Through Chrissie’s eyes

Summary

Chrissie Mullen was just living her life, focused on studies, and achieving her goals of a steady life when suddenly finding one true love, sees her life changing, adapting to an unexpected success. (Or the story of Queen band told from the point of view of Brian May’s wife, more based on the movie than in real life.)
I was in my messy room that I shared with my friend Jo in our university, trying to enjoy the tranquility of the afternoon to study a little more for the test of my course, which made me committed to the dream of one day being a teacher, that would happen the next day when my colleague burst into the room, opening the door, the noise made me grimace, but Jo didn't even care about my irritation. I took a deep breath and let my book.

"Can you explain why you interrupt me like that?" I said softly, more to myself than to her.

"You won't believe to who I gave my phone number!" I said, confirming that she had hardly heard what I had said before.

"Should it be to someone very ... important?" I asked, since I had been curious now, but I also knew Jo's flirtations, not long lasting, and with endings that made her pass the weekend eating ice cream. But did she learn from her mistakes to choose nicer, more responsible guys? Of course not.

"You know that band?" She sat down in front of me, not losing her energy.

"Which one? You know I don't know the university bands because I barely go out, "I answered honestly.

"Chissie, you're a crank when you want," Jo said of my behavior.

"You're making me impatient with all this coaxing," I said.

"Right, the band I'm talking about is Smile," she clarified and returned to the interest in her story.

"The weird boys? I think I've seen them at a glance but I've never seen them personally" I remembered "what about them?"

"Well, I just got a date with the drummer!" Jo jumped again.

"Uh ..." none of that was sounding good, "and may I know the name of the lucky fellow who's going to date you?"

"Roger, Roger Taylor," she smiled in delight.

"Just by the name seems to be your type," I shrugged.

"And what do you mean by that?" She distrusted me.

"Oh you know, but as a good friend, I will hope that works" I guarantee, being sincere.

"Now it's more like the old Chrissie I know." Jo was pleased.

"Well you disturbed my studies, what did you expect?" I gave a convinced smile, which made Jo smile and nod, finally understanding the message and leaving me alone to study in peace.

Usually Jo and the other girls at the University were mad and astonished at every band that came to perform. But me ... well, I really liked music, but having to go out, being in the unknown, in a tight place, where most of the young people did things they would regret, had nothing to do with me. I had heard of Smile in the hallways of the dorms. Some girls praised them, some girls thought they were funny. Unfortunately, the impression they had on me was that they were the weird boys. So I
knew them just from hearing.

The following week, I did my didactic test and even having to study between the extended conversations of Joanne and Roger, I managed to take a reasonable result, which was already good for me. I didn't put much faith in Jo's and Roger's long-distance dating, but because of her excitement and Roger's constant connections, I began to change my mind little by little.

On a day when I was reading The Hobbit in a surprisingly quiet week, I tried to concentrate as she spoke to Roger one more time. When she finally hung up, I had to say,

"This thing between you guys is working out very nice, huh?"

"Yeah, see?" Joanne looked at me like she was always right "I said he was a nice guy, it looks like I got lucky this time."

"Yes, I have to believe it," I admitted aloud.

I had not known Roger properly, I knew he had come over and over to see Jo as the band's schedule timed out. So far, she hadn't complained about him, except he was thoughtful and talented, and that I should go to one of the band's shows when they came to our University again.

"I said I don't feel good in these places," I tried to dismiss the subject.

"Oh, Chrissie, what do I have to do to get you out of here?" Jo waved her hands in disarray. "I knew you are weird, but-"

"Hey, you can stop there," I raised my hand as I prepared my defense, "I thought that since you met me you've got used to my way."

"I didn't mean to offend you," Joanne sounded regretful. "I just wanted to make a joke, since you're like that, you wouldn't mind seeing the weird boys."

"I ..." I grimaced and scratched my head. "I'll think about your case, okay?"

"Okay, okay, it's a lot better than a no-Jo nodded and then left, to let me read in peace again."
Meeting Roger

Chapter Notes

So I watched Bohemian Rhapsody and fell in love with Queen and I was curious to know more about the women who supported our favorite musicians, and then I came across Chrissie's story, and from the photos, she seems to be a person well, let's say, nerd, introverted, someone with whom I would make friends very easy and so I decided to write the story from her point of view. The story is more based on the film, but inspired by some interesting facts that actually happened.

No, I didn't write in first person to put myself in the place of Brian May's girlfriend on purpose, not at all...

This story can also be found in my profile written in Portuguese. This is the translated version.

All week long, the campus was shaken up in the expectation of seeing a band performing at the University. The band this weekend was Smile and so Jo was all excited. But me, I was an exception to the majority, I really wanted to go to the city to take a look at the new books in the bookstores, but Jo had other plans for me.

I tried to avoid the subject of seeing the show all week, and even managed to bring some new books from London, but only to face a colossal mess in my dorm. Every imaginable piece of clothing of my roommate were sprawled on her bed. Soon after, I noticed my bed, and I was glad that Jo spared it from the mess.

"Joanne?" I asked uncertainly. "Are you there?"

"Ah Chrissie" she came from the bathroom "I'm sorry for the mess but I just can't decide what to wear."

"I think I even know the special occasion." I rolled my eyes. "But why such indecision?"

"Didn't I tell you? Smile will perform here and Roger will come and see me before the show, we're going to leave and besides ..."

"Oh no, here it comes." I recognized her tone, trying to convince me to do something I didn't want to do.

"Chrissie, Rog just wants to meet you," she explained. "I mention you in our conversations, and it's not possible that you're not at all curious to see him and draw your own conclusions that he's a good boy for me?"

I blinked and narrowed my eyes. Hadn't she managed to convince me?

"All right, Jo, you can introduce me to him, but I don't promise to go to the show," I proposed.

"Thank you for accepting the invitation," she thanked me sincerely.
"Just one more thing," I announced and she made a look of anticipation. "Put everything in its place."

"I'll tie you up after you help me choose what to wear." Jo grinned sheepishly.

"What about your favorite dress?" I suggested.

"Yeah, it's a good idea, I hadn't thought of it before," she mused.

"Okay, I'm going to have some coffee" I left.

I began to get used to the idea of meeting the guy who had left my friend happy all this time.

I grabbed a coffee in the cafeteria, sat down at one of the small tables and stood there reading. If I stayed in the dormitory, Jo would continue chattering about the show, at least there in the middle of the campus, I wouldn't notice exactly what the others were up to. It was a long time before I got tired and decided to go back to my room. I noticed I should be presentable to meet the famous Roger Taylor.

When I met Joanne again, she was ready, following my advice in her look, and to my relief, the clothes had returned to their place.

"You can start getting ready," she said quickly. "Roger just confirmed he'll meet us at the cafeteria".

"If I'd known I would have stayed there," I had to say, "don't you find it awkward that I stay there as a third wheel?"

"I've already told him he's the one who wants to meet you," she insisted, "now stop with this grumpiness and be nice."

"Okay," I realized, sounding very grumpy.

Seriously, I was curious to finally see my friend's boyfriend.

I dressed in a hurry, as I always did, without thinking too much about what I was wearing. Then Jo and I went back to the cafeteria. We sat at a different table this time. I could feel Jo's anxiety as I just followed her into her waiting.

That's when I saw the van approaching, stopping at the sidewalk partition. Yeah, Smile really was a college band, with all its precariousness. But only one musician got out of the old vehicle.

He was a relatively short guy, his blond hair sticking to his shoulders, his figured but modest clothes and, to top it all off, sunglasses that gave him a cool air and he had a charming smile.

Joanne nodded to him, who came to us.

"Roger!" Jo got up and gave him a big hug, the drummer pulling her off the ground with a little effort.

They gave a long, long kiss, and I felt embarrassed, as I had foreseen.

"I said i'd come, didn't I?" Roger said to her and took off his glasses. "Ah, I've got so much to tell you, I've been busy with the shows, we've practically traveled all over the country ..."

"And you've eaten and slept well?" Jo asked worried.
"Good as far as possible," he shrugged relaxedly, "the van's seat is not so uncomfortable after a while."

That made me feel sorry for Roger, which eventually made me like him.

"Where are your friends?" Jo asked.

"They were packing the instruments in the auditorium," the drummer said. "I told them I wasn't going to be long, I needed to see you first, but if I delay, Brian will think it's just excuse to leave him and Tim with all work."

"Well, since we don't have much time now, we'll see each other after the show," Jo corrected, and I already thought she'd forgotten me when she looked at me. "Before you go, Rog, this is my friend, Chrissie.

"Hi "I waved from afar "it's good to finally see you in person."

"The great Chrissie." He squeezed my hand and smiled more honestly than charmingly. "Jo talks a lot about you."

I hope she said only good things," I teased.

"Look, I really have to go girls, but I expect to see you guys on the show." He looked at me emphatically.

Yeah, Jo had told about me too much.

"It's very nice of you to have thought of inviting me, but I'm not much of a fan of this kind of thing, don't get me wrong, it's that ..." I suddenly felt embarrassed to tell the drummer that I didn't want to see his band "It's going to end too late, and I need to get some sleep."

"Sleep early from a Friday to a Saturday?" Roger scowled, wondering about what I said.

"Yeah, I'm a creature of habits," I shrugged.

"Look, I came from so far away, it would be really cool if you opened this exception, if not for me, for Jo," he asked with puppy eyes.

"Just ..." I looked at my hands feeling embarrassed, trying to create some courage to answer what I wanted, but not hurting anyone "get me a quiet place to sit and watch the band, okay? And don't mind if I come running away as soon as the show is over."

"It's okay to me, Chrissie." Roger smiled. which were familiar to me now !I understand you and thank you for going."

He said goodbye to Jo and hurried to meet the rest of the band. I thought Jo was going to scold me for my reluctance, but she gave me a lively hug, practically pushing me toward the auditorium.
The auditorium was already full and tight when we arrived. Great, I thought with irony, I love places full of people. But I took a deep breath, keeping the promise I made to Roger and Jo. In the crowd, she tried to find the most discreet place possible. I noticed a corner table still empty, away from the stage, even so, I went there to see if I could see the band from there. Speaking in the band, they were still arranging the instruments and checking the sound, so I got to know Roger's teammates from a certain distance. Both were tall and thin, concentrating on what they were doing. But one of them was taller and more focused, his fingers trailing gently over the strings of the guitar, I think he was checking their condition to see if there was any risk of them bursting. I watched his instrument, I didn't understand much about guitars, but that one was definitely different. Jo had left my side to talk to someone, so I sat in my seat waiting for the show to begin.

"Are you really going to sit there?" "Jo reappeared "it's too far away! I wanted to get closer so Roger can hear me."

I rolled my eyes, thinking of my friend screaming in hysteria, an exaggerated way of showing that she was proud of her boyfriend.

"I don't care if you want to sit somewhere else," I told her. "I'm fine here."

"Okay, right," she seemed reluctantly, "it's really a miracle you had came."

I was saved from her further criticism of my behavior by the drummer, who called her from the stage.

"Come on, Chrissie" Jo tried again "the boys are calling!"

"They called you and not me, and only Roger, if I'm not mistaken," I said, half-heartedly, "go, I promise you I'll be fine here."

I made a "go on" look and she got the message. She smiled a little and went over to Roger. I saw her say hello to the other two band members. He had mentioned their names but I couldn't remember.

Jo kissed Roger quickly and ended up sitting near the stage.

The three members of Smile positioned themselves and everything led to believe that the show would start in a few moments.

"Good night folks!" The shortest of the two talls pronounced with one raised arm "we are Smile and we hope you enjoy our show !!"

The trio was cheered by the university students' claps. For being polite and following the chill, I also clapped my hands.

The guitarist began to strum a heavy solo that soon was followed by the marking of the battery, the singer soon entered singing. It was not my favorite style of music, but I appreciated the effort of the boys.

One strange and peculiar thing that bothered me was the guitarist's big hair falling on his face. I
wondered how he could see what he was doing with his hair falling in his eyes. Occasionally he would throw his head away to solve this problem.

They played another handful of restless songs, I ignored the audience's excitement and concentrated on paying attention to the lyrics, the arrangements and the voices. When the three of them sang together, the phrase in the music impacted my ears in a melodic and harmonious way. I've never seen another band do something like that before.

So when I least expected it, they started playing a softer song, the guitar was slow but it caught my attention. And paying attention to the lyrics, it was as if they talked about how I was facing life, one day at a time, trying to overcome the challenges, trying to get well. Suddenly the heavy guitar solo cut through the slow music and made the crowd shake. That was my favorite song of the whole show.

"Good night and thank you!" The vocalist told the audience.

Roger and the guitarist played some more, and the drummer ended up beating hard on the largest plate of his instrument.

In the end, I thought Smile was a great band. And incredible as it may seem, I was in no hurry to leave.

"Chrissie!" Jo came running to me, I think she was afraid I might run away.

I went to her and the boys of the band, seeing that the auditorium was gradually emptying.

"So?" Roger approached me, already considering myself an old friend "was it worth seeing the show?"

"Look, I have to admit you're very good, and I quite like it," I said honestly, glancing at the other boys.

"You're very kind miss" the vocalist and bassist spoke a little discouraged "we have to improve a lot."

"Don't talk like that Tim" the guitarist pondered, "it was one of our best shows."

"Actually you have a lot of fans here," I tried to comfort them, feeling pity. "The auditorium was full."

"Really that's a good sign," the guitarist shrugged, but he looked pleased with my comment.

I felt he wanted to ask me more, but he restrained himself. I was like that too, I didn't even know how I was able to talk to those guys who were unfamiliar to me. Maybe their music had created a connection that made them feel familiar to me.

I watched the boys' trio for a moment. Roger exchanged a look with them.

"I don't think we were introduced," Tim, now I remembered his name, mentioned a short time ago, broke the silence "I am Tim and this is Brian."

"Chrissie," I smiled sheepishly, "I'm Jo's friend and roommate, she's Roger's girlfriend."

"Nice to meet you" Brian, now I had learned his name, spoke to me and just nodded.

"I don't know about you but I'm starving!" Roger announced in his casual tone.
"You never change Rog!" Brian rolled his eyes.

"Aren't you hungry too, Bri?" The drummer snapped.

"Ok guys" Tim interjected. "Girls, the university cafeteria is closed, isn't it? Where can we go now?"

"There's the nearest diner from here, we can go there" Jo suggested, "are you going to come with us, Chrissie?"

I paused to think about what I was going to say. I really felt sleepy, but I had enjoyed Smile's company.

"Well, I think I'm going to make an exception to sleep early this weekend," I told her, and Roger understood what I meant.

"Don't worry, we won't be long, Brian sleeps early too." Tim gave his friend habit away.

"Hey!" Brian protested, which made everyone laugh, even me.

In a way, I was glad for one of those nice strangers to have something in common with me.

Chapter End Notes

So, what you guys are thinking about the story? Thank you for reading,
After deciding where we were going, we went in the boys' van, Roger took the wheel and Jo went by his side, to show the way. I went behind, between Tim and Brian, and my old discomfort at being among strangers returned. Now it was too late to go back, and I decided to face the challenge I set for myself.

Maybe if we found something to talk about, it would end that awkward silence. But I didn't dare start talking.

I continued to pay attention to the road ahead of us, every now and then, looking at Tim and Brian covertly. I noticed that Brian was watching the sky, as if it were much more interesting than the road. And it really was, the sky was beautiful that night. Far from civilization, the stars seemed brighter and closer to us.

Suddenly, I had the idea of using what I perceived from the sky as a subject and saying what I had just thought, but I thought it would sound so stupid to speak about the sky ... I turned to face the road in front of me, getting used to the silence.

"Is anyone alive there?" Said Roger, asking and laughing soon after.

"You're so annoying Roger ..." Brian complained beside me.

"Did you take the night to reproach me Brian?" The drummer shrugged.

"Only when you take the night to tease me," the guitarist replied what I would answer.

"You're so quiet back there," Jo mused, explaining her boyfriend's joke.

"I understood," I replied, before she teased me.

"That's the tiredness and hunger that kept us silent" Tim defended us "is it take to long to get there?"

"Not too much now," Jo promised, "hold on just a little longer."

Another 10 minutes of silent drive and finally we arrived. Taking a quick look at the menu, we ordered a large Calabrian pizza, already wondering if we would need to order another one afterwards.

We sat down and soon another moment of silence came as we waited for our dinner. Jo and Roger kept talking softly and pouting in a sappy way, which made me sick if I paid too much attention.

Well, if the sky was a silly thing to talk about it, maybe now would be a good time to ask something that surely the boys would know how to answer.

"Hum ..." I said, staring at the table, my hair covering my face, and I was sitting between Brian and Tim again "who composes the songs you sing? You guys, other people? I ... I was curious to know, after seeing the show."

It seemed to light up the boys, but Roger was still busy, distracted by Jo.

"We're the ones who compose," Tim replied. "We have an idea, we record and we put the notes, the rhythms, the solos when we come together to rehearse."
"It's a very interesting hobby" now I was looking at the vocalist "no flattery, you are very talented, you have great lyrics in your songs".

"Look who started to talk ..." Jo insisted.

"You know I'm shy, Joanne." I rolled my eyes at her.

From my other side, I saw Brian trying to say something, that same difficulty I had.

"Is there ..." he looked at me, but then he looked away, scratching his head, and turning his arm to the table, being careful not to bump into me "some song that ... you liked it more?"

"Now that you mentioned" now I felt comfortable to talk "there's one in particular, it's one of the slowest ... I only know the lyrics ... I don't know, it made me remember my own life, it's weird, I know, but that's how I felt."

"Which song?" I felt Brian's attention stand up "if you don't mind singing, or, talk about what you remember.

"Huh, I'm not a good singer" I lowered my eyes feeling shame again "but it was like, "Yesterday my life was in ruin, now today I know what I'm doing, I have a feeling I'll should be doing all right". Then you three make a chorus "doing all right ..."

I ended up singing the last part on impulse, and I felt my face blush.

"That one's mine and Brian's," Tim explained, "but I never imagined anyone would like it as much as you did."

"Where's your self-respect, Tim?" Roger asked.

"But it's good Tim," Brian assured him, a little shy. "I'm not saying that because we're the ones who wrote it."

"Well if you don't mind" I said, not wanting to repeat the guitarist's question "what does this song means anyway?"

"Well the official name is Doing All Right" Brian corrected me gently, and I realized that he was a bit methodical when it came to music "and I kind of thought about my life, I study a lot and I still have the band, and you know when you think you don't know what's going to happen in the future ... Music is my way of remembering that everything will be alright."

"Yeah Chrissie, now I understand why you identified with it," Jo said, as well as when I thought she wasn't even paying attention "you also study too much and think too much in the future."

"And what's wrong with that?" I had to fight back, my voice a little louder and more irritated.

"Wow, you're just like Brian" Tim commented, but I didn't feel bad about his comment.

"Don't care about them Chrissie, they're always like that," the guitarist looked at me with a little sadness.

When I saw those sad eyes, I recognized the same thing I felt when someone thought I was strange because I was the way I was. My instinct was to defend him, I couldn't let someone like me go through something that I knew full well that was horrible.

I tried not to get off the subject of music.
"How long have you played the guitar?" Was the question I could think of.

"Ah, since I was seven," he told me with embarrassment, but I realized he was getting carried away with the subject "I won a guitar from my father, he played the piano and ukulele, but the guitar was my passion."

"You play very well," I praised with all my heart, "you know, there were times when the sound was so soft during the songs, so different, but very good ..."

"Actually my guitar ..." Brian's eyes lit up, preparing to tell a story.

But the enthusiastic guitarist was interrupted by the pizza.

"Just in time," Roger said, "I couldn't stand hearing Brian speak."

Brian only grimaced at his friend and gestured for me to serve me first. I was glad he was kind to me and I could help him feel better.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a review if you guys are enjoying it
The pizza finally arrived and everyone attacked it, including the boys, which proved that Roger was right to claim that his companions were also hungry.

Stopping to eat made us stop talking for a moment, which made me lose track of how many moments of silence we had that night. It was totally unprofessional, but I noticed Brian just picked up the cheese-covered slices, leaving the Calabrian aside.

I was tempted to ask why, but I held on, it would be another silly question to ask. Maybe he was allergic, but if he was, he would have talked and asked for another taste of pizza. I realized that I was already making a lot of case about a slice of pizza. I let it go, and I also tried to hold my curiosity about the reasons for Brian's choice.

That's when I thought of something else about him. He was going to tell me about his guitar, the one I had found so beautiful, both in appearance and sound.

I gathered my courage and turned to him.

"If you don't mind, Brian," I said, "you were going to tell me about your guitar. Where did you buy it?"

"I didn't buy it," he answered me in a mixture of modesty and shame. "When I was younger, my parents could not afford an electric guitar so my father and I had the idea of making one."

"Are you kidding me?" I exclaimed a little louder, impressed "your guitar was made at home? But it's so perfect ..."

"Chrissie, if you keep stuffing the boys with compliments, they'll think you're doing it out of interest," Jo warned me.

I really had praised Smile too much that night, not for interest, or for being false, or whatever else they thought, but I did it only because I thought they really deserved it. And, in a way, they had things in common with me, which could make us friends. Besides, it had become obvious that Brian and I had the personality in common.

"I don't care, you can compliment me as much as you want," Roger dared to wink at me.

"Hey! I said she's praising the three of you" Jo patted him on the arm, which even after the scolding, still he got a kiss from his girlfriend.

"Can you get each other apart at least to eat?" Tim complained, and I agreed with him.

"No!" Said Jo and Roger, who kissed again.

"It's difficult to deal with it ..." I let myself slip away.

I noticed Brian smiling discreetly, as if agreeing to what I had said.

We left the couple happy and sticky, and the three of us finished eating. Tim took his share of the money to pay the bill, he took Roger's part, before he passed through Brian, I offered ten pounds, but the guitarist stopped me.

"You don't need yo Chrissie," he said, "you're our guests."
"Oh ..." that was unexpected and welcome "thank you. But if we have a next time out, I will help paying the bill."

"All right," Brian smiled, nodding, and I smiled back.

Tim took the part from Brian and settled the account.

"I don't know about you, but I just wanted to go, guys," Tim announced, but neither Roger nor Brian seemed to want to go "we have a show tomorrow remember?"

"If you want, you can go." Roger shrugged. "I'll catch up with you."

"How are you going home?" Brian pointed out, "I don't think there's a taxi service or bus around here."

"Argh Roger ... Tell me how you're still our friend" Tim covered his face with frustration "know what, I'll give you a discount because you see Jo personally very little, I'll take a nap in the van, Bri drives and we go when you want to leave, okay?"

"For me, it's fine Tim" the drummer gave one of his mischievous smiles "you're the man!"

"Whatever ..." Tim murmured impatiently and left us there.

Brian got up and looked at me for a moment. I knew he wanted to call me out, but I was still hesitant. We both were. But I still wanted to hear the history of the guitar.

"I can't stand the sight of these two lovebirds" I said softly, pointing at them.

"Want to go outside?" I saw Brian take advantage of the cue, even sounding timid and uncertain.

"Yeah ..." I murmured and nodded frantically.

My timidity had struck again. We walked side by side, he let me leave first and came right behind me. We lay back in the van, and Brian looked at the sky again, in that mysterious and philosophical way.

"I know I'm sounding very repetitive but ..." I looked at my sweaty hands "I really wanted to know more about ... You know, how you made your guitar."

"I don't care about the questions," he smiled. "I like to talk about Red Special and almost no one asks about it."

"Red Special? Did you name it?" I noticed.

"Don't you think I'm weird for giving a name to an instrument?" he got a little sad.

"No, not at all." I shook my head. "It shows that it's ... really special. Sorry for the pun."

"You're forgiven," Brian laughed, "and thanks for not thinking I'm weird."

"No, I don't think you are weird" I felt that vulnerability again "I also have to thank you for not finding me weird."

"You're welcome," he said, "now and now I understand why Jo and Roger get along so well together."
"Ah I know too" I understood what he meant "both like to tease us!"

I laughed and he also ended up laughing. When the laughter subsided, he looked up at the sky again. I ended up imitating him.

"Here on the side of the road you can see the sky better" finally I got the courage to speak, intrigued by him being so much looking for don't know what up there.

"Oh, sure," he smiled, "I'm easily distracted by such a sky."

"You wanted to be an astronaut when you're a child?" I guessed.

"Well, not exactly," Brian explained, and I turned my attention to him. "I study math, and physics, I could have be but only understanding about the stars here on Earth would be good."

"Well, if you can find the time to be a guitarist and a college student, maybe you can continue studying for that too," I encouraged, admired by his willpower.

"Who knows," he sighed, looked up at the sky, and then smiled at me.

"As in my interpretation of "Doing All Right" I commented.

"Yeah ..." Brian agreed.

I would keep talking, but a yawn interrupted me. Brian imitated me this time. And for the sake of our rest, Roger and Jo had finally appeared to finally return to the University.

Brian took the wheel and this time I went to his side in the passenger seat. Tim slept in the backseat and Jo and Roger set themselves up carefully so as not to wake him up. Brian was watching the road and so was I. And in silence, we made our way back to my University.
Complicated Calls

The van stopped in front of the dormitory building. Tim was still sleeping a heavy sleep, poor guy, the night had tired him more than us, which was strange. I had a habit of sleeping early, and my sleep had already arrived, I just had not surrendered to it yet.

I waited a little while, still sitting next to Brian, I noticed that he started hitting his thumbs at the wheel, a sign of impatience or maybe nervousness. Then I opened the door, but it hadn't get out of the van yet. I sighed.

"Thanks for everything," I told him, "it was really cool tonight, because of the show and the pizza. I just wanted to say goodbye to Tim. Tell him I said goodbye."

"Yes, I will" Brian promised, "I'll do it, thank you for your questions, it was really nice to be able to talk to you about these things I like ..."

"Ah, I miss that too" I felt like I'd be talking for hours and hours, but we didn't have any more time for that today, that's when I had an idea "do you know when you will perform here again?"

"I don't know, it depends on the University agenda," he told me.

"Well, if you can, and it's not too much trouble for you, you can let me know when it's going to be the next show, or near here, I really wanted to see you guys again," I asked, not knowing what to expect.

"That's ... oh my, it's a lot of consideration from you," he laughed contentedly and then gave me a more restrained smile, "look, Roger's number of Jo's is the same as you use isn't it?"

I nodded, confirming.

"Then I'll get it and I'll let you know when we get here, okay?" "Brian agreed with me.

"Okay, that may be." My words were simple, but I think he realized that I was glad for my huge smile "I think I have to go now."

"Yeah, so do we," he agreed. "So, good night, Chrissie."

"Good night" I got out of the van and waved.

As I went to my room, I didn't pay attention when Jo and Roger said good-bye, but I saw her coming in and getting ready for bed. I had already lain down at that hour, and soon sleep made me fall asleep, but not before thinking that it had been a very pleasant evening.

Well, after that night my life continued, I was focused on finishing the semester with good grades, since it was the penultimate year of my course. And so the months went by. I had some contact with Brian, who sometimes called just to see how I was, and so I also knew how Smile was going, but for Joanne, another thing that remained the same was the almost endless calls from Jo and Roger, except that these links had a slight change in course.

I would usually leave the room when they started talking, and go around the library or cafeteria, and when I came back, they were still talking, quietly, most of the time. But once I heard my friend extremely angry on the phone:
"If I didn't call you, you would not call me, no, don't apologize to me, I don't want to know, before it you made time for me, why don't you do it now, huh?"

I felt embarrassed to witness the scene and didn't know what to do to help her.

"Great, go, go with your show with the girls shouting your name and leave me alone!" She hit the phone hard.

I was afraid that we would be scolded by the headmaster for destroying the university's assets. I looked at her, trying to comfort her. The phone rang again. I didn't know whether to answer it or not. I got up to do this and Jo said nothing.

"Hello?" I asked as I answered.

"Chissie," Brian's voice was also hesitant on the other end of the line, "I've been trying to call it for a while, and no one answer it, are you guys okay?"

"Hi, Brian, I'm fine, I mean ... -I didn't know what to say with Jo there in front of me still angry "I'm fine and you?"

My friend looked at me with a crying face and shrugged, as if to say "you can tell if you want, at least he's a nice guy." And then Jo collapsed in her bed, trying to stifle her cry.

"I'm all right," I said.

"It's Jo, isn't it?" He guessed, "I figured Roger had made something stupid. If I can help in any way, you can count on me."

"Thank you, I think I can handle it well, this is not the first time I've been through this, you know?" I was embarrassed by the whole situation "but you called me for another reason, didn't you?"

"Oh yeah, well we will play there again, and you said to let you know when it would be our next show closer to you, and we're going to stay for a weekend near your University, playing nearby too, if You can go to the shows ... " he explained.

"Sure, sure, I really want to go, and I'll go." I glanced at Jo at a glance "if nothing unexpected happens."

"I understood, go there to take care of your friend and Roger will have to hear me," Brian assured me "return the call to me when you can?"

"Yes, I will" I nodded and then said more quietly, "Thank you for understanding."

"You're welcome, bye." He hung up.

I then approached Jo to see how she was.

"You want to tell me what happened?" I tried.

"I don't know what happened, Chrissie." She turned to me and sniffed, rubbing a hand over her face and under her nose. "Roger suddenly stopped calling me the way he did before. We don't talk more every day ..."

"I've noticed," I said, "it's been a while. But what does he tell you, why is he not calling?"

"He said they're doing more shows than before and he needs to rehearse, just for that, but I get the
feeling that if he wanted to make time to talk to me he would," she explained.

"You're right" I had to agree, already taking her pain for me "a relationship like that doesn't work very well ..."

"Do you think I should break up with him?" Joanna's heart was broken, desperate for advice.

"Talk to him first, see what he says about him being absent, and try to come to terms like two civilized adults," I said in my most understanding tone.

"And look, you tried to warn me, tried to make me wonder if he was really a nice guy to date ..." Joanne whined.

"Jeez, it's not the end of the world, and don't think so tragically like that," I pondered, trying to get her to reason. "You're annoyed because he was angry, but if you talk calmly, I'm sure everything will be good."

"Can it be?" she hesitated.

"You have to have a little hope," I tried again. "Look, if you need me, for anything, just talk ..."

"Ice cream with flakes with as many chocolate chips as possible," she murmured, her voice muffled by the pillow, but I understood.

I just nodded and left, it was not the first time I did this, and I hated being right about Jo's boyfriends, since that meant she was going to suffer in bad terms. I still hoped that was not Roger's case.
When I got back from my mission to help my friend get over a fight with her boyfriend, Jo looked a little better.

"You saved my day," she managed to smile at me, "I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Come on, that's too much of an exaggeration." I sat down beside her.

"You know I overreacted in the fight, you know?" She admitted "I understand Roger is busy with the band, he loves that part of his life, and I love that he's happy to play, I think the anxiety to speak soon with him didn't let me see his side of the situation."

"Um ... that was very mature of you," I praised, "now all you have to do is tell Roger that, right?"

"I will," Jo nodded, "but not before I take the ice cream, before it melts, and I'll use that time to rearrange my thoughts as well."

I was happy to see that she was getting back to normal.

"Let's talk about you now," she said.

"Me? Say what about me? You never find me interesting" I shrugged and swallowed a spoon full of ice cream.

"You're interesting, you're one of the smartest, kindest people I know" Jo justified,

"Okay, I've brought your ice cream, what more do you want?" I blurted out.

"Oh, nothing" she gave a mischievous little smile to me "okay, I'll tell you, what Brian wanted with you?"

"Oh that?" I thought she would ask about something else "he warned me that they are going to perform here this weekend, and here near the next days, and ..."

It was my turn to create a certain suspense.

"What?" She patted my leg, eager for me to tell.

"He promised me he would fight Roger if he had hurt you," I laughed.

"Well, I guess now he doesn't have to," she decided. "And you're going to the show?"

"I ... well, if you didn't get better I wouldn't even tell you about show" I admitted "since you're better, will you go?"

"Of course I will, I must support my boyfriend," Jo decided.

"Oh, argh, Joanne Josephine Morris," I shook my head. "There are times I don't understand you."

"I was just impulsive in the fight and I realized just as fast that I was silly," she explained.
"Okay, we're just going to let this freaking thing go and focus on nicer things like the show," I said.

"Well said Christine Mullen," she raised her hand, waiting for me to complete the "high five," which I did laughing.

As soon as we finished the ice cream, I left Jo alone to continue reading my favorite book by Jules Verne, "Around the World in 80 Days," without first realizing that she was going to call Roger. Their relationship was complicated, full of comings and goings, ups and downs, but in the end they really liked each other, enough to ignore what was not right and strive for good things.

During the week, we prepared to attend the Smile show that kindly Brian had invited us to go. This time the boys would perform at a bar called The Kensington, another place that college students used to go to and not me. As I said, I didn't feel comfortable in crowded places, but for Smile I would make an effort. They were really promising and talented musicians who, if they were lucky, could be very successful. If you managed to make an introvert as me left home to hear your music, which was something that made me well, it was not difficult to please the people who liked to go out and be in the crowd.

Once again, once I got there, I took a quick look at the place, once again looking for a discreet place to sit down. I think this time Jo would keep me company by staying by my side. I sat down in the place I thought was the best, and Jo stopped beside me, a little uneasy.

"Is everything okay?" I asked.

"Well, the boys haven't arrived yet," she said.

"I haven't even noticed," I said, "maybe they're still on their way to here, and, Jo, if you don't mind me asking, is it all right between you and Roger, really?"

"Oh yes, I assure you, Chrissie," she nodded, smiling. "I followed your advice and he understood, I'm not going to be anxious or paranoid just because he's not calling me."

"And what did he say?" I needed to know how he had reacted, even though I found myself a little curious.

"He apologized for calling me possessive," she said, "and for having been kind of reckless in the past few months."

"So he recognized where he made a mistake?" I put a hand on my chin, thoughtfully "it didn't look like he would be able to do such a thing ..."

"Do you still think he's bad for me?" Jo asked me, but she didn't sound hurt.

"It's not that, I just think of you ..." I thought of the word incompatible, but I restrained myself "you are so different ..."

"But we get along in the end, right?" She shrugged, a little relaxed.

"Yeah ..." I had to agree, but inside I was disagreeing.

It was then that Smile appeared on the stage bringing their instruments and leaving everything ready for their presentation. Tim was the first to see us, and he waved from a distance. he pointed to his companions, showing that we were there. Roger hesitated a little before deciding what to do, ended up giving one of his mischievous smiles, which was enough for Jo, who smiled back. It was hard to let their lives go, since Jo was my friend and I cared about her. I decided not to care about their
relationship, since my friend was big enough to take care of herself, and I would be here if she needed ice cream and advice. Brian waved from a distance and then motioned for me to go there. I shuddered and wondered if that was for me.

"Brian's calling you, go on, go on," Jo said to me.

"Okay ..." I turned my head a little confused but got up and went there.

"Oh, sorry to get you out of your place," he greeted me a little embarrassed.

"No, no problem, it's good to talk to you before the show, we have a little time for this," I pondered, "how are you?"

"I'm fine, fine." He nodded and then fell silent.

I didn't know what else to say. That was odd, we talked a lot on the phone without those embarrassing silences, but here now, personally, I didn't know what to say.

"You still have to settle things out for the show, right?" I guessed.

"Yeah, yeah, we still have to tune the strings and I'm going help Rog to set up the drums," he explained, relieved that he had something to talk about and we kept talking.

"Of course, about Roger, you didn't do anything, did you?" I had to bring that up again.

"Just a basic sermon," Brian grimaced, showing that he was proud of his own attitude. "I only gave him a word to be more careful and stop making the same mistakes, you know?"

"Thank you, I mean, Jo got really bad, but she's a lot better now, I think it's also because of you" I realized that I betrayed myself in the promise to leave their relationship alone "good, I'll stop making you waste time. Good luck on the show, Bri, Brian, sorry I called you Bri."

"No problem, it's my nickname." He shrugged and smiled as if he thought I was cute.

"It's just that we met a little while ago, if you see, and a nickname is too informal, but ..." I laughed a little nervously, thinking that was a dumb thing to say.

"You can call me Bri, Chrissie," he stared into my eyes as he spoke. "Actually, I've called you by your nickname since I've known you."

"It's because almost no one calls me Christine," I said.

"If you need my official permit, you can call me Bri," he teased.

"All right," I laughed. "So, good luck ... Bri."

I smiled and for a brief momentum, I stood on tiptoe to reach his cheek, he bent down to my height, understanding what I wanted to do. I leaned on his right shoulder and kissed his cheek.

"Thank you ..." he said, blushing. "I think it's a good luck kiss."

"It could be ..." I kind of agreed, laughing.

I finally left him to finish packing everything for the show that was about to start.
Chapter End Notes

Can they get any cuter?
When I got back to my place, Jo had gone somewhere. Seeing the boys positioning themselves, I saw her talking to Roger quickly, but soon she came and sat next to me. I just smiled at her, no further speculation about her dating. Tim’s "good evening! made me focus on other things, like the songs of my favorite band. By the way, my only favorite. I did not even think I had a favorite band until right now. Between Brian and Roger’s solos, and Tim's occasional riffs on the bass, I recognized the songs from the previous show I had seen, and some new ones, plus a few covers of songs that were more successful than Smile.

It was then that they played "Doing All Right", surely my favorite song, which made me identify with Brian. I closed my eyes and tried to sing softly the parts I remembered, that's how I used to do when I heard a song I liked. Brian, or Bri ... Well, I don't know what made me kiss hid face. Maybe it was my way of thanking him for being so kind in letting me call him Bri. Well, he was my friend, or at least I considered him that way, he was a nice guy who understood me, intelligent, and who was always willing to help, and I admired him for his academic efforts, and his musical talent. I decided to concentrate on the song until it was over.

When I opened my eyes during the same song, and sang the chorus, I was sure Brian was looking right at me, and we ended up singing at the same time.

I applauded Doing All Right in such an enthusiastic way that it surprised me. I really liked the band.

At the end of the show, most of the audience applauded them. I stood, clapped my hands, and even took a few shrieks.

"Are you all right, Chrissie?" I heard Jo say to my side.

"Sorry for the exaggeration." I saw she was confused by my behavior.

"No, no, that's even good." Jo smiled, finally approving me.

Without waiting for her to get up, I ran to the stage, but soon I was engulfed by the crowd slowing mr down. I couldn't help feeling bad for being so close to so many strangers. I don't know how, but Brian was able to distinguish me among so many people. He looked at me meaningfully, he looked like a long giant from the bottom up, it made me smile. Brian offered me a hand, I was hesitant to get on the stage, but even so, I ended up climbing.

"Are you okay?" Bri asked after witnessing my effort to get there.

"I'm fine, I'm fine" I nodded "It was very a good show, really! I loved everything, really."

"Thank you, but don't forget to tell the boys that." He smiled.

"I will, the three of you deserve it" I added.

"You know ..." Brian looked a little nervous, fingering his hair with one hand, the other holding the Red Special "you also had a little to do with it."

"Me? How?" I didn't understand what he meant.
"Your kiss gave us good luck ..." he murmured, but almost didn't meet my eyes.

"Oh, it was nothing, Bri." I emphasized the last word and laughed.

"Look, Chrissie, give me some time to put everything away, and then I'll find you, that's okay?"

"Ok," I agreed.

"See you then," he said good-bye, sounding half afraid that I might leave.

"Until then, I'll wait" I emphasized for him to be sure.

Brian gave me one of his shy smiles and I got off the stage.

I sat back in my place, and again, Jo was gone. I watched from afar the boys guarding their instruments, Brian had his hair falling in his eyes again, he took it out with one hand and worked with the other. A little while later, they were already free.

Smile came to my table, and I made room for the three of them to sit, Tim in front of me, Brian to my left, Roger to the right, leaving Jo's place on the other side of him empty.

"Hi Chrissie" the drummer greeted me "did you saw Jo? She left as soon as the show was over."

"Yeah, I don't know where she went." I shrugged, letting the two sort out the situation. "By the way, congratulations on the show. It was one of the best."

Roger just nodded and left us going after his girlfriend.

"Well ..." I returned "congratulations to you too Tim."

"It's the second time you've seen us ..." the singer mused, "maybe the shows you saw were some of the best."

"And they really were," I said.

"Anyway, thank you." He smiled and stood up.

"Well, I waited for you." I smiled at Brian. "You wanted to tell me something?"

"Yeah, we always talk about the band and Roger and Jo, about me, but never about you," he said.

"Oh, there's not much to talk about me," I shrugged, "although Jo says I'm interesting."

"She's right." Brian looked away as before.

"I have to thank you now for the compliment," I said, "but, come on, did Roger avoid staying here because of your quarrel?"

"Oh, not for that," Brian laughed, "but he's trying to fix his mistakes. He should try a little harder for their relationship to work."

"That's what I tried to tell Jo, they're so incompatible" we ended up talking on the subject we wanted to avoid "she has a strong but sensitive personality, and Roger, don't get me wrong, he's your friend, I get the impression that he can hurt her very easily."

"I also have that impression," he confessed, "but I also know he has a huge heart, but he's so dumb
sometimes."

"I know" I smiled, understanding everything "I ... I don't know if you agree, but for a relationship to work the couple has to have things in common, have compatible personalities, if not, they will reach a point that they can not stand each other and end up separating in a bad way."

"Exactly," Brian nodded, making his hair sway, "what I think is that a couple are two people fighting together, like allies, to build a life together, where one helps the other in mutually agreement."

Brian had such a cultivated and calm way of talking that he ended up enchanting me for a moment. He looked down somewhat embarrassed. His hair was in his eyes again. I ended up pulling it out, putting it behind his ear. It was not the way he wore his hair, but he didn't changed it and left it the way I left it.

"Are you going to do anything tomorrow, Chrissie?" He said suddenly, as if he would lose his courage if he didn't speak soon.

"Oh, no, the semester is almost over and I'm free of tests," I said, almost watching his mind work to know exactly what to say.

"Well, if you want, I can come to get you, to ... you know, we could go out together?" He grimaced nervously.

Brian May was asking me out to a date? Asking me, this strange little thing? But I was so fond of his company ...

"Yes, yes, I ..." I smiled an open smile, happier than I expected "I will wait for you".

"Oh, okay, it's a deal." Brian's bright gaze said (I can't believe I did it.)

I ended up changing the subject of the conversation to my favorite books, Tolkien, Verne and CS Lewis ... Of course Brian had read most of them, and that's what we were talking about, leaving the anxiety of the date for tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Is it to hurried? Well, tell me in the comments
An anxious afternoon

I said goodbye to Brian when the boys called him, I also said goodbye to Tim and Roger. I returned to the University with Jo, I was a little quieter than usual, and my friend didn't question me about it. I just arrived and soon slept, leaving to think about the date only the next day. It would still be a long day until the time came when I would see Brian.

I woke up at the usual time, even arriving a little later because of the show. I went down to the cafeteria and sat down on the usual table, reflecting on Brian's request. I blowed the coffee unconsciously, as thoughts drifted through my head. I had no idea what he was planning, he just said he would meet me, but where would we go? Would he take me somewhere common, another diner, pizza again maybe? Or was it something different? I didn't know, and not knowing it made me anxious. Anxiety bothered me, it was not a good thing, but it left me with a chill in my belly, which I liked in a certain way. I don't know why I felt all this anxiety. Brian was not a stranger now, I definitely considered him a friend. Then it would not hurt me, nor did I need to worry, to spend a few hours with him.

But the bloody anxiety didn't go away ...

I read a few more chapters of the library's "Around the World in 80 Days" copy, which helped my mind get distracted a bit. When I got tired of reading, I went back to my room. Jo had just gotten up and was tidying up her bed.

"Good morning, sunshine" she said, and I just nodded, feeling uneasy.

"Hi Jo," I said, distracted.

"You're not very fine, I'm sorry to say that," my friend said. "Has anything happened?"

"No, no, nothing bad happened, but something happened, I just ..." I shrugged, feeling so lost that I didn't even know where to get back to what I was saying "well, I just wanted to stop feeling anxious."

"Anxious ... why?" Jo crossed her arms in front of me and looked at me with an X-ray look, trying to figure me out "you're usually anxious, but few things leave you like this. So if you don't tell me, I can't guess, and ... I'd even try to push you to tell you, but I can't do it, because I'm a good friend."

"Yes, you are." I rolled my eyes, but I agreed, she really cared about me "it's no big deal, it's just that yesterday, I ... I mean, Brian ..."

She opened her mouth in shock at the name of the guitarist, I don't know what was going on in Joanne's mind, but a good thing should not be.

"Brian likes you !!!" She gave a little squeal that scared me.

"Yeah, he likes me because I'm his friend." I made a gesture with my hands to emphasize my explanation.

"Stop being silly girl ..." she looked at me with a disbelieving face. "Don't you realize that's another kind of liking?"

"Joanne, we are FRIENDS!" I said the last part louder.
"Okay, okay," she gave up for a moment. "What he said?"

"He asked me to go out with him," I said at once, causing Jo's little jumps, and a slight irritation of mine.

"And you said yes?" Joanne kept asking.

"Yes, I said, yes, that's why I'm anxious, there, I told you, are you satisfied now?" I sat up in my bed tightly, a little more irritated.

"I knew it, I knew it!" Jo clapped "you have everything to do with each other and I am proud that finally, you who never go out of the university, will go out with a rockstar!"

"Brian is not like that," I nodded. "You use the word rockstar as a synonym for bad boy, and he's just the opposite."

"But every rockstar has a bad boy thing." She shrugged, as if that was the case.

"I prefer the term musician, or guitarist," I said, "now that you know, can you leave me alone about this, okay?"

"Okay, but tell me everything later, okay?" she asked.

"Okay," I agreed with her terms unintentionally.

After that silly conversation, I ended up spending the day in front of the television, enjoying the passing Doctor Who marathon. It could be a program for kids, but it was very educational and fun.

A rare thing at the University was a day off and quiet, like what I was having today. Just today, what made the day go slower, and when the days were like that, I wasn't sure what to do. I relied on my books, went around campus, sat in the cafeteria. But anxiety tied me to the television.

At the end of the day and early evening, I got ready quickly, waiting for Brian to arrive. I waited, waited and waited, the hunger arrived and I tried to placate it with a sandwich, if we were going to eat outside I would have to refuse because I wasn't hungry now. I was alone, watching the news that was now on TV, Jo had gone out for a walk in the city. And ... Brian had not arrived yet. I even thought he wasn't coming.

Someone knocked on my bedroom door, making my mind lost if I focused on anything. I got up, not too fast, not slow, at a normal speed. As I opened the door, I came face to face with the late guitarist.

"Hi" he sighed "I'm sorry for the delay. I had to get three buses, and I still had to ask where your dorm was."

"I never really said where it was," I pondered, feeling my anxiety finally go away "but you found me."

"Yes," he agreed, smiling, "are you ready to go?"

"I am, just don't put me in danger," I joked and his response was a shy smile.

So I followed Brian into the unknown he had planned.
The date

We went side by side, for an instant, I felt an urge to take his hand to walk hand in hand. How could I was thinking something like that? We were friends and holding hands was a ... well, never mind. I ended up making a face for thinking these things. Good thing Brian didn't notice that. I contented myself by walking right next to him. The two quiet, but excited. I could at least notice Brian's excitement.

Because we were college students, we had not much money left. I knew Brian was making a living for the time being with the band, but that doesn't mean they made a lot of money. I already counted on the little that my parents could send me to help me while I was in college. When you spend most of your time studying, and you don't have much work experience, it becomes even more difficult to get a job. Then as we walked, I realized that we were going straight to the nearest bus stop.

"You're going to have to get another bus," I tried to joke to break the silence.

"I thought I'd borrow the van, but it's Roger's, and I didn't want to bother him if he needed it, which almost always happens," Brian justified himself, but I understood the situation myself.

We waited for a bus to arrive, and Brian called me up. I noticed that this would take us to the outskirts of Hyde Park. It wasn't very wise to go to a park at dusk, and once again I was confused at the thought of what he had planned.

When we got there, the sky was already dark, although by my accounts, it should be a few minutes past 7 PM. We went down and got to where I had deduced, Hyde Park.

"I have to confess something ..." he said as we entered the park.

"What?" The way he said it made me worry and my heart quickened.

"I left home a little late so we would get here after dark," Brian seemed nervous to confess, "don't laugh at me please, but I ... I wanted to see the stars with you, and here is my favorite place to do it since I moved to London."

"Hey, no need to worry" when I noticed, one of my hands was already on his face "I think it's beautiful, the sky, and you ... I mean, you liking watching the sky."

Brian laughed with joy at me liking his idea. At that moment I realized how much I liked his smile.

"Then come with me," he said with a glint in his eyes.

We walked through the park, Brian was determined and knew exactly where he was taking me.

"Oh," he said.

There was a thin little tree there, away from the others, and the grass was neatly trimmed close to it. Brian walked over to the tree, and hesitated for a moment.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I forgot to get a blanket so we could sit down." He looked embarrassed by this little planning fault.
"Oh, no problem." I took off my jacket since the night was not so cold, stretched out on the floor and sat down.

"No, Chrissie, don't do that, it's going to get dirty..." he worried.

"No problem, I'm going to wash it myself," I shrugged, carefree, "come, sit down."

He smiled and eventually accepted my little madness. Brian snuggled up beside me, there was a safe distance between us.

"Now I understand why this is your favorite place," I said, looking up, "it's the perfect angle to see all the stars ..."

We were lucky the weather was clean that night. Here the lights and buildings of the city didn't dazzle the brightness of the sky.

"You see that one there?" Brian pointed, excited. "It's Orion, my favorite."

I could see where he was pointing and I looked in that direction. It was so cute that he had a favorite star.

"You really understand the universe to know such a specific name," I said, "that's really cool."

"Oh, thanks," he blushed at the compliment.

"If I may say Bri, I would never have guessed that you are the guitarist of a band if I didn't see you performing," I said, feeling comfortable "because it seems like liking physics, math, astronomy, doesn't match rock. But that's no problem, it just makes you more interesting."

"Do you find me interesting?" "That surprised him "because I don't find myself interesting."

"It was exactly what I told Jo about me these days," I had to laugh.

"But I think you're interesting ..." Brian hesitated again. "Look, Chrissie, since you said something honestly about me, I think I have the right to say something sincere about you, do you think it's fair?"

"Yes, that's fair." I was curious to hear it.

"You're ..." he struggled to keep his eyes on mine. "You're the kind of girl I've been waiting for all my life, some nerd like me, who understands me, understands my way, and supports my dreams. And I'm pretty sure you're all that. I don't know how you feel, but ... after we started talking, and you went to our shows, and ... what I want to say is that I really like you. I just..."

"Brian ..." I sighed.

At first, I was moved by him seeing me in a special way, then I thought that Jo was really right. Brian liked me, but did I like him too? I saw him the way he saw me. He made me feel so comfortable, he understood me, he was always kind to me. As I stared at him still in surprise, my heart was racing.

"You don't have to answer anything if you don't want to" I felt a certain sadness in his voice "I just thought I had to tell you."

"Brian," I said again, even making a decision, I would do everything with calm "I ... I like you too, and I guess I just realized it now."
"So ..." he resumed, the joy returning slowly to his eyes "if I like you, and you like me, I need to ask you something."

"Say it ..." I requested, excited.

"Christine Mullen, do you want to be my girlfriend?" Brian said softly.

"Yes I do," I said in the heat of emotion, from the heart, but in my mind I knew it was the right choice.

We were both completely compatible, we had dreams, goals and support each other.

Brian approached me carefully, and I leaned toward him slowly. He cupped my chin gently. I looked into his eyes that kept shining.

"May I?" He said softly, and I knew exactly what he was going to do and I craved it.

"Yeah," I said, smiling.

Brian's lips found mine, in a slow, delicate kiss. My mind exploded, and I wanted to stay there forever. I rested my arms on his shoulders and he put a hand on my waist. And then we split delicately.

"I don't know what to say ..." I confessed.

"Do you regret it?" Brian said playfully.

"No way." I gave him an unexpected hug.

I held him steady, as if to prove to myself that he was real, and that moment was real, and that I had a boyfriend. Dude, I had a boyfriend! And he was just the way I had dreamed.

Chapter End Notes

Man, I confess to you guys that writing that last part gave me all the feels and goosebumps, and I was freaking out! So finally they are together, my cute babies. Happy New Year guys, God bless you all!
Brian's girlfriend

We spent some time in Hyde Park, watching the constellations, I knew the most famous ones, but Brian showed me some that I didn't know. We didn't see the time pass, but the weather began to get cloudy, which reminded us that we'd better go.

This time, since it was now official, and I was so happy, without hesitation, I held his hand and we walked hand in hand for the first time, even the way Brian held my hand was protective and welcoming. I ended up resting my head on his shoulder and he wrapped an arm around my shoulders, and we walked that way close to each other.

What separated us were the drops of water we slowly felt.

"Is that rain?" I asked, afraid we'd be drenched.

"Oh yeah," Brian grimaced, "we'd better run."

We hurried our steps, but the rain caught us anyway. It was Brian's turn to have an ingenious idea with his coat. He took off his coat and lifted it over our head.

"Stay near me, Chrissie, to be covered," he advised me, and I tried to run with him.

Our makeshift umbrella didn't help us much as we got wet, less than if we were without cover. We arrived at the bus stop and waited for one that would take us back to my college.

"That was a disaster ..." Brian commented, somewhat disappointed, trying to dry his hair that had lost all volume.

"No, it wasn't," I approached him, "even if we get sick, it was all worth it today."

"Really?" I didn't think Brian still felt insecure, which I realized by his question.

"Of course it was," I emphasized each word.

I glanced around, seeing if there was no one around. At the moment, we were really alone. I stood on tiptoe to kiss him, he helped me lifting me slowly off the floor.

We hugged each other, trying to warm each other up when a bus arrived. We went up and went back to my college. It was still raining when we arrived, but much less. We stayed in the corridor of the dormitories and, once again, we stared at each other, not knowing what to do.

"Thank you," she said first, "I don't know how to thank you, it was really a special night, and thank you for seeing me the way you said it. I also ... I never thought I would find someone like you."

"Thank you " he smiled. "Well, I'll let you rest, and ... when we see each other again, I say, when you're not busy ..."

"You also have to be unoccupied," I pointed out, "but you know, Smile's upcoming show would be perfect."

"I think so," Brian nodded, "and now that we're dating, Roger's coming to get Jo here, we can come pick up the both of you. Hum ... can I tell Tim and Roger that we're dating?"

"Yeah, you can, anyway I'll have to tell Jo, because she'll want to know about our date, and she'll tell
Roger," I said, getting used to the news.

"I guess I'll go then," he warned, but I felt he was reluctant to leave.

"Wait just a little Bri," I said, and went into my room quickly, Jo was awake, and seeing me, she brightened up and I saw that she was preparing to ask a lot of questions, but she didn't have time.

I just grabbed an umbrella and left.

"Here," I handed it to Brian, "give me back at our next date."

"I'll do it," he smiled gratefully, "then, good night."

We kissed quickly, saying goodbye.

"Good night." I saw him walk out of the building, and it made me anxious to see him again.

The door to my room opened before I could do this, Joanne shook her head.

"Come here now and tell me everything, Mrs. Chrissie!" she said, trying not to shout because it was already late "did I hear you say the next date? So tonight must have been awesome!"

"Look, first calm down because you're going to freak out with what I'm going to tell you" I was talking like that, because I knew how much Jo was hysterical.

"You ask me to calm down, then tell me I'm going to freak out, you can't do that," she complained, "just tell me."

"Okay," I breathed deeply, feeling a certain embarrassment. "We went to Hyde Park, stared at the stars, we talked, and- Brian kind of opened his heart, you were right, he likes me. And then he spoke, and I realized that I liked him. He asked to date me, and I said yes.!

Joanne struggled not to scream, she jumped on top of me, crushing me in a hug.

"I don't believe it! My little Chrissie has a boyfriend!" she said, "a quiet boy like you."

"Why does everyone say that?" I rolled my eyes.

"Because it's true, and that only makes you two more cute," she explained. "Despite my jokes, I'm happy for you, really."

"Thank you, now go to sleep," I said in that same bossy tone.

I changed before going to sleep, before closing my eyes, I could barely believe that Brian May was my boyfriend.

Our next date was at one of Smile's shows at Imperial College this time, where Brian was studying.

"So you're the unlucky one who agreed to date Bri?" Roger joked when he saw me, my boyfriend had been quick to tell his friends "good luck Chrissie."

"Oh, my dear Rog, I'm very lucky, your friend is a wonderful rarity," I praised.

"Roger, don't offend the cutest couple in our gang" Tim defended.

"Aren't they really?" Joanne added, and against his own girlfriend Roger had no argument.
We all came together to the college auditorium, which made some people watch me and Brian with some doubt and disbelief. Maybe he was like me there, no one believed he would ever get a girlfriend.

A little while before the show started, I thought about when I had kissed Bri before performing and he had called that a good luck kiss. Creating courage, I thought about doing something a little different. I was still embarrassed to kiss him in public, but I went up onstage and kissed his lips quickly.

"A good luck kiss" I explained, seeing that Brian had been confused. "Besides, I wanted the people in your college to know I was your girlfriend. Is there any problem?"

"No, not at all." He smiled in agreement

"See you later." I said and went downstairs, going to sit next to Jo.

"Then you complain that Roger and I are sticky," she commented.

"But Bri and I are not so sticky," I said.

The start of the show ended our discussion, and I just paid attention to the boys. When I focused more on Brian, I felt more enchanted and in love with him.
When the scholar year ended, I went back to my apartment that I shared with Jo. My vacation after that year's classes was over was quite different from what I had planned or imagined.

First, instead of spending the evenings watching the best movie that was on TV at the moment, or studying subjects I had seen in class, I would go to Smile shows, whether they were near or far from home. It was comfortable going to all the shows, since the boys always came to get us.

Second, me and Brian, and Jo and Roger saw each other pretty much every day. Which was good for our friends, who finally seemed to have settled on their relationship, since Joanne's crises were gone. They just kept sappy, which I now understood a little better. But Brian and I had the same shame of showing too much affection in public, which didn't necessarily mean that we were not united.

Outside of the shows, our encounters were simply staring the stars, I even learned the basics about galaxies, nebulae and constellations, things I didn't know about. Another thing we loved to do together was to see Doctor Who. Brian would comment on his theories in the middle of an episode and occasionally I had to say "ok Bri, now be quiet so we can understand what's going on." He gave me an embarrassed smile, and did as I asked. I was embarrassed to cut him off like that, but then I would always remind him of his theories and discuss together what would happen in the next few chapters. We were right about what would happen most of the time. And of course, one of the things I loved to do was watch the band rehearsing.

I was surprised when Brian invited me the first time to see a rehearsal.

"Don't you think ..." I hesitated, "that I'm going to mess up you guys? I don't know, I mean, I'm an outsider who has nothing to do with the band, watching when you miss a note or if you start to fight, it's going to be weird for me to see all this."

"And if you stay very quiet, almost as if you were not even there?" My boyfriend offered, giving me a smile that he knew he could get anything from me. "Chrissie, it's not strange that you're with us, we're always together, and you're part of that ... part of my life too."

"Wow" I managed to answer.

I was always touched by the way he considered me. In Brian's eyes I was so important and precious, much more than I considered myself.

"Did I say something wrong?" he grimaced, worried "don't feel obliged to go, if you don't want to, I don't want you to feel bad because of me ..."

"I..." even then, after months of dating, I was afraid to say what I felt "I think you're perfect, Brian Harold May ... And you're very, very important to me too."

I finished what I said hugging him.

"So does that mean you're going to see the rehearsal or not?" He asked, without undoing the hug, I looked up, staring at his face.
"You convinced me and I'll go." I stood on tiptoe to kiss him.

So, I went to Smile's first rehearsal after Brian invited me, and I was right, I saw the boys wandering, bickering, fighting, arguing, changing, and remaking songs, and occasionally they would play tricks on me. Usually Brian laughed at Tim's jokes, and looked with a death stare at Roger for his jokes, which offended my boyfriend more than I was. I was already accustomed to their friendship, they played and bickered, but they were united.

And every Smile rehearsal I saw had a little of it all.

From the rehearsals, we went to the shows. Every bar and university that the boys managed to schedule, there we were, Jo and I accompanying them. Dating Brian and being a Smile fan were unexpected changes, but good changes in my life.

One night, we were in The Kensington again, where the boys would perform. As of the other times, they have arranged the instruments, I went there to give Brian our already traditional kiss of good luck. Then the show started.

I was always glazed to see Smile perform, watching them put their ideas and art into practice, but not everyone who saw them was like me. In that particular show I noticed people coming out of the bar, irritated, or dissatisfied with the band. When it came time to finish the show, Tim thanked him much less excitedly than he used to.

"Is everything okay, Tim?" I asked him when the boys came and sat with me and Jo.

"Chrissie, don't ask an obvious question," Jo scolded me.

"No problem, girls." He shook his head, always sympathetic. "It was not one of our best shows."

"It was really trash ..." Roger agreed, a bit grumpy.

"No guys, it's not that bad," Brian tried to raise the morale of the band, "we can't always please everyone.!

"Yeah, Bri, but excuse the sincerity," Tim told him. "It's been a while since we pleased the public."

"Look, it's still no reason to be like this" I followed my boyfriend's example of cheering up our friends "it was just a bad night, with a difficult audience, that's all. You are super talented and in the next show the public will love you, okay?!"

"Thank you." Tim thanked my efforts. "I'm glad we have a fan like you, a real fan."

"You bet I am, my dear Tim," I smiled at him.

The boys were still a little annoyed at the repercussion of the show so we left The Kensington to eat somewhere else. What was always on our menu was pizza, which was no exception that night. We ordered a full four cheeses which we split together. At one point I saw Brian walk away, I knew he was still upset. Slowly, I followed him, letting him decide if he wanted to talk to me.

He noticed me and looked at me with a sad look. I hugged him aside. Brian snuggled me closer to him.

"It's at these times that I wonder if my father is right ..." he said without looking me in the eye.

"What about your father?" - I was confused, Brian always told good things about his father.
"He thinks being a band guitarist is a waste of time and I should focus on my studies, a real career," Bri explained to me, "and what happened today .... Well, validate my father a little bit."

"But you love to play, you told me yourself that this is an important part of your life, and if that's what you like, it should go on, one day maybe your dad will understand" I tried to comfort him.

"I don't know, I don't know if he would, or maybe it would be better just to be a scientist," Brian still whined.

I hated seeing him like this, devastated. It broke my heart and made me suffer with him. I turned, putting myself right in front of him and looking straight into his eyes.

"Music and science make you exactly who you are," I said in a steady voice, "and I ... I love you, just the way you are."

"You ..." Brian was startled, and now I began to wonder what I had done wrong.

"What?" I said in a high-pitched, frightened voice.

"I'm sorry to say that, but you know how much I notice things, and if I'm not mistaken," he paused, catching his breath, "this is the first time you tell me that you love me."

"Well, I ..." I resumed my courage. "I guess I just had got the courage to say it, but ... I love you, Bri."

He didn't answer me with words, but his look and his kiss said it all. The feeling was reciprocal.

Chapter End Notes

What do you guys think? I think one more chapter and we get into the timeline of the film, which means that Freddie and John are going to show up. Oh, one more thing, I'm pretty sure that Brian really should be a fan of Doctor Who
While my vacations were full of concerts and dates, when our classes came back Brian and I focused more on our studies. We had almost the same level of concern for college, so we understood each other very well when we were busy studying. Brian had finished math and physics courses and this year he would start Astrophysics as he wanted. I was so proud of him! Already I would face my last year of course, and God willing, next year, instead of attending so many classes I would be teaching.

So when classes returned, it was even harder for us to see each other. Of course I was still going to shows, but I started to let go of some, especially on the days when I was tired or busy the next day.

I really missed him on nights like that. That's why I called the next day when I couldn't go to the shows. At least we had the weekends. At one of the boys' shows at Imperial College, instead of going out with Jo, Roger and Tim, Brian preferred to go out with me alone, walking hand in hand on campus.

"That's different," I said. "We always go out together, not that I'm complaining."

"I know, I just needed to talk to you alone." Brian turned to me. "It's something I was thinking ..."

"What? Did something serious happen?" I got worried.

"It's not serious," he assured me, calming me, "but it's serious, and your opinion is very important, I mean, what you decide will be what I'm going to do."

"Brian, what are you going to do?" He was afraid of my reaction.

"You know that we barely have seen each other and, I miss you, and I think you feel the same, what I'm trying to say is that I already have an apartment, it's rented, it's not much else .. "he hesitated," how do you feel about us living together? "

"You and me?" I was shocked at first "we living together?"

"You don't have to accept Chrissie, only if you want, it would be a solution for the distance, and I'm willing to do that ..." he discouraged.

How Bri was silly at times! I agreed on most things with him.

"You just took me by surprise," I said. "It's a big responsibility, it's like we're practically married."

"We don't have to get married now, I mean, we can wait a little further, for the time being we can only support both of us and a little apartment." He brightened a little.

"And I have plenty of experience living with Jo ..." I paused to think, analyzing all the possibilities and pros and cons.

Convinced that they were much more pros. I know we would get along well, since we had almost the same thoughts and the same goals.

"So?" Bri watched me for a while, knowing I was thinking about what he had proposed.
"If I can live with Jo, it won't be difficult to live with you," I teased and smiled.

"Oh, thank you, thank you." Brian covered my face with kisses. "It'll work, you'll see."

"Of course it will!" I assured him.

We then went to meet our friends with the news. They ended up approving us and giving us the greatest support. Somehow, we influenced Jo and Roger to make the same decision. Both I and Brian had our doubts about them living together, but nothing could stop their determination.

We took the next weekend for the change. I knew Brian's apartment from the times I had go there and knowing the space very well, I knew where I would put my things. And I didn't even have that many things, maybe what would help fill the apartment would be my books, along with Brian's, not counting our college books. So what made me more tired of the change was loading the books. I split the wardrobe space and put my clothes there, Brian rearranged the books on the living room shelf to make room for mine.

That was the last thing we fixed. At the end of the day I fell on the couch without ceremony, already feeling at home. Brian sat down next to me, and I laid my head on his lap. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. It was incredible how happy I was at that moment. When I opened my eyes again, I saw the sound equipment in a corner and the Red Special gently kept nearby. The perfect image of my home.

I looked up and saw Brian staring at me, his gaze glittering, his hair falling, his smile, the most beautiful, my favorite ...

"I love you ..." he said softly.

I started to laugh, which made Brian half alert, but he didn't take the smile off his face.

"It's the first time you tell me this," I had to say.

"The first of many," Bri assured me.

"I love you too," I said, "that's ...

"That's what?" he asked me, admiring me with his eyes.

"I never thought I would live for a moment like this," I said honestly, "sometimes I thought that ... when I felt alone, someone else, anywhere in the world, who felt alone too, would find me and I would find him, and we would complete each other. I had doubts if I would find this person, but now I don't have anymore."

"You found me and I found you," Brian said in an excited voice.

We stood there in silence letting the emotions fill the moment. It was all real.

It didn't take long for us to adapt to our new routine, at first it was strange to have to go to the university every day, since I no longer had my dorm, but I got used to the extra bus trip.

In the midst of studies and shows, another novelty has shaken our lives. NASA in the United States prepared the Apollo 11 mission, and that had excited Brian in a way I had never seen before. On the day the landing was to be transmitted, even our faculties dismissed us to see the transmission. So we agreed to meet in Jo and Roger's apartment. It was as tight as ours, but we were already accustomed to the lack of space. We approached the TV, attentive to everything, even with me and Brian being more excited than Roger and Jo.
"Will this thing be long?" complained the drummer.

"Roger, don't you understand that this is a great historical moment and being alive to witness this is a privilege?" my boyfriend argued.

"Oh you and your nerdy things," Rog continued.

"Rog, leave him alone!" Jo asked in our favor.

I looked gratefully at my friend.

"Who guarantees that they're not lying and everything is a well-made filming?" Roger still answered.

"Sh!" I did it to him "just pay attention."

Roger's respect for me convinced him to be quiet.

It was really surreal to see what I was seeing. Men walking on the surface of the moon, the American flag stuck. I believed that all this could be real. Science evolved in constant motion, and if small wonders happened in my life, other people could also achieve wonders.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact: Brian and Roger actually watched the moon landing in 1969 in Roger's apartment.
The boys continued to rehearse and study, trying to divide their attention and effort between the two parts of their life. Tim was studying Graphic Design, Brian was getting more and more excited about Astrophysics, and Roger was seriously considering leaving the Dentistry course. To Jo's misfortune, this wasn't the only thing the drummer wanted to change.

On some nights when we were going out to the Smile shows, I noticed a certain tension between the two. They were no longer so glued or affectionate in public with each other. Maybe it was just a bad phase, but maybe not. I didn't know what to expect that would happen, a possible ending, or who knows, with a little hope, they would be together.

At least, despite all this, I was glad that Roger proved very different from Jo's former boyfriends, he really was good for her, but now something in their relationship wasn't fitting very well.

I was afraid to ask if she wanted help, if she was okay, or if she wanted to talk. Oh, I had already promised myself I wasn't going to intrude so much, but I couldn't. Worry always spoke louder. However, I managed not to go looking for her to talk about Roger.

