

The Vampire Diaries – Every End Has A Start

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Kapitel 33: Beside You

Hallo, meine Lieben. Mein PC funktioniert immer noch nicht richtig, aber er erlaubt mir wenigstens dieses Kapitel hochzuladen und dafür bin ich ihm sehr dankbar.

Erinnert ihr euch wie ich sagte, Elena muss so deprimiert wie möglich sein? Nun, ich glaube das hab ich jetzt erreicht. Aber Damon, der Ritter in schi-, Damon halt, steht bereit um ihr zu helfen. Delena cuteness voraus! Viel Spaß!

—

Elena didn't sleep well that night. She had nightmares about Katherine hurting her and Damon. She woke up early and wrote the content of her dream in her diary before she did anything else.

Dear Diary,

I had a nightmare again. But not like those I had after my parents died when I saw their car fall off the bridge over and over again. This dream was different.

I was at someplace I didn't recognize, together with Damon. But something was not right. I could feel it.

I reached out for Damon because I was scared but he seemed to be too far away for me to touch him. I tried to approach him but the closer I came the bigger the distance between us grew. Then I saw why. Katherine was dragging him away. I screamed for him but in the end I lost him.

Then I woke up.

What could be the meaning of this dream? I'm still out of breath and my heart's beating fast. I was really scared to lose Damon (to Katherine?) but why? We aren't that close. We're friends. But still...

Strangely, Stefan never appeared in my dream...

After she had finished Elena got up and got ready for school. In front of Jenna and Jeremy she pretended that nothing was wrong.

"Morning," she greeted them and they greeted her back.

"Do you want to drive, Jer?" Elena offered.

"Oh, I'm okay. I'm gonna ride my bike," Jeremy answered.

"Lately, you've been riding your bike more often to school," Jenna observed.

Jeremy blushed slightly. "Yeah. The air really kicks in, you know?" he said and winked at Elena who grinned.

"Sure," Jenna muttered, not believing a single word.

"So, Jer," Elena said. "I say we come home first, pack some things and then take off, you agree?"

Jeremy nodded as his mouth was full with cornflakes.

"You guys have plans?" Jenna inquired curiously.

"We're going to pay Grandpa and Grandma Gilbert a visit," Elena told her. "Get out of here for a few days."

"That's good because I'm going to spend the weekend at Alaric's," Jenna informed them.

Jeremy smirked. "So, you and our history teacher, huh?"

"That's none of your business," Jenna said, grinning. "How about we change the subject? Elena," she suddenly turned to her niece. "How are the college applications coming?"

"Um, good. Almost finished," Elena lied, felling uneasy.

"When's the deadline again?"

"In two weeks," Elena went on.

"I'm sure you'll get accepted by them all. Your grades are fine and those essays come naturally to you," Jenna babbled.

"Yeah..."

"Well, I gotta go," Jenna announced and got up. "I have another meeting with Pearl."

Elena nearly choked on her orange juice. "Pearl?" she croaked.

"Yeah. She and her daughter Anna recently moved to town. Pearl wants to open a shop," her aunt explained. "And Anna is a friend of Jeremy's right, Jer?"

Jeremy's eyes snapped open in shock. He blushed furiously and looked like he wished for the ground to give away. Before he could even open his mouth to deny what she had just claimed Jenna wished them a nice weekend and left. Still appalled Jeremy turned to his sister.

"How does she know?"

"She must have seen you together," Elena answered grinning. "Welcome to the world of spying legal guardians."

Jeremy shook his head in disbelief and got up to put his bowl into the dishwasher.

"So Pearl and Anna are back in town?"

"Seems like it," Jeremy replied. "See you later, El."

"Bye, Jer."

Jeremy left for school and a few minutes Elena did, too.

When she entered the building she saw Caroline in the hallway, talking to Bonnie who chose to ignore Elena completely. Caroline however walked over to her when she spotted her by the lockers.

"Hey, Elena."

"Hey, Caroline."

"Look, I don't know what's between you and Bonnie but I won't be a part of it. I will not stop talking to you because of it," Caroline declared bluntly.

"Um, thanks, Caroline." She gave her a small smile.

"You were going to apply to Journalism Schools, too, right?"

"Yeah, that was the plan," Elena said hesitantly.

"Great. What's your favorite?"

