. She barely even felt the abrasion upon her skin as the chain crumpled within her hands. She looked down at the broken chains that had held her wedding ring to Lucas and cried anew because she held the vestiges of her past and now she was ready to begin a new chapter in her life without him.

She shook her head, trying to clear the images of the terrible day away from mind. She'd tried every day since then to talk to EJ, but he turned away from her feeble attempts of conversation with an abruptness and anger that reminded her of the dark days she'd witnessed from the man who had found a place in her heart even though she had fought the invasion with every fiber of her body.

She walked to the Christmas tree and rooted around the packages of gifts until she had found the one she was looking for, a gift for EJ although she had serious doubts that he would even accept it from her. Well she'd give it to him anyway, she never had been one to back down from a challenge and it would take more than stony silence from him to keep her away.

It was late, but she had no doubt he would be awake. Even though they had separate bedrooms, she knew his nocturnal habits, apparently neither one of them were sleeping too much lately. Tonight she would go to him, make him talk to her even if it resulted in further recriminations and accusations from him upon her character. She was strong, she could take it, after all she was a DiMera now and they didn't back off from anything until they got exactly what they wanted.

Armed with the brightly wrapped package Sami turned the knob on the door to EJ's bedroom, silently thanking the good Lord above that EJ hadn't decided to lock it because she didn't want to have to beg entrance into his bedroom. Cautiously she entered the dark room, trying to make out where he was at without causing too much commotion by her appearing in the doorway. She laid the package for him on his nightstand and looked around to find him.

She found him sitting in his wheelchair, out on the balcony that was just past the French doors in his bedroom, drinking what she guessed would be scotch from a Waterford cut glass tumbler, the prisms reflecting the pale moonlight that shined down upon him.

He sensed her presence as soon as she had entered the room, but he failed to acknowledge her until she came to stand behind him, resting her hands upon the back of

his wheelchair.

“What do you want?” His tone was harsh, his demeanor not welcoming at all.

She walked over to retrieve a chair and put it beside him, settling down into it as she turned to face him, “I want to talk to you EJ.”

“We have nothing to discuss,” he waved his free hand as if to dismiss her from being there, but she refused to budge from her chair.

“We have plenty to discuss,” Sami reached out to touch him, but stopped when she saw the coldness in his eyes as he looked upon her. She retrieved back her hand, allowing him to dictate her moves for now, but she would not leave until she had her say.

“Well then you are forcing me to be blunt, I really don’t care what you have to say to me,” EJ drained the contents of his glass and started to sit the glass down upon a nearby table that he could easily reach, when Sami stood up to retrieve the glass from his hand.

“You really shouldn’t drink alone,” Sami commented as she smelled the fumes emitting from the now empty tumbler.

“If you haven’t figured it out by now I really don’t give a damn what you think and I’ll drink whatever, whenever I feel like it,” EJ tried to take the glass away from her hand, but she moved it out of his reach and walked back into his room momentarily to refill his glass and to pour her one herself from the decanter that he had in his room.

She handed him back his glass which was now refilled and sat down again with her own drink, pausing to raise her glass in a mock toast, “Oh come on EJ, you won’t share a drink with me?”

“Samantha, I don’t know what you are up to, but I just want you to leave me alone,” EJ refused to bring the drink to his lips while Sami took a casual sip from hers.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Sami said as she rubbed her arms, the coldness seeping through her thin pajama top that she was wearing, but if EJ could stand the cold, then so could she.

“You always do the opposite of what I wish,” EJ sighed, finally taking a drink from the glass, welcoming the burn of the scotch as it traveled throughout his body. “I’ve told you to go, to divorce me, to go back to Lucas and yet you refuse to leave me.”

“You don’t want me to go,” Sami said quietly looking out upon the new fallen snow that layered the landscape of their backyard.

“Yes, I do,” EJ replied although he failed to look her in the eyes while he said it.

Sami chose to ignore his last statement and forged on determined to break down this wall he had erected between them after Lucas had tried to destroy EJ’s confidence that day in the hospital, “A long time ago I was sent away from Salem with my twin brother Eric. We went to stay with our grandparents in Colorado. It was beautiful and peaceful there. To this day I sometimes wonder why I returned to Salem because for the most part I’ve found nothing but heartache and misery here in this town.”

“I guess that makes two of us then because I wished I’d never stepped foot into this

godforsaken town and now I can't leave it," EJ said, his voice cracking, but he refused to shed a tear in front of this woman, he wouldn't extend to her the privilege again to rip him apart with her lying words of comfort.

Sami continued onward as if he hadn't even spoken to her, "The snow was so pure and powdery in Colorado, not slushy like it gets here sometimes and Eric and I would play for hours outside until our grandparents had to drag us back in the house. On those days I forgot about being separated from my parents, my family, and my home in Salem. Eric and I would make angels in the snow, both trying to see which one of us could make a perfect angel imprint among the snowdrifts. I miss those days with my twin. It was almost magical, memories so pure and innocent that I could go back to them when the dark days came and believe me I've had my share of far more dark days than good ones in my life. Now I'm not asking you to forgive me for doing what I had to do, but I was willing to do anything to keep Allie and Johnny together, for them to grow up together, to not be separated from one another and if it took my sleeping with Lucas again to keep my children from being separated, then I'd do it again in a heartbeat even if I knew what I was doing was wrong, that I was betraying our wedding vows however shaky they were to begin with considering the circumstances surrounding our marriage. So if you want to sit in judgment of me, go ahead, you won't be the first and you certainly won't be the last."