It was then that it became even more apparent that they weren't well when they unmarked our evenings watching movies together. Tim came at times, but I, Jo, Brian, and Roger watched most of the time. Then there were nights when only she came, or he alone, or neither.

It was when no one pressed, Jo came to my apartment on an unexpected visit. I was reading in the room, and Brian improvised some notes in the Red Special in the living room.

I heard my boyfriend answer her. I recognized the concern in Brian's voice from afar, and I was sure that was the way he was now. I was on alert with Jo's condition. Before they called me, I got up and went to her.

"Hi, Jo," I appeared in the living room, noticing that she had a red face for crying, but had stopped for a while.

"I ... I think I'd better let talk you alone" Brian said, feeling embarrassed by the whole situation. "I'll be right back, my love."

He gave Jo an embarrassed smile and left.

"What is it?" I asked, approaching her.

"I think I'll have to ..." she took a deep breath. "I want to, but I don't want to, but I have to ... break up with Roger."

"But why Jo?" I began to feel sad for her "don't make a decision with a hot head ..."

"No, I'm not hot-headed," she assured me, "it's just ... it's just that when we were away from each other, that is, without living together, everything seemed so perfect, but we just moved out to see that..."

"You're very different?" I guessed.
"Yeah, it's, it seems ..." she stopped, a little tired, "that we both thought we were one person and actually we are another. We both have unbearable manners that we're not able to put up with. We end up demanding a lot from each other, and it ends up getting worn out. So it's better for each of us to go their own way before we get hurt any more."

I hugged her, fully understanding what she felt. I let her hold me for as long as she needed.

"I'm here if you need me." I held her hands and stared into her eyes. "And as much as it hurts now, I'm proud of you for making a mature decision. Be strong to keep it and remember, none of you is the villain of this story. You two are great people, it just didn't work out."

"Chrisie, I don't know what I'd do without you." Jo managed to smile.

"Oh, I don't know what I would do without you, either." I smiled back. "Do you think you're able to talk to Roger?"

"Yes, yes, after talking to you, now I can" Jo got up, getting ready to go.

"Good luck, my friend," I wished from my heart, "I really want you to be happy, you deserve it."

"The same for you, Chrissie." She gave me another long hug and left.

Brian arrived a few moments later.

"I found Jo on the way," he told me, "she looks better. It was Roger again, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but I think this is the last time," I said, "she left here ready to break up."

"Really?" he didn't look surprised "it's better this way, Roger is unbearable at times and I doubt that one day he will change."

"You can't lose hope," I said. "Hw's your friend and you stand him."

"I don't know how I managed it until today." He raised his eyebrows to emphasize his astonishment.

It wasn't long before we knew about the break up between Jo and Roger. He ended up agreeing with her on the motives and each went their way. Joanne was still coming to visit me, and we were still studying together, but she couldn't keep up with Smile, let alone stay in our gang. But we were still good friends, as always.

Our year was still marked by studies and shows, and because our expenses increased a little by living together and I wasn't working since I was not yet trained, Brian decided to get a job as a math teacher, which to our luck, soon he succeeded. It was common to see him dead tired, but he would not give up his course or the band. It filled me with pity and pride, but soon I would begin to work to help him.

Now the boys had gotten a series of performances at Ealing Art College, where Tim was studying. Brian would have to spend the week getting on the bus to go there, and go home, and continue attending classes at Imperial College, and giving his classes. All this trip would require an extra expense, a situation that we had passed before. But Bri was organized with the question of finances and tried to reassure me.

"I wish I could help more ..." I regretted, my parents' help was welcome but not enough.

"Don't worry, my love," he said with a smile and a kiss on my cheek, "it's all under control. Except
for the fatigue, but we always have Sundays to sleep all day ..."

"I'm serious" I sighed, but I understood.

"Look, remember when you saw us play for the first time, the way you thought we were good?"
Brian was talking, trying to get somewhere.

"I remember" that was a very good memory, almost two years ago.

"It could be that one day we make a success and make a living with music," Brian said with a
convincing faith, "but if it doesn't work out, I still have two options, teacher or astrophysicist.

"Oh, the future is so uncertain ..." I let out.

"But it's going to be okay." Brian hugged me and began to sing Doing All Right. I still loved that
song.

Later that day, we waited for Tim in front of our building. I would have had a busy week, and there
was no way I could go to the shows at Ealing Art College. Tim and Roger arrived in the van. Brian
adjusted his backpack.

"God bless your trip" I told my boyfriend. "Take care of yourself, call me when you can. I love
you."

"I will, love" he assured me. "I love you, Chrissie."

We kissed quickly and he got into the van.

"Good bye!" I waved to the three of them.

Roger honked to me and I saw them walk away for a while until I got back into the house, already
missing them.

Chapter End Notes

Another chapter that came out quickly because I love writing this fic. Did anyone like
Joger there? (Jo and Roger) I'm sorry for having separated them, but life is like that (wait
until we get to Rogerique * rubs hands *) I understand well those difficulties of being an
adult of Bri and Chrissie, ah one more thing! Who else studies at Ealing Art College?
Ok, now I've stopped, thank you very much for reading
When Brian traveled, I felt alone, but I understood that it was part of his life, and the band was one of my favorite parts of his life. I really loved seeing the boys performing. But when he couldn't go to see them, he watched movies alone or with Jo. Or read a new book, a book I hadn't read before made me disconnect from the real world for a moment and travel to another dimension. It was what distracted me from longing.

So the week that Brian passed by performing at Ealing College Art was over, and finally, his comings and goings were over, at least for a while.

I was asleep when he arrived, but as soon as I heard him opening the bedroom door, I woke up. I was so sleepy yet I didn't get up, I lay there. After a while, he lay down as well.

"Sorry to say it, but I know you're awake," he whispered.

"Oh ..." I complained as I yawned, I sat up, scratching my eyes "I woke up when you arrived. How were things there?"

"Sorry, my love, I didn't want to disturb you, go back to sleep, I'll tell you tomorrow." Brian sounded regretful.

"Too late," she said, I was more awake now. "Actually, it's you who should sleep, you need it more and it doesn't seem at all that you want to sleep."

"I'm really tired," Brian assured me, "but something had happened ...."

"Tell me, you can tell me" Since he had started the subject, I was ready to hear him finished it.

"You noticed how Tim had been feeling discouraged lately about the band, right?" he said in his usual way, explaining first to tell later, which made me more apprehensive.

"Yeah, yeah, I was kind of worried about it," I said, "but is Tim happy with this decision?"

"Well, well, he is, but ..." Bri hesitated, a little sadly "when the show ended today he talked to me and Roger and left the band."

"He left? What? He can do that?" every bit of sleep I felt was gone "Why did he leave?"

"He's tired of this life of playing only in colleges and bars and thinks that in another band he's going to succeed." Brian shrugged unconvinced.

"It's a pity ..." I lamented, "but is Tim happy with this decision?"

"You know what, Chrissie? He looked relieved" Brian sighed.

I knew he was a little shaken by it, and he'd certainly miss playing with his friend, which reminded me of something else important.

"And what about the band now?" I was worried "you won't give up, will you?"
"No, no, not even if we wanted to." Bri smiled again. "You won't believe what happened."

My boyfriend spoke in a way that he was about to tell something long and exciting. I lay back to listen, getting more comfortable. I loved to see Brian excited like that.

"What happened?" I insisted.

"Tim left and a fan came and talked to us, and he was so petulant about volunteering to replace Tim, but he has a voice, which is a rough diamond." He paused, his eyes sparkling as he remembered "although Roger didn't give him much credit at first, I ran after him before the chance passed. We change our phone numbers and if all goes well, we'll rehearse with him this very week."

"You didn't waste time at all" I was fascinated by the coincidence of finding someone right after Tim left the band "and what is the name of the lucky one?"

"Freddie Bulsara," Bri replied, "and look, I warn you, he's ... Well, you're going to draw your conclusions when you meet him."

"Okay then," I agreed, but I was already intrigued inside -"I'm glad you guys sorted it out."

"Thank you, my love." He kissed my cheek. "Now you can sleep."

We settled down and soon fell asleep. So this was another change in my life. I wasn't sure how to get ready to meet Freddie Bulsara.

It wasn't long before Smile's new lineup came together for the first few rehearsals. They would gather at Roger's apartment, so he didn't have to disassemble, charge and reassemble his drum kit. The only problem now was that Freddie didn't play bass, which made Brian put up an ad looking for a bass player at his college and other places he knew.

So while the boys were kind of getting used to Freddie, after one of the rehearsals, they came to our apartment. Roger came in first, not caring to leave the owner of the house behind. I heard him from my room jumping on the couch, typical Rog.

"Hey, I told you not to do this," Brian complained.

"It's not my fault you have a couch more comfortable than mine," the drummer reasoned.

"Are you always rude like that?" I didn't recognize the voice of who said it, but he was clearly offended.

It could only be Freddie. Curiosity made me get up and go to them.

"Now you know what I've been standing since I met him," Brian told Freddie.

"Oh, I heard you had come," I said, a little embarrassing to get caught up in their conversation.

"Chrissie, I brought someone to meet you," Bri warned me, but I already knew what it was about.

"I'm more than someone, but I understood what Brian meant," Freddie said, and it was the first time I'd seen him.

He held a proud pose and a face of debauchery, but the look in his eyes, although challenging, somehow begged my approval.

I was the first to reach out my hand, just after he finished speaking.
"Hi, I'm Chrissie, Brian's girlfriend." Freddie shook my hand. "And you're Freddie, right?"

"That's me" He smiled at me, as if he was glad I knew who he was.

"Well, if the boys didn't tell you anything ..." I continued the conversation, surprised that I had sympathized with Freddie so quickly, "allow me to welcome you to Smile. I'm also a fan of them."

"Well your boyfriend is the band's guitarist, it makes sense," Freddie deduced.

"No, no, I already was a fan, way before I started dating Brian," I said. "These guys are amazing, and Bri told me you're amazing too."

"Does he call everyone like that?" Freddie said in a joking tone "but I think I get the meaning of it."

"It's been a long time since I've been to a show, I'm anxious to see you three together," I said, raving.

"You're really going to have to wait for us to find a bass player," Roger reminded me.

"Oh, yes," I nodded. "Has anybody already appeared?"

"No one yet, but I'm hopeful," Bri told me.

"Well, you'll find someone," I said, trying to cheer them up, since they looked disheartened, then I realized that the discouragement had another name: hunger "do you want to eat something? The refrigerator is stocked, you can feel free to make some sandwiches ..."

As soon as I gave permission, Roger ran and attacked my fridge unceremoniously, as he always did. Freddie was in doubt at first, but soon followed the drummer.

I just laughed at the scene, and figured that if Brian wasn't with them, Roger and Freddie would act like children all the time.

Chapter End Notes

And finally Freddie is here! What did you think? Only Deaky is missing now, right?
But soon he'll appear too. Don't forget to leave a comment!
Forces of Nature

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I kept studying, trying harder to keep my grades good, and also grating a lot on every new work that appeared. I was already used to this rhythm and the demands of college, but things got more difficult and more demanding in the last year, I think it was because now it was near to finish and to be free of all that madness.

Even though I had my own busy routine, I was part of Brian's routine and he was part of mine. He was still unfolding with Astrophysics, the band, and the teaching job. Maybe I should add something else to this list: Freddie.

Freddie was so determined and tough-headed that he would give Brian a hard time on a new level, which didn't compare to the same hard time the band itself did.

When the boys finished rehearsals, they usually went to my house or I went to Roger's apartment to meet them there. After two weeks rehearsing with Freddie, the usual meeting of our gang was cast aside.

There was one particular night when I barely recognized my boyfriend. Brian opened the door at once, and let it hit hard, it was unintentionally, but his anger eventually provoked it. He strode down the corridor, muttering something, he tucked the Red Special in the bedroom, then came back into the living room, screaming through his teeth. I thought he hadn't noticed me, sitting on the couch. He stood for a moment, took a few steps forward and some behind. Finally he put his hands on his waist and sighed, exaggeratedly and deeply. Yeah, Bri was keeping a lot of anger inside him.

"Oh ..." He winked at me, as if he didn't know how he had stopped there.

For a moment he was my old Brian again.

"Hi?" I tried, still confused by his behavior "Bri, are you all right?"

"Sorry about that, I scared you, didn't I?" he sat next to me, tired and frustrated "the rehearsal wasn't that good ... I didn't want to bother you with my problems."

"No Bri, it's no trouble at all" I felt sorry for him and kissed his cheek "you're my boyfriend, which makes your problems a bit mine, too. So tell me, please, otherwise you're going to explode."

"Yes, I will," he closed his eyes and gave another long sigh. "Freddie ... Freddie is ...

"Demanding?" I suggested.

"Unbearable!" he screamed and I jumped out of my seat involuntarily "sorry, I scared you, but that's it, you know, he changes the lyrics of my songs, and he doesn't like the way we play his songs, and worst of all, he fought with the two bass players who rehearsed with us. This way we will never get a bass player and the band isn't complete without one. Man, I thought he wanted to be part of a band, but it seems that he doesn't collaborate because it seems that he does everything for us not to get along or play any musicright ..."

I gulped, perplexed. I didn't know how to respond to any of this. Freddie had seemed to me to be arrogant and full of self-confidence, but inside he had a needy heart, he didn't look so much like what
Brian had said right now.

"You ..." I tried, "did you talk to him about it? What does Roger think?"

"He thinks the same as me, and he even discussed it with Freddie, so I didn't say anything," Bri explained.

"Well, you still have a little patience," I smiled a little gravely. "Maybe if you tried to understand Freddie's side a bit, I don't know, maybe he has something nice behind all the arrogance ... at least I noticed that he's not totally like that;"

"I'm trying, Chrissie," Brian seemed calmer now, "really, but more for the band, maybe a little because he's a good singer ..."

"It's a start, my love," I hugged him, he really needed it, because he held me tight and laid his head on my shoulder. I stroked his hair, the way I said it would be all right.

The phone then rang, separating us from each other for a brief moment.

"Do you want me to pick it up?" I asked and he nodded. "Hello?"

"Hello, I wanted to speak to Brian May, please, is he there?" I heard a young man talking on the other end of the line.

"He is, but I don't know if he can answer," I said, "wait just a moment."

"Okay," the voice on the phone answered.

"It's for you," I explained to Bri, "do you want me to answer it?"

"No, no," my boyfriend decided, "you can let me pick it up."

Brian got up and took the phone from my hands.

"Hi, it's Brian, how can I help you?" he said, and as he was talking, his expression improved "do you know where The Kensington is? Meet me there in an hour and we'll talk more, okay? All right, bye, bye, see you later."

He hung up and I was curious.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously.

"It was a bass player who saw my ad for a test." Brian smiled brighter. "I'll tell Roger to meet him."

"I wish you'd be lucky with this" I said.

"God, I hope so, my love." He kissed me goodbye. "I'll go and I'll be right back, bye!"

"Bye!" I said and I saw him come out excited.

At least his anger at Freddie had passed and now Brian had returned to his usual calm.

When Bri returned from the meeting with the bassist, he came home with Roger, but no Freddie with them.

"Did Smith get another member or not?" I questioned the boys.
"That depends on Freddie," Roger rolled his eyes.

"And us seeing John play," Brian added, "but he has experience."

"So his name is John?" I finally knew.

"John Deacon," Roger finished, "but maybe Deacon John is better."

"And what did you think of John?" I continued "less temperamental than Freddie?"

"Ah, that's for sure," the drummer emphasized.

"He seems to be a nice guy," Brian gave his impression. "At least that's what I found, wasn't it, Rog?"

"I thought so too," our friend agreed.

They found John right when they were almost losing their temper with Freddie, renewed Roger and Brian's spirits.

Freddie learned that they talked to John and the three agreed to a test with the bassist. Late in the afternoon on test day, I received a visit from home.

"Hi, what can I do for you?" I answered after knocking on the door.

I came upon a rather insecure, timid young man, dressed in a very tight and conservative manner, as if for an important job interview, expect for the long hair and the stringed instrument inside the case attached to his back. I realized that I had seen him somewhere.

"Hi, I'm looking for Brian May's apartment, he said it was here, and you must be Chrissie," he said. "I'm John Deacon."

"Of course, John, the bass player!" I said shaking his hand "Nice to to meet him. Come in, please."

John followed me into the apartment.

"Brian hasn't arrived yet, he's still at school, but soon he'll come" I explained the absence of my boyfriend.

"He told me he'd be a little late," John said, "I'll wait for him in the meantime."

"Make yourself comfortable, John," I offered, and we were silent for a moment.

We were two shy people, and when two shy people met, usually one of them could start a conversation that the two people would identify and would not stop talking so soon.

"Mind if I ..." I began, "I've seen you somewhere before, and it wasn't in another band, because I only see the Smile shows, so maybe you saw me in this place that I saw you and remember me, perhaps?!"

"Ah, now that you said, I've seen you at Maria Assumpta University" John reminded me, "my girlfriend is studying there too."

"Ah now it makes sense!" I remembered "Veronica, one of the freshmen, isn't she? I only know her from afar."
"That's her," the bassist nodded.

Brian then arrived before we continued our conversation.

"Oh, hi Chrissie, I saw you've met John," he said as he walked in, put away his things, and picked up the Red Special. "See you later, my love.!

"Bye and good luck on the test, John" I said goodbye to the boys.

"Thank you," returned the bassist.

I really hoped those four could get along and sort things out and everything could be right. Freddie could be like a hurricane, but John was more like a breeze. As a Smile fan, I couldn't wait to see them playing again, as a band and as friends.

Chapter End Notes

So John is here! Also, in real life, Chrissie and Veronica did studied in the same college. Thanks for reading!
Making friends

It had been a few hours after John and Brian had left for the test of the bassist. I really had sympathized with him, like Rog and Bri, and to be honest, I hoped that John would join the band. Ever since I met Brian and Roger, I knew how much Smile was important to them, and seeing them in distress because of Tim's departure and Freddie's arrival shook my heart as well. Another thing that worried me at that moment was to imagine the chances of them going out of rehearsal all together as friends, or going away and hurt over another fight.

It was then that to my grateful surprise I saw the four coming together. Brian opened the door and the other three followed. Out of instinct or curiosity, I looked directly at Freddie. He was relatively well, with no clear signs of anger, hurt or impatience. Roger and John were calm too. Brian came to greet me with a kiss as the boys sat in the living room.

"Hi" I smile at Bri. "How was it with John?"

"He's in the band," he smiled enthusiastically, "we spent a couple of songs together and look, I was surprised at what we were able to do today."

"Yeah, we got to do something almost epic," Freddie commented from the living room, clearly paying attention to our conversation.

I thought Brian was going to reply him, we exchanged a meaningful look, I glanced at Freddie and then back at my boyfriend. With the time of coexistence, Brian and I had developed this ability to be able to understand each other just looking in the eyes. What I understood from our "telepathic conversation" was that something different had happened at the rehearsal and he would tell me more details later.

"It's what happens when you have the full band, finally!" Roger added, sounding relieved.

"You blame me, but believe me when I tell you that Mike and Barry would never have done so well playing with us like Deaky here!" Freddie countered, proud to have chosen John.

"Deaky?" the bass player didn't like it very much "you know, I'm not much a nickname person..."

"Too late," Freddie said, "it's cooler to call you Deaky than John."

"I think sticking nicknames is part of the job." John accepted the nickname, shrugging his shoulders, trying not to care too much.

"That's a sign that you actually joined the band," Roger encouraged John with a pat on the shoulder.

"I don't want to interrupt boys," I interposed between them, "but are you going to stay for dinner and watch some movie?"

"Do you always do this?" Freddie asked curiously, "because I'd rather go out than stay at home, nothing against your house, it's a lovely apartment."

"If you always do that, I promise never to leave the band," John murmured, I heard and smiled. Another member of the band who is like me and Brian.

"It's practically our tradition, at least on rehearsal days, but we're out after the shows," Roger added.
"Yeah ... Freddie," I ventured, approaching them. "I understand that you like the bustle of the streets and the bars, but I personally invite you to stay with us today, only today you know, not every day, but make this sacrifice today, for the good of the band, please ..."

"Chrissie, if you use that charm on Brian you can get anything from him," was Freddie's response.

"Does that mean a yes?" I was confused by what he meant.

"Yes, yes, you were able to convince me." He raised his hands in surrender. "I just hope it's worth it."

"You might think so." I pointed to him, excited, assuring him I would keep my word.

Brian gave me another look, the meaning of this ranged from "what are you doing?" to "I think it's not a bad idea".

"What is going to be?" Asked Roger, "the usual pizza? Guys, I'll warn you not to fight over the taste of the pizza."

"How about some real food for a change?" I suggested "I can cook something now, if you have the patience."

"That's something I didn't expect ..." Roger hissed, surprised. "I can wait."

"I don't have anything important to do now." John shrugged.

"I told you I was staying," Freddie reminded me.

"All right," I said, smiling, and I turned to the kitchen.

"I'll help you, Chrissie." Brian followed behind me.

"I know my idea was rushed, but I've thought so much about doing something for you guys," I confessed, when we were alone.

"I saw, I noticed, but is that ..." he hesitated, "our pantry is not exactly full."  

"I can improvise something," I promised. "Just help me and do as I say."

I separated what I could find in the refrigerator. Eggs, mayonnaise (I hope it was not overdue), potatoes, sauce, ketchup ... Yeah, that would have to do. I laid the eggs for boiling and Brian and I peeled the potatoes. From the living room, I could hear the boys laughing. I smiled, that was a good sign.

"You and Freddie are good now?" I asked.

"Well, more or less," Brian grimaced. "We kind of decided not to fight today. Deep down he wanted John to play with us as much as we did. And John, my God, impressed us, he's really good, so I taught him the songs, and Roger and Freddie talked in the meantime. When we went to play, I don't know, I felt something .... It's strange the word I wanted to use to describe it, because we are so different, but, we were in harmony."

"Not so different ..." I smiled to see that Brian had the look and the smile shining, I loved when he was like that "you four have a little something in common, which is what connects you, and I think you will never lose it, which is the love for music."
"Yeah ..." Brian realized. "I think that's fine, but Chrissie, I have to tell you something."

"What?" I laughed.

"I loved the way you disconcerted Freddie," he laughed, "you faced him in your own way, and it was so incredible! You are wonderful!"

Brian completed the compliment with an exaggerated kiss on my temple.

"Stop it, Brian Harold May!" I reprimanded in a joking tone "we still have to finish dinner."

"True," he chuckled softly, going back to the potatoes.

It took another 15 minutes, but I was able to finish what I had planned. When I called John, Roger, and Freddie to eat, they came running. And they ate everything practically at the same speed. Jesus! These boys lived with hunger! I think that playing and singing makes you very hungry. But I was happy with their reaction, if they ate everything, it was a sign that I had done a miracle and managed to cook something tasty with the little I had.

"So ..." I started a conversation when I saw the silent band "how long do you think you still need to rehearse?"

"Some more weeks," John said, "I just got here and I still have to learn the songs."

"I agree," Freddie nodded, "but with a little more effort, which we all have" he said, looking up at everyone else "we'll get there".

"That's right." Roger nodded.

"Yeah, sure." Brian smiled at his companions and finally looked at me.

His gaze said, "Thank you for what you did." I looked at the four of them, and was glad to be sure they were friends now.
Before the debut

After dinner, the boys continued rehearsing and rehearsing, they would come to our apartment after the rehearsal, other days we would take turns, we would go out to eat pizza, so we could please everybody in our group of friends.

My new friends, I must say. I was used to Roger's company, Brian's best friend (though my boyfriend wouldn't admit it), and now I don't know if I'd be okay without Freddie and John around. Of course Freddie was the difference, the bold, the guy with crazy ideas, but in the end, (another thing Brian had to admit) were very good and worked.

John was the quiet one, that whenever he spoke, he added something that was missing from the conversation or what we were doing, and only he could see what it was. The boys were getting on so well that anyone who saw them didn't even suspect their fights when they started rehearsing together. But that doesn't mean they stopped fighting. Usually it was a childish bicker, or a disagreement here and there, but nothing close to a gladiatorial spectacle. Seeing the four coming home to the sound of laughter and excited conversations about music made me happy. I saw them coming like this after a day of rehearsal and I got excited too.

"It all worked out well today, by your faces ..." I said, after giving hi to them.
"Except for some broken strings, it went well," my boyfriend agreed.
"If you didn't get much excited that wouldn't happen," John mused.
"Don't care about them Bri," Freddie said in his defense. "The more you get excited, the better!"
"It's not good if that happens at a show." Roger raised the question.
"It wob't happen," Brian promised his friends, "I think I can get carried away and not break a string."
"You're lucky I saved you some strings as a precaution" Roger said at last.
"I wish I had seen today's rehearsal," I said.
"You're use to go to the rehearsals, Mrs. May?" Freddie asked, emphasizing the last word.

I got shocked as I understood what he said, and Brian choked on the spot.
"Sorry for causing that reaction," the band's vocalist spoke again, and I could tell he was trying to control his laughter.
"Why ..." I was still trying to recover from the shock. "Why did you call me that ... Freddie?"
"Oh, you're practically Brian's wife, and you look after us almost like a mother would," he explained to me. "Mrs. May is the perfect nickname for you."

"Maybe someday she'll be Mrs. May" Rog murmured, but I heard.
"That's ... A compliment then," I breathed, but I decided not to let him win this, he was almost killing me and Brian in embarrassment "but you know what? You three are big enough to take care of yourself, but you insist in behave like children."

"I've already apologized and if I need to, I'll apologize again." Freddie sounded genuinely regretful.
I looked at Brian for help, and the poor man could not even look me in the eye. Freddie had raised a
subject that Bri and I hadn't stopped to think about much before. I didn't think I was ready to marry
yet, nor did he.

"I forgive you" I ended up surrendering, but I had a special trick under my sleeve !but let's change
the subject, are you going to do shows again or not?"

Brian smiled relieved that I had changed the subject.

"Oh yeah, the rehearsals have been going well and now we just need to decide where we're going to
make a show," he explained cheerfully.

"I know where we're going," Freddie announced, "Ealing Art College!"

"As if we could choose ..." John shrugged.

"We really have to check their schedule first," Brian recalled.

"Not for that." Freddie pointed at him and then picked up the phone, dialing what I assumed to be his
college secretary.

The boys made faces with what the singer did, but in the end we were watching with expectation.

"Hello, I'm Freddie Bulsara, representing the band Smile, we wanted a night in the auditorium for a
show" Freddie said at once in his best boss tone "yes, I know, uhum, no, no, ok, ok, thanks."

He hung up and was silent on purpose. Appreciating our expectation with some pleasure.

!What's up?" Roger let slip.

"I hope you're ready to debut this weekend!" Freddie announced with open arms.

The boys cheered. After the euphoria passed, I remembered something else.

"This is the perfect opportunity to introduce Veronica to us, John" after all this time we hadn't been
properly presented to her yet.

"I don't know, Chrissie, from what I'm saying about these guys, she's not too excited to meet them,"
he chuckled.

"You can't just tell our bad stuff to Veronica, Deaky," Freddie complained.

"I know your bad stuff and I still love you guys anyway," I tried to remedy with a smile.

We left the girlfriends subject so they start thinking about the presentation that was to come.

During the rest of the week, I noticed Brian a little apprehensive, with the show and something else.

"Chrissie," he called out to me as we had dinner, "what Freddie said ... He kind of hinted at a ...
Marriage ... It's not that I don't love you, or think of the future, it's just ... Marriage is a big
responsibility, and I want to be able to give you a decent life, with everything you deserve ... We're
just not financially well now ..."

"Bri, it's okay" I reassured him since he was scared to death -"I also have reservations about this, but
I also think that it's not yet the right time, I also want to make a commitment to you, I also love you
and I understand you."
"Really?" he asked, still uncertain.

"Really," I rose and hugged him, "and don't mind if Freddie calls me Mrs. May."

"I won't mind if you don't mind," Brian said.

"Now it doesn't bother me any more, it's a sign that we make a perfect couple," I smiled.

I just kissed him, so we agreed on the subject of marriage.

Then, after waiting so long, I would finally see a Smile show, Brian and Roger excited to be back, Freddie and John eager to contribute to their music and the four happy to play together. I was the only girl in Roger's van, which made me miss Jo, but so much had changed since I had been in that van for the first time...

I got out of the van, letting the boys take the instruments. Before I went to the auditorium, someone called me.

"Chrissie!" I turned to John "I told Veronica I was going to meet her there, she's probably already arrived."

"Oh yeah, I got it" I understood and kept walking.

I knew Veronica by sight, and I recognized her again as soon as I saw her. She looked at everything with an apprehensive look, I think it was the first time she was going to a show.

"Hi," she said half-timidly, "are you Veronica, John Deacon's girlfriend, the band's bass player?"

"It's me," she nodded, confirming, "you can only be Chrissie, right, the guitarist's girlfriend, Brian, right?"

"Yeah, John passed on the correct information," I chuckled. "It's me, he warned me to come find you."

"Yeah, it was good Johnny did it because I don't know anyone here," Veronica explained.

"Oh, neither do I" I said, "just Freddie and Tim, some of my friends who study here."

"I don't know why, but I'm kind of nervous about them, does that happen to you, too?" Veronica asked me.

"Oh yes, believe me, they give their all in rehearsals, and this is the first time they perform together, but I know they're incredible, you'll see," I guaranteed.

"Yeah, I know they're very experienced in this band thing, so it's going to work out okay." Veronica used optimism to ward off anxiety.

I looked at the stage and everything was ready, they were about to begin, but Brian called me from where I was. I excused Veronica and I went there.

"I couldn't start the show without a good luck kiss," he told me, smiling. "It's already our tradition."

"But everyone's watching," I laughed nervously.

"That was no problem at Imperial College," he mused.
"That's because it was your college," I said, but he didn't understand.

"It could be very fast then," he suggested.

I laughed, but I gave in. We kissed quickly and soon returned to my place. The show I was waiting for from my favorite band was about to start.
The show in Ealing Art College

Me and Veronica turned our attention to Brian and the boys, who in Tim's absence, became the one who gave the public good evening. He introduced John and Freddie, which caused a small protest and dislike of some.

When they said they had a new vocalist, the band made all eyes pay much more attention to Freddie. Some people's discontent, clearly because of him, made him a little sad, I could see from a distance, but he wouldn't let himself down. Roger and Brian gave the cue for him to start singing, Freddie fumbled with the microphone, breaking the pedestal, but he ignored the technical fault and continued singing. There wasn't a second in which he would stop moving and singing, all at the same time.

That was why I was fascinating about Freddie Bulsara, many things in his life (things that he didn't tell, but we noticed) made him sad, but he refused with all his might let the sadness take over. He confronted it with his exaggerated confidence and it was there that he and the boys came to understand him better and admire him, seeing that what seemed to be one of his greatest faults was a defense mechanism.

In the end, Freddie ended up surprising each of us who were there. This was the first time I had seen him performing and it was impossible not to pay attention to him all the time, his voice was incredibly skillful, modulating between the notes of the melody of each song as he wanted and felt. The boys, each on their instrument and the vocals of Roger and Brian highlighted every feeling that Freddie wanted to get through. He got so excited that he even changed the lyrics, which Brian didn't miss. I knew by far how my boyfriend was methodical when it came to music, and of course I realized that what Freddie did made Brian mildly uncomfortable. But the audience didn't notice it, and kept on cheering with each song. Even the most skeptical had to admit his talent.

"Good night, everyone!" shouted Freddie, closing the show.

Everyone applauded the boys standing, and the four of them, took a moment to get off the stage to enjoy an audience that really enjoyed the show. Me, Roger, and Brian knew there was a while this didn't happen. John, a little more restrained, and Freddie showing more clearly, was euphoric at being able to please that difficult audience.

Then I saw them coming down from the stage, Brian and John came straight to our table, while Roger and Freddie had slipped away to I don't know where.

"Oh, what a relief ..." Brian sat down with a sigh.

"You was more nervous than usual? I confess I was too, "said John.

"You know why I was nervous ..." my boyfriend added.

"Freddie," they said at the same time.

The four of us ended up laughing, which made Brian notice Veronica's presence.

"Oh, sorry for not noticing you before," he apologized, looking at her. "I've been waiting for John to introduce you."

Deaky grimaced, but understood the cue.

"Veronica, this is Brian and Chrissie you must have met" the bass player introduced "Brian, this is
Veronica.

"Hi," she said, "so you're the pacifist..."

"Pacifist?" Brian didn't understand.

"You try to stay calm and keep the band from fighting," Veronica explained, "as John told me."

"Oh, I try, but it's not easy," my boyfriend laughed. "Who really gets us on the line is my sweet lady here."

Brian completed it with a kiss on my the cheek, I felt my face blushing. I thought I'd say something to deal with shame.

"So we finally have proof that Veronica is real and not an imaginary girlfriend," I teased, remembering an old joke of ours.

"I know I was absent and no matter how much John invited me to go out with you, I was kind of out of time, you know how college is, right?" she justified herself.

"Yes." The three of us answered together, three college students exhausted.

"Where did Rog and Fred go?" Deaky asked.

"Oh, I have an idea of what Roger was up to," Brian said in a half-disappointed tone, "Freddie..."

It wasn't long before the vocalist showed up.

"Called me?" He smiled. "Sorry for the delay. I was talking to Mary about the show."

He pointed to the girl next to him, she seemed much more restrained than Freddie, but certainly not shy like me or Brian or John. There was something special about the look in her eyes, there was patience and kindness, and it was'ot just me who had noticed that. Freddie was staring at her in amazement.

I noticed that Brian exchanged a meaningful look with her.

"Hi Mary," he was the first of us to speak up, "I didn't know you knew Freddie."

"It wasn't long ago, Brian," Mary told him, "it's good to see you playing again."

"It's good to get back to business," my boyfriend smiled.

"Then guys, I hate to interrupt you two, but let me introduce the rest of the people Mary doesn't know."

Freddie caught our attention to himself, which eventually worked. "These are John, Veronica," (Veronica said her name as Freddie pointed to her) "Brian you already know, by the way, and Chrissie."

"It's nice to meet you, I'm Mary, I kind of gave a stylist help to Freddie's looks at the show today," she explained to us.

"You're more than a mere helper Mary," Freddie corrected her, "you're my friend, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I guess so." There was a certain gleam in Mary's voice as she said it.

After a while Roger joined us, accompanied by a girl named Crystal. While John introduced
Veronica to everyone, Roger wasn't too concerned about who Crystal was to him. The drummer had a different date at every show we were going to, and at those times I was happy that Jo wasn't dating him anymore.

So we started talking about the show, how the boys had played in harmony, that they disagreed, each one for different reasons, but at last everyone agreed that this had been one of Smile's best shows.

After a while they returned to the stage to take the instruments.

"Don't go away, please," Freddie asked Mary, "I promise I'll be right back."

"I'm not going to leave here." She laughed a little and he joined the others.

"Is Freddie always like that?" Mary asked me and Veronica.

"I've only heard of him," Veronica replied.

"And I can confirm it by convivence with him," I added, "but he's a nice guy, really."

"I realized that," she said a little delightedly, "behind so much pomp, there's someone in love and enthusiasm ... for music."

"And for you by the way ..." I thought, but said nothing. I answered her with something else.

"I'm sorry to ask, but Brian seemed to know you from somewhere ..." I had to speak of it.

"Oh, we went out once, we just talked," Mary said, "but we're not together. He used to go to the store where I work"

"Oh yes ..." I understood the situation and my jealous heart was calm, but even so I found it necessary to add " We are dating, and we have lived together for almost two years."

"Oh, that's good." Mary didn't notice why I said that, though. "Brian's a really nice guy, and you're nice too."

"Thank you, Mary." She smiles. "You too."

Veronica exchanged a look with me as if she understood what I was feeling and gave me a sympathetic smile.

It wasn't long before we left, we said goodbye to Mary and Freddie who stayed a little longer, and John and Veronica, who would take her home, Roger gave a ride to Crystal to the girl's house and finally left us in our apartment.

It wasn't long before we were asleep, and I was glad Smile was back on business again.
Freddie's changes

Chapter Notes

The show that marked the return of Smile to perform presented an unexpected and surprising repercussion, at least for me and the boys, but not for Freddie, who had come up the stage that night with the certainty that anyone that saw them get the jaw dropped, and look, as an eyewitness of what happened, I have to admit that he was super right.

Then, after this show, the opportunities for the boys to play multiplied. Almost every night, they had a show at some college or bar in London, without taking the ordinary weekends they were going to another city, around the capital's metropolitan area, or even a little further. I went to the shows as long as college left me, which was getting harder and harder because it was my senior year and I was very busy, but whenever I could go, I would and always ready to give moral support to the band when they needed it.

Because of that growing popularity of Smile, Freddie decided to make some suggestions. or maybe make some decisions for the band, depending on the point of view, which at first frightened me and the boys a little.

We were in Roger's apartment (the most spacious of all our group of friends apartments because his drum kit needed the space, which doesn't mean that the apartment was huge, just a little bigger), half snug on the single sofa and scattered cushions, Mary and Veronica were also present, when the vocalist pronounced.

"There's something I was thinking, folks" he began, speaking as if he didn't want anything, but he still caught our attention "we are gradually ceasing to be a secondhand band to be something more ... meaningful. And we must live up to our own significance."

"Not even Bri understood that" Roger laughed, pointing to my boyfriend's confused face.

"Translate it, please." John was ironic.

"Our looks have to change, we're always in the same style, and we're kind of out of fashion, Deaky and Brian are always too formal, Rog ... I can cope with his style ..." Freddie pointed to his friends.

"Too formal? Too formal?" Brian repeated, in a tone of complaint, mimicking Freddie "dude, we would be formal if we all wear a suit and tie and that we don't do it. Ask our parents if they approve of our style to do a show, I think this is the biggest proof that you need to see that we are not so formal as you think."

"I know, I know that." Freddie accepted the criticism, at least for the moment, "but it might be a little more ... flamboyant! Impress before we even sing and play."

"I'm scared now," John murmured.

"You have nothing to fear, my dears!" Freddie made sure and he exchanged a confidential smile with Mary, as if the two were keeping a secret of theirs alone.

"So that giant bag you two brought was that?" Roger pointed at both of them, and Freddie went to his room.
"What bag?" I asked.

"Mary and Freddie came before you, carrying a large bag. I asked why, I even said I wasn't giving a
sleepover, and then I asked what was in it, and Fred here forbade me to ask, or look inside it, he said
it was a surprise ... " the drummer explained in a not satisfied voice.

"And I was just waiting for that moment." Freddie set the freaking bag in the middle of the room and
rubbed his hands, clearly excited.

Soon afterwards he distributed the costumes that he had thought to each of the bandmates. John,
Brian, and Roger made variations of the same expression of "What is this?!" when they received
their "gift": Out of shame and out of respect for the ladies present, the four of them squeezed into
Roger's room to change. Freddie joined them, of course he had already thought about what he would
use to match the rest of his friends.

"That will be ... interesting," Veronica remarked as we waited.

"Or funny," I added.

"Maybe the boys don't like it, but Freddie is right about why they have to change their looks" Mary
told us.

It was then that they emerged, a mixture of shining, gowns, chains, large pants and platform shoes. I
actually tried not to laugh, but I felt my face swell and turn red, until I let it escape, to Brian's despair.

"Chriissie, don't do this to me ..." he said, pretending to be hurt.

"It's not her fault, Brian, it's Freddie's fault." Roger patted his arm.

Speaking of Freddie, he wore a tight jump suit and so bright it hurt the eyes of who looked at him too
much.

"Don't complain and get used to it," said the singer, without losing his temper.

"You didn't even ask if we wanted to," John pointed out.

"Please ..." Freddie leaned dramatically in front of his bandmates and stood up incredibly quickly,
"you will get used to it. Oh, there's something else! Besides the costumes, we also have to worry
about hair and makeup."

"I'm not going to cut my hair," Roger objected. "I leting it grow."

"That was exactly what I was going to suggest Rog," Freddie agreed, "and Brian in particular will
have to stop straightening his hair."

"What? Why?" my boyfriend sighed in frustration "Why me? You changed places with Roger to
pick up on me? Have you seen my hair without straightening? It's a tragedy ...

Okay, now Brian was being very dramatic. I knew he straightened his hair, but I was never curious
to know how it would look like natural.

"Believe me, it'll look great" Surprisingly, Freddie said this to my boyfriend with all patience and
kindness.

I looked at Brian, trying to emphasize what Freddie said. Bri looked back at me, desolate, not
knowing what to do, accept the changes or say no and fight with Freddie. I think my gaze already
expressed what I thought, but I felt the need to say it aloud.

"I love you anyway," I assured Bri, and my words provoked some "owww" from everyone.

"For you, my love, and for the good of the band, I'll try." Brian finally accepted, but he said this by biting his lip, clearly still uncomfortable.

The boys shifted back, relieved, and Freddie, not thinking about saving his friends from so many emotions on one night, still had another surprise to release.

"I'm sorry for scaring you with the costumes, but there's something else, people ..." he announced.

"Oh no ..." John lamented a little too loudly.

"We can't call the band Smile anymore," Freddie went on, ignoring Deaky. "Whether or not that name refers to the old lineup, and now we're a new band, aren't we?"

"Yeah, it makes sense," Brian said, calmer now.

"So that's it? I thought it was something more dramatic," Roger said.

"Be careful to not to talk too soon Rog," John added, already waiting for more surprises.

"I want the band to be named Queen," Freddie said decisively.

"Queen? Like, the Queen Elizabeth?" Brian questioned, and his irritation returned.

"Come on man" Roger folded his arms. "That name makes no sense at all".

"I didn't like it" John added timidly.

"No, no, it's all about what I said about our name, our looks come before us." Freddie literally stamped his foot, without blinking to change his mind "Queen is classic, elegant, and stirs the curiosity of people! This is what we need at the moment we are, in increasing success!"

"It's hard to argue now," the bassist shrugged.

"Guys, what do you say?" Freddie looked at the boys with that same look of anticipation, approval, which I noticed when he was with us.

"Can anybody say no to you?" Brian was the first to admit it.

"It's already two against one" the vocalist celebrated the partial victory.

"I agreed, what can I do?" Deaky agreed.

"Okay," Roger rolled his eyes. "Let's see what people will think of us by that name."

"No matter what they think of us," Freddie said gratefully, "what matters is that even in the middle of the majority, there's someone who's going to love us."

We ended up celebrating the band's decision. It would take time to get accustomed to the new name and all the extravagance, but in the middle of it all, I admired the courage and the way Freddie saw in him and his companions a great potential. I didn't love Queen just for its music, but also for its members, all their effort and companionship, which earned them a special place in my heart.
Hi guys, how are you? Let me tell you a little behind the scenes to write this chapter. In my head, I had a list of things that had to appear here: the boys performing a lot, the rock glam looks (which makes me laugh a lot, who else laughs at 70's Queen?) The new name, and Freddie and Mary. Freddie and Mary appeared a little, but their interaction here is to develop their romance, in fact, her appearance here is a little different of the film, because there Freddie tells her after they changed the name of the band, so this is my poetic license. Another interesting thing is the drama of Brian's hair, he even admitted that he wanted his hair to be straight, but it was hard to do it, and he ended up letting his hair natural, and in the movie you can see that Brian is with straight hair at Smile's time, and then it changes quite sharply to curly hair, so I thought it was cool to put it here. Okay, now I stopped. See you in the next chapter!
Making Music (or Mess)

After a week in which Smile had become Queen, it seemed the boys had finally settled for the name and the looks, or at least starting to adapt to Freddie's ideas. Brian was having a hard time with it. Every time he checked his reflection in the mirror, he would sigh in frustration as he watched his hair begin to curl. Finally, when Saturday came and he got ready for the show that night, I was speechless to see his new hairstyle.

"What's it?" He sounded scared - "I look awful, don't I?"

"Wow ..." was what I could utter, feeling my heart beat harder, unable to ignore his full, perfectly curly hair framing his face.

"Oh, I knew it was a bad idea ..." Bri complained, wailing.

I ignored what he said, approached him and put my hands on his face.

"I didn't know you could be more handsome ..." I praised him sincerely, a little surprised at myself for saying it out loud.

"So ..." he blushed, "do you like my hair like this?"

"It's perfect." I smiled and kissed him, so he would be sure I said the truth.

"Thanks." Brian thanked me, relieved.

The van's horn interrupted us and hurried us to meet the boys, this time I was free to see the show that night, one of the rare times I went to see Queen that year. But finally, after much effort and dedication to my academic life, I was able to graduate, finally being a teacher properly. I just lacked my own class for my professional life to be complete.

While I was looking for a job, Brian continued to unfold with shows, college, and work, and the boys continued to show up in almost every little town and college in the area, facing how they could a problem here and there like the day they stood on the road because of a flat tire, and Freddie, being Freddie, ignored the affliction and impatience of his friends to tell them what was his next big idea for Queen.

When Brian came back from Glasgow, both me and him had great news to tell each other. The van stopped in front of our apartment for him to get off, the boys were so exhausted that we wouldn't meet tonight, all the poor musicians wanted was a good night's sleep. I got up immediately when Brian came in, and gave him a tight hug, even tired, he lifted me off the floor, as he always did when he was excited and celebrated something good with me, so I figured he had some great news to tell me.

"How I missed you Chrissie" he said, still hugging me, "you won't believe what happened."

"I also have some things to tell you." I stroked his hair as he spoke. "But I'm sorry, my love, you're going to release me to let me talk."

He laughed and kissed me, so we sat down to listen to what we had to tell each other.

"Go first," Bri said, and I sighed and smiled, happy for what had happened to me.
"I got a job," I said. "I'll start next week, I'll finally be a teacher in practice!"

"Congratulations!" Brian cheered, his gaze was full of pride "this is very, very good, specially now"

"Now tell me, what happened?" I was curious to know.

"Um ... I have to tell you first that a tire stuck in the middle of the road, thank God we didn't suffer an accident or anything, we only delayed a bit and abused of John's goodwill, I confess, but in the middle of that chaos" Brian stopped to catch his breath !Freddie wants us to record some of our songs ... for a potential future album."

"But how? You don't have a studio or a record company, "I interrupted for a moment." I'm sorry, I sounded pessimistic, I just worry, I mean, the idea is incredible."

"So, that's where your news comes in handy ..." Brian bit his lip apprehensively. "We did some quick calculations and it's going to take about three months of work from the four of us to raise enough money to pay to rent a studio."

"And now, with me working, it won't weigh on our budget" I said aloud to him, what I was thinking, the reason why I giving classes was good for us in that moment.

"Exactly!" he gestured with emphasis on what he said "well, even not weighing for us, we still have to sell the van ..."

"Sell the van?" I jumped with fright with the idea, I couldn't help but worry !but how are you going to the shows outside of London now?"

"That's what I thought too ..." Brian turned his head, worried and thoughtful, "but Freddie is confident we'll find an agent for the demos, someone will like it and hire us, and then we'll have a label to manage our shows , Wow!"

He was surprised at what he said out loud, realizing that what they were hoping to happen was, at the moment, daring to think and unlikely to happen.

"It's a great dream," I said, "difficult, but not impossible. And you know what Bri? You are doing your part to make it happen, and that is the first step to make it a reality."

"Yes, it is," Brian smiled, looking at me hopefully. "Besides, I have to start working on new songs."

"Well, then, rest your thinking little head." I touched my forefinger lightly on his forehead "and then you start to work."

Brian soon followed my advice, going to sleep deeply and without interruption. In the following days, whenever he had a little time, or had an idea suddenly, he would run to write down in his notebook. He scrawled the words of the song, hummed melodies, tried to play a little in the Red Special. While he was creating, he always had curls in his eyes, his eyes focused, his lips half open, always murmuring ideas under his breath. Seeing him like this always made me feel like I was melting inside ... I tried to not stare when he was composing, no matter how much Brian knew how much I loved him.

Freddie also appeared at home at one time or another to compose with Brian, make suggestions here and there, discuss the theme of each song they would record, as well as vocal arrangements and instruments. It was unbelievable to see them literally speaking the same language (in terms of understanding music and understanding one another) after the quarrels and misunderstandings of
when they met. There was one song in particular that I was kind of present while they hit the last details of it.

"You have that huge gap after the first stanza you can come in with a solo," Freddie suggested to Bri.

"Ok" my boyfriend nodded and started playing, stopping occasionally to jot down what he was composing.

"And after that, I don't want to repeat the chorus, just "seven seas of Rhye" at the end of each stanza," continued the lead singer, "and you accompany me along, just let me do the ending alone."

"Pulling "forever" when we harmonize," Brian reminded Freddie and nodded. "Yeah, looks like it's going to be great."

"But of course it will, don't underestimate our talent." Freddie patted Brian on the arm with enthusiasm.

So they finished their short session of the day, and continued in that endeavor in the ensuing trials and in saving for the expenses of the recordings. After three months, they finally got the money they needed and finally started recording. The poor boys woke up very early because the only time nobody recorded was at dawn. Mary and I would accompany them when we could, now that I had graduated, even with work, I had plenty of time reasonably. Despite sleep and fatigue, there we were.

I could see between Mary and Freddie a certain complicity, a connection that he didn't have with any of us, even with us being close friends, it was something different and special. Both I and Brian, Roger, John and Veronica were expecting an official announcement of their date, but the way we knew them well by living together, Freddie and Mary didn't even need to say something about it.

Thinking about the tiredness we always felt when we saw the boys recording, and as we always ended up sleeping on the sofa in the studio, I had the idea of bringing coffee to the band and the girls (Mary, me, Veronica and Roger's date of the week) to help to deal with the sleep a little. As I made coffee in the kitchen, I could see Brian's uneasy movement around the house. I tried to ignore it and keep doing what I was doing until he opened the cupboards and picked up spoons and pots wildly.

"Bri, what are you doing? You're going to dismantle the whole apartment like that" I couldn't take it any more, and I turned to him, half-regretted that I was staring at him like he was crazy.

"I'm sorry for the mess" he sounded like a child caught by the mother doing something wrong "I promise I'll give it all back, we'll experiment with the sounds and explore the effects as an arrangement, without needing a synthesizer ..."

"All right, you convinced me," I raised my hands, laughing, "this is kinda ... ingenious.

"It sounds crazy now, but you'll see, it's going to be very good" my boyfriend smiled at me excitedly.

"I believe you," I said.

I finished my coffee and together we took the first bus that circulated in the day. Arriving in the studio, what the boys did with the objects the four brought seemed a child's play, and although they were serious about what they were doing, it was clear how they also had fun in the process. Among coffee, music and laughter, we saw a dream come true little by little.
After the recordings, the boys went back to the common routine of doing shows in bars and colleges. Whether they wanted to or not, they didn't get an agent right away what made them feel discouraged a little, and seeing Queen sad and disheartened, made me sad too. (And wondering if they weren't hungry.) So Brian and I had the idea of having a dinner party at home for everyone. Since there were many of us, we asked each of us to contribute as best as they could, so each one brought something, which made the dinner table full all night long.

One thing that some of us had in common was that we were teachers. Me and Brian were teaching and Veronica was still in her second year of college. As we told our experiences, Veronica was deciding what methods to use as a teacher.

"You know there are days when it's gratifying to see curious children asking interesting questions," Brian was telling us "but there are days that are unbearable, a real chaos ..."

"My students are younger than Brian's," I said. "The bad side is how much energy they have to spend, they make me exhausted at times."

"Before they give you a nasty nickname," Brian protested, "that goes against the natural order of things, I'm an adult and a teacher, I shouldn't be bullied."

"At least your height scares them, doesn't it?" John shrugged.

"Not always," Bri sighed, "they invented to call me Professor Poodle, and on top of that they threw little balls of paper into my hair."

"Cruel ..." Veronica said, a little astonished.

No matter how much we wanted, no one laughed at his nickname.

"And what wikk you do? Get a haircut?" John asked, but he doubted it.

"No, I'm not going to change my hair because of some uneducated kids, it's the way my hair is, willing or not," my boyfriend said decisively, and I kissed his cheek, showing my pride.

"And he used to hate that hair, didn't he?" laughed Veronica.

We left the subject there and we ended up talking about other things, as the time passed, suddenly the boys were all sitting on the couch. I paused a little to notice the scene, Roger and Freddie laughed at something that the singer said, Brian chattered intellectually and John nodded, commenting here and there. It was incredible to see them onstage, but here, talking as friends and brothers, it was comforting, almost palpable the bond of friendship they had. I ran into the bedroom and picked up Brian's camera, a gift he'd gotten from his father when he was still a teenager. Only I was allowed to use it, and taking advantage of my privileges, I took a picture of Queen on my couch without them noticing. I mean, Brian noticed a second later.

"Did you take a picture of us?" he said, a little astonished.

"You had to let us know beforehand to pose," Freddie pointed out.
"Oh no, I thought I'd be perfect if I caught that moment, you were so natural," I said.

In the end, they didn't think it was bad. The band continued rehearsing as usual and Brian and I were getting them home. There were busier days, and quieter days, when they preferred to go home and rest for a while. I noticed that on one of those days, only Brian and Roger came to our apartment, the drummer wanted to come in, but Brian grabbed his arm and kept him from doing it. I was worried that they were fighting, or something, but they went back to a normal conversation. Rog laughed and looked at Brian with amazement, who looked scared, embarrassed and excited, managing to be all three at the same time. Curiosity made me want to know what they were talking about, so I realized I was already gossiping. I left the window immediately, and sat on the couch waiting for them to finish. Before the boys came in, the phone rang and I got up to answer.

"Hello?" I waited "oh, Mrs. May, to what do I owe the honor? Ah yes, he arrived but ... he can't speak at the moment, of course, really? I mean ... Thank you, it's wonderful! Yes, I tell him. Goodbye."

Brian and Roger finally came in and I tried to hold my curiosity and forget about their conversation.

"Hi Chrissie," Roger said first.

"Hi," I said, then turned to my boyfriend. "Bri, you won't believe who called. Your mother invited us to go to Hampton, she said they're going to pay for the bus tickets."

"Wow ..." Brian mused, "I haven't seen my parents for some time ..."

"Yeah, your mom told me that," I said. "I saw them when they spent Christmas here, remember?"

"Yeah, I know, but ..." my boyfriend sighed rather apprehensively, "I feel bad about having to accept their help."

"Ah Bri, you're an only child, don't worry about your parents spoiling you a little," Roger urged, "ah, since you're going to Hampton ..."

He finished whispering in Brian's ear, it made my suspicion from a little earlier come back.

"What are you two up to?" I ended up letting go.

"Nothing ..." Brian looked innocent, but the blushing cheeks didn't convince me much.

"Best friends' thing" Roger said, smiling in that mischievous way.

I ignored that and figured it was all about the drummer's dating a lot of girls. Anyway, when the weekend came, the band decided to give Brian a little break (and consequently everyone was also free) and he and I went to Hampton. During the trip, I thought of when I had met my in-laws for the first time, Mrs. Ruth was a sweet woman, her love and pride of her son overflowed, Mr. Harold was serious, intelligent and focused (Brian had got this from him), always in a formal way, which made me nicknamed him Sir Harold. When he found out, he liked it and I always called him that.

"What if my father asks about the band?" "Brian was still afraid of it "you know he doesn't like it so much that I play it, almost professionally now."

"Try not to bring the subject up, change the subject, start talking about school and Astrophysics," I suggested, finding one idea worse than the other.

"I'll try," my boyfriend finally agreed.
When we arrived, the Mays welcomed us with every affection that corresponded to their longing for us.

"You have to come to see us more often Brian" his mother said, half-angry.

"You know ... We're still in financial trouble," my poor Bri justified.

"I assure you that he has worked hard" I helped him to get out of that trick situation !and it's because of the work that we aren't having time to come here."

"Are you both working?" Sir Harold has manifested himself "this is excellent! Both teachers."

"Yeah, Dad, both teachers," Bri emphasized the occupation.

We had a relatively quiet lunch, with no one mentioning any band. Brian didn't wait for this, and he quickly called me out, and it felt like we were running away.

He knew well the beach that marked the edge of the city, I knew the stories of when he was a kid and came with his parents there. We walked hand in hand on the seashore, with the wind flapping our rebellious hair. We sat down a bit to enjoy the view, looking at that vastness, easily forgetting the problems, feeling sure that everything would work out.

Brian looked at me and I noticed, I turned to him.

"What's it?" I asked with a smile, delighted by the way he looked at me.

He didn't answer right away. His gaze was fixed on me, full of tenderness, but worried about something that I didn't know what it was, I almost saw his mind working on a million possibilities ...

"I love you," Brian said at last.

"I love you too," I leaned over to kiss him.

It sounded cheesy and cliché, but I always had to remind myself that all of that was real when moments like this happened. Deep in my heart, I was sure it was real. Whatever it was that Brian was worried about, only he and Roger apparently knew, he had forgotten this secret problem a bit so we could enjoy that moment together. I wouldn't press him to tell, I knew he would tell me eventually.

Chapter End Notes

So anyone has a guess in what is Brian's secret?
The following months were going on and the boys' expectations for the demos were on average, and their lives of college students and musicians were moving on. So we arrived in September, and Freddie's family kindly invited us to celebrate his birthday, all of us together.

Thinking about the invitation, I also stopped to think that we never knew much about Freddie beyond what he told, what he wanted us to know. So it was a little surprising to discover his origins and understand why he hid them. He didn't have to be ashamed of where he had come from and his name, but people rarely liked someone different and hiding this information, guaranteed that he wouldn't be the subject of jokes and more cruel things that would end up hurting him and making him sad even more.

I understood this, I was quietly so people wouldn't mess with me and being quiet was the reason some people would mess with me. But as always, Freddie didn't let anything shake him, and the news we got that afternoon helped even more to forget the bad things. Queen had finally found a manager. We cheered, and within me, there was a mixture of happiness and fear of what was to come.

If there was one thing I was sure of, it was how good the boys were, brilliant and creative musicians capable of creating a sound that caught the attention of any audience, for good or bad, and now, with the possibility of recording discs and touring, they had everything to become a huge success. And success was the word that defined my fear, what would it be like if I were the girlfriend of someone famous? Would I be free of criticism, would media ignore me, or have the same interest in me as they would in Brian? But who would be in the media and spotlight was them, not me, and I hated being the center of attention ... Well, I was too worried about something that hadn't even happened yet. I was like that, I could not help being anxious. Anyway, all this possible reality that I created in my head was not yet the life I was living, or I would live ... well, I decided to wait to see how everything would work out.

Then came the day the boys would find John Reid, their supposed agent. Brian looked at himself in the mirror about five hundred times, worried and anxious.

"How do I look?" he asked, and I adjusted the lapels of his jacket.

"Nervous, but that's not what you asked me," I joked, to relax him "a well-behaved rockstar".

"And that's good for the band's image? To guarantee our chance to have a contract?" Brian bit his lip, and looked at me with wide-eyed eyes.

"Relax Bri, it's going to be all right, just keep the faith you always have and inspire confidence," I advised.

"Yeah, right," he sighed, put his hands on his waist and made his face of determination "I'll go then."

"Oh, Brian!" I called, reminding myself of something "you're forgetting something."

"What?" He was confused.

"This." I kissed his forehead, both cheeks one at a time and lips last, all kisses with a little bit of exaggeration.

"Oh ..." Brian blushed.
"Lots of good luck kisses, for a lot of luck," I explained, laughing.

"Okay," he chuckled. "Bye, see you later!"

"See ya! I love you!" I shouted as he walked.

"I love you, too." Brian turned around and waved.

As he walked away, I heard his laughter once more.

I waited anxiously for them to return, not knowing what to expect, trying to block the fear of fame and its consequences I had been feeling before. I tried to read "The Horse and His Boy" while I waited, but I couldn't concentrate, turned on the television and switched channels frantically. My God! I wasn't even in the band and I was wildly anxious! I took a deep breath, trying to relax. I just lay down on the couch and closed my eyes, I didn't sleep, but it helped calm me down. Then finally the agony was over as the door opened, and I heard the unmistakable voices of the boys, excited and contented.

"Guess who's the new EMI Records contract, Mes. May?" Freddie said to me and hugged me unceremoniously.

"Already? So, no bureaucracy, no fuss?" Now I was excited too.

"Yeah, we're going to record two discs" Brian said.

"And they promised us to appear on television!" Roger added.

"Don't forget the possible tour in Japan" John reminded him.

"Japan?" I was shocked "are you going to Japan?"

"Not now, my love" Brian noted my astonishment, "it all depends on the audience, the album sales, and our popularity. Don't worry, our only commitment now is to compose and record, and then God knows what's coming."

"Spotlights and everyone screaming Queen when they see us!" Freddie predicted.

"Calm down man, we're just getting started on this ... artist thing." John sounded kind of startled by this new status.

"But I told you, we have enormous potential and everyone will see it now." Freddie had a special gleam in his eyes when he said that, he was clearly proud of himself and his companions.

Then in the weeks that followed, they engaged in rehearsals and more recordings. Most of the songs that would be part of the first album were already done, half of them were from Freddie and the other half were from Brian and even one from Roger. Another good thing about this was that they didn't have to wake up at dawn to record, as record company artists they had a specific schedule for them and could even stay longer if they needed to.

Freddie still had one more idea, one that only he had. As a student of drawing, he really got the hang of it, it was his other great talent, and sometimes he scribbled some of our caricatures. (Once I saw a drawing of me that he made, and he even wrote Mrs. May over it). But his latest creation was the official symbol of the band, worthy of the exaggerations of Freddie, since more seemed a coat of arms. Soon he showed the illustration to the boys, who found the figure as imposing as I did.
"Each element represent one of us?" Brian asked to confirm what he was thinking.

"Yes, the symbol of our signs," Freddie pointed to the drawing in Bri's hands, "the lions of Rog and Deaky, the crab is yours, the fairies of mine, and the phoenix above all, the great final touch.

"And the Q and the crown obviously mean Queen," John concluded. "Look, Freddie, I have to say it's impressive."

"I know, but thank you," returned the vocalist, "that coat will be in everything that concerns us."

"It's nice how you put everyone on the drawing," Roger commented.

The four of them kept talking, there were so many things to worry about and get ready now that the album was almost ready. After a relatively modest and discreet launch, I received firsthand Queen's first album. Holding it gave me a hard feeling to describe, it was living proof of something impossible coming true. The cover was beautiful, a picture of one of the shows, captured just as the spotlights left the room half purple, half dark pink. The word Queen in pink rose and with the Q in the way that Freddie had designed positioned right on top. Freddie was right in the center, raising his broken pedestal, he had been wearing it since that first show, when they were still Smile. To complete, the boys had autographed the cover.

"Write my words, Chrissie, one day this record with our exclusive signature will be worth millions," Freddie said, never losing his confidence.

"For now," I said more calmly, "I'm glad to hear my favorite songs whenever I want."

Doing All Right, Jesus and Keep Yourself Alive were the ones I liked the most about this album.

After the release, the boys played shows all over London, but not in small places. EMI had gotten the biggest show houses in the capital, though they weren't so crowded, but even so a new band always attracted the attention of inquisitive young people who formed a relatively large audience. But among those shows there was one that happened in a special place, the auditorium of Imperial College.

Brian was still a student there, and coming back to perform there as a professional musician was surreal. I didn't miss his nervousness when I went to see the band on the backstages.

"It'll be all right, just play with the heart, as you always do," I advised him.

"I will." He stared at me again, as he'd been doing a lot in the last few months.

"Is something wrong, Bri?" I couldn't bear it and I had to ask.

"Nothing, nothing at all." He glanced over my shoulder, turned around, and saw that Roger was giving him a thumb up "I'll see you later."

He kissed me to stop me from saying anything else. I noticed this, and as I left I saw Freddie and John saying something to Brian. Now how would I pay attention in the show with all that conspiracy? No matter what, I was going to ask Brian what was happening once the show was over.
By the end of the show

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Without understanding anything other than that the show was about to begin, I took my place in the middle of the audience. It even had a kind of cabin reserved for us, but I, Mary and Veronica, prefer to leave this regalia aside, feeling guilty for being treated with such privilege. Maybe I should start getting used to it, I don't know if I could someday, but at the moment, I wanted to be just another Queen fan, enjoying the talent not only of the newest artists of the moment, but first of all, they were my boyfriend and my friends, my family.

They performed all the songs on the album pretty much in a different order from the one on the album. I was wrong to think that I wouldn't focus on the show, with Freddie in front of everything, no show was predictable, and he always had a remarkable way to interpret the songs, he not only sang, he felt them, in a high intensity. It wasn't that Bri, Deaky and Rog didn't either, they did it in their own way, Roger in the drums solos and how he blinked and made faces to his band mates in the middle of the performance, Brian in the Red Special solos, the way he also walked to here and there when he played, John's peculiar way of dancing to each song, without ever losing his rhythm. And when they played my favorite songs, instead of closing my eyes and humming, I sang a little louder than I had the courage most of the time. At that particular moment, I felt at home, the music transported me to something familiar and comforting.

It was then that I realized that they had already sung all the songs and that there was no more. The boys exchanged glances with each other, I couldn't imagine what they were thinking by looking at them from a distance. I thought they would thank you and close the show. Freddie, John, and Roger gathered around Brian, and that sense of mistrust of seeing them that way on backstage came back to me with full force. I continued to pay attention to them, totally suspicious and alert, the three of them patted my boyfriend on the shoulders.

"It has been an honor to be here with you today, on this great night," Freddie turned to the audience, "thank you for coming and if you like, don't forget to buy our disc. Anyway, I will stop doing self-advertisement, because there is something very special that our friend Brian, brilliant and hairy guitarist wants to do and that is why I will give him the floor."

Palms followed as soon as Freddie had finished speaking, and he gestured for Brian to speak. Now I was confused... What was he going to do? Special thanks to someone, perhaps? A tribute to some professor of his who was present? He sighed in the microphone of his pedestal that echoed through the speakers, and I focused again on him.

"First, I want to wish everyone a good night, and my personal thanks to each one of you, that's truly incredible ..." Brian paused, he was a great speaker when he needed to be "um ... I know many of you guys aren't understanding what's going on, but ... (He was right, I didn't understand nothing at all) these three convinced me to do this ... (Oh it was all Deaky, Freddie and Roger's fault) and then I finally agreed. So without further ado, I'd like to kindly ask my beautiful, sweet lady Christine Mullen to come here."

Oh my God! Had I heard it right? Was Brian calling me up on stage in front of all the people? So his great special thanks was for me? I thought I was going to faint.

"Calm down, Chrissie, take a deep breath," Veronica advised, beside me.
"Go up there now!" thought my little daring side, "Don't let him wait, nor let him look like a fool in front of everybody."

"Go on, Chrissie," said Mary, "it'll be all right."

I took a deep breath, when I looked at Brian, he still hadn't seen me, he was looking for me in the crowd, with that look that always made me embarrassed and happy. I approached as I could, some people were opening the way to let me pass, and then he saw me, running to help me up the stairs. Brian put an arm around my shoulders, as if shielding me from everyone's eyes. He knew full well of my shame. I stared angrily at the boys, but I couldn't keep it for long. Brian turned to me, breathing a little out of breath.

"Sorry for that, Chrissie, I really didn't want to expose you like this, but you know, I agreed with them for the good of the band, so we don't split up right now that everything is going well," he explained, losing the nervousness.

"Alright" I ended up conforming myself to the whole situation "I forgive you, I'm already here."

"All right." Bri took a deep breath and took my hands, his hands were sweaty.

Then the boys and the audience watched us, their expectation for what was to happen was almost palpable.

"Chrissie, I-" Brian focused on me "you're so special to me! I know I say this a lot, but it's because it's true, you're just like I thought I wanted my ideal girlfriend, you think like me, you understand me, and every day you make me sure you love me, and I... How I Love You! I admire you, exactly for being who you are, as you are, their way you are. You're not just my ideal girlfriend, you have everything to be my ideal wife."

That's when I kept myself from freaking out. Oh Jesus! That was it? I felt tears streaming down my face.

"Christine Mullen." Brian knelt down and pulled a ring out of his pants pocket. "Will you marry me?"

I couldn't stop crying. I had to wait a moment to calm down, to be able to process all that. My Brian, awkward but talented, who was a genius, but had a huge heart, who considered me the most precious person in the world, wanted to marry me. Me, I never thought I'd get a good boyfriend, let alone a husband. And Bri was there, proposing to me in front of everybody. He was the one I loved, with whom I kind of started a life together. Marriage would be another step, a big step, to continue sharing our life with each other.

The applause and shouts of the audience brought me back to the present moment.

"Yes Yes!" I laughed and cried at the same time - "I will, I will!"

As I reached out my hand, I saw how much I was shaking. He put the ring on my finger and stood up. Brian gave me a hug to get me off the floor, which clearly meant "now we're going to be together forever."

When he released me, we looked at each other for a moment as we laughed, neither me or him believed in what just happened.

"May I?" he asked me softly.
"Yeah" I said, ignoring the shame and the audience. We kissed in front of everyone, which drew sighs from everyone down there and from the boys.

"Then that's it, people!" Freddie went back to talking to the audience "We appreciate your attention and encouragement during the show, and I hope you enjoyed the romance demonstration here, provided by our guitarist and his beautiful fiancee!"

