



Just Write

Lost & Found

2021



Writings by students of the University of Bamberg for
Bamberg's readers

Chair for English Literature Studies

Just Write Team



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Foreword

This is the second edition of *Just Write*, the creative writing journal in English at the University of Bamberg. We, the editors, hope that this edition will find favour with our readers, as did our first edition. While the first edition was curated around the theme of ‘golden twenties’, this one includes prose and poems concentrating on the theme of ‘lost and found’.

This edition’s theme of ‘lost and found’ stems from the current situation that everyone in the world must go through. Staying home to be safe from the coronavirus creates a sense of losing contact with normalcy, while, at the same time, many find a way to (re)connect with forgotten friends and family members. This feeling of being ‘lost’ coupling with (re)discovering, (re)connecting, and (re-)energising oneself amidst the pandemic creates a sense of being ‘found’. On another level, the theme of ‘lost and found’ welcomed writers to interpret it from their personal experiences, spanning from talking about a long-lost love to rediscovering the passion for dancing.

We are pleased to present writings from students who interpreted this theme from diverse perspectives, and happy to provide them the opportunity to share their creativity through this magazine.

The standard of writing and the scope of the theme makes this volume unique, particularly considering the corona pandemic situation. We hope that you, the readers, will enjoy the contributions and possibly be encouraged to contribute to *Just Write* yourselves!

The editors







I Am Okay...

by Aleena Nelson

Me as the author, a lump,
inseparable from the sheets.
Is the bed an extension of me?

Where are the thirsty adventurers,
who wrote sonnets
about the lands they will see.
Put them in a room
with everything they need.
Trapped,
isolated from a respectable distance,
well fed.
Let's see how long this Pequod sails.

Have you seen a cheerful girl
somewhere around here?
That's my old self, she escaped from me.

Maybe she doesn't like the coffee,
but I only add a spoonful of depression.
Maybe she doesn't like the brand,
I hear mental state is all the rage at the moment.
A little bitter for my state.

I could have enclosed a link
beside the title to show my state.
But why waste perfectly good ink
when this lump of myself can still scribble.





A Tiny Hut

by Anastasiia Shekera

I lived in a tiny hut.
It kept me warm and safe.
I thought I would stay there
From cradle to grave.

The window's still untouched
But I broke up its sting.
For the first time I breathed in
That heady air of spring.

I was drunk on, surprised
With my unhopd takeoff.
I was afraid that hut
Would never let me off.

I coped with cunning steps
Behind was left confine.
I've never seen before
Such shimmering day shine.

I couldn't keep my legs
It hurt my eyes.
The world I saw instead of light
And then passed out cold...

I didn't want to look
At dazzling, scalding rays,
I simply tried to find
Those long forgotten ways.

Rays played a trick on me
And said: "Just cast a look
You'll see enchanting dreams
That stream from heaven's brook!"

So simple-hearted dupe
I opened my eyes to see
How gush of sky-born light
Grows out over me

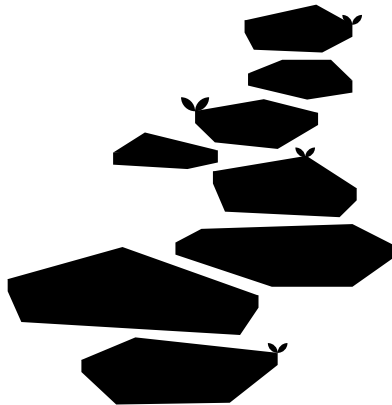
The only thing it did -
Eclipsed my mind!
Save Lord! And threw into the shade
Remnants of former world.



I can see nothing.
All things seem to be the same.
They are gloomy and obscure
These crafty tongues of flame.

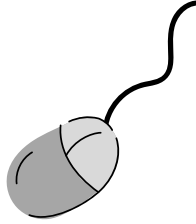
They're altered, a morbid path
To corners of my mind.
When flare lights my soul
My eyes become so blind!

And pure senses, dark,
Came into sneering play.
Oh, this temptation's strong:
To live no other way...