She drained her glass after finishing her speech to him, the man who was such a big part of her life, one that was crazy and jumbled up, but one that she longed to share with him if he'd only allow her access back into his heart.

"Samantha, I..."

She interrupted him before he could say anything else, "I know this isn't going to be easy, but I'm willing to give this marriage my all if you can get past your stubbornness, all I want is for you to give us a chance, that maybe we'll find better days in the upcoming year."

"I don't know if I can," EJ looked into her eyes, trying to get past the hurt she had inflicted upon him and saw that if she was willing to take the risk maybe he could attempt to do the same.

Sami crouched down before him, taking his hands within hers, "EJ, You've got a tough road ahead of you and I want to be here by your side, helping you fight. Isn't that what Christmas is all about to be willing to open up your heart to new possibilities? You are my family now, for better or worse, and I want to be here with you and the twins."

"I've hurt so you badly, I can't expect you to stay here with me." EJ shook his head, trying not to get his hopes up again, because he knew how hard the fall was when his dreams of being with Samantha were smashed to pieces.

"We've both hurt each other," Sami leaned in to touch his face, "and I'd be lying if I didn't say I wasn't scared that we'll hurt each other again because we are both selfish people, barging into life with both barrels wide open, but I'm willing to try. Give me the chance to show you that I'm worth the risk, that loving me is worth all the heartache and the pain that we've shared with one another."

He placed his hand upon her cheek and felt hope growing once again inside his cold heart, melting away the iciness that surrounded the fortress that guarded his emotions,

“Samantha Gene Brady, you drive a hard bargain. How can any man resist your charms?”

“For your information it is Samantha Gene Brady Wells-Dimera and don't you dare forget it,” she pointed a finger at his chest as a smile started to form upon her face.

“I won't darling, I won't,” EJ returned her smile with one of his own, happiness slowly creeping over him for the first time in weeks and it was all because of this wild and beautiful creature that stood before him.

“Merry Christmas EJ,” she kissed him on the cheek, then straightened up and left his room.

“Merry Christmas Samantha,” EJ whispered as he watched her retreating figure leave the room, thinking to himself that he had just been given the best gift of all and that was the gift of hope for the future.

The End



If Stars are for Wishing
Written by: Donna (laurensnana)

"Lucas, you can't mean this, you knew I would want to spend Christmas with you and the twins, and with the Hortons..how can you be going to Switzerland?" Sami's eyes were once again brimming with the unshed tears that were always on the brink of springing forth to trail down her cheeks. There were not many times she was around Lucas lately that she was not close to tears.

His eyes did not soften as he looked at her, with all she had done to hurt him these past few weeks, he could not fathom her lack of understanding. "I cannot let Will spend his first Christmas away from us all by himself!" turning away from her, he continued piling items into his suitcase. "I think this is the last of my things that I left here anyway, so this is just me finishing packing up. As I said on Thanksgiving, have a nice life."

"Lucas..Will is with Carrie and Austin..how comfortable do you think it will be for them..I mean Carrie and Austin..you know..on the roof?"

"They will be off skiing, and Will will be there on his own. So why don't you and the twins just come with me?"

"Lucas, the babies are too young to travel, they do not even have travel documents and it is required now..there would not be time to get them anyway. Besides, we can't afford it. You realize you have not had a job in how long? Just the one ticket for you must be costing a couple of thousand.."

"Nope, three..Mom lent me the money, she is coming too. At least Will can see part of his family for the holiday. If I were you, I would find a way to enjoy Christmas with Ali and Johnny, it may be the last one with all of you together. " Those were the last words Lucas said to her as he closed the door, heading down to the elevator with his suitcase. He had not even bothered to peek in on the babies, and Sami figured it was because he might have changed his mind if he had.

It had been so quick, she had not had time to come to terms with it, or formulate any plans. The anger she should have felt was not there though, just a sense of loneliness..this holiday should have been special and now it seemed like it was ruined. She sat on the couch, folding her head into her hands while she stared at the fire.

“Well now, Samantha, looks like yer Christmas plans may have to take in the fact you have two wee uns, and a hoosband who needs ter have a least a kind word terned his way now..EJ has been kinder to you than yer own family..why hasn’t any o’ them bothered to call ye? Tis certain they be knowing where Lucas is headed, tis certain they knew he sent Will off without a by your leave to you, and the naming of the child..I was really partial to the name of Colleen if yew must know the trute o’ it! It was really bald o’ him to name that child before asking yer opinion..not that the name is bad, but Colleen would suited her better!”

“Damn it, get out of my head!” Advancing on Colleen, Sami had no idea how ridiculous it was to argue with a ghost, but it was her last weapon of defense.

“I’ll not do any sech thing! You are the one who brings me here, it is not o’ my doings a ‘tall! Now, do the smart ting girl, get on the phone and invite EJ to have Christmas wit you, and his son..and the wee lass as well! Twill do him good, twill do his son good, and I’m thinking it won’t do you no harm either!”