It was then that the public reacted in such a spontaneous and lively way that O didn't believe that it was all because of us. They applauded standing up, with cheers and whistles.

"Thank you Imperial College!" Freddie said one last time and we stepped off the stage.

Brian had not left my side until now, and I was still in the clouds thinking that I would officially be Mrs. May.

Chapter End Notes

So what you guys thought of the proposal?
Explanations

After that huge and happy scare, we waited for the boys to get ready to leave. Mary and Veronica were with me and after hugging and congratulating me, I was finally able to interrogate them.

"You didn't know anything?" I asked suspiciously.

"No, no, nothing at all," Mary confirmed. "I even noticed them hiding something, but I thought it had to do with the band and the contract."

"John is so quiet to me sometimes that I didn't even have the slightest idea," Veronica declared, "but it was so lovely, shame Brian didn't speak into the microphone when he made the proposal, I wish I had heard."

"Thank God he didn't do that," I said, amazed at the idea, "I was going to faint ... But I assure you it was the most beautiful thing I've ever heard in my life, and best of all, I know it was sincere."

-Ooh you have to tell us later ... I can't wait to start the wedding preparations ..." Mary said delighted.

"Oh, right" I got scared a little bit "there's so much to think about, I ..."

"Calm down, you just got engaged, you'll have plenty of time to think about it later," Veronica advised.

It was then that we met our respective boyfriends, or should I say, their boyfriends and my fiancé, and Roger, who by a miracle was unaccompanied today.

"I still can't believe you did that." I rushed right over to Brian, feeling such an emotion that I couldn't contain it.

"I apologize for the scare," he mused. "Don't forget the idea was theirs."

"But you let yourself be convinced," John pointed out.

"Oh ... You haven't heard half the story, Chrissie," Roger laughed.

"I think it's good to tell me everything, sir" I used my best mother voice.

"See how it was about time for her to be Mrs. May? She doesn't lose that bossy, worried mood, "said Freddie, pointing at me.

Knowing that I would feel ashamed to be asked to marry in front of a crowd, Roger, Freddie and John decided to celebrate my engagement and Brian's in our old apartment, as we always did, which they knew would make me happy, since it was something we were already used to doing always and it was my favorite family environment.

"Now that we have arrived, Mr. Roger Meddows Taylor, you can go straight to the point and tell me everything you know about the idea of the marriage proposal" I demanded Rog to tell me, even though I was joking, I was curious.

"Don't speak my middle name out loud, Mom" he made a husky voice and looked at me with those eyes of an abandoned puppy that he knew how to do so well.

"Look, Chrissie, I didn't want to proposal in public," Brian said in front of his best friend, sitting next
to me. "I wanted something simple, just between us and ..."

"And letting us out of this important moment?" said Freddie, "and proposal to the girl who in your words, Bri," is one in a million, your one and only, your sweet lady" in any way?

"Simple doesn't mean it any way," John argued.

"Simple is bad in Freddie Mercury's vocabulary," Roger stated.

"Well, guys, as I was saying," Brian became irritated a bit with his friends "I wanted to ask you to marry me since ... Well, I think that shortly after we completed a couple of years of dating, I commented this with Roger, and he of course told Freddie and John."

"Oh, they had to know too," Rog shrugged, not caring about Brian wanting to keep it a secret "then we suggest he ask after a show, to show everyone how special you are to him and no one has any doubts about how much he loves you."

"And it's an unforgettable proposal!" added Freddie,"worthy of how memorable you are."

I felt embarrassed with so much flattering.

"I was against the idea at the beginning, because both you and I hated being the center of attention, but all these arguments convinced me," Brian said in an excited voice.

"Oh, he was so angry sometimes he said he was going to leave the rehearsal and propose to you, to get it sorted out at once, and I tried to stop it because I wanted the proposal after the show." Roger continued his story "he had this idea of asking at the beach in Hampton, that's why the day that Bri's parents called, what I told him was to wait a little longer and talk to you on the show."

"So that was what happened that day, I thought you were fighting," I reminded it aloud, "and I knew you wanted to tell me something on that day at the beach, Bri. Oh, I'm so glad it's not a serious thing, I was beginning to think you were in some kind of trouble."

"His problem was to want to do things very simply" Freddie still disapproved of my fiancé's original plan.

"But it really was unforgettable," I said at last, still reliving the memories of the proposal in my head "thank you folks. And thank you Brian."

I looked at him, he looked back at me the same way. I just laid my head on his shoulder, happy to be surrounded by friends who cared so much about me that they demanded and made sure that Brian asked to marry me in the most memorable way possible. And grateful for my fiancé, so methodical and considerate when it came to me that he accepted the crazy plan of his friends, just to show everyone how important I was to him.

"I thank you for agreeing to be my wife," he told me, touching my face gently.

"I don't know how to reciprocate," I confessed. "It was all so great and so thoughtful, I wanted to reward you for it."

"You don't have to do anything big, Chrissie," Bri smiled. "Just stay forever with me and it'll be enough."

"I will, I want to stay," I promised and he ended up kissing me and everyone applauding.
I was already used to all the commotion around us, but I knew our family of the heart only wanted the best for both of us.
Now that Queen had an official record label and a contract, and being known a little bit, (but not so much if it was to compare to the success charts of the time), the priority of the boys in their career had to turn all to be musicians, almost in full time, which was complicated at the time.

Freddie had already graduated in Design at Ealing Art College, it was still a year before John finished Electronic Engineering, Roger had given up on Dentistry and eliminated some subjects in Biology, I just wanted to see if he would graduate, he was an excellent drummer, but not such a good student. Brian, as he worried me, had three occupations. The boys did a lot less shows now, since it was John Reid who managed the performances and chose where they would perform, which made the band have more time to study and rest. Even so, most of the time John, Roger, Freddie and Brian were dedicated to Queen.

So in recent months, their rehearsals and meetings, which were no longer in our homes, but in EMI's studios, were to make more new songs, since the plan for that year was to release two albums. Brian composed more at home, bringing the ideas ready for when they were in the studio.

When he sat in the room with the Red Special in his hands, notebook and pen next to him, playing and singing softly, it was embarrassing to stand there and watch him, but I loved doing it. When I realized he was about to pause, I took the opportunity to ask.

"Brian?" I called, half hesitant.

"What is it, honey?" He turned to me with a smile.

"I never asked you that, but ..." I grimaced in frustration. "You mind if I stare at you composing? I mean, don't I distract you?"

"Oh, no, no." Bri shook his head shaking his hair "Just because you're very quiet, I can concentrate and do what I need, but I have to confess something."

"What?" I thought he had something wrong with me watching him.

"If I keep looking at you rather than you looking at me, I can't think of any more notes or music, just you." He approached me as he spoke, sitting next to me.

"Stop it, Brian Harold May!" I laughed, but I was moved "since you answered my question, let's get serious again. I heard you training such a beautiful solo and I was thinking about what music it was part of."

"How was the solo?" my fiancé asked, focused and interested "hum it so I can hear how it is."

I sang as I remembered and Brian raised his eyebrows, his face lighting up, excited to recognize the music.

"It's this" he resumed, and played it in the Red Special.

"Can I take a look at the lyrics?" I was really curious.
He handed his notebook to me, excited and interested in my opinion. The title above was "Some Day One Day," written in Brian's running calligraphy. I read the lyrics, recognized some things that looked like things my fiancé had been through, had a bit of insecurity, but some hope.

"It's about ..." I thought well what I was going to say "you're afraid that the band won't succeed?"

"Yeah, a little bit," he sighed and suddenly felt sad. "It's been great to have a record company and be a professional musician and everything, but if the records don't sell, if we don't have a hit big enough to go on TV, our salary is not going to increase, and I'm going to have to continue being a teacher, by the way, I'm going to need to give classes even a little after our wedding ..."

"Bri, calm down, the hardest thing to happen has already happened, you've been discovered, just have patience" I held his face so he would look at me "we're on smaller expenses now, I'm working too, concentrate on doing your part now."

"Like on Doing All Right?" My fiancé managed to chuckle.

"That's right," I smiled and kissed him quickly. "Do you still remember what I said on that day we met?"

"Of course I remember," he said half-convinced, coming back to joy again.

"Now go finish composing your songs." I patted his arm in play.

"Yes, ma'am." Brian nodded and went back to work.

Then as the months went by, the songs on the new album were ready and I, Mary and Veronica followed the recordings. Queen II, as the title said quite obviously was the band's second album, and its cover was quite striking, showing the boys on a black background, with a half-ghostly light illuminating their faces. Now whoever saw them on the cover, could had a notion of what the musicians actually looked like. My favorite songs (intentionally or not) were Brian's, most notably, Some Day One Day and Father to Son, although March of the Black Queen left you glazed when you heard it.

The boys continued composing, rehearsing and recording, and this time even John ventured to compose a song.

"I don't even know if it was that good" the bass player commented to his bandmates while we were all in the studio "I just know that if I sing, I will make the music worse ..."

"John, it wasn't too bad." Veronica tried to help her boyfriend.

"If you don't sing, there's no way for us to know what the song is like." Roger shook his head.

"Stop this unnecessary self-pity and sing at once Deaky!" Freddie got tired of it.

"Okay." John was a bit scared, picked up one of the guitars from the studio and began to play and sing.

When he finished, he put the instrument back in place and came back down, avoiding looking at us.

"I loved it!" I was the first to manifest "really! The pace is contagious ...

-The future Mrs. May is right - Freddie had a hand on his chin, thoughtfully "imagine how it will be after we put the arrangements ..."
That day, they used the rest of the time to work on John's song, which ended up getting the name "Misfire" and another from Freddie. When they played together the composition of the vocalist called "Killer Queen" (no one noticed the pun that you did with the name of the band, Freddie), my ears were enchanted with the melody, the arrangements, the voices ... This song had all of Freddie's extravagance, but it did highlight a little of each of the boys, the Beatles-style drum set, the guitar solo, the bass emphasizing the melody, not to mention the snap of the fingers, which made us want to pop too, the bells and the triangle in precise moments that gave a charm that had everything to do with the lyrics of the song. Maybe this was the hit the boys were so much in need of.

Sheer Heart Attack was Queen's third album, Misfire and Killer Queen were in it, and to make it known, the band returned to the routine of the release shows, but this time, John Reid had finally achieved what he had promised.

I learned shortly after Brian had returned from a meeting with the manager.

"My love," he smiled and held my hands, "you were right about Killer Queen."

"Why exactly?" I wasn't understanding.

"Reid got a spot for us at the Top of the Pops!" Brian said.

"On TV? You will perform on TV?" I could hardly believe it.

"That's amazing, isn't it?" - he gave me a hug.

"Very, very much." I touched my fiancé's face, feeling very proud "did you see? I told you, you just had to do your part and having patience."

"And I followed your advice." Bri answered me and kissed me, with a joy that was hard to contain.

I knew that with Queen's success, many of Brian's concerns about our future would diminish.

Chapter End Notes

Hi, hope you guys liked this chapter! Hum... I had done this playlist based upon the story and Chrissie's favorite Queen songs, its named Pelo Olhar de Chrissie/Through Chrissie's eyes Playlist by a.w.blackstorn. See you next chapter!
It was mid-week and late afternoon when we got to the BBC's Top of the Pops studios. When Brian told me that we could watch the recording, I felt a sense of panic and shame, I was always an insecure person and thought I wasn't that important, so in that case, I thought I was too insignificant to be inside a studio of the country's most watched station, but then I remembered that I wouldn't be there for my sake, but for my future husband and friends.

It was the first click I had in this new process that was going on in my life. I'd soon be Brian's wife, who wasn't just my Bri, but Queen's guitarist, and I, as his wife, should have the posture that my husband's occupation required, which was to accompany him and support him in his artistic career. Gradually I'd have to get used to it, and to face my insecurity and embarrassment was my way of demonstrating that I would always be with him, something great that I could do to show that I loved him.

Although I was surprised by the backstage environment of the studio, full of producers going back and forth, cameras capturing everything, (thank God, except me) having the company of Mary and Veronica who also did the same as me, supporting the boys, and seeing them getting ready to play, as I had seen so many times before, helped me deal with this new experience, reminding myself of familiar things I loved.

I noticed how much Freddie talked excitedly with Mary shortly before they went to record, they had always been very connected since they started dating, she was his confidante, the first to know and understand their ideas, they had lived together for a while, but in the last few days, there was something more different and special when Freddie was with Mary. I remembered seeing the same thing in Brian. I deduced what our friend was thinking, and if I was right, I wouldn't be the only bride in our group any longer.

I stopped paying attention to the couple when the boys finally began their presentation, trying to contain their irritation at having to pretend to play and sing, John didn't care much about it.

At the end of it all, the band was dismissed and all we had to do to see the result was to wait for the clip to be broadcast over the weekend. We gathered everyone in our apartment to check it out first hand.

I was staring at the clip itself, singing Killer Queen softly along with the television, but the boys insisted on commenting on each other's grimaces.

"No, the faces of Brian and Roger did didn't help much, definitely," Freddie made his criticism.

"How it didn't help?" Roger was offended before my fiancé.

"You can see that you too are upset." John leaned back.

"And I'm surprised you took that farce." Brian folded his arms.

"Guys, the important thing wasn't to perform on television?" Veronica recalled "think that one thing leads to another, if everyone sees you on television, they will be curious to see you live, and they will see that you really know how to play."

"That's exactly what I thought," I said, agreeing with my friend.

And Veronica was right, in the days that followed, "Killer Queen" was the most heard song in the
country, and to my surprise, even in the corridors of the school where I worked, I even heard some
students singing the song. That made me feel the same fear of the boys' success, but at the same time
I was so proud and inside I saw that I didn't need to go there and tell that I was going to marry the
guitarist of the band that created the song that they were singing.

Speaking of marriage, the hours Brian and I had free were to plan everything, we had already set the
date, distributed the invitations, paid suit and dress, ordered the cheapest buffet we found, but there
was only one thing missing.

"I'd love to have the party here, small and discreet only with friends, but it's impracticable." I knew I
couldn't host a wedding party in our small apartment.

"Renting a place is not an option either," Brian sighed, a little frustrated, "you know, Chrissie, I don't
mind not having a party, but you know the guys would never forgive us."

"And if we don't have a party, we won't take advantage that we have a band to play for free," I tried
to play to cheer him up.

"I'll see what I can do about this, okay? "My fiancé promised "don't care much about that."

"If you have difficult to solve this, don't hesitate to ask for my help" I said seriously.

"All right," he finally agreed.

We were interrupted by a knock on the door, I knew very well who knocked on the door like that.

"Hey, Roger?" I heard Brian hesitate and ran to see why.

The drummer had the left side of his face red and swollen, the mark of a well-defined hand on his
cheek.

"My God!" I was scared to see the wounded "what happened, Rog?"

"Yeah, if it's not too much trouble, do you have some ice?" Roger asked a bit embarrassed
"this hurts too much, but I tell you what happened."

I arranged what he asked for, he put the ice pack on his face and between moans, began to tell what
had happened.

"I and Rosey fought really bad" Roger said, "she said she saw me flirting with one of the girls from
the BBC production ..."

"That's true," Brian said, wailing.

"I thought you were my best friend and would defend me," Roger complained.

"Not when you're wrong," my fiance replied.

"Can you let me finish? I still haven't finished" the drummer provoked "I was just taking a question
with the girl and Rosey thought I was giving too much charm, complained that I should be paying
attention to her and not to another girl, and that I always do this, and slapped me in the face."

"I'm sorry Roger, but it was well deserved," I said, feeling sorry, but also a little frustrated.

"No, not you, Chrissie," the drummer was starting to get angry.
"You're an irremediable womanizer" I said carefully, "and that may be your way of trying to find the right girl, but by doing that you give the wrong message."

"Wrong message? What wrong message?" Roger understood nothing, while Brian looked at me and understood everything I was saying.

"You don't mind me and Chrissie getting married, John and Veronica, and Freddie and Mary being together for so long and you always having a different girlfriend?" Brian was sincere.

"It's not my fault girls can't resist my charm," Roger shrugged.

It wasn't the answer Brian and I wanted to hear.

"One day, you're going to fall in love for real, and I assure you, my friend, that you have to change this attitude to make a relationship work," I advised.

"Yes, Chrissie, you're right in part, but that day has not yet come" and so the stubborn drummer has given the matter up.

We left Roger with his occasional dates to worry about the wedding, which was getting closer and closer to the date. We were still wondering where we were going to have the party, when after one of the meetings with John Reid and Jim Beach, Brian came home with someone who scared me because of the car carrying my fiance home was relatively expensive and chic.

I recognized Jim Beach coming home with Brian, and I exchanged a glance with my fiance that said "why didn't you tell me he was coming?", Bri just replied looking back, "I didn't know he was coming, it was late, he insisted on bringing me, what can I do? " Then I glanced at him with another look that meant "alright, it's all right if it wasn't your fault".

"How are you Chrissie?" the lawyer greeted me "i's a pleasure to see you, we haven't seen each other for a while."

"Yes, it's true," I agreed, "I'm busy with work and the wedding now."

"Oh, by the way, my congratulations, it was all so raucous and surprising the day Brian proposed that I didn't even have time to congratulate you" Jim said, and I felt he had something else on his visit.

"Thanks Jim," Brian smiled as he put his arm around my shoulders.

"Well, you must be wondering what I came here for" resumed Jim, "I've seen that Brian is having difficulty finding a place for the party, so that is why I want to offer my house to receive the guests."

"Wow ... Jim ... Wow ... I ..." My fiancé lost his words and so I knew he hadn't asked the lawyer for that favor.

"We don't even know what to say," I tried to save Brian from the silence. "I just thank you, thank you very much, Mr. Beach,"

"I thank you for accepting it and I hope you continue to take care of each other as you always do," Jim smiled at us. "You two have a heart of gold."

"You have a heart of gold, too," I said, thanking him again.

So we close all the details of our wedding. It was hard to contain my anxiety and joy as I waited for
the day when Brian would become my husband.
The wedding

We got up early on Sunday morning, which we rarely did. Sunday was our day of rest and sleep until later. But not on that particular Sunday, in May 1974. I woke up after Brian, who was sitting on the couch, thoughtful, worried, excited. Just as I was.

"Good morning." I touched his shoulder carefully. "Have you had breakfast?"

"Oh no, I ..." Brian got up and followed me into the kitchen. "I woke up in the middle of the night and I've come here ..."

"I know you're nervous," I smiled, understanding his concern, "but it's going to be all right, we just have to do everything calmly, one thing at a time, starting with breakfast."

While helping me make breakfast, Brian relaxed a little. We ate together and prepared to leave, each one would go to a different place.

"I'll see you later," he said, saying goodbye. "I love you."

"I'll certainly see you later," I sighed, feeling the anxiety increase. "I love you, too."

We kissed and each one went our way. I would go to Freddie and Mary's apartment, she and Veronica would be there to help me clean up, my parents and Jo would meet me there too.

Joanne was one of the first people on the list of guests, she before me, knew that me and Brian would be together and nothing was more fair than invite her to the wedding, for her to see how much she was right about us. I missed her, but I was glad to know she was dating a Mark Hantz, who from what she told me was the opposite of Roger. So it wouldn't be a problem for the exes to meet at the wedding.

Brian would get dressed in Roger's apartment, aided by Freddie and John, but in fact my fiancé was the one who would help them be formal enough to attend his wedding. That if Freddie allowed Brian to change his outfit, which I doubted very much.

When I was ready, I glanced at the long mirror Mary had placed in the living room just so I could check my reflection. I didn't recognize the girl I was seeing. I always wore my hair loose, but this time it was stuck in a bun, the veil covered my face and went to the shoulders, my dress was simple, the color of the traditional white, had short sleeves and covered my feet, I wore white heels not so high to not disturb my walking. I waved at the reflection, to prove to myself that it was me there.

Yeah ... I was about to fullfill one of the dreams I never thought could become real. I couldn't help thinking of Brian at the moment, how blessed I was to have found him.

"I ..." I sighed and turned to my friends. "I think I'm ready to go."

"Hold the excitement, my dear quiet Chrissie, because the adventure is about to happen." Jo took my hand and led me outside.

Seeing my parents' car and they waiting for me brought a new sense of longing and joy, mingling with everything I was already feeling.

"It'll be all different now, my dear" Dad told me, "but we'll be here whenever you need to."

"I know, I'll never forget that." I smiled back, trying not to cry.
"Come on, Chrissie, they're all waiting," Mom rushed me, "it'd be unfair to leave poor Brian waiting too long."

"That's a tradition I don't want to keep," I teased, "if it takes too long, Brian might faint."

We laughed and I settled into the backseat, hoping to find Jo, Veronica, and Mary in the church.

Along the way I tried to ignore the butterflies in my stomach, and to focus on my own advice I had given Brian earlier. One step at a time. Dad got me out of the car, I stood next to him at the entrance to the church, and I saw the excitement of the guests inside, euphoric by my arrival. Oh my God, how could I ignore the bad feeling about everyone looking at me? Once again, I took a deep breath, my father stroked my arm, knowing what I was going through and giving me courage. It was then that I saw Brian, his tall figure highlighted by his big hair, his suit lining up his silhouette elegantly. Our eyes met.

"I'm afraid of walk in front of everybody ..." I said with my eyes.

"You don't need to be scared, just look at me, I'm here waiting for you," he returned, his blue eyes shining with emotion.

I took the first step after understanding this, and kept walking beside my father, one step at a time, patiently and trying to keep calm, without turning my eyes away from Brian, except when I caught a glimpse of the boys and the girls next to him, giving support.

I could barely pay attention to the Wedding March that the church organist was playing, my racing heart distracted me from everything around me, my attention was focused only on Brian. Finally my father and I arrived at the altar, he handed me to my fiancé, and I grabbed the arm Brian offered me with strength.

"Here we go ..." he whispered to me.

"Yeah ..." I sighed, trying to focus on the ceremony about to begin.

"My dear friends and family," the minister began, "we are gathered here before God and these witnesses to unite Brian May and Christine Mullen in marriage. Brian, is it your free will to marry this woman?

"Yes," he answered unbeaten, not allowing the nervousness to appear.

"Christine, is it of your own free will to marry this man?" The minister addressed me.

"Yes," I said softly, but loud enough for Brian to hear me.

"If so," resumed the minister, "repeat what I say, please."

"I, Christine Mullen" I was the first to say my vows, following the instructions of the minister "receive you, Brian Harold May, as my lawful husband, promising to love you, respect you and honor you, every day of our lives.!

"I, Brian Harold May" Brian took my hands in his, "receive you, Christine Mullen, as my lawful wife, promising to love you, respect you, and honor you, every day of our lives."

"And by the power invested in me, I declare them officially married," the minister smiled at us, "you can kiss the bride."
Brian touched my face and kissed me gently, when we looked at each other, it seemed like it was just the two of us. What made me wake up from that moment was to hear the applause of the guests. Me and Brian left the church side by side, our arms entwined, I could feel his heart as fast as mine. Before we went to the party, we stopped for a little while.

"Is this all real?" I was shaking and crying, it seemed to be something bad, but it was all out of pure happiness.

"You can totally bet that it is, Mrs. May," Brian said, and laughed, amazed to call me his wife now.

I blinked, so that my mind, somewhat lost and moved by all that had passed, began to realize that I had just married the man of my life.
The wedding party

My dad drove the car that took us to the party at Jim's house. The place wasn't a huge and luxurious mansion, but it had a family size and comfort in the right measure. It certainly was bigger than any of the boys' apartments and ours. Brian held my hand until we got out of the car and got to the party.

There were tables scattered around the garden, and a table for the buffet, cake and candies. All that Jim Beach held, I'd never know how to thank the generosity of the lawyer, who kept surprising me. Our friends applauded our arrival, and before Brian and I could sit down to enjoy the party, we received the congratulations from everyone, and I was glad to see that everyone I had invited attended (there weren't many people I had called, so it wasn't so difficult for all of them to go).

"Jo, it's good to see you again!" Brian said when she came to us "it's been so long, I know it was for ... Well, you know ..."

"Don't worry, Brian." My friend shook her head, unconcerned. "I've gotten over everything that happened. By the way, I can't believe you already have three recorded albums! This is very good, you are growing ..."

"That scares a little, but thanks." Bri smiled and squeezed her hand once more.

"I hope you come and see me more, okay, Jo? We're still friends" I asked, since I missed being around her almost every day, just like I used to.

"No, you are the one who disappeared," she laughed. "No, I'm kidding, it's just that our lives have taken different paths, but you've always been a dear friend to me."

"And you for me, Jo, thank you for coming" I thanked her once more.

"Thank you for remembering me." She greeted us once more and returned to her place.

I almost didn't believe in seeing the next guest who came to talk to us.

"Tim!" I let it out, a little louder than I wanted.

"Tim Sttafell? It's really you?" Brian laughed and hugged his old friend "I didn't think you would come ..."

"Did you really think I was going to miss the wedding of the most cute and sensible couple in our group?" Tim laughed "my congratulations, I said that you were equal, perfect for each other."

"Thank you, Tim," I smiled, he was another friend I missed too "and you? How's life going?"

"Well, I ..." he sighed, sounding a bit annoyed "Humpy Bong didn't work, we broke up the band ..."

"Oh sorry ..." Bri whined.

"But I'm working as a producer on television, not bad for a singer and bass player," Tim corrected, "but I'm happy for you, I saw you on TV," Killer Queen "is a masterpiece like I've never seen ..."

"Oh, that's our vocalist's merit," Bri explained. "But don't tell him I complimented him, Freddie is very cocky."

"Freddie Bulsara, right? I know him from college" Tim said but now it's Mercury, isn't it? It matches
the band."

"Yes, a lot has changed since Freddie came in" Brian confirmed.

"But I can see that it was for the best, apparently." Tim patted Brian on the shoulder and returned to his seat.

"I think Tim was the last one, right?" I struggled to remember if we'd talked to everyone.

"Yes, yes, we've talked to everyone," he confirmed, "and now?"

"I don't know Bri," I shrugged. "To be honest, I really wanted to sit down ..."

"Oh, me too" he confessed.

We looked at each other agreeing with our plan to sit down, but we were hindered by the rest of the Queen.

"So how are you guys going to enjoy the party without giving a speech before?" Freddie charged us.

"Speech? But I didn't prepare anything" Bri despaired a little "I didn't know I had to make a speech ..."

"You don't need a speech ..." I was terrified at the idea. "You know how much we love everyone, and we're grateful for you, we don't have to talk ..."

"Come on, Chrissie, we want to hear what you have to say to our guitarist" Roger crossed his arms and laughed "your vows were so clichés, we wanted to hear something more original ..."

"You want to expose us like this too, John?" "I appealed to the other shy guy in the group.

"I'm only here because they insisted a lot," said the bassist.

"Speech, speech, speech!" Freddie cut in, and then the chorus of guests followed.

Brian looked at me as saying "There's no way they leave us alone, you want me to talk first?"

"If you don't mind," I returned, wincing.

He smiled at me, took my hand and stood in front of everyone.

"All right, all right, folks" Brian held up a hand to ask for silence. "Hum ... I didn't prepare anything to say, I know, I know, it's not my style, and I'd be more comfortable if you asked me to do a guitar solo, but, you wouldn't fully understand the emotion I'm feeling. I just thank each of you for sharing our joy today, and I thank you Chrissie" he turned to me "you know you're the girl of my dreams, my sweet lady, and today I'm happier to be able to call you, my wife. I love you."

Everyone applauded the speech and before I knew it I was crying again. Oh how silly of me ... But everything my husband (my husband! I was still getting used to it, amazed) told me made me thrilled. And it was for thinking of everything Brian did for me that I found my words for the speech. If there was a moment to tell him how important he was, from the moment we met, it was now. I ignored the shame of public speaking, that was my family after all.

"Well, I guess you're expecting me to speak too" yeah, it wasn't such a good start, I went on "I remember the first time I saw Brian in a show and I was blown away by the way he played guitar, and when we talked, just looking at him I realized how smart and passionate he was about the things
he loved, and the way he was always kind and thoughtful to me, and understood me when I wasn't fine, and bit by bit I started to love to talk to him, and to be with him, and it took a while to me to realize I loved him, because for a long time, I thought I would never find someone who would complete me perfectly, but sometimes I had hope, I thought someone was waiting to find someone like me, even though I was like the way I am, and Brian is that person. And I love him so much, for all he is, just as we know him."

I turned to him and the tears fell down his face.

"Oh my God Bri ..." I put both hands in my mouth, "I didn't want to make you cry ...
"

I tried to wipe his tears from his face.

"I never thought I'd be able to talk to a girl," he breathed and smiled. "And yet, I married a girl who thinks I'm all that you said, even though I didn't think that about me ...
"

"But you are Brian ..." I confirmed and kissed him, which made everyone else clap.

Then I noticed tears of the most emotional guests. So the boys went to play a little, it was impossible to have Queen reunited at a party and they didn't do some music. Then there was a calmer moment, Brian entrusted his beloved Red Special to John and asked him to play Some Day, One Day, one of my favorite songs of him. My husband took me out to dance while the boys played the song. Brian was so much taller than me, so I basically leaned my head against his chest, my right hand held to his left, his right hand propped my back. I closed my eyes, feeling the beating of his heart, keeping in my heart every moment of that beautiful day.
We didn't have much time for our honeymoon, we just spent a weekend in Hampton with Brian's parents and soon we got back to London, I didn't mind having traveled to a simple place, my husband's childhood home had also become a special place for me, that brought me peace and quiet.

Quiet was not all that was waiting for us in London, Queen worked hard at more local shows, which I always attended. Brian's time had now increased a little, he had finally graduated, he was officially an astrophysicist. But even so, other worries hovered in his head.

We decided to move, we had saved enough to buy a house, and while Brian didn't rehearse or compose we would go together looking for the perfect home. We walked quite a bit through Barnes until we came upon a house that caught our attention almost at the same time.

The sign on the front said it was for sale, we ran over there to take a look, admiring what we could see from the outside.

"It's two floors up, so it means it's at least have three rooms and one loft," Brian guessed.

"Yes, it is, probably," I said, "but do we need all this space? Don't get me wrong, my love, is that we are accustomed to a small space and ..."

"It's going to take some time to adapt? I also thought about it" Brian scratched his head "but just think ... We don't have to squeeze on our couch to watch a movie or Doctor Who!

"But I like our sofa ..." I pressed my lips pretending to cry, joking "it's so comfortable ... and if it could talk it would tell so many stories that I love ..."

"Yes, it'd also complain about how we were able to let Roger jump in it so many times" my husband laughed and brought me closer to him, returning to admire the house "we have to see it inside to make sure it's the right house."

"Let's talk to the broker," I agreed. "Let's see what happens."

We scheduled a visit to the property we had seen, and the broker was waiting for us when we got to the house.

"Mr. and Mrs. May, right?" he greeted us "I'm pleased to meet you, I'm Matt and I hope we can do a good deal together."

"Yeah, us too" Bri said.

I noticed that Matt stared at my husband for a while, and I could almost bet on what the broker was thinking.

"Sorry, Mr. May, but it seems like I know you, or I've seen you somewhere" Matt said as he guided us around the house.

Brian looked at me for help, he knew how to deal with fans when he was in a show environment, but here, while he was just a husband looking for a house with his wife, declaring with all the words
that he was Queen's guitarist was rather embarrassing.

"Brian is a teacher ..." I tried to help him disguise, but I don't think I was that successful.

"Oh yeah" that seemed to be enough for Matt for a moment "it's that you look like a guy I saw on a new band album cover, that must be it."

"Yes, it must be," Brian agreed, wanting to avoid the subject.

Matt then took care of showing us the house, there was a spacious living room, full kitchen, laundry, ladder with protection (although no children would live there), upstairs plus two bedrooms and a loft. Brian went to the window of the room and took a good look at the sky from that angle.

"Just by that view, I'll take the house," my husband decided, "did you like it here too, Chrissie?"

I was grateful that he wanted to know my opinion.

"It's a great place, really" I agreed.

"Sorry, Mr. May but ..." Matt inspected the view from the window "I don't consider this a beautiful sight."

Really, looking at it from above you could only saw houses and more houses, but that wasn't what Brian was thinking.

"I'm an astrophysicist too" Brian explained modestly "and apparently when will come the night, you'll get a perfect view from here to observe the sky."

"Oh yeah." Matt was nice, but he was struggling not to look at Brian like he was crazy.

We decided to stay with the house, and after organizing our belongings and picking a few new ones to complete the new house, just before the change, Brian decided to have a serious talk with me.

"Chrissie," he called in his most serious tone, while we were in Roger's apartment, since ours was messy because of the move "I've been thinking one thing, and as much as I'm happy with what I decided, it scares me a little."

"You can tell me, my love" he actually sounded concerned.

"I've decided to stop teaching, we can pay the house for what I earn with Queen, and John is hitting the last details of a tour in Japan, so I ..." he breathed "I'll be Queen's full-time guitarist, it will be my official occupation."

"And that's great!" I smiled, expecting this to happen due to everything the boys had achieved so far "and why you still look sad?"

"I'm going to have to leave my my doctorate for a while, that's it," he said, "but I love making music, and that's exactly why the four of us have worked so hard."

"Surely, then enjoy this moment," I hugged him, knowing that Brian would like to continue studying, but now all musical possibilities were open for Queen to explore.

It was strange not to have to carry my own change and pay a company and employees to do it for me. It was another little privilege of my new life, at least I could still unwrap and pack everything I wanted, and that's what Brian and I did. Our books went to the loft, arranged on his old bookshelf and even Red Special had a place reserved just for it.
"Isn’t it an exaggeration to have a room just to keep your guitar?" I let it out, finding the idea absurd.

"It's not just for her, it's a place for me to write songs" Brian explained, making his smartypants face "but you never know when or where the inspiration hits."

"I know ..." I laughed, understanding his logic as usual.

When he had time at night, Brian watched the sky through the attic window, through a telescope, another valuable gift from his father, and from time to time he called me to see it with him. It was during one of the watches that he became restless.

"I had an idea for a song," my husband explained to me, kissed my cheek and ran downstairs to jot down before he forgot.

This was one of the first ideas he had in our new home. Another idea came while we were asleep. Our heads were a few inches apart, my right hand resting on his chest, which made me feel him stirring, he began to murmur something before he woke, until he began to hum softly.

I stared at him, eyes heavy with sleep.

"Sorry, but I was asleep" I complained.

"Forgive me, but I had an idea" Brian kissed my hand that was on his chest, slowly stood up and went to write the bloody music with which he had dreamed.

And between creative musical moments and the most trivial domestic raids, Brian and I were getting used to our new home.

Chapter End Notes

The songs Brian got inspired to write here are '39 and The Prophet's Song.
The Goodbye

With the new house, other new things also happened, like the fact that I had my own car and didn't have to go by bus to work, I dreamed one day I didn't have to wear public transport, but I didn't expect it to really happen, sometimes that scared me, but over time, once again, I got used to it.

Another thing that changed was that my work schedule and Brian's were very different, I would leave early in the morning and this was the time we were sure we would see each other, but when I came back, not every day he was at home, he would sometimes get stuck in the studio, hitting the last details of a song, or a meeting with the band's management and EMI executives, or even getting ready for a new show.

But even with this rush, there were the quietest days, and the days we had to maintain an old tradition that I loved and would never give up, to gather at home, to talk, to watch something, to laugh and to be a family which we have always been.

And it was on one of those quiet days that I met him at home, writing a new song, sitting on the couch, with all his typical features of concentration there.

"I hope I'm not disturbing ..." I approached slowly.

"You? Never" Brian got up to kiss me "I'm just finishing a song, it's kind of ..."

"Kind of what?" I turned all my attention to him.

"Not much rock, let's say like that," he tried to explain, "by the way I wrote it, to keep the original essence of the song has to stay in that folk style, you know? I would need an acoustic guitar for this song to work."

"Oh, I understand," I nodded, "you're afraid the boys will think it's bad because it's not rock'n'roll enough?"

"That's right," my husband confessed, a little embarrassed.

"But, you know what? I'll just be able to talk properly if the boys will like it if I listen to it first" I smiled as I urged him to play.

"You know you just need to ask, don't you?" he pointed out, finding a little amused in what I did.

"I know, but it was to make you laugh," I explained, "I wanted to cheer you up a little bit."

"Thank you, my love." He recognized my efforts. "I'll be right back."

Brian went after an acoustic guitar before playing his newest and most mysterious song, besides Red Special we had a acoustic guitar and piano, everything for him to use in his compositions, depending on the style of each song he created. Soon he came back and sat down, positioned the instrument and sighed before starting to play.

-Ok ... " Brian said and finally played and sang the song.

I loved to see him onstage with Queen, but there, only him and the guitar at his moment of creation was magical. The song spoke of events in the year 39, I couldn't tell from what century, it seemed like a story, someone telling a story that he saw, with refinements of a narrative spoken for children,
but as the lyrics were being discussed, I saw that it was much more than that.

The melody was soft, like Brian's voice accompanying the chords, so many chords I didn't know how he wasn't confused. That song had thrilled me in an unexpected way. I was surprised to have to hold back a tear or two.

"Oops ..." Brian noticed my cry - it wasn't quite what I wanted ..."

"Is it me who you're calling in music?" I asked, following my interpretation.

"It's a story that popped up in my head when I was watching the sky, but ..." He sat down next to me. "I think there's a bit of my yearning for you when we don't see each other."

"But I'm not going anywhere," I promised once more, as on the day of our engagement "I think I just got too excited because I'm too sensitive, the song is beautiful ... And now I can be sure the boys will like it even if you make them cry."

"Ah, coming from you is the greatest of compliments." He kissed my temple and pulled me carefully closer to him.

Everything I've said has left us so sentimental that we have to stay close to each other for a while. It was funny how the '39 vibe combined perfectly with what we would spend the next few weeks. It was all set for the Queen tour in Japan.

Of course I was happy, being an international band meant that more and more people recognized and appreciated their talent, something that I saw them fighting so hard to conquer, it was more than deserved. But my anxiety also made me long for anticipation. I tried to enjoy every moment O had with Brian until the day of his trip. I helped him packing, laughing at the contrast between the ordinary clothes and the clothes for the shows.

We woke up early to find the rest of the guys at the airport. I was restless by my husband's side, waiting for the call to their plane. But it wasn't just me who was like this, Mary and Veronica were worried about their boyfriends, but they didn't let us see as much as I did. It was then that John Reid called them to leave, I gave a big hug to Freddie, John and Roger, wishing all good luck and a good trip.

"It's time ..." Brian turned to me.

"Yeah, I know," I sighed, "you know this is not the first time we said goodbye before you went to a show, I never reacted like that, it's just ... We've never been away from each other for so long."

"I know," he touched my face, "but we'll be fine, I'll be back soon. Don't forget that, okay?"

"All right," I said, "call me when you can, okay? Every day, if you can ..."

"We only have to pay attention to the time zone," my husband reminded me, "but I'll call you. I really have to go, Chrissie. I love you."

"Have a good trip, my love" I kissed him a little deliberately on purpose "Remember that before the shows, okay?"

"Good luck kiss." He understood and smiled.

"Bye, Bri, I love you!" I waved at him as he joined the boys.
Me and the girls stayed there until we saw the plane take off, already missing those cluttered, talented, and sweethearts of our lives.
In Brian's absence, what distracted me from missing him was to keep working and looking after our house, but every corner I looked at, I missed him. Places where we talked about common things, his sudden ideas to compose that made him run, the way he asked about my day and had all the patience in the world to hear me.

It was agonizing not to have a number to call and talk to him, I had to wait for him to call me, which reminded me a little when I was a simple college student, only his friend, who not knowing why I loved when he called but now I was more than sure that I loved him, I had become his wife, and my anticipation of his calls was even more significant.

The girls also came to visit me, I helped Veronica with her senior year at college, and Mary would come home whenever she could after work, to have tea, and talk about things other than the absence of the boys. Staying together meant helping each other deal with longing.

It was always too late when Brian called, and I always drifted off to sleep, never being able to stay awake while I waited. The first time he called me during the trip, I hardly heard the phone ringing from my room, but I was so anxious that as soon as I realized what that noise was, I ran to answer, ignoring the dizziness from sleep, the darkness, and the risk of tripping on the steps of the ladder.

It rang six times before I answered, and I was hoping he wouldn't hang up, it could only be Brian calling me at a time like this, I hoped I wasn't wrong.

"Hello?" I answered in a trembling, half-squeaky voice of sleep, overflowing with anxiety.

"My love? I woke you up, didn't I?" - My husband's voice sounded tired and worried "but I had to call, because you asked ..."

"I wanted very, very much that you called" I ignored my sleep, excited "but you called me just because I asked? I thought it wasn't just for this ...."

"Of course not," he laughed, realizing I was joking. "I was just worried about waking you up, but I wanted to talk to you as soon as I had a break. How are you, Chrissie?"

"I'm fine, it's everything okay, nothing new, but okay," I said. "I just miss you."

"Me too, me too ..." Brian sighed, "but it's been great here, and I confess it's a bit scary too."

"Scary? Why?" I was confused and worried.

"There were a crowd of fans at the airport waiting for us," Brian told me "a lot of people, Chrissie, with banners, our pictures, our drawings, our records, I was surprised when they asked me for an autograph. You know, we're ... Famous here. It's good, but ..."

"You don't know very well how to react?" I deduced what my husband was feeling.

"Yeah, well, I'm learning to deal with it," he confessed, "and we're not even perform yet"

"No? Oh yeah, time zone" I remembered "so good luck on the show, tell the boys that I said hello, and ask John for help to get Freddie and Roger out of trouble if they get in trouble."

"Oh, I'll do it, but for now they didn't do anything ..." Brian laughed. "I'll let you rest now, okay? I
love you Chrissie, bye."

"I love you, bye-bye." I hung up and was relieved that I had been able to talk to him.

Over the next few days, I ended up sleeping on the couch, for not to miss any calls from Brian, who told me more about things and the fans in Japan. Then my wait was finally over when Brian told me the date and time they would come back home.

I was anxious at the airport, not taking my eyes off the sky. Mary and Veronica were calmer than me. It seems I was always the most emotional of the three. Veronica sensed my nervousness and brought me coffee as a consolation.

"You need to relax a bit," she advised.

"I know, but I can't ..." I moaned, taking a sip of coffee right away.

"Looks like we'll wait at airports a lot more times now." Mary got up and stood beside me.

She had grown accustomed to Queen's growing fame and with their absence, though it wasn't easy, but I ... nothing in my life had prepared me for such moments. I took a deep breath to face this change.

"I know," I just nodded thoughtfully.

I tried to distract myself a bit, not focusing on the wait itself, paying attention to what was happening on the airport monitors. It was then that I recognized the plane that landed, Queen was back to their homeland.

I kept myself from rushing to meet Brian, but even as I stood still, I noticed him rushing his steps toward me. Still, John, Roger, and Freddie came first to us.

"How did I miss you!" I hugged them after they greeted Mary and Veronica "you have no idea how much I love you, my boys!"

"Oh, I missed you too, mom" Roger teased.

"I know I spoke like a mother, but it's serious" I said.

"You love me too, don't you?" My husband came after his friends.

"Brian!" I shouted his name unintentionally and I hugged him tightly as he pulled me off the floor.

"Hi Chrissie ..." he said after letting me go.

"I love you so much that look!" I showed him my wedding ring "I married you!"

"Oh, man, are you guys going to start?" Roger complained about our public display of affection.

"And now you know exactly how we felt a few years ago ..." Brian shrugged, pleased with his unexpected vengeance.

"Then you have to tell us this story," John said.

"Forget it Deaky!" Roger jerked him away.

"I dono' know about you kids, but all I want now is to sleep at least a full day," Freddie cut in, and
we said goodbye to each other, since the boys were really exhausted.

Seeing them playing that way helped me to miss their longing right away. But really, Mary was right, I would have to get used to the fact that they traveled and been away for a while, since Queen's fame had come from the other side of the Atlantic. This time they had gotten a tour in the United States.

Before the boys traveled, it wasn't only the new tour we celebrated, but also the engagement of Freddie and Mary.

"I suspected it for a while," I said to them, "but I'm surprised that you. Mr. Mercury, who insist so much that Brian proposed to me in front of a crowd and when it's your turn, you do it very discreetly ..."

"What can I do?" Freddie shrugged, without knowing exacty what to answer "I was already thinking about it for a while, the right moment came and I couldn't let go ..."

"I know ... I believe you" I seemed disbelieving, but I did believe him.

One of the contradictory things about Freddie was being extremely extravagant on stage, full of presence and confidence, but with us he was even shy and discreet depending on the situation. This was his real self, which only we knew.

When it was time to say goodbye when the day came, I was able to handle everything better, these were difficult changes, but I know they were the consequences of wonderful things. Not that I wasn't accustomed to Brian traveling to do a show, but an official tour spending months out, had a very different proportion. Anyway, I was also the wife of Queen's guitarist, and I always understood that part of his life.

Just like when he was in Japan, Brian would always call when he could, telling me about how little he knew of each city they were in. One afternoon, I answered the phone, thinking it was another call from my husband. Before he said anything, I could hear Roger sobbing as he could barely control it. My heart was immediately distressed.
At the hospital

"Chrissie ..." I recognized Roger's voice, sas and worried, very different from what he used to be, a sign that something serious had happened "Bri ... Bri ..."

When I mentioned Brian's name I had to sit down, my mind began to travel at full speed for countless possibilities, mostly pondering bad things.

"Roger, calm down." I saw that I had to calm him, since he was more nervous than I was "Take a deep breath and tell me what happened."

"I ... I ..." he sobbed and I heard a rumble from the other end of the line.

"John?" Deaky acknowledged, his voice shaken, but much calmer than Roger.

"Hi Chrissie" said the bassist "I don't know how to tell you this, but ..."

"What happened to Brian?" I begged, putting a hand on my forehead "tell me, just tell me ..."

"He got very during the tour," John resumed. "We're not sure why, but we're going back to London."

"What does he have, John?" I was distressed for more news.

"He fainted and got a little out of his mind, and he's very pale," he told me "he can barely stand on his feet, Freddie's taking care of him now, and John's already got a doctor by the time we get there."

"Can I talk to him?" I started to cry out of fear and worry.

"He's in no condition, I'm sorry," John apologized, but I heard another strange squeak and another voice talked to me.

"Chriss ..." Brian murmured softly, and I noticed how much effort he was making and even then, he couldn't even complete my name.

"Don't distress yourself, okay?" I answered, trying to be strong "save your energy, have a good trip, soon we will see each other."

"We're leaving now, Chrissie." John came back on the phone. "Don't worry, we're taking care of him, he'll be fine."

"Yes, he will, bye" I hung up, feeling they were in a hurry.

Brian would be fine, I had to believe that, but I wouldn't be okay until I saw him. I waited for another phone call, desperate for news, and only in the middle of the night, John Reid warned me that they had arrived and Brian was being hospitalized in St. Bartholomew.

I drove there in a hurry, and tried not to run as I entered the hospital, I thought I might find the boys in the doorway, but I didn't see anyone there. I went to the front desk and asked for information.

"Please, ma'am," I begged the receptionist, "I need to know about a patient who has just been hospitalized, his name is Brian May."

"Sorry, but I have strict orders to not let anyone see this patient," she replied.
"But what?" -I got scared and soon got angry "but I'm his wife! Not even me can see him?"

"Actually" I think she sympathized with my despair" Mr. Reid who is responsible for Mr. May authorized a Christine Mullen May to visit this patient."

"It's me! You can believe that I sure am!" I stated categorically.

"I'm going to have to see your identity, it's hospital rules" she felt a bit sorry for me, but she didn't want to make things easy for me.

I left so hurriedly that I hadn't brought any documents. I tried to calm myself down and make no scandal, it wasn't in my nature to do such a thing.

"Please can you call Mr. Reid?" I asked, fighting my impatience.

"All right, just wait here." She left and went after John.

I took a deep breath as I tossed my stubborn hair that insisted on falling back on my face. Involuntarily, I began to hit my foot on the floor with nervousness and impatience. I turned to the hallway and was relieved to see Queen's manager.

"Mrs. May" he came to me "I'm sorry for that, come on, Brian is here and the doctor will tell us what he has."

Reid led me to the bedroom, Freddie and Deaky were standing in a corner talking quietly, Roger was sitting at the head of the bed, still in shock, his face was red because he had cried a lot, Brian was sleeping peacefully, his fingers they moved slowly, as he did sometimes during sleep. I wanted to wake him and beg him to talk to me, but I knew I couldn't do that.

"He was medicated for a little while now" Freddie explained to me "the doctor did some tests and we're waiting for the result."

-Ok ... "I understood, and I was so worried I didn't even call in to say hello to the boys, who had just arrived from the tour.

A part of me wanted to sit in the place Roger was, but instead I gave Taylor a hug, I knew how much he needed it.

"I'm afraid the worst will happen," he told me softly. "Chrissie, he's my best friend ..."

"It's going to be okay." I stroked Roger's hair, it reminded me of how he called me a mother to mess with me, and it made me smile for a moment "you'll see, you just have to believe."

I let go of Roger and I lowered myself to the other side of the bed, took the curls that fell on Brian's eyes off his forehead, I took his hand very carefully.

"God, please don't take him away from me ..." I did this prayer in thought.

I felt my fingers tighten slowly, I looked at Brian and his eyelids trembled, his blue eyes opened and focused on me.

"Chrissie ..." he could now speak better. "I'm sorry ..."

"You're not to blame for anything, my love." I smiled, glad to see him awake.

I just hugged him carefully, killing the longing for the time he was out and to make sure he was
okay.

Then the doctor finally appeared to end our agony.

"Well, I see that the whole family is her," the doctor said, looking at us"for the results of the examinations, Mr. May had a crisis due to a case of hepatitis at a moderate level. He's on medication now, but he's going to have to stay in treatment for a long time."

"How much time?" Brian asked, startled, and I knew what his concern was.

"Not less than months," said the doctor.

"What? No, I can't, there has to be a way ..." my husband panicked.

"Shhhhh ..." I tried to calm him down by touching his face "one thing at a time, remember?"

"Yeah, I do" Brian seemed to accept his present condition.

The boys and Reid were relieved to know that what Brian had was something treatable, however complicated. But we all knew what Brian's situation meant for the band's near future.
They insisted that I should go home, including Brian, but I couldn't leave him there. At least that first night at the hospital I wanted to stay there. Dr. Reeves who had attended and cared for my husband so far ended up agreeing. John Reid and the boys said goodbye to us, wishing Brian could get well soon.

Now I was sitting in the chair where Roger was before, watching my husband, no matter how tired and weak he was, Brian refused to sleep.

"You must rest," I insisted.

"And you, too," he muttered back, "I didn't want to give you all this trouble, I worried you, I made everyone worried, even Roger was in despair."

"John told me how you were, it wasn't an exaggeration their reaction," I said, "but ...

I stopped talking as I realized that what I would say out loud would sound strange and even cruel criticism. Since knowing Brian I knew that being a musician was one of his biggest dreams, and now he was living it all, shows and more shows, trips, recordings, but I figured that all that rush was what had probably made him sick. As much as it was a dream, was all this madness worth it? It was unfair for me to make such a comparison, I couldn't measure things that way. If I were to stop to think, all the professions had a risk.

It wasn't only that which had made me sad, the way the receptionist barred me, as if I were a mere stranger, or a reckless fan taking advantage of the situation, it was as if I were being forbidden to see my husband just because he was a famous guitarist and I could be pretending to be his wife just to see him. How absurd!

I didn't notice that I was staring at the bedroom door, one hand on my chin, my index finger tapping nervously on my cheek until Brian called.

"Chrissie, what's wrong?" I turned to Brian and noticed how worried he was.

"I ..." I tried to recover from my daydreaming "I was just wondering if ... Did you feed yourself and rest properly during your trip? Maybe that's why you got sick."

"I rested as best I could, but maybe it was an accumulation of tiredness," he said thoughtfully, "about the disease, I'm calmer now, I'm just worried about you."

"I'm fine, Bri," I tried to disguise, "I think all we need now is to get some sleep."

"Okay," he insisted no longer, the tiredness finally overcame him.

I lay on his chest, hugging him tightly, being with him there reminded me that regardless of what had happened and what I had thought, at that moment he was just my husband, who promised to love me forever, to the rest of our lives, no matter the circumstances.

The next morning, however reluctant I was, I returned home and left in order what I needed. Dr. Reeves, after doing some more tests, concluded that it would take four months for Brian to fully recover. He accepted this time with some sadness. One thing that Brian hated was to be standing idle for a long time while he could be studying a new scientific fact or making new music. But it was more than that that worried him. I also saw that to keep up with his state I would have to leave my
"Don't do that, Chrissie" Brian told me when I told him, "you can't stop your life for me ..."

"It's not what I'm doing, seriously, it's my decision, you need me, I love you and I will take care of you, don't start with "stop your life for me," you are a very, very important part of my life, Brian understood?" I sounded kind of angry, but he understood that it was for his own good.

Sometimes we let our insecurity show. In the midst of this situation, a truce that arose between us was that we agreed I'd spend the day at the hospital and sleep at home. Gradually we got used to this hospital routine, the boys and the girls came to see us always, and for now Queen had stopped all their activities.

"That's not right, folks," Brian snapped when they told him about the break "I'm ... not helping... you should ..."

"Continue the band without you? Replace you?" Freddie guessed it "yeah, maybe we'll do it ... Maybe we'll get a smarter guitarist than you ..."

"As if you could find another astrophysicist guitarist out there" John added.

"It's serious, guys" Brian laughed, but then he grimaced, feeling the pain of the medicine "I'm afraid, even if you put someone in my place ..."

"Nobody will replace you!" Roger hit the bed, which made Brian moan in pain again "sorry ... But if they do it, they'll get a lesson from me."

"It's good to know that you miss me ..." My husband smiled at his friends, moved.

Roger, Freddie, and John said good-bye, and when we were alone, I had to ask.

"Did you really fear Bri, of having to leave the band?" that was enough to break my heart, and forget all the bad consequences of fame.

"I don't want to have to do this ever" Bri couldn't contain his tears. "They're my family, Chrissie."

"I know, and you saw, if you depend on them, you're not going anywhere," I said firmly, so he wouldn't doubt it.

"My love, do me a favor?" Brian called again.

"Of course, tell me" I was willing to take his request.

"When you go home, take and bring my notebook and Red Special" he told me, making that face that could convince me always, but not now.

"No way!" I disagree and made a face "you are in recovery and rest, that face of yours won't work now, no sir, and besides, this is a hospital, you know, there is a basic rule that you need to be quiet, and playing a guitar does make noise, so I'm sorry, my love, but I won't be able to do that."

"Chrissie ..." Brian covered his eyes with his hands and began to laugh, I didn't know if it was of anger, frustration or of my face.

"Yoy can laugh how much you want, I won't bring your guitar" I giggled, too.

"So do this" my husband took a deep breath, ready to propose another truce "arrange a piece of
paper and a pen for me to at least write, it doesn't take that much effort to write."

"All right" I was able to agree and I granted this request.

Even as he lay back on the hospital bed, Brian wrote and muttered a melody, the way he was use to composing. As enthusiastic as he was, that composition would have to wait a little longer to be ready.
I've never seen Brian get any more relieved in life than the day he finally got out of hospital. I was agonized to see him sad all these months in the hospital, although I kept him company and our friends came to see him always.

Brian made sure to hold my hand and we left hand in hand from the hospital, thanking on the way who had taken care of him. Part of me was afraid of what we might find out there, maybe what my husband told me that happened in Japan would happen there as well, but at the discretion of John Reid, he didn't let the news of Brian's condition spread, and outside the hospital wasn't a lot of fans waiting for him. I had escaped this time, but I knew I would have to deal with such a situation sooner or later. At the moment, I was glad my husband was well again.

Brian's parents came from Hampton to spend a week with us, as they became very worried when they learned he was sick. The older Mays praised our house and our good taste in choosing it, but Sir Harold didn't seem to be satisfied with the way his son was making his living now as a full-time guitarist. I felt Brian's discomfort and his struggle to respond to his father's opinion with his opposed opinion (he would never do that, Brian always respected Sir Harold very much), but his mother who knew what her son was going through always found a way around the situation.

One of those ways made me as uncomfortable as Brian's father asking him to leave this musician thing, on second thought, it was something that left me and my husband equally uncomfortable.

"But if the ladder has protection, it's because we have a little grandchild on the way, right?" Mrs. Ruth tried to guess "that's why you waited for us to come here, to tell us in person!"

"Mom!" Brian shouted dying of shame, feeling like a little boy again "please, I ... It's nothing like that, it's ..."

He looked at me for help. I was as desperate as he was, too, but if there was anyone I could be honest with it was my in-laws.

"Mrs. May ... " I started, wandered distractedly in my hair, looking for the right words "we just got married and still have not talked about it. Because having kids is a big responsibility, and Brian and I are still learning how to deal with married life ..."

"That's what she said," Brian agreed, since he was surprisingly speechless.

After all that embarrassing conversation and a few more days we said goodbye to Brian's parents and went back to our old routine. I went back to work and he made music, but as always, I kept that distracted way and the lost look when something bothered him.

"I know what your mother said is bothering you ... " I knew that was what worried my husband "I don't know if that's what you think, but ... I don't think I'm ready to be a mother, not now ..."

"Ah neither am I ... " he sighed with relief with the samethought "I mean, I ... I want, someday ... But definitely not now, it's not easy to care for and educate someone to life, to the world, and I think I can still learn a lot more things that will help me to be ... You know ... But you, the boys are sure that you'll get the hang of it."

"I know ..." I managed to laugh, "but being a real mother is different. We're going to decide the right time together, okay, Bri?"
"It's perfect for me ..." he agreed and we kissed, sealing the deal.

That same week, Brian set about finishing the song he had started to create at the hospital. It was great to see him happy back to the action and John, Freddie and Roger were eager for their return as much as Brian was. My husband filled "Now I'm Here" with guitar solos, his memories of the tour in the United States, and how he felt like a new man playing and singing again after so much time stopped.

EMI decided to give the band some time off, letting them wait until next year to work on a new album, but in the meantime, they were still performing in London. In the middle of them, the boys chose a day to play Hyde Park totally for free, a gift for fans in our homeland.

Brian insisted that I went along when Queen would meet Richard Branson, who would produce the show in Hyde Park, and again, I was in doubt, that same feeling of not being important enough to be there with them came back to haunt my head, but then I remembered the decision I had made a while ago, and now that I was officially Mrs. May, I had to work hard to keep that posture. I would be at my husband's side to support him. Plus, it was great being able to hang out with Brian and the boys after all that time in the hospital.

The boys and I were waiting for Mr. Branson at his office desk, until he was available to talk to Queen.

"I hate waiting," Freddie complained, threatening to get up.

"Nobody likes it, but don't make a scandal because of this, okay?" John looked at the singer absentmindedly as he flipped through a magazine.

"I wasn't going to make a scandal." Freddie sat up in his chair "I was just going to ask politely if they had a prediction of when Mr. Branson are going to talk to us ..."

"Uh huh, I'll pretend to believe it." Roger giggled.

So, as if guessing that Queen could make a fuss as hysterical artists (another thing for which they were getting famous), a girl appeared to save us from impatience. She looked serious, since she was in her workplace, but her gaze was patient, and even had a little mischief behind it, I had only seen something like this in Roger.

Roger, by the way, saw her and his mouth fell open. "Oh Jesus, it's going to start all over again ..." I thought, already understanding what was going on in Taylor's head.

"I'm sorry for making you wait" She was calm, and didn't show her excitement about meeting Queen, not because she didn't like them, I thought, but because she was accustomed to dealing with artists "I'm Dominique Beyrand, Mr. Branson's assistant, he asked to call you."

Dominique shook hands with everyone, and when Roger's turn came, he still had his mouth open. She gave him an unsightly smile and disentangled herself from him, gesturing for the band to follow her.

Before Roger got up, I touched his chin and pushed it up slightly.

"What is it, Chrissie?" He looked at me a little confused.

"If I knew you were going to be drooling like that, I was going to bring a bib for my baby son" I teased, it was funny to see him silly like that.
"Leave me alone, Chrissie!" He grimaced, outraged at my audacity.

"Hurry up, Rog!" Brian called from within.

The drummer snorted and joined his bandmates. I couldn't stop laughing at his reaction to seeing Dominique.
Ms. Beyrand

Speaking on Dominique, she returned after some time to the reception, her hands were occupied holding a lot of papers, which seemed to be files and documents. However, she left those things that seemed important for a moment to talk to me.

"I'm sorry I didn't give a hello to you before, it's that my boss was in a hurry to talk to the band and I had to greet them earlier to introduce them soon" Dominique was justified, but for me this wasn't necessary, I understood perfectly her situation, but at the same time I was pleased with the consideration she had with me.

"Oh, it's okay" I replied. "I understand. I'm ... Chrissie May, Ms. Beyrand."

"Ah, the guitarist's wife, isn't it?" she wanted to confirm while shaking my hand "I think it very kind of you to come with them."

"Yeah, sometimes I do that" I realized I was enjoying talking to Dominique - they're great musicians and people, but ... Sometimes they need someone to give a little talk to make them behave, and whether they want it or not, they listen to me."

"Yeah, I realized that" she agreed "a lot of artists are arrogant and assholes because they want to and take pleasure in it, but Queen here, what I noticed in them was just a huge self-confidence."

"Yeah, that's what they are" I said, thinking of them more as dedicated artists than arrogant rock stars.

"Um ..." she hesitated a little, and I realized that Dominique was afraid to ask her next question "I have to sort things out, Mrs. May, but if you don't mind, I'd like to keep talking to you later."

"Oh, yes, all right, Miss. Beyrand" I smiled at her liking our conversation "and by the way, you can call me Chrissie."

"In that case you can call me Dominique then, or Dom" she replied.

I smiled back and she went off to another place, carrying her documents and files. I had to wait a while longer to the end of the boys' reunion with Richard Branson. I glanced at the magazines on display there, but none of them interested me. Instead of worrying about the delay, I ended up thinking of something else: Roger's funny reaction to seeing Dominique.

I had seen him looking at other girls like that, but the way he focused on her that afternoon, there was something very different, not even to Jo he looked like that ... So the situation was much worse than I had imagined.

After thinking about it, Dominique came back and offered me tea or coffee, and I ended up with the second option. A coffee was just what I needed at the moment to help me keep waiting.

"So, Chrissie ..." she resumed our conversation, "I ... I really don't want to ask, but ... Maybe it's unethical at work, but if you answer me, you can help me deal better with Queen and I I need to do this to work well, so my question is ... Is Mr.Taylor always sticky like that?"

"Rog?" I couldn't help it and laugh again "sorry, it's ... he's not always like that, I assure you, it's been a long time since I met him and believe me, behind this good-looking and charming womanizer there's a very sensitive and adorable guy, really."
"Well, that was enlightening, Chrissie" Dominique made a thoughtful face. "Thank you for not thinking I'm strange for asking this".

"Oh, no, I don't think you're strange" I understood. "They always seemed strange to me, so I know what it's like to feel bad about it, I don't judge you."

"Thank you, I have to get back to work." She stood up and said good-bye.

"Of course" I understood her situation and I saw her enter another room again.

A little more time passed and finally the boys emerged again.

"So?" I asked Brian "what did you decide?"

"Let's rock Hyde Park this weekend!" Freddie celebrated.

"And we managed to keep the show for free" Brian added.

"That's great," I smiled at them, really proud of them thinking in the fans.

"Um... Chrissie?" Roger addressed me from nowhere "do you know where Dominique went?"

"It's Miss. Beyrand, Mr. Taylor" Dominique herself came to answer the drummer "please, let's keep professionalism, if it's not ask too much."

John and Freddie managed not to laugh, and even Brian betrayed his best friend with a little smirk.

"I'm sorry if I somehow offended you," Roger struggled to use all his courtesy "Branson instructed us to look for you to give us the phones and contacts we needed to organize the show.!

"It was good that's why I was waiting for you," she smirked, being a smarty pants "Here's a list of numbers if you need to ask me any questions, just ask my name, but most bureaucracies is being settled with John Reid. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

She handed the list with the numbers to Freddie, although Roger tried to get it before his friend. Dominique winced as she ignored Taylor's attitude.

"Actually, there is" Roger tried again "some of these numbers are your personal phone number, Miss. Beyrand?"

"No, Mr. Taylor" I've seen her losing her temper "I've already asked you to be professional, and if you need to talk to me, you're going to call Mr. Branson, are we clear?"

Roger just smiled uneasily, there was no way he could answer anything after that.

"Thank you for your time and your help, Ms. Beyrand" Freddie spared the band more embarrassment over their drummer "have a good afternoon."

"Likewise, Mr. Mercury" she replied, and slipped out gracefully.

When we were out of the office and walking to the parking lot, I, Brian, Freddie and John laughed out loud at Roger.

"I don't know how I can handle you until now" He turned to us irritably, knowing he was the reason of the laughter.
"What did you expect? You maked the biggest fool of yourself" John pointed out.

"And look, I hate to get your ego fumigated, but I have to clap hands for Miss. Beyrand" Freddie added, putting a hand on Roger's shoulder "she has the courage."

"And she put you in your place, like no girl had done before" Brian commented, exactly what I was thinking.

"I assure you something" Roger struggled to look imposing, although his height didn't help much "I'm going to get a date with Dominique or my name isn't Roger Meddows Taylor!"

"Keep dreaming, little boy ..." John patted the drummer's shoulder before we parted.

We said goodbye with more laughter and returned home, Roger was still irritated. And I, I began to be afraid of the next love conquest he had in mind.
At Hyde Park

The following days for Queen were filled by preparations for the show in Hyde Park. As much as John Reid was taking care of everything, Roger, John, Freddie and Brian made a point of being present to find out how everything was being organized. Once again, Brian brought me to see the stage assembly and all the sound equipment. There were at least fifty people working, running back and forth, resolving any setbacks here and there. Brian took me by the hand to a certain distance from the almost ready structure of the stage, and we stood right in front of it.

The size of that thing made my stomach go tumbling. Something as big as that, to be used by only four people, four people of my family, whom I loved very much. Queen was growing and the crowd still frightened me. But I decided not to let this frighten me, they would be the center of attention, not me. More and more people recognized their talent and this in itself was what made me happy.

"It's going to be a big event, isn't it?" I said to my husband aloud.

"Yeah, Branson didn't measure up," Brian sighed, "they're going to fill the park on Saturday, that's what I expect, so it's all worth it."

"Bri, I ..." I hesitated, still impressed with all the work to organize the show "I never asked you this, but ... seeing a stage of this size, doesn't intimidate you a bit?"

"Oh yeah, for sure" he laughed, a little embarrassed "but after the tours I got used to it. Do you know what helps a little? It's just that no one is looking directly at me, and even if they look, there's no way I'm going to notice it because of the distance the audience is from the stage, besides, we're four. And ... Freddie always draws attention to himself."

"That's true" I said, remembering how the singer was a little more excited than usual in recent days over the show "he's trilling, but you?"

"A little nervous, really!" Brian confessed "but until that happens upstairs, when I start playing with the guys, we kind of have fun and help forget the fear of the stage, we connect with the audience and we end up changing the same energy. They end up paying more attention to the music itself than to each of us. It's incredible! What is it?"

I loved watching Brian as he spoke excitedly about something he loved, and I was there in that kind of situation again, staring at him with shining eyes.

"Nothing, it's that ..." I lowered my eyes, but I got the courage to say it "When you talk like that, it always makes me fall in love with you even more."

"I don't know what I did, but thank you" Brian smiled and gave me a quick kiss, which was allowed in his current work environment.

"I hate to interrupt the two lovebirds, but we need to rehearse Bri" John came to call the band's guitarist "did you see Roger? He missed a while ago."

"Oh, I have no idea where he got in" Brian said, a little worried "I'll see if I find him, John, and we'll meet later."

"Okay, I'll wait for you" John nodded and went to the stage.
"Look Bri, I think I have an idea where he is" I remembered the motive of embarrassment that our friend had last week "go to meet Freddie and John, I'll find Rog."

"Okay, thank you" He kissed my cheek as he said goodbye.

I went to the Mr. Branson's trailer, a kind of mobile office to take care of the details of the show very close to where it would happen, and of course his faithful squire Dominique was accompanying him and helping him in everything. I looked around the trailer, but there were no signs of Roger around. I knocked on the door, waiting for someone to answer.

"Chrissie!" Dominique smiled at me after opening the door, looking slightly relieved "what can I do for you?"

"Actually, I don't think I'm going to need any help." I looked away at a roguish way looking Roger inside the trailer and stared at him, angry "I found exactly what I was looking for."

"Come on, Chrissie, you didn't come here to scold, did you?" he shrugged, pretending to be innocent.

"I came to do you a favor, the boys are looking for you to rehearse, now!" I put my hands on my waist, placing authority in my voice.

"Okay, you don't have to say again" he muttered, and before he followed me, he gave Dominique a puppy look.

"Duty calls, Mr. Taylor" she replied, sounding irritated "You have to work, and so do I, ah, and one more thing, if you feel thirsty again you don't have to come to me just to drink some water, there's water wit the stage assistants, okay?"