Lost and Found

by Claudia Eisele



I feel lost in this world.
Neither connected with myself nor others,
Floating in a space of anonymity and
uncertainty.
I crave being seen and heard, desperately.
For the time being, I will remain an onscreen
image.
Lately, I've found someone to connect with,
in this virtual life.
I do have hope that we will meet some day.
In real life.



Dandelion Sub

by Charlotte Empt

The contact between us
has turned viscous
and opaque
like dandelion sap,
when you break the bud from the stem
and the buds
have turned from suns
into moons long ago,
which you slowly blow away
like my love.



Awaking Memory

by Maria Bittner



Structure smothers my spirit.
Dullness surrounds the fog.
A fixed realism of compliance,
Myself in harmony atwain.

Regularity erases the abnormal,
Prevention of the unknown.
In case I dreamed again
Of dragons, elves and epic songs.

The world holds me back deceitfully
With whips of insincere fear.
Covering my thoughts to hide
All the enchanted dreams inside me.

Fear kept me from courage,
All the magic petrified.
Jealous of my childlike self
Who's free of all the restraint.

Elves whispering of bigger dreams,
Encouraging to trust the way.
If I catch my child once more,
I will find myself again.



Failure

by Hilde Olschewski

When the wind is crackling,
And the rain burns.
When my eyes water,
And my bones pull at me.

With every mountain before me,
I roll down further.
Into the hole,
Wrecking myself.

Back, down the hill.

Pictures and voices
In my head
Instead of figures and words.

Dreams and ambition
In my head
Instead of plans and maps.

Now, down the hill.
Again, and again.



Realism hurts my soul,
Every time I look up.

So, my eyes stay closed,
Igniting my imagination.

Again, down the hill.
Now and then.
Darkness calls me.

Lending a helping hand.

It's just never me.

It ends down the hill.
Again, and again,
Now and then,
Losing myself!



My Circle of Life

by Sophia Bruni

I lost my little bird, Sunny,
when that cage he lived in
vanished from my memories,
all blank, at a glance.

Like a good old song,
my player has stopped playing
and
my feet have stopped dancing too,
some time ago.

The letters I used to write
became the unfilled pages of
a book
my pen hasn't touched after
some time ago.

My mouth spoke words,
sounds I would recognise,
languages
I might have spoken
some time ago.

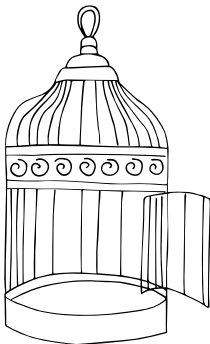


Yet, somehow, it was all still me,
without my little bird.

After all, a day came
so stormy and so cold
I was blue from the raindrops,
they were as loud as my silence and as
empty as my bird's cage...
But before long, I spotted a curious,
shining sparkle and

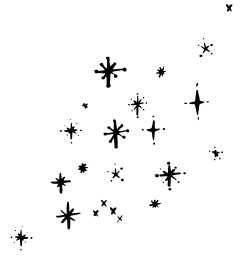
A little yellow point turned into
A little yellow mark turned into
A little yellow figure turned into
My little yellow bird,
Sunny.

His cage was gone but
his wings were filled, along with the
music back to my ears, the
words back to my fingers, and the
voice back to my mouth.



Self Worth

by Jay



Lost it when he left,
not only me
but also my imagination of our
perfect future.
Of his spirit around me
Sat there,
and the spirals in my head
kept spinning.
Going on and on
about how he chose
her, not me.
After months spent
on my own
being surrounded by the sound of the ocean
and home again
it came back - the love I feel for myself,
my worth.
And I realized
that's the foundation
I wanna build my next love on.
Which I did.
So that now,
I have both: Your love and mine.
Knowing the latter will never leave again.



Prose

A decorative laurel wreath, composed of two branches of leaves, framing the word "Prose". The leaves are elongated and pointed, with fine lines indicating veins. The branches curve upwards and outwards from the center.