“Arrgh!” Sami tossed a sofa pillow at the vision, but Colleen stood her ground as it passed through her to hit the screen and bounced over into the flames. The resulting fireball that roared out into the room frightened Sami to death, with her only thought being to grab the twins and get out as the smoke began filling up the apartment and the alarms began going off in the building.

EJ’s driver was pulling into the parking area, the limousine was loaded down with gifts for the twins, and EJ was settled into the back seat looking over some contracts sent to him by the racing conglomerate he still ran. The sound of the fire trucks pulling in, sirens blaring brought him out of his concentration. He looked about quickly, then found her, standing on the corner, trying to hold onto both babies, but Lucas was no where in sight.

“Get Mrs. DiMera into the car, immediately, and help her with the babies!” His driver did not hesitate, and moments later, Sami was sitting across from EJ, once again the victim of his rescue move.

“How do you do this EJ? Always manage to be right where I need you to be?” she tried to be angry, but getting out of the cold with both babies still sleeping was too big a miracle to overlook.

“My father said Kate called and mentioned that she and Lucas were on a flight tonight, but I did not realize he had already left. What happened in the apartment? Defrosting the turkey so soon?”

“EJ..can we just cut this out now, I am alone, you are alone, it is almost Christmas..we are still married, and my apartment is unlivable..so whattya say?”

“My dear, I am overwhelmed, yes, I think it would be splendid for the four of us to spend

the holiday at my house, maybe decorate a tree, cook a turkey, hang up some mistletoe..what else? I know you may not believe this, but Christmas traditions were sorely lacking in my growing up years. What little Christmasy things do you have in mind? I know, how about we decorate my wheelchair? Put some greenery, maybe some lights! Hopefully, you won't miss Lucas too awfully much if we just warm up some chocolate and sing some carols..sounds lovely". His voice was a flat monotone, it had been three weeks since his discharge from hospital, and she had not visited or brought his son to him once.

Sami was silent, as she read his mind. It had not been her intention to keep Gianni from EJ, but from Stefano. Now Lucas had once again deserted her, her family was again ashamed of her for giving in to the demands of the DiMeras, now it looked like even EJ had turned against her.

"Forget I said that Samantha, you are the one person I have no right to be angry at. I have a son now, and I have sworn he is going to be raised to be the best man he can ever be..no one is going to pre judge him, or force him to be anything but what he wants to be! That is how I will take back the evil I did to you..it is the only way I know how. I know you have not, and will not forgive me, but do you see that star up there, it is called Apus, or bird of Paradise.. now my Nanny once told me it was my very own wishing star, and silly as it sounds, I believed her then, and I believe her now. " he waited as she leaned to look out the window to the star he indicated.

"And have you wished that you will be able to walk again?" She knew it would be something he dearly wished for.

"No, Samantha, walking is not what I wished for. My wish is that you find a way to forgive me, to find a way to let me be part of my sons life, and for us to somehow be friends again. I miss that you know, when you were my new best friend in Salem."

"That sounds ok by me EJ, I miss having Prince Charming as my best friend as well..and can I ask a favor?"

"Anything Samantha, if it is within my power to do."

"Can I wish on your star? I mean is it like private property or anything?"

His laugh was rich and warm, and hearing it in the confines of the limousine as it drove through the night was like putting on a warm coat on a cold winters night. Pointing to the star, he just nodded as a way of giving her permission.

Her eyes closed shut tightly, and she found her hand reaching across under the baby's blanket to touch his lifeless legs. Her wish was simple, direct, and very Sami like. "Please, God, let EJ walk again, I know I love him just as he is, but Gianni will need him to be scurrying along with him as he learns to walk, and to run alongside him while he learns to ride a bike, then to be coaching his soccer team when he learns to play that game...plus I need him to find me a great lawyer to get Ali back from Lucas and also to maybe go kick Lucas's ass!

The End



The Christmas Spirits

Written by: Jane E Kennedy AKA EJAMination

It was a cold winter night at the Dimera mansion, Christmas Eve to be exact, snow was falling outside the window and it was depressingly quiet. EJ's thoughts spiraled in his head as he sat in his wheelchair parked by the fireplace like just another Christmas ornament in the great room. Behind him was dark except for the tree which was too perfectly decorated to have been a family affair. He looked down at his legs covered by a plaid wool blanket, it too was perfectly placed by his homecare nurse. He wondered if sending Samantha away tonight was a good idea. What did he have to offer her anyway an uncomfortable evening with him and Stefano pretending to be the doting wife? He began to curse his flaccid limbs as if they had purposely ruined his Christmas. He imagined putting little Johnny to bed and dancing with Samantha to soft playing Christmas music by the tree until he was able to lead the dance under the mistletoe. EJ shook his head and pounded his fists on his legs as if to chase the silly thoughts of true love out of his head. He had a role to play for Samantha and for his father and it did him no good to fantasize; it only made the pain that much worse.