He nodded to her, unable to say anything new, and finally left Dominique alone.

"But what is this water story?" I asked as we walked side by side.

"Oh, I was thirsty and I came to ask her where the water was" He shrugged.

"Seriously?" I looked at him like he was the biggest idiot in the world "and what else did you invent just to see her? Because I know that's exactly what you've been doing all day, I've seen you after her earlier."

"Oh Chrissie, I was just having some doubts about how everything will work, that's all ..." he thought I was misleading him with that naughty smile of his.

"Look, listen to me, if you really like her, you have to let the poor girl breathe, you're obsessed with her, if you didn't notice" I said, annoyed by his behavior.

"You know my bet? I'm running late to get it done, one time she'll agree to go out on a date with me " Roger explained, but it only made me angrier.

"And you already asked her out?" I crossed my arms.

"No ..." I ended up finding his fault "but I'm working on it."

I just put a hand on my forehead and shook my head, trying to cope with his stupid insistence. I stood in a corner of the stage to see the rehearsal.

Roger joined the boys, who received him with grunts and grimaces. So they ignored the delay and
began rehearsing. They touched the entire Sheer Heart Attack, and Roger scowled here and there in
the process. Before moving on to the next song, the drummer asked for a pause.

"What is it now, Rog?" Freddie asked him impatiently.

"No, it's just that ..." Roger grimaced and tried to move his foot "it looks like someone glued
chewing gum on my pedal!"

"You're kidding ..." Brian sounded incredulous.

"No, man, that's serious." Roger lifted his foot hard and really had a gum glued to his sneakers"I'm
going to complain to Branson, how absurd, it's clear someone put this here on purpose ..."

Without much thought he tried to take the chewing gum with his hand, and suddenly, a firecracker
exploded near the battery. Roger jumped and screamed as sharply as when he sang, we all got
scared, we looked around to see who had been the author of the prank, perhaps the same person who
had glued the chewing gum.

An instant later, Dominique appeared and I soon realized that she was holding on to keep from
laughing.

"I was standing nearby and I heard something popping up," she explained to the band. "Has
anything serious happened?"

Roger rose angrily and went to her full of demanding.

"First, someone stuck chewing gum on my pedal, and then they popped a firecracker near me, I'd
love to find out who it was and have a nice chat with him, Ms. Beyrand" He was speaking with his
hands on his waist, ignoring the charming way he had used to speak to her so far.

"Well, you're talking to her Mr. Taylor" she allowed herself to laugh "it was my way of making it
clear that your pursuit with me was already over the edge."

I saw the confused face that the drummer did while processing what Dominique had told her, she
had just confessed that she had made those pranks with him. Instead of yelling at her, or playing the
charming, he started to laugh. Even Dominique was confused by his reaction.

"You had the courage to do this to me? I have to congratulate you!" Roger laughed a little more.
"Darling, you rock! And look, I called you darling with all respect, just to make it clear. And I
apologize for being a sticky tick today. Can we start over?"

He ended up offering her a hand, which she ended up shaking.

"Apologies accepted Mr. Taylor" Dom replied, and I realized that she was a bit impressed that he
had laugh of her pranks.

"You can call me Roger" the drummer offered.

"And you can call me Dominique, out of work" she smiled.

"You mean I'll see you out of work?" Roger risked.

"Who knows ..." Dominique let it out. "Now come back to the rehearsal, I've already messed you up
too much."

And so, she left us leaving with the only thought of "But what just happened?". Roger stood for a
moment with that silly smile for nothing before the boys went back to rehearsal.
Complicated Romances

We spent the week going to Hyde Park, with the boys checking out the final details of the show, and I was following them because Brian made a point of my presence and I also really enjoyed their company. Of course, in order to get all the information they wanted they had to ask Dominique, and now, since her pranks, the bad tension between her and Roger had turned into friendly coexistence.

I had known Taylor for some time, and so most of the time I knew very well what he was thinking and feeling, and every time he had the opportunity to talk to Mr. Branson's assistant, it was clear how he respected and admired her. I'd never seen him act like this with any other girl, not that he didn't respect them, he just had a passing obsession with them, that he wouldn't feel anymore as soon another girl caught his eye. Although he had actually become obsessed with Dominique, now I felt it was more than that.

She, in turn, treated him courteously, and Dom and Roger made jokes with each other that didn't make them offended, just to have a good laugh.

Again, something else I had never seen him to do with another girl. And look, there I was already worrying about what Roger was going to do, again. No wonder he used to call me mother sometimes. This time, I was going to let him settle what he was up to on his own.

Finally the day of the show arrived, and I was with Dominique in a stateroom reserved for the organizers and the band's closest people, which meant that Mary and Veronica were also there, and I took the time to introduce my old friends to my new friend.

"Dom, these are Mary and Veronica," he said as they greeted each other "Freddie's girlfriend and John's girlfriend, respectively."

"Pleasure to meet you," said Miss. Beyrand "be at ease and if you need anything, just ask me."

"Oh, thank you," said Mary, "and by the way, we really wanted to meet you and congratulate you."

"Congratulate me, for what?" Dominique didn't understand.

"What you did with Roger was something that everyone wanted to do" Austin explained, laughing. "We feel avenged."

"Oh my God, that?" Dominique joined in with our laughter.

"I hope you don't mind me telling them." I shrugged, slightly embarrassed.

"I confess that later I regretted it a little bit" the assistant said, embarrassed.

"Deep down, in the background, behind all that anger and flirting has a nice guy, isn't it?" Veronica pointed.

"Yes, I think so" Beyrand had to agree.

"Look, I don't know how busy you are during the show, but when you can, come and watch it with us here" I invited.

"Yes, yes, I'll come, Chrissie," she promised me, and went back to her work.

We went to see the boys quickly, Brian and I exchanged our traditional good-luck kiss and we went
back to our place to watch the show begin, right at sunset and last for most of the night. The crowd that packed Hyde Park to see Queen cheered the whole show to the end, without losing their breath. We waited a long time before the crowd dispersed before we saw the boys. We all went home, except Roger, who stayed for a while longer, and the last thing I saw before we left was he talking to Dominique.

Days after the show in Hyde Park, I was visited by a very different Roger from the usual, the poor guy was so downcast he looked like a scarecrow, and the messy light hair and plaid shirt he wore helped keep that look.

"For God's sake, but what happened to you?" I was too scared to see him like that.

"Chrissie" he grabbed my shoulders, deadly serious. "You need to help me."

"All right." I gave him a hug and he went into the house, sat down on the couch, but didn't stop shaking.

"Boy, just say it before I faint!" I said to him, distressed.

"It's just that I-" He took a deep breath. "You know the days we spent in Hyde Park, I talked to Dominique a lot, and seriously, Chrissie, I don't know why, but I always wanted to be around her when we were there, It was so good to hear her talking, you know? With confidence, wit, and the way she laughed when I told her a funny thing, I wanted to talk to her in a quiet place, without any show rush, without being Queen's drummer and being just Rog..."

He paused, his expression pure incantation. I knew what was happening. For now I couldn't judge whether it was good or bad.

"Um and what else?" I asked, feeling calmer now.

"I told her that" Roger sniffed, "that I would take her wherever she wanted to go, but-"

"What Roger?" I was agonized again.

"She said we're just friends, and now she's too busy to go out with anyone like that." He couldn't stand it and started to cry.

I wanted to laugh, but soon I felt sorry for him.

"At least she already considers you a friend." I put a hand on Roger's shoulder.

"Yes, because also, now I realize that I annoyed her too much right?" He turned to me, looking with me with his puffy, red eyes "but I apologized ..."

"Roger" I said as sweetly as possible "don't you realize what's happening to you? Have you ever felt like this before?"

"I ..." he glanced forward, frowning "only when Eileen broke up with me, but that was centuries ago."

"So, you know what it is, come on, admit it out loud that you're going to start feeling better," I asked him, seeing a slight improvement in his shaken state.

"Good Lord!" Roger exclaimed suddenly "I am ... Really ... In love ... with Dominique!"

"Uh huh" I nodded.
"But ... But ... What do I do with this now?" he returned to despair.

"Be sincere!" Brian came out of nowhere, which scared me and Roger a little bit "that was what worked for me."

Bri made a smarty pants face to his best friend, and kissed my cheek to prove the effectiveness of his declaration of love. It was true that it had worked, I married him after all.

"How long have you been listening?" Roger was annoyed.

"Hey, you can't blame me for that, I'm in my house" Brian countered "but seriously Rog, try to do as I said."

"What if she doesn't feel the same as me?" Our friend was very worried.

"Well, you're still be friends," I advised this time, "it hurts, but it's the right thing to do."

"Anyway, Roger, I'm happy for you," Brian commented.

"Are you happy for me?" The drummer sounded angry and confused "but I'm suffering, man ... A lot..."

"I'm glad my best friend finally fell in love with someone" Brian explained, smiling. "It hurts, that's part of it, but it's the best feeling in the world."

As soon as he finished saying that, my husband looked directly at me, making me blush.

"I have an idea Rog" I came back to his dilemma "I can invite Dominique for one of our movie nights, if she comes, then the rest is with you, what do you think?"

"Sounds like a good plan" he sighed "thank you, Chrissie."

"You're welcome." I smiled at him and left the boys chattering to ease the tension of that moment while I made tea.

Although tea was not Roger's thing, the drink would help calm his little heart in love.
Still Complicated Romances

After leaving work on a Thursday afternoon, I drove quietly but with some anxiety to Richard Branson's office. I parked, got off the car, and walked there, trying to look as relaxed and friendly as I could. Friendly? That I could be, Bri and my friends would say yes. Relaxed? I could never get relaxed outside of a family environment, even though I had already come here. The problem was what I had come to do there, which made me nervous. I just put on my best face of "Mrs. May, wife of Queen's guitarist", I went into the reception and found just who I wanted to see.

"Chrissie, hi!" Dominique greeted me, letting out the serious air of the job for a brief moment "is everything okay with you? You brought some complaint from Queen to Mr. Branson?"

"Oh no?" I was scared, already preparing myself for the worse, thinking that the boys had done something bad again.

"I'm kidding, I'm sorry to scare you" she clarified at my state and smiled.

"Well, in that case I'm doing well, we all are" I stolled a bit "I actually came to talk to you."

"With me? That's rare" She turned her attention to me curiously.

"I came to invite you to a meeting at my house, you know?" I relaxed as I explained "we have this tradition of watching movies whenever the boys have a break, and if Queen didn't traumatize you too much, it would be nice if you came."

"Wow, I ... I don't know what to say, thank you for the invitation" Dominique hesitated, but thanked me politely, sincere "there's a long time no one invites me to something like this ..."

'That ain't true, and what about Roger's invitation?' I thought, but then I understood what she meant, paying more attention, I realized she felt alone. And technically I was inviting her to a meeting between friends, while Roger asked her to a date, which was two different things.

"It will be a pleasure to go," she decided at last, "and don't worry, except the way Roger and I started with the wrong foot, the Queen boys are perfect gentlemen."

"With a few exceptions," I said playfully, "look, so I won't disturb you any more, give me your contact number and I'll call you to explain where I live."

"Oh, yes, all right." Dominique took a piece of paper from a notepad that was on the table and wrote it down, handing it to me right away "call me at night, that's when I'm home."

"I will call you" I smiled at her "and thank you for accepting the invitation, Domi."

"You're welcome" she returned. "Bye, Chrissie!"

"Goodbye!" I waved and went out, returning home.

That same night, before I called Dominique, Brian and I got the folks home. While Mary and Freddie were quiet, arguing about one detail or another of their wedding (most of the time it was her trying to stop his most extravagant ideas), John and Veronica were a little tense, which was very unusual for them. They were always quiet, but the same thing was worrying them, I was almost sure. I offered camomile tea to the bassist and his beloved in an attempt to calm them down, since I wasn't in the right to ask them directly if they were all right. It was obvious they were not well, but if they didn't
want to tell, I would respect that. Veronica and John were grateful for the tea, and they were drinking, still worried.

I nudged Brian back into the living room and sat next to him, tried to make a gesture that didn't catch everyone's attention, to follow me. My husband came after me at once, understanding what I meant.

"What happened to John?" I asked Bri when we were in the kitchen "did he say anything at the rehearsal? Is it something with Veronica? Because neither is well. Sorry to be curious, I care about them."

"No, I know you're worried," Brian understood. "We are, too, he's like that, quieter than normal for a long time, but one time he'll tell us, just don't press."

"They know they can count on us, don't they?" yet I doubted if at any time they would tell what was bothering them.

"Of course I know." Brian hugged me to the side, laying my head on his chest "If it's between them, they'll come to understand eachother."

"All right" I sighed and agreed not to interfere, and in the meantime, I remembered another problem involving another (supposed) couple "I have to call Dominique."

"Richard Branson's assistant?" Brian was confused "Oh, yeah, you promised Rog that you were going to invite her to spend the night with us, right, but you think she and Roger ... I don't know, does he have any real chance?"

"I don't know, Bri" I shook my head "I think it's in her hands now."

I kissed Brian's cheek before pulling away from him and went to the telephone, which was in the hallway that separated the living room from the dining room.

"Hello? Dominique? It's Chrissie" I smiled as I heard her voice "so can I give you my address now?"

She confirmed and I dictated as she noted.

"Shall we meet next week then?" I waited for Domi's reply.

"Yes, yes, I will be there" she confirmed "Look, will Roger be there, too?"

"Well" her curiosity about the drummer has kept me on alert "why, if I may ask?"

"It's just ..." I felt Dominique's hesitation and embarrassment, she sighed in a nervous smile. "I don't know if I should be telling you, but it's just ... I think he's a nice guy, and what the girls talked about him, I mean the good things, I realized that he really is like that. And there's also ... the way he looked at me after I did those pranks, I thought he was going to want to kill me, but he laughed! No one has ever reacted like this to my pranks, and after that, the way he has given himself to apologize and start over, he cared about my feelings, and when I talk to him ... he looks at me like I'm the only girl in the world. And look, I know it's true, I know how to differentiate womanizers from real love. Maybe he's a ladies man, but he's acting different with me ... Ah ... I don't know Chrissie ... maybe I like him too."

I heard all that confession with a racing heart and a smile at the whole statement, happy for Roger. Even with him himself, whose face appeared right in front of me, making faces, curious to know what exactly I was reacting to.
"So maybe you ..." I tried to hide it so he wouldn't guess what the conversation was about "can come here and talk to him."

"I'll try," Dominique said, "thank you for listening to me, Chrissie."

"Don't worry, I'm here for this" I smiled "bye!"

I turned to Roger after putting the phone back on the hook and placing my hands on my waist.

"You came here and listened to the talk because you heard me talking to Dominique, didn't you?" I raised my eyebrows at him.

"It was her? I knew it!" his anger was quickly replaced by insecurity "did she speak of me? Did she ask about me? Is she coming here?!"

"Ouch!" I let go, with my hands up "Calm down, Taylor. Yes, it was her, she asked if you were going to be here the day she is coming, I said yes, and she said she'll come."

"Anything else?" he begged with puppy eyes.

"Roger, stay calm, it's going to be okay." I tapped him on the shoulder.

"How can you be so sure?" Roger still doubted it.

"I just know!" I smiled, and made my best smarty face.

For every heart Roger had broke, his heart, suffering for true love, could wait a little longer to be rewarded.
Solved Romances

If there was one thing I could always rejoice about was getting the folks at home, we joked around (especially the boys when they decided to tease with each other, but nothing to make them really hurt one another), we would comment on what was going on TV and having a great time, leaving the spotlight on the stage for a moment to be just a group of friends. When I stopped to admire this scene, I started to think about the lonely girl I was in Leeds, and college who thought I would never have friends and now, I had more than that, I had a family. And as with every family, we had family conflicts as well.

While I waited for Brian to arrive from the studio, I was surprised that he came alone with Roger's company.

"Where's Freddie and John?" I asked, since I missed them.

"Freddy went to get Mary and John ..." Roger paused for a moment "stayed behind to talk to Jim Beach, which is very suspect. I doubt that Deaky has made something wrong..."

"Maybe he's solving the problem that bothered him all week," Brian opined. "But you noticed that today he was a little better, he was able to make a joke and everything."

"There's something wrong with John, definitely." Roger folded his arms in a way that wanted to solve this mystery "but changing the subject ...."

Roger slipped close to me, rolled his eyes and Brian was on the defensive, ready to lecture his friend if he bothered me too much.

"How's your cupid job going?" asked the drummer innocently.

"Oh, Roger, calm down" I knew exactly what he was talking about "she'll come, okay? You're more anxious than I usually am because of this ..."

"Another proof that he really does love Dominique" Brian understood, "God help us!"

"Oh, yes, He will." I smiled at Roger for his curiosity. I approached Brian, who leaned over to hear me whispering in his ear.

"Oh ..." Brian exclaimed in surprise and laughed.

"Don't tell anyone!" I pointed to my husband.

"I hate it when you do that." The drummer didn't even bother tormenting me to find out what I'd told Brian and ended up throwing himself on the couch, his favorite seat in my house.

Just then, Freddie and Mary and John and Veronica arrived.

"What did I miss? What did you do with Roger?" Mercury asked when he saw Taylor in that desolate state.

"Just teasing his passionate heart" I said, "I don't need to tell you guys to feel comfortable, right?"

"Chrissie" - Veronica had called me "first of all, me and John wanted to tell you something, it's very serious ..."
"Oh my God! I knew it was something serious" I can't help but despair "sorry, sorry guys, it's better I let you talk."

Brian put a hand around my shoulders, helping me calm down, but the rest of the group was worried too. Roger straightened on the couch, Mary and Freddie sat down and turned their attention to John and Veronica, who stared at us for a moment, creating courage. They grabbed each other's hands.

"Guys, what's happening is that ..." Veronica sobbed, trying to avoid crying "I'm pregnant!"

It was unanimous as everyone left the place to hug her. It was so unexpected, but so beautiful, so wonderful ...

"Guys, guys ..." John tried to call us, but it took a while for us to turn our attention to him "wait, there's more, I didn't finish it. Veronica and I talked a lot about this and we decided to get married and we need to be quick, and for this we need your help. Veronica's parents have already set the date in the church and Jim is going to give us his house for the party ..."

"Looks like everyone wants to get married at Jim's house ..." Freddie said, "but how long do we have to organize everything?"

"By January next year" Veronica said rather nervously, "my parents insisted, and we also think it's best."

"It's nice from Jim to give his home again" Brian smiled, obviously remembering our own wedding "but don't worry, it's all about organizing, we can do it!"

Everyone nodded and agreed in a rush of voices and more hugs and congratulations. In the middle of all that confused celebration, I almost didn't hear the bell. I ran to answer, and if the news of Veronica and John had already made us happy, the evening's visit would make Roger much happier.

"Did I come at a bad time?" Dominique asked, paying attention in the peering into the house and seeing all the noise.

"Not at all, in spite of the mess, I assure you this is all a very good thing," I explained and invited her inside.

"Dominique!" Roger was not a bit discreet - "you came ..."

"Chrissie even came to my work to invite me, so I couldn't undo it," she smiled.

Dom greeted everyone quickly and the prospective parents told her the news.

"Congratulations!" she hugged Veronica "I hope that you continue to be very happy, because I can see that you already are."

"Oh, thank you." John felt embarrassed by the compliment.

"Well, now that we've figured it all out and celebrated, let's go to the movie," Brian said as the host.

We took Ben Hur's session on the BBC, which had started at 9pm. We turned off the light and only the television illuminated the room. I noticed that only I, Brian, John, Veronica, and Mary were paying more attention. Freddie and Roger made their comments while Dominique paid more attention to their conversation. Or rather Roger, with every look they exchanged, I felt the mood between them.
After several slices of pizza, I got up to see if anyone else wanted more. When I came back, and I gave everyone a general look, I noticed that Roger and Dominique were gone. So as not to disturb the session, I turned to Brian and spoke softly:

"Where's Rog? Dominique disappeared, too. Did you see them coming out?" I whispered.

"He motioned for me that he was leaving" Brian answered in the same tone of voice as mine, "she went along with him."

"And you let they go?" I was a little worried

"My love, Roger can be wild at times, but he's an adult," Brian laughed. "Besides, you and I are sure he loves Dominique, he won't do anything to hurt her. And she won't hurt him, from what you told me. Just let them work it out on their own, where's your certainty that everything was going to be all right?

"Yeah, yeah, right," I agreed, wishing the best between those two.

We continued to watch, passed the scene of the wreckage and the adoption of Judah, when I realized that Roger and Dominique had returned. They sat side by side, she laid her head on his chest, one of his hands caressing her back.

"See? We didn't miss the part of the chariot race" I heard Roger whispering to her "it's the only part I like in this movie ..."

"Ben Hur is much more than that, Rog ..." Dominique laughed softly and they turned their attention back to the television.

So when the movie ended, I saw everyone with sleepy faces, a sign that they were ready to go home.

I separated some leftovers of pizza, Mary took the most greasy ones, while Veronica got the healthiest, since I was thinking about the health of the baby.

"Guys, guys!" Roger was the only one who didn't look sleepy "since today is a day of speeches, let me tell you that me and Dominique are officially dating."

It shocked everyone's sleep. Dom kissed his cheek, agreeing with what Roger told us.

"It's nothing new he getting a girlfriend" John teased.

"At last!" shouted Freddie.

"Well ... Good luck Dom ..." Mary shrugged.

"Hey!" Roger protested.

"It's a joke," Austin laughed.

"Finally! It's about time! I couldn't bear to see this boy suffering ... " I confessed.

"Congratulations, man!" Brian said cordially.

And after that memorable night, we could only get some sleep. My family was growing up, soon we would meet baby Deacon and Dominique had joined the gang. Once again, I was looking at new things that made my life happier.
The Deacons' wedding

Knowing the urgency that Veronica and John had to get married, we expedited everything as we could, we arranged documents, invitations for the guests, the church ceremony, everyone's attire, and finally the party at Jim's house. It wasn't easy, but as everyone was engaged, we managed to do it. We spent Christmas, New Year and finally the wedding day arrived in January 1975.

Me and the girls met at home to get the bride ready. Veronica didn't want to be too chic or draw attention, and we all respected her will. The boys got John ready at Freddie's apartment.

"Oh ... I don't even know what to think" the bride got up, ready "I'm happy, and I was just fine after deciding to get married, and now that we're here ... Am I going to do everything right?"

"I know exactly what you're going through" I leaned closer to her and held her shoulders. "But you can get through all this, focus on John and try to ignore the rest, no matter how difficult."

"I'll try," she managed to smile. "Thank you, Chrissie."

Veronica's parents came to pick her up and took her before us, while we kept waiting for the ride of our loved ones.

"Hurry up because we can't let the bride arrive before us" Freddie sprouted at the door and called us in a hurry.

I blinked a little scared, but I got the message a little later. As we were in three couples, the boys were in two cars. Roger and Dominique went with Mary and Freddie and me and Brian went in our car.

"Freddie is ..." I picked out the words before saying, as we were on the way to the church "drawing more attention than the bride."

"Oh yeah" Brian laughed. "He took the jacket from one set, the pants from, and to complete it all, the scarf."

"And don't forget your sunglasses," I added, "but it's just Freddie being Freddie ..."

"But today he extrapolated, we started calling him Angry Lizard 2.0" - my husband laughed a little more.

"Why angry lizard?" I was curious, that story I still didn't know.

"When we met John Reid the first time," Brian recalled, "he was wearing a scaly jacket with dragon wings on the back, I said he looked like an angry lizard, I remembered that today."

"Only you can make that kind of joke" I shook my head "and how's John doing?"

"He's nervous, less than I was at our wedding, but he's very sure of himself, and that's the most important thing."

"You know what, Bri?" I said thoughtful "I think John was already getting ready to proposal, and the baby was just a little push to give him courage, they had loved each other long before that. And loving each other is the main reason to marry."

"You're absolutely right, my love." Brian smiled and took my hand for a moment.
We arrived and saw that the bride was at the door, waiting for everyone to arrive.

"We can't go in without all the maids and best men here" Veronica said.

"Sorry for the delay," Brian apologized for both of us.

"You're really not late," she explained. "I arrived early, but it's better you're going to your places soon."

"Yes, ma'am," I understood the urgency of the situation and obeyed the bride, hurrying into the church.

Everyone was already in position, between the boys and the girls, there was another couple on John's side. Brian and I gave everyone a quick hello and went to our place.

"It's so much easier being a maid of honor" I realized, speaking out loud.

"I have to agree, but going through all this nervousness is worth it." He kissed my cheek and turned his attention to the door, and then we waited for Veronica's entrance.

She stepped in beside her father, slowly and shakily, near us. John began to cry. Roger, who was closer to him, placed a hand on his shoulder in sympathy. Then I looked back at Veronica, who was crying too. That way, I would start crying too soon. The bride arrived at the altar and quickly she tried to wipe his tears and he hers. John received Veronica from her father. The priest asked them to kneel and the bride and groom obeyed. The ceremony then began.

I watched every word, touched and realized how much more formal and traditional that marriage was. Perhaps it was the demand of the Tetzlaffs, Veronica's family. As little as I knew them, I could tell they were traditional, maybe that was one of the reasons she had become a quiet, shy girl.

After the sermon, the priest went to the rings and finally the question that everyone was there for. John and Veronica went back to sobbing when they said yes and this time I cried with them. Their kiss was timid and quick, but so sweet that it made no one doubt how much they loved each other.

They left the church waving to everyone and we went after them. Before we went to the party, we were bombarded by the photographer's flashes. I felt kind of uncomfortable taking a picture, but three years living with Brian, who sometimes stubbornly took pictures of me at ordinary times, made me get used to it. And group photos were more comfortable for me than just me appearing in the photo.

So we all went to the party, and when I got there, I noticed that it was a little bigger than my party and Brian's. We sat down with Roger, Freddie, Dominique and Mary, since Veronica and John's relatives were kind of unfamiliar to us.

"How many people ..." I let slip, but it was more for Brian to hear.

"It seems that both the Deacons and the Tetzlaffs are large families," my husband replied. "We have far fewer relatives, so our party was smaller."

"Um ..." I agreed, distracted.

What comforted my discomfort of being among strangers was being close to my friends. Time passed and John came up to us, bringing two guests I didn't know with him. The man was one of his best men and the girl was younger than us.
"Uh, guys, they insisted a lot to come and meet you, so I hope you don't mind," John explained.
"This is my friend Nigel Bullen, we were from the same band at school, and this is my sister Julie. Julie, Nigel, this is the rest of Queen, Roger, Brian and Freddie."

They exchanged handshakes politely as each of the boys introduced me, Dominique and Mary to John's guests.

"I recognized John on television," Nigel said, "in that video of yours, Killer Queen, isn't it? I barely believed it was the old Deaks on TV."

"Yeah, sounds easy, but we got really hard to get there." Freddie's voice was proud.

"Wouldn't it be possible for you to play something?" Julie asked hopefully.

"Oh no, Julie, maybe our style doesn't please most of the guests, and you also shouldn't give them ideas, they possibly will agree" her brother advised.

"You know John, that song you composed for Veronica, it would be perfect to play now," Roger suggested.

"No, no, no, no," John shook his head. "it's not ready yet, and I'm already doing a lot of exposure of my figure for one day, okay?" I love you guys, but can you give me some time, at least on my wedding day?"

"Cut the drama Deaky, you win" Freddie accepted the truce.

"Thank you," John said sarcastically, but relieved.

After a while, Veronica also came to see us. The poor girl was already tired by all the rush and the baby, and just wanted only a familiar place to rest. John came to sit next to her some time later, and it was there that I saw one of the most beautiful things in my life. The future daddy whispered something to his little unborn baby, that everything he and his mother did was for him, for the family the three of them would soon form.
By that time, after John and Veronica were married and Roger and Dominique were in a surprisingly stable and healthy relationship, Queen already had a significant amount of loyal fans and so EMI wasted no time in ordering a new album for the band.

Freddie was very focused on the next theme that the band would use as inspiration. He could tell that it was something big and different that he had in mind, and his companions embarked on the his ideas. It reached a point where it wasn't possible to define Queen exclusively as a rock band. Rock was what united them and made them born first, but together, each with his own way and personality could create new and creative things inspired by a little of everything they liked. That's how Freddie persuaded the band to use opera in their new recording. Whether they wanted to admit it or not, Brian, John, and Roger also liked opera.

Brian had left that day to talk to EMI producer Ray Foster about Queen's proposal for the new album. He came home alone, I missed the other three, but I knew they were busy.

"How was it?" I asked after greeting him with a kiss.

"They want another hit, but creating a song is not the same as creating an industrialized product" he sighed, a little annoyed.

"Although the music market is an industry" I pondered "but I understand, it's easier to make a bad song that sticks to the head and makes a success than a profound song that everyone likes."

"Do you think our repertoire is profound, Chrissie?" Brian's voice was a mixture of doubt and curiosity.

"Are you kidding? There is a little bit of all of you in everything you write" I explained" including your own experiences and your dramas. Bri, look what you did in '39!"

"It was no big deal, it's just a trip back in time and the consequences of it" my husband was as modest as ever.

"And who else would think of a song about time travel than my sweet astrophysicist?" I turned my head, making charm.

"Maybe my wife liking Jules Verne inspired it too" he said, laughing.

I laughed with him until Brian resumed the conversation.

"We'll record '39 on the next album" he told me.

"Seriously? Wonderful, despite the tears, I love that song" I was happy with the news.

"There's one more thing that was decided on." He scratched the back of his neck, his curls swayed and he sighed. "We're going to go to Wales on a farm with a studio, Foster says it's to avoid any distractions."

"Oh ..." I said, but I was a bit sad, I missed him when he was away "do you know how long we will be there?"

"At least a month" my husband guessed "but you never know ..."
"And when are you going?" I kept asking.

"Next Monday by morning" I saw that he had noticed my sadness "don't worry, Chrissie, I'll be back soon."

"Yeah, I know, I'm just silly" I shrugged.

"You're not silly at all." Brian kissed me quickly. "It's just your concern speaking louder. But don't worry, Roy and Paul will be there to oversee the work and avoid any procrastination. And of course I'll call you whenever I can, okay?"

I was convinced I wouldn't be so bad without him, but that doesn't mean I wouldn't miss him.

We packed Brian's suitcases together, stuffing them with his bell-bottomed jeans, and equally striped and colorful sweaters and socks. I also remembered to put on some warmcoats if the weather in Wales cooled out of nowhere.

On the day of departure, we woke up early, had an enhanced breakfast, and the boys came to pick up their guitarist with a private driver. That little detail made my heart squeeze a little. Three years ago it was Roger who would be driving the van, the van that was sold and that contributed to having a driver now. I tried not to focus on it, the most important thing now was to say goodbye to Brian.

"Good bye, Bri!" I hugged my husband tightly "God bless your trip, call me as soon as you can, I love you! So much!"

"I love you too, Chrissie!" he kissed me goodbye "take care!"

"I will" I promised.

I watched the car drive down the street, taking a deep breath. By now I should get used to it, that was part of Brian's life and also part of my life. I concentrated on summarizing that trip as just a work trip of my husband. I walked back home, there was still plenty to look after.

As if guessing what I was going through, by the way, I think missing our beloved Queen members was something we all felt, Veronica called to see how I was.

"Chrissie, are you all right?" asked Mrs. Deacon, sounding worried.

"I'm fine" I finally smiled at her consideration, "and you? And our baby Deaky?"

"We're fine," she laughed, "but I said it may well be a girl ..."

"No, no." I shook my head. "We all bet it's a boy."

"Based on what?" Veronica laughed.

"Pure instinct" I replied " why do I owe the honor of your illustrious call, if you don't mind me asking?"

"Well, the boys went to Ridge Farm, and both I and Mary and Dom agreed to keep meeting, even without them." Mrs. Deacon was explaining "what do you think?"

"It's a great idea, I thank you for calling me, what time do you want me to show up?" I really loved the idea.

"Uh ... after 8pm I think it's better" Veronica said after a moment's thought "at this time Mary and
Dominique have already left work and will have time to rest for a while."

"It's also a good time for me" I agreed, "so I'll see you later, Mrs. Deacon."

"See you later, Mrs. May" Veronica laughed at my formal joke and hung up.

Spending time with the girls would really help deal with the lack of the boys. On the one hand it was good to have a night of ours to talk things that they wouldn't understand.
I filled up with all kinds of tea that I found at home and some more ingredients to not reach the Deacon's house empty-handed. I left home grateful for the initiative of the girls.
The girls' night

I rang the bell of the Deacon's apartment and waited for Veronica to come, trying to balance the bags I carried. It wasn't long before Mrs. Deacon opened the door.

"Hi!" Veronica greeted me and soon she was surprised by all the bags "so what's all this? You didn't need to bring anything ..."

I took the opportunity to deliver one of the bags to her.

"And abuse your hospitality?" I rebounded and went in "It's not my way."

"And can I know what this is all about?" Veronica crossed her arms, struggling to stay serious while she wanted to laugh.

"I remembered the sponge cake my mother used to make" I explained. "I've never been able to make one as good as hers, but mine can be good. And I wanted to vary our menu a little bit, a different thing from pizza."

"I shouldn't eat so much candy, you also scold me to not eat candy." Deacon reminded me.

"But today I want to make an exception just to spoil our baby Deacon!" I smiled and said in a lively voice, approaching my friend's belly to talk to her son "if you depend on Aunt Chrissie, you will be very spoiled!"

"No, no, this is bullshit" Veronica laughed. "You're so strict with the boys, imagine how you'll be with your nephew, or niece, or ..."

"Or what?" I knew what word she would complete with that phrase "do you wanna know? Let me start soon, so the sponge cake will be ready when Dom and Mary arrive."

I put my hand in the dough, literally, unwrapping everything I had brought, and being comfortable in the kitchen, while Veronica watched some soap opera on TV. Cooking my mother's recipe, and thinking about what Veronica was going to say, I began to think again about motherhood. I hadn't yet been married for a year, however maternal I was, I still didn't feel ready, and besides, there was something else that worried me. Wherever I went, if anyone knew Queen, it meant that they also knew my husband. Thinking about the size of it made me afraid. I had to learn to deal with it before I become a mother, I felt the need for it.

Mary and Dominique arrived as I spread the stuffing through the dough, and, drawn by the sweet scent of freshly out of the oven, they went straight into the kitchen.

"If I'd known you were going to cook, I'd come faster" Mary said, seeing what I was doing.

"Did you stay a little after your time today?" I asked.

"Yeah, you know how hard the work in a store can be sometimes" she said, looking tired.

"Well, it looks like we got a good reward for a busy day." Dominique smiled as she stared at the loaf.

"Here, folks, you can keep the stuffing bowl, until it's ready." I laughed and handed it to them.

The three of them tucked an unceremonious index finger into the bowl, and licked the dough. By the
yummy faces, I knew it was goof, maybe even as good as my mother's. I put the form in the refrigerator, and decided to make tea to accompany. Both me and the girls liked chamomile, it was my favorite, although it didn't always have the expected effect on me. Being anxious and worried were essential parts of me. But that was a night of calm and fun.

"I think I'm going to take some rest now," I sat down, and even stretched out my legs under the coffee table. "I think it was only Veronica who had a quiet day."

"Oh, I miss working sometimes" she said thoughtfully.

"The fatigue is part of it" I said "I know how it is. Running behind the children makes me exhausted."

"Still, I find it easier to deal with children than with certain adults who shouldn't behave like children, but they are real spoiled brats." Dominique referred to her work.

"Moody artists, isn't it?" Veronica deduced "must be really bad."

"A spoiled child you can fix, now an adult is actually a lot worse, especially if he's an artist," Beyrand agreed.

"But a child's temper tantrums are too bad" Mary mused. "I've seen children twisting their mothers' patience in the store. I'm always embarrassed and I try not to pay any attention to it."

"Anyway, if there's one thing we know is about dealing with grown kids," I laughed, reminding myself of the boys, fetching tea and the sponge cake.

"Oh yeah, they give us a hard work but I already miss my ungainly scarecrow ..." Dominique laughed, but daydreamed for a moment.

"Scarecrow?" I also laughed at what she called Roger, but I was pitying "You shouldn't call him that, that's how he looked like before you started dating."

"Really?" Beyrand was shocked.

"The poor guy changed so much because of you that he didn't even look like him." Mary confirmed what I said.

"We still don't know exactly how you got together until now" Veronica insisted.

"It was sudden, you left and suddenly, we were dating" completed Austin.

"Roger always did that, but in your case ..." I smiled, "it was really different and special."

"All right, girls" Dominique narrowed her eyes and folded her arms "I understand you want me to tell you what happened that night."

"Yes!" I, Mary and Veronica shouted at the same time.

"Okay, okay ..." Dominique laughed, "I'll tell you. Well, I think the beginning of this story is when the movie started, and Roger was paying attention to me, I felt him looking at me sideways, and he was talking to Freddie just to disguise. Then he said to me, "Come with me, please," and made those puppy eyes, how could I say no? I just nodded, he whispered to Brian, pointed to the door, and we all left.

"I didn't notice you leaving," I said.
"So," she resumed, "we walked a little in silence, until Roger seated near the fountain in the center of the neighborhood. Then I asked him what he had, he just told me to sit down, and then he started like this "I need to tell you something, if not, I can't live anymore."

"Dramatic as always," commented Mrs. Deacon.

"Right?" Dominique nodded "then I kept my guard up. I won't deny that I was already feeling the same as him, then I "Tell me Roger" and he "I never felt for anyone what I feel for you, I know it sounds sappy but Dominique, I don't know if you feel the same way about me, but I needed to tell you, I ... I fell in love with you, Dom, for real."

"Ow ..." we sigh together.

"Yes, I know, it melted my heart too," Dom commented on our reaction. "He even started crying because of that, so I held his hand so he could stop crying, and I was able to speak "since a little after my pranks I was charmed by you, just for showing me a little of who you really are, so thoughtful, loving, and I confess that the charm helps a little, then Mr. Taylor, did you know I fell in love with you too? And if you want me to be your girlfriend, I'll be very happy."

"You asked him to date then?" Veronica brightened.

"Technically, yes, but that was all he was going to ask for." Dominique shrugged.

"So what? What did he do?" asked Mary.

"He spoke like this" "I don't believe it! Pinch me to see if I'm dreaming" "I took advantage of it and I said it" "I have an idea better than a pinch," "I smiled and kissed him, and I felt so ... " she returned to the passionate face "loved and important ..."

"I'm jaw-dropping!" I admitted "now I believe Roger can truly change."

"But of course he can, I'm officially in charge of putting some sense on him!" Beyrand made a serious face, but then laughed.

And after this real romance story but as sugary as a fairy tale, we continued our conversations, enjoying the sponge cake and the tea. The company of the girls brought me joy and calm, and it was good to know that we were real friends and we could count on each other, especially to share secrets from the heart.
The girls' night had been a tremendous success among us, and even more nights came, since there was no prediction of when the boys would return, so without them, by logic, just us girls would meet. All this coaxing made us wonder what was so special about the songs on the new album and how it would look at the end of it all.

We would go meet in our homes occasionally, a little in the Deacon's apartment, then in Mary and Freddie's apartment, in Dominique's apartment, and in the usual place, the Mays household, my house.

We were watching Carry on Cleo this time when the phone rang. I got up to answer and couldn't contain my smile at the voice of my sweet astrophysicist.

"Am I disturbing you, Chrissie? I just could called you now ..." He sounded tired.

"You? Never" I answered the way he always told me when I found him busy "but tell me, how is everything there, and the boys? And the recordings?"

"Well ..." my husband laughed at my enthusiasm "we're fine, I just scratched my knee earlier playing tennis, it burned a little, but I've already taken care of it. But the boys ... Freddie was a bit upset and thoughtful, but I think it's because of the album, he has this idea of opera in his head and ... I don't think he even knows what he wants, we're experimenting. John talks a lot about the baby and Roger ...

At that, Brian started to laugh without stopping, which confused me.

"My love, you have to tell me what it was to make me understand why you're laughing like that," I said, and Brian calmed down a bit.

"Is Dominique there?" For a moment I thought Brian was stolling "call her, she needs ..."

There was a hissing and screaming and finally a very angry Roger on the other end of the line.

"Don't do that, Chrissie!" he asked, still annoyed with Brian "I won't let Brian mock me to my girlfriend."

That way, I even thought I'd better tell Dominique the reason for all this dissension.

"Okay, so tell me what's going on because Brian won't be able to, by the way." I found a way to calm Taylor down.

"I wrote a song about a car, but it's a metaphor, they don't understand that it's not to be taken literally," Roger explained patiently.

"Okay, but what's the name of the song?" - I was curious.

"I'm in love with my car," he replied proudly.

I really tried not to laugh, but I couldn't.

"I can't believe you're doing this to me, Chrissie," Roger said irritably again. "You're a real May, you don't understand anything about metaphor like the giant poodle here."
"Hey!" I heard Brian complain in the background and I kept laughing.

The girls came to me.

"What's going to make you laugh so hard?" asked Veronica.

"Oh ..." I sighed as I stopped laughing, feeling my stomach hurt "just our boys being boys."

"Are you still there, Chrissie?" Brian returned to the phone.

"Yes, Bri, me and the girls." I looked at them.

"John and Freddie are in line to talk to Veronica and Mary, Dom will have to wait for Roger to calm down" my husband explained - so I'm going to have to say goodbye now, bye, take care, I love you, a lot!"

"I love you too Bri" I smiles. "Try not to kill each other."

"What happened?" Mary asked this time, more curious than worried.

"Um ... Just Roger being angry about a song" I said "take it, maybe Freddie tells you more, oh and Veronica, John will talk to you later."

I passed the phone to Mary and the three of us returned to the living room.

"I know, they didn't like his music, right?" Dom guessed "I confess that Rog has some problems of composition and temperament."

"And how do you deal it? In all those years, I try to count to ten when he does drama" I confessed.

"I leave him talking alone until he realizes he has no reason to be angry," Beyrand shrugged. "Or if I don't do it, I'll do the same thing, I'll just talk to him again after he calms down."

"Well, maybe in that case, they deserve a discount," Veronica suggested, "they're working under pressure and have to make an extraordinary album for the record company to be satisfied with."

"Yeah, you're right" I agreed.

Doing something under pressure, even something you loved to do, could make anyone nervous, especially when it came to four musicians so different from each other.

"Veronica?" Mary called, indicating that it was her turn to use the telephone.

Mrs. Deacon then went to talk to her husband.

"Oh, Freddie is tired in a way that I almost never see," Mary told him. "He's trying so hard that I think there's another success coming..."

"I hope so" Dominique wished "it will be the reward for staying isolated for so long."

"Yeah ..." I tried to agree but disagreed in part.

"Oh, I know that tone of voice" Austin worried about me "what is it, Chrissie?"

"Well, you know, we're girlfriends and wives of Queen members, and they're getting so famous" I tried to vent, "and ... What does that make us? Has any unpleasant situation ever happened to you? I
mean, the broker who sold us this house, almost recognized Brian, and we were both embarrassed by it."

"I know what you mean," Mary replied. "Sometimes it's surreal to accompany the boys on a show, to see them being cheered, and the next day to be a simple shop attendant again.

"This is different with me" Dominique opined. "Sometimes artists and other malicious assistants find me either self-interested or proficient at dating someone from the media I met at work, but I know how it all really happened, that Roger and I love truly each other, not for our profession, but for who we are as people."

"Yeah, I feel that way too" I said as Veronica came back into the room "I mean, we know them for real, who they are more than musicians."

"And that's why they're our boys" Mrs. Deacon got the point "we got to see behind the bassist, or guitarist, or drummer, or vocalist. And we have to understand that they are Queen too. It sounded confusing, but did you understand?"

The three of us nodded.

"We just have to have understanding and patience," Mary summed up.

"Understanding and patience" I repeated, feeling a little comfort "for our love for them."

"That's it!" Dominique nodded with a smile.

The phone interrupted us again and when I answered, I saw it was Roger. I apologized to him for laughing at his song and I handed the phone to Dominique. I went back into the room trying to focus on the movie, but my thoughts went elsewhere. As long as I remembered that Brian loved me and was my dear husband, I was sure it would be all right.
An epic poem

After a few more Queen Girls' encounters, as me and the girls started joking and calling us, but we ended up liking it, we finally found out on which day the boys would come back. Brian warned me as soon as they left Ridge Farm, it would be a long and tiring trip, which would last a whole day and a little, but what motivated them was to be able to go home and finish the hard work for A Night at the Opera.

Before any meeting with the EMI producers, Queen members headed straight home on arrival in London, bureaucracies and decisions about the album would wait until the following week.

I was in the kitchen when I heard a familiar voice calling my name. My heart pounded and I stopped what I was doing to go to Brian.

"My love!" I screamed and hugged him.

He undid the hug to kiss me, a long kiss, to make it for the long time we were apart.

"I can't believe I'm home again!" Bri started to laugh, glancing around the house, as if to check if everything was still the same way he left.

"And how did it go? You finished recording everything?" I asked as he carefully guarded the Red Special back to her place.

"It was a real …" Brian frowned, trying to find the right word "survival test, I guess? No, it's too dramatic, anyway, it was difficult, but we did it and now just wait for the release, let's see what the audience will find. Now I have to ask you something."

"What?" I was curious.

"Is that the smell of your mother's sponge cake?" Brian asked, half surprised "the one you never wanted to do because you did not think it would be good?"

"Actually, I did it one day when I and the girls met" I confessed, "and they approved and today I made it to celebrate you returning home!"

"Really?" I didn't know why, but my motive for cooking made Brian blush "you ..."

"Me what? I didn't do anything wrong, did I?" I was very alert with what he was thinking.

"Every time you think of me and take care of me like that ..." he smiled and touched my face "makes me fall in love with you even more."

"You make me very embarrassed, you know, Brian Harold May?" I answered laughing and we exchanged another kiss.

I finished the sponge cake and we ate together, he telling me the details of the recording, how Roger in a childish and pitiful way got his nonsense song to be on the B side of Freddie's epic poem (which elicited some good laughter from me) and how it went difficult to record such an epic poem. I told him how nice it was to meet the girls. It was wonderful to have my beloved husband back home!

Returning to our work routine, which was relieved by the nights we spent together, we chose one of them so we Queen Girls could hear some of the songs from A Night at the Opera, four of them, each
one written by one of the boys.

We started with "'39," I thought it was perfect with Brian singing, but as always when the boys got together, they were able to leave something good even better, and I was glad they respected Brian's initial vision of being just a country song.

I noticed John blushing like an embarrassed teenager when we heard "You're my best friend," because Freddie and Roger started calling him cute because he made this song for Veronica. Mrs. Deacon, in turn, reacted differently.

"John ..." she was almost crying, "is this how you see me? It's so ... It's beautiful, thank you!"

"But it's true ..." Deaky declared as if that answer were obvious.

But of course it was, even their baby agreed, when he started kicking his mother's belly when "You're my best friend" started playing.

The boys assured is that Freddie's song was the best of them all, and he even suggested dropping it to the end, which made the next song the infamous and deranged "I'm in love with my car." As I listened to the lyrics, my curiosity made me look at Roger and Dominique. She looked at her boyfriend like he was the biggest lunatic in the world, while he made that face of "Ah, there's a bit of sense on it!"

When the music stopped playing, I ended up laughing, and consequently everyone except the wise Dominique, who knew very well what her boyfriend was like.

"My love" she told Roger sweetly and patiently, "what exactly did you mean by this song?"

"Well, I ..." Rog made a face that he thought it had some prank on his girlfriend's question "it's about someone in love with a car, but it also fits someone in love with a girl, it's a metaphor, you know?"

"But there's a passage that says" Say my girl I have to forget her" " Dominique continued in her analysis"That would be a kind of cheating, wouldn't it? If the car represents a girl. But if it's really a literal car, sorry, but it's weird to fall in love with a car like you would fall in love with a person."

Miss Beyrand's explanation made Roger very confused.

"Dom, the song is good, okay? Why don't you just admit it?" He folded his arms for his irritation "or if you don't like it, say it!"

"Hey, I liked the arrangements, the rhythm you put in." Dominique remained patient, approached her boyfriend, holding his face, forcing him to look at her "Just answer me one thing, if you had to choose between me and the car of this song, who would you choose?"

We were in silence and expectation after Dom threw that bomb. I looked at Roger and it was obvious he was dying inside.

"But of course it's you, Dom!" he said, and to be sure, he kissed her with some exaggeration.

"I told you to make normal love songs like everyone else" Brian commented as they parted.

"Leave me alone, Brian!" Roger tossed the nearest cushion toward my husband.

"But that's not a bad idea, my love ..." Dominique pouted. "I can charge you later."

"I'll put it on my list, okay?" Roger suggested.
"I'm kidding" Dom smiled and kissed his cheek. "I know you love me more than the car."

We laughed again at "I'm in love with my car" and got ready to listen to "Bohemian Rhapsody". In the first moments, I started to shiver with the vocal harmonies of the boys, and then in the part of the ballad, I was moved by the narrative of the poor boy who had killed someone, Freddie sang expressing the fear and the anguish, giving the impression that the person of the song was someone innocent and scared. Brian's solo at the Red Special made me smile, associating the sound with the love of my life, and then came the surprise. The operatic section! It was amazing what these four managed to do with their voice and over re-recordings, if O didn't know I would say they have a choir singing with them. And in the last part of the song, everyone shook their heads and kicked their feet involuntarily. Then the song ended with the gong and I felt I had a unique experience.

After praising, commenting and clapping, I declared:

"You created a masterpiece!" I exclaimed.

I always knew, ever since I saw John, Roger, Freddie and Brian playing together, how talented and creative they were, but for me, Bohemian Rhapsody brought them to the pinnacle of their talent.
The success

I had just gotten home from work, lying on the sofa in the living room to try to recover my energy when I heard Brian open the door with some anger. I sat down slowly, getting ready for the worst.

"Where are you coming from, Bri?" I looked at him, confirming my suspicion of him being angry and tried to deduce the reason "and what happened?"

"Ray Foster said he won't release "Bohemian Rhapsody" as a single!" He put a hand on his forehead and sighed "everyone decided we wanted Bo Rhap, but he preferred "I'm in love with my car"!"

"Oh no, now I understand why you're angry, and rightly so!" I shook myself a little at what Brian told me.

"But that's not all that happened" Bri said, calming down a bit. "We canceled the contract and ... Freddie broke the window of Foster's office throwing a brick!"

"What?" I don't know whether I should laugh or get worried "and how are things now?"

"John and Jim decided that we ourselves will release the album on our own" he didn't seem so sure of the decision "let's see what happens."

"We can only have hope" I tried to remain optimistic.

Freddie got Kenny Everett to release "Bohemian Rhapsody" on the radio, playing it almost uninterruptedly for several days. Criticism massacred the song, but the public had a quite opposite opinion. Bo Rhap has become one of the country's most revered songs for weeks.

This had happened to "Killer Queen", but with "Bohemian Rhapsody" was different, who liked it, was because people felt the same as I did when I first heard it. And like that, if there was anyone commenting on music, Bo Rhap was in the middle of it. You could heard the humming of "Mama, oo oo ooh", "Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, Figaro, Magnifico ..." and "Nothing really matters to me ...". Seeing all this repercussion, I realized that people didn't associate the song directly with Brian, John and Roger, but with Queen and Freddie.

That was until I see some students at school analyzing "Bohemian Rhapsody" and why it was so good. I listened to a student defending the guitar solos with all the strength, how important they were, which made me smile with pride of Brian. That was until she started describing my husband, his full name, his age, how he'd created the Red Special, and seeing how much she knew scared me a little. But this scare was no match for situations that were yet to come.

It was a Saturday morning when Brian and I were shopping for the month in the neighborhood market, no one ever recognized him there as Queen's guitarist, just as Mr. May, or Bri, famous there only for his big curly hair. We were in the hallway deciding what to bring when I heard a buzz on the other side.

"It's him, he is!" I'm sure ... " I heard someone say with enthusiasm.

"No, it can't be ..." another voice answered and I saw a movement around us "oh my God! It's him!"

And after that two boys came to meet my husband, excited, but holding on so they wouldn't be intrusive.
"Sorry, but you're Brian May, aren't you?" one of them asked as I pulled away.

"That's me" Brian tried to contain his embarrassment and just smiled sympathetically.

"Please, can you give us an autograph?" they asked and then threw a piece of paper and a pen into my husband's face.

He gave another unsightly smile and signed, while the boys filled him and Queen with praise.

"Thanks!" they said, and as soon as they appeared, they left.

"That was ..." murmured Brian and saw that he was looking for me.

I was kind of hidden behind a shelf.

"Yeah ..." I bit my lip, not knowing what to say.

"Um ... Unbelievable? Are you all right, Chrissie?" he asked.

"Yeah" I nodded several times "I just didn't know what to do, but they were polite and respectful, that's good ..."

"Yeah ..." Brian tried not to bother about what had happened and went shopping again.

I've tried to follow his example. In the following weeks, A Night at the Opera continued to gain prominence on television and in the magazines as well, which made the boys do countless photo shoots and interviews. Accompanying all this made me tired and worried.

It was customary for us to get magazines and newspapers that did stories about Queen, and of course I read everything, even though I knew that much of what the media perceived about them was what they inferred from what the boys showed.

It was then that I came across a story that almost killed me. It had the title of "Lucky girls: look who you wanted to be!" Only for this title I know that I shouldn't take it seriously, but as I read it, I became angry and heartbroken.

The writer told the reader about me, Mary, Dominique, and Veronica. There wasn't a lot of personal information about us, thank Gof, but it had some unfortunate and unfair descriptions. Mary was described as "a princess, with her perfect blonde hair, blue eyes, slim silhouette, and pale skin that matched the Queen's leader, but knew where her place was and didn't dazzle him." Veronica was "simple and discreet, as was the band's bass player, who could well be replaced by someone more talkative." Dominique was "the beauty who had managed to conquer Roger Taylor at the moment, as beautiful as he, but no one even knew until when this romance would last." And I ... Well, I "was very bland and more like a scared little bugger by the side of the cool Brian May, having nothing to do with him."

Without realizing it, I began to cry. I closed the magazine angrily, throwing it against the wall. I didn't want Brian to see me like that or even why I was like that. I took a deep breath, washed my face, and feeling the cold temperature of my wedding ring on my cheek, I remembered that no matter what others thought, Brian loved me, just as I was. Remembering his speech at our wedding day soothed me a little.

Queen kept busy with the A Night at the Opera release shows, and I noticed that they were a lot more crowded than they used to be 3, 4 years ago. Arriving at the venue was the easy part, as the boys were going a lot earlier to hit all the details, but to leave, it had become a real marathon with
obstacles. Fans squeezed and ran over each other in the chance to talk to Freddie or get an autograph from one of the four. It was in such a tumult that I was scared.

I was hanging out with Brian hand in hand, past the crowd of fans contained by barriers, but somehow a fan came too close, and in the attempt to get close to Queen's guitarist pushed me. I stumbled, but I didn't fall because Brian still held my hand. I don't know how, because everything happened so fast, but I realized that the same fan grabbed my husband's shoulder and made a rip at his jacket.

Brian pulled me closer to him, hugging me, we were both scared.

"Are you okay?" he asked softly.

I just nodded, and I hugged him even harder. When we got home, I noticed an ugly scratch on Brian's shoulder.

"That fan could do that?" I asked, startled.

"It could only be her" he moaned in pain, "it's burning a little.

"Wait, I'll patch it up" I offered, worried.

I wiped the wound carefully and passed a balm, both me and him in silence, too frightened by what had happened, that we didn't even know what words to use to describe what we were feeling.

I was happy for the boys, for their music so criticized by some, to be so loved by others, but still, all those bad situations that happened because of Queen's fame, caused a terrible bad condition in me.
Confessions

After these unfortunate occasions, I couldn't avoid getting screwed. In a slow but shocking way, I felt sad, scared and shaken. To think that every time I went to a show or was involved with something that was related to Queen made me a target of nasty criticism or completely disrespected or ignored, made me want to avoid participating in this part of the boys' lives.

Going to the studio was Queen's safest activity for me at the time and they weren't recording now, which meant they were busy with interviews and shows. I even listened to some interviews, but being in the presence of the media, I remembered the bad things, that they judged without mercy or pity, without caring that they were talking about a human being with real feelings.

I began to refuse when Brian asked me to go with him to the television or radio. When he asked why, I said I was busy with school projects, which was true, but not the real reason I didn't want to go.

"You're not overworked, are you?" asked my husband, after so many refusals with the same excuse.

"No, no, of course not." I managed to smile at his concern for me. "I'm only occupied in a good part of my time, that's all."

"Just that?" He raised an eyebrow, still wanting to confirm that I was all right.

"Yes!" I smiled, and I sighed, feeling embarrassed, and putting a lock of hair behind my ear "don't care so much about it, okay? It's all work."

"Okay," I managed to persuade him, at least for the moment.

And then I started to leave the shows earlier. At the first chords of God Save the Queen, which the boys always played to close their performances, O would leave our cabin, use the emergency exits to get out of the place where we were, take a cab and go home.

The first time I did this, Brian was too surprised.

"Is everything okay, my love?" he asked softly as I laid still.

"I didn't feel well and I thought I'd better come home" I improvised another tattered excuse.

"Are you feeling anything?" Brian continued to worry.

"No, no ..." I denied "I think it was just tiredness."

"I understood, so rest, we'll talk tomorrow." He kissed my forehead and left me a little alone.

I wanted to scream, hug him, ask not to leave me alone, but I didn't want to bother him. I drifted off to sleep, and the next day I continued my old routine. Thank God what was still a part of it was our home meetings, which always made me happy and made me forget all the problems and worries.

And it was my favorite reminder that the Queen members were not what the media were talking about them, they were normal people, wonderful men, members of my family. As well as the girls who, even without me saying anything, started giving me tighter hugs and telling funny stories much more often.

"No, I confess I laughed," Dominique said to all of us about seeing the clip of "I'm in love with my
"When I went to see why she was laughing so hard, I didn't believe it" Roger made his disappointment clear.

"But ..." Beyrand started to laugh again "when you imagine a car instead of a girlfriend ... For example, how do you open the car door for her to leave, if your girlfriend is the car itself? Is it going to go hand in hand with the car leaning against its hood? Won't you need someone else to drive? Isn't this person be the third wheel?"

"You're going to mock me for the rest of my life, eh?" Roger asked the group "you know what, you can laugh guys, I understand that you don't understand my logic, I'm already used to it..."

And Roger's phrase made everyone laugh, even himself.

However, even though I still had these happy and relaxed moments, my fear and anguish never disappeared completely. I kept leaving the shows early and avoiding interviews. At times, I even avoided seeing Brian composing new songs.

In one of my late-breaking escapades, Jim Beach stepped in before my escape started.

"I'm sorry to ask, I know I may sound curious, but believe me, it's just concern," he reasoned. "Is everything okay, Chrissie? Is there anything I can do?"

"I'm just tired, Mr. Beach" I gave my usual answer and my timid smile "tell Brian I'm fine, I just had to go early, please."

"Okay." He realized I was in a hurry and let me go.

Realizing that my husband had come home, before Brian came to ask what I had, I pretended to be asleep. When I felt him hug me as he lay down beside me, it made me want to cry, but I held it. I didn't want to tell him what was happening, it would be like blaming him for my sadness, as if his dream had brought my nightmares to life.

And I kept fleeing and pretending to sleep, giving the excuse of work and weariness, until Brian noticed how much I was missing when it came to something related to Queen. So it was one night, after we said goodbye to everyone in another meeting in our house, that I had to face what I feared most.

"Chrissie, come here, please." Brian called me into the living room, as gently as possible, but very serious, which made me afraid.

I approached slowly and shakily, sitting next to him on the couch, but I couldn't look him in the eye. Something I always did that always made me feel so safe and loved, and my fear made me unable to do it.

"Please, don't be afraid." Brian now used the tone of voice he would use with a child. "I just want to understand what's happening to you. You haven't been well for some time, and I don't know why you don't want to tell me. Did I do something wrong?"

"No, no ..." and when I saw I had already burst into tears "for God's sake, don't blame yourself for my sadness, you're not to blame for anything Bri, you're wonderful! It's just ... I don't want to tell you why I'm sad because I'm going to hurt you and I'll never want to hurt you ...

"Wait, but if I'm so wonderful, why would I give you a reason to hurt me?" His voice altered a little,
which frightened me again.

I only cried as he stared at me, not knowing what to do.

"Chrissie, stop crying," Brian tried, but even though he wasn't rough, his words hurt "stop crying ..."

I couldn't, that made me want to run and lock myself in my room. It was then that my husband hugged me, so tight, but so gentle, stroking my head.

"Calm down, calm down," he murmured. "Sorry for what I did, I don't know what it was, but I'm sorry ..."

I felt my breathing return to normal, my heart slowed, and I was able to look at him again. His gaze was filled with love, understanding, and concern. Brian brought a hand to my face, afraid that I would reject his touch or break. I took his hand and carried it to my face.

"Can you tell me now?" he asked quietly.

I nodded, wiping the tears and my nose, I took a deep breath.

"Don't get me wrong for what I'm going to say, just ..." I hesitated, closing my eyes "just put yourself in my place, okay?"

"I understand" he sighed, ready to hear me.

"Brian, I love you, with all my heart," I said honestly, "and if you ask yourself why it's because you're like me, you understand my way, you're intelligent, kind, thoughtful, beautiful! None of this has anything to do with being a guitar player, being a guitar player is part of who you are, but I didn't fall in love with you because you were a musician. But I also love your musical talents, it fills me with pride the recognition you and the boys are receiving, because it's your dream, and you deserve it, for who you are and for working hard for it. The problem is that ... Being successful professional artists made you famous, and with fame, I passed ... For difficult situations, that I never imagined to pass, that traumatized me. So sometimes I think that if ... You weren't a famous band, we would have a life a little more normal, with which I would be happy. It's just that wanting this is the same thing as asking the boys, and you to give up on your dreams because of me and that's wrong and selfish. That's what I was thinking, since when you were hospitalized, and I didn't want to say it because it would hurt you and the boys too much."

Brian was silent for a moment, but then gave me another hug, just gave me a space to look at him, but his arms were still around me.

"You didn't think anything wrong," he said calmly, his eyes fixed on mine. "Me and the boys also screwed up with this fame story, and I'm also very upset about certain things that happen because of it, but I'm starting, right at the beginning, to deal with all this, to understand that since I want to be Queen's guitarist, I'll also have to accept the criticism and the nonsense fans. And it's good that you said whu you fell in love with me, for who I really am, and not just for who people think is Queen's guitarist.

"You forgive me?" I still felt guilty "because I also know that I have to understand this side of your life, that I will have to put aside the fears to be the wife of Queen's guitarist."

"How can I forgive you if you haven't done anything wrong, my love?" He smiled. "In a way, I've already thought about what you thought. Just let's learn to deal with it together, without hiding anything from each other anymore. Promise?"
"I promise" I managed to smile back "thanks for understanding Bri ... How I love you for it!"

"Don't forget I love you too, Chrissie ..." Brian pouted into my head. "Come on, let's get some rest, shall we?"

"Okay." I stood up slowly, letting the relief brought by the conversation soothe me.

We lay down and soon fell asleep. Even so, every adrenaline in the conversation made me wake up in the middle of the night, but I was calm. I left the room, climbed the attic stairs slowly, and looked up at the sky through the window. There were almost no stars, but the full moon shone, strong and beautiful. Kind of dull, I stared at that immensity over me.

"God?" I started a prayer, a little uncertain "uh ... It's Chrissie Mullen ... Chrissie May ... I always thank you for putting Brian in my life, but today I want to thank you even more. Sometimes I don't think I deserve it, but ... I think if the boys formed the band, it's because it was Your plan for them, so help me to help them, to support, to care, to not bother with the bad things, and to continue being a good wife to Brian, no matter what is his work, because I love him too much ... Amen."

I returned to the room with my heart completely relieved. Before I lay down carefully, I glanced at my husband, sleeping soundly, and once again I felt grateful that I was his wife.
A new job

I had a quiet night's sleep, as I hadn't had in a long time. It was as if I were literally pulling a weight off my back, more than on the back, and heavier to carry, the weight was in my heart. And now I felt light, without guilt, ready to see everything in a different way, but without forgetting the essential, that never changed. My love for the boys and how they truly were.

Brian had already woken up when I went down to the kitchen. The scent of breakfast made my stomach rumble.

"Look, if it's not the girl of my dreams who just came to brighten my day." Brian came up to me and gave me a kiss that helped me finish waking up completely. "Good morning, Mrs. May."

"Good Morning?" I hesitated, laughing, a little confused with all that exaggeration "to which I owe all this?"

"You're my wife and I love you," he gave me another kiss, "enough reason for me."

"I love you, too" I smiled.

We sat down to eat, and from what Brian told me, he would have a quiet, restful day, which he would spend at home.

"And what do you intend to do with all this free time?" I asked.

"I ... I'll try to read every book of The Chronicles of Narnia," he said thoughtfully. "I haven't read it for a while, the last I read was The Horse and His Boy on the US tour while we were on the road."

"It's my favorite one!" I reminded him.

"I know, why do you think I chose it to read?" Brian made his smart face.

"Oh, stop!" I laughed, but then I felt moved "don't stop really ... Thank you for everything, for yesterday's talk, for the good morning, for breakfast ..."

"No problem," my husband smiled. "Now that we've laughed and we're well fed, I need to tell you something serious, it's actually something I thought of today, but ... So, in my humble opinion, it's a good idea, and I would love it if you agreed, but it's up to you to decide, and I'll respect whatever you choose."

"You and your way of explaining things ..." I sighed in delight, putting a hand on my chin, ready to pay attention.

"I wanted you to be my personal assistant, as an advisor, you know?" he said, half embarrassed.

"Assistant, me?" I was puzzled at first "but ... Don't you have Paul already? I don't know if I could, I ..."

"I know, but Paul can be kinda ... invasive sometimes, you know?" Bri continued "there are things, certain things about my work that I don't totally trust in him."

"I already noticed that," I said.

"So now you, my sweet Chrissie" he appealed to the charm and I laughed "you know me very well,
you know what I like and I don't like it, you would know to circumvent a situation where Paul insisted that I participate even if I didn't want to."

"Bri" I looked right at him, knowing what was his point "we talked yesterday about not having more secrets with each other, so if I can ask, tell me the real reason you offer me the job."

"Oh man, my darling, you got me ..." he laughed nervously "alright, alright, I'll be honest. I want to be close to you, protect you from everything that has made you sad, and show everyone the wonderful wife I have, right by my side."

"You can't be real ..." I almost cried again, but this time for joy "but ... what would I do? I have no training to be a rockstar's assistant, I can barely talk to strangers ..."

"But you have an incredible gift for dealing with people," my husband remarked. "You're kind, intelligent, polite, understanding, and you're one of the few people who can talk some sense on Freddie and Roger."

"I know, but still, if I meet people who ... won't be so polite to me?" I thought of that possibility.

"Do you know the steadiness of having harder students?" Brian spoke in a language that I understood very well "or the understanding with students who have the most difficulty? And the patience and perseverance to continue teaching until the student learns?"

"I know, I know." I smiled and sighed, pausing to think for a moment.

I missed Brian and the boys a lot when they were away, I somehow followed their career with the recordings and the shows, and after all, I felt that I was ready to face the spotlight and take the stance I always thought I should have. Besides, if I had any questions, you could ask Dominique, or Mr. Reid or Mr. Beach.

"So?" Brian asked, patient but curious.

"I think your teacher metaphors worked, my love," I finally conceded, "where I sign the contract, Mr. May?"

"I ... I think everything will be ready by tomorrow" he warned.

"You already have talked to Reid? Oh ... Brian Harold May ..." I laughed "you didn't even know if I would accept it."

"I figured it had an 80% chance," he shrugged, "but Chrissie, thank you."

"Thank you, Bri." I smiled back.

So I speeded up things at school and started getting ready for my new job. I loved being a teacher, but I understood that it was time to leave the profession, to be ready to face new challenges brought by the great changes in my life.

Another great change, one of the good and so unusual and impossible, that made me very happy happened to Roger. After one of the meetings with the manager and the lawyer of the band, that thanks to my new job was part of my routine, the drummer called me for a particular conversation.

"Go ahead Bri, then meet you," I warned my husband.

"See if you don't tease her, Roger" Brian laughed as he pulled away from us.
"What is it?" I asked worriedly.

"Chrissie, I can't wait any longer, I have to do something, and it can't get past today!" he said urgently.

"I hope it's not something crazy, huh?" I rebuked, already expecting the worst.

"Yeah, well, if it was me six, seven years ago, I'd think I was crazy, but I thought, and I thought so much, and that's it! It's her, and I have to do what every decent man does when that time comes.

"Boy, stop talking in code and explain to me at once what it is! I lost my patience, much curiosity and worry were inside me.

Roger sighed to return to calm, gave one of his mischievous smiles, but now he was a little happier than usual, leaned down and told in my ear what it was.

I almost fainted, I wanted to scream and jump, but I just almost killed Roger with no air in a tight hug.

"Chrissie, Chrissie, Chrissie!" He patted me so I could let him go "you can let me go now, okay?"