On the Porch

by Patricia Finzel

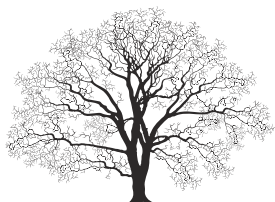


The sun was making its final appearance until it would set. It was as if it was shining brighter than ever to eventually turn darker and darker until the night would arrive.

A man and his wife were sitting on their porch outside of their small house that was feeling so much bigger since the children had moved out. They looked at the sea that reflected the last rays of the sun and couldn't help but think of the old times. Images flickered through their minds. Pictures of babies crawling through the grass, children playing hide and seek, teenagers reading books or playing football and eventually heading off to college.

It seemed impossible to see all of that only in one blink of an eye, for it had been more than twenty years of memory. Yet, it seemed like the previous years had passed way faster than that. "Can you recall that time when I tried to teach our youngest how to fish and he managed to get this gigantic creature?" the man asked his wife, laughing while thinking of the occurrence. His wife, however, seemed to look right through him. "I don't recall having a son," she said. I guess I have to alter my previous statement about both of them remembering.

"You actually have two sons, darling," her husband said, an air of tenderness in his voice displaying that this was not the first time something like this had happened. "And I still bet that the older one put the fish there. I just can't think of a way he did it!"



He thought about his six-year-old who wasn't strong enough to lift the fish out of the water, and he thought about himself, trying to help his child, still pretending that his son did it all by himself to make him feel proud about it. At least that's how he recalled it.

"Yes, of course his brother did it. Your ego would suffer if he didn't." He was sure his wife would have replied with a giggle if she had remembered it, as she had done plenty of times when they used to share old memories, and instead of answering, her husband only would have nudged her. However, she didn't remember, and she didn't say a word, and therefore, there was no need for him to reply. Instead, there was silence. At least, no human voice said something; the house, however, was not silent. Had never been.

The creaking wooden battens of the porch were just one of the many signs that displayed how old and rich of memories this house was. Memories they didn't seem to share anymore. Memories that therefore seemed lost. Nevertheless, the man couldn't help but think about everything they had experienced in there.

In fact, the house kept so many memories that one only had to close one's eyes and listen to the wind in the trees or taste the salt on one's lips to be carried away to the past.

If one saw the wind moving the swing in the garden, one could swear one of the children was seven again and would be sitting

on it, trying to swing higher and higher, to eventually reach the sun, which they never did, of course. These days, they didn't even try to reach out to their own parents anymore, let alone anything they grew to take for granted. Which was hands-down the saddest thing the married couple could think of. Or at least it used to be. Both of them seemed to grow apart a little with every lost memory. Like a puzzle that can never fully become a picture again because some of its parts are lost forever.

"Remember when they used to play with their ball outside all the time and kicked it through the window one day?" he asked, smiling.

"Of course, I do," she had once replied. In a time when the pieces of the puzzle still fitted together.

"It almost landed in my pie!"

"Oh come on, you are not seriously angry, are you?" he had asked, immediately adapting a more concerned tone in his voice to prevent her feelings from being hurt.

She had shaken her head no. "Of course not. That was almost a lifetime ago." Funnily enough, the man was thinking exactly the same thing at that very moment.

However, what he didn't know is that, thinking of that, his wife couldn't help but remind herself that once her youngest son had left the nest, a huge part of her life had been over: being a mother. Of course, she would always be one, and her children would always come up to her for advice.



Nevertheless, she wouldn't do their laundry anymore, wouldn't prepare their favourite food or help them with their homework. It would never again be the same as it used to be.

"Do you remember the time when we first held our children in our arms?" she asked all of a sudden. Her husband startled into silence. "How they kicked in the air with their tiny feet and screamed, but whenever you held your pinkie to them, they immediately clasped their whole hand around it and were suddenly so still."

Both of them had the pictures so clearly in their minds as if the moment was set right now and not twenty-five years ago.

"Do you remember our wedding vows? I took you to be my wedded husband. To have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and health..." She hesitated. "In sickness and health. To love and to cherish 'til death do us part."

