



STREET ANIMAL

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Chapter 1

In 2017 I lived in Berlin, Germany, and I was subletting this guy's apartment in Kreuzberg. His name was Jan, and he is a professional fire dancer and clown. He had a job in London that April, so his apartment was available to me while he was away. I had met Jan through Malta, a drug dealer. Malta lived near Görlitzer park on a sublevel above-ground floor. His apartment was completely full of stuff. Just to the left of the front door was a small kitchen which had a washing machine in it. Down a long hallway full of wood and windows and even doors, was the living room. The living room had a large shelving unit to the right of the door which was super full of art supplies. There was a large L shaped couch to the left of a balcony, and then to the left of that was Malta's desk where he sat behind a computer and would measure out the drugs which he sold. There were often people hanging around in his living room and it was a place I had made a few connections. To the left of the living room was Malta's bedroom which was totally full of clothing and sheets and towels. To the right of the bedroom door was his closet which was a built-in double rack of clothing, which were two bars mounded into the wall. There were piles of laundry underneath all of which was behind a curtain. Then to the right of that was a queen-sized bed and to the right of that was a set of drawers. In between the bed and the set of drawers is a door to another balcony. He had no plants in his apartment, but he had a house cat.

I lived with Jan for two months total because he invited me to come stay before he left Berlin, and I did not have to pay rent while he was there. It was nice he cooked for me, and I did the dishes. We went out

to Wutterbuske, a techno club along one of the banks of the river Spree. The club consists of many chambers where there are different DJ sets. The chambers have tall and narrow doorways and small passageways just beyond the open doors so one cannot see the dance floor from the doorways. That night it was not very crowded. We went and danced for a little while after checking a few dance floors. The music was fast and a little bit glitched out, so I didn't prefer this club to other clubs I had been to. There were areas outside under canopies where people could talk so we sat down and talked about the plan for the apartment.

Jan had saved me from this awful room I was renting in Rudow. It was on the front of the building which was a part of a block of apartments facing a busy intersection with obnoxious lights and a very high-pitched buzzing noise. The apartment reeked of mold and feet. The rent was very cheap, and I could have stayed there all year except it smelt so awful doing so was impossible. The room was small with black stains on the walls and rumpled, false wood linoleum floors. There was a large window facing the intersection with no curtain. I had to pin one of my old ones up. When I had moved in, I completely packed the room with my stuff; there were my clothing racks on one wall, then the window and that wall was lined with bags of clothes. Then my thin mattress and a small space in the room were left open to walk from the door to the bed. This room was a part of a shared flat on the first floor of the apartment building. My room there was at the end of the hallway which was left in a state of abandoned disarray; there was an old mattress crammed up against the wall in the corner which reeked of dead animals. The lights in the hall were very dim and yellow. To the left of the front door was the kitchen which led into a small dining area. Next to the dining area was a living room which was almost always dark. On the left side of the living room was a small balcony where I was allowed to smoke joints and upon the contract meeting, I was informed there was no smoking in the house. I, of course, broke this rule and burnt incense in my room to cover it up. The smell was so pervasive in this apartment that the incense did not make any impact. After the living room was the hallway where to the left was Maxime's bedroom, then Jacob's then mine and next to my bedroom was Johannes's bedroom. On the left of the hallway which lead from my bedroom to the front door was the bathroom which had a washing machine, no dryer though. The clothing was dried in the living room which was not used for much else. My flat mates there were friendly towards me on the day we met to discuss the contract and then I essentially never saw them again. No one hung out or cooked together in that house.

For New Years I wanted to throw an illegal party in that stinky small room in Rudow with all of my friends from Antwerp. It was illegal because in the contract I signed there was a clause which denoted no parties. I invited Tessa, Yannick, and Donte as well as Willem, Jente and Johnny, two very different friend crews from Antwerp which had little in common besides Think Twice which is a thrift store chain we all shopped at and I had worked for in the months of May and June, the summer before I moved to Berlin. Tessa was the manager there and gave me the job. Yannick worked there full time and I only had a temporary contract. Lea and her husband Jonas were also invited as well as my other friend Yannick and his girlfriend Laura, and Jeroen and his girlfriend Jana. None of them attended because it was so far away and a bad plan.