"Um, University of Richmond."

"Mine, too!" Caroline beamed. "It would be so cool if we'd both get accepted!"

"Yes. I'll keep my thumbs crossed for you," Elena replied.

"Same for you," Caroline promised. "So, um, I gotta go. This really sucks between you. I hope you'll fix it soon," she added.

"Yeah, me, too."

Caroline rejoined with Bonnie and walked away with her. Elena leant back against the lockers, blinking away the tears that were welling up in her eyes.

If Elena thought it couldn't get any worse she would be proved different as soon as lunch hour began. When she stepped into the hallway her guidance counselor Mr Finley asked her to accompany him to his office.

The following half an hour turned out to be the worst in her life since she had gotten over her parents' death.

Mr Finley spread several documents on his desk while he was talking insistently to her. His words overran her like a tsunami with full force. The impact even hurt as much.

Several things had been adding up. She was failing all of her classes except American History and the cutting had not gone unnoticed. She had simply cut too often. Bottom line: she was about to be temporally expelled.

Elena burst into tears. She tried to explain to the counselor that she was in a bad state. Many things had been responsible for her failure. Mr Finley felt sorry for her but told her that the rules didn't just disappear. He suggested to see a therapist with whom she could share her problems. He also told her that she had to pull herself together as she was currently applying to colleges. That made the last rock Elena was holding on to crumble to pieces. With everything falling apart and the deadline approaching dangerously fast college seemed to be an unreachable dream right now...

Elena was still crying when she left Mr Finley's office. She felt so ashamed and equally so lonely. She didn't have anyone to talk to about her new problems. She didn't want to spoil Caroline and Matt's time together. Bonnie wasn't talking to her. She wasn't talking to Stefan and she didn't dare to tell Jenna. There was no one.

"Elena..." A soft voice attracted her attention. She raised her head and her teary-eyed gaze met Damon's.

"Damon," she whispered.

Damon, whose face was blank, took a step forward and gently drew her into his arms, holding her close. She buried her face into his chest, sobbing hard. Damon rubbed her back soothingly and whispered comforting words into her ear.

"Everything's gonna be fine, I promise."

These words sounded so much like something Stefan would say... but she was painfully aware of the fact that it wasn't Stefan holding her. It was Damon. And even though they calmed her down because she realized that she still had a firm rock to hold on to. That rock was Damon.

When said vampire noticed that she had stopped sobbing he made her face him and said "Let's go outside and catch some air."

Elena nodded. Damon put one arm around her waist as he led her toward the exit. Elena clung on to him for dear life, afraid to lose her hold on him. Walking up the hallway they passed the history classroom that Saltzman was just exiting. He glared at Damon.

"Didn't I tell you not to do it?"

"Relax, I didn't do anything," Damon defended himself. "I just came to look after Elena. Is that a crime now?"

Saltzman pondered whether he should believe him or not but he got distracted when his cell phone started ringing. He started at the unknown number, hesitating before he answered the call.

"Yes? Yes, this is him." He walked back into the classroom, gesturing to Damon and Elena to follow him and shut the door. Then his eyes widened in horror and he paled out. "Thanks for calling. I'll be there in an hour," he said into the phone and hung up. He looked at Damon and Elena. Damon bit his lip. He had caught the caller's voice and therefore knew what was wrong. But Elena didn't know anything and she definitely didn't want to know the news but she had to. After a long pause Elena opened her mouth.

"Alaric, what is it?"

Saltzman unfroze and cleared his throat. "The Flemmings are dead. Murdered," he answered his voice barely above a whisper.

Elena's eyes widened in shock.

"No," she breathed. "No, they can't... No!"

Elena felt all strength leave her and her legs giving in.

"Elena!"

Before her knees could hit the floor Damon had caught her in his arms. He held her close, comforting her like he had before. Elena had started crying again.

"Why?" she demanded between sobs. "They didn't do anything. Who would...?" And then the scales fell from her eyes. "Katherine..."

"Elena," Damon began, afraid she might totally crack up.

"It must have been her!" Elena insisted. "She even told us yesterday." She tried to mimic Katherine's voice as she repeated her words. "*I've got things to do.*"

"Elena, you're upset and you're jumping to conclusions," Damon said.