Her eyes filled with tears. "Or do you remember the time when the doctor told you that you were ill?" She started sobbing. She remembered so clearly how she approached the room. Her husband hooked up to machines. She was desperately searching in his eyes for that little twinkle that people get when they recognise somebody.

She couldn't find it. It was as if he was only there physically but not mentally, and it didn't take her long to realize that their ways would part here in



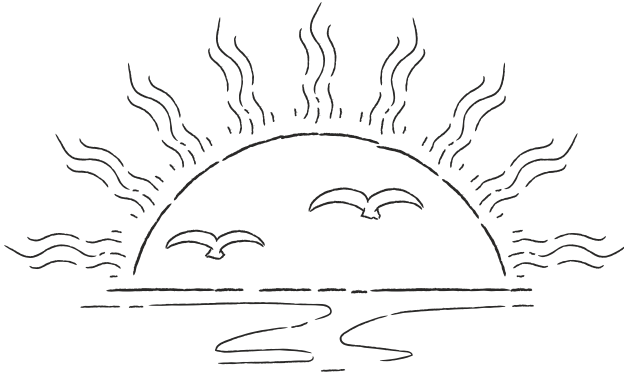
the distant future. No matter if she wanted to or not, she had to let him go. There was so much they wanted to do as soon as they retired, but they never had the chance to. She always wanted this tiny dog breed one could carry around and he wanted to go travelling with her. At least he got to pursue his dream, just that it was a one-way ticket to heaven.

“Or do you remember the time when the police told us that our son wouldn’t come back because he had died in an accident?” she continued, in her head the picture of the policemen, telling her to come and identify her own child. No mother should have to see her dead child. No mother should hear the story that if he just had left a few minutes later, or if he had taken another road, or if the other person just hadn’t fallen asleep, her son wouldn’t have died.

“Of course, you don’t! Because you were already dead by then! You broke your vow. Why did you have to do that?” she cried. The sun had set, and it was already dark by then. “I swore to God I’d be there for you for better and worse, and I wanted to fulfil that vow, but you didn’t even give me the chance to do so. I brought you a glass of water, and when I came back, you were already gone. You didn’t even give me the chance to say goodbye.” She would have begged him to stay, that’s what the nurse had said. Maybe he wanted to go when she wasn’t there to make it easier for both of them. Or maybe it was simply not his choice.

She looked at her husband, who had an apologetic look on his face as his image faded and his wife was left alone on the porch in front of the small house.

Of course, the house felt so much bigger when, in the end, the children's laughter was only shaking trees, and moving swings were only caused by wind, and dead husbands only lived through memories.





On a Cosmic Scale

by Sofie Koch

The universe doesn't care. Old as itself, expanding ever and ever outwards into nothingness and empty space, it's a fact that the universe, the sum of all there ever has been, all there ever will be until even it itself is no longer, does not care about the fate of individual humans.

We are made up of countless and ever countless particles, of atoms; like the great- and great- and a million times over great-grandchildren of stars we watch rise and twinkle and die on the ink-black sky every night, everything around us is. There is a finite amount of matter there can be – there is no loss or gain on that scale, only change, mutation, metamorphosis. The tears and blood you lose the first time you scrape your knees on unforgiving ground do not vanish, they simply are no longer part of you and your body. They change, but they don't get lost in any way discernible from the universe's perspective, so why would it care?

Change is neither good nor bad, it just is. I honestly doubt that the world, the stars, never mind the galaxy and the universe, that finally encompasses all three, cares about the change anything within itself undergoes, the change it undergoes itself as its parts alter. In the end, the very end of everything, nothing much will have changed at all; things and life as we know and don't know it will have existed for some time, then they will go back to nonexistence, and maybe there will be new life once again, a new universe even, but the current one won't be there to



witness it. None of us will be, not even the tiniest particles we are made up of. On that scale, nothing anyone of us could ever do would matter, and even if it did matter, would it make a difference?