Instead, for new year's I ended up at Werkthouze which is a squat for 2D artists. I had worked there as a nude model 2 times. That night I hooked up with Leo and slept on the floor of the largest room of the first level which was not really furnished and functioned as a dance floor for the party. This was the room which was used for the live model drawing sessions, and it had a stage which Leo had taken down for the new year's party. This room was connected to a long room with a bar in it where Leo and I had

made out on New Year's Eve. There were many levels with large bedrooms at Werkthouse. The party was full of artists' ateliers and most of the studios were open for the party.

I moved to Jans' apartment in Kreuzberg at the end of January. The apartment had high ceilings with a bay window next to the bed facing a quiet street. I moved there with help from Jan and his friend Hans in this retro-candy-red truck which was German made so I forgot the details of the model, but it was like a jumbo station wagon.

While living in Kreuzberg I completed a course with MUD (Make-Up Designory) which was the reason I had moved to Berlin the summer of 2016. Jan's apartment was an ideal size for one person. It consisted of 3 rooms, and it smelt like coffee and cacao mixed together. The living room was also where the bed was. He had a round table with two chairs which were leather and retro. On the opposite wall from where the table and chairs there was a little German clock which he used like a little secret cabinet to store drugs in. He had several pills of ecstasy and meth in a gram bag. I did not use any of the meth and I took 1 ecstasy tablet when I went out one night alone to Katter Blau. This club was one of my favorite clubs. It had an entrance just down the road from Jannowitzbrücke under a bridge. Outside the club were usually two bouncers then beyond the first door was a small entryway where one had to pay the entrance charge. After that there was more security, like a pat down and bag check. All the way at the back of the club was the coat check so one had to walk past all of the dance floors and bars after making it through the entrance procedure.

Outside the coat check was a hallway which led to a patio area with three different levels and a bar along the river Spree. There are benches built into the patio all out of the same wood. And there are little light installations hanging in the air. After the patio there are two dance floors. The one to the left was only open for max capacity events. The one to the right had a very artistically designed hallway. It was down a few steps and then through a door to the left. Just inside the door you had to turn right and then walk a bit and to the back left, and then right, and then left again. The inside was decorated with black and white fractals on the walls and there were cutouts in the walls so you could see the people walking on the other side. Once inside there was a bar on the left as well a staircase leading up to a second level. Just in front of the stairs to the right was a lounge area connected to another small lounge area and then around the corner were small lounges divided by curtains which overlooked the dancefloor and mainstage.

The main stage is high off the main floor and is situated in a sort of a curve. To the left of the stage is a small balcony which sometimes had couches. To the back of the dance floor are elevated mini stages. Then to the left of that there are stairs leading up towards the main bar. There is a balcony to the right of the main bar and a small cut behind that balcony. Outside the main stage there is also a bar which is under a tented ceiling. The bar has rod iron framing and glass bar tops with small lanterns for lighting which is on the right side if one has their back to the entry. Just outside of this tented bar towards the entry there are small cut in booths for talking to people and taking drugs. There are three of them lined up along the right side of the alleyway and there is a photobooth on the left. On the right just after the entrance is a small shoppe where one can buy candies and snacks and there is a DJ booth there as well. There are ropes and swings hanging from the ceiling. The ceiling of this little shack was wooden and there was a small cut up a very steep wooden staircase where people can hang out and check the DJ and the dancefloor.

