

# 09.10.1989

## Prussia & Germany

Von abgemeldet

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*"Die Montagsdemonstrationen in Leipzig nehmen ungekannte Ausmaße an. Hunderte, tausende von Menschen demonstrieren auf dem Ring um die Leipziger Innenstadt",*

the TV spoke. Ludwig clenched his fists, fingernails digging into the flesh. The beer bottle stood at the table, forgotten. Ludwig glanced at the TV, hoping, begging, praying that nothing would happen like last time when Leipzig had started a Monday demonstration, praying that nobody would get arrested or even had to die. He prayed his brother was save, still scanning the crowd on the TV screen, looking after a glimpse of grayish hair, for some deep red eyes that looked excited. But Gilbert wouldn't be there. He'd be safe at Berlin or even safer at Russia's place. At that thought, Ludwig snorted to himself. At least he hoped that. Believing was another topic.

There. The crowd now crossed the Stasi offices. Ludwig bit into his lips, the slow moving of the mass a whole contrast to his raising heart beat. The place where the demonstration could go horribly wrong was definitely here. The shouting of the citizens increased. With stubborn eagerness they screamed at the Stasi officers – *Wir sind das Volk!* – Ludwig could almost feel the tense. Those guys in their uniforms had their fingers surely as hell on the trigger, ready to pull.

But. No one did.

The crowd passed the office, filled with excitement, with success, passing the most dangerous part in little drops, thousands, hundred thousands leaving the corner building behind, moving on to the Schauspielhaus.

Ludwig noticed that he had stopped breathing at some point and now took a deep breath to relax himself. Those people were his – well, not quite, but they had been once and would be soon! – and they threw themselves into such hazardous situations to regain their *Einigkeit*, to regain their *Recht*, their *Freiheit*. He was proud of them. Proud that nobody threw a fit, nobody attacked, nobody pulled a weapon. The demonstration was a peaceful one, just as planned.

Ludwig stared at the screen, following the people who were still shouting, marching around the city center, listened to the comments of the reporter.

And didn't listen. Tried to remember the face of his brother instead, wanting him so

much now, wanted to hear his howling laughter, wanted to feel his presence. He hadn't felt his body against his own like almost forty years now, just the heavy and cold wall beneath his palms, not giving in under his pressure when he leant against the concrete, sobbing painfully. No smirk since four decades. Only the everytime cheerful smile of Ivan, waving at him when he glared at the tall nation, screaming in his head *Gib mir meinen Bruder zurück!*

Prussia's – Gilbert's – face was dusty in his mind, just like his hair. Ludwig winced as he tried to remember every contour of the pale face but couldn't.

He remembered the bottle next to him and took a deep gulp, trying to calm down. He stayed the whole night in his living room, eyes focused onto the ceiling, remembering everything he could.

Not knowing that – exactly one month later – he would sit here again. This time with two forgotten beer bottles at the table, his face pressed against the fragile chest of Gilbert, crying, sobbing, *bawling*. Hugging his brother tightly, inhaling the familiar scent which was slightly mixed with the sharp smell of vodka clinging to the worn clothes of the elder one. The limp and bruised arms would be wrapped around his cured and muscular body, holding him, comforting him. Fingers, with cuts and chaps on them, stroking his blond bangs gently. A small and somehow weak voice would whisper, shushing his tears.

It was odd since Gilbert was the one stuck in his country for years, being Russia's play toy but then he was the big brother and so he held Ludwig in his arms, whipping the tears away, feeling like back in the civil revolution time where Ludwig had been crying almost every night, shaken by nightmares, when he had been there to hold him like now. Just with a lot more muscles and crimson eyes, not that dusty red they were now.

But then. He was back again. And that was everything that mattered.

- owari

Das Schauspielhaus ist das Theater in Leipzig, heute heißt es Centraltheater.