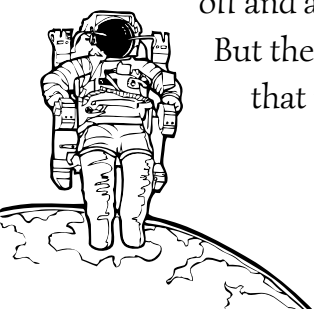
So no, the universe doesn't care when I meet her three days after my fifth birthday and every breath I exhale leaves my lips and the gap in my front teeth whistling, and our pigtails dance, black and brown, in the breeze as we run and play and laugh with green stains on our knees and sand in our shoes. It doesn't care when she takes my tiny, grubby hand in hers for the first time when we are called inside for lunch and doesn't let go until the end of the day. That we never spend a day after that apart as we outgrow kindergarten, primary and, eventually, secondary school, is nothing to an uncaring cosmos of gigantic size, nor is the fact that she grows up to be the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.

No matter whether she shaves off half of her long black hair and doesn't cut mine when I'm seventeen and unsure of everything, or when she lets it grow out again and it tumbles down her back and shoulder as she cocks her twenty two year-old head because of something I said and a slow, bright smile stretches over her bitten lips and exposes teeth that, against her dentist's wishes, have never known braces and never will because she's as stubborn as she is gorgeous.

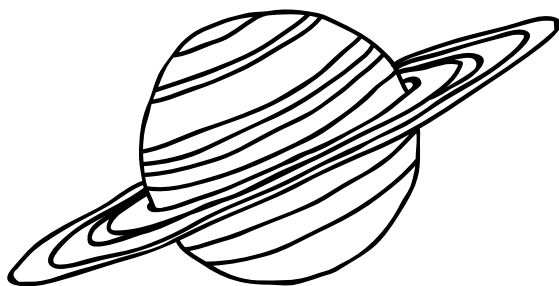
No bigger existence than my teenage self lies awake at night when I can't see anything in my mind's eye but her dark eyes and the scar on her temple from when we were seven and dared each other to jump off the swing at its highest point and she of course was the one to really do it – and that gives me pause for the first time. I'm alone with my thoughts when the words 'best friend' lose the comfortable correctness they have known since we were old enough to understand its meaning and other words find themselves on the tip of my tongue even though I try to swallow them down into the dark, pulsating cosmos of my very own – and I am no longer alone when they finally fall out and I lose my best friend but gain my girlfriend on a cold and miserable Thursday night after our shift at the all-night diner has ended and we huddle beneath an ancient umbrella in the rain.

Still, it doesn't make any difference to the bigger picture. The planets don't align when we say 'I do', and humanity doesn't hold its collective breath when we stumble our way through our first dance, her dark, dark hair braided around her head like a crown, heavy with flowers and pearls, the different shades of our lipstick now mixing and mingling on our lips and cheeks as we laugh and cry, and cameras click around us bright enough to cast everything that isn't her face and her warm hands in mine off and away.

But the thing is, the universe I find within her arms
that night and every night after with her fingers in my



hair and my face pressed against her soft, dark skin as we hear nothing but each other's breath and heartbeat, the life we don't find waiting for us but build side by side, is not something that needs the outer world or the galaxy's and universe's attention; it's as perfect as it is going to get just between the two of us and we, for once, don't care about the universe as we touch, and breathe and love.



Reflection Waltz

by Lina Weigelt



Everything seems easy as a child. Dancing is easy. Listening to the music, following the moves of the dance instructor, not thinking about it. The rhythm does not matter. If your leg is properly stretched, it does not matter. If the move looks wanky, inelegant, sloppy, it does not matter. It is about fun. About the joy of moving. About the joy of listening to music. About the joy of getting to know other kids.

When you grow older, perfectionism kicks in, together with the anxiety of growing up, not being ready to grow up. It is reflected in your dance. The movement is never fluid enough. Your dissatisfaction becomes apparent in your movements, your expression. Your reflection showing every single minuscule detail that is just not perfect enough, your body not capable of the things you command. The harder you try, the harder it gets. It is not about the fun of dancing anymore. It is about not being enough, everyone being better, and you know that is what is holding you back – the only one responsible for your failure being yourself. They tell you that you lose the moment when you stop trying, but you are sick of the movements coming so easily to them while it is taking you many nights at the dance studio.