"I'm sorry, this is a real miracle!" I laughed "you really changed!"

"You hurt me saying that" He held up his hands. "But you're right, Mother. So, shall we put the plan into practice?"

"Only if it's now!" I agreed cheerfully, going out with Roger.

Brian looked at us confused, not liking our movement.

"I never thought I'd ask that, but what are you up to, Chrissie?" my husband asked.

"Um ... Roger asked for my help to pick a gift for Dominique" I told him part of the story "I'm going with him now, okay?"

"All right." Bri kissed me and said goodbye.

So I went to Roger's apartment to get the gift, which he had already saved for a while.
Roger's plan

When I entered Roger's apartment, where he had moved about two years ago, I was surprised at how clean and tidy the place was, much different from the apartment in which he lived when I first met him.

I waited for him in the small living room, there was a picture frame on the coffee table, which showed a photo of Dominique and Roger after a show, Brian had taken that picture, I remembered the occasion well. Looking at the photo made me smile.

Roger didn't take pictures with his girlfriends, maybe one or two with Jo because they dated for quite some time, but all the others, I don't think he dated them long enough to take photos. It was another sign that he truly loved Dominique. Another thing between their relationship is that he didn't want to invite her to live with him. I think he understood that they still needed the space to get to know each other better, and that decision helped them to have a more mature relationship. They looked like two kids when they were together, and yet they had a solid and responsible dating. She always scolded him when necessary and he always rejoiced her in the hardest moments. And for all that, I was happy with the decision Roger had made.

"I almost didn't find it" he finally appeared, "how am I?"

"In love" I chuckled, "I think this meeting outfit is formal enough."

"So, we've wasted enough time already." He left the apartment in a hurry, and I ran to not be left behind.

Roger drove to Richard Branson's office, where Dominique still worked. We got out of the car and he stopped a little, staring at the entrance of the place. I could almost guess what he was thinking.

"You can do it" I said encouragingly.

"Yeah, yeah" he rubbed his hands together, concentrating.

I let him go ahead and followed him a little further back. We found the reception a bit crowded, and no sign of Dominique.

"Let's wait a little, she must be busy" I told Roger, since he was nervous.

"There's no chance she left now, right? Because she barely gets out of here during work hours ..." he started to wonder if everything would go wrong "I'll go after her."

"No, Roger, she's working, if you do it, maybe you'll mess her work up, just be patient to wait for her to show up, okay?" I tried to be a little firmer, but understanding.

Roger just nodded and fumbled inside his jacket pocket, as if to make sure his gift was still there. After a few moments Dominique appeared, so intent on reading the papers in her hand that she didn't notice us at first. Only when he went to talk to some people to authorized their entry to Mr. Branson's office that she noticed us.

"But what a pleasant surprise!" She came to us with a pleasant smile.

Roger stood up, bending to kiss her lips, but she turned away.
"Sorry, my love, but not here, work place, okay?" She sounded a little regretful "Look, Rog, Chrissie, the day is quite busy, so sorry for the rush, but speak quickly what you need to talk to me."

"In fact, Roger came to say something very important" I saw that he couldn't say anything, by the way, I doubted if he had planned what to say.

"Marry me?" he breathed in the heat of emotion, as if he had no time to lose.

"What?" Dominique was frightened and didn't know how to react, she was hyperventilating.

"I know it's kind of stupid, I'm stupid at times, but I really want to marry you, because ..." Roger managed to elaborate. "I love you, that's it, I love you Dominique, and I want you to be a part of my life every day. Please, I know I don't deserve you, but say yes, say yes ..."

Dominique was still speechless, she started to laugh and cry at the same time.

"Mr. Taylor, you did something that I never thought anyone would do to me" she managed to recover "it may have been sudden, but this is the best proposal because it was you who did with all your Roger style."

"Yeah, I know, I know," he nodded, his adrenaline pounding, "but is it yes or no?"

"Yes, yes." She grinned. "I want to marry you too."

Dominique approached to kiss him and Roger hesitated on purpose.

"What about the rule of not showing affection in the workplace?" he teased.

"I think for this moment we can make an exception, don't you think?" she suggested in the same joking tone.

"I totally agree." Roger smirked, and they kissed, which clawed at the unexpected audience that the reception people had formed.

"Did something happen?" Mr. Branson himself came to check what it was all about.

"Nothing, nothing, Mr. Branson" Dominique was having trouble getting back to composure "I just got engaged!"

Roger had been so flustered that he had only now remembered to put the ring on his fiancée's finger.

"I hope you don't forget our wedding day," she teased.

"Never, ever." Roger looked at her, totally delighted. "See you later?"

"Sure." Dominique kissed her fiancé and gave me a good-bye.

She didn't know how she would be able to concentrate on work the rest of the day after that surprise.

After the mission was accomplished, the bride and groom once told everyone about their engagement when we were all gathered at home.

"I can't believe it, I can't believe it," Brian murmured, then laughed. "He's going to get married! Roger ... Our Roger ..."

"And with the prankster girl," added John, "no offense Dominique, by the way, I wish you luck and
you keep putting him on the line because we sometimes don't even know what to do."

"I always thought you were too out of his league, Domi, but if you said yes ..." Freddie joked.

"What is this guys?!" Roger was outraged "no one is going to give me a normal congratulations, huh?"

"All right, I'll tell you" Mary saved the situation "you want to get married, that's admirable."

"Thank you!" said Taylor with emphasis.

"Take care of Domi, okay? She deserves the best, huh! " Veronica recommended.

"I know he's going to take care of me, he already does that." The bride smiled at her friend and then at the groom. "I know you'll be a great husband."

"If you need help and advice for that, you can ask Brian" I said softly, embarrassed, but they all listened.

My husband rewarded me for it with a kiss on the cheek.

"Chrissie, you can't take away the attention of tonight's couple!" Freddie pointed out.

"It wasn't my intention, I'm sorry," I laughed uneasily.

It was really a relief to see how much Roger had grown up, he was like a brother to me, and to see that he was so happy, also made me happy. Not to mention Dominique, who came from France and had no one in London and had found a family in us and was now about to start her own family.
Meeting Bobby

It was late afternoon on a Wednesday, Brian and I were watching Doctor Who replays on TV when the phone rang. Brian was ready to answer, but he made a request.

"Tell me what happened next." He didn't take his eyes off the television screen until he could no longer look.

He really loved Doctor Who and didn't lose any detail just to see if his theories about the show were right.

"What?" I heard Bri surprised on the phone "really? Oh my God! No, no, I'm going to tell Chrissie, we're leaving."

Without any goodbye or other farewell, he ended the call.

"Chrissie, get ready quick!" he asked me, excited and in a hurry "Veronica went into labor. John called me from the hospital, everyone's going to meet them there."

"Okay, okay," I got up, and then I got excited too.

While I was getting ready, I couldn't contain the emotion that had arisen. I remembered the day John and Veronica broke the news, they were so nervous and scared, and as time went on, they began to get used to the idea and to be anxious about the day when they would meet their little boy.

Besides being happy for them, I always liked children, and sometimes I wondered what it would be like to be aunt, since thinking about being a mother still frightened me. For now, I was happy to help take care of our little new family member.

We got in the car and Brian drove in a hurry as the traffic allowed, but very carefully.

"Do you believe I'm nervous?" my husband confessed "I'm not sure why, maybe it's the concern, but it will be all right ..."

"Of course it will" I smiled "if there is someone who can handle a situation like this is John and Veronica."

"Yeah, John always has his head in calm, but still, controlling the emotion is almost impossible" Brian said.

"No one needs to control the emotion at a time like this, it must be so ..." I had no words to express.

Brian and I were doing this same exercise in putting ourselves in the shoes of Veronica and John, and unintentionally raised the question of when we would have our own children. I still didn't feel totally comfortable with the idea, pondered so many things that I thought I still had to change in my life, and how I would raise a child. As much as a little part inside me began to wish this, another larger part reminded me of everything that still worried me.

I was distracted in my thoughts, but I noticed Brian watching me. We exchanged a look, it was as if we were discussing the matter again. And I noticed Brian reluctantly didn't insist on talking about it.

"Let's find out firsthand in a moment." He ended up completing my sentence, giving a shy smile.

I turned on the car radio to distract my thoughts again, and until we got to the hospital, Bohemian
Rhapsody played among the other songs, which made us smile.

We quickly went looking for John, he was in the waiting room, Freddie and Roger talked to him, and Mary and Dominique among themselves.

"Here it is who were missing!" Roger joked when he saw us.

"Yeah, sorry about the delay" Brian said "how's Veronica, John?"

"It's been almost an hour since she came in, but they said just now it's all right, that it usually takes a while, but she and the baby are fine" John explained and then sighed.

"It'll be all right" I assured him once more.

Deaky was holding up expectantly, but it was clear he was worried. Everyone was, in fact, I think this was the first time we had been in such a situation, so it was all very new and confusing, I just know that in the end, we would be happy, crying, laughing and hugging, and wanting to hug the baby. I know, it sounded exaggerated, but that was just the way our group was.

Shortly after, a nurse came and called John. He followed her, and began to linger.

"What is it now?" I asked myself out loud.

Brian just pulled me closer to him, as he always did when I was worried.

"That waiting is killing me, too," he murmured, "it's too bad not to tell us what's going on."

"Is that a negative thought, Brian?" Freddie questioned "I can't believe you guys are being like this."

"It's just that ..." I hesitated, "we have no idea what's going on."

"I tell you what's going on" Freddie looked right at me "baby Deaky is coming, and he can not wait to meet his uncles and aunts."

"I thought you couldn't see yourself as an uncle, Freddie" Dominique said.

"At first the idea seemed a little strange to me, but then I remembered that one day Kash could have children too, so your children would be my training," Mercury summed up.

"Calm down, it's a bit early for that" Roger defended himself.

"Maybe for you, but for another couple ..." I understood Freddie's hint.

"Guys!" I couldn't take it "can you change the subject?"

As if by a miracle to save me from my embarrassment, John finally came back.

"Hey, you troublemakers" he approached, sensing a tension between us "come and meet my son."

We then filled Veronica's bedroom, Roger and Freddie were the first to approach the baby, as well as two curious children. Me, Brian, Mary, and Dom stared at the little Deacon in the distance.

"Look, Robert" Veronica murmured to the baby "this is the Queen part of the family.

We smiled to hear as she described us. Little Robert was awake, he had his mother's blue eyes, and he generally resembled Veronica more than John. He looked at us curiously, as if trying to figure out
who that whole people was.

"Robert? Are you really going to call baby Deaky Robert?" Freddie made that objection.

"It's his name, Freddie" John rolled his eyes. "Or did you think you'd call him baby Deaky forever?"

"No, of course not," Mercury denied, "if we call you two Deaky, it'll confuse everyone. It's that Robert is too annoying! And an adult's name, look at him, he's just a little baby, so small, he deserves a nickname consistent with that, so to me, he's Bobby, Bobby Deacon."

"Yeah, Bobby's not that bad," Veronica finally said, "I thought you'd come up with a worse name."

"Even you, honey?" John sounded incredulous, but his wife just laughed.

"I would never give a bad nickname to someone as precious as Bobby," Freddie said.

"All right then," John agreed, already accustomed to his friend's manner.

We took turns picking up the baby, and when it came to my turn, I confess that I died in fear. He was so fragile and I had to be so careful. I made a lot of effort to balance Bobby in my arms, not moving abruptly.

"Hi, Bobby" I was delighted "it's Aunt Chrissie, the one who filled your mother with sponge cake and scolded her for taking care of you. It's good to meet you ..."

Brian stared at me as I talked to the baby, but he didn't look at me like I was crazy. It was that old, passionate look that always embarrassed me.

"I wish I had brought my camera to take a picture of this moment ..." Brian explained.

"Well, after Bobby goes home, we can take a picture like this," I suggested.

My husband smiled, agreeing with me. We stayed a little longer, so we said goodbye to the Deacons, letting them rest a little.
A few days later, Veronica and Bobby were released to go home and we took turns visiting the baby again because we couldn't get enough of him, he quickly became our little guy. When it came time for me and Brian to visit Bobby and his parents, we found the little one in his sleep, who had finally come to his mother's relief.

"I confess this is one of the most difficult parts" Veronica told us, sounding tired. "He does not always sleep all night, and even John can't wake up to calm him down."

"It's not my fault for having a heavy sleep" Daddy said "and he calms down a lot quicker with you."

"It's not true, John, he prefers your lap to mine most of the time" the bassist's wife countered.

"Only to be able to pull my hair" said John.

"Maybe it's Bobby's way to say it's time for Daddy to use a new haircut" Mrs. Deacon folded his arms.

"Ah, but you liked me like that when you first met me." John smiled a little.

"And I love the owner of the hair even more, not because of the hair, do you understand, Johnny?" Veronica said in the same tone.

Brian and I were following that discussion as if we were following a ping pong game, watching the ball move. He then looked at me like saying "you're never going to tell me to cut my hair, right?", In which I replied "no way, I love your curls".

"Well, then we'll decide this, we're leaving the visitors speechless" John laughed at us "we're going to be adults again for a change, since the child in the house is asleep."

"True" Veronica agreed, "so Chrissie you're now your husband's assistant, what do you think of the job?"

"A little difficult" I confessed, "but it's gratifying, because I'm seeing I can do it, you know. I didn't think I was capable for it, it's just that, I'm surprised I succeeded." 

"You despise yourself too, you know that, Mrs. May?" John smiled at me "you can always find a solution in the most difficult hours, and do it without realizing it."

"Really?" I was embarrassed by the compliment "well, thank you for noticing and ... I'm glad to be able to help."

"You just have to learn to accept our help when you need to" Mrs. Deacon added "You know your escapades after the shows? I was holding on to not asking you what the rush was, but I wasn't going to pressure you, I was only going to make you even worse, so I was relieved to see you better lately, Chrissie."

"You figured it out, right?" I sighed, but I felt calm in the presence of my friends "I don't know if you ever feel that way, I think you already had, bothered by Queen's fame, or what the media talks about the band ..."

"Oh sure." John folded his arms and nodded. "But you know what, Chrissie? I don't care about any
of this! Because in everyday life, who I really am, when I'm with Veronica or with you, that's what matters to me. I can't see myself as what people say. I myself can't see me as a rock star, nor do I look like that. I'm just John Deacon, the bass player, doing my job, playing with my friends because that's what I love to do. And that's how I'm dealing with all of this."

"It's what I've learned in those years, too," Brian agreed "as much as I'm still surprised at being recognized on the street, or having to autograph things people ask for, that's still the good part, the bad part, if through it hurts, you try to ignore, and when you focus on what is important, at work, whom you love, it doesn't bother you that much."

"That's true." I smiled at him, and Brian put an arm around my shoulders "we can never forget that."

"Yeah, we're still Veronica Deacon, teacher, and Chrissie May, the assistant," Veronica reaffirmed, while my heart was relieved and grateful that I wasn't the only one to be surprised at the consequences of success.

The following months were agitated by Roger and Dominique's wedding planning. He wanted something big and remarkable, but he didn't have the patience to settle all the details, since she was accustomed to the impatient way that her fiance had sometimes, plus her incredible ability to organize and improvise with unexpected accidents, Dominique took care of everything like a professional, but also showing that she was a very excited bride and happy to be planning her own wedding.

Another thing that needed to be organized was the songs for Queen's new album, which meant that the boys struggled once more to compose. And I, as always, was delighted to admire Brian composing. This time, it seemed like he wanted to get over his own songs, or maybe it was just because he was inspired by various inspirations he had encountered in such different things as genocide, inconsequential young people, road trips and even a cute tribute to the Japanese fans.

Recording a new album meant accompanying Queen in the studios, which was something I always liked to do, and watching them work, my memories led me back to the times when they used a studio at dawn, because it was the only time that they had, that their savings allowed them to pay. And look where we were now ... those moments filled me with pride and satisfaction.

There was one song in particular that thrilled me to see it come to life in the studio. The boys were very serious when it came to remixing the final version of a song, especially when it was a song of their own making.

Inside each one's head, they knew exactly how the music would be made, but until it got there, taking it from the plane of ideas and bringing it to the real plane, they had to go a long way, which usually caused friction here and there, but in the end, the boys could make a deal.

Watching them record the back vocals to "Somebody to Love" from so close up caused me shivers. It was amazing to hear the lyrical part of "Bohemian Rhapsody", but seeing those same live voices, even in another song, brought a different feel. Something special about Queen is that they always expressed in the extreme what they sang, and for me that's exactly what the fans liked about them.

When Freddie sang the main part of the song, I felt the despair, the worry, the loneliness. He still didn't fully share his feelings with us, but by the content of the song, it was as if his quest for approval was constant. And I felt that was it.

I ended up being a cry baby one more time and crying as the boys sang. I didn't feel more like the song described, but I had felt alone before in my life, and now I felt loved. I think the tears were of gratitude for finding this love.
At the end of the session, Brian came running to see what I had.

"Is everything okay, Chrissie?" He wiped my tears with the tips of his thumbs as he held my face.

"Yes, just ..." I managed to smile "I was moved by the lyrics, I ... I found somebody to love."

"And me too, you" he gave me a hug, making me lean my head against his chest "I love you."

"I love you, Brian" I said softly, so that only he could hear.

Before the boys start calling us sweethearts and sappu, we got separated, after all, we still had work to do.
The Taylors' wedding

We awoke a little earlier on that Saturday in April 1976, extremely excited and anxious about the evening's events. After breakfast, I left Brian reviewing his schedule of the ceremony as I reread my old copy of "A Study in Scarlet" straight from my teenage years. And so, even busy and concentrated, we silently kept each other company.

Roger had made a point of not having a traditional wedding, but even so, he wanted to have the main elements of the ceremony, to please his bride. Dominique, like most of the girls, dreamed about her wedding day, and for a time, she even believed it wouldn't happen, and now that she had found the man of her life, she just wanted everything to go well.

The most romantic idea the groom had was to hold the ceremony in Hyde Park, the place where he and his beloved had met. Even though they didn't get along so well in the beginning, the place had a special significance for Dominique and Roger. A daytime ceremony would draw the attention of unwanted onlookers and especially the nonsense fans, so the wedding would be held at night, in a more secluded spot in the park.

Another unusual thing was Roger dismissing a religious minister or a squire, choosing Brian to conduct the ceremony. The idea caught my husband by surprise, but soon after he thought it would be cool. Better than being a best man, Brian would make sure his rebellious, stubborn best friend was actually getting married.

Dominique only recommended that Brian's words be solemn and romantic. My husband attended to this request of the bride, and now on the morning of the great day, put the last details in his speech.

"Yeah, I guess that's it," Brian said after reading and rereading his writings "can you take a look, Chrissie?" I want to know what you think ..."

"Sure, my love." I set my book aside and took his notes.

I squeezed my eyes out to read that little, run-of-the-mill letter, the terror of any teacher, but since I was well trained in it, and I knew Brian's handwriting well, I was able to decipher what he meant. I smiled in some parts and laughed in others. But in the end, I was moved. Yeah, I couldn't forget to bring a handkerchief because at the time of the ceremony I was sure to cry.

"It's so ..." I made a suspense on purpose, "you!" And I loved how you wrote about Roger and Domi."

"Isn't it too formal?" Brian still had doubt "because I know Rog wants a more relaxed thing, but for God's sake, it's a wedding, it has to be serious, it's a lifelong commitment and I can't do it in a sculptural way."

"You're right, Bri" I laughed a little bit at the way he stood up to defend his writing "and for me it's perfectly balanced, you'll be able to please them both."

"That's what I expect," he finally relaxed.

At 19:30, we were all on the spot marked, the sky was almost totally dark and the stars were the perfect ornament for the night. There was a white carpet for Dominique's entrance, along the way, lighted torches were positioned, chairs lined up on either side of the carpet, a small table where Brian would speak to the bride and groom and a flowery portal above him.
Roger's parents, Winifred and Michael were already there, along with his sister, Clare. We had met the Taylors a few days before.

It was still half an hour before the appointed time of the ceremony, but Roger began to be anxious without a sign of his bride.

"Do you think she's okay?" he asked me, worried, "did you even talk to her today? How was she? No sign of she quitting, right?"

John laughed at his friend's state, while I, Mary and Veronica were moved, Freddie was incredulous in the face of such desperation, Brian just smirked discreetly.

"She's not going anywhere, Rog, I assure you" I told the groom with conviction "she really loves you, and I expect you to love her forever in the same way."

"I will, of course I will" Roger promised me, overflowing with sincerity.

Noticing how much he was sure of what he was doing warmed my heart. To relieve the tension of the groom and our waiting, Dominique arrived, alone, but confident and dazzling, as she always was, and on her lips she carried a smile that couldn't be contained.

I took a quick look at Roger, he was delighted, struggling to believe that Dominique was real.

"Go get her," I whispered to him, afraid he'd forget.

Roger nodded, and walked over to her with steady, determined steps. I saw them exchanging a quick hi, but he was so moved that he ended up kissing the bride ahead of time.

"Rog, this is for the end!" Freddie shouted at him, which made the guests laugh.

The bride and groom then resumed their walk to the altar.

"Well ..." Brian gave a nervous smile, getting ready to start "Good evening everyone" I speak in the name of Roger and Dominique that it's a pleasure to receive you at this time and in this place to see these these two of our friends, whom we love so much, to unite in marriage. You must be wondering why get married in Hyde Park. Well, this place is where the love of Dominique and Roger was born, in an unusual way, I confess, involving firecrackers and chewing gum, but here we are. There would be no better place to celebrate this union. Roger Taylor, Roger Meddows Taylor, my old friend, who always gave me a headache but never denied me his friendship when I needed it, today you make the choice to make Dominique your wife, whom you will love and care forever?"

"Yes!" Roger answered loud and clear.

"Dominique Beyrand" resumed Brian "the sensible and wise Domi, the prankster girl, our heartfelt sister, today you make the choice to make Roger your husband, whom you will love and care forever?"

"Yes." She looked at Roger.

"By this," Brian said again, "showing that you really do become spouses of each other, I ask you to declare your love to each other at this moment. Dominique, you can go first."

"Roger ..." she sighed "I thought you were a complete jerk when I met you, but good thing I saw your true, caring, sensitive self that makes me believe that I'm the only girl in the world for you. And since we've been together, that feeling has never gone away, because it's true. I love you with all my
heart, even being so silly sometimes, and I promise to continue loving you."

We clapped our hands at Dominique’s words, and I had to get the handkerchief to wipe away the tears that had already appeared.

"Roger, your turn" Brian continued.

"Dominique, I never thought I’d meet someone like you" Taylor’s voice was full of emotion! because you’re so unique, so special, like no one I’ve met before. I don’t know if you think I’m made for you, but I’m sure you were made for me, because without you I would be lost, and because of you, I strive to be better, to be up to you every day. Thank you so much for choosing me to be your husband, it's a privilege! Je t'aime!"

"Je t'aime Rog ..." sighed Dominique in reply.

I cried a little more because of Roger saying "I love you" in his beloved's mother language. That was very beautiful!

"Well, on account of the power vested in me temporarily by Her Majesty's government, I declare Roger and Dominique married!" said Brian excited "Now it's time to kiss the bride, Rog!"

And that’s what he did without waiting a second longer. It was such a slow kiss, but so sincere that it made the guests cheer on their feet. Along with the kiss, fireworks lit the sky above us, another exaggeration of the groom for the wedding.

"Wow!" Dominique laughed in surprise at the fireworks.

"I did what you did the day we met" Roger explained "but my little firecrackers are of a different kind."

"You are impossible!" She shook her head.

Roger wrapped his wife in his arms, to admire the fireworks a little more, before Mr. and Mrs. Taylor would continue to celebrate at the party that would soon follow in their new home.
Before a big trip

The first party that was held at the Taylors House in Surrey was to commemorate the wedding of its owners. This time, unlike the last wedding we were all together, the boys made a point of playing some of our favorite Queen songs, which were not necessarily the most famous.

Before joining his bandmates, John handed Bobby over to Veronica, which made the little boy cry, wanting to be right where he was. But when his father and his friends began to play, Robert was glazed over the music, paying attention to every vibration that the instruments produced together, even giving some cute giggles during some parts of the songs. When John saw that, he smiled back at his son.

Everything remained familiarly friendly until the boys suggested Roger play "I'm in love in my car". Dominique's husband was so excited that he didn't realize that Brian, Freddie and John's request was pure joke. Dominique was sitting with me and the girls when she recognized the first notes of the freaking car song.

"Excuse me, I'll be right back" she warned us and we started laughing, already knowing the reason why she left the table.

In the distance, I noticed her whispering in Roger's ear, he grimaced, but understood the message, saying something to the boys and soon the four began playing "Modern Times Rock'n'Roll."

"Still, this song doesn't make me regret having married him" she confessed to us when Mrs. Taylor returned to the table.

After the wedding, the boys continued working, finishing the new album, which was called "A Day at the Races". My favorite songs of it were "Long Away", "You and I", "Good Old Fashioned Lover Boy" and of course the thrilling "Somebody to Love".

John Reid had an unusual idea to promote the album. We would go to a racetrack in one of the events to publicize "A Day at the Races", see a race exclusively with the right to special seats. A hippodrome was another place I never imagined I would be some day. I always thought it was a place for rich people and mainly snob, who went there to spend their time and spend their almost endless money with bets. But when I was told that we were going to watch a race and everything, I had to change my mind about it.

Watching a horse race for a few people, but even then, an existing minority, was to follow something they loved, just like other sports fans watched a match, or how I vibrated in front of the TV with each new episode of Doctor Who. Maybe comparing television with sports was very messy, but in my head, the feeling of following something that was loved was the same. So it was with that thought that I felt better to attend the event.

I was simple but elegant, my best blouse, my best skirt, my low shoes, and one of my cardigans to complete. Brian and I shared the mirror in the room checking our picture. He wore the black blazer set with white details on its lapels and dark trousers, his hair was full and bulky as ever, but there was a little different detail in his appearance. Brian had grown a beard, I suspected that it was to avoid being recognized on the street, although the strategy wasn't always affective, but I never asked why. I didn't care, he was beautiful to me anyway.

We all met at the racetrack, except Veronica and Robert since the little baby had been agitated for the past few days and she thought it best to stay home. We got ready to see the race, and even against
my advice, the boys bet, and everyone on the same horse, which was bad because he lost the race getting in the fourth place.

In the end, I ended up enjoying that different day, which, even though it was a day at work, ended up being a lot of fun. I started to enjoy my job, not just for Brian’s company, but for the boys, but because I saw that I could handle things, I was able to get around the events, and communicate very well, when the print and the media addressed me, which was surprising. I was proud of myself.

And I needed even more confidence that I was able to do my job when we received the proposal of Queen to be one of the attractions of the Brazilian music festival called Rock in Rio. I found it a nice initiative to do a festival like this, providing fans of such a distant place to have contact with their favorite artists. The problem was that I didn’t know much about Brazil, and I didn’t even imagine that Queen had Brazilian fans, it was impressive the reach that the boys’ music had.

But then, concentrating on doing my best, I began to study more about the country, its culture and especially its language. I wanted to be sure that we would be able to communicate if any unforeseen events occurred. I was in the queue of John Reid to know what he had planned for the routine of the boys in the days that we would be in Rio de Janeiro.

I was copying and revising the schedules Reid had gave me in a corner in his office when I felt someone watching me. It could only have been someone very sneaky. If it was one of the boys, I would have recognized it without even looking at it, because by then I knew John, Roger, Freddie and especially Brian very well. So that’s why I knew it wasn’t one of the four.

"I didn’t know you were here, Chrissie" said Paul Prenter, scaring me a little, confirming my suspicion of who was watching to me.

"I'm leaving, I'm just finishing up here" I said politely, avoiding talking to Paul because I didn't trust him too much.

"The trip to Rio, right?" He looked at my papers without my permission. "Are you going along?"

"Yes," I confirmed, not believing he was asking me this, since accompanying the boys was part of my job.

"But it's so far, and you've never left the UK, I don't think you should go" he gave his opinion without me asking.

"Care to say why?" I was losing my temper, but he seemed to amuse himself with my question.

"Oh, you don't have experiences with international travel, the only thing you did before that was teaching, and there’s no children here.” Prenter used a sarcastic tone of voice as he spoke. "Look, everyone knows Brian gave you this employment for pity…"

Part of me wanted to cry, but I was more outraged than hurt, so I took courage to respond it.

"I know my limitations very well, Mr. Prenter, but I know that I can overcome them, and I have succeeded" I looked serious and angry at him not letting his height a little higher than mine intimidating me "If I remember correctly you're not my boss, John Reid could very well fire me, even without the consent of Brian, but I think that for doing a good job, this won't happen, you will have to put up with my company, whether you want to or not!"

Paul looked at me incredulously and mockingly, but I kept my eyes fixed on him. Before the assistant said anything else, Brian arrived just in time. The look he exchanged with me silently asked if I was okay.
"Chrissie, are you done?" my husband asked me, instinctively pulling me closer to him "I was waiting for you to leave."

"Yes, I'm done for today" I continued, staring at Paul.

"Look Paul." Brian turned to him without hesitation, realizing that I was agitated by Prenter "I know you did something that upset my wife, you do not even ned to pretend to didn't it, I hope it doesn't happen again, understand?"

"I understand." Paul cringed, knowing it was stupid to argue with one of the band members.

I went out with Brian in silence, grateful that I had been able to impose myself and he had defended me. We would talk about it later, now worrying about the trip to Brazil was more important.
In Rio de Janeiro

Brian waited until we got in the car to ask what had happened.

"Paul was only tormenting me for nothing." I shook my head. "I'm not supposed to go to Rio, I'm just a teacher and ..."

"And what?" He noticed I hesitated "Chrissie, don't hide anything, please."

"He said you offered me the assistant job for pitying me ..." I felt my sadness increase as I said it aloud.

"Oh that ..." Brian restrained himself "I never liked Paul, I mean, after knowing who he really is. Don't believe him, my love."

My husband made sure to look right at me when he said that.

"No, I don't believe it, Bri" I assured him "I know you saw me able to help you, so we worked together."

"And because I love you and I want to see you always well" he added, which made me smile and comforted me.

I didn't need to be saddened by Prenter's attacks when I knew Brian loved me.

So, in the following days, we prepared for the great trip to Brazil. I started practicing speaking Portuguese by myself, but soon Brian showed interest and then we started to study together. When packing, we exchanged the warmer clothes of typical British people who lived in England in a mild climate for lighter clothes and fresh as we were going to the so-called tropical country.

On the day of our departure, I found it strange to say goodbye to the girls. I've always been in their shoes, and now the roles have been reversed.

"Can we have a meeting of the Queen Girls even with one of them missing?" Mary asked, playfully, but a little sad.

"Of course you can, then I'll be back soon" I said. "Besides, don't you feel less worried with one of us taking care of the boys?"

"We're not children, Mrs. May and we're right here listening to everything "objected Freddie.

"I know you're not, but you may well behave like children" I laughed a little. "Am I wrong?"

"Don't make me answer" Mercury shrugged "I can't lie to you."

"See? That's a good reason to go" I ended that conversation by giving myself contentment.

Me and the boys said goodbye to Veronica, Dominique and Mary. I climbed the plane steps next to Brian. Even leaning on him, I felt a chill in my belly. For the typical fear of flying, and also for the challenges and expectations of being in a different country for the first time.

I sat down in front of Brian, and spent the trip reading, alternating between my research on Brazil and my good old books. I saw my husband smiled at me reading "Prince Caspian."
"That's your favorite, isn't it?" I gave a smile "that's why I'm reading it."

I don't know exactly what I did, but what I said made me win a kiss from my beloved. I touched his shoulder, as if asking to separate us.

"You're going to make the boys sad like that" I explained. "The girls aren't here with them."

"Oh, sorry, I'll control myself," Brian apologized, blushing.

He left me for a moment, to spend time with our friends playing Scrabble, something they did a lot when they were on tour. After a few matches, he came back and, without my noticing, took a picture of me as I was reading.

"Brian!" I complained, but he laughed.

"What? I couldn't miss this, you were beautiful and perfect!" he shrugged.

I just shook my head and laughed. We slept in the hours that followed, and by the time we got to our final destination, we were rested enough to start the marathon of our stay until show time.

Brian and the boys got off the plane first, I hesitated a bit, taking a deep breath, stepping on each step. My husband noticed that I was a little behind, he made sure to wait for me and took my hand. I smiled, thankful for that.

After we settled in the hotel, Brian insisted that we take a trip to see the place.

"You know it's reputed to be dangerous here, don't you?" I tried to say no to him.

"But we've come this far, and it's so different here, and it's the first time you travel with us, what's the point of coming so far just to stay at the hotel, huh?" Brian made his face that convinced me of everything.

"No, don't do that face ..." I tried to be angry, but I couldn't "you have a show to do at night, you should rest!"

"I will, I will, I promise my sweet lady" he approached me with a silly grin on his face "only after we take a walk! It's going to be fast, I promise, we'll be back in time for me to rest, you can trust me."

And ending his sentence, he gave me a kiss on the cheek to complete his persuasion.

"Oh Brian ..." I put a hand on my forehead, I sighed and smiled "okay!"

"Thank you" I got another kiss on the other cheek "I love you!"

I laughed again as he pulled me by the hand, making me go for his unexpected walk. Of course there were security guards accompanying us, and we found fans on the way, I was glad they were polite, and some even knew who I was and gave me a hello. That surprised me. When the hunger hit, it made me want to taste a local food called pastel. I grimaced at the amount of oil and fat, but the taste of the cheese and the way the stuffing melted in my mouth made me forget if it was healthy or not. For a moment, my husband was charmed by some birds flying over here and there, they had such vivid colors that they also caught my eye.

As promised, Bri returned in time to sleep for a few hours and get ready for the show. At night, in the City of Rock, where Rock in Rio took place, in the special box, I was next to Mr. Reid, Mr. Beach and unfortunately, Paul Prenter, who to my relief began to ignore me completely.
I vibrated with every song Queen performed that night, remembering the times I saw them performing in smaller venues. While I was there enjoying their songs, I felt like a regular fan, but seeing that I wasn't the only one there singing along with thousands of people, I saw the impact that their sincere and hard work had on the lives of so many other people as well.

By the time the boys introduced "Love of my Life," it was beautiful and exciting to hear the entire arena singing, including myself. It was one of my favorite songs from "A Night at the Opera", and at the same time it made me sad. It was as if Freddie begged Mary to never leave him. Another moment that startled me was when the audience started yelling Brian's name in the middle of his solo. It was scary, as everyone knew him, but soon the sensible part in me told me that it was recognition, merit of my husband's talents. And then I finally smiled at the reaction of the audience to Brian playing, very proud of my beloved.
We spent a few more days in Brazil, for three more nights, when the boys performed once more in Rio and twice in São Paulo. At the end of our stay, I ended up enjoying the place, although I didn't adapt to the heat. Between summer and winter, I preferred a thousand times the cold, which was a good excuse to stay at home, since even with all the change in my routine, I still didn't like to go out much.

John and Roger were anxious to get back home, Deaky always asked Veronica if Bobby, in the time we were away, learned to walk or talk, and Taylor, being the sappy he'd always been, hung on the telephone with his wife, describing to Dominique every detail of her that he missed.

Freddie ... I know something was bothering him, for sure. I couldn't tell if it was homesickness, or concern for technical details of the show, but what really started to worry me was his disappearances shortly after the performances. He said goodbye to us as we went out together to one place and he went to another, completely different. Brian told me that he used to do this on tour sometimes. Even so, with that explanation, I didn't stop worrying. Freddie was facing something, and again, he wouldn't tell us.

However, when we returned to England, he came back a little to be as he used to be, sarcastic, irreverent and committed to work. The boys continued with "A Day at the Races" shows in London, and began working on the songs on the next album.

One day while Brian was composing, I went out to take a look at the backyard quickly. There were some flowers growing randomly in a little corner, which attracted bees and butterflies. I approached the flowerbed, taking a closer look at the flowers when I came across something very unpleasant.

What I saw ended up causing an unexpected cry in me, and when I found myself, I couldn't control myself. "My God, what's wrong with me?" I thought in silence. Paying attention to the noises from inside the house, I noticed that Brian had stopped playing, and shortly after, he was standing next to me.

"What is it?! he asked worriedly, holding my hands.

My voice didn't come out when I tried to speak, so I guided him by the hand to what I had seen. It was a small yellow butterfly, when I had seen it, it was flapping its wings very slowly, as if it were giving its last breath. So it didn't move, and I didn't dare touch it to see if ...

"Yeah, it's dead," Brian said carefully.

"The poor thing didn't deserve this ..." I breathed, "why did iyy have to go like this, all of a sudden?"

I looked back at Brian and saw that my husband was confused and frightened by my reaction. Bri just gave me a hug, and when he looked at me, not sure what to say, I saw that he was formulating an idea.

"You want ..." He hesitated, half trying to convince himself of his own idea "to bury it? Maybe it helps to deal with the grieving process ..."

"Yeah, yeah ..." I was starting to calm down.

I couldn't do it, Brian did it, at least I could watch, his long, delicate forefinger took the butterfly off the floor, and left it in the palm of his hand. I had the courage to dig a hole with my bare hands,
Brian laid it down, and I covered it. I looked deeply into the unusual tomb, and then I felt the sadness passing by, realizing that the butterfly's time had come to an end because it was its time to go.

After going through this mourning crisis, I had another strange sensation. The next few days had cooled, but while everyone was wearing overcoats, I felt comfortable only with my cardigan. Brian even offered me his jacket, but I said he needed it more than I did. Then when the hot days came, I felt very cold enough to wrap myself in a blanket and wear Brian's long scarf that matched that of the Doctor on TV.

My husband almost jumped back when he saw me all dressed up like that.

"Chrissie, are you okay?" he asked, sitting down beside me.

"Throwing the cold, I'm ..." I frowned, trying to figure out the reason for his concern.

"My love, it's warm outside, and in here, I'm not cold" he explained, "are you sure you're not sick?"

"No, I'm not, really." I nodded several times and Bri didn't take it for granted.

He put a hand on my forehead, thinking I had a fever.

"You're warm" he said "but it's not a fever."

"I told you I'm not sick!" I insisted, a little louder than I wanted "sorry ...

"You'll go to the doctor, Mrs. May" Brian was angry at me not for screaming at me, but because I didn't really think I needed a doctor "right away!"

"Oh Bri ..." I complained, "and my work? Are you really going to give me a day off just to see a doctor?"

"I will" Brian nodded "and don't complain about it. Now you know exactly how I felt when I was in the hospital."

"Oh, that's not true!" I said "you were convalescing and I'm just cold!"

"You're cold while the weather is hot!" he insisted on this argument.

"You see this is a very silly discussion?" I asked, already getting tired.

"Uh huh" Brian agreed "but you go to the doctor."

"Okay, okay, I'll go," I finally gave in to stop the silly conversation.

Brian had the affairs of the band and couldn't accompany me, so I faced the consultation alone. I didn't even know how to describe why I went to the doctor to the doctor, I just described what my husband found strange in me to judge me sick. Finally, Dr. Carter just told me to do a blood test, and for it, I could tell if I had anything. That's what I did, and before I went home, I checked the results. It was all right, as the doctor had assured me, except for one detail she didn't want to tell me. When I saw what it was, I understood why. She wanted me to find out for myself. I went into shock, not knowing how I could get back home after my discovery.
I drove back home very slowly, since my heart was racing. Me and Brian were about to make the decision, I felt that from him and I was much safer now, but then it happened. Sort of all of a sudden, but still ...

It was strange the mix of feelings I felt at the moment. I got home and sat on the couch, staring at the wall, trying to reconcile everything I was feeling. I was happy with the news, but suddenly I was even happier because I didn't detect any fear in me, at least I had no doubts about how I'd deal with it in the near future. My mind conjectured on how things would be in a more distant future, but soon I turned to the present, thinking of the gift I had won. And so, aware of the existence of someone very special, a different love instantly sprang into me. In short, I was overjoyed.

I thought it best to wait for Brian to arrive than to meet him in the studio. By late afternoon he came home and I was still nervous and wondering how to tell him. But before he noticed any secret in me, I noticed him worried.

"Did something happen?" I had to ask "are the boys okay?"

"Yes, Freddie..." he sighed "I'll tell you later, I promise. First tell me how it was with the doctor."

I was frightened by his request, which didn't go unnoticed by him.

"I mean, the results of the exams were good, I just ..." I was able to answer "I think my body took a while to get used to the mood of England again, when we came back from Brazil, but I'm fine, Bri. Now tell me what it was with Freddie."

"It's just that we miss Mary, you know how she's always in the studio when she can, and of course we asked Freddie if anything had happened," Brian explained painstakingly, sounding sad. "He just ... said that they broke up and the reason was none of our bussiness, that one hour or another we would find out why."

"Seriously?" I couldn't help but be sad "oh, why is Freddie like this? He never share his feelings with anyone ..."

"It's his way, darling, we try to give him space" Bri tried to remedy, "if he wants to, he tells us."

"Do you think it's bad that I call Mary, to see how she is?" I asked, not knowing if this would be bad for the band.

"No, not at all," Brian agreed "no matter what happened, she's still our friend."

I knew that by now Mary would be home, so I made my call.

"Hi, it's Chrissie, I heard what happened," I said in a sympathetic voice.

"Oh ..." Mary sighed sadly. "I ... Yeah, we couldn't be together anymore. I ... I know he still loves me, but ... he loves boys too ... and our relationship couldn't work that way anymore. You understand?"

"Yes, yes," I understood the side of the two of them "and if you need space, not want to see us for a while, I understand. Just know that you can continue to rely on our friendship."
"I know, I know," Mary replied, "thank you for listening ..."

"You're welcome, bye" I hung up, feeling sorry for Mary and Freddie.

It took a week for us to know that Freddie was in a relationship with Paul now. The boys had their suspicions that they were both flirting, but right now it seem like a serious engagement, they were together. We still loved and cared about Freddie, although we wanted to advise him to separate from Paul, he didn't want to listen.

One week was the time it took for everyone to get used to the changes and Mary's absence, although she still talked to me and the girls. So after everything calmed down, I still had my news to give Brian.

It was then that the perfect occasion arose for me to tell. After I had cleaned up the dinner mess, I sighed with courage and went to him.

"Bri, what do you say about we're going to Hyde Park now?" I said in an excited tone "to see the stars, you know? Like the old days ... It's been so long since we've done this, and whether or not I want to ... I miss it."

"Seriously?" he got excited too "it's a wonderful idea! I miss it too."

"Okay, so let's go." I nodded and exchanged a smile, nodding.

Then coming to the park, we stopped near where Brian and I had our first date. How could I forget that place? It was where he'd asked me to be his girlfriend, where we kissed for the first time. The perfect place to tell what I had to tell.

"My favorite place ..." sighed my husband, I could tell that he was also reliving his memories.

"Come, sit down." I tucked a blanket on the floor. "This time I remembered to bring a blanket."

He just laughed and sat down next to me. Our hands touched and Brian took my hand, looking up at the sky, and I did the same, we were silent for a while.

"Thank you for giving the idea ..." Brian thanked me, smiling. "I miss quiet moments like this ..."

"Yeah, I miss it too" I chuckled, but it was true. "Bri, I ... well, I ..."

"Tell me, you can tell me." He looked at me with concern.

"It's not an easy thing to say ..." I looked at my sweaty hands "I ... it's that ... we delayed making a decision about it for a long time and ... it kind of happened ... it's been a few weeks that I know, I was thinking of a way to tell you ..."

"Chrissie, tell me ..." Brian began to despair.

It was too wonderful to say with words, the emotion wouldn't let my voice out. I started to cry with joy, and I had an idea to end the mystery. I guided Brian's hands down to my belly. He understood immediately.

"You ..." He grinned. "I mean, we ..."

"Yeah, I'm pregnant," I finally managed to speak. "They'll finally stop charging us ..."

"And you're happy just for that?" Brian laughed "that's ... I ... God! I have no words..."
"Of course I'm happy" I said excitedly. "Bri, I dreamed about it, really, and I know you do too, so ... I don't believe that I ... I'm going to be a mother, ..."

"And I ... I ..." Brian breathed another, completely delighted "we're going to be parents. I think ... Now is a good time, really. We can do this together."

"Yeah, yeah," I started to look at things from a more optimistic perspective. "I'll help you and you'll help me."

"Are you kidding?" Brian laughed "it's not for nothing that Roger calls you mother, you will know to help me much more than I'll know how to help you."

"Oh, but you're a bit of a dad too" I said, thinking of Freddie and Roger's antics. "You keep the boys from getting into trouble. But it's teamwork, we're in this together."

"More than ever," my husband touched my face gently, looking at me in that way that moved me so much "I love you."

He leaned in to kiss me, then hugged me, holding me for a while.

"I love you" Brian said again, "and our son! Or daughter ..."

"And I love you both" I said at last, relieved that I'd been able to tell, because Brian was as happy as I was.

Because I had my own family, which was growing, and that was so special.
The next day I returned to work normally, after insisting with Brian that I could work normally until I got closer to the baby being born, which would still take a long time.

When we got to the studio, I said hello to the boys as I always did and I set Brian's schedule while occasionally admiring them while recording and composing together. It was quite obvious that Brian looked at me that day and smiled at me a lot more than any other day.

Then when they paused, John, Roger, and Freddie crowded around me, extremely curious.

"What's going on between the two of you? Because Brian looks silly a lot more than usual today" Rog was the first to ask "and why I still don't know what it is?"

"Mrs. May doesn't keep secrets, or do you, Chrissie?" Freddie shoved my arm lightly "whatever it is, you won't hide it from us for long.

"Actually, I ..." I was a little embarrassed and slightly pressed "we were planning to tell you other way ...

"Stop it, guys, you're choking my wife." Brian pushed his way through his friends, defending me, sat next to me, and turned to me. "We'll have to tell them now, Chrissie, otherwise they won't leave us alone."

"Well, all right ..." I took a deep breath and laughed at the curiosity of the three of them "Brian and I are going to have a baby ...

"Oh my God ..." Roger sighed. "Am I going to be an uncle?"

"Congratulations!" John was more restrained, but he was happy.

"At last!" Freddie was honest "everyone thought you'd have kids first, and that's exactly you who have delay it all this time."

"We had to feel ready for it, it's a big responsibility" I tried to justify.

"Pfff, as if you weren't responsible enough" Freddie complained, "you were born for it!"

"Does all this drama mean you're happy for us? Just to clear it up" Brian teased.

"Of course I do" Mercury smiled, sincere, but slightly sad.

"You say that I was born to be a mother, this makes me calm about it, Freddie" I told him, and on impulse I took his hand.

He stared at me for a moment, confused, still sad, and then came his typical impatience.

"No more sentimentality for today." Freddie released my hand gently, but then he moved away from us.

While Roger and John were talking to Brian, I thought about Freddie a bit. He was more impatiently and I say even a little more arrogant in recent times. When we heard about his newfound identity, it was surprising at first, but then we didn't care about him being gay. No matter what, he was still our friend, and we still loved him very much and cared about him. Freddie was still close to us, but he or
we, I don't know, I hadn't yet detected who, had created a barrier between us. I did my best, being
careful not to hurt him without wanting, even having the best of intentions.

"We can tell the girls, right?" John wanted to know "since you didn't tell them Chrissie, Veronica
and Dominique can be hurt by this."

"I was going to tell everyone today" I said again, "but you asked and you didn't give me a choice, so
before you tell your wives, give them that explanation, please."

"Yes, Mrs. May" Roger nodded.

"I'll do it" John agreed.

"Anyway, it was a good thing I know now, I couldn't afford to go to your house today" Freddie said
confidently, but I noticed he was just hiding "I have other commitments ...."

"Sure." I smiled sympathetically.

Feeling a little heavy about his phrase, Freddie himself called the band back to rehearsal. Inside me, I
wished he didn't tell Paul that I was pregnant. He knew he would know at one time or another, but
he didn't want her to know about Freddie.

When I went home, feeling the lack of Mary in our company, I made a point of giving her the news.

"Oh, how wonderful" she exclaimed on the phone, sounding happy, "that's very sweet, Chrissie, I
can not wait to meet our little May.

"Thank you, Mary." I thanked her and offered to listen again if she wanted to talk.

She hung up on me making sure she was better and I felt it was true.

So for the next few months, it was my turn to be spoiled and pampered by everyone. Brian would
ask me a thousand times over if I was okay during the day, touched my belly often, checking the
baby's growth. When the belly began to appear and I had to start changing my wardrobe, my dear
husband had some unusual ideas.

"Come here, my love," he called me one day, beckoning me to sit next to him.

"What is it, Bri?" I was a bit scared by what he would do.

"Just listen to me, I want to do an experiment." He was all excited, I just couldn't say why.

Brian placed the Red Special on his lap, he was about to play something when he suddenly stopped.

"Any special request, Mrs. May?" he said charmingly.

"Uh ... " I smiled, but remained confused "I'm trying to decide between "Doing All Right" and "39".
Or "Long Away ..." That's it, play "Long Away."

"Okay." He nodded and began to play and sing, his voice was soft, and he fit the sound of the guitar
to hold it delicately.

No matter how many times Brian did it, I was always delighted. I started to accompany him singing
and he smiled at me, approving my action. Then I jumped up and Brian laughed. I was getting mad
at him when I understood the reason for the laughter. He stopped playing because his right hand was
busy touching my belly. The baby kicked again. We felt and laughed together.
"Do you like Dad's song?" Brian said to our baby "thank you ..."

"That's what you wanted" I said "to make the baby move by listening to music."

"Yeah, but you know it's scientifically proven that music helps the baby development" Brian explained. "If it's up to me, I'll always play it for him."

"And I'm going to love to hear you too, from so close" I touched Brian's face and he leaned in to kiss me, which made the baby move again.

"There's someone wanting attention" I teased and Brian touched my belly again.

This time he was silent, enjoying the moment, unable to contain the tears that had sprung.

And really our little one always moved when the atmosphere was full of music, whether it was a show of Daddy and his uncles, or even with the opening of Doctor Who. Enjoying music and science fiction was really in his blood.
Ideas

Since I discovered that I was pregnant, I had experienced different sensations, things I never imagined happening in my life, or at least I didn't know what would happen. When I was a little girl, I used to play with dolls, dreaming of being a mother someday. As I grew older, I had this dream frustrated, with the fear that no one would ever love me as I was. Then suddenly, thanks to the insistence of a good friend, I went to the show of a certain guitarist and his band, and from there, the rest is history. I was married and would soon have my baby in my arms.

It was strange, I felt every movement, every phase of growth, I changed as the baby grew, and nothing related to it went unnoticed by me. It was there inside me, I could hardly believe it, it was the true miracle of life. And before he was even born, our son participated in everything that concerned Queen, since I didn't stop working as Brian's assistant.

Then, when another new year arrived, the boys set to work on a new album. Brian, again, as I had noticed over the years, was still inspired by different things to compose. I was impressed that he could get ideas different from each other and make very different songs for the same disc. That was the feeling I had when I compared "All Dead, All Dead" and "Sleeping on the Sidewalk".

I was scared when he showed me the first one when we were at home.

"It's very sad" I was quite honest.

"It's just a reflection on the end of things, that feeling of devastation that you have when you lose something, you think of that first moment of shock that you won't be able to recover what you lost" my husband explained his inspiration to me "just the Death is so final."

"Well, it's a sad subject" I commented again, "but it's something that people go through, all of us actually."

"Yes, it's sad, but it's the reality," Brian concluded.

Even being sad, I still liked "All Dead, All Dead" because my beloved husband had done it, and because I understood his point of view in doing it.

"I liked Sleeping on the Sidewalk more" I said another day. "It's a lot of fun, you picked up an anecdote and connected everything with the rhymes."

"Don't forget the repetitive refrain" Brian pointed out "is what characterizes it as a song itself, it's the recurring theme, so it keeps coming back and forth in it."

"As you did with "39" " I compared "but "Sidewalk" changes slightly, as the story of the song changes. Wow ... I've analyzed this one way too much."

"I don't care." Brian smiled, approving my thoughts. "Your opinion always counts a lot to me."

"Thank you." I had no other word to say, I was grateful that Brian considered my opinion and considered me the most important person in the world.

In fact, I shared this position with our baby now, and I wasn't even a bit jealous about it. Then, as we got closer to the expected birth date, the boys continued to work. John had made for the new album "Who Needs You" and "Spread Your Wings", another two of my favorites. The first one left me worried about Deaky, I began to wonder if anyone had threatened him, or worse, if he had answered
the person according to the lyrics of his song.

When the boys finished recording it, I had to ask John to satisfy my curiosity.

"Is that an answer to anyone?" I was very honest.

"What?" He was surprised by my question, but then he laughed "well, a little, I mean, do you know when you get fed up with certain situations? It was my way of giving a definitive answer to all of them."

"I liked the song anyway, and I know how you feel," I understood.

"You like all of John and Brian's songs, Chrissie, you can't say anything about their songs," Roger said, sounding a little hurt.

"What a lie! I mean, it's not entirely true" I laughed, since my phrase sounded confused "I really have a weakness for Brian's songs, and I really appreciate John's melodies, but I love "Drowse" you did, Freddie too, remember when I cried listening to "Somebody to Love"? Or the way I always react to Bo Rhap. Now, I have a problem with "Fat Bottomed Girls".

Brian was shocked by my confession, but that was no secret to him. I thought the song was a bit ... huh, how could I say it? Nothing to do with Brian, but the inspiration for it had come from Freddie, mostly, so I'd give him some discount. But its rhythm always made me like it, at least a little.

"It's not worth liking the most famous songs" Freddie pointed out ruthlessly.

"Ok, okay, I like your anonymous songs too" I raised my hands in my defense "I think we should stop here and you guys record again, don't you?"

Everyone agreed and without much delay, another debate began. Freddie had introduced his new idea for a song entitled "We are the Champions". It was a very bold and presumptuous title, and Brian had an opinion stronger than mine about it.

"You can't do that," my husband said, "it's been too presumptuous! I know we have reached a considerable level, but ... it's like saying that all the other bands in the world are bad and inferior to us, it's a terrible image for Queen. With what right do we stand above everyone else?"

"Did you know you talk too much?" shot Freddie, trying to control the anger "imagine the fans singing this song with us. You know that we put a lot of us in what we write, but one of the main goals is to reach the audience, to please them, to make them feel good ... I want them to feel like the real champions."

"Oh ..." Brian looked embarrassed. "I'm sorry, I get it now."

"It's all right, Bri" and so quickly, Mercury and May have returned to the good terms of the friendship.

"We are the Champions" was another song that moved me, that made me identify, parallels with its lyrics and things that I spent in my life, which included the Queen's career. Despite the regrets, the boys were champions.

As the songs were getting ready, they began to think about the title and cover of the new album. Brian and I were at the Taylor's, paying a courtesy call, mostly because Dominique was a little sick that week. She had testified that she was dizzy and with a headache, her dramatic husband insisted that she was working too hard and should take a few days off. She was better off when we visited
her, but even so, she was still at rest, but willing enough to greet us.

"So Bri, I saw something that would be perfect for the album cover" Roger said excitedly.

"That's until Freddie disagrees" Brian countered "but tell me what it is."

"There's this book I read, Astounished Science Fiction, which has a super-interesting cover" Roger said excitedly.

"Wow, you reading? In my entire life, I never imagined you'd like to read" Brian bit into what Roger rolled his eyes.

"Chrissie influenced me a little bit about that, I confess, but let me show you the book." Taylor went to get his copy.

Brian picked up the book and I managed to peer over the cover.

"Oh ..." I blurted at the horrifying cover "what the heck is this?"

It was the illustration of a giant, bizarre robot, with a dead man in his hand, even with his sad and repentant eyes, it was scary.

"That's pretty impressive," was Brian's reaction.

"Do you think Freddie will like it?" asked Roger.

"What about John? You always forget him" Dominique pointed out.

"You know John always agrees with everything" I justified our dear Deaky.

The decision of the cover and finalize the songs would be in charge of the boys, and although Dominique was better, I worried about my friend. It didn't take many words for me to understand that she had a secret like mine a few months ago, and, like me, she was calculating the right time to tell it.
The beginning of a new journey

Before the boys closed the final details of the new album "News of the World," which got the creepy cover suggested by Roger, but with a little morbid variation (with the victims of the giant robot being the Queen members), we went invited to dinner at the Taylor's home. It was a common occasion, we used to go to each other's house, except that now Freddie was a little less present and Mary was totally absent.

When Brian and I arrived, I was frightened by the state Roger was in. Despite his red and swollen eyes, he couldn't stop smiling. The corners of his mouth simply refused to get closer to each other.

"Dude ... Is everything okay?" My husband was naturally astonished.

"This?" Roger pointed to his own face "do'nt worry Bri, it's nothing ... is that ..."

"Rog, don't tell them yet!" Dominique said loudly as she came to meet us and looked at her husband "calm, wait, I want us to do it together."

"As you wish, Mrs. Taylor." He smiled his trademark smile and invited us inside.

I had a strong suspicion of what that mystery meant. I glanced at Brian and he caught the message. He panicked even more, but said nothing. While Brian was recovering from the news yet unsaid, but deduced, we heard the Deacons arriving.

Robert came to us before his parents, now he was almost two years old, and he was walking with his tottering steps, in a cuddly way.

"Quizz!" the little one exclaimed touching my knee and then pointed to Brian "By!"

"Oh, Bobby." Without resisting the cuteness, I picked him up, but I hesitated, my belly was already so large that I couldn't place Robert on my lap, so I took him by my side and he sat there watching me.

"Our herald is already here" John commented as his son entered before him and Veronica "Hi Brian, Chrissie."

Brian and I both smiled as an answer.

"Do you have any idea of why we're having dinner tonight?" Veronica left the question on the air "because it doesn't look like an ordinary dinner."

"Did you notice anything at Dom?" I said "and the way Roger was, are you sure you don't know what it's all about?"

"No, it must not be that." Mrs; Deacon understood, but she doubted it.

"That what?" John looked at the three of us in confusion.

"Do you think Freddie's coming?" Dominique cut the subject, she really wanted to tell on her own "he's late ..."

"Tell me something new!" John rolled his eyes. "If he doesn't delay, it's not him."

"Maybe he'll come later" I tried to comfort my friend, who was anxious.
"Even so, you can't wait" now Roger was as nervous as his wife.

We then waited, and meanwhile, I thought of Freddie. It wasn't that he didn't want to stay with us anymore, and only now that, in my humble opinion, he had changed his priorities. It was natural for him to want to pay more attention to Paul, but Paul wasn't good company. Knowing Freddie as I knew, deep down he wanted to be with us, he just didn't want to admit it, if he was easily distracted from thinking about us with other things, it was sad, but it was what was happening.

"Well, I think I'll tell you now" Dominique said.

"What about Freddie?" Brian asked.

"I'll tell him later" Roger said.

"But you know what he's like, if you get angry, we'll pay for it" my husband reminded him.

"In that case, it's his fault," John opined, "that he was late."

"Okay, okay, enough discussion" Roger gestured at attention. "Just tell now, Dom."

"All right," she nodded, "I'll be the next mother in our group!"

We got up to hug her with some whispers of "we already knew." John and Brian congratulated Roger with a toast sermon.

"I wanted to know why you are so suspicious of my responsibility," Taylor complained.

"Because we know you?" John suggested.

"You look like those parents who play crazy and dangerous games," Veronica added.

"It may be so," agreed Mrs. Taylor "but he's also going to be a great father."

"Thank you, my love." Roger thanked his wife for her moral support. "But folks, seriously, I still don't believe it..."

"Yeah, I thought he was going to faint as I told him" Dominique confessed, "and then he laughed and didn't stop kissing my whole face ..."

"Roger always liked children," Brian said at last "only he had to have a serious relationship to have a child, so here we are."

A while later, Freddie came unaccompanied, and was happy with the news, on his terms. He would have to be patient with one more baby in the group, but he surrendered in a smile when Bobby called him "At."

After the Taylor's dinner, it was a few days before I had the baby. Despite the fixed date, nothing was completely defined, and unforeseen events could happen, a thought that made me even more anxious. I woke up in the middle of the night, with the baby shaken too much, when I got to my feet, I realized that all the signs were there, I was going into labor.

I shook Brian hard and calling for him. The poor guy woke up scared, much faster than he usually woke up.

"Are you okay?" he asked me, as he ran his eyes searching for me, searching for what was wrong.
"Brian, it's now!" My voice trailed off.

"Oh my God!" He got up and started to get ready, despite the rush, he knew what he was doing "get what you need and go out, I'll meet you in the garage."

I nodded, following his instructions, moaning in pain occasionally. We met soon, and when my mind was able to focus again, we were on our way to the hospital.

Every time I felt pain Brian looked at me worriedly, as if he felt what I was feeling. They took me quickly to the bedroom, I barely had time to say anything to Brian, I wanted to hold his hand and beg him not to leave me alone, that I needed him so much at the time, but he just looked at me like he said "you can do it". I clung to his gaze.

My beloved was right, I understood that I should go through that moment alone, that's how it had to be. Not completely alone, I would soon meet my little boy.

The pain was unbearable, not screaming was impossible, and I screamed more than I wanted. But the doctor said, with each new effort of mine, that the baby was closer. I had to be strong until the end. When I thought I wouldn't have more strength, I heard his cry. My God, what a feeling! I wanted to cry and laugh at the same time.

"Can I see him?" I asked, catching my breath.

"Of course, just a minute" one of the nurses answered.

I waited, my mind knew it was for a short time, but to my heart it seemed an eternity. When I saw my son so close to me, I was afraid I wouldn't be able to hold him, however much I had taken Robert. My arms stretched instinct even though I was still afraid.

I didn't know what to say, what to think ... It was the first time I had my son in my arms. It was such a big, confusing emotion, another moment of my life that I never imagined I could live, but I identified something special in the middle of it all. An immense love.

"Hi ..." I sighed to my baby "I love you very much ..."
My little Jimmy

Shortly after I met my little boy, they took him to finish the necessary exams, and there I was already living the first fears and worries of a mother. Mother ... I had just become a mother ... I still couldn't believe it.

Before I continued to daydream, Brian came to see me. Instinctively, I held out my arms to him. He gave me a hug as if we'd been away from each other for a long time, even though we'd always been together.

"How was it?" he asked.

"It was okay" I nodded. "I still feel kind of dizzy, but I'm fine."

"And our son? Where is he? What's he like? He cried a lot?" Brian filled me with questions, extremely worried.

"He's fine, they took him to the exams" I replied, but even wanting to laugh at him, I was in the same way.

As if to calm the first-time parents, the nurse brought our baby back. She was giving him to me, as much as I wanted to get him again, and never let go again, I did my beloved husband a favor.

"You can leave him with his father" I instructed the nurse.

"Are you sure, Chrissie?" Brian was scared "he's so tiny, I can ..."

"Let him fall? Never" I smiled, assuring him he would be careful "you are the most meticulous person I know, you will succeed ..."

"Okay," he accepted, still frightened and took our son, and watched him in silence, completely astonished "my God, he is ... My son! This is so..."

We exchanged a smile, I knew we felt the same emotion, which couldn't be expressed in words.

"What about his name?" I remembered "it's going to be James, isn't it, how did we decide?"

"Yes, James." Brian looked back at him. "Or we put Jimmy at once before the guys put a nickname."

"Yeah," I laughed. "I like Jimmy. Speaking of them, where are the boys?"

"They insisted on me seeing you alone first, it was a time for our family," Brian explained, "not to mention that according to them, I was about to climb up the walls of worry, exaggerated as always."

"But you know I believe them," I teased.

"Don't do that, Chrissie." Bri pretended to be hurt, joking in. "don't make fun of me in front of our son."

"But he still doesn't understand what we're talking about," I mused.

"Negative" Brian shook his head, "it's scientifically proven that he understands our feelings by the tone of our voice."
"But culturally he still doesn't have enough training to understand a joke," I continued.

"Okay, this conversation is going to kill Jimmy out of boredom." Brian interrupted the debate.

"No, I want him to be nerd just like us!" I said and laughed.

Brian just nodded and handed me Jimmy back.

"He's just like you ..." my husband said as he watched every detail of our little boy "beautiful as his mother."

"Brian ..." I sighed, embarrassed, we had been together for seven years, and yet his compliments always made me blush "call the guys to see Jimmy."

"Yeah, I'll be right back, I love you, and so as you." He kissed Jimmy's forehead and left.

And then Queen and company stormed the room. Jimmy had stayed very quiet in mine and and Brian's lap, but it was only the uncles and aunts arrived that he got more agitated. He didn't cry, but became more aware of everything around him. And I could see their blue eyes better, in the same tone as mine.

"How lucky he is to be like Chrissie, because if he got the looks from Brian..." Roger teased, which made him wince.

"I can say the same about your son when he's born" my husband countered.

"Bri, there's no chance to my son to be ugly, look at me, look at Domi it's logic." Taylor shrugged.

"No one here is ugly, Roger!" I had to scold.

"I'm joking," he finally excused himself.

"Very inconvenient," said John.

"Okay, change the subject right before they start fighting like kids." Freddie was annoyed. "So our little May is named Jimmy, it's not bad."

"You and your thing with names, Freddie" I commented, "but I'm glad you liked it."

"It sounds like I'm not that hard to please" he made his face of "there's no way I'm wrong."

"In some things, you really aren't" I ended up responding.

I was glad he was there, I knew the Deacons and the Taylors would be, but Freddie, having my doubts that he would be there at that moment so important to me, made me sad.

After Jimmy met everyone, including Bobby who called him "Dim", we went back home. Going home with Jimmy in my arms gave me another incredible feeling, there we would raise James, teach him to live in this world that was so dark, but it had wonders here and there too.

Jimmy was asleep when we arrived and I was already putting him in the crib in his room when Brian interrupted me.

"Wait here, I want to do something," he warned me, by now I was accustomed to his sudden, flashy
plans.

I waited in the room until he came back.

"Go getting used to it, my love" I murmured to Jimmy "Daddy is like that."

"Did you really think I wasn't going to record that moment?" He smiled sideways, showing me his old camera.

"Of course" I understood, "this time I can make an exception to take a picture."

"Okay, so here we go." He positioned himself and so did I, and captured the moment, then managed to take a picture of the three of us.

I sighed, again the emotion taking over me.

"What's it?" Brian asked, but he seemed to be in the same state as me.

"It's unbelievable, don't you think?" I looked at him "the three of us, we are a family, and I ... It's the best thing in the world."

"Yeah, yeah." Brian nodded, and pulled me close to him, careful not to wake Jimmy "the three of us together is the best thing I could do in life, the most important thing."

"I say the same, my love." A tear slipped from the corner of my eye as I spoke.

Brian dried it gently and, thinking the same thing, we leaned in to kiss each other. I climbed the stairs with Jimmy on my lap, looking at the protection on the stairs, we were really going to need it.

Jimmy was a quiet baby, he didn't give a hard work, he almost didn't cry, he had my quiet way, as Joanne said when she came to see him. Except at bedtime, his sleep was light and, for a minimal reason, he would wake up in the middle of the night. Brian refused to let me go to Jimmy and make him stop crying, he said that since I had taken care of him all day, nothing was fairer than being his turn at night.

He used to mutter some melody to make Jimmy go back to sleep, which came to his head at the time, which didn't correspond to anything he had already written. It worked this method of Brian, but it took time. There was a day when he was so exhausted that he didn't wake up with the crying and it was my chance to make Jimmy go back to sleep. I would tried using my husband's method, but a little different.

"Hi, what is it?" I said softly, taking him in my lap, swinging him slowly, stroking his little head so he wouldn't forget that I was right there.

I sighed and began to sing:

"Don't you hear my call, though you're many years away, don't you hear me calling calling you? Write your letters in the sand, for the day I take your hand, in the land that our grandchildren knew ...

 Jimmy's breathing grew calmer, I sang again, and soon he fell asleep. Even though he was so small, he was already his daddy's fan.
Jimmy May's discoveries

The weather had cooled quite a bit when winter came, which meant that it would break my heart to let Jimmy sleep in the room alone, no matter how thick and packaged he was. So I made it a habit to let him sleep between me and Brian in our bed. My husband was afraid to turn around and forget Jimmy was there and end up hurting him, but I assured him there was no chance of that happening. So we slept the three of us together side by side.

Watching Jimmy lying there beside me impressed me. He had grown so much, I could hardly believe it, it really wasn't for nothing that mothers often say that children grow too fast. But part of me remembered that he was still just my baby.

I looked to the side, checking the alarm, it was about 50 minutes to the time to wake up, our appointment of the day was the recording of some clips in the backyard of the Taylors. Roger had insisted it was a perfect place for this, whether he was right or not, another advantage would be not having to pay a lease, economy was never too much.

"Chrissie" I heard Brian calling me softly, his voice indicating he was still sleepy. "Have you woken up yet? For how long? We are late?"

"No, no and no" I chuckled softly, "I just woke up kind of alone."

"Couldn't they cancel the recording?" He shrank closer to me "it's too cold ..."

"I know, but duty calls, we have a little boy to raise and support now, remember?" I said playfully.

"I know, how could I forget?" Brian's gaze fixed on Jimmy "incredible how he hasn't woken up yet ..."

