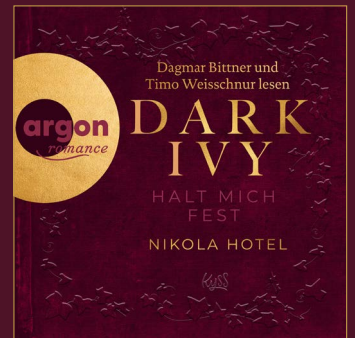




Nikola Hotel

Dark Ivy *Halt mich fest*

Gelesen von Dagmar Bittner und
Timo Weisschnur



PLAYLIST

- Achilles Come Down – Gang of Youths
Falling down – Lil Peep, XXXTENTACION
Goliath – Woodkid
Greek God – Conan Gray
After Dark – Mr.Kitty
Unfair – The Neighbourhood
Succession (Main Title Theme) – Nicholas Britell
Love and War – Fleurie
Asleep – The Smiths
Briony – Dario Marianelli, Jean-Yves Thibaudet
Adagio in C Minor – Nicholas Britell
Everybody's Watching Me (Uh Oh) – The Neighbourhood
Runaway – AURORA
Everything Matters – AURORA, Pomme
A Little Death – The Neighbourhood
Softcore – The Neighbourhood
Watch Me Bleed – Tears For Fears
In This Shirt – The Irrepressibles
Please, Please, Please Let Me Get What I Want – The Dream Academy
Dark Ivy – Robert Gromotka, Meike-Lu Schneider

DARK IVY – HOLD ME TIGHT

Only now do I get around to taking off my winter jacket, then get a water bottle and a plastic bowl from the kitchen.

“Will?” I remain undecided in front of the bed and finally gently nudge him at the shoulder. After the second he let me know with a groan that he is still awake. “If you get sick again – I put a bowl next to the bed. On the ground. All you have to do is reach out, okay?”

I don't think anything I say really gets through to him. “William Grantham,” I whisper. “This is important. Do you understand me? Please don't puke on my bed.”

But ... In reality it's completely unimportant, right? With everything that's happened, it seems silly to worry about something like dirty sheets.

William opens his mouth and sighs quietly. “Bowl. Next to the bed. Understood.” He presses one hand to his temple; it's probably already starting to pound behind it. I should leave him alone about ...

“Do you want something more to drink? Would you like me to dissolve an aspirin in water for you?” I touch his forehead with my right hand – it's wet with sweat. He shakes his head – which could mean no, but just as well it could be that he wants to shake me off. So I withdraw my hand in embarrassment.

“No water,” he murmurs.

“No hot water. For a tiny moment I almost forgot about it. As if this were a normal after-party situation where you care about each other. But this isn't normal. This is a ‘the grief is so bad I can't take it anymore’ situation, and the memory squeezes my heart into a lump. At once everything is back to our last encounter. The moment when we were standing on the bank, soaked and Will pushed me ...

Do not touch me. Never again.

All I know is...

DARK IVY – HOLD ME TIGHT

For a moment, I didn't think about Kendra or the accusations she and her parents were making against me. Not about what I should have done, but about the you have to live a secret, there wasn't all the self-hatred and all the regret and the thought that I can't be happy if Devin is dead. But the anticlimactic idea that what I want is exactly what Devin wants, that I'm probably lying to myself, that I'm not able to rest, I will feel guilty, but I can breathe. Take a breath. Crave for air. How to take a breath before diving. And if I can have this one day with Eden and we go on and to her, then that's five hours in which I can breathe. Hours in which you catch your breath before being pushed back down again. And that's what I want.

I willingly let myself be pushed to the fucking bottom of the ocean if I can breathe freely with her one more time, just once. God, please let me feel what this is like again.

"I just hope it wasn't a mistake and that you don't regret it." She pressed her lips together.

"Never." How could I regret breathing? Constantly breathing?

I have the pills in my rear pocket. My sunglasses, my Walkman with new batteries, and Eden's book, in which I wrote to my own version of her book but peevy, this morning I wrote about the tooth black.

~~And I know~~

And I know underneath are the words that entirely didn't make sense at first, until everything fell into place. I've never been more sure than I am in this moment that I can handle the consequences of just having this one day. That I can get through everything that comes next. God, just give me this one moment. Just a few hours of freedom from all the pressure. Hours that should last eternally.

ZITATNACHWEISE

in chronologischer Reihenfolge der Ersterwähnung

Fitzgerald, F. Scott: »The Rich Boy«, ursprünglich veröffentlicht in *All the Sad Young Men*, New York 1926.

»Achilles Come Down« von Gang of Youths. Melodie und Text von David Immanuel Menachem Sasagi Le'Aupepe.

»Falling Down« von Lil Peep, XXXTENTACION. Melodie und Text von Gustav Elijah Ahr, Jahseh Dwayne Onfroy, Aaron Wesley Jackson, Makonnen Sheran, Michael Len Williams, Valentin Leon Blavatnik.

Stoker, Bram: *Dracula*, London 2011. Zitat übersetzt von Nikola Hotel.

Saint-Exupéry, Antoine de: *Der kleine Prinz*. Übersetzt von Grete und Josef Leitgeb, Düsseldorf 2020.

Woolf, Virginia: *Mrs. Dalloway*, New York 2021. Zitat übersetzt von Nikola Hotel.

Stirb Langsam, Drehbuch von Jeb Stuart und Steven E. de Souza, 1988.

Harry Potter und die Kammer des Schreckens, Drehbuch von Steve Kloves, 2002, basierend auf dem gleichnamigen Roman von J.K. Rowling.

Harry und Sally, Drehbuch von Nora Ephron, 1989.

Persuasion, Drehbuch von Ron Bass und Alice Victoria Winslow, 2022, basierend auf dem gleichnamigen Roman von Jane Austen, und aus dem Buch selbst, London 2014. Zitat übersetzt von Nikola Hotel.

Fight Club, Drehbuch von Jim Uhls, 1999, basierend auf dem gleichnamigen Roman von Chuck Palahniuk.

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»Asleep« von The Smiths. Melodie und Text von Johnny Marr, Steven Morrissey.

McEwan, Ian: *Atonement*, London 2001.

One Day, Drehbuch von Nicole Taylor, 2024, basierend auf dem Roman *Zwei an einem Tag* von David Nicholls.

Gremlins – Kleine Monster, Drehbuch von Chris Columbus, 1984.