Going through the steps again and again that the others got perfectly during the actual lesson. You hate your imperfect self in the mirror, your tired eyes from nights in the



studio, from nights of failure. You cannot take the reflection anymore. A fist hits the glass of the mirror, glass shards dig through layers of skin and flesh. There is blood. But it does not hurt nearly as much as it hurts to see a wrong step, a turn in the wrong direction. Turning in the right direction, your arm is just not hitting the exact angle as it is supposed to. Being slightly off-beat because you are tired and exhausted and do not remember the last proper meal.

You eventually stop, not because you necessarily want to, but because you just cannot take it anymore. Your former spirit long lost; long gone the time when you did it for the fun of it. Your former hobby, a simple reflection of your self-hatred. Dancing is no longer something you improve over time, but something that has lowered your self-esteem so much, you cannot even remember ever having had it in the first place. Somewhere deep down, you know that it is not your body but your mind that is the problem. Not that it matters, you stopped dancing anyways.

It is not until years later, you are a young adult now, in college, in the middle of your new life, your own life. Gone are the days of being a depressed teenager, you eventually grew out of it, meet new people who appreciate you for who you are and not who they want you to be.



There still are the bad days, but you see them as ›bad days‹ now and not as the default. You stroll around an area in the new city where you study, an area on the outskirts, where you have never been before. The empty house you now walk into is a small building with two walls covered in windows reaching from the parquet floor up until underneath the ceiling. A chandelier lights the room. The two walls that are not covered in glass are covered in mirrors instead. You did not notice that you came to a stop to look at your surroundings, but apparently you did because you are now frozen in place.

Memories urge their way to the surface, but it is not your teenage memory, but memories from when you were a child; not thinking, just doing, and naturally becoming better. Undiscerning, innocent, but also strong and proud of your first public performance in front of all the parents. Your teenage self would have cringed – *so bad*, the movements all wrong, what type of sh*tty non-existent technique is that?! – but your adult you is impressed. To have the ability to only do it for the joy of it, not for the opinion of others, not for unreachable perfection. Only for you, and because you like doing it.

You do not dare to go in, but you google the name of the dance studio on your phone. Your thumb is hovering over the button where you can apply for a

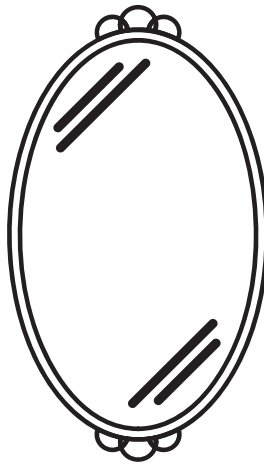


class. Should you ...?

Would it be the same as when you were a kid ...?

Can you try to make it the same as when you were a kid ...?

You press the button and, with shaking fingers, fill out the application form.





What Is Left Behind



by Berenice-Aimee Kuhlmann

Don't do it. You know you'll regret it.

But you want to. You have to. You feel like drowning.

Drowning in yourself, your life, your choices, your thoughts. Your mind just won't shut up. You wake up thinking what could happen, what's next, and you try to stay calm, stay positive, seize the day until the dark comes reaching for you.

Act normal, don't do this, don't do that, please, behave, do whatever it takes. Fly under the radar. You'll regret it. Just take the punch. After all, it gets worse if you don't. So don't. Don't do it.

Do the dishes, clean up messes that don't even belong to you. Care, please! Even though you can't. There is nothing left of you. Just a cold body, walking, pleasing, remaining calm, ease them, do it, just survive, how much pain can add up, anyhow.

Eat, you have to. Smile. Be nice, be pleasant, pick them up and make them fly. Make them feel invincible. Don't speak up. There's nothing good ahead of you.

Walk. Show them the world, make them feel. Die inside.

Sleep. Dream. Wake up. Heart racing, pounding, stabbing pain, no air left to breathe. Are you about to die?