After all he had put Samantha through; he had come to realize that even now she did genuinely care about him. He knew she didn't love him, not the way she loved Lucas but he went along with her ruse anyway. It was the least and the very most he could do for her the way he was now. As long as she kept coming back and Stefano was satisfied, she was safe. Despite the pain it caused him, he wore a smile when he needed to and played the good son when he needed to but he felt like a fraud. He felt like just another piece to his father's game but he supposed that was his lot in life and a deserving one at that. So here he sat alone and unable to be the man he should have been, he was angry and now that he was alone he could no longer keep it in. He began yelling into the air, if he had been able, he would have stormed out the door so that no roof would have been between him and his intended target.

EJ: I get it, ok, do you hear God? I failed! I failed as a man, I failed as a son, I failed at my one chance at love, I failed at everything! I know! I was selfish and I let my pride get the best of me, I was foolish!

EJ hung his head and his arms fell back down into his lap with a dull thud. Tears began to stream down his face and for the first time in a while, he was glad Samantha was not here to see him. His sobs rippled out through his entire body shaking even his lifeless legs, seeing them move beneath the blanket knowing it wasn't purposeful stung. He pushed his legs down hard with his hands trying to make the assault on himself stop. It was useless and he gave up and he just let the anguish pour out. Exhaustion was overtaking him and the warmth from the fire was to comforting to fight, as he drifted off to sleep he muttered "I wish I was dead."

A few moments later, the fire began to grow and crackle loudly, the heat on EJ's hands woke him. He lifted his head and rubbed the heat off his hands, as he pushed the wheels on his chair forward to escape the heat, he realized he wasn't alone.

EJ: Father? Is that you?

EJ could see a figure on the other side of the fireplace but the glow between them blocked out his face. The figure stepped into the light. It was tall and slim. EJ's eyes scanned for the face. His eyes adjusted in the dim glow of the now dying fire. A man's voice filled the room, low and thick.

Santo: Grandson. I have been sent to you my boy.

EJ: Who are you? What do you want?

EJ tried to back away but one of his wheels was wedged against a bookcase, his attempt to yell out to someone failed as he was finally able to focus on the face before him.

EJ: G...G...Grandfather? But you're dead! You're not here, you're not here, this isn't real, I'm dreaming...

EJ shut his eyes tight and continued talking to himself.

EJ: Wake up! Wake up!

Santo: Elvis, we need to go now, there isn't much time!

EJ: GO! Go where, I can't go anywhere! Look at me! No, no, no! This isn't real, you're not here!

Santo walked the few steps between them and knelt at EJ's feet and placed his hands on EJ's. Before EJ could recoil from Santo's cold wispy hands the room around him began to swirl and a great force pressed him down still. All he could do was look into Santo's familiar eyes. His insides felt like they were being forced against his spine and he was being crushed. At the last second he felt he could take the pressure, it all stopped with a jolt and the room became clear again.

EJ's head cleared and he looked around. He was in a grand room, brightly lit and he could hear "Tu Scendi Dalle Stelle" playing. He searched the room as Santo stood beside him swaying and his hands dancing to the music. In a decidedly bright tone Santo began to speak, almost sing to EJ in his thick Italian accent.

Santo: Oh this is the song we always played on Christmas Eve! Your father would sing....Tu scendi dalle stelle, O Re del Cielo, e vieni in una grotta, al freddo al gelo....

EJ: Grandfather! Grandfather! Stop! Where are we?

Santo: Just look? Elvis, do you not remember? Just look, right over there...

EJ watched as a young boy bounded into the room.

Boy: Father? Father? Is it time yet? Can I open them? Father?

A woman hurried into the room after the boy. She was wearing a gray dress adorned with a white heavily starched apron and her hair pulled into a top knot.

Woman: Young Master Dimera, I've been looking all over for you! I tried to find you before he left. Your Father had to go out of town on business but he said you could open your gifts.

EJ was horrified. He knew where he was and who he was looking at. As he watched, he unconsciously mouthed the words of the little boy.

Young EJ: Why? Why does he always have to leave? It's Christmas Eve! Who does business on Christmas Eve?

Woman: You know your father is a very important man. Open up your gifts, it will cheer you up, I happen to know there's a very special gift in there for you from your father...

Young EJ: I don't want it! It isn't from him! You bought it! I know you did! He doesn't care, all he cares about is his stupid business!

EJ watched himself as he ran out of the room, kicking the pile of presents under the tree.

EJ: I remember this. I was ten and I only had one week home for Christmas, Father left the first day and didn't come back until after I was back in school.

Santo: Yes, my son was a very savvy business man. He cared a great deal about his work.

EJ: That was the last Christmas I came home for the holiday expecting to see Father. It was better once I was older and understood about the business, I could even be a part of it once I was older.

Santo: Ahhh, yes but it didn't seem to matter so much then, you just wanted your Papa.

Before EJ could respond he felt the pressure again and the room began to swirl. When it stopped EJ was again sitting by the fire in his father's home.

EJ: Grandfather? Grandfather?

A woman's voice came out of the darkness as he felt a hand slide over his shoulder. EJ looked up into Samantha's face.

EJ: Samantha! What are you doing here?

Colleen: It is not my great niece you be looking at dear! We must be on our way, time is not on our side!

The room melted away and he could hear and feel his surroundings rushing around him. When it stopped he found himself sitting across the hall from his apartment at the door of Sami & Lucas's place.

