

A Temporary European

We were in Paris doing an interview with a wine expert about the *Beaujolais Nouveau*.

My German camera crew and I had already been in Burgundy shooting the vineyards, the bottling plant and the trucks rolling out at midnight in a heavy rain to deliver the first cases of the new wine. We were finishing up with a spokesman from the wine industry who was going to tell us what a great vintage it was.

As the crew was setting up the lights and camera in the second floor conference room, the spokesman, a well-dressed older man with white hair, sat at a huge conference table typing background material for me, pecking away with two fingers. After he finished, he said he was going to make copies. He walked across the room and headed down the stairs.

Seconds later, I heard strange thumping sounds as if someone had dropped something heavy, but I didn't think anything of it.

It soon became clear that the noise had been the man falling down the stairs. When he returned – clutching the copies – he was bleeding from the right corner of his forehead. The knuckles on one of his hands were badly scuffed. A woman carrying a bottle of hydrogen peroxide and a large bag of cotton balls rushed to catch up with him. She dabbed at his forehead as he sat down.

I immediately said, “Forget the interview. It's not important. Go see a doctor!”