"It's only a matter of time" I said, and it didn't really take long for my baby to wake up.

He lifted his head, his face full of sleep, and his eyes split between focusing on one of us. After waking, he crawled over to Brian, a small hand touching his father's nose.

"Good morning, my sweetheart." Brian sat down and picked him up. "I wake you up? Sorry."

Jimmy just chuckled at his father's phrase.

"I always think he laughs at me, I don't know why," Brian said.

"I think this is a complex that every parent have" I shook my head, thinking that my husband was already getting a bit paranoid with this idea "he laughs because it's his way of saying he loves you."

"Oh ..." Brian made a face of having made the world's greatest discovery "I love you too, Jimmy."

We got up, Brian went to have breakfast while I finished packing Jimmy, putting on some extra warm clothes, until he didn't move right. Okay, I noticed the exaggeration and took two coats off him.

Before we left, I made sure Brian wore the Doctor's scarf, it was long and warm. He thanked me for it with a kiss. We headed to the Taylors, and while a crew was setting up cameras and spotlights outside, Dominique received us. By now, her pregnancy was already showing, which made me smile.
"Look who just came!" she spoke to Jimmy "hi Jimmy, your mom did not want to stay at home or because of the cold?"

"Even Brian wanted to stay" I confessed,"I had to remember our commitments."

"Speaking of which, Freddie has not come yet" she warned me.

"Late as always" I mourned.

"It's his way, Chrissie." Dom tried to apologize for him.

"Well, I just hope they don't fight" I tried to be optimistic.

Eventually Freddie arrived and we then went to check the recordings, the boys had to pretend to be singing and playing, since that's how the clips were made, as we've all learned over the years. I missed the Red Special, and during a break, I asked Brian why he hadn't brought it.

"I was warned that we were going to record under the snow" he said, his eyes widening. "Red Special is unique, this bad weather was going to do a lot of damage."

"And the other instruments have no problem in being damaged?" I argued.

"These are only here to use pro clip, but Red Special I always use!" he answered categorically.

"Okay, I get it," I ended up smiling, since I knew Brian's love for his guitar very well.

"Daddy's right, isn't he, Jimmy?" Brian appealed to our baby, who was on my lap.

I didn't expect Jimmy to respond, but he stammered something very precise, which I identified as his first words.

"Weh pesue" I heard my baby say.

My God! My baby was already talking! He was growing really fast.

"Brian, did you hear that?" I was completely surprised "did you understand the same thing as me?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah" he smiled as he nodded "say, say it again, Jimmy, what do I do to make him say again?"

"I don't know, he just said ..." I replied, kind of not knowing what to do.

"Weh pesue!" This time Jimmy spoke louder, catching everyone's attention.

"What's going on?" Freddie was getting angry, but stopped when he saw that Jimmy was the reason for everything.

"He said something, didn't he?" guessed John "I know that reaction well."

"And what did he say?" asked Roger curiously.

"Red Special!" Brian announced laughing "the first, no, my son's first words were Red Special!"

"What a lie, Brian!" Freddie discredited "I didn't expect this from you ..."

"But it's true" I tried to support my husband. "You believe me, don't you? Say it again, Jimmy, to Uncle Freddie, so he sees that Mommy and Daddy aren't lying."
"Weh pesue!" Jimmy understood what I was asking and his uncles did "aaawww" for him.

"Okay Jimmy, now we have to get back to work." Brian kissed our son's cheek and returned to the recordings with the boys.

I continued to feel amazed that Jimmy was already learning to speak. It was amazing how every detail of his growth enchanted me. He learned to walk while I listened to "News of the World." It was playing "It's Late", another of my favorites, and to the guitar solo, Jimmy got to his feet, I was glazed, aware of what he would do next. He took a first staggering little step, his foot settled, he moved the other. As if he understood how that worked, he moved forward, coming straight to me.

"Ma!" he exclaimed, it was so simple, but what hearing that word made me feel was so deep and special.

And of course I started to cry in front of that cute little face, making Jimmy confused.

"Don't you care about it my love, Mommy's just being silly" I told him.

Another funny thing about Jimmy was when he wasn't sure how to call Brian. He oscillated between "Bri" and "Da."

"Daddy is Bri, but you have to call me Dad" Brian tried to correct him as sweetly as he could.

Until finally Jimmy saw that he was "Dad", even with everyone calling him "Bri". Somehow, it reminded me when I hesitated to call Brian by his nickname, that was so long ago, and now I was married to him, and we had a little boy. They were innumerable changes that the passage of time brought, changes that I loved.
Before the year was over, Brian insisted that we go watch Star Wars, no one knew for sure what it was, only to deduce that it was about some space war, ships and, well, basically that.

I liked science fiction (I still read Jules Verne whenever I could), but not really knowing what the movie was about, it honestly didn’t make me expect something in particular.

"We have to see, we really have!" insisted my husband with the excitement of a child "critics are predicting that it will be the biggest success of the year, and that may even be a new cultural phenomenon!"

"Okay, okay." I was a bit scared by those predictions "but we can't take Jimmy, he's too young to go to the movies."

"Um... do you think John and Veronica would take care of him for one night?" Brian now had hesitated in excitement, afraid of my answer.

"I don't want to give work to our friends," I pondered, but I noticed something in my behavior. "Sorry, I'm being very dull, it's looks like I don't like going to the movies, I'm just worried about Jimmy."

"I know, me too, why do you think I'd rather leave him with the Deacons instead of Roger or Freddie?" Brian joked.

"Look, Bri, let's do this" I've imposed my terms "if Veronica and John agree to take care of Jimmy, we'll go, okay?"

"It's a deal" he smiled, but then he gave me a spontaneous hug "thank you, thank you, I love you!"

"Me too," I laughed and just enjoyed appreciating his joy.

Of course the Deacons agreed to take care of Jimmy, and before I said goodbye to my little boy, he was already entertained with Robert, who had called him to play. It hurt a little to let him and even more he didn't even look to me when I left, but Jimmy was growing up. I knew that I couldn't always be present in all his moments, however how much I wanted to.

"He'll be all right," Brian reminded me, "it's only three hours that we're going to stay away from him."

"So, for this very reason, it's a long time." My voice came out more squeaky than I wanted, I knew I was making a fuss for nothing.

"Oh, my Chrissie ..." Brian laughed, pulling me closer to him "I'm glad you never changed."

I held him, comforted by the compliment. So when we got to the movies, we found ourselves facing a considerable line. Surprisingly, no one recognized Brian, maybe there were just sci-fi fans there. I confess that it was thrilling to sit in front of the big screen, it had been a long time since I'd done this. And even having no expectations about Star Wars, I got out of there as excited as Brian.

The soundtrack left me glazed, I concentrated not to lose any word of the sign, to understand the whole context, princess Leia could be aggressive, but she spoke with courage enough to face the dark Darth Vader, that gave me shivers in the spine. I was so sorry for Luke, I was sad when Obi-
Wan died and I wanted to pull Han's ear and have a lightsaber.

"So it was worth it, after all?" my husband wanted to know when we left the theater.

"So worthy it, thanks for insisting in me coming, I loved it!" I said excitedly "now all we need to do is catch Jimmy so I can be satisfied."

"Of course, I miss my little guy too" he confessed, knowing he was worried about me.

So that's how we spent the first time away from Jimmy, even if it was only for three hours. But he was always with me at work, my son had gotten used to that routine without ever giving me a hard work at wrong hours.

What was on the agenda now was where Queen's next album would be recorded. John Reid had proposed the boys to go to France, since it would reduce some expenses with distribution and copyrights and taxes. Before anyone argued, Roger and I exchanged a meaningful look. It wasn't far from the time to Dominique to have their baby, which meant he wouldn't leave London for anything.

"Can't we postpone the recording?" "Roger asked the question,"you know my son is going to be born soon, I can't leave my wife here, much less travel with her under these conditions."

"We know Roger, but we also have timelines," Reid mused, "but I'll see what I can do."

"She knew about your busy schedule, she should have understood you, or not even married you, but she couldn't resist marrying a famous artist, you know what for-" Paul had to open that dirty mouth.

Roger got up on time as well as I hoped he would. Whether or not that comment offended me, even though I had dated Brian before fame, I married him when Queen already existed and we also had a son together, the same situation Roger and Dominique were now.

"Shut your mouth, Prenter!" Taylor hit the table, completely angry "my wife is not a gold digger, and I have a duty to take care of my family, and that's what I'm going to do, whether you want it or not, you have nothing to do with it, and I I owe you nothing, so stay out of this!"

"I only brought the facts" Paul tried to justify himself "family or not, the album has to be recorded, it's the band's work."

Roger threatened to get up, but Deaky held him, just shaking his head. I didn't know how John could be so calm, he also had his family, and O was sure that he was offended too. Brian and Freddie seemed not to know how to react, they just fell silent. Faced with all that friction, I tried to improve the situation.

"Sr. Reid" I cleared my throat, catching everyone's attention "what if the band worked on the new songs right here? I mean, work on a demo version of the songs, and then just record the final version in the studio in Paris? We would make time in France."

"It's not a bad idea, Mrs. May" Reid smiled at me, I could tell he was grateful that I had managed the situation "we can work like that, and after little Taylor is born we can talk about Paris again, okay, boys?"

The four members of the Queen agreed, and after the decision was made, there was nothing Paul could do to make them go back.

Even with all the care of daddy Roger to be present in the last stages of Dominique's gestation, his young son came at an unusual time, just as his father was in most of the time. We were at a Queen
show at a theater in London when I saw a trainee running to our stateroom.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, but they called in the front desk, and it was very urgent," she said to me " A Mrs. Taylor, asking to tell that she went into labor for Mrs. May, it's you, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's me, thank you for telling me" I thanked her, trying not to panic.

The young lady returned to her post, and I didn't know what to do in that first moment of shock.

"John, Jim, Dominique's baby is coming now!" I turned to the two, then left to put my desperate plan into practice.

I got out there, using the emergency exits, sneaking up here and there, until I got close to the stage assistants. I passed the message forward, I hoped the news would reach Roger. I saw that the person in charge of telling the drummer had the good sense to wait for the music they played to end.

Roger jumped up and I saw that he understood. He gestured like crazy for Freddie, John, and Brian to come. He said something to them, which made the boys startle and then played God Save the Queen. They ended the show so Roger could leave.

They didn't take long time in backstage, and so, in the middle of that rush, we went to meet baby Taylor.
In Paris

We arrived a little after Felix arrived in the world, which made Roger cry even more. He was happy that his son was born, but sad that he couldn't have accompanied Dominique well at the time she went into labor.

We were all in the room when the Taylors met.

"It was for me to be with you, my love." Roger sounded guilty as he stroked his wife's face. "That's because I insisted so hard to stay here these last few months ..."

"Rog ..." she held his hand touching her face "I better than anyone know how much you wanted to be here, you don't have to blame yourself for it, unforeseen happen, our baby just arrived a little earlier than expected."

"And that's good, very good," Roger finally agreed, watching the baby for the thousandth time that night (I couldn't blame him for that, I knew it well) "I could hardly wait to meet him. Dom, I'm a father ... This is so ..."

He filled in the sentence with more tears of joy, I honestly sometimes doubted who was the crybaby between me and Roger. Slowly, we approached, giving our first hello to Felix. Incredible how he wasn't scared by the presence of so many people, on the contrary, he gave a smile.

"He really is your son, Roger" I had to say, since what Felix did remind me a lot of his father.

"Of course he is," said Taylor proudly. "Look at him, he's just like me, beautiful as me and his mother, have you seen Brian?"

"You didn't forget that?" My husband said, looking at Roger as if wondering how that fool was his best friend.

"Roger, you're officially a father now, you have to grow up a bit, okay?" John advised.

"Yeah, you're going to leave the teenage jokes to make the jokes every father does" Freddie said.

It was impossible not to laugh when the boys teased each other, at least on those occasions when the teasing was no more than a joke.

Over the next few months our boys continued to grow, now it was hard to tell when I was talking about John, Roger, Freddie and Brian or Bobby, Jimmy and Felix. When it came to our children, I used the term "kids" and "boys" were Queen, I don't think I could ever stop calling them boys. Soon the number of children would increase, since Veronica was pregnant again. And so it was with this news and Felix a little bigger that we went to Paris, following the recording schedule of the new album.

It was Jimmy's first international trip, it was too big for a little boy to do, but it was necessary, there was no way I could stay away from him, and that's why I was even more worried. He was afraid that he would be surprised at the distance and the time of the trip, the plane itself, the hotel, in fact, everything that he didn't know. When we packed our bags, I checked only three times Jimmy's bag.

"Chrissie, it's all right, there's nothing missing, I assure you" Brian said as he watched me check the suitcase again.
"It's just ..." I closed my eyes nervously, squeezing the corner of my mouth "I'm afraid there's going to be some unforeseen incident with Jimmy in the middle of the trip ..."

"I know, I know," he nodded, held my hands and made me sit with him, we stayed at the same eye level "if anything happens, you'll know exactly what to do, and I'm here to help, don't forget that being a parent is a team work, and I'm sorry, my love, sometimes you leave nothing for me to do ..."

"I do that, don't I?" I was ashamed and I lowered my head "I can't stop worrying, it's just how I am."

"I know, and that's good, not that I don't worry either." Brian touched my chin, making me look at him "but Jimmy also needs to explore the world, have his own experiences, expand his world view, of a certain researcher who you know well, imagine the incredible memories that he will have to know so many places around the world with us?"

"Okay, I get it," I ended up smiling, realizing that I couldn't be overprotective, much as I was being and hadn't noticed until now "thank you."

"Don't mention it, Mrs. May" Brian gave me one of those smiles, and I didn't resist and leaned in to kiss him.

After my husband's light sermon, I was more relieved about the trip. My little boy slept on my lap most of the trip, though he wanted some of the attention from his uncles, which Roger and John gladly gave while Freddie was embarrassed. When he realized this, he tried to remedy the situation by taking Jimmy to Brian. After we duly stayed, we had time to explore the city.

In front of the Eiffel Tower, with my Jimmy on my lap and Brian by my side, I felt that feeling of not believing what I was living again. I'd never have imagined in my life that I would be in Paris one day.

"Look, Mom!" Jimmy called me, bringing me back to reality "big!"

Jimmy was pointing at the tower ahead of us.

"Big? It's too big, my love! You're right " I agreed with my boy, smiling.

"Big just like Daddy!" Jimmy turned to Brian.

"Well, not much Jimmy" Brian laughed, "the Eiffel Tower is much bigger than I am."

"Bigger? "Our son was a stranger to the word.

"It's bigger when one thing is more big than the other" I explained.

"Oh ..." Jimmy sighed "tower bigger than Daddy."

"That's right!" I kissed his cheek, delighted that he was learning so fast, by the way he had drawn his father's intelligence.

And after our walk, the boys focused on work, recording song after song, most of them almost ready. I loved Brian's songs from "Dreamer's Ball" and "Leaving Home Ain't Easy". Again, I loved John's other song, "If You Can not Beat Them Join Them", listening to it always cheered me up.

Then Freddie started to get his unusual ideas, it was his way after all. The Tour de France inspired him to write the repetitive and half-senseless "Bicycle Race", but it had a certain fun in it. I liked the
sound of the bicycle bells in the middle of it. But maybe, the one that made me uncomfortable, not just me, Brian too, I might add, was "Don't Stop Me Now."

Okay, I confess I loved the rhythm, the arrangement of the instruments and the boys' vocals in the chorus, but the content of the lyrics made me worried. It was as if Freddie were living life wildly, like a runaway vehicle, and at some point, such a vehicle could crash and cause a fatal tragedy. That's what I feared would happen to Freddie. And Brian shared the same concern.
We spent a few more days in France, finalizing the album, and while the boys were not working, we went out together at night, but unfortunately, we ended up taking opposite directions. The tiredness struck me earlier, Brian and John too, not to mention Jimmy sleeping early, so me and my family spent more time in the hotel at night than anywhere else. Freddie dragged Roger through the night, going through all the places they thought were interesting in Paris. These nocturnal habits only made me even more worried about these two.

For me, the worst thing was that Freddie didn't want to tell about his nocturnal adventures, I didn't know if I was happy to be spared certain embarrassing details, or sad, since usually when he left, it was clear that he behaved like a runaway vehicle. When Roger and Freddie were gone, they would be back late and would wake up almost at lunchtime.

"Looks like somebody's going to run out of breakfast," John said, finally seeing them while we were having lunch.

"No problem Deaky" Freddie replied as if that hadn't hit him "we jumped straight for lunch."

"Freddie" I called, trying to get around that embarrassing situation. "I know how much you like to go out, and how cool it must be to know all the different things here in France, but ... we worry about you, so I can't ask you not to go out, I'm not asking for it, I don't think I have the right, I don't even have it, it's just ... just take care of yourself when you're on the streets, okay?"

Mercury looked at me intently, respectful of my argument, but in the end, he ended up smiling.

"You're cute, you know, Mrs. May? It's very touching how you care about me, and I really appreciate it, but without being rude, Jimmy needs a lot more of your attention."

I knew deep down he just wanted to skip the subject of the night and ignore my sermon, but the way he said it kind of hurt a little. My gaze drifted quickly to Brian, who felt sorry for me at the time, and I disguised my embarrassment of what Freddie said taking a sip of water. I felt Brian holding my hand under the table.

"Freddie, take it easy" my husband said, with the greatest patience in the world.

"I'm sorry, sorry." Mercury raised his hands in his defense. "I didn't mean to be rude. It's just that I'm grown up, I know how to take care of myself."

-Yeah, Chrissie, we're on top of the world, being rock stars, we have to enjoy all this, it doesn't hurt to enjoy it a little" Roger agreed with Freddie to my despair.

"I just hope" I managed to recover from the shock and keep a firm posture "that you don't forget that you have a little boy and a wife waiting for you."

"I know, and I would never forget them." Taylor looked into my eyes and I felt his sincerity. "I didn't do anything, Chrissie, seriously."

"Oh ..." I sighed wearily.

I just finished my meal in silence, not wanting to continue that conversation any longer. I wasn't hurt by Freddie, just worried. It was my nature, and he was like a brother to me, so I didn't want anything bad to happen to him. Later, Roger came to talk to me and confessed that what he did that might not
Then, back to London, things went back to what I was used to. "Jazz" was the album that Queen released, it wasn't an absolute success as previous albums, but their sales were good enough. With a new album, came the publicity shows, another thing that was already part of my routine and I was back to normal. However, as much as we were always together, Freddie was increasingly isolated from us. As long as the boys were working together, he was as I remembered the first time I met him, enthusiastic, determined, stubborn to keep his ideas going, laughing here and there as only friends did. But after that, when he left and was with Paul, he seemed to turn into someone else, just wanting to enjoy everything life could offer, in the worst sense. Still, I worried about him, and I loved him like a brother.

It was the day after I put Jimmy to sleep that Brian saw how far I was, thinking precisely of Freddie.

"It's all right, sweety?" Brian asked me after we got ready to go to bed.

"It's nothing, it's just ..." I sighed, I needed to talk, but that was wearing me off "Freddie is worrying me, too much, I think even more than I should worry."

"I know, we're worried too, and there's no way to make him think these habits are bad," my husband agreed. "You know it's impossible say no to Freddie, don't you?"

"I know, the worst is, what do you do with someone who doesn't want to be helped?" I questioned Brian for help.

"I don't know, Chrissie, I don't know" Bri was sad about all that, too "I think we can only continue to offer our friendship."

"Yeah, I think so." I cringed in my husband's chest, who hugged me, trying to settle for that solution.

Sad as I was at the thought of Freddie, I didn't give up. The friendship between my family, the Deacons and the Taylors was still strong and Freddie was a part of the three families, even if it was only in our hearts, which was enough, and we still saw each other, even if it wasn't the same way like a few years ago. It was thinking of all this that I decided to promote another meeting of ours in my house, to watch a movie like the time the boys met.

Soon the house was a little fuller than usual, now that we had three little boys. Felix was still very young, but it was amazing to see the care Robert and Jimmy had when playing with him. So while the children were playing, we watched the premiere of A New Hope on TV. Shortly after Luke met Obi-Wan, I answered the bell that sounded in that moment. It could only be our long-lost friend. I opened the door and there was no error in my deduction.

"Hi, Freddie" I said, a little surprised, a little disappointed.

"Hi." He looked abnormally embarrassed. "Sorry for the delay, and sorry for ... whatever else I did that might have hurt you."

"It's okay, really," I managed to smile. "We all have our favorite hobbies, I just have to understand yours."

"I know I'm not easy" he confessed "but thank you for understanding me."

I couldn't say anything else, his behavior still shaken me, but tonight I would focus on thinking of
him as my dear friend, nothing more. I finished inviting him in, and he settled between us. Everyone was genuinely interested in the movie, which made me glad we had something we liked in common and made me forget about my worries for the rest of the night.
We spent much calmer times in London and, since it wasn't just me who missed pizza and movie nights, we did it a little more often, a little at home, a little at the Taylors, a little at home of the Deacons.

But increasingly, Freddie was absent, going at one time or another, since he had more attractive appointments in his view now. It wasn't only hi, that I missed, I missed Mary too. It had been a long time since she had spoken to us and I began to worry, thinking that she shouldn't be well and I should have worried before, but I didn't want to disturb her either. Maybe my simple presence would make her feel bad when she remembered happier times, which now had become memories of the past that was left behind. I spent a lot of time wondering if I should go talk to her or not. It was a dilemma that began to weigh on me a little beyond the score.

"Bri ..." I called my husband while we were in front of the TV in the living room, Jimmy was awake, but very quiet in my lap "it seems a bad idea to call Mary?"

"Mary? Oh, it's been a long time since we've seen her" Brian was surprised I mentioned our friend "it's not bad, no, indeed, it might do her good to see that we still care about her."

"I thought it would be kind of embarrassing, she'd talk to me after..." I didn't have to finish it for Brian to understand.

"No, if she has any reservations, it's Freddie, not you, I assure you" Bri advised me "I think you should really talk to her."

"I will, I will" I agreed.

And it really wasn't a bad idea. Mary's voice brightened on the other end of the line as she recognized my voice.

"Oh, I'm glad you called me, I was really thinking about doing it, it's just ... I was creating the courage, I think" Mary answered "but I needed that time away, it made me well, and ... I even managed to talk to Freddie normally."

"Freddie looked for you?" This information scared me a bit.

"Not too long ago, but it was a lot better than I expected" she said. "We're still good friends, and I was glad he trusted me. You know ... he needs us, more than he wants to admit. And I want to be friends with him."

"Yeah, I know," I nodded, "and I'm glad you are all right, too."

We continued the conversation a little longer, until she hung up. Mary was really better now, maybe enough to get back to our company.

As the months went by, it got closer to getting to know the new baby Deaky. Michael (who was soon nicknamed Mike by Uncle Freddie, nickname John didn't think so bad) was born in the middle of the morning, and didn't take as long as his older brother. Mike was more agitated than Bobby, and still had more of the characteristics of Veronica, but if you paid attention, you would perceive the traces of John in his youngest son.

So, now in our meetings we had four little boys playing together. Bobby and Jimmy had created a
strong friendship, even though they were so young, and the two took turns taking care of Felix, who was learning to talk and walk now. Sometimes the three older ones were fascinated, watching Mike.

"He's too small," Jimmy observed once, as I stared at the four of them, sitting on the floor with the children around me. "Why is he so small, Mom?"

"Because he's my little brother" Robert explained, "so he's a little boy."

"You're big boys and that's why you think Mike is so small," I laughed at their cuteness. "It's because he's been born a little while, every baby is small, and then he grows bigger, you understand, my love?"

"Oh ..." Jimmy exclaimed in concentration, his expression identical to Brian's when he thought about something.

"Oh!" Felix mimicked enthusiastically, watching Bobby and Jimmy in their process of learning to speak.

These moments warmed my heart with more love for the four little ones. Like it or not, Bobby, Jimmy, Felix, and Mike's relationship reminded me of the friendship their fathers and Uncle Freddie had. I hoped that the children would grow up to become inseparable friends.

Speaking of Uncle Freddie, I noticed him watching his nephews with that distant look, his facial expression showing that he wanted to smile, but he was holding it against his heart's will.

"I admit they're cute," he told me before I said anything.

"Yes, but ... That's not all you're thinking about, is it?" I took a chance, seeing that he was thinking of something else.

"Yeah, yeah," he looked down, but then disguised himself "none of you had a girl yet. Don't our boys want a little sister? I'll ask Jimmy if he wants a little sister ..."

"Freddie Mercury, I hate it when you do this!" I said angry, but I ended up laughing, I knew he was joking, but it was his old tactic to avoid talking about his own problems by putting his finger on the wound of others.

But he ended up hitting on one thing, since the next one between me, Veronica and Dominique to get pregnant again was Mrs. Taylor. Roger, of course, burst into tears again, came to throw himself at his wife's feet, declaring that he didn't deserve a family like the one he had now.

"Rog, stop that" instead of laughing like us, Dominique pitied him "it's okay, I love you, you're a wonderful father, and I'm glad to be with you."

"Really?" He had to ask for it.

"Really" she replied, and finally her foolish husband got up, this time pulling her off the floor, excited by the news.

Since Freddie had thrown this idea into the air, we began speculating whether the new baby Taylor would be a boy or a girl. We started liking the idea of a girl, and wishing we had a niece.

"Guys, it could be a boy too, there's that possibility" Roger pointed out when he got tired of us all saying it was a girl "John had two boys."
"And what do I have to do with this example?" said Deaky.

"Roger" Freddie snapped, "you're scared to have a girl because you're afraid of the boys datin' her."

"It's soon to think about it" Brian let slip, finding Mercury's remark very bold. "she's not born yet, then it's going to be a long time until she starts to date"

"My God, guys, this is so ..." the mother of the child in question got tired "I have no words to say, just ... Let's wait, okay?

"Well spoken, babe" Roger agreed with Dominique, "it's a lot of speculation for one night alone."

"Yes" said Dominique, "all this conversation stirred the baby."

"Really?" that made Roger smile and forget the whole argument, making him touch his wife's belly automatically, feeling his son or daughter kicking hard.

We smiled at that Taylor family moment, only time would tell if we were right or not.
A day at the mall

It was late afternoon on a Friday when Brian had the idea of the three of us hanging out. As much as he liked to stay home as much as I did, he was the one who always called me out, ever since we met, and I always gave in.

"We have to enjoy that we're less busy right now," was Brian's argument, "you never know when we'll have such a break again. It will be good to spend time alone, the three of us, as a family. Right Jimmy, you don't want to walk around for a bit?"

"I do, Dad!" agreed our little boy, flailing on Brian's lap.

"It's not fair using Jimmy to convince me, Brian Harold May!" I crossed my arms, laughing.

"Isn't it? I didn't know that, it's kind of late now, because I know it worked, didn't it, my sweet lady?" He smirked at me, there was no way I could ignore him or say no.

"All right, all right, smart fellas" I finally agreed. "Let's go then."

I got me and Jimmy ready quickly and soon we were on our way to the mall in central London. It was great when we were together and there was no uproar over Brian. Of course there was one or another person who recognized him, and my husband was always gentle and considerate, giving at least one hi from afar. Still, meeting with fans, being the three of us together made me feel like we were just another family out walking.

Jimmy was glimpsed with so much around him, walking in our midst, but even so, he hesitated to let go of my hand and Brian's. I wanted to keep holding his hand, make sure he was close to me, but I saw that I was being overprotective again. I exchanged a look with Brian, who soon understood what I was going through.

"It's fine for him to walk a little alone" Bri said to my thoughts. "Just don't lose sight of him."

"Okay" I nodded a little reluctantly. "Go ahead, Jimmy, Mommy and Daddy will be right behind you."

"Ah ... Okay" my little one was surprised by what I allowed.

Jimmy let go of our hands, but he didn't stay very far, he was only one of his steps away from us. It was as if he understood that I didn't want him to run away.

That was like that until he saw something that has aroused his interest. Jimmy ran, but he quickly turned back to see if we were still there. Brian was faster than me and reached him, and when I got to where they were, I found them both equally fascinated.

"Dalek!" Jimmy pointed to the shop window.

I looked where it was and finally I saw what caused the commotion. It was a plush dalek. Ever since Jimmy was born, he'd watched Doctor Who with us, until he even started to enjoy the program as much as we did. And as much as the Daleks were the villains, my little boy had a fascination for them, finding them funny and laughing every time they appeared.

"I want one of these, Chrissie!" my husband said to my astonishment "for Jimmy, of course."
"I know, I know, of course it's for Jimmy." I crossed my arms trying not to laugh at his excitement. "Now I don't know if I've brought two kids with me ..."

"But we're your boys ..." Brian tried to remedy.

"Yes, you are" I smiled at Jimmy and Brian with the same expectation. "It's a good thing the boys aren't here, they'd make fun of you, Brian."

"Don't tell them, Mrs. May" he asked a little worried.

"I won't" I promised.

And after all that, Jimmy ended up taking the dalek home. There was no one who could get his plushie out of him, and even at bedtime, Jimmy held it. My son liked Doctor Who more than I had imagined. Another characteristic that showed how much he was my son and Brian's.

After that, my family and I paid a special visit to the Taylors. Dominique was experiencing the last stages of her second pregnancy, and I well knew how difficult it was. So, whoever cared for Felix now was Roger, which made us a little worried. It was an old inside joke that Taylor was so easily distracted and irresponsible at times that he wouldn't be able to take such good care of his own son. And, thank God, we were all wrong. Though we questioned his methods.

"So Felix only sleeps if you run the cart around the house?" I frowned when Roger told me that.

"Yeah, he loves it!" Roger replied enthusiastically "he laughs until he get tired, and that is what makes him sleep like an angel all day."

"It's too wild" Brian said.

"Wild, in the sense of cool, because you can't say anything about it, Bri" Rog said with a little teasing.

"What do you mean, Taylor?" My husband's voice was irritated.

"Chrissie can put Jimmy to bed better than you" Roger said.

"It's because she's his mother, it's scientifically proven that the baby feels safer with his mother, that's why," Brian replied.

"Don't use science to get away with that, just admit your failure." Roger laughed.

"Roger Meddows Taylor, can you stop?" Dominique asked irritably. "It's a very stupid argument"

"Sorry, sorry, my love." Taylor withered, regretful, which made me and Brian laugh "Jesus, bloody hormones that leave this woman in a bad mood ..."

"I'm right here!" Dominique added, but she also laughed "there is no right method to make the children sleep, we simply do what works. Ever thought if our little girl did not sleep with you and just with me?"

"No, no, Dominique, don't say such a thing not even joking" Roger was deadly serious "and don't forget that he can still be a boy."

"Are you still stubborn about it?" I commented on the subject that arose "it could be that you are right, it might be not."
"Yeah, right!" Roger raised his eyebrows for emphasis "I may not be as smart as Brian, but I know they are equally equal possibilities."

"Oh, Rog ..." Brian sighed, trying to regain his patience - "only you to offend me and compliment me in the same conversation."

Dominique and I shared a smile of complicity, agreeing that even with our husbands being parents, they could still act like children.
Adaptation

Against all Roger's expectations, but meeting our expectations, Rory Eleanor Taylor was born on a rehearsal afternoon of Queen, interrupted just by her arrival. Roger stopped everything to meet his wife, we followed soon after. As he and Dominique headed for the hospital, Felix was under my care.

After a while, we were allowed to go meet Rory, the first girl in the group, so expected by all.

"So ... I'm the father of a girl" despite the disappointment of being wrong, it didn't take out Roger's joy of knowing his little girl "you wanted it so much and here we are."

"And you're right to worry, she's beautiful and sure enough will drag some boys' attention" Freddie commented on little Taylor "and I'm not saying that just to be a jerk, that's because it's true."

"After that. I don't know if I appreciate the compliment or I'm even more afraid "Roger returned.

"Roger, stop suffering for anticipation." Dominique scolded him. "She's still going to be your little girl before she grows up, and I really hope she doesn't go around breaking hearts, if it's up to me, she won't be like that."

"Now you're anticipating things, Dom" Roger answered his wife.

"You started that nonsense" she shrugged, and smiled at the little baby. "Get used to it Rory, get used to it ..."

Roger's paranoia was laughable, but I understood it, it was something every parent felt. I also kept thinking about Jimmy's future at times, what he would be like when he grew up, what his favorite subjects would be at school, whether he would learn guitar like his father or whether he would be interested in another instrument, or none at all. I doubted that much, our children were born and grew up surrounded by music and it was clear how much they liked it. And I believed Rory would be no exception.

At the thought of it all, I began to cry, in front of everyone. I ended up reprimanding myself for it.

"Is everything all right Chrissie?" Veronica, who was nearest to me, asked.

"Yes, it's just ..." I sighed and smiled. "Our families are growing, our big family is growing and ... it makes me excited."

"Not only you, everyone, I assure you." Mrs. Deacon was supportive of me.

It was very common for me to cry for nothing, but the last time it happened ... Well, that couldn't happen again so soon. Or could it? I tried not to worry too much about it, it was a little impossible for me to completely ignore a subject as serious as this, but I had no confirmation of anything, so maybe I was worrying for no reason. Anyway, other things made me forget this one a little.

Something very embarrassing arose for me to deal with, and it all started when Freddie moved into the mansion he himself called Garden Lodge. It was a very large place for someone to live alone, not completely alone, his cats always kept company with him, but the size of the place also served for something else. Parties and more parties, right in the style I hated. I'd go to them to not let Brian go alone, because just like me, I knew how upset my husband was with this sort of thing, but it would be worse not to go and get Freddie undone. Freddie, now, didn't know if I cared or got mad at him.
It wasn't that I didn't like him anymore, it was just his behavior that worried me. We all knew that he had surrounded himself with selfish people, mainly because of Paul, but he seemed to enjoy their company, even giving priority to these commonplace unknown party-goers, than to us, his family, on certain occasions. It was his way, what he liked to do, how he loved to live, and he was an adult, what could I do? I tried to renew my patience with Freddie. At least to my consolation, Mary had moved down the same street as him, maybe she could keep an eye on him, so he wouldn't exaggerate so much in this way of life. But I knew it was an impossible mission, even for Mary.

It was because of the parties that another question arose. I had to reluctantly hire a nanny.

"I didn't want to, Brian," I said at once when he gave the idea "I never left Jimmy alone, except that time we went to watch Star Wars, he's just used to us, I can't leave him with a stranger."

"Look, I had a student who worked as a nanny, she was very responsible, she was never late, she had excellent grades, she was quiet like us, but very intelligent and careful, if she's still a nanny, can you consider hiring her?" Brian used his best conciliatory voice.

"I'm going to have to meet her first" I said, still apprehensive.

So on those terms, I went back to the old school where Brian used to teach. I wasn't sure if I would still meet the student, Gracey Moore, there. Brian had been out of the school for years ago now. However, when I asked about her at the office, if she was still working as a nanny, the secretary confirmed the information and still told me that she had already graduated. Seeing that I just wanted to hire nanny services, the secretary gave me her contact.

"Grace Moore?" I called her, and I saw how young she was only by her voice "I'm Chrissie May, I know you work as a nanny, I'd like to hire you."

"Okay," she said, "what day do you need me?"

"Well, it doesn't have specific days, it's kind of ..." I was embarrassed to explain my situation, "my job is complicated, and unforeseeable situations can arise, so when I need it, can I call you?"

"Yes, of course, Mrs. May" Gracey agreed with me and so we had a contract.

It was right when Freddie gave a party out of nothing that I required Gracey to come and take care of Jimmy. She seemed to me to be all Brian had said about her, and even faster than I expected, I began to trust her.

"Professor May?" said the girl at Brian "is that you?" Well, it can only be you, I'm sorry for saying this, but you're kind of hard to forget."

"Good thing you remember me, Gracey" he reached out a hand to her "it's been a long time."

"You didn't recognize Brian for another reason, did you?" I had to ask, it wasn't possible that she didn't know Queen.

"He was my teacher, Mrs. May" she answered "just for that."

"Don't you know the band Queen?" I insisted.

"I've heard of it" I saw Gracey wondering my questions "the Freddie Mercury band, but I don't usually listen to them that much. I just know they play that "We are the Champions"."

I smiled at what was happening, she wasn't a Queen fan, and the good thing about it was that she
would treat us like normal people. Brian couldn't have chosen anyone better than her.

"Gracey, it will be a pleasure to work with you" I said with satisfaction.

I introduced Jimmy to her quickly, and I was glad the two of them got along. Even so my heart was tight for leaving my little boy home. Meanwhile, I prepared myself for the madness that I knew was coming in Garden Lodge.
I took my place in the passenger seat in our car, and as Brian drove, I tried to prepare myself psychologically for Freddie's party.

It was not the first of his parties that I went to, I knew very well how they were and that's why I didn't like to go. I never wanted to go after the details of what was happening hidden from my view, I tried to ignore what was happening around me, however difficult it was. All this was a strong reason for me not to go, but there was another strong motive that always convinced me.

Freddie invited us to come to his house meant that he wanted to see us, to have us around, still considered us his friends, and so gave us space to approach him, to help him, to remind him of how much we cared about him. Because whether I wanted to or not, even with all his pang and temper, my soft heart still pitied Freddie.

Still, thinking about it all, I was restless. Again I had a hand on my chin, tapping my forefinger insistently on my cheek, a thing of mine that I did without realizing it, especially when I was very nervous about something.

"Chrissie, say something, you're starting to worry me" Brian said, looking at me in alarm.

"It's just ... You know what it is" I said, tiredly "and Jimmy, Gracey seemed like a nice person to me, but I can't stop worrying. What if he misses us and starts crying? And she does not know what to do?"

"You forget, my love, that Jimmy don't use to cry so easily and Gracey is an experienced nanny, she'll know what to do in any situation" Brian reminded me, "the next time you worry, remember that."

"Okay" I managed to smile. "Thank you, a settled dilemma, about the other ..."

"That's more complicated," he agreed "but, Chrissie, if it's any consolation, Dominique and Roger, John and Veronica will be there too."

"There's nothing better than having the old gang together" I finished "even with a lot of strangers coming."

And in that, Brian grimaced, completely confused, not knowing how to respond, also embarrassed by what we were going to find. I just touched his shoulder lightly, as if to say "don't worry, my love, we can face it."

Then we reached the final destination, outside there were cars and more cars, almost covering the whole space of the block. The sound was so loud that even before entering it was possible to hear the last hits of pop and the disco of the time. I held Brian's hand, even before he offered, we exchanged a smile, sighed, and walked to the doorway.

The front door was open, inviting anyone to enter without ceremony, and sure enough, all the types of folks had already come in there, from the light glance I gave in the room. None of them was my acquaintance, nor was there any sign of the host.
"Bri, Chrissie!" I was relieved to hear Roger's familiar voice "we saved your place."

"Thank you Rog!" I smiled as I sat down at the place he told us. "How are you Dom?"

"I'm fine" Mrs. Taylor smiled "and you?"

"Fine, too." I smiled disguising myself, even though I knew the tactic wasn't working.

Before anyone asked about me, I was saved by the arrival of the Deacons.

"It's good that we found you," John said as he sat down with us. "Have you ever felt like you were a little lost when you came here?"

"Don't tell me" I managed to laugh, and after the six of us were together, I began to feel better.

Eventually we got into an interesting conversation about the songs that were playing. I rarely liked to pop, but I had a weak per disco, besides, of course, classic rock. When we talk about the themes of the songs, we end up falling back on the old joke of "I'm in love with my car".

It was when our host appeared, in all his pomp and exaggeration, properly dressed as a queen, with a crown and a robe. Despite all this, I was glad to see that he looked fine. His gaze expressed more that excited young man who had composed with Brian in our little apartment so many years ago, than the rebellious man needy for attention. We were fine until Paul showed up.

Between me and Brian, the Taylors and the Deacons, there was no one who liked Prenter. I think Veronica was the only one who hadn't fight with him, but we all had a confrontational moment. Dominique was getting overjoyed that he had commented on her being self-willed in marrying Roger. "Funny how you confuse me with exactly what you are. I never took advantage of my husband's fame for my own benefit, you, of course, do this with Freddie" was what Mrs. Taylor said on occasion. Freddie himself tried to get around the situation by saying she was confusing things. We were silent, knowing that Mercury's patch hadn't worked very well.

I had faced Prenter before we went to Rio, Brian gave him the harshest responses I have ever seen my husband give to anyone and Roger threatened him with a constant beating.

It was just Paul being close that Freddie was unbearable, it was as if Prenter fed the worst side of our friend. After a few taunts between Paul and Roger, I felt the tension in the air and sincerely worried that Taylor would lose his temper and go for physical aggression. Fortunately, he and Dominique left before the conflict got uglier.

"Let's go, too" Brian told me softly, and with pleasure I got up quickly.

We said goodbye to Freddie, leaving him behind in that mess. My heart was tight, but my patience was gone.

On the way out we meet the Deacons.

"When will he stop?" commented Veronica as we walked down the street the four together "that's not how Freddie was."

"You're right, the years have only worsened him," John agreed with his wife, sounding a little bitter. "I miss that guy who cheer us up, optimistic about everything."

"He's still that guy, John," Brian tried to comfort Deaky. "Deep down, you know he is."
"Looks like he forgot about it," John said. "Guys, you know where this conversation is going, I don't want to waste any more time on it, besides we have to go see how the boys are."

"Of course, I'm worried about Jimmy too" I sighed, touched by John's disappointment. "I'm sorry for that embarrassment."

"Oh, it's not your fault, Chrissie." Deaky shook his head. "It was Freddie who should apologize."

"Unfortunately, this is very difficult to him to do, Johnny." Veronica told the truth.

"Have some hope, John." Brian tried again, before we said goodbye. "Good night, guys."

The Deacona answered us and they went their way, we went to ours.

"You know John is right, I can't even follow my own advice, I think my patience is running out too ..." Brian confessed on the way back.

"Oh, Bri, I'm really sorry," I automatically laid my head on his shoulder, leaning on his arm, careful not to disturb him driving "after my own share of bad times with Freddie, I don't know what to say."

"You don't have to say anything, my love," Brian replied wearily. "Let's just forget this, and ... try to settle for Freddie by now."

What my husband said was heavy, but it was the reality. I guess I just got tired of advising Freddie to change, we all get tired. Apparently there was nothing we could do. Yet he was our friend

Chapter End Notes

I know I don't talk to much here but I really wanted to ask you guys what you are thinking about my story. Thank you so much for reading.
We found Gracey waiting for us at home. By the way, Jimmy had been asleep for a long time. Just before she realized we were arriving, I realized she was reading some book. I didn't have time to read the cover, since as soon as she saw us, she stood, a little frightened, in a hurry to adjust her posture, finally straightened the glasses that slipped through her nose.

"Hi, Mr. and Mrs. May" she managed to speak, a little embarrassed.

"Hi, Gracey" I said to her first, "was everything okay?"

"Oh, yes, Jimmy's a sweetheart, and I'm not saying that just to flatter you, he's a lovely kid, really" Gracey said. "He didn't give me any hard work."

"What were you doing?" Brian asked out of pure curiosity.

"We were watching television" the nanny replied. "I didn't know that someone liked Doctor Who as much as I did. I know it's a show for kids, but ... I like it."

"We, too, seriously, we've always watched" I said, and knowing that made Gracey calm down and cheer up a little "well, it sounds like you did a great job, can I count on you if you need it again?"

"Yes, yes, certainly." Ms. Moore nodded "I loved taking care of Jimmy, and sorry for saying it, but I also like him."

"Don't worry, that's very good," Brian assured him. "How are you going home, Gracey?"

"By subway" she shrugged "it's safer."

"But you're going to the station by yourself?" I'll join you" Brian offered, which made Gracey even more embarrassed.

"Please, professor, not professor, sir, you don't need to, I don't want to be a burden" she said, embarrassed again, reminding me a lot of the way I was.

"I don't take no for an answer, come on, come on," he insisted, firm but gentle.

"You'd better not say no" I said, smiling.

"All right." Gracey gave in. "Thank you, Mrs. May. Bye."

"Bye" I nodded at them, and I saw them leave.

Soon I went to see how Jimmy was, sleeping as quiet as the little angel he was, and I was careful not to make a sound. All I could do was sleep, too, for a moment I forgot all about the conflict involving Freddie, but it was very difficult to ignore this impasse between him and us, it seemed that this had only increased lately.

It wasn't long before Gracey came to look after Jimmy again. As much as he was grown up, the shows always tired him, and when Queen performed in London, I would rather leave Jimmy at home. Worry never left me when my little boy was far from me, but now I was more accustomed to leaving him in the care of someone else. But it wasn't just Jimmy who got tired of the gigs, I started feeling a bit more tired than the average. Or maybe a lot more than I wanted to admit.
After a private show, I noticed that Brian had some idea seething in his head, he whispered some melody in a low tune, his fingers drummed on his leg, experiencing some rhythm. I noticed him smiling enthusiastically, almost telling me his idea, but the last thing I remembered was to close my eyes and fall asleep.

I woke up in my bed, and when I opened my eyes, Brian was staring at me with his arms crossed, as if asking for an answer to my sudden sleep.

"What is it? I overslept?" I yawned, sat up, scratching my eyes.

"Mom's not well" Jimmy said, also worried.

"Oh, Jimmy, I didn't see you there" I laughed. "Of course I'm fine, my love, just tired and sleepy."

"There's a reason you started to feel so sleepy" Brian insisted, sitting next to me. "It's no wonder, it's a symptom of something, and if you're sick, we have to find out what it is."

I was responding with a "I'm not sick, Bri!" Like the last time he suspected I was sick, but that was when I realized. I gave a huge sigh, surprised by my conjecture, which blended into another yawn.

"What is it? Do you suspect anything?" Brian asked, trying to unravel all that mystery.

"I don't know, I confess I've come to think about it, if I'm not mistaken, it may be ..." I tried to reach a conclusion.

"May be what? Don't give me a heart attack, Chrissie!" and there went the calm of my husband.

I sighed, before saying what I had thought.

"I think I might be pregnant again." I smiled at him.

"But are you sure? Maybe not, but by the way, at least the last time, you had those weird symptoms" Brian argued.

"It may be or it may not, but I don't know, we just have to find out" I said, half uncertain.

The whole conversation brought a certain concern to the surface, I was so scared before Jimmy was born, but now that I knew how it worked to be a mother, another child would be very welcome. Jimmy was no longer so dependent, which meant I wouldn't have to share my attention with the two of them, I could devote myself to the baby who needed more care, and Jimmy, too.

I exchanged a look with Brian, trying to see if he was as pleased with the possibility as I was. Our gaze from one to the other meant the same thing. We smiled at the same time.

I got up, getting ready to leave, it wasn't long before I came home with a pregnancy test.

"What's going on, Mom?" Jimmy asked, very confused as he watched our movement.

"Let's see, my love, we'll soon know" I answered him, understanding all his nervousness, another characteristic inherited from us.

I took a deep breath at the test, waited for the result very uneasy, crossed my arms to contain my tremor, my fingers tapped in my arms, extremely agitated I was. I think if I went through that again, I would react in the same way. My God, by the accounts I had hypothetically two children, had I just thought of a third? Jesus, I was really nervous.
It was then that appeared, positive ...

Before I cried or screamed, I showed Brian. He gave me a hug hugely tight, and then kissed me quickly. As we looked at Jimmy, our little boy was getting confused.

“You're going to have a baby brother, Jimmy” Brian said as he lowered himself to our son's height.

"A brother?” he asked "like Bobby and Mike, and Felix and Rory? And what is he going to be called?”

"We still don't know my love, but it can also be a little sister,” I explained to him.

"And when's he coming?” asked my little boy "Are you going to get him? At the hospital? He already arrived? Can we get him now?”

"That's not how it works, Jimmy.” It was Brian's turn to explain, since I was dying of embarrassment.

"Oh ... It's one of those things we have to wait for, the baby's going to take a long time, isn't it?” And it comes from Mommy's belly, just like a puppy.” Jimmy understood, and was pleased with his own explanation.

Lucky for me to have such a clever son, not just one, I was sure my other baby would be as smart as his father and brother.
The next day, I found Brian concentrating, writing in his old notebook. certainly writing lyrics for a new song. I remembered immediately the night before, before I fell asleep, he had a new idea in his head.

"Oh, I didn't see you waking up," I said, sitting next to him. "Is Jimmy still asleep?"

"Yes, like an angel." Brian smiled. "And you?" Are you ok? Feeling more good? Or are you still tired? We know it may be because of the baby, but even so, we need to go to the doctor."

"We? Don't tell me you're sick too?" I joked with him, which shocked my husband.

"My Chrissie doesn't usually make this kind of jokes!" He folded his arms, slightly indignant.

"Sorry, just to relax you, you're too worried again" I said, "and I think it's wonderful that you want to go with me to the doctor."

"Oh, it's my job, my duty, my promise that I've taken care of you forever." He kissed my cheek, pulling me closer to him. "Of both of you".

And in that, Brian made a fondling of my belly.

"It's a little early to talk to the baby" I warned him, though his care made me very happy.

"Well, we didn't plan it exactly, but it's a welcome surprise, surely." Brian was in that state of emotion trying to find words. "I didn't say, but I'm very, very happy."

"I know, you don't even have to tell me, I just feel what you're feeling." I smiled back at him, it was in moments like this that I wondered if my life was real "so what are you working at? I know you're crazy to show me."

"Oh yes, you're right, my love," and suddenly he stood up, all excited and I got confused.

"What are you going to do?" I had to ask "or am I supposed to do something?"

"Actually, we both have to do it together." Brian still sounded puzzling, and couldn't stop smiling.

"Good God, Brian, why all this?" I said a little irritably, since I still hadn't understood anything.

"I got an idea for a new song" he began to explain.

"I saw that" I said.

"Okay, I just need to test if it's going to work without chords" Brian said.

"No chords? What do you mean, no chords? Just the rhythm?" I thought the idea a little absurd.

"I can add chords on the solo, but the whole song needs to work only with the rhythm, because I want the fans to do it" he continued. "Well, I know it sounds crazy, but in a small, tight environment, they could do it with us."

"They already do this by clapping their hands." I began to follow my husband's reasoning.
"Only there's something more low, in a low tune" he clarified.

"I understood the "low tune" I made a thick voice to show that I understood the expression "just show me what I have to do."

"Oh, well, then, step one foot at a time, one after the other." Brian instructed me and then showed me.

I repeated his gesture, which caused the low sound "tum tum" against the floor.

"Like this?" I kept doing it.

"Right, now, clap once after you hit your feet," he said and did so, I did the same right after him.

"That's ... Wow, pretty smart" I praised, already predicting where Brian wanted to go.

"Okay, go on," he said and we continued, echoing "tum tum tum" around the room.

Without warning, Brian waited a while to get into the rhythm and began to sing. The lyrics was about someone speaking to a boy, that he should conquer the world.

Then came what I identified as the chorus. "We will, we will rock you ....". After learning, I accompanied him singing, Brian nodded approving of my company. The lyrics continued, and when he sang the chorus, I sang with him. Then he paused abruptly.

"What is it? Are you going to add anything else? For me, it's great" I said.

"Just a guitar solo to finish" he said, smiling proudly.

"You and your solos" I shook my head.

"Hey, I'm the guitarist, I have to come up with something to do, otherwise I won't have anything to do in the band," he shrugged.

"Look who's joking now," I had to point, which only made Brian giggle.

All that movement just made Jimmy wake up, which was good because we had our breakfast together as a family.

Brian decided to save this idea of "We will rock you" as he and the boys worked on the other songs for the new album. Brian's inspiration was varied, in the sense that he once again composed different songs for the same album.

"Save Me" and "Sail Away Sweet Sister" had a similar theme for me, about losing someone you loved, and the different reactions to it. The first was someone desperate for help, as if only the loved one could save him, while the second one sounded bitter, as if someone who lost the loved one wasn't caring what would happen to the person from now on. Unintentionally, it reminded me of Freddie, and the conflict I had with him. We knew inside he was asking for help, but on the outside, he didn't want to accept it. And we were getting tired of offering help. It was sad, but it was real. And I could tell there was some of that in Brian's songs.

Watching him teach these two songs to the boys made me think about it all, and of course the tears betrayed me. Ironically, Freddie himself was the first to notice my condition.

"Come on, Brian, you're doing something to your wife, because she's crying again" the singer said in a joking tone.
"You have to stop writing sad songs, Bri" John advised.

"Oh, it's nothing like that," I stood up for my defense. "Maybe a little, Bri's songs tend to be sad."

"Hey!" my husband complained indignantly.

"Not all of them, Bri, it doesn't matter, I end up liking them all" I grinned. "My crying has to do with something else, too."

"Are you going to tell them now?" "Brian understood what I mean "will you leave the girls without knowing it again?"

"Well, the baby made me cry and I'll have to tell" I shrugged. "Well, guys, soon the May family will get another member."

And so, Roger and John came to hug us, and Freddie, at last, but later surrendered to the joy of the moment.
We were in the studio for another recording session, and it was rare that we were all together there, Dominique and Veronica had come along with Roger and John. After we had our children and took care of other private things, it was harder to meet us in the studio, so I was happy for this surprise meeting. Robert was already about to go to school, kindergarten (as he grew up fast too), Mike was with Veronica's mother, Felix and Rory were with their nanny, just as I had left my Jimmy under the care of Gracey in that day.

"Who knows you have a girl now" said Dom "it'd be good for Rory to have a little friend."

"Yeah, I don't know," she said in a distracted tone, "or maybe it's another boy. Two boys isn't so bad, is it Veronica?"

"It has a bad side, you know." Mrs. Deacon grinned "Robert is always well behaved, but doesn't deny making a mess when Mike insists too much. I already gave up cleaning the walls ...

"It's a work of art, my love, you can't erase it, besides, it would hurt the boys," John said nonchalantly, not caring too much of the scrawled walls in his house.

"You don't really grow up" I had to laugh at what Deaky said.

"I bet John doesn't help the kids scratch the wall." Dominique crossed her arms, giving her husband a discreet look. "Roger here helps in the mess."

"Playing drums is no mess!" Roger said "they're too small to play a real one, so we'll make some improvisation with pots and pans."

"Oh, that's fun!" I had to agree.

"Only the mess they leave behind is not fun" said Mrs. Taylor.

"And Jimmy, Chrissie?" asked John "Has he ever tried to play the Red Special?"

"Oh, it's too big for my little one hold," I said "but he admires Daddy when Brian is playing."

"Maybe Brian is jealous of his beloved guitar and doesn't even let his son play it" Roger joked.

"I'm not like that Roger, I even let you guys play once" Brian finally said something since we started talking.

"Even so, he's jealous" I had to agree "but not of Jimmy playing the Red Special."

I turned to him, a little worried. Brian was the only person in the world who got restless and quiet at the same time when he was nervous about something. He was quiet for not saying anything but restless because his hands were sweating, one foot pounding on the floor, his gaze distant, his expression closed. I watched him be this way all morning, one moment he stopped for some tea, then sat down near the drums, unable to calm down.

We exchanged a look and thought the same thing: Freddie. Delayed as usual, not expected to arrive or give satisfaction if something had happened.

"I can't do this anymore." That was what his gaze told me.
"It's his way" I looked back at him, speaking by my gaze "I don't think we have a choice, you're going to have to do what you have to do."

And then Brian took action, without waiting any longer, he started the recording session. Everyone seemed hesitant, but I was the first to volunteer to help him, even earning a reward kiss for it.

After Brian explained his idea, he showed the five of us the clapping of "We will rock you," which soon made me excited. It was right when Freddie arrived, interrupting what we were doing. As they were equally irritated, he and Brian exchanged anger, which made it very unpleasant to witness, as usual, but soon they left the quarrel to work for a little, since that was why they were there.

Recording the song was fun, Brian was gathering more and more people to have the necessary number of beats, asking anyone who he met in the way to join us. In the end, we stayed there until the final edition of the song. I was very happy to think that I had made a small contribution to record a song of Queen. And not any song.

When the new album was released, "We will rock you" was one of the most requested songs from the public, which was usually used to open the shows. And the fans did exactly what Brian had thought, which made my husband very proud of himself, and I was also proud of him.

So, when I was watching the shows, Jimmy stayed with Gracey, and now my little one was more accustomed to her. So much that he came to show the whole house to her, and that made Gracey curious about some things about us.

"Um ..." she said hesitantly after we came back after a show "if you don't mind me asking Mr. May, where did you buy your guitar? I noticed that you always come back with it, so I imagine you're a music teacher now, since you have other instruments in your house too, and I inadvertently watched the guitar, I ... not that I know how to play or anything, but I I think it's beautiful ..."

"Can I tell her, Chrissie?" He smiled excitedly at her question.

"Um ... Only about the Red Special, without the other details, please" it was embarrassing to omit that Brian was Queen's guitarist, but I didn't want Gracey to know simply for fear of how she would react.

"My guitar is unique, my dad and I made it together when I was younger" my husband explained happily "with a lot of things we found at home, because then we couldn't afford one."

"Wow, that's ... wow, really, really cool." Gracey thought the story was incredible "but, you give your lessons with it, like, you let your students use it?"

"Oh, no, Gracey." Brian was getting worried about her deductions. "I'm not a music teacher."

I looked at him, a little worried, but in the end, I gave in.

"You're not? Well, I'm sorry, look, you don't have to tell me what you're doing, I'm getting very curious" Gracey scolded herself.

"I'm a professional guitarist, I play in a band," Brian said, but chose not to tell which band.

"Of course, of course, it makes perfect sense, I never imagined you playing guitar," Gracey nodded, a little astonished, "but that's okay, I ... it's nice you have told me, well, I'm going home, Mr. May. Mrs. May, good night."

"Good night, Gracey," we answered together and watched her leave.
"Well, she'll find out eventually" I shrugged, trying not to worry so much.

"I won't tell her." Brian put a hand on my shoulder.

"Is it silly of me to worry so much about it?" I turned to Bri "it looks like I'm lying to her, but I'm not, I just don't want to tell."

"No problem at all, Chrissie," Brian shook his head. "If she finds out, we clear up the doubt, and to tell her her old teacher is a rock star is to brag, she'd find us snobbish."

"All right, then, I'll ignore this" I decided, seeing it was a very small matter.

And so I let Gracey make her own deductions.
Different discoveries

It was the second time I had been through the same experience, but still nothing was the same. Just as I felt every stage of development, no matter how big or small it was when I was generating Jimmy, I also felt my new baby growing up. But it was different, because it was another child, a new life, that would have a different personality, would be different of how Jimmy was.

Beginning with his stillness, while Jimmy moved a lot, his little brother moved less often, which made me very worried sometimes.

"Hey, my love, are you there?" Brian was turning to our baby still in the belly "you know you are, but ... Talk to us too, I mean, in your way because there is no way you can talk. We know you're there, but say hello."

And like a miracle, the baby always reacted to Brian's voice, sometimes I thought our second child would be more attached to his father than to me. Of course it wouldn't be like that, well, I wasn't sure of anything, but regardless, I would love my little boy anyway.

"He just likes your voice, I guess, or just you" O said to Brian, sounding a little annoyed.

"No, Chrissie, not at all." He touched my face so that I looked at him. "He likes my voice, it's true, but we still don't know him, just wait when he sees his mother, he'll love her so much how much I love you, and how Jimmy loves you."

"I know I'm being a fool, I was just ..." I didn't even know how to complete the sentence, since I realized I was being silly "maybe it's the hormones ..."

Brian grimaced, thinking about what to answer, finally giving up. I think he thought I'd be mad at whatever he said, I just laughed.

And that's when the baby moved.

"Bri, look ..." I put a hand on my belly "he likes my laugh, that's definitely what made him move!"

I laughed with joy at my discovery, and then the more I laughed the baby moved.

"I can help with that" my husband said, and nudged me right in the ribs, knowing I was ticklish there.

"Stop it, stop it ..." I was saying and laughing, so much so that I burst into tears "stop it, so I'll lose my breath."

"I'm sorry" Brian smiled.

"Mom!" Jimmy came down the stairs running "is everything okay? I heard you laughing, but now you're crying."

He looked suspiciously at Brian.

"Did Daddy make you cry?" Jimmy asked, startled.

"No, no, Jimmy, it's nothing like that" Brian was as worried as our little one "we just found out together that your little brother moves when your mother laughs."
"Really?" Jimmy brightened, delighted "I want to see! I want to see!"

Jimmy's own request made me laugh again and he touched my belly. His expression of shock and astonishment at the realization of his brother's movement was priceless. Then I had an idea.

"Remember when you played for Jimmy before he was born, Bri?" I reminded him "perhaps the baby would react with the two of us singing."

"How did Dad sing to me before I was born?" Jimmy was intrigued.

"You were still in the belly, just like your little brother," I explained.

"Ah ..." signed my little boy, understanding.

We saw Brian leave and then back with the Red Special.

"Then what will it be?" he asked me.

"Um ..." I was always undecided when he asked me this "what about Jimmy choosing it?"

"Me? What? A song that Uncle Freddie sings?" Jimmy wanted to know.

"It's not just Uncle Freddie who sings" Brian explained, a little jealous.

"There's one that Mom sings" my little one recalled "she's always singing it "Yesterday, my life was in ruin ..."

It wasn't long before Brian started to play right in the time, singing along with Jimmy.

"Now today I know what I'm doing
I have a feeling I should be doing all right ...
"

I joined them.

"Doing all right ..."

And I felt the baby stirring again.

"That's right, my love!" I talked to him "we're your family ..."

We would spend hours and hours there if duty didn't call us. Later that day, we had a meeting to set the details for a series of shows in the United States that would take place exclusively in New York at Madison Square Garden.

It was the second time I was going to the United States, and I thought this time it would be less tiring because we would be in a single city. I was happy with the trip, despite the difficulties of organization and distance, it was always good to be close to the boys, following their work.

Jimmy was very excited about the trip. I explained to him how the trip would be, which would be as long as the other times we went, and that our final destination was New York.

"New York?" Jimmy cheered up "where the Statue of Liberty is? I don't know why, but everyone says it's a cool place, so it'll be nice to go there!"

"Yes, yes, it will be" I laughed at his excitement.
The phone interrupted our conversation and I went to answer.

"Sir Harold!" I recognized the voice of my father-in-law "How long, I can hardly believe that it's you!"

"It's good to talk to you, dear Chrissie," he said, "how's Jimmy and the baby?"

"They're good, very good," I told him. "Jimmy is excited because we're going to New York."

"New York?" Mr. May sounded suspicious "What are they going to do in New York?"

"It's a trip with Queen" I explained fearfully "the boys are going to do shows there ..."

"It's a pity, we were going to London to see you, but the band is more important," Sir Harold said in a bitter tone.

"You can come later, no problem, I ..." I tried to think of what to say but I couldn't.

Harold May never accepted very well the fact that his only son was a guitarist when he should have a job in keeping up with his role as a father of a family that he was now. No matter Brian's profession, he would always take care of us and we would be his priority, but his father didn't understand that.

Brian came over to me and realized I was talking to Harold. My husband asked me to give him the phone. I did it, worried.

"Hi, Dad, it's me, yes, I know, I know, but next week we're here! I heard Brian talking "no, no, don't do it, look, I ... Calm down, just give me a chance, okay? Good? Would you like to go to New York and see me play? I'm not going crazy, I'm serious, really! Will you come? I trust your word. It's ok. Goodbye. I love you too."

"Is everything all right?" I hesitated to ask, I touched his shoulder in a way to comfort him.

"My mom and dad are going to New York to see a Queen show" Brian said "it was difficult, but I convinced him."

"And... What do you expect will happen?" I was distressed by a possible conflict.

"I hope he doesn't hate me for it," Brian said, a little discouraged.

I hugged him, and I felt him hold me tight. I also hoped the best would happen when the older Mays saw their son and his friends play.
In the way to New York

I woke up before Brian, which was pretty weird. He always woke up earlier to advance something about the band and his own compositions, or make breakfast, or as I discovered over the years, he loved to read in the midst of the silence of the whole house.

That particular morning, I think I woke up early to be anxious about the trip to New York, we were leaving just after lunch. I got up and was already thinking about what to wear, when I thought better. Brian was still asleep and any movement I did would wake him up, and that wasn't my intention.

As I looked at him, to make sure he was still asleep, I was lost in his face. I confess it wasn't his best moment, his hair was a mess, a lock touching his mouth, partially open. He was dead tired, but even so, in that state, watching him made my heart beat harder. I was too silly, or very passionate. A little of both, since falling in love left us a little silly. More than that, I loved him. Even with that scary look.

I think the mistrust caused by someone staring at you during your sleep made him wake up.

"Chrissie" he murmured, scratching his eyes.

"Sorry, I didn't want to wake you" I sat down beside him.

"Well, I prefer you waking me up than the alarm clock, I can assure you, my wife, which is much nicer." He smiled and leaned in to kiss me, then touched my belly, a little larger now "how is our baby?"

"This one's fine, Jimmy I haven't seen yet," I said, "I'll call him."

"Yes, ma'am" Brian replied, but he still looked sleepy.

I went to my boy's room, smiling at the painting on the wall at a glance. I loved that Brian and I had painted the room in a universe theme. full of stars, comets, and planets. I even added a small TARDIS in the little corner. The Doctor had to be there, exploring the universe outside. And Jimmy also loved Doctor Who.

"My love?" I sat next to him, and he was still slept, the same image I saw in Brian moments ago "time to wake Jimmy up."

"Mom?" he called softly, still tired, without releasing the plush dalek that was next to him "I have to get up?"

"Yes, yes, did you forget we're going to New York today?" I reminded him.

"No, I didn't forget." That made Jimmy get up for good.

Which was good because I soon helped him to change and he was so excited that he ran away.

"Come on, Mom, I'm going faster than you!" he challenged.

"I'm going faster!" I laughed to catch up.

"Don't run on the stairs!" Brian warned, as soon as he understood our joke.

Ironically, he ran faster than the two of us, standing in front of us.
"Oh, Dad!" Jimmy complained.

"Running on the stairs is dangerous," my husband explained urgently. "You can get hurt, and you're pregnant with our child, God forbid if you slip."

Before I said anything else, already understanding his concern, Brian offered me an arm, like a knight of fairy tales.

"I'm not Queen Victoria, Bri" I tried to joke, but I held his arm anyway.

"I know, but just as no one wanted something bad to happen to her, I don't want any accidents to happen to you three." He looked at me and Jimmy.

"Understood, my lord husband." I kissed his cheek. "I love you for all your care."

Brian just smiled in response. He was always very protective of me even before the children, but when I was pregnant this care multiplied much more. He never let me drink too much coffee, however much I loved it, and had to be decaffeinated. He never let me carry weight, he'd pick Jimmy up whenever I asked, since I couldn't. Sometimes it was a bit annoying, I felt kind of useless, but I ended up loving every little gesture of attention.

We spent the rest of the morning seeing the last details of the trip and finally we embarked. Jimmy was on my side while Brian was sitting in front of us.

"Look, Mom, this is ... the clouds!" Jimmy pointed out, delighted, looking out the window.

!Yeah, see? We're in the middle of them" I replied, delighted with my little boy.

"Really? Does the plane pass between them?" he asked.

"Yes, yes" I said, and we looked at each other.

I was a little distracted with Jimmy, but I kept noticing Brian half distant in front of me, his thoughts were far away, the camera in his hands, he wriggled and turned, an attempt to distract his own thoughts.

"Did you take a picture of us, Dad?" Jimmy looked at him.

"Oh, I did" he said. When we talked to our boy, Brian was all right again"you didn't even notice."

"Hidden? Isn't it wrong to do things hidden?" Jimmy was shocked.

"I don't think so, if it's a good thing," Brian said with an air of wisdom.

"Ok ..." My little one seemed to understand the advice.

"What is it, Bri?" he could fool Jimmy, but not me "I don't want to be direct, I know what you must be thinking, I just don't want to talk so I won't make you sad ..."

I realized he was grateful for my sensitivity to the subject. He gave me a sad smile, took one of my hands and kissed the back of it.

"I'm beginning to think it was a horrible idea to invite my parents ..." Brian sighed. "Do you know when ... you want to prove that what you like to do and your parents hate is a good thing anyway? But are you afraid to show because you are afraid of what they will find?"
"I thought one example" what he said reminded me of something of my adolescence "I don't know if it has much to do with it, but, well, my father hated fantasy books, he said that I should spend my precious time learning something useful, not made up stories, so I kind of read it hidden. Until one day he found out, and in the end he came to accept, that reading, whatever it was, was a good thing. I think what convinced him the most was my always goof grades."

"Yeah, there's a little bit to do with it" Brian gave another sad smile. "The problem is ... My dad likes music, he just wanted me to like it as a hobby, I ... I'm just afraid he'll be more disappointed with me, watching me play and being part of Queen."

"Brian, you didn't disappoint anyone" I felt my heart broke with his words. "My love, you've always been a good son, it's just that ... good or bad, no one can fulfill their own parents' expectations. Not specifically and precisely what they wanted from us. We only do our best to make them proud. And playing the guitar is one of the things that you do best. Your dad will love to see you play the Red Special, which you guys did together. Trust me."

My poor Brian had no words, he tried not to cry, and there was no way I could get up to give him a hug. I just took one of his hands, stroking it with my thumb.