Wake up, forget about it. Dreams aren't real, reality's worse. Shut up, stupid brain. Stop thinking, stop feeling, stop making me do things.

Set boundaries. You've got none, remember? Boundaries make others stop.

Won't they?

At which point does it have to stop? What's the most you can





take? Where's the final point?

They are going to get run over. Completely. Over and over and over again. Too low, what were you even thinking?

Move.

You don't step away. You're shocked. You're in internal pain. Why is this sh*t happening to you?

They were meant to stop it. Why even bother setting boundaries?

And in the end, you won't make them stop.

Set new boundaries. So high. This time, there is no way they could possibly do that to you.

Until they do.

And you don't step away. You stay.

You're in pain. It gets worse, every time. Yet you don't move. You take it.

Because – let's face it – who would believe you? Who would even care?

There has to be a reason. This might be even more important than getting out of this. Search. Find the reason. Why? What did you do? There has to be something...

You deserve to go through this pain. You deserve to suffer. You. deserve. it.

Otherwise, no one could do this to you.

That's it. You deserve it.

Even though you don't.

Believe it. You know it. You could do better. You don't have to stay.

Walk, run, don't look back.

You can't. It's your fault. Something's going to happen, they'll make you pay for leaving.

Stay. Move, but don't. Shut down your emotions, they'll get you in trouble. Please them. Make them feel safe. You won't go. Why should you?

There's nothing left. You've lost yourself. Or was there even a self to lose? Didn't they create you? Pick you up? Made you better, made you worse? Who could even like you the way you are?

Stay. Breathe. Get along. Act normal. Silence.

Storm's coming. You're about to crack. Where's the way out? You have to breathe, breathe so badly, but there's no air left. Run. Run. Run. But where?

You'll turn around, you always do. Walk back, take it, apologize. Stay. Be grateful, who would want you anyway?

Broken. There's no fix. You're dead, you have to be. It has to stop. Make it stop. You can't take it any longer. But there's no way out.

Not even now. Not after all.

You walked, ran, didn't turn around.

What now? Sit. Wait. Something's going to happen. You have to move, do something!

You can't.

You wake up, you sit, you breathe, you eat. Go to bed, sleep, dream, wake. About to die.

Who's going to tell you what to do? You can't... You don't know how.

You have to do something! Come on, just do it, whatever it is.
Clean, read, talk, just do it.

You can't.

You do but you don't. Your thoughts are about to explode. Just
work through the pain.

It won't stop.

You try. You fail. You try. You fail. Who's you anyway?

You're this, you're that, you're kind, mean, shy, narcissistic,
worried, careless, suffering, cold.

How would you know? Don't even remember your face in the
mirror. How could you do this? How could you take such
things? You deserve this.

You wake up, drunk. What day is it again?

Meaningless.

You're over anyway.

Drown, you know you deserve it for leaving them helpless.

Remember, one day, head on the floor, sobbing, begging them
to let you go.

WAKE UP. Get up. Pick yourself up. Doesn't matter who you
are, carry it.

The worst isn't yet to come, so breathe. Talk. Laugh. Make
yourself feel invincible. Walk. Show yourself the world. Sunlight.
Feel. Live.

Pain shooting through you, isn't there going to be an end to
this?

Freedom, this is what you wanted, isn't it? Freedom...

But are you free, after all? No.

Still don't do the things you wanted to for so long. Still wear



clothes you don't even like. Feel guilty for your taste, your behaviour, yourself...

This is wrong. You know it, you feel it. It's just wrong. You shouldn't feel that way.

Happy. Relieved. Light.

That's how you should feel.

But you don't. No matter how hard you try, how much you want to change, see the light, live your life, make the change – you simply can't do it. There's this weight, pulling you down, drowning you in your own past, your experiences, all the pain you can't let go. It's always there, hiding, trying to catch you off guard.

Why even try? If this is all, why do you even get up in the morning? It could be so easy...

Fade. You did once, remember? Faded to nothing, just an acting body, no light left inside.