EJ: Why are we here? I don't want to see them! Isn't it enough I want her to be happy and sent her home to him. Do I have to see it?

Colleen: Yes, I'm afraid you do. We wouldn't have been sent here if there weren't a lesson here for ya.

EJ: Fine, let's get on with it then.

EJ reached forward to knock on the door but it opened before he touched it. Lucas was standing at the door carrying a car seat with a heavily wrapped baby in one hand and peeling Sami's hand off his arm with the other.

Lucas: I'm going Sami and I'm taking Allie with me!

Sami: Lucas you can't go! You can't take her away from me! She's my daughter too!

Lucas: You made your choice Sami, now you have to live with it!

Sami: But I did this for us, for all of us, so we could be together. Please Lucas. Its Christmas Eve, how can you do this?

Lucas: Me? Me! How could I do this? You Sami, you did this! I told you he would get to you and he did! Look at you! You believe him and the next thing you know my daughter, our daughter Sami is going to be in the hands of the Dimeras! I won't let it happen Sami! No way!

EJ: Lucas don't do this! Look at her! Look at the pain on her face! I won't take your daughter from you!

Colleen: You're wasting your breath; they can't hear a word you are saying.

EJ: Then why am I here? Why did you bring me here?

Colleen: Look at her!

Samantha had collapsed in a sobbing heap at his feet as Lucas wrenched free of her and walked right through EJ and Colleen.

Lucas turned to face Sami.

Lucas: Get up! Get off the floor! You wanted this, you wanted him and now he's yours Sami, all yours! You may be able to lie to yourself but you can't lie to me!

Sami: Why are you doing this Lucas? Why are you trying to hurt me? This isn't just about Allie, you hate me because I forgave him don't you?

Lucas: I don't know Sami maybe I do. How could you forgive him after all he did to you and me and our whole family? How could you?

Sami: He's a different person now Lucas. I saw him change and if all the people who claim to love me could forgive all the awful things I have done, then I owe it to myself to do the same thing for him.

Lucas: That's right Sami, that's what I thought, it's all about you! You and him! I'm outta here!

Sami: Lucas no, don't take her!

Crying from the bedroom broke off her pleas.

Sami: Just give me one minute Lucas, please let's talk about this, I'll be right back out just let me get Johnny. Ok?

Lucas: Sure whatever.

EJ watched as Sami hurried off to get Johnny and Lucas took the opportunity to escape. Sami came out of the bedroom with tiny Johnny up to her shoulder and the rushing sound returned.

EJ: No! Not yet! I have to see if she is ok! Colleen, not yet!

Colleen: It's not my choice....

Her voice faded as the rushing sound amplified. EJ was dizzy and felt as if he was falling. The sensation stopped abruptly and he found himself in unfamiliar surroundings. Everything was cold and white and EJ was frightened. He was not back at the mansion and nothing was familiar. His eyes began to adjust to the bright surroundings and a sharp constant beeping caught his attention. He could smell antiseptic and thought he must be in a hospital. He wheeled his chair around and saw a young man sitting beside a hospital bed. He was dressed in suit that was all too familiar to EJ, the crest on the breast of the jacket was identical to one he had worn as a teenager. He wondered if that was him sitting there keeping vigil at someone's bedside. Nothing in his memory helped him determine where he was. He wheeled closer to the figure in the chair, he recognized something about the young man's eyes. They were cold and green but EJ did not know who he was

looking at. As EJ studied the young man's face, he could have sworn he could see him even though none of his actions seemed to convey that he did. Tentatively EJ spoke.

EJ: Can you see me? Can you?

Young man: Of course I can see you father.

The young man's voice was contemptuous. EJ's head was starting to hurt, he didn't understand what was happening, did he say father? The young man stood and started to walk toward EJ. He passed him and took a hold of his wheelchair jerking him the other direction and pushing him to the side of the bed. EJ looked over his shoulder at the man demanding to know where he was being taken.

Young man: Look at him! I said look at him!

EJ looked at the man in the hospital bed and despite being bruised and swollen, he could see that the man in the bed and the man behind him were one in the same.

EJ: Who is that? Who is that man?

The man behind EJ just smiled a malevolent smile as the beeping sounds melded into one long beep. In a decidedly false act of worry, the man pulled the wheelchair out of the way of the rush of doctors and assistants pouring into the room, he bent down to EJ's level, his words seething

out like poison.

Young man: Don't you recognize you little boy, Dad?

EJ's eyes met his grown son's and he became nauseous.

EJ: Johnny? You're Johnny? Are you d...d...dead? Oh God no!

Johnny: Watch and see! See what your self pity got you!

EJ: Johnny! Johnny! What's happening?

Suddenly EJ felt like was hit in the gut. When he recovered, he realized he was in a different place. He instantly recognized the Brady Pub but it took a few moments to recognize the people as they had aged quite a bit. There was a feast laid out on several tables pushed together. EJ scanned the room and recognized Bo, Shawn D, and Chelsea. There were several younger people there who weren't the slightest bit familiar. One young woman was helping an old woman to sit at the end of the table offered a sweet "Here you go Grandma." EJ realized who she was and how much time had passed when the old woman replied "Oh Ciara, you're such a dear."

The kitchen door opened up and an older yet still beautiful Hope appeared carrying a turkey on a platter.

