

Welcome to Berlin, Germany!



Home of:

- Grey food
- Berlin Wall parts
- "F- Biden" graffiti
- The 16 year drinking age
- A lot of holocaust memorials
- Shot up buildings

Basically I was stacking rocks on a memorial to bring beauty through pain in celebration of their lives



There was a memorial with some statues rocks on the platform beneath them. As our guide was talking, I started stacking them and making pretty shapes because I saw that someone else had done that.

A man from our group *swatted my hand away* and told me Jews put those rocks there to honor family members and I was basically making sandcastles on a grave.

I didn't say anything because if I did I'd cry. But later I thought about it. If my grave happens to have sand on it BUILD ME SANDCASTLES. Turn sorrow into something beautiful! Morn me for a week or so but after that I need you to laugh at the funny things I did and admire my accomplishments. Remember me for my life. Not my death.

We need to acknowledge suffering, but don't make that suffering cause more suffering.

Don't swat people

What was probably more interesting was my run in with interpol. Let me explain.

I was traveling in a school group with my mom and sister. The first night in Rome, my mom got a call at 5AM from the Italian police in the hotel lobby. She came down and they asked her if she was separated from her husband (thankfully she's not) and they checked her and my passports. But they had no interest in my sister. Only making sure my mom wasn't taking me out of the country without my dad's permission or knowing? They seemed satisfied with my mom's answers and left.

To get back to America, our group flew from Berlin to Amsterdam and then home. As we were trying to leave the Amsterdam, while the guy was checking my and my mom's passports, he got a funny look and pulled us over to a side area to wait. Now we had only had an hour layover in Amsterdam. The Berlin flight had been slow and by the time we got to passport check, our next flight was boarding. We had to wait 10min and by that point we were getting really worried about missing our flight. But then they let us go. Apparently SOMEONE WITH MY EXACT NAME AND BIRTHDAY IS A MISSING PERSON. So pray for MonkeybearQueen #2 because she probably really needs it.

We ran over to our gate and it turned out the plane had been delayed and we had plenty of time to get on.

We got another call from the police for leaving our car in the church parking lot at home for carpooling to the airport. But that wasn't related.

The police love us



on the 9 hr flight across the Atlantic, the girl behind me must have been playing a game on the built in screen because she kept banging on the back of my chair. Let this be a lesson to you. Don't play tapping games on the screen connected to the seat in front of you.

Don't do that because the occupant might set you on fire. which is what I wanted to do