In the apartment, there was a small hallway which led to the bathroom and there was a long narrow kitchen at the end of it. There was a small balcony where there was a platform for birds to land on and he had birdseed to feed them with. The kitchen had a high counter in it with a single shelf over it where he stored seeds and oils for cooking. There was an average sized fridge and he had left some food for me to eat while he was gone. There were also two chocolate bars randomly placed on the shelf below the counter and one night after feeling very depressed about sleeping with someone who was not good for my reputation, I ate them.

In the hallway there was a bookshelf with three old sewing machines which were very dusty, and the shelf was cluttered with paper and books and a few plants. In the hallway there was a self-made closet space to the right of the front door where I kept my portfolios and left over artwork as well as my mannequin which I eventually abandoned in the street of Wedding. The apartment was on the 3rd floor of the building and inside the stairs were green as well as the trim. There were men's faces in the trim on each side of every door whose faces seemed happy and scary at the same time and the bannisters were detailed with figs. The green was a deep forest green, and the walls of the staircase were white, and the stairs were green wood with brown tile landings.

Chapter 2

In February and March of 2017, I studied make-up at Make-Up Designory. I was a little late, twice while studying there which made the teacher a little cross. I took the lessons seriously and did the homework. The class was full, with ten students. The school consisted of a store to the left of the entrance and a large make-up studio to the right which we did not really use. I was the second youngest in the class. During the last weekend of the course one of my best friends, Ines came to Berlin for a visit. She stayed for four days and was my live model for my end of term exam. I matched the foundation well and she said it was the best match she had ever had. I brought symmetry to her brows and did bold black eyeliner which made her look absolutely glamorous. While I was finishing her make-up, I said something about the broch being too short and used the word bitch. The teacher Leticia overheard me say that. I got a 13 for the exam which is a pass though not a very high score. Ines and I went out and partied that weekend and went to an exhibition with a few friends of hers. My life was a little precarious because I was subletting and had no financial security. I could not really afford to keep studying make-up as the course was high rate.

While living at Jan's place I got a job at a cafe down the street called Saarbach's. They served coffee, tea, wine, and chocolate cake. The cafe was large and open with vaulted ceilings and large windows with retro mannequins dressed in green military clothes. Stephan Saarbach was the owner, and he had a manager whose name was Joseph. The kitchen was large though not used for very much and behind the kitchen was a cellar with many different wines and stock of juices and sparkling water. In a hallway just to the left of the bar was the bathroom which was often much colder than the cafe. There was Cabarete once per week and also a chess club which took over the whole cafe weekly. The people there were good to me. I had taken all of the tip money one time because my colleague forgot it there and no one made a drama about it. Before working there, I worked at another Cafe which was more like a breakfast room called Salon Schmoke. There I worked for only three weeks. I was a prep cook in the kitchen. My hair was buzzed, and I wore a bandana scarf on my head and one hand made earring which had a long skull bead carved out of human bone and a metal feather hanging from it. The style I dressed in was like acid-punk-gypsy-retro and my hair was short because I had curly hair which I thought would grow back more quaff if I shaved my head bald. Also, back in the USA I trimmed weed during the harvest season of

2016. I encountered an ageing hippie who was a balding dread head who most likely is the reason I ended up with lice. After two weeks of an itch so bad I was losing my mind, I had to buzz all of my curly hair off.

I was tall and subtly curvaceous and mildly anorexic. Ironical because most people who work in a kitchen are slightly overweight if not completely fat. While living in Kreuzberg and working at Salon Schmoke I slept with someone who I ultimately should have stayed away from. This man I met at Malta's house one evening while I lived in Rudow. The reason I slept with him was because I felt broken for many reasons. I knew at that point that I would one day walk the streets with no home and no friends. I knew this would happen because I did not know my real name and my parents were very abusive to me. It was with him that I first decided to call myself Sky. I had nerve damage in my left arm and a crushed right wrist leaving both of my hands shaky and in pain. He was literally physically incomplete and part machine because he had lost the lower half of his left leg in a motorbike accident. He had large blue eyes and long sandy toned hair. His name was Alex and I had pursued him as a contact because I had so few real friends and he was also a drug dealer. A year before I was a drug dealer in Antwerp for a little over a year. I dealt weed, hash, MDMA, and LSD. This was before my bike accident that left me with a damaged left arm.