Bo: You got that Fancy face?

Hope: Sure do Brady! You just keep your hands off!

Everyone seemed to be having a good time and preparing to sit down for Christmas dinner. EJ scanned the room and spotted Roman off by himself looking out the window unaffected by the feast laid out. Hope walked across the pub to Roman giving him a hug from behind.

Hope: She'll be here, don't worry.

Roman: I hope so, I should have picked her up. It just hasn't been the same since she lost him.

EJ looked around and found his son standing to the side leaning against a booth.

EJ: Who are they talking about? Is it Samantha? Who did she lose? Johnny answer me!

Johnny: My name is Gianni! And where would you like me to start? Hmmm? Who hasn't she lost is more like it?

The bell on the pub door interrupted them.

Hope: See I told you she would make it!

Roman: Hey there little sister! Merry Christmas!

EJ: But where is Samantha? Is she with me? Lucas?

Gianni: You? Are you kidding?

EJ: Then where is she?

Gianni: Just watch.

A young blonde girl walked in behind Kayla.

Kayla: Come on Allie, it's ok, come in.

The young girl looked apprehensive as she half waved and smiled at the staring crowd of Bradys. Ciara quickly came to her side and looped her arm through her cousin's and lead her to the table with everyone else.

Ciara: It's ok Allie, they don't bite!

The two girls began to whisper to one another and EJ couldn't make out what they were saying.

EJ: I can't hear them, what are they saying?

Suddenly EJ's wheelchair rushed forward so that he was almost in between the girls.

Allie: I just don't know Ciara, I feel weird here.

Ciara: Don't, just because your mom isn't welcome here has nothing to do with you! It's not your fault.

Allie: I guess but she's still my mom.

Ciara: Yeah well she choose not to be part of this family when she tried to take you and run off with that creepy old Dimeria guy.

Kayla: Allie, you listen to your cousin! Your Uncle Steve didn't give up his life so you could feel like an outsider, he did it so you would have a family.

The young girl hung her head and the room fell silent and time stopped. Gianni stepped in between EJ and the girls, pushing his wheel chair backwards.

Gianni: Are you getting all this father?

EJ: I don't understand, what does all this mean?

Gianni: What does it mean? What does it mean? It means your family was destroyed and it all your fault! You should have been there for us!

Again EJ felt a jolt that seemed to resonate from his stomach and upon recovering found himself back in the hospital room with his dying son. The room was dark now but the door was partially open letting in some light. EJ made out the shape of a woman sitting by the bed. She was quietly crying and talking to the lifeless body beside her. Gianni walked over and stood behind her. EJ could barely make out what she was saying except for "I'm so sorry baby" between sobs.

Gianni: She just couldn't do it by herself. Grandfather was just too powerful and she was just out

of her league.

EJ: Samantha....

Gianni: Yes, Samantha! You left her alone to fight by herself!

EJ: But she wasn't alone, she had Lucas and her family.

Gianni: Oh so you think they all just forgave her? You died and suddenly everything was ok? NO! Grandfather blamed them even more and she couldn't pretend that she didn't love you! Nothing she did was good enough for anyone!

EJ: What happened? What happened to her and to you?

Gianni: Oh like you care. She did everything she could and since everyone turned against her, she made a deal with the devil. She gave up everything!

EJ: I don't understand Johnny, what did she do?

Gianni: My name is Gianni! Gianni Dimeras!

EJ: She turned to Father didn't she?

Gianni: Her family gave her no other choice! Lucas gave her no other choice! YOU gave her no other choice! The only way she could get her precious little Allie back and keep me was to ask Grandfather for help and for that, she had stay with him and raise her children as Dimeras. And she did. True Dimeras!

EJ: But what happened, I still don't understand? Gianni? Gianni?

EJ felt nauseous and his head hurt. His vision was blurry.

Stefano: Elvis! Elvis! Wake up! You are dreaming!

EJ opened his eyes and he was back in his father's home, by the fire with the plaid blanket laid perfectly across his lap. He was confused as he remembered everything that had happened that night.

EJ: I was dreaming? But it felt so real.

Stefano: Well snap out of it Elvis you have visitors!

Stefano excused himself after leading Samantha over to EJ's side.

Samantha: Hi.

EJ: What are you doing here? I thought you would be home with Lucas.

Samantha: Well, I just thought you shouldn't be alone on Christmas Eve.

EJ: But you should be with your children tonight, that's why I...

Samantha (interrupting): So should you EJ.

She got up and gently lifted little Johnny out of his carrier and placed him in EJ's arms. EJ took his son and looked into his bright wondering eyes. He then looked back to Samantha, she looked distracted but returned his smile.

EJ: Is everything alright Samantha?

Samantha: Sure, everything is fine.

EJ: We're in this together, Samantha, if you don't tell me I can't help you. If you need to go, I'll understand.

Samantha: EJ, I'm right where I need to be, with someone who understands.

EJ: But what about....

