



ullsteinbuchverlage



Daniela Krien

Someday we will tell each other everything
Irgendwann werden wir uns alles erzählen

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...Never have I needed so little and been so at ease with myself as during those days with him. Eating, sleeping, loving, reading, working. It's as simple as that. And yet it's everything...

It is the summer of 1990, a small village near the border that used to divide Germany and is now part of history. Maria, almost 17, lives with her boyfriend and his family at their country farm. In the numbing heat, she prefers to read Dostoyevsky and Hamsun, to daydream in the corn fields or by the little creek behind the house rather than helping in the stable or kitchen. At the neighbouring farm lives the forty year old Henner. He is a loner, peculiar but dangerously charismatic. A glance, a random touch spark forbidden desires, turning the first casual and innocent encounters into an archaic, life changing *amour fou* which can only end in disaster.

This debut novel tells a passionate and unpredictable love story in a very poetic, sensual and literary voice. It will leave you heartbroken and yearning for more.

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Daniela Krien grew up in a small village in Saxony. After graduating she studied Culture and Media. Together with her husband she founded a documentary film production company. "Some day we will tell each other everything" is her first novel.



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Target audience:

- Readers of young German accessible literature
- Female readers of any age of Margaret Duras “The lover” and/ or “Wuthering heights” crosses with “Bridges of Madison County”
- Anybody who loves an intelligent yet emotional good read



SAMPLE TRANSLATION

By Isabel Cole

On the way back I cut straight across the corn field. With over two months to go until harvest time, the seedlings reach only to my knees. I hardly ever take this path; it goes past Henner's farm, past the mastiffs and the wild horses only Henner can ride. On fine days he tears across the meadows at a gallop, the dogs at his side. Then he looks like a country squire from a different age. He's that type, not a modern man, but one of those people who seems to have been born into the wrong time. Marianne says he's doing better, he must have stopped drinking. No one seriously believes that, but last time in the shop he really was perfectly sober.

The corn tickles my legs, my dress catches on the leaves. I let the leaves run through my hands, numb after the visit with my mother.

I can see Henner from a long way off, standing in the paddock, wearing scuffed riding boots, close-fitting brown trousers and a once-white, now filthy shirt. The mastiffs lie inert in the shade of an apple tree. Last year, Marianne said, they even killed one of his foals, and he beat them with a stick until they howled.

I walk slowly, thinking about Mother. She looked so sad. What will become of her without father, without work, living with her in-laws? It's her sadness that drove me out of the house. It sucks the strength from my body and the joy from my heart.

Henner really is a good-looking man. That struck me in the shop the last time: a rugged, massive body that moves with steady force, but a finely-drawn face. Eyes deep and dark and expressive, surrounded by little creases, a touch of bitterness about the mouth that vanishes when he smiles. He doesn't look like a drinker.

Suddenly he turns around. The mastiffs leap up as if at an invisible command, reaching the paddock fence in a few bounds. "Henner!" I yell, "call them off!" He laughs, tossing back his head.

"They don't like skinny girls!" he calls out, but whistles to them.

My legs tremble, I feel queer, as Marianne would say; I slump to the ground and the tears come in torrents. Dazed, I cry and cry and cover my face with my arms and I only come around when I feel Henner's hands and his sharp, heavy masculine smell envelops me much too closely. He strokes my head – I'd never have thought



he could be so gentle – and slowly lifts me to my feet. I don't dare open my eyes, and he whispers to me soothingly: "Now, now, Maria, nothing happened, it's all right, I'll take you to the farm now." I can hardly walk; he puts his arm around me, and his hand touches my breast. It feels like a burn. I stop. He says "Shhhh...", holds my arm tight and in one fluid motion runs his hand down from my neck over my breast, stomach, downward to my thigh and then a bit higher. I tear myself away and run, but now he has me again, and this time he looks at me differently.

"I'm sorry," he says, "I didn't mean to frighten you, I'm really sorry, don't tell anyone, Maria, do you hear?" Then he holds me at arm's length and goes on softly: "Nothing happened, after all, nothing happened!" I nod mutely, he lets me go, I walk away without turning back.