No. You don't want to remember... Push it away! Don't make me feel that way again –

run, until your lungs are burning, sore feet, feeling exhausted, run, don't stop, you won't go back to that place, that person, that life. You deserve better. You are going to be okay. Not great. But okay.

And maybe that's enough. Maybe being okay is much better than fading or everything before.

Just being okay. Not more. Being able to see the good. Remembering how it feels to wake up feeling like you're having a stroke. Breathe. You're awake now.

Over and over and over again.

But different. Waking up, feeling more yourself every day.
Getting it together.

Who are you?

You are not sure. But you keep on moving. Remember how
staying still almost vanished you.

Move. Talk. Laugh. Engage.

People like you. Some even love you. You know it, but don't.
You feel it, but don't.

Time. Maybe that's all it takes. Just some time to heal. The right
people around you. Not going back to dark places, or at least,
not staying there. You feel it. You are capable. Valuable.

Remember how at the beginning you wanted to do things so
badly, but couldn't?

Just try.

Now.



Biographies



Aleena Nelson comes from India and is currently doing her MA in English and American Studies in Bamberg.

Anastasiia Shekera was born in 1996 in Ukraine and started writing poems at the age of 15, mostly in Ukrainian. She became interested in translation from English into Ukrainian and Russian during her study at the university in Nizhyn. The majority of her translations are poems of Emily Dickinson, Rudyard Kipling, William Blake, and William Wordsworth.

Berenice-Aimee Kuhlman is in her third semester majoring in German, Sociology and Business Administration. She enjoys long walks, deep talks, telling stories (sometimes even funny ones) and reading books.

Charlotte Empt is originally from the beautiful Rhineland but moved to Bamberg a few years ago to study Communication Science with a minor in English and American Studies. She inherited a passion for literature and writing from her mother. She loves reading books as well as collecting books. Currently, she can be found reading Margaret Atwood's *The Handmaid's Tale* with a big mug of coffee when she is not out with friends or at the gym.

Claudia Eisele is in her second semester. She has done two vocational trainings, worked several jobs and finally decided to do her A levels a few years ago. Currently, she is studying to become a Grammar School teacher, majoring in German and English.

Hilde Olschewski is a bachelor student in English and Communication Science at the University of Bamberg. She not only writes for this magazine but also for *Ottfried*, the University of Bamberg's student news magazine. In addition, she produces her own podcast. So, everything she does in her free time revolves around entertaining others and herself.

Lina Weigelt is 22 years old. Since 2017 she has been a student of English and German Studies, both at the University of Bamberg and Pusan National University in Busan, South Korea. In her childhood, she started writing prose and has published her stories online since she was a teenager. Her year abroad inspired her latest works.

Maria Bittner is a student of Communication Science and Philosophy at the University of Bamberg. She does martial arts and plays the clarinet. She took part in a young writers' academy and co-authored a story collection.



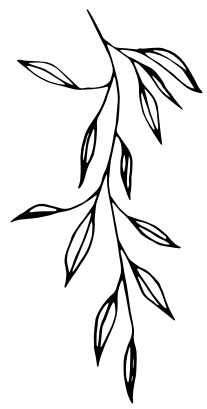
Patricia Finzel was born in Bamberg in 2000. She went to school at first in Ebern and then in Coburg, where she graduated with A levels last year. Currently, she is studying Romance Studies and English and American Studies at the University of Bamberg. In her spare time, she enjoys playing the piano and spending time with friends.

Sofie Koch is 22 years old and currently studying German Studies, General Linguistics and History at the University of Bamberg. If there is one thing her writing has to offer, it is an astounding amount of semicolons, commas and dashes and an equally disturbing lack of full stops. She enjoys knitting, sewing, reading and writing.

Sophia Bruni is an aspiring writer who was born in Brazil but raised in Germany. She has always been a mixed bag full of different passions and half-talents, which she is continuously working on. She likes dancing, taking photographs, reading, and writing in several languages. Her fascination and obsession with languages have led her to studying Communications and Intercultural Studies.



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2nd Edition: Lost and Found

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