"I love you" my husband sighed, "thank you."

"I love you too, Bri" I said with all the conviction of the world.

"Me too, Daddy." Jimmy joined us, which made us laugh with joy.

For a moment, Brian focused only on us, the family he had formed with me, who would always love him.
Expectation

It was a long taxi ride from the airport to the hotel, and unfortunately, just Jimmy who was so excited to see the city, missed many attractions. We were able to see the Statue of Liberty in the distance and we passed the tireless billboards of Times Square. I got lost in the middle of so many ads, they were pure commerce in search of greedy customers, but the advertisements themselves, which often changed on the huge screens were a spectacle apart. Even if we had billboards in London, they were not like Times Square.

Jimmy got off the plane sleeping in Brian's lap and didn't wake up until we got to the hotel. The hotel we would stay was the same as Brian's parents would stay. Probably they had already arrived.

"I think I should see how my parents are" he said, but I knew my husband didn't want to look at them now, just when we'd just arrived and we were still tired from the trip.

"Rest a little Bri, it'll be better this way." I caressed his face and he just nodded.

Brian didn't need to tell me, but he was still worried about his father's opinion. He was almost certain that if he went to talk to Sir Harold now, the two would fall into disagreement. Nothing very serious, but I don't know if Brian could restrain himself once more.

We all three of us lay in the double bed in the hotel room, Jimmy wouldn't fall asleep anytime soon, but I was grateful he understood that we were very tired, staying very still. Brian fell asleep soon, the baby was strangely agitated, which helped me stay awake to look at Jimmy. So I had a moment with my children.

I had a theory that the baby was moving because of my concern for Brian's fears. Everything I felt, our youngest felt, just as Jimmy felt everything I felt when I was generating him. I think too much concern was a recurring thing in the May family, but it certainly came from the Mullen side of the family. Jimmy seemed to understand the moment and continued quietly, feeling his little brother move. At that moment I was trying to think of something to help Brian deal with that situation.

A while later, my husband woke up and saw that he no longer had to avoid what was necessary to be confronted.

"I'll go after my parents, will you come with me?" he asked, and I realized that he was struggling to remain calm, when, however, his request was more to "please come with me."

"Of course" I smiled, trying to show my full support.

Jimmy got up and went to the door, showing that he was willing to join us. We asked at the front desk where Harold and Ruth May were staying and there we went to their room. Brian was nervous as before a show, I offered to knock the door.

"Chrissie!" said Mrs. Ruth and then wrapped me in a hug "it's so good to see you, my girl, and look, how my Jimmy grew up."

"Hi, Grandma" smiled my little boy, glad to see her.

"Hi, and Brian!! She went to her son "what are you doing hiding behind your wife? You know she's much smaller than you ..."

"That's new, Mom ..." Brian finally laughed in all the time of our trip to New York "but it was
funny."

"It was only to make you relax" said Mrs. Ruth "Come, your father will want to see you."

And then I stepped forward again, and Brian resumed the posture of hiding behind me. I knew that if it was someone else in my place the person would think "I married a coward who is afraid of his own father" but I knew what was like to feel insecure and I understood him completely.

"Sir grandpa!" It was Jimmy's turn to make a cute thing.

"Hi, little Mr. May!" Harold smiled at his grandson, they had this joke to call themselves formal greetings because I started this, calling him Sir Harold.

Hi, Sir Harold!" It was my turn to greet him.

"Chrissie, you're more beautiful than ever, how's the baby?" he asked, stroking my belly.

"We're good, very good" I said with a smile, which meant "take it easy with Brian, he never was a bad son to you".

"Son," Harold shook hands with my husband.

"Dad" Brian said in the same tone.

It wasn't long before the two exchanged a hug, and so all the tension of the moment ceased.

Brian asked if they had a good trip, and Ruth and Harold thanked all the expenses paid by their son. He recommended that I accompany them at the time of the show, and I agreed, and then we said goodbye, since the boys had yet to rehearse.

"Was it that bad?" I asked Brian a little blandly.

"I admit it was better than I thought, but believe me Chrissie, the worst is yet to come" he said grimly.

"Just remember Doing All Right, okay?" I tried to pass on optimism to him.

"Yes, yes, I know" he sighed "it will be all right."

He picked up Red Special and ee walked to Madison Square Garden to watch Queen rehearse. Me and Jimmy stayed in our corner, watching everything. I found it cute that my little boy started to clap his hands in the right time when the band passed "We Will Rock You." I joined him, which made Brian smile at us, and relieved my heart, for he was clearly calmer.

Just to near the time of the show his nervousness return. He stepped out in front of me, since I was going with his parents. We kissed saying, and again, I assured him that everything would be all right.

I gave my good-evening to my in-laws, but we didn't say any more words on the way, until Sir Harold raised an issue.

"So Brian thinks it's normal for you to travel the world on your condition, and moreover, with a small child?" cried mr. May with no finesse.

"Harold!" My mother-in-law was outraged.

"It's all right" she reassured me "I'm fine. Mr. May, it's okay to travel pregnant, it's three months
before the baby is born, and Jimmy is already used to it, and so am I, who chose to follow Brian, I'm his personal assistant. And he prefers us always under his sight, so he can take care of us closely."

"Really? I ... "my father-in-law hesitated, however polite and sincere I was my words had a strong impact on Sir Harold !yet if he were an astrophysicist, you wouldn't have to travel from one place to another."

"But he's an astrophysicist, Harold ... " Mrs. May defended his son "he graduated."

Mr. May thought it best not to argue anymore. As shaken as I was with his comments, I was still glad Brian wasn't there to hear it.

I introduced my in-laws to Reid and Beach, who praised Brian as both guitarist and person, which made Ruth proud and Harold as well as embarrassed.

I absented myself to go backstage for a brief moment, I left Jimmy with his grandparents and went to wish the boys good luck.

"Hey guys" I nodded quickly to Roger, Freddie and John. "Bri, I need to talk to you about something."

He followed me into a corner away from the boys' ears, he understood that it was private.

"Look, I know you're nervous about your parents here, but just do what you always do, do your best, your work, and remember that every person here is because they recognize and love your work. Even your parents are here, because of Queen!" I spoke with all my heart to encourage him.

"I know, I'll remember that when I'm on stage," Brian smiled gratefully "now all I need is a good luck kiss."

"I'm on it." I smiled and kissed him, the heels I used at the time helped me do that without standing on tiptoe.

The boys complained a little, but laughed. And it was in this mood that they took to the stage. I just hoped Brian wouldn't let the pressure of his father's expectations get in the way of his performance.
Smoke and lights filled the stage at Madison Square Garden, which I always found exaggerated, but that fascinated me every time I saw the opening of a Queen show.

I noticed that my in-laws got scared a little, too. Mrs. Ruth smiled as Sir Harold continued to grimace until he understood what was happening. Brian played his solos while Roger tried to join him. The sound of the Red Special made all members of the May family more attentive, including me. It was then that the entire opening performance, the show really began, with Freddie playing the intro of "Play the Game" on the piano. It was one of my favorites on the last record, and then without hesitation I started to sing along.

And so the presentation went on, with Freddie energetic and impulsive all the time, with a different movement every millisecond, enthusiastic Roger behind the drums, John in his corner but risking his usual dance moves, and Brian with his solos, tilting his legs occasionally, lips parted, hands at the waist in the middle of a break in the middle of the songs. Even from afar, I was charmed by everything he did and no matter how many times I saw a Queen show, I was thrilled to see them together, and the energy of their songs was always renewed, making us part of it in moments that we were there listening to their compositions.

When they played "We Will Rock You", I joined the rest of the audience, following Brian's classic beat, it was impossible not to remember when he taught me himself and the day we recorded it. My baby was also shaken at that moment, I was in the early stages of pregnancy when we recorded "We Will Rock You", and so, before he or she was born, it was already the song composed by his father that made me remember my youngest child.

Slowly, Ruth and even Harold were following their claps, whether they like it or not, what my husband had created was simply contagious. And during the guitar solo, his parents got their ears up and then their jaw dropped.

"I can't believe what he did with it ..." I heard Sir Harold mutter, I think more to himself than to anyone in particular.

I just smiled at that, glad for the little progress my father-in-law's opinion of Brian's career was making.

It was then that we heard "God Save the Queen" in the version of the boys, a sign that the show was over. At about this time, I was seated, since Jimmy had fallen asleep, with his head resting on my lap. Before I got up, Mrs. Ruth offered to pick up Jimmy, which I thanked her very much.

"Brian will come here?" asked my father-in-law, trying to disguise his own anxiety.

"We usually meet backstage" I said, glad to see that he probably wanted to compliment his son.

I led them there, and Brian, seeing me, gave me a tight hug. I knew that show hadn't been easy for him. Immediately, he took Jimmy from his mother's lap.

"The little guy is a little heavy, Mom" Brian justified himself, trying to break the awkward silence.

!!I loved the show, son!! said my mother-in-law - everything is so full of energy, and the songs are so much better live, and the Red Special! You use it until today ...!

"Oh, yes, the old lady has always been my companion." Brian smiled sheepishly.
"Old lady, proper name, I should say," said Sir Harold, reflecting.

"What did you think, Dad?" Brian asked at once, but his way of asking was like a child showing a drawing to his parents.

"It was an excellent experience" my father-in-law was restrained but not angry "it's not my kind of hobby, but it's of a lot of people, since the place was full. And look, you get the hang of it, it's not because I'm your dad that I say it, it's because you're really talented. And I understand Brian, really, why you do it, it's something that you love to do and do so well, although there are pros and cons, I still don't think Chrissie and Jimmy following you around is good, but it would be worse if they stayed at home when you're away. Besides, this girl was all excited watching you play, sign that she loves you, and that's the most important thing, isn't it?"

"Yeah, yeah," Brian was crying out loud. "I love being a guitarist, but first and foremost, I'm Chrissie's husband and Jimmy's father and of our youngest child who we didn't choose a name yet, and nothing comes in front of it. But thank you Dad, for understanding me."

Sir Harold managed to do the rare feat of smiling, and hugged Brian. We didn't have to say anything else, everyone knew what they felt, just looking at Brian I felt his relief.

We soon returned home, Brian's parents came before us, and after we boarded them, Bri began to laugh.

"What is it?" I had to ask.

"My father approved of me! My father approved of me!" It was the only thing he could say.

"Because you deserve it." I kissed him right away, also celebrating what he had achieved.

Back in England, with its wet and cold weather, and closer and closer to my baby's arrival, we joined the Deacons at their house to celebrate the arrival of yet another member of their family. Soon we began to wish that Veronica's baby was a girl, who would join the group of children. The night we were at John's house, Robert, Jimmy, Michael, Felix and Rory were relatively well behaved, until another rarity happened.

Freddie, who always avoided the children, now helped them ride the train tracks around the house. Soon I understood why he was there with the little ones. He was the only one who didn't have a wife or children, left only with the role of the cool uncle. It hurt me to think about it, but at least he was fine tonight. However, he had hidden something from us that would become a bomb in the middle of Queen.
John, Brian and the album's fight

I wasn't there when the boys got together to start the new album. It was raining hard that day and Brian insisted I stay at home. So I agreed with him and stayed with Jimmy.

It was a morning off for me, just me and my little one watching Doctor Who, Jimmy lay beside me on the couch, his little hand kept stroking my belly. The baby always reacted to Jimmy's touch.

All that lull was suddenly broken by the rare image of Brian coming in our house very angry. It had been a long time since I'd seen him like that. Only his facial expression told me that. He made an effort not to let his anger flicker to Jimmy.

"Dad?" asked our son, seeing that Brian wasn't well.

"Hey Jimmy." Brian kissed his cheek. "Are you taking care of Mommy and your little brother?"

Jimmy nodded, proud of himself.

His behavior made me smile proudly too, making Bri forget the problems a little.

"Sit here, breathe, tell me what happened, please" I said calmly, with all the patience of the world.

"Oh, Chrissie, I don't even know where to start ..." he said as I asked, taking a deep breath, sitting on my other side.

"Let's go by the order of the events" I suggested "what made you angry first?"

"I think it was all the things that made me angry " my husband said tiredly "I think it started with John because Freddie ... Freddie!"

"Calm down" I patted his shoulder in a comforting way "How was John able to do something that irritated you, and what exactly did he do?"

"John suggested a disco-style album" Brian said as if it was the world's greatest catastrophe.

"I like disco!" I smiled, surprised at the suggestion, but Brian grimaced with disgust, which made me fade a little.

"I'm sorry ..." he regretted seeing me shyly. "I know you love disco, but disco is for Earth Wind and Fire, Jacksons Five, not Queen, we're essentially a rock band."

"You didn't agree with that, did you?" I understood the whole story.

"No, not me, not Roger, but in the end we agreed, we did our best," Brian shrugged. "The worst thing was what Freddie did."

"What did he do this time?" I was getting ready to hear any nonsense.

"He dismissed Reid when we were in New York without telling us or consulting us, just because he wanted to!" He buried his face in his hands.

I just patted him on the back. I let Brian through the frustration of the moment, in silence, I was right there when he needed me. I had noticed that Freddie wasn't very well in New York. He had invited Mary to see Queen in the United States, just didn't count on the presence of her boyfriend, as we
knew soon after. Instead of making Freddie happy, it shook him a little, and then Paul offered his nasty consolation. So in my theory, all of this had influenced the sudden decision he made. Decision that scared me, even waiting for the unexpected from Freddie.

"You have ... anyone in sight ... in John's place?" I ventured to ask, even though I thought it too soon.

"Poor Jim was forced to accept being our manager by Queen's "leader" " Brian said reluctantly, glad that Freddie chose Jim than any other stranger.

"I'm sorry, really, Bri, I know how frustrating certain decisions in the band can be, but ..." I looked at him and he turned to me. "Don't give up on Queen or the boys."

"No, I won't, it was just today that it was a bad day," he calmed down. "Maybe I can deal with this record thing till the end ... I need to ..."

"Tomorrow is another day, and it will be better, okay?" I tried to keep him optimistic.

"Yeah." Brian drew another sigh, temporarily surrendering, pulling me gently closer to him.

He used to do this when I was worried to help me deal with my problems, but I knew Brian was looking for my hug, because now he was in need of comfort. I was able to reciprocate at that moment every time he comforted me.

Brian was much better the other day of recording, but the mood began to get more and more tense. I was quiet as usual, Jimmy was at home with Gracey, and I was jotting down the dates of the upcoming shows when I heard the boys disagree.

"I don't want a guitar in the songs" John declared again, very emphatic.

"Excuse me?" Brian laughed in anger "sorry John, but as I recall, I never did anything bad for you, and now you leave me aside why exactly, if you don't mind clarifying?"

"Brian, it's nothing personal, seriously" John sounded impatient "the album proposal is disco, disco music has no guitar, you just won't play the guitar, but you will continue composing and everything ..."

"Do you realize that you're simply taking away my main function in the band?" My husband was trying not to shout "John, if I don't play, I'll feel useless."

"You're not useless Brian" Freddie said "see, this as a chance to be more than a guitarist, to explore other of your many abilities."

Brian's look at Freddie and John was deadly, of course he wanted to say more things, of which he would regret later, but only kept quiet. He sat at the keyboard and focused on the chords, learning the compositions of his friends, singing the chorus. They couldn't get another opinion from Brian during the rehearsal.

"I'm not going to get better until this record is over" my husband decided, telling me his frustration on the way home.

"I know," I said, "but ... if it's any consolation, I don't like the songs they recorded today either."

"My love, you're not saying this just to please me, right?" Brian suspected.
"I don't know if this was a criticism or a compliment, but look at me Bri, and see if I'm lying" I was serious "Queen playing disco... As much as I love disco... The Queen that I love plays rock and roll and other genres here and there, but Brian, really, disco doesn't suit you."

"It's the best thing you could tell me today" he ended up grinning.

"Now you're saying this to please me" I folded my arms.

"No, it's not" Brian laughed and I joined him.

Deep down, I knew he was relieved and I was glad to see my beloved smiling after looking so miserable in the studio. I knew he was serious, really would do his job upset until the album was ready.
That wasn't the only time the boys fought over the album they were working on. Brian was trying hard not to fight and accept the arrangements that John wanted, but of course even his apparent infinite patience had a limit.

It was so bad to see that tense mood, I knew if I tried to say or do something, I would be entering in something that had nothing to do with me. All I could do was hope that the worst wouldn't happen.

Fortunately Brian managed to distract himself from the anger he was feeling by concentrating on his own compositions, but even so, he lost his temper with himself.

For several days he was concentrating on an idea he had, but nothing made him satisfied. He wrote and rewrote more lyrics, trying to get into something that made sense, but by the end of the day he had discarded everything. Only the wrinkled drafts were left on the table around him.

"Bri?" I tried to call him, afraid of the state he was in.

"No, no, no, no." He shook his head frantically, noticing how much he had spent on paper, unable to get anywhere. "I can't stand Chrissie, I can't stand ... Nothing I've written makes any sense..."

"Oh come on, my love, you write so well, something has to serve in the middle of it all." I began to unwrap the papers.

While he went to get some coffee, which he took slowly trying to calm himself, I ran my eyes over the writing on the papers. I read though the kneading of the paper and Brian's running handwriting, which was hard to understand when he wrote quietly, imagined when he wrote nervously like that.

"Do you have any comments?" my husband asked without expectation or perspective.

"It's not your best job ..." I muttered, a little embarrassed.

"Yeah, I know, this thing about not being rock is limiting me too much, I'm not comfortable getting out of my comfort zone" he sighed "what do I do now?"

"Bri, take a break for a while, suddenly a better idea comes with time" I suggested.

"Yeah, maybe, but the way I am, I can't focus on anything, let alone relax." The tension in Brian's voice hadn't diminished at all.

"I know, I know, so ..." I drummed my fingers on the table, trying to think of another suggestion "do you have another idea for another song?"

"Actually, I have ..." Brian's face lit up slowly. "I'm going to work on it, and then I'm back in the mess."

I just smiled to see Brian getting back to normal, and he set to work on another song. From my suggestion came "Put Out the Fire", which I really liked. However we knew that the music would pass through Freddie and John disco filter.

As for "Dancer", which came up after so many attempts, Brian was finalizing it very upset, judging it to be one of his worst compositions. At least when we were in the studio, he behaved and accepted the changes in his songs.
Then came something worse, as if it were possible, but in the end it was. John showed the boys his song called "Back Chat" and soon we saw Brian writhing in anger.

"It's not a hint to me, is it?" my husband asked suspiciously.

"Brian, you're very paranoid," John sighed. "It's just a song about lack of patience, who has never had anyone making us mad? That's it, and why do you want to know? You never questioned the inspiration of the songs, why now, are you doing this?"

"I just wanted to know," Brian said, trying not to be more angry than he already was.

He picked up Red Special and stayed in a corner, working on a solo, lost in his world, trying to escape the tension of the moment.

"Ready, Brian?" Freddie called him to join the general rehearsal of "Back Chat."

"Yeah, I just wanted to put a solo in the middle of the song" he said, and that was like lighting a match at a gas station.

"What part of without guitar you don't understand?" Deacon got angry "it's disco! No guitar! But you have to have your moment to shine, don't you?"

"Calm down, John" Roger said to my surprise.

"I told you that you wanted to take my function in the band, it's clear now that's what you wanted to do!" Brian shouted, staring at John "I didn't compose the solo for no reason, we will put my solo in the song!"

"We wont!" John insisted.

"Brian!" I had to shout, catching the attention of the four, they were about to attack each other "if John asked not to have the solo, leave it without it."

"Are you going to stay by his side now?" he said, and I knew that he had been hurt, just as I was startled by his tone.

"I'm on the side of the four to be friends again and understand each other" I clarified, standing firm, "just play and stop arguing."

They looked at me as if they had been pinched, finally coming back to reason.

"John, let Brian's solo be part of the song, we won't change anything, just add that" asked Freddie.

"All right" Deacon agreed, and each one went back to their seat, resuming the recording.

By a miracle, "Back Chat" was finalized in that session. John and Brian didn't talk to each other when we left. I also got in the car in silence, still scared that Brian had shouted with me. We rarely fought and never argued in front of the band, but that moment hurt me anyway. I noticed him staring at me, but I didn't dare to look at him.

"Forgive me, Chrissie, I know that I let you down, very ugly, it was selfish of me, but I just wanted to contribute at least a little, and I was so angry at John that I let it slip, but I shouldn't want your support knowing I was wrong" Brian sighed, after speaking all this at once "my love, look at me, I promise that it's me again, I'm sorry ..."

"I know it was unintentionally, Brian" I admitted, a little tired "but even so, this whole argument
shouldn't come to me, I'm not a Queen member, I shouldn't make decisions for you, but it hurts too much to see you like that, I had to do something. And you know, Bri, I agree with you, but you should give in a little, accept John and Freddie's decisions better, it's their turn to do something they like musically, not yours. And ... I forgive you, of course I forgive you. But seriously, I'm pregnant and it's no good for me to pass through this stress."

"Now that I owe you more excuses," he hesitated, stroking my belly, I just took his hand and put it where he wanted it. "Sorry, my little sweetheart."

And until we got home, the baby got restless. All I wanted was for the boys to finish recording Hot Space soon.
We breathed deeply, almost in sync, before getting out of the car. Brian tried to return to his usual lull, I tried to forget the fight, but it still echoed in my head. I knew that everything was already well between us, but all the tension of the moment still left us shaken.

So we went inside, Gracey was with Jimmy, sitting in front of him at the dinner table, watching him draw.

"Hi " I managed to greet them with sympathy despite my condition "is it all right here, Gracey?"

"Mom, come see the drawing I made." Jimmy stood up and pulled me by the hand. "It's a gift for Dad, actually."

"Really?" I smiled at my little one, but Brian was already out of my sight "uh ... Why don't you go and deliver it to him while I talk to Gracey? I'm sure your father will be very happy."

"Is it beautiful?" Jimmy sought my approval while showing me his work of art, despite the irregular scribbles, I understood that it was a drawing of Brian as an astronaut, floating in the midst of planets and stars.

"Beautiful!" I praised with all my heart and my boy ran after his father.

"Mrs. May, I ... " Gracey hesitated again, she still felt shy sometimes, which I understood well.

"You can speak" I encouraged.

"I don't think so, I ... I was going to ask about Mr. May and he's not well, and I don't want to intrude" she continued "I just hope he feels better, you two, you three, I mean, Jimmy is fine, he behaved as well as ever and everything. I think I'd better get going."

"Gracey" I called, interrupting her quick steps. "Thank you for caring about us, we'll be fine, I promise."

"That's good" she smiled. " Tell Mr. May I said hello, and, bye."

"Bye" I managed to feel a little better by saying goodbye to her.

After another frustrated sigh, I went into the kitchen and decided the only thing I could do to feel good was chamomile tea. I waited it to be ready, and during that time I saw no sign of my boys. Of course I started to worry.

"Brian? Jimmy?" I called from the middle of the room loud and clear.

A moment later, they came to me.

"Daddy loved my drawing, but he's sad, why are you sad?" Jimmy was worried and looking at my husband, I felt my heart breaking.

He had cried a short while ago, his eyes were swollen, his gaze lost, as if his mind was traveling to another dimension.

"Daddy had quarreled with your uncles, honey" I tried to be as simple as I could when I talked to Jimmy.
"But they apologized?" the little one asked "it's just to apologize that this passes."

"Yeah" Jimmy managed to get a smile from Brian "maybe."

"My love." I turned to Jimmy. "Why don't you draw a little more, okay?"

"All right" Jimmy agreed without hesitation, returning to the dining room and leaving us alone.

I left Brian just to get tea for the two of us, I offered the cup and he took it with both hands and he thanked me softly. I sat beside him with all the care of the world.

"I never spoke with you that way..." he reflected with regret. "God, what happened to me?"

"It's okay now, I know you're really sorry ..." I wrapped an arm around his shoulders. "This recording is driving you crazy, we all ...

"Even so, I felt so helpless and alone, with no one to support my opinion, I hoped that you ..." He stopped to think of what to say "no, you did right, scolded me before something worse would happen ..."

"That's just why I interrupted you" I said.

"And I thank you for that, really." He smiled sheepishly at me, taking a sip of his tea right away.

I retaliated with a more open smile, and kissed his cheek, so he could feel it was all right.

Brian tried not to lose his cool in the studio, he just got used to the idea of the album and did what he was asked to do, whether to use the guitar or not, to sing and in the variations of the second voice in the choir arrangements.

There was still time to finish, but while "Hot Space" wasn't ready, another important date came, the day we would have our second baby. Early in the morning, I began to feel the first signs and the shaking so rare during gestation, but soon I would have a little son or daughter moving in my arms. Dominique came to get Jimmy, who would be under the Taylors' care. (With her care so that Roger didn't do any mischief with the boys and Rory).

We went to the hospital as marked by Dr. Carter. But we just waited and waited for the baby to arrive in the hospital room.

"Is that right?" Brian questioned from my side, "aren't we early?"

"No, the day is today, I can assure you, my love" I already knew that considering everything I had when Jimmy was born "we just have to be patient."

"Fine." He took a deep breath, holding my hand.

"Calm down Bri, it's going to be all right" I smiled.

"I'm surprised you're not nervous," he countered.

"Who says I'm not?" I was a little more serious "I'm just calmer because I've been there, but just thinking about going through it all again ... Oh my God ..."

And suddenly, we were equally nervous, and we laughed together about it. That's when I felt the time had come.
"Call the doctor, it will be now!" I said, startled.

"Okay, okay ..." He nodded and did as I asked.

Dr. Carter examined me and decided that I was right.

"Mr. May, you can leave the room now, your wife and your child will be fine" the doctor said.

"I can't stay? Really? I ... she ... I love her, I don't want to leave her alone" Brian sounded like a desperate teenager, but I knew that was the worry and guilt still speaking louder.

"I'm sorry, sir, we can only have the patient and the medical staff in the room, I promise you'll be the first to know when the baby is born" the doctor explained.

"It's okay, Bri, I love you, I'll be fine, we'll be fine." I grabbed his hand as he was still close and I kissed it.

With that, he just nodded, smiled at me, but I saw tears in the corners of his eyes. He didn't turn his back to me until he left the room.

And with that image of Brian shaken in my head, I braced myself for what was to come. Our family would receive their newest member in a few moments.
I had already gone through a birthing process, but the same difference I felt during pregnancy, I felt right now that my baby was coming into the world. The pain seemed bigger, the difficulties too, it seemed that time didn't pass, and as the sweat trickled on my face, the panic increased inside me. I had inner doubts, if everything really would go as well as I'd promised Brian. For him, for Jimmy, for the baby, I couldn't give up. I sighed again, regaining my strength, ready to push again.

"It's here, she was born!" Dr. Carter announced.

Even so, I was still worried, I hadn't heard any crying.

"It's a girl?" I asked, pleased and surprised "but where is she, why didn't she cry? This is not normal! I, I want to see her, please let me see her, to see if she's okay ..."

Ironically, my little girl cried when they brought her into my arms. It meant that everything was fine, she was crying, she was reacting to everything around her.

"Calm down, calm down..." I looked at her desperate little face "I'm your mother ... I am here to protect you, my little princess, calm down... you are so beautiful ..."

But my little one kept crying.

"What's wrong with her? Why don't you stop crying?" when I heard me out loud, I saw how contradictory it was to worry about her not crying, and now that she was crying, I was more desperate.

"We'll check her, Mrs. May, please be calm," said the nurse, taking my baby from my arms.

If I didn't understand the procedures and I was stronger, I would fight to keep her with me. All I wanted was to comfort her, even though I didn't know the reason for her crying.

As I regained my strength, the weeping sound subsided and my heart slowed as I calmed down. I waited patiently until I saw her again.

I took her carefully, nestling her gently in my arms. Her eyes were wide open, watching every detail of my face. We watched each other in silence, just me and my little girl. She definitely looked more like me, but curiously the cheeks reminded me of Brian's. Her thin hair was blond, like some of my relatives.

"It's all right now ..." I whispered to her.

Suddenly, my little girl smiled. It was incredible, I always thought she would be Daddy's little girl, but here it was just me and her, in a moment just between us, recognizing each other as mother and daughter. That smile illuminated my heart, my mind, the worries and sorrows I was feeling lately.

"Chrissie ..." Brian spoke my name with some timidity, but clearly delighted to see us both "it's ..."

"It's a girl, I know, we barely think of that possibility ..." I reflected, which was odd given Roger's jokes about Rory "but she's here."

"I ..." he still hesitated "I never thought we'd have a girl, you know ..."

"I know, I know, but I'm here to help you, don't forget that I'm here, Brian, I mean, not only in front
of you, but whenever you need me " I was understanding, all that fear was still guilty "Come on, she needs to meet her father."

Without further hesitation, Brian hurried his steps toward us, and watched our little girl on my lap.

"She's beautiful, so beautiful ..." he tried to take one of her hands, very slowly, and she ended up grabbing his finger with her little fingers "she ... choose her name, Chrissie, I know you already had girl names in your mind."

"Actually, my love, I have a perfect name" I said, looking at him and then at her "Louisa, my little light, which led all darkness away".

"Louisa May" Brian said "really perfect."

Before he caught Louisa, he wiped his tears away quickly, and stood in a corner, just watching her, having that moment of acknowledging each other as father and daughter.

"I wanted to take a picture of you now" I said.

"No, it's my hobby" Brian managed to play "I can get a picture of us at home, I promise I'll take it."

"I believe you" I nodded.

He then came over to me again, returning Louisa to my lap.

"Do you think I can be the father of a girl?" my husband wondered again "I could barely talk to girls when I was younger, now being the father of a girl ... Will I be able to give good advice? Will I be able to understand her?"

"Have you forgotten what I just said, Brian Harold May?" I pretended to be angry "I'm here to help you, remember that being parents is teamwork? I think we've taken good care of Jimmy. And you're acting just like Roger ... Speaking of him, the boys and the girls are here?"

"Um ..." Brian's expression wilted for a moment "no, I ... I was alone outside ..."

"Why?" I asked, already imagining the answer.

It's not just because everyone was busy with something.

"I couldn't call anyone, deep down I didn't want to talk to the guys ..." he confessed, embarrassed.

"Freaking Hot Space ..." I sighed, tired of that fight and childbirth "at least call the Taylors, I know you're not angry with Roger, tell them that the baby was born and they'll be in charge of telling John, Veronica and Freddie."

"Thank you." Brian smiled and left.

"Bri!" I called before he opened the door "I love you, okay? Don't forget it."

"I love you, too" he said without hesitation, then left.

Brian was breaking my heart being in that condition and I knew he was going through one of those moments when he needed to hear a "I love you".

It was a time after almost everyone was together to meet Louisa.
"Oh, what a lovely little girl ..." Aunt Dom was the first to speak "she looks like you, Chrissie."

"I think so too" Veronica added, "but she has a little bit of Brian."

"The cheeks, right?" I pointed, which made my husband confused and John and Roger laugh.

"What do you mean, cheeks?" Brian asked. "I thought it was her nose that looked like mine. And the color of the eyes, definitely Louisa has the color of my eyes."

"No, the nose looks a bit like the two of you" Roger said, watching the baby in my lap.

"Why don't you let Jimmy decide this?" suggested John, who was more shy than usual.

It was clear he was still feeling awkward because of Brian.

"I'm going to ask him when we go home." I smiled at Deaky, trying to be a peacemaker "and Freddie? Anyone heared from him?"

"His phone was muted" Roger shrugged. "As usual..."

"Yeah ..." I just smiled.

I was worried about my family, but as I looked at Louisa, the worries were gone again. Her uncles and aunts said goodbye, until I noticed Brian uneasy, thinking of doing something. His look at me told me what it was.

"You'll get it solved out at once," I said delicately, but firmly.

I knew that all Brian wanted was to apologize to John and have him accept it. I looked at Louisa again, hoping it would be okay.
A strong bond

A little later, Louisa and I were discharged from the hospital and finally we could go home. Of course, getting out of the car and going in with my little girl reminded me of Jimmy's birth. All that feeling of joy and responsibility coming to the fore again. However, as much as raising two kids was a bit more challenging, I was much calmer now about it.

"I'll get Jimmy ..." Brian told me, bringing me back to the present. "Are you going to be all right?"

"Sure, of course, I'm missing him." I smiled, thinking about how Jimmy would react to his little sister.

Brian kissed me goodbye, and he also kissed Louisa's forehead, which made her look curious to him. As soon as he left, she began to cry.

"Hey, hey ..." I rocked her to calm her down "Daddy's coming soon, I promise, you'll meet your brother, yeah, yeah ..."

Louisa stopped crying for a moment, but then started again. Yeah, it would be like the old days when Jimmy was a baby. I started to walk with her around the house, still rocking her, starting to sing "39" chorus softly. But she was still crying.

"What do you mean, you don't like '39?" I asked her, which made her stare at me for a moment.

So I figured it was something else, and I was right, I changed Louisa's first diaper while her dad and her brother came home, I overheard them coming in.

"My love? Chrissie?" Brian searched for me.

"Mom!" Jimmy was faster "are you okay? Did you get hurt in the hospital? Where is my sister?"

"Calm down Jimmy, calm down" I laughed at his excitement. "She's right here. You have to be very quiet, okay? She may be startled by a loud noise."

"Ok, Mom" my boy lowered his voice as he answered me.

I took Louisa out of the crib, slowly, no matter how she was still awake. I sat in the rocking chair and Jimmy came to my side, watching his little sister.

"She's ... cute!" decided my son "I want to hold her, mom, can I?"

"Only if you're very, very careful, she's small and fragile, you can't move her too much on your lap, understand?" I instructed, serious.

Jimmy nodded, equally serious.

I got up slowly, my son understood that he had to sit down to hold his sister. He straightened his posture and held out his hands. I had to laugh at his cuteness.

"Do like this, Jimmy." Brian showed him how he had to fold his arms, and our boy imitated his father.

I leaned forward slowly, and I placed Louisa in her brother's arms. She smiled at once.
"I wanted to tell her something, but I don't know if she understands" my little one said.

"Of course she understands" Brian answered in his best teacher ton "she just doesn't know how to answer yet."

"Oh ..." understood Jimmy "then hi Louisa, I'm Jimmy, actually my name is James. but everyone calls me Jimmy, including the uncles. Have you met the uncles? They're cool, each in their own way, Uncle John and Uncle Freddie are quieter, but Uncle Roger is the messiest. He makes more of a mess than us ... Us are me, Bobby, Felix, Mike and Rory ..."

I noticed that Jimmy would continue to talk non-stop, very atypical for our family, who had a reputation for being quiet and timid, but at least Louisa was attentive to every word, completely fascinated. It was lovely to see Jimmy's instinct as an older brother, introducing the world to his little sister, preparing her for what she would meet, instructing her on good and bad things to protect her.

I was so delighted watching them, my little children, that I always dreamed of having, that I didn't even notice Brian leaving and coming back. Again, he had captured the moment without me noticing.

"Look Louisa" Jimmy said, "that in Daddy's hand is a camera, he loves to take pictures of everything, but mostly of us ..."

"Speaking of a picture, do you remember the picture I wanted to take, Bri?" I told him "now would be a good time for this, right?"

"You're right as always, Mrs. May. "He nodded and then Jimmy handed the sister to their father, a little sad.

"Calm down, little man, I know how cool it's to hold your sister, but I'll give her back to you," Brian joked.

Jimmy smiled, understanding, and came to stand by me. I then took the picture, Brian and Louisa were in the same position as I saw them in the hospital. She ended up sleeping in his arms, and then our daughter stayed that way for the rest of the day.

Unlike Jimmy, Louisa was a busy baby, who changed the day into the night, who barely slept when Mommy and Daddy needed to rest, but even so, I didn't care about all that work. Best of all, Jimmy didn't usually wake up with his sister's cry, at least most of the time.

To make her go back to sleep, I tried to sing "'39," but it seemed that this song only worked with Jimmy, so I tried another, reminding me of when the three of us sang to her before she was born. The soft melody of "Doing All Right" was what calmed Louisa. It was curious how my two children loved their father's songs, but different songs.

After a week with Louisa at home, and already accustomed to her routine and taking care of two children, we received an unusual visit.

It was a Saturday afternoon, I was reading "The Journey of the Dawn Treader" in the living room, Louisa was in the chair next to me, Jimmy told stories to her, Brian took advantage of updating himself on the latest subjects related to astronomy, when that scene was interrupted by someone I didn't expect.

"I'll get it" Brian offered after we heard the buzzer.

I got up to see someone coming in with my husband. How happy I was to see it was Freddie.
"Hi!" I smiled broadly and hugged him unceremoniously, I felt him a little embarrassed by it "you disappeared, how are you?"

"I'm doing well, Mrs. May" he replied with a sheepish smile," and I'm not gone, I see you every day."

"Seeing us at work doesn't count," I said, "I've missed you for those days, really."

"That's why I'm here" he pointed to the package he'd brought in. "My conscience weighed for not seeing Louisa in the hospital."

"Was your conscience heavy? What a miracle!" Brian was impressed.

"Do you want to see her? Come!" I called out excitedly.

"Open the gift first" Freddie said.

"Ok ..." I agreed, opening the package "it's for me or for Lou?"

"For Louisa, unless you like stuffed animals too." Freddie smiled genuinely.

"You know I like it," I said, and then I admired the gift in my hands. "How beautiful, Freddie!"

His gift was a plush whale, it was light gray with huge green eyes, one on each side of the plushie.

"I wanted a badger or a hedgehog, I know they're Bri's favorites, but they only had whales." He shrugged.

"All right, now Uncle Freddie can personally give the gift to his new niece," I suggested, wanting him to interact with the children.

"Do I really have no way of getting away?" he said playfully to Brian.

"You did the favor to come here, now argue with the consequences," Brian put his hands on his friend's shoulders, "relax Freddie, babies don't bite."

Freddie chuckled, but went into the living room. Very insistently, he agreed to hold Louisa. Gradually he relaxed, she stood still, watching as Uncle Freddie and Dad talked. Unwillingly the conversation fell on the subject of John and Brian.

"We made it up, Freddie," my husband said. "I realized that I had to give up, even though I didn't like the record, and also see that I can actually do other things in the band, besides playing guitar."

"Of course, you're not just the guitarist, you're our friend, the most sensible, rational, and understanding of all, the voice of reason" Freddie praised eloquently, "and I understand you, we all have bad days."

"Yeah." Brian smiled "Thanks, Freddie."

"You're welcome, brother" Freddie said with all his heart.

It was a universal truth, that sometimes fights and misunderstandings made us forget, John, Roger, Brian and Freddie were brothers, and nothing could change that.
Understanding each other

It wasn't long before Hot Space was ready, and it was decided that the boys would finalize the album in the studio in Montreal. This time, I wouldn't have been able to accompany them, Louisa was still very small. As much as Jimmy had traveled since he was little, I thought it would be harder to take care of both on such a long trip, so Brian and I decided that I would stay home this time.

"It will be very strange without you there" my husband said grimly, as we packed his suitcase.

"It's only for now, Bri" I was understanding "as soon as you get back, I'll be with you again. But I confess that I will miss you, too."

Brian just stopped, looked at me deeply, he couldn't find the words to tell me at the moment. But I knew what still bothered him.

"I love you, Brian." I touched his face so he would keep looking at me "even with your faults, I know you and I know you would never do anything to hurt me intentionally."

He just gave a long sigh of relief and hugged me, not wanting to let me go anywhere, I also didn't want to let him go. Oh my precious Brian, so worried, not knowing that nothing would make me give up on him, the rarest treasure of my life, which brought me two other precious jewels.

"Thank you for understanding me" he told me without undoing his embrace.

Looking up, I saw the tears glittering in his eyes, I raised a hand to wipe them.

"You're welcome, my love" I smiled excitedly "whenever you need me, I'll be here."

I tiptoed to kiss him and then we finished packing.

For a few days before the trip, Brian spent most of his time with Jimmy and Louisa. Whenever I looked for my baby girl, she was on her father's lap, with Jimmy right behind him. I hadn't seen Brian as happy in those last days as he had been with our children.

Then came the day of the trip, we said goodbye with sadness for longing, but rest assured that we were feeling much better.

"Well, it's been so long since I've been through this..." I confessed to Brian.

"Yeah, I know, but like the other times, I'll call you back" my husband promised, giving me one of his smiles that made my heart melt.

"Why can't we go too, Dad?" Jimmy asked a little sadly, which break my heart.

"It's because Lou's too small to travel, and Mommy needs your help now to take care of her, you know?" Brian explained sympathetically, but waiting for our son to get the message.

"All right, Dad," Jimmy nodded "I can handle everything, don't take long to get back."

"I won't be long, I promise." Bri bent over at the height of my little boy and hugged him. "I love you, Jimmy."

"I love you too, Daddy" my boy answered.
Then Brian gave me a strong hug.

"Avoid fighting with anyone," I managed to make a joke to relax.

"I won't fight" he laughed, but he nodded.

He kissed Louisa and we watched him leave, waving from a distance, and he waved back. When I looked around, I saw that it wasn't just me who was saying goodbye. Veronica and Dominique and their children also went through the same thing.

"Yeah, that's never get easy" Veronica said beside me, her boys standing in front of us, I was pushing Louisa into the cart.

"But you know, with the boys far away, we can make another girls' night" Dominique suggested, a little more lively.

"Now it's mothers' night" I corrected, giggling softly "but that's good. Well, if you decide to do something, let me know."

"I'll tell you" Dominique agreed.

I said goodbye to her and Veronica, each one going home with their children. With the boys away, we had the kids to take care of, plus other responsibilities.

Louisa's restless sleep ended up helping me stay awake waiting for her father's calls. I would make her sleep in the living room, and while Louisa was in my lap, I answered the phone.

"Hi ..." Brian said once, speaking softly, not holding back my huge smile when I heard his voice.

"How's everything in there?" he continued "and the children? Jimmy still cries when he miss me? And Lou? Is she letting you rest?"

"Well, I'm fine, just tired of the usual weariness" I said. "Jimmy's a lot better, Bri, he's beginning to understand that it's part of your job to stay out sometimes, and he won't always be able to go with you. As for Lou, I discovered that she loves mashed potatoes, and I think she's starting to learn how to crawl, she was close to Jimmy one day almost crawling, but she didn't move, it was like she figured out what to do, but then she started to cry and I caught her, but I thought it was a good first try."

"Oh, I wanted to be there to see that" my husband lamented.

"Now it's your turn to tell me how you are, I need to know, Brian" I was a little serious with him.

"Okay" he laughed, but I knew he understood my concern "I'm fine, we're really good, something really cool happened, actually two good things, at least for me."

"Tell me" I said, ready to listen.

"Well, we met David Bowie by accident and recorded a song with him" Brian said cheerfully.

"The David Bowie? Seriously?" it was too incredible to believe "and nobody fought?"

"No, no, actually, it's been a relief to make this song, it's like it's an outburst" Brian elaborated thoughtfully.

"Really? I can't wait to hear it! What is the name of the song?" I asked excitedly.
"Under Pressure, we're going to release it as a single" Brian explained.

"Okay, and you said something else happened, what was it?" I was curious.

"Freddie ... He ..." Brian hesitated, which made me worried.

"What did he do now?" I was on the alert.

"He made a song for me" I felt the emotion in Brian's voice "that it was his way of apologizing for all the stress that Hot Space had on me."

"Wow, that's really nice of him" I was really happy with this news "so Freddie still has saving..."

"You know how he is, deep down, he cares a lot about us" Brian reminded me "well, I didn't expect it, but I was grateful for it. Look, my love, I'll let you rest, we'll talk later. Give the children a kiss for me. I love you, Chrissie."

"I love you, bye" and then I said goodbye to him, yearning for his return.

It was wonderful to see that Brian had returned to his normal self.
During the morning of the day the boys would arrive from the trip to Switzerland, I waited anxiously at home, Jimmy and Louisa still sleeping as I prepared to meet Brian at the airport. I'd missed him so much, not just me, but the kids as well. It was the first time Louisa and Jimmy had spent much time away from him. In Brian's absence, I noticed my little boy doing the same things I did. That questioning inside him, but he was afraid to say it. It was then that he mustered enough courage to tell me what bothered him.

"Mom" he called me over lunch, "why does Dad have to work away from us?"

"Oh my love ..." It was my immediate reaction, feeling my heart tight "I know you miss miss him, but it's something that's part of Dad's work, he had to go this time."

"But ... he ..." I felt Jimmy's embarrassment at that moment.

"It's okay to tell me, my love, you can trust me" I said, holding his hand.

"The parents of other children don't have to travel because of work" my boy said "and what if Dad had a job like that?"

My God, I thought, how could he be so just like me? And what could I answer?

"Jimmy, every father who works stays a little while away from his child, that happens, the fathers need to work, and this time, your father had to stay away, but soon he comes back, he promised, didn't he?" I said, with all possible tenderness.

"He did" Jimmy said between his teeth, still annoyed.

"And your father have ever lied to you?" I continued.

"No, Mommy" he said with a little more energy "never."

"Then you have to be patient." I smiled, understanding him completely, feeling the same way he did.

So, when we met Brian at the airport, Jimmy went a lot faster than I ran to meet his father, I just smiled to my husband while holding Louisa in my lap, both relieved to see each other, so close again.

"Hey, my little man!" Brian lifted Jimmy and hugged him, leaving him on his lap "how are you?"

"I'm fine." Jimmy smiled beautifully, so happy to finally get what he wanted so much these days.

As I approached him, before our words met, our lips met, long enough for me to feel ashamed of a kiss in public.

"Hi ..." I sighed, admiring the beautiful face of my husband, with a little tiredness here and there, for the trip, for some stress over the years, but beautiful as always.

"Hi, I can't believe I'm here" he gave me another hug and laughed "all I want is to go home ..."

"Don't tell me" I agreed, and then we went home.

Despite his tiredness, Brian was thrilled, and before he unpacked, he stood right in front of me, hands
on his waist, looking at me excitedly.

"Bri ...?" I was just trying to figure out what his unusual idea was now.

"Chrissie, my dear wife, Chrissie," he said solemnly, his hands still around his waist.

"That's me" I said, half suspicious.

"It's over, Chrissie, it's finally over!" he laughed and held my arms carefully, without losing enthusiasm "Hot Space is recorded, mixed, and only need to be launch, but it's over!"

"Congratulations?" I tried, saying the best answer I found.

"I know it's an exaggeration, but I'm relieved, seriously." Brian had calmed down now "but wait, I brought you a gift."

"A gift?" I still wondered "You didn't have give a gift for a while ..."

At this, Brian's face filled with genuine concern, and I had to laugh.

"I'm kidding, Brian, you know I don't care about those things" I explained better, and he was quiet, handing me the package, I soon recognized that it was a new record.

"I ..." I murmured as I inspected the colored cape, a simple drawing that illustrated the features of Freddie, John, Roger and Brian faces "the cover looks beautiful, but I thought you didn't even want a copy of that album on home then why...."

"No, it's not the whole record" he explained. "Remember you wanted to hear" Under Pressure? It's just the single and the B-side. Now, put it to you to hear."-

"Ok" I did as he asked, and then we sat side by side to hear.

The first thing that dragged my attention was the bass riff, John's trademark, no doubt, and then the song that started simple was gaining more weight, not only by the addition of instruments, but by the content of the letter itself, it was really a cry for help, an apology for problems everyone had and yet ignored. Then slowly and softly the song ended. I think I just didn't cry hearing it because its rhythm wasn't melancholic.

"What do you think?" Brian asked.

"Incredible, definitely one of my favorites, really" I gave my honest opinion.

Then, in the days that followed, I went back to work with full force, organizing Hot Space, going to the shows, watching the interviews, while Louisa and Jimmy were in Gracey's care. Gracey, who in turn finally managed to ask the question she wanted.

"Mrs. May, I know it's kind of invasive" she started with her usual shyness "but it's just that, these days I stopped to buy some records, and there was one called "The Game" by the Queen band, and ... look, definitely , one of the musicians of the band is just like Prof. May, so the band he plays with is the Freddie Mercury band, like, Mr. May is super famous?"

"Super famous, I don't know" I had to answer the poor girl, since she seemed so agonized with the question "but yeah, sometimes it's hard to go out with him without him being recognized, then yeah, you're not wrong Brian is Queen's guitarist, yes."

"Okay ..." Gracey only grimaced, clearly trying to process the information.
"But that doesn't change anything Gracey, he's still a normal human being, okay?" I felt compelled to advise.

"Of course" she nodded "because, Mrs. May, I can't associate Prof. May with a rock band, so on my part, it's okay, really."

"I knew it would be good to work with you" I smiled, taking that little bit of weight out of my conscience.

Later that day, we faced a press conference. At times, it could be one of my favorite types of events linked to Queen, when journalists were respectful and asked really clever and interesting questions. But this was very rarely, however, the media attack taught me to be smart, to anticipate what they would say, to think of a response that would satisfy them, but wouldn't deliver what the boys didn't want to answer. Still, it was sometimes impossible to get away from certain issues. I guess that's why over the years Freddie got used to being too rough with certain insensitive journalists. And it was no different at the press conference of the new album.

I sat in a place to watch everything, my gaze was connected to Brian's, he sighed before they started asking the questions, and I smiled, wishing it all went well. But not always what we hoped would happen, and the journalists attacked Freddie with all the fury, ready to extract information about his personal life. As I looked at him, I realized that my friend felt suffocated, both physically and inwardly. As much as Brian tried to focus on why they were there, releasing the new album (which he still hated, but was willing to talk about it for Freddie's sake), they didn't leave the band's lead singer alone. Always being our hero, Jim Beach closed the conference, dismissing everyone.

I saw Freddie go as fast as he could, part of me wanted to reach him and comfort him, but I knew better than anyone that in that moment he would rather spend it alone. I was afraid he wouldn't come to us to feel a little comfort after the attack he had just felt.
Mischief

Hot Space repercussion between the fans and the critics wasn't extremely positive. As much as Brian hated the album and I didn't like it that much, it didn't mean we were happy with that result. Still, the disco style had pleased some of the fans.

Out of curiosity or concern, or a mixture of the two, Brian rummaged through magazines and newspapers with stories about Queen to know what the reporters were saying about Hot Space.

One morning while I was preparing breakfast, I came across my husband surrounded by newspapers and magazines, reading a little of everything almost at the same time. Louisa and Jimmy watched him with the same curiosity, it was common for them to see their father studying, but not in that somewhat exaggerated way.

"Brian, leave all this" I said, picking up everything, but he stopped me, holding my hands gently.

"I just wanted to know if there's a chance they'd say something good about the new record" he explained, a little dismayed.

"You know this is rare, don't you?" I remembered, but being careful not to sound angry "by your face, you didn't have much success in finding what you were looking for, besides, you didn't like the album, so it is a little ironic to look for someone who liked it."

"You're right ..." he laughed, which made Louisa laugh back at him "I don't even understand myself sometimes ...."

"And I don't understand myself, but I understand you and you understand me." I smiled.

"Mom, that was confusing" Jimmy said, and I had to laugh.

"Yes, my love, the important thing is that Daddy understood." I looked at them both.

So after Brian put away all that paperwork, we finally had breakfast. He helped Louisa to eat, which was very sweet to watch, until somethin funny happened. She began to grimace and drool the oatmeal, soiling all over her bib.

"Hey, little lady, Mommy said you liked oats, what's wrong?" Brian spoke to our little girl for an explanation.

"Funny, she eats so well with me." I was holding a laugh.

To complete the scene, Louisa put a hand on her plate and threw oatmeal at her father, as if she knew he would be even more indignant. The oatmeal ran down Brian's hair and cheek. That's when I laughed, and Jimmy joined me.

"Hey, no, no, no, you won't laugh at Daddy." Brian tried to defend his dignity. "I give up, Chrissie ..."

"Oh, no, you can't give up that easily" I urged him, and I stood up, wiping Louisa and Brian's face.

That's when I got close I heard Lou laughing again. I turned to her, finding her the most precious thing in the world.

"Mow"! she exclaimed, to our surprise "mow!"
"You called me, my princess?" I caught her in my lap, excited "that's it, it's me, Mom ..."

"Mow!" Lou said again, and I held on to not cry, which didn't work out too well.

"Oh my God, Chrissie, she's already talking ..." It was Brian's turn to be thrilled.

"Mom, Dad, Lou just spoke, you don't have to cry." Jimmy worried about our tears.

"It's because Mom and Dad are silly, Jimmy," Brian took him in his lap, "is that sometimes we cry with happiness too."

"Really?" My little one tried to understand the concept.

"Yeah" my husband nodded with conviction.

We both looked at each other, then at our children, at the conclusion that they were the most precious things of our lives.

Later we received the visit of the Taylors, as Roger and Dominique realized that we were going to their house more than they were in ours.

"I had to see how Bri was after all, you know what, right?" Roger justified his presence.

"It's serious, Brian, we were very worried" Dominique added.

"Calm down, guys, it's not for that much, it's just ... you know when you're tease right in your fatal flaw? Right where do you know they're going to hurt you? That's what happened" my husband shrugged.

"But you saw that everyone was in bad state after all" Roger replied, "hardly anyone liked the Hot Space."

"Not quite, my love" Dominique said "I liked your songs for this record."

"That's a good thing this thing did." He smiled one of his mischievous smiles.

"Roger, I like your songs, not all of them, but I like them" Mrs. Taylor impatiently "just like the one Felix inspired you to write, you didn't finished it yet, right?"

"Wow, are you working on a new song yet?" I was impressed by Taylor's commitment.

You know, I know Brian is like this, you must be used to it "Roger explained "when an idea comes out of nowhere, and you run to write, afraid you'll forget it later, but for now I just finished the chorus."

"Um, so we'll have to wait and see how it's going to be" Brian said thoughtfully, already wondering what kind of music his best friend would do.

I hoped it wasn't about cars again.

"Speaking on children, where are they?" I asked, missing the little ones around us.

"I'm surprised you lose sight of the children" Roger teased.

"It even happens with the best mothers" Dominique helped me.
So we went after the little ones. Jimmy and Felix were playing soccer while Rory shoved her little hands into the dirt, getting all dirty, making clay pies.

"Rory!" Dominique sighed, not knowing if she was frustrated or delighted.

"What?" The little girl turned, not knowing what she had done wrong.

"Leave her, Dom, where's all your talk that children have to explore space and environment?" Roger crossed his arms "that's what she's doing!"

And in that, he joined his daughter unceremoniously. Jimmy and Felix were amazed at the adult playing like a child.

"Dad, Mom's going to scold you for getting dirty" Felix advised.

"Oh yes? But I'm not going to get scolded by myself." Taylor got up, and made clay drawings on Felix's face, which he tried to escape, but he couldn't.

In the end, he ended up laughing at his father's mischief. Brian and I just stared at that funny, weird moment as I realized Dominique was losing her temper, getting an idea, and putting it into practice. She went into the house and then went back into the yard. throwing a glass of water into Roger's head. which made him chase after her after revenge. Brian blocked the entrance of the house, not wanting that no Taylor messed up the house of the Mays, which made them turn around and continue running in the street. Jimmy and Brian went to see where it was going to go, while I picked up Louisa and went to the front of the house, watching my boys gather next to the Taylors.

"You're going to have to take a shower before you leave" I announced to Roger and Dominique.

"It's okay, I did it to annoy Brian" Roger said.

"Roger ..." Brian murmured impatiently at my side.

We wait for the Taylors to clean up after their play by sitting on the steps at the entrance to the house. Meanwhile, Jimmy went into the yard and then came back, he had two yellow flowers in his hand.

"Is it for me, my love?" I asked, delighted with the gesture.

"Oh, no, I'm sorry, Mom, but it's one for Rory and another for Aunt Dom" my son explained, somewhat embarrassedly "because they came to see us with Uncle Roger and Felix."

"Oh, yes, no problem." I smiled the same way, finding it sweet my son being so considerate.

A while later we were able to talk to the adults again, though they were as playful as their children. It was good to see that Dom and Rog never lost their best side.
Over time, Louisa has been learning more words and walking. I didn't see her taking her first steps, I only knew this because she made a point of walking toward her father, when I wasn't present, Brian told me all the details of the moment. And unintentionally, no matter how much I and Jimmy talked to her, nothing excited her vocabulary more than seeing Brian sing and play at home. It was amazing she didn't cry when he sang 39. I think she was a real daddy's little girl after all, although she always looked at me for approval before doing anything.

So while Brian was working on a new song for the next Queen album, Louisa was sitting next to him, paying attention to everything he did. He stopped for a moment and stood up suddenly.

"Where you go Daddy?" she asked, more afraid than worried.

"I'll be right back, my love, I promise." Brian kissed Louisa's forehead, and it wasn't long before he returned, bringing in the largest amplifier we had at home.

"Wow! Let's have a private show?" I looked at the box, finding it a little exaggerated, but I knew he would be careful not to turn up the volume on the maximum.

Brian could be a rock star, but he wasn't a fan of loud, heavy sound.

"It's that I got excited, we finally got back to good old rock'n roll and I'm going to enjoy it to the fullest" he explained, smiling.

Brian re-arranged the Red Special, plugging it into the amplifier. He played a chord, testing the sound, the vibration reverberating through our ears. Bri then touched the solo he was working on, super heavy and loaded, true to rock roots, yet still had an interesting melody.

"Pretty!" Louisa praised, clapping her hands.

"Thank you, my sweetheart." Brian bowed his head toward her, "but I'm not done yet."

"Do you have any lyrics or rhythm? Or both?" The solo had left me curious about the rest of the song.

"Oh, a little of both, I must finish it" my husband explained to me as he gestured, handing me his notebook.

"Hammer to Fall" I read the title aloud and the rest mentally.

He had words scrawled and replaced by others here and there.

"It's about the Cold War, isn't it?" I noticed the subject immediately.

"Yes, brilliant as always, my love." He kissed my cheek as I deduced correctly, and I blushed.

No matter how much time passed, his compliments always flattered me. Brian kept working on the rhythm of the song, putting the chords over the words. When he realized it was ready, he tried singing the whole song for the first time.

Jimmy, recognizing his father's voice and guitar, came to listen to him with me and his sister. I connected to the song immediately, I simply loved it. Me and my kids clapped as Brian finished.
"Thank you, family, thank you." Bri thanked, moved by our support.

If Brian had composed, it meant that his bandmates had also returned to work. During the rehearsals in the studio, I was able to appreciate the new creations of John, Freddie and Roger.

Roger had finished the song that Felix had inspired him to write. According to his father, the little boy had ventured to speak a little French, his mother's first language, speaking "radio caca". The phrase, however simple, inspired Roger to write a song about the nostalgia of radio in the midst of modernity. It was a simple concept, but I being the nostalgic one that I was, I ended up enjoying the music. In addition, the chorus that was slightly modified for reasons of cacophony in certain languages, was stuck to the head. After the boys finished recording "Radio Gaga", I ended up humming randomly, several times.

"You really liked that one, huh!" commented Brian about my behavior.

"Yes, I did, but don't worry, I still love your songs" I assured him.

"Just the songs?" He gave me a smirk, playing with me.

"Before I loved the songs, I love you and it was you who made them, so loving the songs, is the same as loving you" I smile at him, satisfied with my response.

"Couldn't you give a simple answer?" Brian continued to tease me, raising his eyebrows.

"I love you" I surrendered, feeling my heart pound as I saw his smile.

I loved my husband, but I loved the band and their songs too. Freddie and John also continued to work, Deaky composed a just one song, as he used to. "I Want to Break Free" was able to balance rock and disco, Brian even adapted a guitar solo without getting so strident, which matched more with the song. As for the lyrics, it seemed like someone was reluctant to a kind of love that only hurt. It wasn't something John was going through, but maybe he had already passed it on in life, or knew someone in that situation.

Freddie described the conflicts of being in love with "It's a Hard Life," this time I was sure that the feelings he put into the song was something he had already felt, and perhaps still felt in the present.

Work on the new album was interrupted by the arrival of little Laura Deacon, who was born late one night. I remember being startled to hear the phone ring after 10:30 pm at night, but I was more awake than Brian and answered. I was happy to see John telling me the news, very happy.

I remembered that my little ones were asleep, and it wouldn't be fair to call Gracey at that hour. Then I told Brian that Laura was born, he laughed with happiness for our friends, hurried to get ready, said goodbye to me, and went alone to the hospital. The first of the boys to get there was Brian, as I learned later. Just he and John stayed most of the time together, which mended the last little breakups that their friendship still had.

Then a day later, I, Lou, Jimmy and Bri went to the Deacon's house so me and the little ones would meet Laura. She was as beautiful as her mother, with the delicate features that reminded me of Veronica, but she had her eyes and hair like John's.

"Congratulations, Veronica" I complimented my friend with her daughter on my lap "and John, of course! One more girl, it seems that our wish was granted."

"Yeah, a little girl, maybe she'll help make the boys calmer" Deaky mused.
"Well, it's the other way around at home" Brian said. "Louisa is a lot more agitated than Jimmy, and whether you like it or not, the two of them are very quiet together."

"You're lucky to have children who don't make mischief" Veronica was half ironic "but I love my boys, just the way they are."

This time, our children were well in our sight. Robert had spread pieces of lego across the living room rug, Jimmy and Mike were building a tower together, Louisa and Robert were building something else that was hard to identify. Seeing the children like that made me very happy, and it was wonderful to see the Deacons and the Mays in harmony.
One thing that became part of the band over the years was the recording of promotional clips for the singles. With each new album, it meant that the boys would record new clips, always discussing the artistic direction of each of them with some animosity, just as they did when they produced a new song.

Freddie came up with extravagant ideas for "Radio Gaga" and "It's a Hard Life." He himself had given suggestions to the costume designer and the result was quite something very like him.

"I can't believe we're back to the '70s even after 13 years!" I had to say when I saw the boys wearing that sort of red bandage shirt, trying to sound playful.

Freddie would have given me one of his answers full of reason, but just ignored me, focusing on something else, going to check the scenario. This attitude worried me, but I didn't ask him anything. Brian wasn't ready yet, so I went to see what had happened.

"Is everything alright, Bri?" he said shortly after opening the door.

"I give up, Chrissie" he complained, trying to unfold the chest bandages. "How do you dress this thing? Since it was to return to extravagance, I still have my white robes ..."

"Wait, let me help you." I laughed and grabbed a stool to lean on, propped it up in front of Brian, climbed onto the stool, and wrapped the bandages back so they wouldn't let go any further, and I fixed his shoulder pads.

"There you go" I put my hands in his hair, grooming it gently "handsome".

"Handsome, but ridiculous ..." he rolled his eyes and I just kissed him, trying to improve his mood, which eventually worked.

Brian joined the bandmates and started the recordings. I found interesting the idea that Roger had to add claps between the pauses of the chorus. It was something like "We Will Rock You," which fans would surely pick up and accompany along with the band.

Finishing the recordings of "Radio Gaga", they went to "It's a Hard Life". Freddie wore the red jumpsuit full of holes, and the wig that looked like a dead animal, but I kept my opinion to myself. The poor fellow was already with that melancholy again, the music was sad, and I didn't want to make anyone sadder.

Roger and John also didn't like their costumes so much, Brian was spared the extravagance wearing a simpler black outfit. If the boys found it bad and overdone their clothes for these clips, they hardly knew what awaited them with "I Want to Break Free".

It all started with the meeting to decide on what the clip would be. We had the classic ideas of jailbreak, and the boys running outdoors, but Roger had a better argument.

"When Dominique heard the song and told me what she had thought about what it meant, she thought of female oppression, you know?" the drummer was building his argument "so she said it would be cool if the four of us represented different types of women, and in the video clip language, this would be set up as a parody of "Coronation Street." "

John and Brian blinked for a moment, trying to process the answer, Roger and Freddie exchanged
animated smiles, Mercury had loved the idea.

"Did Dominique give you that idea?" I asked, a little curious "I don't know, no, you know what, it's so her such a thing, all she wants is to laugh a little at your faces."

"Let them laugh, Mrs. May! "Freddie cut me off, in his enthusiastic tone "we'll do exactly as Roger suggested."

Brian and John shrugged simultaneously, agreeing that it was best not to argue and just accept the decision.

I tried not to raise expectations as to how my husband would look, but seeing Brian in his pink sweater, bunny slippers and curlers in his hair, I just couldn't stop laughing.

"Okay, Chrissie, you're going to throw up like this" I saw he was getting pissy and irritated.

"Sorry ..." I took a deep breath, concentrating to hold back the laughter. "Where did they get a sweater of your size? And curlers? Seriously? I wore it in high school."

"Yeah, I know, I saw the pictures your parents showed me, not you with curlers, but with your hair modeled," Brian countered in an attempt to change the subject.

"The nice thing is that after the clip your hair will be perfect, not that it already is" I gave a mischievous smile, and he just shook his head.

"Duty calls, my love" Brian gave me a kiss on the cheek, having patience with me amusing myself because of his look.

As the boys recorded, I had grown accustomed to their female versions, and I no longer laughed as much as when I first saw them, and I also had to be quiet so as not to disturb the recording.

Freddie had taken over the scene with his irreverent and daring way, and the boys entering in the character completed. In the end, I found that the funniest clip they ever made.

However, not everything was fun and laughable at the time, even in that relaxed atmosphere. Brian, Roger, and John played and teased each other at the far end of the scenario, while Freddie, at the end of the recording, despite the shared laughter, went back to being sad and crestfallen.

It made my heart clench. I kept repeating to myself that I wouldn't worry, that I would let him live as he wanted, remembering that he was an adult, but I just couldn't. Year after year, instead of opening up and trusting us, Freddie shrank back, kept to himself and to inspire his compositions all he was feeling. But seeing him like this again demanded an attitude on my part.

I created a strategy so he wouldn't think he wanted to rummage through his life and ask questions that he found inconvenient. I brought him a cup of coffee.

"I brought it to you" I offered, with a discreet smile, "do you want it?"

"Thank you, Chrissie" he said softly, taking a sip of coffee shortly.

"I liked the idea, after all" I tried to make a conversation.

"Yeah, I saw how much you laughed" Freddie said.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend anyone." I justified myself.
"There is no one you offend in this world, Mrs. May" he managed to smile "it's just me that ... Well, it doesn't matter."

"You can tell me if it's something that bothers you, really." I tried to encourage him to open up, gently.

"I don't know if you've ever felt that way, but ..." he sighed, looking at me seriously and sadly at the same time "I have the impression that I don't know what I'm doing with my life ..."

"Oh ..." my concern multiplied at once "you ... I know it's hard not to think that Freddie, but think of all the good things you've done, and all that you still can do. Just keep moving on."

A bit hesitant, I kissed his cheek, and before I pulled away, Freddie gave me a hug.

"Thank you again." He smiled slowly, watching me with half-closed eyes. "Brian couldn't have chosen a better wife."

"Well ..." I chuckled softly, feeling embarrassed. "I'm happy to help."

I didn't know exactly what he was going through, but giving Freddie a little relief at that moment also made me calmer.
First day at school

The days passed with the agitation of the shows of divulgation of the album "The Works", the first shows of Queen that Louisa could see. It was amazing how she thrilled with every opening of the performances, jumping, clapping, singing, and even waving from afar, giving a hello to Brian and her uncles. Me and Jimmy loved Queen, but we were more restrained than Lou when we saw the shows.

Returning to the part of our life that didn't involve the band, Brian and I prepared for another challenge as parents. Jimmy was old enough to go to school, and of course I worried.

One night before his first day of school, I put my son to bed, and being aware of what he was like, Jimmy realized something was bothering me.

"Mom, did someone make you sad? It wasn't me, was it?" he asked.

"No, no, my love, of course it's not just that ..." I was scared for blaming him (something else inherited from me) "you grew up so fast, and tomorrow you go to school, I was just thinking I'll miss you when you're not home."

"But I'm coming back" Jimmy told me with absolute certainty "just like when Daddy traveled and promised he'd come back and he came back. You'll pick me up later, won't you?"

"Of course I will" I nodded, "I'll be there."

"So we have a deal?" My little boy waited for my answer.

"We have, we have." I stroked his cheek.

He was only 6 years old, but he was so understanding, his attitude filled me with pride and comfort. I tucked the plush dalek around him, all those years still his favorite plush.

"Good night, Jimmy" I kissed his cheek, "sleep with the angels."

"Good night, Mom" he told me, and I got up to Louisa's room, but she and Brian found me halfway there.

"Lou wants a kiss from Mommy before going to bed." Brian explained why she was still awake.

"Ah, did you miss me, young lady?" I played with her, taking her from her father's lap "come on, let's go get you to sleep."

I laid Lou on her bed, adjusting her covers, while she stared at me intently.

"What is it, Lou?" I asked.

"Mommy sad?" she answered me.

"No, I'm not, stay calm, my princess, now you just have to sleep." I leaned down to kiss her cheek, she turned, settling to sleep.

I sat on the edge of the bed, waiting for her to fall asleep, as Brian and I did every night. My husband said nothing about what Louisa noticed in me, just put a comforting hand on my shoulder. As soon as our little girl slept, we left the room. It was our turn to sleep, but not before Brian talked to me.
about what I had.

I lay down and stared at the ceiling for a while, and he watched me, felt his gaze on me.