"No, she's not," Saltzman contradicted. "The police said they were killed yesterday afternoon. They also told me how they were killed. They said a maniac ripped their throats open and drained them of blood."

"See?" Elena said in a high-pitched voice, crying even harder.

"But why would she do that?" Damon asked confused. He couldn't think of a reason.

But to Elena it was obvious. "Because they got to know me. Because they were involved with me... She wanted to prove a point..."

"I gotta go. They're waiting for me," Saltzman announced ten minutes later. "I'll tell if it was a vampire. I'll recognize the bite marks," he added.

Passing Elena he patted her on the shoulder and then he left. Damon and Elena stayed a few more minutes in the classroom as Elena was still crying into his chest.

When she had no strength left to cry Damon scooted her up in his arms and carried her outside and all the way home. Entering the house he met Jeremy in the hallway.

"What happened?" he demanded worried.

"Your sister had a breakdown," Damon told him as he walked upstairs and into Elena's

bedroom with Jeremy following him. He gently lay Elena's now sleeping form down and pulled up the blanket. Elena stirred in her sleep but didn't wake up. Damon turned to Jeremy.

"I need you to care of your sister for me. If anything happens you'll call me, got it?" Jeremy nodded. "Elena has my number in her contacts. I'll be back later."

He shot one last glance at Elena before he left through the window. Jeremy said down on the bed and watched Elena sleep.

Damon knew he couldn't do much to help Elena but he certainly do one thing to save her from more misery. He didn't care that his action was generally seen to be wrong. To his mind nothing was more appropriate than this.

After having left Elena in Jeremy's care Damon went back to Mystic Falls Highschool and caught the principal by surprise.

"Hi. Mystic Falls Watchers Council. Can I talk to you for a second?"

"Sure," the principal said and invited him into his office. Damon closed the door and walked up to the desk where the principal was sitting and doing paperwork. "They send me as their survey boy. I hope you don't mind me asking a few questions," Damon made use of his unmistakable charm.

"No, of course not. Please go ahead," the principal encouraged him.

"Thanks. See, I need to know if you're currently wearing or consuming any sort of vervaine."

"Ver-what?"

Damon smiled viciously. He got even closer to the principal and caught his gaze.

"You will not expel Elena Gilbert. You know that she has been going through a lot and even now she is in a bad state. Even though her grades are bad and she has been cutting often recently you will graciously overlook it and wait for her to change which she will do eventually. Now repeat what I said..."

As soon as that matter was taken care of Damon returned to Elena through the open window. Elena was still asleep, regaining her strength. Damon walked over to her, bent down and gently stroked her cheek, once, twice, thrice. Elena unconsciously leant into his touch. Damon smiled. He got up and turned to the window to leave. However when he spotted something in Elena's trash he stopped and took a closer look at it.

A folder labeled 'College Application' was in there. Frowning Damon took it out and opened it. The folder contained the application documents to a Journalism School at a college in Richmond. At first Damon wondered why Elena had thrown it away but then he saw the deadline. It was due in five weeks. Elena obviously didn't think she'd make it till then.

He glanced at Elena and then he grabbed the folder and left.

When Damon arrived at the boarding house Stefan was in his bedroom, brooding. Damon was grateful for that because for what he was going to do he needed peace and quiet.

He walked into the study and spread the application documents and the college brochure over the desk. He quickly scanned over them and then he started to fill in

the application form with Elena's data.

An hour later Stefan who had noticed Damon's return joined him in the study. Damon casually covered the application form. Stefan walked over to him and glanced at the documents on the desk, frowning.

"A college application?" he said. "You're going back to college?"

Damon let out an irritated sigh. "Believe it or not, little brother but I'm actually bored in this town."

"Even though, college? You never stroke me as the studying type," Stefan continued. "Especially not in the field of journalism."

"It's an asset to broaden your horizon. You should try it, too," Damon replied sarcastic. Then he shrugged. "I haven't tried journalism before so I thought I'd try it after I tried everything else."

"Like?"

"Law... medicine... politics... history... arts... literature... do you get the picture?"

"I think so," Stefan answered. "I tried medicine, too but as soon as blood was concerned it was out of question."

"The blood was no big deal for me but I thought I better not... provoke anything."

Stefan nodded, his gaze fixed on the brochure.

"Elena once told me she wanted to become a writer," he told Damon.