EJ saw a smile come across her lips as she "shhhd" him and lifted a twig of mistletoe over his head. EJ saw a look in her eyes he hadn't seen in a very long time, maybe he was fooling himself and it had never been there or maybe he had just been feeling sorry for himself to notice it had come back. She was looking at him like he was the only man on earth, like she knew what was in his mind and he in hers. She playfully wiggled the mistletoe between them, "You do know what to do don't you!" She teased. EJ looked stunned and again she teased him "Well don't leave me hanging!" as she wiggled the mistletoe once more. EJ's face softened as she leaned in and their lips met. She was warm and sweet and EJ couldn't help but to get a little lost in the kiss, there was no one here to impress, she was here because she wanted to be, she was kissing him because she wanted too. He didn't want it to end and vowed to himself and her, that even if the kiss did end, the feeling wouldn't. As the kiss broke off, he noticed a second carrier at Samantha's feet.

EJ: You brought Allie too!

Samantha: Well I couldn't just leave her behind, Lucas is home packing to go to Switzerland to be with Will for Christmas.

EJ: Well that sounds like a good idea!

Samantha: What? You want to go spend Christmas with Will?

EJ: No, London! You haven't seen Christmas until you've seen Christmas in London!

Samantha: Are you joking? What about your father?

EJ: Don't worry about father, I can handle him. Will you go?

Samantha: What's got into you?

EJ: Well, let's just say I got into the Christmas spirit!

Samantha: Seriously, where's the real EJ?

EJ: Right here, where I belong, with my family.

Reaching out and pulling her close, EJ whispers "I will never leave you to face the world alone, never." Samantha's face suddenly very serious, her gaze never leaving his, whispers back with her head resting against his "I knew you were in there somewhere. Merry Christmas EJ."

EJ: Merry Christmas Samantha.

The End

Same 'Ol Lang Syne

An EJami Christmas Fic inspired by the song, Same Old Lang Syne, by Dan Folgerberg.

Written by: Crystal (crystalgr)

Prologue

This EJami Tale starts eighteen years from current Days Of Our Lives time. After marrying EJ, Sami was allowed to follow her heart and return to Lucas. Lucas and Sami raised their children together, and EJ moved back to England. Gianni spent summers with his father there, and Sami and EJ never spoke unless it was through phone calls to plan vacations for their son to visit his father. She was free to be with what she thought was the love of her life.

After several years of being with Lucas, his true colors shown through. He cheated on her, and broke her heart. When they divorced, Sami's family blamed her. Even though she did everything in her power to save all of them, they never recognized it as such.

EJ allowed her to break all ties with him, because he loved her enough to let her be "happy".

This Christmas, with the children all off at school, and living their own lives, and with her family shunning her completely, and Lucas enjoying his new freedom, she decided to go to Paris to spend the Holiday by herself. EJ, also alone this holiday, was drawn to the city of love as well.

SAME OL' LANG SYNE

Sami found herself grazing through the grocery trying to find whatever she could that she could throw together at the last minute for her Christmas meal. It was Christmas Eve and she never thought she would be here. Paris was an amazingly beautiful city, but it wasn't the same being there all alone. Everywhere she looked she could see happy couples basking in the Holiday scenery. It made her sick. The only thing it reminded her of was the fact that she was completely alone, and how betrayed she felt after Lucas left her. Her children hadn't even called her and Christmas was only one day away. Gianni was in the mountains on a ski vacation with some friends from school, Ally was off with her boyfriend's family celebrating, and the Brady's were doing their typical Christmas Holiday tradition and shunning her.

Paris had seemed like a good idea, but now, as she was browsing the frozen foods, she started to think differently. She stared at the glass to the freezer in front of her, seeing reflections of others as they passed by her, and she was suddenly tormented at how alone she really was.

She backed up to walk away and ran into someone, dropping all of the produce she was carrying on the floor. When she turned around to apologize, she saw a familiar face. The face was older, and a bit more worn with age than she remembered, but the eyes were still the same.

"EJ?" she asked, in bewilderment.

“Samantha!” he said. EJ bent down to pick up her groceries for her and he seemed to have the same look of shock on his face. “What are YOU doing here?”

“I am...” she took the produce and tried to come up with an excuse that didn’t sound as depressing as she knew the truth would. “I am celebrating the Holiday. What are you doing here?”

“Well, I suppose I am doing the same,” he said, leaning against the pile of fruits stacked up next to them.

She didn’t know what to say next, so she stated the obvious. “Gianni is skiing, but I am sure you know that already.”

“Yes,” he touched his temple, wondering why she would want to discuss something so obviously known by both of them, “he called me this morning. The boy is having a blast.” Sami wondered why her son hadn’t taken the time to call her as well. Then, as if on cue, EJ continued, “He was having a difficult time getting a signal up there, so I wouldn’t expect a call from him anytime soon.”

Sami was surprisingly comforted by his statement. They were being trampled by other shoppers. An announcement came over the speakers in the store stating that they would be closing soon. As the two of them made their way to the check-out, they discussed their lives. EJ gave a simple explanation to his successful business dealings in England, and how he had consumed himself with work over the past decade. Sami told stories of being a housewife and mother. She paid for her items and then found herself standing at the end of the line while he paid for the only two items he had in his hand, two bottles of wine. She could have made a graceful exit then, but decided to stay for more of this unexpected reunion.