"You're nervous because Jimmy's going to school." Brian's tone had no doubt, he was sure of it.

"I'm sorry, I know it's silly, but ..." I turned to look at him. "Bri, I'm afraid he won't make friends, that he will have trouble adapting, someone will bicker with him, he..."

"It's okay, I understand you." Brian approached me. "I have the same concerns, but I know he'll do well, I only have reservations about the teachers, you know they can be worse than a troublemaker classmate, but Jimmy is brilliant and smart, he'll be fine."

I just nodded, hugged Brian, holding him tightly, snuggled into his chest, trying to forget the worries.

The next morning, I woke up my little boy, helping him into the school uniform. I smiled to see him ready, so cuddly and elegant, in blazer, tie, shorts and socks three quarters and social shoes. His father, also full of pride, soon took a picture of him, before we took him to school.

Brian drove, and from the passenger seat, I checked the children in the backseat. Jimmy was fine, but still nervous, since he'd brought the dalek with him, to make him feel safer. I just hoped he'd leave the plush behind, someone at school could tease him.

"So that's it, son, we're here" Brian announced after parking the car.

Jimmy looked out the window, sighed, then straightened his pack on his back, looked twice at the dalek, and decided to leave it behind. Louisa looked at the plush with a certain dread, as surprisingly, she had a certain fear of daleks.

My little boy opened the door and left. Before entering the school, he placed his little face in the window of the car, next to Brian.

"Bye, dad, bye, mom, bye Lou!" he said excitedly, "I'll see you later."

"Yeah, we'll pick you up" Brian confirmed. "Good luck, my boy."

"Thank you" Jimmy replied.

"I love you, honey" I told him, not letting the tears come.

"I love you too, Mom, you, Daddy and Lou" he said and waved.

It was our cue to leave, but Brian also didn't want to leave before we saw him come in. Yeah, my son was growing up and I just could wish the best would happen to him on his first day of school.

Thank God, Jimmy soon adapted well to school and he liked to go, but of course he didn't like the typical things we all don't like at school, such as a very short playground, boring classes, impatient teachers and, of course, some classmate who didn't like him too much, but nothing that Jimmy couldn't overcome.

So we went back to the issues surrounding Queen. It was a Wednesday afternoon when the phone rang, and I answered. It was Freddie wanting to talk to Brian. He was polite to me, but it was clear he was in a hurry and nervous.

"Bri, Freddie's on the phone" I warned my husband, a little worried.
"Did he tell you what it was about? Did he sound fine?" Brian was alert as well.

"No, but it does seem urgent" I said, what I had realized.

"Okay." He nodded and picked it up.

The call was quick, Brian gave only short, affirmative answers.

"What is it?" I asked as he hung up.

"Freddie wants me to go to his house now, he wants to have a meeting with us" my husband explained.

"Oh my God, what happened?" My concern increased.

"Maybe it's no big deal, stay calm, my love, I'll be back soon, okay?" he said and stood up quickly.

"If you can, don't delay, okay?" I asked as we said goodbye, still in fear.

Brian nodded and kissed me.

Louisa and I watched him leave the house, until the car disappears at the end of our street. It was hard for me to stay calm when Freddie did something, especially when he wanted to talk to the boys so suddenly.
An end or a pause

It took Brian about an hour and a half to get back, which wasn't too long. From the urgency with which Freddie had spoken on the phone, I thought my husband would take much longer. Though he had returned shortly, the way he arrived didn't leave me alone.

Lou and I were together in the dining room, I read as she tried to draw a sketch, scraping papers as she could. I noticed Brian coming in, opening the front door, but he didn't look for us, nor had he shouted from afar that he had arrived, just to let me know. He hadn't said a word until now. I heard his footsteps coming up the stairs, he must have gone to our room.

It was one of those times I had doubt about whether to let him deal alone with this dilemma for a while or I would immediately see what had happened. I then decided what to do.

"Mommy will be back soon, Lou, stay quiet here, okay?" I instructed my little girl and got up.

"Okay." Louisa answered me and went back to her drawings.

I scrambled up the stairs, fearing for Brian, hoping he was all right. I found him sitting on the edge of the bed, staring at the wall almost blinking, except to ward off the tears that were already forming in the corner of his eyes.

I didn't dare call him, but he noticed my presence, looking at me. I understood that I could approach, he hugged me by the waist without getting up, I just returned, caressing his hair, still remaining silent.

"Brian" I touched his chin to look at me "you need to tell me what happened, please, my love."

"Believe me, I'm crying over anger rather than sadness" Brian muttered, and he released me for a moment, and I sat down beside him.

"Freddie, isn't it? But what was it? "I asked as I held his right hand with both my hands.

"First, he decided to sign a contract for two solo albums, without warning or asking our opinion" Brian was telling, trying to control the emotions "which means that Queen ... We aren't going to work together anymore, indefinitely. That was it, but ..."

Now it was I who was shocked, I understood well what Freddie had done, and what it meant for the band. It wasn't just about the job, but Queen was more than a band, it was a family, a big and important part of our lives, and not having the presence of the band in our lives was terrible, it would be the biggest wound because of that decision.

"Oh, I don't understand, I don't understand!" Brian let himself be angry "is it that nothing we've done to until now means anything to him? It's been 13 years together! It's not just the band itself, but our friendship ... And Chrissie, he said ... Some hurtful stuff, that's what hurts me, you know, Freddie sounded very ungrateful to me! I wanted to say so much, but the good thing about the rage was that it made me leave soon, before I responded to it as well. It's like we're not good enough for him, he's self-sufficient, oh God! He even said that he doesn't need us, I just ... It's a huge disappointment ..."

I had no words, I think I instantly felt everything Brian was feeling from a different perspective. Even if Freddie wanted to take a break, he still couldn't see that if he was in trouble, he could count on us. I guess that's what hurt the most in me in the middle of this whole story.

I just leaned closer to my husband, giving him another hug, and kissing his cheek.
"What do I do now?" he asked me in a muffled voice.

"We'll find a way, I assure you" I said gently.

"Mom?" we heared Louisa calling me, taking us out of that heavy state.

"Here, my love" I said loudly for her to hear me.

"Hi, Daddy!" Lou ran straight for Brian, which made him smile, which comforted my heart.

"Hi, Lou, what were you doing?" He turned all his attention to her.

"Drawing" she said in her cute way.

"Ah, can I see?" Brian asked.

"Yeah, come on, come on." Lou took his hand and pulled him down the stairs with her, I was right behind them.

"I'll get Jimmy at school, will you take Lou?" he said to Brian, who was a little better.

"I will." He nodded.

"I'll be back soon, will you be all right?" I knew it was a stupid question, I hated it when someone asked me when I was sick, but it was the only way I could show at that moment that I was still worried.

"I'm going to be, in time" Brian replied, ruefully, trying to show a little bit of optimism.

I knew that in time we would feel better, but now it was all recent.

If Brian and I were struggling to adapt to Queen's new reality, John and Roger faced the same dilemma. At least, the Mays, Deacons and Taylors teamed up even more to deal with Freddie's absence. It was still the prevailing topic in our conversations when we met each other.

"He went to Munich" said Roger bitterly, "so he ran away so he wouldn't have to face us ..."

"And you really think I could take your anger out on him?" John raised the question.

"You don't doubt it, John, you know I almost tried once" Taylor recalled.

"But he could knock you down with a knockout" Brian managed to smile.

"No, in case you two would help me knock him down, wouldn't you?" Roger suggested to Brian and John.

"Maybe." Deaky was thinking seriously.

"Look, I know you wouldn't do that." I entered into the conversation. "It would be best to talk, but not now, wanting or not, I'm defending you."

"That's why I love you, Chrissie, like a sister, okay Brian?" Rog gave one of his typical smirks.

"Even so, Freddie must have more reason to want to isolate himself" I told my thoughts to the boys. "Maybe he really wanted a space for himself, but these selfish opportunities also came along, and he chose what he wanted after all."
"I just say we all need more time to forgive him" Dominique said quietly, "deep down, we still consider him a friend."

What Mrs. Taylor said it was such a big truth that it made us nod in silence. Yeah, that stuff was still too delicate.

Suddenly, our silence was cut off by someone singing the lyrical part of "Bohemian Rhapsody" not someone, it was more of a person, not anyone, it was unmistakable who the voices were and what they sang.

We went to where Veronica was, looking at the children and especially Laura, who was still small. Jimmy, Mike, Bobby, Rory and Felix were singing the opera part, doing all the voices together. Of course they had to be singing a song made by Freddie. When they saw us, Mike and Rory were the only ones who kept singing, the other children were ashamed.

John, Roger, and Brian just gave them a proud smile. Even if Queen's future was now uncertain, we could trust its legacy to future generations.
A strange year

One time after Freddie left for Switzerland, we were adapting to life without the Queen, without rehearsals, without shows, but with the media eyeing everything.

It was strange staying at home most of the time, my routine had always been agitated, both as a teacher and as a personal assistant to Brian, but it was a good thing, in a way, if I didn't know why we were home.

I've been filling in the moments with new books, and more Doctor Who marathons, and of course, take care of Jimmy and Louisa. Taking my oldest son to school was something we always did together. When I stopped at Barnes' library, Brian wanted to accompany me and pick up books of his own interest. On days when he was more patient, he would accompany me by bringing Lou with him, and paying attention and autographs to anyone who recognized him. But among those fans we met by chance, there was always someone who asked when it would be the band's next tour.

"They're organizing," I was quick to help my husband, as he was shaken by this sort of question "that kind of thing takes time to get ready, you know?" But just pay attention when they'll tell to know."

My answers were enough for the fans, but they were a bit far from true for us. There were days when Brian felt sad, depressed, guilty. These days, he wouldn't go to the library with me, tried to avoid talking about Freddie or Queen, which was practically impossible at times. I tried to comfort him as best I could, reminding him that none of it was his fault. As the months went by, Brian was getting better. He even worked on a new song, but he didn't finish it completely, he added and adapted his ideas to it when he felt like it.

In my attempts to console him, I came to remember something that Brian loved to do and I learned to love because of him.

"Bri, I was thinking ..." I began, as I pulled the table out of the dining room, "do you want to go to Hyde Park?" Just you and me? I mean, I love the kids, but, we can take them another day with us ..."

"It's not a bad idea," he gave me a small smile, speaking softly.

The next night we left Jimmy and Louisa with Gracey, and after dinner, we went to the place that we didn't go for ages.

"You chose a perfect night to come, Chrissie" Brian reflected, watching the starry sky as we walked side by side hand in hand.

"Yeah, and I didn't check the weather or anything," I added, rather laughterfully, "all I cared about was distracting you a bit."

"Oh, my love" he pulled me closer to him "I know, I know it's not easy for you, I'm just trying not to think much about the future, what's going to be with the band, my present is you, Louisa and Jimmy to look after."

"But it still seems like something is missing" I murmured, carefully and understandingly.

It wasn't easy to get rid of a routine and, above all, a friendship, built over 13 years, it was a break too big to ignore. But what gave me hope was that no one had determined a definite end to the Queen, there were still chances of the boys joining again, I still believed that, although now it was
difficult for Brian to see this.

We sat in silence, in the same place we always sat, watching the immensity of the universe over us.

"What about your thesis"? I asked suddenly, associating what we were doing with his currently interrupted scholarly work.

"My thesis?" Brian frowned in surprise. "You really think I should get back to work? Right away?"

"Maybe it's not the ideal time, but you're having the time and it's something you love" I said, "and I know very well how much it bothers you to have left your work unfinished."

"Chrissie, this is ..." He paused, thinking for a moment, then decided "I can try again, yes, I still have the books, and I've been giving a recent, good look in new stuff, it looks like it's all that's left to me to do now. Thank you so much for reminding me and suggesting this."

"You're welcome," I replied as he kissed my cheek, I was also feeling happy.

The lack we felt from Queen didn't go away, but going back to studying astrophysics helped Brian deal with it better. But over time, the media after their scathing analysis, conjectured and began to disclose on its own that probably the Queen band had come to an end. That's when my corporate phone didn't stop ringing.

We had two lines at home, one staff and one for work. The second was just to answer everything that concerned Brian as an artist and Queen, and it was on this line that he received proposals for an interview with Brian to clarify what had happened to the band, from newspapers, magazines, radios and even television. My response was always to forward the matter to Mr. May and return with a decision made by him.

We avoided this media subject for a while, I knew he was still shaken, but seeing that I no longer could say no to them, Brian decided to take action.

"There's only one way to stop it, I'm going to have to do an interview," he said, not very excited.

"I know, but if you accept just one, maybe more reporters will come after you" I pondered, "but if we choose a type of interview that answers all their questions, they will reproduce en masse, and others won't want to look for you anymore, it has to be one with a great reach, only the TV is like that. Just the one that most exposes the image."

"But expose my interview that answers all the questions" Brian was understanding, "and don't worry about exposure, I'm used to it."

"So I can say yes to an interview for" Good Morning Britain "? I wanted to confirm.

"It's the only way," he shrugged, convinced it was the only solution.

"Still, Bri, I think we can get rid of them," I added thoughtfully.

"What do you mean, honey?" Brian was intrigued.

"They're going to ask direct questions, specifically about Freddie" I've been presenting what I was thinking "and whatever happens, don't mention the fight, or his solo album, if they mention the subject, then you answer but never talk about it, because if it leaks over the fight, it will be terrible for the image of Queen and for each of the four of you."
"I understand, Chrissie, it's a big challenge, but I'm willing to face it." Brian's expression was solemn.

As I had learned, facing the situation was the only way to solve it for good.
The Interview

The BBC studios were no longer so strange to me, although they were very different from the last time I remembered being there. Brian and I walked side by side, silently, just concentrating on finding the producer of the show, who would give us the guidelines on how everything would work, something else I also knew, due to the previous appearances of Queen there.

Despite this first priority, our concern was also about the questions themselves, and how Brian would respond if the topic we feared came up.

We waited for producer Jack Sutherling to come and talk to us in a relatively small waiting room. Watching my husband, I saw in his expressions every sign of nervousness.

"You'll do well, Bri" I said honestly.

"It's not easy alone, I mean, I love you and I'm grateful to you to be with me here, it's just that the four of us ..." Brian sighed "we've always been together, and we've always done it together, but, well, we're here, let's face it."

"Yeah, and look, I've got a few more observations to make" I said, thinking of all the ideas I had to help him.

"Tell me anything you think is useful" he said willingly.

But before I could say more, we were interrupted by Sutherling.

"I've been warned now that you've arrived" he said a little embarrassed, extending a hand to Brian "it's a great pleasure to have you with us, Mr. May, I'm glad you accepted the invitation."

"Thank you, thank you." Brian was polite, but his concern was still there.

"And your assistant, Mrs. May" Jack smiled at me "you're equally welcome."

"Thank you" I said cordially.

"Well, you still have half an hour before we start the interview" resumed the producer, "but a stage assistant will come to warn you."

We nodded, and understood everything, and he left us.

"Well, as I was saying" I said again, without wasting time "it's a talk show, they have other attractions besides you, so the interview is likely to take 15-20 minutes. If you see that they are going to start with any other question that doesn't involve Freddie, stall them on the answer.

"Stall them? And I say what?" Brian was a little alarmed "I'm sort of trained in short, objective answers."

"This is not the case here" I reminded him, "and you go off very well when you want."

"But there's a contradiction there" he raised a forefinger for emphasis "we have to give the answers they want about Queen."

"Well then" I nodded, "ramble a little, answer without giving the personal details. Did you think of a response like that?"
"Yeah, I think so, I have something on my mind already, but you know how unpredictable these things are" Brian argued.

"Well, in that case, all you have to do is go on an impromptu" I shrugged, a little embarrassed.

"I'll look at you and follow your cues" Brian proposed.

"We have a deal" I nodded, understanding we had a plan.

After that half an hour of waiting, we were called to the studio. We exchanged a look before we parted, I would kiss him wishing luck (even if it wasn't before a show), but we were in a place full of strangers. I took my place in the audience, very visible to Brian. He sat down on the couch. We heard a bell ring, warning that the program would air again in a moment. And again we looked at each other, reaffirming everything we had agreed upon.

"We're back with "Good Morning Britain" announcer Janine Bunker announced "and this is a very special block, as we're getting the one and only Brian May, guitarist for the extraordinary Queen, led by the incredible Freddie Mercury. Thanks for coming, Brian."

"Oh yes, thank you" my husband smiled at her and the audience "thank you for your compliments."

"Well, that last year was pretty different for Queen fans" Janine started "your last album was "The Works" which had great hits. But fans always want more, so what can you tell us about what Queen is preparing for next year?"

Brian stared at the ground for a second, disguising that sense of loss of direction, of not knowing what to do now.

"Well, like every year we ..." he paused a little to look at me "we get together, thinking of each other's ideas, and together we make suggestions to each other to perfect the song as a group, and in our next work, it won't be different, we will follow this same path."

"Okay." Janine seemed pleased with the answer "so the fact that your bandmate Freddie Mercury is working on a solo album doesn't disturb Queen's timeline? How is everything now that Freddie has dedicated himself to his solo career? How is Queen facing this change now?"

Brian gave me a look that said "Stay calm, I know how to answer this." "I trust you," I looked back to him, quietly.

"Freddie is experimenting with new forms of art, of expression" he said matter-of-factly, but I realized that he had trained that "sometimes as artists and under the pressure of creating something new and even different kinds of inspiration, to fill the question of the "what ifs" in our head, that's what Freddie is doing, and we're all taking advantage of this time to discover new things."

And after Brian finished speaking, I gave him a smile of "that's the rambling I said." He smiled back, glad that I approved.

"Well, Brian, you said something very interesting about inspiration," Janine said, "and certainly a varied inspiration is part of Queen's songs, and fans know of songs from their bandmates that were inspired by their loved ones. Have you written a song for your beloved? Um ... (At that she paused to read a note on the table) Christine, isn't she?"

For that I didn't expect, my cheeks and Brian's cheeks flushed simultaneously.

"Yes, yes, it's my wife." Brian went on automatically, since he knew he couldn't leave the hostess
"although she preferred Chrissie, or Mrs. May. Mrs. May is better."

"Yes, and she's here, isn't she?" Janine turned to me and the cameras with her, I only had to give a polite smile and my best face of Queen's guitarist wife "hello, welcome!"

She looked at me for another second and went on with the interview.

"And she's been your personal assistant for how long now?" Janine wanted to know.

"Um, for 8 years, officially, but I think it's better to say it's 14 years, it's the time we're together" Brian smiled at me and then at the hostess.

"It's really a lot of time, and of course you're a lovely couple because we all can see your complicity, so I ask you again, have you ever wrote a song for Mrs. May?" Bunker insisted.

"Well, it was not for lack of idea" Brian made a little joke "but Chrissie is a very shy and private person, I don't think she would like me to put it so clearly, but of course every time I write a song the romantic inspiration for sure comes from my wife."

"That's lovely and adorable" Janine commented. "Unfortunately, our time is up, but I really appreciate your attention. Ladies and gentlemen, this was Brian May from Queen! We came back soon with "Good Day Britain".

The cameras stopped recording, Brian greeted Janine and I got up to accompany him.

"That was very unexpected" I whispered to him, softly "but I loved every single one of your answers, including the one about me."

"That was my point." He smiled and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek, which made my heart melt a little more.
After the interview we went straight home and along the way, although I was still charmed by the delicate and beautiful form that Brian spoke about me in the interview, I was still worried about its repercussion.

We arrived home, meeting Jimmy and Louisa in a lively conversation with Gracey, my children told some long story while the nanny paid attention.

"Well, the story is very good, but your parents have arrived." Moore warned them, they were a little disheartened, but soon they resumed the excitement because their parents were back.

"Hi, my little ones!" I kissed my children's cheeks one by one "what were you telling so interesting to Gracey?"

"When we ride a kite in Leeds!" said Jimmy, pleased with the memory.

I remembered that, when we spent the last holiday at my parents' house, the children had enjoyed it very much.

"You can finish telling the story the other day, Jimmy" Gracey said, "now I have to go."

"All right, Gracey" my boy understood and accepted the condition.

We say goodbye to her, sitting all four together. Louisa wanted to sit on my lap for a while while Jimmy sat between me and Brian. Soon the children were more attentive on television than in us.

"What did you think?" Brian finally asked.

"Great, really, Bri" I looked at him with conviction, but still reflecting a little more on the interview "you were vague, without giving specific details, but it gave to understand that you are still very busy, that is, for all effects, Queen continues to produce at full steam."

"Yeah, even if it's a half-truth" his expression dropped a little "I'm almost certain that ... when we play together again, we'll do everything as we always have, all that's left to know is exactly what will happen ... that still let me..."

He couldn't finish, just sighed. Bringing the whole issue of Freddie's independent initiative to the table made us sad. The problem was'ot him recording solo works, but the way he decided it and announced to the boys. It had been a long time since we had heard from him, however much we wanted to get in touch with him, but we were still afraid because of everything that had happened.

"At least the press is going to give us some time now" I tried to console him, still thinking of other things, having an idea that might be the best idea at the time "do you know who needs to take time out of all this? Us."

"Yeah, I know" Brian nodded "everything I see reminds me of the fight, I just can't help it."

"And if we went to your parents' house, huh?" I suggest "you can go in Jimmy's vacation, can we stay the whole vacation there? Of course, if your parents don't care."
"Of course they don't care, you know them." Brian's face brightened. "I'm all for it".

Finishing his speech, he smiled and stared at me for a moment, his gaze lost on my face, which always made me uneasy.

"What is it?" I asked, laughing softly.

"I love you and your incredible ideas" he replied and didn't hesitate to kiss me right away, catching me a little in surprise.

"Oh ..." Jimmy said, a little embarrassed.

"Sorry, my love, but it's your father's fault" I said to my son.

"No, Chrissie, you started with that idea of going to Hampton." Brian laughed.

"Shall we see Sir Grandpa?" Louisa got excited "hooray!"

"And Grandma Ruth too!" Jimmy reminded his sister "how cool, it's been so long since we go there. Shall we go to the beach this time?"

"Yes, yes, if the weather cooperates" replied my bo, "and we are going to spend your vacation there."

"Really?" Jimmy brightened up "thank you, Mom."

He gave me a hug, which I gave back.

"You're welcome, my love" I smiled, stroking his hair.

We waited another three weeks to finally leave the bustling London and spend some time in the Hampton seaside. As always, Brian and I packed together, and we argued a bit when I wanted to put extra warm clothes in the kids' bags.

"Chrissie, we're going to the beach, the weather is much hotter than cold" he commented as I put yje coats with the other clothes.

"I always did it in your bag and you never complained" I said, but I wasn't angry. "Besides, it's better to be safe than sorry. By the way, I'll put an extra coat in your bag too."

"I know you're joking now" he chuckled. "Even if you need to, remember my mother must have my coats on there too."

"Okay" I rolled my eyes, but I laughed too.

We were going out on a Saturday morning, I woke up the kids, we had an enhanced breakfast. While Brian and I packed our luggage in the trunk, the children offered to help.

"No need, my angels, this is kind of heavy for you to carry" Brian explained to them.

"Ah, but Dad, can I see something in my bag?" Jimmy asked and frowned.

"You can, Jimmy" Brian said, but he was confused too.

"I want to see if anything is missing" my little boy explained as he realized our astonishment.
"Oh Jimmy, your mother checked your bag three times, I don't think you need to" Brian said, giving a grin that he wanted to turn into a laugh.

"Even so" insisted our son, "I must be sure."

"Okay" his dad chuckled, laughing, grabbing Jimmy's bag, letting him open it and checking what he wanted.

"What's so funny, Mr. Brian?" I crossed my arms, already having a sense of the reason for laughing.

"Jimmy is definitely your son" he nodded, making a serious face with a mockery.

"Yeah, I know, now stop being silly." I patted his arm lightly.

"All right, Jimmy?" Brian asked him.

"Now, yes." He closed his suitcase and I helped to put it back in place.

Louisa and Jimmy sat in the backseat while Brian and I took one last look at the house. Earlier that day, I had already warned all our friends that we would be out for a long time. We looked at all the rooms until I found my husband in the room where he kept his instruments. Suddenly, all of his good humor was gone now.

"You can't say goodbye, even if it's only for a while" he explained when he noticed my presence.

"I know, it's impossible" I understood what he was feeling "music is part of who you are, always was, and even with all that, it will always be."

"Yeah, yeah." Brian nodded, giving me a wistful smile.

I waited a little in silence, watching what he would do. His gaze landed on his beloved Red Special, his fingers touching it lightly.

"Do you want to take it?" I asked softly.

"I want it, but I don't think it's appropriate," Brian replied, still thoughtful. "Maybe this time, it'd better stay. See you later, old lady. Let's go, Chrissie, the children will be impatient."

"Okay." I kissed his cheek and held his hand.

I knew that the longing for the times when the band was united struck Brian at that moment. It was something that still affected us, but after we locked everything up and took the road, Brian concentrated on taking advantage of the trip with our family.

Chapter End Notes

I really felt important to remind you guys this story happens in a alternative universe.
We stopped for a bit on the road to eat, with Brian and I taking the proper care and trying not to draw too much attention. We agreed not to bring any security with us, since it was a family trip and especially, we wanted the children to see the trip that way.

With the energies lightly recovered, we continue our journey, until we reach the entrance of Hampton right at sunset. I glanced quickly back, since the children were too quiet, and as I suspected, Jimmy and Louisa were sleeping soundly. Brian drove for another 15 minutes and, to my relief, I saw the home of my in-laws, smiling, excited and happy to be there.

My husband parked the car and then we went out, opening the back doors to get the kids.

"Get Lou, I'll get Jimmy" Bri instructed, being a gentleman, since our son was heavier than our daughter.

We put the children on our lap and Jimmy woke slowly, Louisa was still asleep. With a sigh, Brian rang the bell, waiting with a little anxiety.

"Brian!" Mrs. Ruth gave her son a hug "and hi Jimmy! Did the trip get you tired, my boy? And of course, my favorite girls! Chrissie, put Lou there in Brian's room, I've got it all set for you."

"Oh, yes, thank you." I nodded and did as she asked.

Soon I was back in the room, where I found my father-in-law talking animatedly to Jimmy. My boy was one of the rare people who could get rid of his grandfather's serious and angry way for a moment.

"I suppose Louisa is resting" said Sir Harold, holding out a hand to me. "How was the journey, Chrissie?"

"Quiet, really nice" I said, and some time later, as Brian and his father talked, I helped my mother-in-law with dinner.

Before I called, Louisa appeared in the kitchen, still with a sleepy face.

"I want candy, Mommy!" she asked nicely, but I was well trained to resist.

"No, not at all." I took her in my lap, which made her laugh. "First dinner, then we can think about dessert."

"Ah, but I wanted it now ..." she insisted a little more.

"But you're going to have to wait." I touched her nose, but Lou was still unhappy. "If you eat it all, Mommy promises to make dough, and let you shave the bowl of the stuffing."

"Only by myself?" Louisa raved again.

"No, you have to give a little to Jimmy and Daddy." I presented the conditions.

"Okay" she finally agreed, I kissed her cheek and set her down to sit down.

The whole family soon joined us for dinner. My in-laws spoke much more than we did, which on the one hand was good, because we didn't have to give some sad details of the reason for our visit. As
soon as we finished, I didn't take long to start making my famous sponge cake, which, in the opinion of everyone who ate it, was as good as my mother's.

"Chrissie, rest a little, you haven't stopped a second since you arrived." Sir Harold was worried about my uneasiness.

"No, I don't mind, I want to cook now, and I need to, or Lou won't give me any rest," I said in a good mood and the three Mr. Mays smiled at me.

Lou stayed with Grandma Ruth, making me comfortable while I cooked. I felt Brian coming almost in silence, the sound of his footsteps were low, but I knew them very well.

"Hi, Bri" I turned quickly for him, and then I got back to work "came here to steal some stuffing?""

"No, but I won't refuse if you want to give me some." He jumped in, he was more tired than sorry.

"That's the most disputed stuffing I've ever seen" I said, rather impressed, laughing "you're going to have to share with the kids."

"I will do it, I promise" he promised. "I'm sorry to be disturbing you, I just wanted to thank you, I ... It's good to remember this other part of my life, sometimes I think I forget that."

"No, you don't forget," I had to stop, automatically caressing Brian's face. "You're an excellent son, a wonderful father, and a loving husband. And you're not disturbing me!"

I kissed his cheek, giving emphasis to what I said, and he smiled back, sitting at the table to watch me working, lost in a world where only I existed, making me feel dull and loved at the same time.

When I finished and I told Louisa that the stuffing bowl was all hers, she came as fast as lightning, but she let her father and her brother lick the stuffing with her.

At bedtime, we let the kids share Brian's old bed. As I put them to sleep, I found it adorable that our children slept right in the bed that their father slept at their age. Brian and I slept on a mattress on the floor, it might even seem uncomfortable, but when I felt his arms around me, I was sure it was the best place in the world.

So it was our first day of vacation in Hampton, and many more came, until the perfect day to go to the beach came. We decided to go the night before, which made Jimmy super excited and Louisa curious. She was just a baby when she was there for the first time.

Then, before one of us woke up, I heard someone calling me.

"Mom ..." Jimmy whispered, not wanting to wake his father or sister, but certainly wanting to wake me up.

"Yeah, Jimmy ..." I murmured, still sleepy.

"We're really going to the beach, right?" My son wanted to confirm.

"Yeagh ..." I said with a yawn.

It wasn't a very big answer, but I managed to convince him, since he was quiet, waiting for the whole family to wake up.

And after breakfast, we went to the beach. Jimmy wanted to run to the sea, and even ran a little, but he turned back to see how Louisa was. My little girl was always very brave, but that blue and
beautiful immensity intimidated her a little. She held herself still more tightly around Brian's neck, since she was on his lap all the time.

"You're not coming, Lou?" Jimmy came to get her.

"Dad and Mom have to come along" was the condition Louisa asked, in a low voice.

"It's okay, Lou, we'll go, but let Jimmy hold your hand?" Brian suggested to her.

"Okay." She accepted and let her father lay her down.

Our son soon took his little sister's hand, and together, they walked to the edge of the sea, letting the waves wet their feet. Brian and I sat on the sand, watching them. Lou then lost her fear and even risked throwing some water at her brother. We laughed to see our children so relaxed, having fun.

Suddenly they wanted to put us in their play, Lou threw a handful of sand at Brian, who thought of revenge for his face, but didn't do anything. He did something worse, exchanged an accomplice look with Jimmy, who threw sand right at my head.

"Hey! My little boy is not like that." I was indignant, but I laughed and ran after him.

Jimmy slipped away from me, but I took advantage of Brian still sitting, otherwise I wouldn't reach his head to throw wet sand on his head.

"Oh no, Chrissie!" he complained "you will have to wash and comb my hair later."

"No problem, I love doing it" I said in a teasing tone, right in his face.

Brian took advantage of me being too close to him and kissed me.

"Not here!" Louisa complained close to us.

"Right, Lou," Brian agreed with her.

To get all that sand off our heads, we just had to take a swim, take turns watching the children when we went deeper, one at a time.

The rest of the afternoon we ended up making a sandcastle, picking up shells, watching seagulls, and just before we left near sunset, Brian left for a moment.

There was no sign of sadness in him, just an excitement, as well as when he had an idea. He came back a while later, carrying a book of my own that I used to leave in the car. He sat quietly, still close to us, but focused. I let him be alone in his moment of creation, making a song again was a good sign.
As soon as it was dark, we prepared to leave, and after such a busy day, the children soon fell asleep, taking advantage of the swing that the car made during the way. Brian was alert ahead of him, but still, he was concentrating on something else, probably the song he had written while we were on the beach. It was then that he began to hum a soft rhythm, probably the melody of his new song. My memory made me recognize it.

"You finished that song that you couldn't finish?" I said, after I remembered him humming that same melody at home.

"Yeah, you paid attention ..." Brian sounded amazed. "I just need to complete everything so it's definitely ready. I guess I can only do that in London, the rest of the lyrics are in my notebook."

"I understood" I nodded slowly, looking at him closely. "It's good to see you composing again ..."

My husband smiled and took my hand a little, his way of thanking me without words.

We stayed in Hampton for some time, until we got home, and Jimmy was back in class for a week. This week we went all four together to Hyde Park, see the stars together, and in one quiet afternoon, Brian finished his song.

"All Sense" was about himself, no doubt about it, it was about the feeling of being lost that Queen's break caused in Brian, but before the song was over, my husband added a little hope, stating that I, Jimmy and Louisa, we were what made his life make sense.

"It's beautiful ..." I murmured in excitement after he showed me the song.

I wanted to ask if he would put it on the band's next album, but I didn't have the courage for it. Although we were quieter now, we were still worried about what would happen to Queen.

"You know, music is a way of ... putting your feelings out ... when you can't speak ..." He shrugged, sounding thoughtful.

"I know" I just nodded, and automatically hugged him, knowing how much he needed it.

Brian pulled the guitar from the space between us and hugged me better, holding me for a while. I didn't hear him cry, nor was there any sign of crying when I looked back at him, really, in an ironic way, music helped him deal with missing Queen.

Brian missed the band and Freddie, I knew he was more than willing to go back to work with the boys, but dealing with Freddie was another dilemma to be faced. There was still grief and resentment on Bri's part, and John and Roger felt the same.

Being back home, we returned to our routine, trying to keep hope that everything would be all right, regardless of how things were different from how we were used to. However, a turnaround came right at the right time.

Me and Jimmy had arrived after I'd picked him up from school, Brian stayed with Louisa at home that day. I found him utterly puzzled, in a mixture of rage and euphoria, both feelings contained, but
his gaze was restless.

"What happened?" I went straight, since it was clear that something serious had happened.

Brian sighed before he told me, coming out of that state almost in a trance.

"Jim called" he started, simple, trying to keep calm "there's an event Bob Geldof is organizing, is called Live Aid, it's basically a series of shows with different artists to raise donations to help the needy in Africa."

"It sounds very big and important" said my impressions after Brian paused again.

"Yeah, I thought so too" he went on, "what he wants is for Queen to get involved."

"Oh ..." was all I could say in the face of the possibilities, there was no Queen without Freddie, no Freddie could be Queen alone, the band was always its four members. As I thought all this, Brian gave another sigh.

"Chris, Freddie's back ..." he told me with some regret, trying to be totally happy about it, but he still couldn't.

Instinctively, I put a hand on his shoulder, and it wasn't long before I thought of the advice I needed for that moment.

"You'll have to solve this, no matter how bad, and as much as you lose your patience" I encouraged, "but he's still your friend, your brother ..."

"The brother who left us" Brian shook his head. "Look, Jim said that Freddie wants to see us and talk, they set a schedule for tomorrow."

My husband didn't have to say anything more, I just look at him and realize that behind all the hurt, there was still the desire to see his friend again.

"It's going to be all right, Bri" it was all I could wish for, and he just nodded in response.

It was impossible not to raise expectations as to what would happen, there was still a chance they would decide not to join Live Aid, but I saw it all as a chance to reconcile the band and restore Roger, John, Freddie and Brian's friendship. And, clinging even more to hope, it could be Queen's definitive return.

Of course the children noticed Brian's concern and, like me, they were also afflicted, but soon he tried to distract and reassure them.

"Don't be like that, my darlings" he said, looking directly at Jimmy and Louisa "it's just an adult thing."

"It seems like all adult things make the adults sad" Jimmy commented.

"No, not everything, son." Brian felt the need to improve his thinking. "There are good things about being an adult, it's just some things that seem to get harder, and sometimes we think we can't solve them."

"So you're sad because that's what you're thinking?" understood our son.

"Yeah, yeah, Jimmy, Brian gave a wistful smile "we can only wait to see how things will go after
all."

Jimmy just nodded, realizing it was best not to ask any more questions. So we went to sleep, without the expectations on the outcome of the meeting diminishing.

The next day, near the time of the meeting, Brian got ready and before he left, I kissed him.

"Good luck ..." I said good-bye, softly.

He just smiled, sure enough remembering every time I'd done it.

So he went to Jim's office and the hours he was gone were agonizing for me. Would it be decided to break Queen? Would Live Aid be their farewell performance? Would the boys be able to forgive Freddie? Would Queen be the way it was before?

All this was hanging around my head and only Louisa calling me to watch Doctor Who with her managed to distract me for a while. When Brian arrived, I ran to him, desperate, anxious for news.

"So?" I snapped.

"We're back, Chrissie" my husband told me excitedly.

I jumped into his open arms, and he spun me, as excited as I was.

"What's going on?" Louisa came to ask, confused "you're going to make Mommy dizzy, Daddy."

Brian laughed and set me back on the floor.

"Dad and the uncles are going to play together again, my love," I explained to her, and Lou gave me a huge smile as well.

We, as Queen's fans and part of the family that they were, were more than happy with the news. It was simply wonderful.

Chapter End Notes

I forgot to say that the song that I mentioned in this chapter "All Sense" was actually wrote by me and you can hear it here on this link

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xT7jRJPNrG8
Important Warning

This story is set primarily as a work of fiction, inspired by the life and work of the band Queen and its members, stories and facts that were part of their trajectory, as well as the adapted version featured in the movie "Bohemian Rhapsody."

"Through Chrissie's eyes" is fundamentally based on the version of the film and its fictional version of the members of Queen, structuring mainly in the narrative line of the film.

It is understood that a work of fiction grants some creative freedoms, and is using poetic license, and exploring hypothetical situations that I decided to modify real facts for the story, setting it up as an alternative universe.

However, despite the changes, it is understood that the characters remain faithful to what has already been established within their personalities, changing some aspects and events. Still, it is worth mentioning that I maintain respect for events that have happened to Queen members in real life, and it is up to readers to view real life as something quite different from this work of fiction. Once again I point out, the characters' version of the story is fictional, not being completely related to the actual people represented.
After making the decision that Queen would be one of the attractions of Live Aid, things were slowly returning to normal and suddenly when I saw, there it was our routine back, the old concern and organization for the show.

And for me, the best thing about everything back to normal was the boys being friends again. I let them have their moment alone, the four of them alone to reconnect again, but I felt I should pay Freddie a private visit. I knew he knew how worried I was and how much I had thought of him while he was away, but I also knew how important it was for him to hear from me how much I cared for him.

"I want to go see Freddie today, you think that's a good idea?" I told Brian after lunch.

"Yes, we can all go" he said.

"I'm sorry, Bri, but if you don't mind, I'd like to go alone, you know, to see if he's all right" I explained quickly, "but know that I'm glad to see you wanting to go to Freddie's, I didn't think this would happen so soon."

"Oh, but it didn't happen." Brian nodded and raised a forefinger for emphasis. "It's took a year to change my mind..."

"But it was a good time for all of us, wasn't it?" I tried to convince him.

"More or less, wasn't it, my love?" Brian was clinging to the bad side of the band's separation "I didn't feel so good right away."

"Nobody did, really" I agreed "but everyone had this time to reflect, to remember what unites you, to recognize where you went wrong, and to value good things, before it was too late."

"Yes, it was," he agreed, a little reluctantly. "after the storm came some peace."

"Wel," I said, "in the midst of a bad thing, we perceive good things. This is what helps us to have hope."

Brian gave a grateful smile, and kept reflecting on what I said. Only then did I realize how much we were philosophizing about our own lives.

At the end of the afternoon, I said goodbye to my loved ones and drove alone to Garden Lodge. Seeing the mansion so quiet and unmoving was so rare, but so reassuring. Definitely my favorite view of Freddie's house. It wasn't like that he couldn't do his parties, after all, it was his house and he received whoever he wanted, but on that visit, thinking that I only wanted to talk to him, all that calm was in line with the purpose of my visit.

"Mrs. May!" he greeted me with a broad smile and open arms, as well as I remembered him in his best days "I also missed you."

"Me too, Freddie" I returned his hug, "this time you really disappeared."
"I know, it wasn't my best moment." He lowered his eyes for a moment, but then returned to his good humor "but the other May seem to be disappeared now, where is Brian and the children?"

"They stayed home watching Star Wars." I answered his question.

"Of course he was going to trade me for those movies ..." Freddie rolled his eyes.

"No, he wouldn't" I had to laugh "he even wanted to come and I'm sure Louisa and Jimmy would come too if I called, but I made a point of coming alone to talk to you, if you ..."

Even after so many years that I knew him, I was still afraid to touch sensitive subjects. I was there to offer a friend's shoulder if he still needed it, as well as checking to see if he was all right, but I didn't want to declare it out loud, I wanted him to feel comfortable if he wanted to open up to me."

"If I wanted to talk?" he deduced, giving me a gentle smile "but of course I would like to talk to you! You know I love to talk, but I want you to talk more, because what happened in Munich was left behind, I realized that ... without giving much detail and softening things up a bit, I was a fool, very foolish. But I'm grateful for all of you, more than ever. And Mary, I need to mention Mary."

"Oh, she went there, didn't she? Brian told me you said that." I said in answer, not going into more detail because I knew that her visit had been very personal to Freddie.

"She was always my conscience" he went on, speaking with admiration "and she never lost her space in my heart, none of you actually, but of course you know that."

"Yes, I know" I was relieved and glad to hear him tell all these things from the bottom of his heart because he knew he could trust us and count on us.

"But tell me more about yourself" Freddie insisted. "Brian doesn't talk about you that much, of course, which is very contradictory, since of course he loves you very much."

"Well, it's because we're very reserved, but I've held on for the past year" I shrugged, trying to remember something relevant about myself to tell "I discovered some new books I hadn't read yet, we had an unforgettable vacation in Hampton, I dealt with Jimmy's first year at school, and I'm getting ready for Lou's turn.

"Yeah, your kids grew up fast" Freddie commented "and you really took care of everything, as you always did. Mrs. May, with her organizing craze, her concern and a huge heart."

"Oh ..." I let out a sigh of emotion "thank you ..."

"You're welcome, Chrissie." Freddie gave me a sincere smile.

He told me a little more about how happy he was to be back home and then I said goodbye to him, to see how Brian and the kids were without me.

Over the next few days the boys focused on rehearsals for Live Aid and during that time we could even visit Wembley Stadium so they had a sense of how it would all work on the day of the show.

Jim Beach looked surprised to see that Brian, John, and Roger had brought their wives and children to the stadium. I knew the manager thought they were too much people together, but then he smiled.

"We're lucky ionly Queen is visiting today," he chuckled softly "but welcome, Mrs. Deacon and Mrs. Taylor, it's always a pleasure to see you."
"I know we're scared you, being all together, Jim, but the longing to be together spoke louder\" Dominique explained to us.

"I understand, I missed all of you together.\" Beach smiled and showed us around the big stadium.

Freddie, Roger, John and Brian left us a bit to check the stage. Bobby, Mike, Jimmy and Felix soon got involved in a catch-up game while Louisa, Rory and Laura stayed close to us.

"Yeah, I even thought he wouldn't come back,\" Veronica confessed, and we knew she was talking about Freddie.

"I also had that impression for a long time, he seemed so dazzled, I thought he would get lost for good\" Dominique added, "it's wonderful that he came back.\"

"Deep down, he knew he still belongs to our family, he just needed to remember that\" I finished our thoughts.

The three of us were sitting in a corner in the bleachers, right in the reserved place where we would be on Live Aid Day, and from afar we saw our husbands and Freddie waving. We did the same, and I had that renewed feeling in my heart that we were a family.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry for the delay in the update. Hope you guys enjoyed it, we're near the end now, I hope you guys remember this story is an AU.
When I opened my eyes that morning in July 1985, I came upon a rare sight. Not so rare, I remembered very fondly the first time I saw that same face almost 16 years ago. His hair fell in his eyes in just the same way, but on his face there were light marks of the years. Still, he was my beautiful Brian, sleeping next to me, not waking up before me, and that was what was rare.

I stood there quietly, watching him a little more. I thought the anxiety about the events that would happen later made me wake up earlier than he did. Sometimes that happened, I wouldn't make a show like Queen, but I was nervous about them, after all, today's presentation wasn't just another one.

"Chrissie ..." Brian muttered as he woke up, giving me a smile "good morning ..."

"Good morning, my love" I said, and approached him to kiss him.

"Yeah ..." he sighed afterwards "the great day has come ..."

"You're more nervous than usual" I said, noting his concern, "but it'll be all right."

"Yeah, we rehearsed a lot to make up for lost time" Brian was very practical and rational "if it depends on that, we'll do well, we'll play the best known songs, which will also help, but ... When I think ... Literally, the whole world will be seeing us, wow ... It's not something I'm used to, even if I can sue ..."

"Do you know this is good?" I tried to ease his worries "I mean, not feeling completely comfortable with the world looking at you, show a little of ... humility, humanity! To feel vulnerable is a part of being human."

"It reminds me that, on the other hand, I'm an ordinary person too" Brian summed up, "that was certainly very interesting, Mrs. May. Thank you ..."

At this, Brian approached me, kissing me this time, taking a little longer on purpose.

"We're going to be late" I interrupted, laughing "I still have to wake up the children."

"I love you" he said, sounding like it was out of nowhere, as if he hadn't even paid any attention to what I just said, but I knew it wasn't like that.

Brian loved me for my advice, for worrying about Jimmy and Louisa, for who I was.

"I love you too" I said, and taking another look at my husband, I got up, getting ready for the day's big appointment.

Jimmy was already up when I found him, finishing to tie his shoes. We were both surprised to find each other.

"Hi, Mom, I woke up before you came to call me" he explained to me "I know the day will be busy, so I'm doing things in a hurry."

"Oh, my love ..." I only admired him for a moment, kissing his cheek, delighted with his behavior
"Thank you for that, you are already helping me a lot."

Jimmy just smiled and came downstairs to wait for me in the kitchen while I went to Louisa's room. Very unlike her brother, she was still sleeping soundly, which gave me a little pity to wake her up.

"Lou?" I touched her shoulder gently, calling her "Louisa, it's time to get up, my love ..."

"Mom ..." she murmured, grimacing "right now?"

"Yeah, I know, but we have to go now" I explained. "Remember that today, Daddy and the uncles will play on television?"

"But will it happen on TV now? Is that why you woke me up now?" Louisa asked, still lying down.

"No, we're going to see the show live, just like the other times." I smiled at her logic.

"Ah ... I understood" my little girl finally said, a little more awake.

A little later, I went downstairs with Louisa and Brian and Jimmy had already brought breakfast, we both joined them. As soon as we're done, we're getting ready to go to Wembley.

As I took my place in the car seat, I felt butterflies in my stomach, just thinking of the number of people who would fill the place, not counting the illustrious presence of Prince Charles and Princess Diana. It really was a type of event that Queen had never attended. I sighed, repeating to myself that the boys would handle it perfectly. Instinctively, I put my hand on my belly as I felt the butterflies coming and going again.

"Is everything okay, Chrissie?" Brian looked at me very worried, I came to realize that he thought my attitude had to do with something else.

"I'm just nervous, you know, right?" I was able to recover quickly.

"Are you sure it's not something else?" he insisted a little more.

"What else, Brian?" my voice sounded suspicious "stop distracting, you still have a great show to do today."

"Okay." He laughed and turned his attention back to the road.

Wembley was already full when we arrived and I, as Brian's assistant and following the directions Jim Beach had given us a few days ago, guided us to Queen's exclusive trailer. We found Jim and John, already waiting.

"In time as always" Mr. Beach greeted us "make yourselves comfortable, Roger and Freddie are on their way."

"They better show up soon" Deaky joked.

"They will, John" Brian commented with a smile.

"Is Veronica and the kids in the cabin?" I asked the bassist.

"Yeah, they are" he replied.

"Okay, I'll meet her and we'll come back later before you guys go to the stage" I said, looking at the two of them.
"Bye, Chrissie" I heard John say behind me and I waved back.

I met Veronica and the Deacon children in the same place we visited, though all the space around us was already filled with other guests. Almost 40 minutes later, Dominique, Felix and Rory arrived, joining us.

"Are they nervous too?" asked Veronica, looking at us.

"How can I not be?" Dominique said with a smile "just imagine, perform for all these people, and for those who will see on TV ..."

"Well, the boys have played a lot in stadiums, maybe this will help" I pondered, "but I'm also so nervous."

"We know," said Mrs. Deacon patting my shoulder "we know you well, Mrs. Chrissie May ...

I just laughed and shrugged at her comment. It was then that the shows had their beginning and even before Queen performed, it was exciting to accompany other artists live, with all the energy they exchanged with the audience. At about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, I realized that it would soon be Queen's turn, so I made my way back to the boys' trailer, in the company of Louisa and Jimmy. I knocked on the trailer door, unable to hold back the anxiety, which had grown as Queen's time to perform come.

"Mrs. May!" Freddie opened the door for me "and mini Brian and mini Chrissie ..."

The children laughed at their uncle's nicknames.

I joined my kids in the trailer, giving a hello to Roger and another hello to John again. And then Brian came to meet us, he bent down to talk to the children.

"Are you enjoying it?" Bri asked our children.

"Yeah, but I can't wait to see Queen," Jimmy said.

"Um hum" Louisa agreed "play pretty, okay Daddy?"

"Yes I will, my princess." He kissed her cheek, laughing.

"Good luck, Dad" Jimmy said, and Brian ruffled his hair.

"It's my turn ..." I joked, seeing that the children had finished talking "well, I'm just going to say to you to focus and pay attention to the signs of the boys, and don't forget to play with your heart, as you always do..."

"Yes, Chrissie" he nodded, "but I still need something."

"What? I thought it was all right, we checked everything ..." I almost despaired.

"My good luck kiss" my husband made his best face of smarty pants.

"Stop it, Brian Harold May!" I shook my head, a little embarrassed "I didn't forget it, I was already going to do it ..."

I kept him from saying anything more by giving him the kiss he had asked for.

"Mom..." Louisa said in a tone of complaint.
"Get used to it, Lou," Roger told her. "These two were like that long before you two were born."

"Okay, I get it." I held up my hands, surrendering myself "enough kissing."

I said goodbye to Brian and the boys, and then I went back to our place with Louisa and Jimmy. My expectation had increased, barely waiting to see Queen play together again, after all this time.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, remember the song I mentioned some chapters ago, All Sense? It's an original composition of mine, exclusively for this story, you can hear it here: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xTjRjPNrG8
As we listened to the presenters calling Queen to the Wembley stage, all our attention was redoubled, surely for us, that had been the most anticipated moment of the day. Our vision was even privileged. We could see the boys taking their places, parallel to the stage, just above the band's field of vision. Automatically, we waved to them as they greeted the audience.

Freddie sat at the piano, and after checking the sound, the first notes of "Bohemian Rhapsody" reached our ears, which soon provoked the screams and cheers of the audience. That song had become so iconic and present over the years that it was impossible not to sing along.

Even from a distance, unable to see Freddie's facial expressions clearly, it was only by his voice that I could capture all the emotion he felt in interpreting the song. It was far more than the cry for help from a desperate boy, it was also someone thrilled to be back to his place. As he sang the last note in "at all," he poured out all this emotion, giving Brian permission to enter with his solo in the Red Special.

Seeing the love of my life playing was always special to me, but there, right then, it was even more exciting and comforting, Brian wasn't alone, he was with his brothers again, and together they were doing their best.

There was a short pause before the next song started, which gave us time to applaud the guitar solo, and then we recognized the introduction of "Radio Gaga", another of my favorites, as contagious as ever. In the midst of its chorus, spontaneously and in a single act, the whole stadium clapped their hands, which surprised me a little. It was simply incredible to witness.

Taking advantage of the connection with the public, Freddie made his famous harmonies so that the whole stadium repeated, no one could be still. When I answered, I felt like I was on stage with them, it was that magic that the music had, to connect the band and the fans to the same dimension.

Freddie then announced the next song, my beloved "Hammer to Fall," which I knew by heart, and sang along with them in my biggest fan-like euphoria. We clapped our hands on the infectious rhythm of "Crazy Little Thing Called Love," and we changed the rhythm to stomp, stomp, clap for "We Will Rock You."

They finalized Brian's song, and my feelings at the moment were the euphoria, excitement, joy at seeing the boys together again. But it was only Freddie playing the first notes of "We Are The Champions" that I felt the tears forming.

As much as I was well present and well aware of where I was and what was happening, my mind led me to ancient memories. I remembered when Freddie showed the song to the boys for the first time, how Brian had thought it arrogant at first, but then he understood that it was a tribute to the fans. For me, it was Queen's way to tell everyone, especially to the misfits like them that, despite the difficulties and struggles, we could overcome all this, we were capable of being champions.

And that thought, led me to another even more distant. As I sang the chorus, and watched the boys, their tune, their emotion, I remembered those four college students performing on a tight stage in a corner of Ealing Art College, the shy bass player who appeared at my door one afternoon, the drummer with the mischievous smile and the jokes, the guitarist with agile fingers, his voice so
perfectly embedded in the chorus of the songs, with the thoughts so similar to mine ...

These boys had become men, today they were my husband and my brothers, they definitely deserved to sing and declare that they were champions of the world, after all that they passed. Every difficulty, every step, every joy, every conquest, and even the conflicts brought them there.

"'Cause we are the champions ... of the world ..." I heard myself singing along with Freddie, my voice was muffled by the loud sound around, and by the crying.

My face was red, wet and swollen as the boys closed their performance. Seeing them side by side made me cry a little more.

"Mom ..." Jimmy called me, a little worried, but also resigned, he was already used to seeing me crying for no apparent reason.

"I know, I know" I nodded to my little boy. "I'm very silly ..."

"No, you're not." Jimmy took my hand. "The show was really beautiful."

"Thank you for understanding, my love." I smiled back at him.

We continued to watch the shows that followed, and at dusk, seeing that the kids were already tired, I decided to go home.

I was already very sleepy, and it turned out that the children wanted to sleep with me in my bed to keep me company. My last thoughts before sleeping were about the show and all the excitement I felt in witnessing it.

Much later, I woke up feeling someone watching me. It was impossible to ignore that insistent look.

"Bri ..." I whispered, having no doubt that it could only be him.

"Oh, sorry, I didn't want to wake you" he said softly, careful not to wake the children.

"That's all right" I lay back and looked at him "I'm sorry I came in a hurry. It was so rampant and tumultuous that I couldn't even see you after the show."

"Yeah, I understand, I figured that was why, besides, I imagine the little ones got tired." He watched Jimmy and Louisa with a smile.

"Um, me too" I confessed, "I've come home for that, too."

"You know I couldn't have come too soon, all the attractions had to stay until the end" he explained a little more. "Freddie and I also performed another song later."

"Really? Which one?" I was curious.

"Is This The World We Created," Brian replied, but I knew he still wanted to say more.

"What's it?" I asked him to tell me.

"I don't have words to describe what happened today" Brian sighed excitedly. "It was all so much better than I imagined, what we expected, the audience was amazing, but do you know what was the best of it all?"

"I think I know" I said, nodding "you together again."
"Yeah" Brian said with a smile.

"That's what moved me the most" I confessed.

Brian then looked at me in that loving way, caressing my face with one hand.

"I couldn't do it without you," he said and I wanted to cry "thank you ... for everything."

Without me getting up, he bent down to kiss me, leaving at once.

"Where are you going?" I asked before he left the room, confused.

He just smiled at me the way it always made my heart melt

"I promise you'll find out later."

Brian then left me with that mystery in the air, I just smiled. I knew my husband well, and I loved him for it.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will be the last one. Hope you guys will enjoy the end.
Epilogue

I was still undecided on what to wear at night time. I began to wonder if black really would be the ideal color of the dress I would wear. Black clothes always reminisced with elegance, but they sent much more sadness and mourning. And yet it wasn't a night of mourning.

I rustled my closet with energy, willing to find the perfect outfit. Well, not exactly perfect, but at least perfect in my eyes, an outfit I felt comfortable with. Then I remembered a dress that fit that description. I didn't care if I would repeat it, I no longer cared about media criticism.

I searched where I remembered seeing it for the last time, and there it was. The navy blue fabric gleamed to gray tones as the light struck it, and there were discreet silver dots on the sleeves and the skirt. That dress reminded me of a perfect representation of a starry sky, of the infinite universe. Definitely the perfect outfit for me.

So I changed quickly, seeing that I was almost late. I paused for a moment to observe my reflection in the vanity mirror. I didn't care about the extra wrinkles or the white hair, they were part of who I was now. However, I had an idea to complete my look.

I've never been much to wear jewelry, but I had some necklaces, and surely my favorite was the one with a Red Special pendant, the chain connected to the guitar pendant on the right side and closed on the left in the guitar's neck, and its color was in the same shade of red of the real one. As I put on the necklace, I remembered the funny story that happened when I won it.

I was working, organizing everything concerning Brian's career, when I received the unusual proposal of creating the necklace with the Red Special pendant. Brian found the idea rather unusual, but he agreed. As I learned later, when he saw it ready, he was dying to give it to me as a gift, but he thought the idea was too narcissistic, for him it was bad to give me a gift that would remind me of him. However, also finding the necklace beautiful, I ended up being faster and gave it to myself as a gift. That's when Brian said he wanted to give it to me and why he didn't do it. I just laughed and assured him that with necklace or not, I always loved to remember him, anyway.

After I was ready, I went downstairs and waited for my ride in the living room. Jimmy had made a point of picking me up, since Brian had to leave early.

"Good evening, Mom" my boy (who was no longer a boy, but would always be my boy) greeted me "you're so beautiful!"

"Don't need to say it" I said, he had take after his father with those compliments that embarrassed me. "Keep that charm to Rory, by the way, where is she?"

"She and Isaac have left with Uncle Roger" Jimmy explained as we left.

"And your sisters? Lou hasn't said anything all day, I'm afraid she's gone to travel again, and Emily, I'm pretty sure she's on her way was" I said, knowing my daughters very well.

"Mom, they're both on their way, take a deep breath, and don't worry" my son smiled as he took the wheel and started driving.

"Ha! You know it's no use asking me to calm down." I shook my head. "But okay, I know we'll meet the girls there, it's not possible they're going to miss a night like this."

And how it cost us until we got to that night! Difficult times almost made us lose track of time, how
long it had been until we got there.

In 1986 Brian and I had a turbulent time; in May of that year he had suffered a terrible relapse of hepatitis again, getting much longer to recovery than the first time in 1974. I didn't leave his side for a single moment. I preferred the children to stay in Hampton than to see their father in those conditions that made them so sad. Brian's old ghosts came back in full force to disturb his mind, he was afraid he was disturbing the band, just now that they had reconciled, and besides, time had become our enemy. It wasn't just Brian's condition that left Queen's future obscure, but Freddie's condition as well.

Before Freddie told me he was seriously ill, I wasn't well either. Brian had just recovered, and it seemed that his symptoms had passed to me, even though the disease wasn't contagious. Immediately, my husband took me to the doctor and together we discovered that we were expecting our third child. It was before Emily was born that I heard about Freddie, and that was one of the worst moments of our lives.

There was always the tension in the air, the fear, the sadness, none of us wanted to lose our friend. All we needed at the moment was a miracle. It wasn't for nothing that Freddie had written "The Miracle," he was showing a little hope, even though it seemed impossible. And then it happened.

An experimental treatment arose, something that should be decided by Freddie whether he would be willing to go through it or not. It was very uncertain, the treatment was unpredictable and expensive, and he had discussed it with Jim and Mary if they would have agreed. It was then that he made his choice.

"Let's try, whatever happens, it will be ..."

Thus, Jim Hutton and Mary Austin administered the treatment costs together. Freddie went through terrible moments, it seemed that his body was unresponsive to anything else, and when we reluctantly began to bid him farewell to our heart, he had a significant improvement. His sick appearance gradually returned to normal, and his voice, so tired in the recordings of "Innuendo," was returning to almost the same force as before. When my little Emily Ruth May was born, Uncle Freddie was well enough to meet and spoil her.

Freddie recovered, maintaining a continuous treatment. It took him some time to recover enough to record a new album, but in due course, the boys released "Made in Heaven." Some time later, they returned to make shows, as great as always, with all typical pomp of Queen.

There came "Return of the Champions" and "The Cosmos Rocks" with their respective tours, which I followed as Brian's faithful squire, as he once called me, and I kept the nickname fondly.

With the expansion and popularity of pop music, from Britney Spears to Justin Bieber to Melanie Martinez, Queen's work became less urgent and more paced, but its fans remained loyal to the band.

At that time, Brian took the opportunity to finally finish his doctorate, 42 years after having interrupted it. My husband was officially a doctor in astrophysics as well as a guitarist, couldn't be more proud.

And after all this trip to the last decades of our lives, I went back to the present in 2018. There were already plenty of cars and press representatives surrounding Albert Royal Hall. This was a special place, created by Queen Victoria in honor of her beloved husband, and as special as the reason we were there.

As I entered, I remembered that Smile had performed there, and tonight, Queen would perform, it
was like a closing cycle, an incredible journey, with so many twists that brought us here. There was a place reserved for us, so I found Veronica, Laura, and the boys. The Deacon family had grown up a little bit with the arrival of Joshua, Luke and Cameron. A little further to the left were the Taylors, who were also with the family a little larger. Rufus should be getting ready to make a special appearance on the show. Felix was sitting between Tigerlily and Lola, Rory had left an empty chair beside him that could only be Jimmy's. On the side of the empty chair was my dear Isaac, my 13-year-old grandson, who gave me an excited hi when he saw me. Dominique, his maternal grandmother, was beside him.

That's when I saw my girls and finally I was calm.

"Mom, here!" Emily said, and I sat between them.

"Did you think we weren't coming?" Louisa gave me a mischievous smile, knowing full well how to tease me.

"You disappeared all day, you didn't send me a message, of course I was worried," I said, using all my mother's tone.

"I thought you'd have no doubt I was coming" she folded her arms, "after all, it's not every day that is the day of 45 years since the release of Queen's first album!"

I just smiled at her exaggeration, taking a look at everyone around me, the members of my family, gifts that life had given me. I missed Jim there, so sensible, loving and kind Jim Hutton, who had been Freddie's anchor. There was 8 years since he had left us, but they were both very happy in the time they had. Freddie had been content with our company, with the love we were always ready to give him, the same love he felt for us.

We waited another few minutes before the show started, but before it one of the stage assistants came to me, saying that Mr. May wanted to talk to me. Emily looked a little worried, but Louisa seemed to enjoy the situation. So I followed the assistant into the dressing rooms.

I gave my excited hello to Freddie, Roger and John, wishing them good luck and only then went to see what Brian wanted.

"Oh, sorry to send for you after you've settled down" he said, admiring my face for a moment. "You look so beautiful today."

"Just today?" I joked "and Jimmy already said that, I appreciate the compliment, but tell me why you called me."

"Okay, sure, well, we have about ten minutes before we get started, I need your kiss to give me good luck" he said with a seriousness that made me laugh.

"Brian ..." I murmured between laughter. "Aren't we too old for this?"

"Never!" Bri said with all his might, placing a hand on my waist, drawing me closer to him, I just smiled and did as he asked.

"Good luck" I wished after we parted, "I love you."

"I love you too, my sweet lady." Brian still kissed my cheek as we said goodbye.

Moments later, the show began, with all the same exaggerated effects of always, with the love and energy of the boys in each song. They were more restrained physically because of age, but their
essence was all there. I sang each song with all my heart.

When Brian took center stage, my heart began to beat harder, as it always did when I saw him play. He settled himself on the stool, balancing the Red Special on his lap, and then sighed before saying,

"Well, today is certainly a very special night, I can't believe that we have been together for more than 45 years, I just want to thank you for being here today, and as fans in our lives, thank you very much" claps and cheers interrupted him before he continued "but you know that all this reminds me of a very remarkable fact in my life, 45 years ago, these three convinced me to do something on stage in front of everybody, and I never regret that. And I think some of you must know what I'm talking about, but for those who don't know, I proposed to my wife to marry me after a show, and ... I couldn't fail to mention my beloved Chrissie."

I felt my heartbeat accelerate, and Brian looked directly at me.

"I love you, be certain that I wouldn't be here if you hadn't been by my side all those years, thank you, thank you very much." He sent me a kiss, I smiled back, wiping the tears in my eyes "The next song is from "A Kind of Magic, called "Stars Tonight", my simple homage to my wife."

And soon he played the first chords of "Stars Tonight", only his voice and the sound of the Red Special, only after the other instruments accompanied him. My mind took me to the day he showed me that song for the first time.

Brian told me that he got the idea as soon as he arrived from Wembley on the day of Live Aid. I saw him concentrating, working on the lyrics and rhythm, but unlike all the times he had let me see his songs, he did matter of hiding it from me.

"I'll show you when it's ready," he'd say.

Then when the time came, Brian made me sit down to listen to him.

"I did it for you, I know I never did it to respect your privacy, but I couldn't help it, I need the world to know how much I love you and how important you are to me" he explained. I was crying before I even heard the song.

"Oh, Bri ..." I just sighed, willing to hear the song about me.

And the emotion I'd felt the first time I heard it had multiplied now. My poor, but happy heart, still had to deal with the boys performing "These Are The Days of Our Lives".

That song had been written by Roger as a farewell, but now, it was a hymn to our best memories. And surely tonight would be between them.

The show ended with "We Are The Champions", and as I sang, inside me, I was overflowing with pride and love, for all the achievements and victories that my eyes could contemplate until now.
Ending Notes

So guys, I'm so talkative, and I knew the last chapter was going to get so big that I had to use an extra chapter just to talk about it, so here we go.

-I always understood fanfic as a way to correct certain things we would like to change in fandoms, so that was why I made those changes.

-I think it's sad that Freddie died prematurely, and I think he'd still be doing a lot of good music alongside Brian, John and Roger, so I didn't have the guts to write him dying in this story. I wondered what it would be like if he survived, how it would change things mainly in relation to Queen (it is worth mentioning that I respect Paul Rodgers and Adam Lambert very much and their contributions to the band).

-Another thing that pisses me off, is that Brian and Chrissie split up because of his cheating. (I'm not going to go into too much detail because that thing really makes feel so bad.) But I also want to make it clear that I have nothing to do with this story, Brian is a guy I admire a lot and I don't think I have the right to judge him, what matters is that the two of them are well today, as I believe they are. I also have nothing against Anita Dobson. Now in Through Chrissie's Eyes, I've always relied on the boys' version of the movie, and folks, frankly, I don't think Brian from the movie would cheat on his wife, and besides, I ended up creating such a well-built and developed relationship, solid and structured with Chrissie and Brian on the fic that for me it didn't make sense they split up, that was the mainly reason I mentioned so much this story is an alternative universe.

- More real life facts that I changed, in this universe Rufus, Tigerlily and Lola Taylor are children of Dominique, yes, I also didn't have the courage to separate her and Roger (don't curse me, don't kill me).

In this universe Isaac (full name Isaac Roger Taylor-May, I'll write a story later about the fights because of this middle name hahahaha) is the son of Jimmy and Rory, who got married. And yes, he's an OC, no, he doesn't exist in real life.

Well, I guess justification is just that. Let's go to the thanks.

"I thank God first for helping me with the perplexes of life while I was writing this story.

-Thanks to Freddie, Roger, John and Brian, who once joined together for love of music, in pursuit of their dreams, and formed one of the greatest bands in history, thank you for sharing a little of your talent and your lives with us.

-Thanks to Roger and Brian for having insisted so much on making the film, and for all the team involved, if it weren't for them, I wouldn't be the hardcore fan I am today.

-Thanks to Rami, Ben, Joe, and Gwilym for their effort, love and respect in playing Queen's boys.

-Thank you to Gwilym Lee again because he made me fall in love with his version of Brian May (one of the main things that motivated this fic, I confess)

-Thanks to Chrissie Mullen, for always supporting Smile and later Queen, even though I don't know much about her, I'm sure she's an incredible woman.

The song that Brian composed for Chrissie, "Stars Tonight", is another song I did, back in January, already beginning to imagine this epilogue. Within the fic universe, it was released on the 1986 A
Kind of Magic album. You can hear it here.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pCtHqLYg4Hg

Before I go, let me share with you the next ideas for TCE universe:

Brian's point of view from when he met Chrissie until they had their children (I promise it will be a shorter story than this one)

Teenage Jimmy learning to deal with his father's fame

How the May family loves and is very fond of Doctor Who

Brian shows the song "She Makes Me" to Chrissie (this song he did for her in real life, as I discovered too late)

Emily's birth, her relationship with her parents and siblings

The story of Roger and Dominique's love (with the details I couldn't put into TCE)

The love story of Jimmy and Rory

Brian making many posts on Insta about Chrissie

John and Brian competing for who eats more biscuits (suggestion of my best friend)

Chrissie discovering Maylor and other ships (just thinking of it makes me want to laugh)

Brian in punishment without internet (by the way, this is much more dramatic than you imagine)

Brian receiving his doctorate

The Queen at the Oscars

Royal Orchestra tribute to Queen

And if you guys have any requests, I'll be more than glad to write it. I never imagined that this fic would take such great proportions, I began to write it so unpretentiously, and I am proud of the journey we have made so far.

Now, I stopped talking, wait just one more thing.

THANK YOU VERY VERY VERY MUCH TO EVERYONE WHO HAS READ AND ACCOMPANIED THIS STORY, YOU MADE ME VERY VERY VERY HAPPY.

Take care, God bless you, see you next time!

Andressa.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!