"Oh really?" Damon feigned ignorance.

"Yeah. Because her mother encouraged her to become one."

"Interesting. I might ask her for advice." Stefan was silent. "Could you please continue to brood somewhere else now?" Damon added irritated. "I'm kinda late. I need to finish this before dusk."

"Yeah," Stefan said. "Good luck."

"Thanks," Damon replied mockingly.

Stefan left the study without another word and Damon redirected his attention to the college application. How he hated those 'Tell us about you in 500 words' essays. He didn't find it difficult to write them, at least not when his person was concerned. On the other hand writing about Elena while pretending to be Elena wasn't that easy. But Stefan had given him an important hint. So it had been her and her mother's ambition for her to become a writer, huh?

He grabbed the pen and started writing. He didn't pay attention to the time which was passing by fast. Another hour later he was done and read the essay again.

'We cannot fail to win unless we fail to try.' Label your mission 'fail' and you can be sure you have already accomplished it. Winning however demands a certain amount of strength you don't always have on demand.

During the last year I went through a lot of changes. I was forced to adjust to a complete new situation. As life goes on you leave some things behind and come across new ones in return. My life resembled the chapter of a fantasy book. I encountered things I never believed possible. I tried to avoid them at first but with time I learnt to accept and live with them. In the end they became a part of my life I would not want to miss now.

The experience made me realize that changes are normal in our lives. They throw you off the road but if you only pull yourself together and gather all your courage you will be able to return to your road. It might lead you somewhere else now but the closer you get you will see that the place you are going to end up is not as bad as it seems at first glance. Even the journey to that place does not seem so frightening. You take a few

blows but if you only stay hold on you'll reach your destination strong and happy.

You want me to tell you about me in 500 words.

I get angry sometimes and scared. In those situations I would like to hide in a cave until the threat is gone. But I also know that challenges are there for a reason, same as walls. Your path may seem blocked but if you put your mind to it you will figure out a way to either break the wall or overcome it otherwise. With every success I grow and develop. I think personal development is also an important trait of writers. It saves them from becoming monotonous and thus boring.

I've developed several new traits. I face dangers and threats willingly now, knowing that everything will be fine in the end. I do not lose hope but continue to trust in my skills. I know what I want and do not hesitate to try to achieve what I planned. I can work on my own just fine but I prefer to work with other people to get to know different opinions. Pressure is my friend rather than my foe because it forces me to give my best. And I know that if only I try hard enough I do everything.

I like to express myself with words not only in my maternal language but in Spanish as well. I'm proud to be an American, pursuing my own American Dream. Like Martin Luther King I have a dream today. My dream is to study journalism at a college that will help me develop and become an omniscient writer who moves people, influences them and makes them take action. It is a dream I'm convinced of will come true at your Journalism School.

Yes, Damon thought. *I can leave it like that.* He glanced at the old grandfather's clock to find that it was ten to six. He had to hurry.

Using vampire speed he gathered all the documents required (including a writing sample Elena had already prepared) and put them into the folder and the folder into an envelope addressed to the Journalism School of the University of Richmond, Virginia. Then he grabbed the envelope and rushed to the post box.

*When your tears are spent on your last pretense
And your tired eyes refuse to close and sleep in your defense
When it's in your spine, like you've walked for miles
And the only thing you want is just to be still for a while
When you're overwhelmed and you've lost your breath
And the space between the things you know is blurry nonetheless
When you try to speak, but you make no sound
And the words you want are out of reach, but they've never been so loud*

*Trust in me, trust in me
Don't pull away
Just trust in me, trust in me
I'm just trying to keep this together,
'Cause I could do worse and you could do better*

*And if your heart wears thin,
I will hold you up
And I will hide you when it gets too much
I'll be right beside you
Nobody will break you*

—

Whoa, Katherine hat die Flemmings getötet, nur um mal eben ihre Macht zu demonstrieren. Schockiert?

Übrigens: Elenas Traum hat tatsächlich eine Bedeutung. Er ist so eine Art Warnung. Also freut euch auf das nächste Kapitel mit viel Spannung!

P.S Das Zitat am Anfang des Aufsatzes ist von Tom Clancy, einem sehr intelligenten Mann, der einfach großartige Bücher schreibt.

Bis zum nächsten Mal
Eure Asu