When they made it to the sidewalk in front of the store, EJ saw an open door to invite her for more of the tantalizing conversation they were having. His mind was racing with ideas of possible redemption, but he didn’t get his hopes up. He was just thankful for the chance to be in her presence once again. It was like a Christmas wish come true.

“Care to join me for a drink?” he asked her, praying she would agree.

Sami took in a deep breath and considered what she was about to say to him. She could go back to the hotel alone to think about all she didn’t have this Christmas, or she could go with him to a smoke filled bar and discuss their lives over drinks. She opened her mouth and spoke, “Absolutely!”

They both got in his car and went to a few places EJ thought might be open. They were disappointed at every stop. The bars were either already closed for the Holiday, or they were just getting ready to close. Finally, after the fourth disappointment, EJ got back into the car and proposed a different scenario. “Well, it looks like none of these places want us to have those drinks. How about this...why don’t we just find a nice spot to park this thing and drink the wine I just purchased.”

“Don’t you need that for your own celebration tomorrow?” Sami asked, trying to pry into his personal life a bit out of curiosity.

EJ shook his head, giggled a bit and started the car again, "No, darling, there is no celebration. This wine was for my own pity party." He watched as a look of almost satisfaction flooded Sami's face, as he starting driving.

When he found a nice secluded parking place in a park around the corner, he turned the lights off and found some nice Christmas music on the radio. Since he didn't have a corkscrew, he took out a pocket knife and tried his best to open the wine bottle. As he fumbled with it, Sami laughed at him. Finally, he had it opened, and offered her the first drink. She tipped the bottle and was amazed at the flavors it offered. She handed the bottle back to him and just before he took a drink he asked her, "So, what is the real story? What happened with you and Lucas? Gianni and I have an agreement. It is best to NOT talk about such things."

Sami was amazed at his bluntness, but felt moved to share. "Well, he slept with another woman, and I divorced him. End of story." EJ was shocked, but almost expected the news. He apologized for her pain but she wouldn't have his sympathy. "EJ, you didn't do it, so it isn't your to apologize for. It just happened, and then, my family did exactly what you warned me they would."

EJ opened his eyes as if he was begging her for more, but he knew what she meant, "Really? So, is that what brought you here?" Sami nodded her head in acknowledgement. He felt her pain and knew she had to be feeling the same feelings of solidarity. He handed her the bottle again to drown her sorrows, and hopefully find comfort in his attendance on this sad Holiday for the both of them. "You know," he said as he watched her every move, studying the features that had been embedded in his memory forever, "you are even more beautiful than I remember."

She was taken by surprise, as she lowered the bottle from her mouth, and couldn't bring herself to comment on his compliment. She responded, "Well, I read every article Gianni saved on his computer about you. You really have been successful, EJ. I have to say, I am proud of you."

EJ replied, being more than honest now, "When you don't allow anything else to come in to your life to distract you, it is amazing what you can accomplish."

"Really?" Sami asked. EJ just took the bottle from her and drank again instead of responding. Sami continued, "Nothing? I mean, no one?" EJ shook his head, assuring her that he had never allowed himself to love another, after her.

"No one," he relied, finally, "Samantha, what I did to you was wrong, and I hope that after all of these years you know that I am truly sorry for..."

She stopped his ranting, "NO! That is over. There is no need for it, EJ. Now, tell me...what else have I missed?"

He was amazed at her forwardness, but encouraged it. They spent a couple hours finishing off the bottles of wine and discussing life. The laughter filled the interior of EJ's car, which was a welcome change to the other memories they had of such settings. It was the best irony either of them had witnessed. They were talking as if they were two old friends finally coming together again. He made her laugh, and she shocked him with

tales of hilarious obstacles she had to overcome with her marriage to Lucas.

When the second bottle was empty, he suggested it was time to take her back to her hotel. She agreed, as the hour was late. She didn't want to keep him from any impending plans, although she already knew he hadn't any. As he pulled up to the front entrance of her hotel, he turned to look at her, speechless when trying to think of a deserving goodbye. She saw his hesitation and tried to think of something appropriate. "This has been lovely, EJ. Thank you."

"Yes," he said, "Lovely." He wanted to ask her to join him at his penthouse, but didn't have the nerve to ask.

"Um, I guess, I can call you before I leave town. Would that be alright?" She prayed for the response she longed for.

"I will wait by the phone." He said in a tone more serious than he had ever uttered.

She thought about asking him to join her in her hotel room as she opened the door to get out, but stopped herself, as she knew that her eagerness might possibly be from all the wine she had just ingested. With her back turned to him, she closed her eyes and tried to fight the urge to beg him to join her. Finally she turned around and grabbed her bags, leaning in to his face she whispered, "Merry Christmas, EJ." And then she kissed him on the cheek, holding his face with one hand. EJ closed his eyes and tried to enjoy every second of this blissful moment. Sami jumped out of the car and shut the door as fast as she could, before she could change her mind. As she stepped backwards towards the lobby doors, she waved to him and mouthed the words, "I will call you!" She then disappeared into the lobby, as EJ watched her until he could no longer see a stitch of her clothing.

As he drove away, the song "Same Ol' Lang Syne" came on the radio and EJ reveled in the similarity of the lyrics to the events that had just taken place. He whispered to himself as he pulled up to a stoplight, "I will be waiting by the phone."

The End