









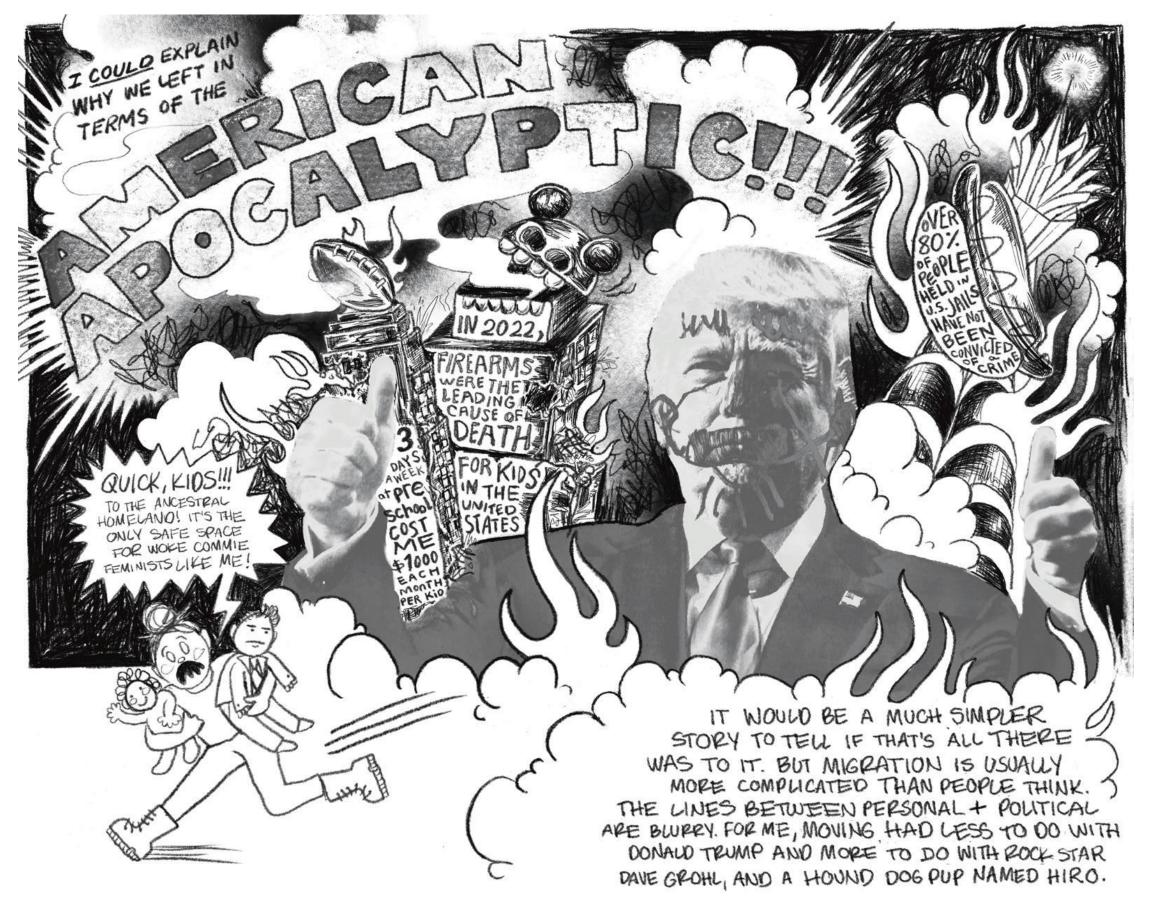


BEFORE MOVING TO KÖLN, I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT GERMANY EXCEPT WHAT I'D LEARNED IN SCHOOL (WARS AND ART MOVEMENTS) AND AT EPCOT CENTER (BRATWURST UND BIER). ONCE, I HOSTED A KIDS! ACTIVITY STATION AT A LOCAL OKTOBERFEST BACK IN FURDO. I WORE BRAIDS AND A FOLKSY APPON. WE STRUNG PRETZEL NECKLACES AND CUT OUT CLAY LEBRUCHENHERZEN.

MY KHOS SPEAK GERMAN, PLAY GERMAN GAMES, TORMENT EACH OTHER WITH GERMAN PLAYGROUND TAUNTS. BUT AFTER TWO YEARS HERE, I STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE I FIT IN, IF ANYWHERE. SOMETIMES, I DON'T EVEN WANT TO.



PEOPLE LOOK AT US AND MAYBE THEY DON'T SEE WHAT'S MISSING, EVERYTHING THAT HAS BEEN BROKEN, REMADE.



THANK YOU FOR READING
THIS PREVIEW. TO FOLLOW
MY WORK AND RECEIVE
UPDATES ON PUBLICATION
DATES, VISIT Kristynbat.com) of

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