I was out one night in May 2016, the year I was to graduate from the Royal Academy of Fine Arts with Lea, a friend. James, who was also a drug dealer, was a connection Lea associated me with. James was also an installation artist, and we were with a friend of his, Rufus, a painter with whom James attended St Lucas school of Design. When the accident occurred, I was drunk and very high on weed and hash, so was James. I was on the handlebars of my own bike while James rode the bike behind me. Both Alex and I had gone bad on LSD before our accidents. His leg was torn off because the person in control of the motorbike had swerved into a street pole while Alex was on the back of the bike, high and drunk like I was. I was stabbed moronically by the bell on the left side of the handlebars while trying to jump off the bike as James and I skidded to a halt behind a car which was stopped randomly in the road. This accident made it very hard for me to perform at work. Working at Salon Schmoke was a huge labor for both of my hands. They asked me not to come for two weekends consecutively, so I resigned in an email. It was only 3 weeks after I stopped working at Salon Schmoke that I got a job at Saarbach's Cafe. My hands were in agony there also though not as much as at Salon Schmoke.

What I did wrong was I took on too many jobs at one time. During the week I did fashion related work in Antwerp while I worked during the weekend at Saarbach's Cafe in Berlin. Then, in the beginning of June I decided to stay in Antwerp for the weekend to work for The Show which was the much-anticipated runway event at the end of the academic year for the fashion department at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. I had agreed to work this weekend at Saarbach's, and it was an important party that I blew off to pursue modelling. Over the weekend of The Show, June 2017, I stayed with my friend and ex-colleague from Think Twice, Yannick. He still worked there as he had a normal contract while I had just a temporary one from the year before. Before the show I was hired to do a Make-Up job with a designer named Shui-Ting. She paid me 300 for the day and offered the hotel room up to the model and I to stay in for the night. The model declined and I said I would gladly take the room, oblivious to the huge cleaning fee which was bound to be due because Shui-Ting completely littered the hotel room with flowers. I went out to Korsakov that night and ended up meeting Mark who I had never hooked up with before, though I knew he had a huge crush on me for a long time. He was a roommate of this guy named Adam who I had sort of a love affair with for about 3 years while I obtained my BA in In Situ at the Royal Academy of Fine arts Antwerp.

He came back to the hotel with me, and we partied, we did poppers and snorted a few lines. Also, we smoked cigarettes in the room. We did not have sex because he had no condoms and we wanted to check the room out again together for the next night.

That night we played techno music, and he threw flowers all over and we embraced as the petals showered and the romance was rich. The next morning, I called down to reception to see if we could take the room for another night and we were asked to leave the room for it to be cleaned. We agreed and I very stupidly left my little black Moleskin book complete with 410 Euros on top of my make-up kit at the hotel while Mark and I walked across town so he could grab some more cash and drugs from his room. When we got back the receptionist had a huge bill for us to pay. Because the furniture had been re-arranged, there were broken flowers all over the place and they had video surveillance of us smoking cigarettes out the window on the back side of the room. Mark and I split the cleaning fee which Shiu-Ting refused to pay back. The cleaning fee was 375 euros so even though I worked, I got scammed so hard by Shiu-Ting, I ended that weekend with only 175 Euros in cash from Mark and my rent for 510 Euros back in Wedding was due.

At the same time 510 euros went missing from my Wells Fargo Checking account. The transfer was made out to look like tuition payment two months after I had finished with the course and had paid the tuition in full. I called the bank to get the money reimbursed to no avail. No one in my family could replace that stolen money from the incident in Antwerp or what had been taken from my account. This gave me no choice but to stop paying rent for my room in that shared flat in Wedding.

