

Collective TextDoc

Back in years, hanging out with other teenagers was a torture for me. I always had the habit of ditching the others, going home as soon as possible and start reading books. Books were my true friends. 12/13 years old on holiday with my family in Greece, I was held under water by a wave for a few seconds and suddenly understood, really understood that I'm mortal. My school was 5 minutes away from my home, but somehow, I was always late in the morning. Despite living in a tent with more than 70 people in a refugee camp, it was a new colorful HOME!

My way to school was very simple. I went everyday to the school with the bus and this bus there was always my first love. First love, First feelings, first intimate interactions. School is over, I'm not meeting with any of my friends today. So I take my bike home where I will eat a sandwich with Nutella and then pack my things for dance class. Growing up my identity used to be more of a „sports person“. First year of high school, I was at an art class and I realized: This is something I want to do. I remember when I was in high school I finished every day at 5 pm, besides Wednesdays. We finished at 1 pm, so me and my friends started going to the beach. It was a great moment of disconnection in the middle of the week. I had to move many times in my childhood, changed more than 5 apartments and lived in two different cities and I never really had the feeling of having a „home“. I didn't experience the concept of belonging somewhere only until the end of my school years. Arriving always late to school in the mornings. Walking through out the school corridor while experiencing mixed emotions of fear and anxiety and praying not to be seen by the schoolmaster. Most of the time I met with friends and searched for a place to just hang out. We often went to the supermarket to buy drinks and food and then we went to a near playground or river promenade to just chill there for a few hours. We went on a class trip to Berlin and we had some beer hidden under the bed, because some of us were already 16. Just as we pulled it out our teacher did come in and we all got detention. I've planned the perfect sneaking out of my home to meet up with friends, but my parents understood and we didn't talk for almost 2 weeks. Got caught smoking in the school and I lied that I didn't study there, so even though I turned red like a tomato, somehow got out of the situation. I have met a guy at a random shop, not knowing he would become my best friend until today. We couldn't stand each other at the very beginning and I would have never thought this could turn out to be the longest, closest friendship I have. I remember.. running from the police because we were out on the streets past midnight before we turned sixteen. (And they wanted to take us home & tell our parents). Breaking into the swimming pool at night skinny-dipping with friends while a warm summer rain was pouring down. I remember when I had to switch to a new class at school and start over. Meet new people made me anxious. I remember the insecurities and the judgement, the wish to be accepted. Break in the public swimming pool at midnight, swimming, laying on the gras and having your first beers. Doing „forbidden“ things with your friends brings you closer together. The first day of living in a boarding school at 15 years old. It was a personal choice so it was not a bad memory like a lot of people can think but I was so happy and excited. Short hair, tube socks, hightops, biceps, back-pocket wallet, partial scowl. But no penis, still a girl. As an early teen, a one way ticket out of my home country, knowing that I will most likely never live there again. When I was 16 I worked in a small village in a bakery. I remember old man trying to be flirty with me and I was disgusted by it. During a summer at a youth camp on one day, we were divided into groups of five teens and were abandoned 10 km from the campsite with no map, food or money. We only got one onion and an emergency cellphone. The goal was to find the way back to the campsite and to exchange the onion for food and a place to sleep. Evenings in a „youth club“ for teenagers: the feeling of being independent from the parents, first beer, first party, .. thinking „ I'm an adult now“. During a school seminar in a youth center me and some of my classmates went outside in every break to put branches and stones on a train track and watched them burst under the weight of the trains. I've skipped school lessons to go to the Spielothek next to the school together with my older friends. A fleeting teenage memory, was when my first boyfriend invited me to go and watch a horror movie with him and his friends. I wanted to appear smart, fearless and to make a good impression, so I read the complete plot beforehand and then I would „predict“ what would happen in every scene of the movie..My dad has a construction company. When I was a child I went with him to the construction site where an architect explained his project by drawing on the walls. This thing stayed with me and from then I began to cultivate a passion for architecture. I remember the bike ride to the music centre: guitar on my back, pedaling as fast as I could. I loved playing so much. I also remember the color of the poppy flowers I always saw on my way back from school, so pure, so intense, I wanted to be one of them. When I was at my first day of high school and I decided to stop pretending to be someone who I wasn't. Stopped living a double life.

As nearly every sunny summer day I went to the public swimming pool in our village were all people my age hung up - you never knew who was there - and if it was none of my closer friends I got shy. So shy I didn't dare to talk much and my head went like „What should I say? What can I say? Better don't say anything?“ I loved going to the park. The trees, the warm weather— We used to go there every Saturday. I always made sure I'd bought a football and a pair of football shoes. After my friends turned 18 we were driving to the nearest McDonald's and met around 20 other students from my school year. McDonald's was THE meeting point in the village after people were allowed to drive. Everyday when I come to school. I feel like in forrest. Thanks to tree-lined path on my way. I can feel adequate amount of sunshine and wind. She smiles and waves at me.“Why don't you come over at break?“ She texted me yesterday. But I do not dare.