That room was very large and beautiful. I had to fight to get the room that I wanted because I reserved it and when I moved in there was this guy Max who somehow got permission to take that room instead. I was persuasive and got my way.

That apartment was on the first floor of an old building that looked like a giant mint green princess cake. My room was on the courtyard and was odd shaped with three large windows which made a slight ark and then the room narrowed a little bit to accommodate the bathroom. Just before I could no longer pay rent, I had bought a large desk and a tall chair which was black and wooden with a backrest from IKEA. I bought this with the intention of making a studio space in this room for make-up and art and I had not used it as I was going to Antwerp regularly to work for other people.

The kitchen was small and situated at the end of the hallway and my door was directly to the right of the kitchen. The other two bedrooms which belonged to Max and Juliette, were along the hallway opposite of mine and there was no living room. The apartment was on the left side of the first floor and facing a staircase which had a door that remained open. I was ok with moving out though because in fact it was a student contract, and I was done studying.

Chapter 3

From Antwerp, after the fashion show, after I was robbed, I decided to use what little money I had to fly somewhere without thinking about it too and quickly I was on a plane to Catania, Sicily. I didn't want to go homeless in front of all of my connections and friends. I bought a one-way ticket to Catania and spent the rest of the money on an inexpensive hostel. I had night terrors there about being stalked and betrayed by my own mother. I was very confused at this point whether my parents were in fact my parents or not. This is why I tried to stow away from Sicily because I wanted to escape my identity crisis.

I started wandering the streets without a destination in Catania. I didn't know how to stop my life from spinning out of control. I had a notion that my bank accounts were being emptied little by little even before the large amount was transferred from my account to Leticia's account.

Leticia was the teacher at MUD and her full name was written clearly on the bank statement on the internet. I could not prove before this time that money was going missing from my accounts. And this time I could prove only that a transfer had been made though not that it had not been made by me.

Before going homeless in Sicily, I was staying with a lover of mine in Antwerp named Peter. He didn't care that I was losing everything. He let me stay in his studio for several nights. During this time, I started throwing my clothing away. I left my MUD make-up kit there too ashamed to ever do make-up with it again.

In Sicily I was throwing my clothing in the street. I walked around all day with nothing to do, confused about the reasons why my life was breaking down before my eyes. I was so confused about what to do I threw my iPhone 5 away because it wasn't functioning the way it was supposed to. I could use mobile notes on the phone, the internet would not load, nor could I receive calls or texts. I didn't think that anyone could help me. I was wrong to throw my phone away at the airport. As soon as I had done so I wished I could have turned back time.

Catania was a very random adventure. I stayed in a youth hostel for 3 nights and I had barely any money for food. The hostel's reception was on the first level above the ground floor which was tucked back off the street up a cobblestone driveway. There was a huge iron gate which was arched and open during the day and closed at night. There was a door that one could be let in by to the right. In the reception area there was a small refrigerator to the left where there were sparkling waters and cokes for sale. There was also a computer there which I did not touch.

After the reception area there was a hallway with a dining room to the left and a maid's closet to the right and then stairs leading to the next floor. I stayed in a bunk hall just down the hallway from the dining room. The toilet and showers were separate along the right side of the hall. The bunker had high ceilings and linoleum floors with bad paint on the walls. The trim was a mucky orange and there were panels on the wall in the same dingy color. The lighting was obnoxious. There was a light outside the window at night and there were white curtains which seemed to magnify the light. I slept restlessly there and had strange night terrors about being stalked and betrayed by my mother. I woke up every morning with a startled feeling and ate breakfast. During the days I walked around the city processing that I had been robbed heavily, and no one in my family seemed to care. It was like they thought I deserved it. I put myself through MUD Make-Up school and my parents had pretty much expected me to carry myself after that.

I walked down to the industrial port one day which I found interesting. I went back the next night with the urge to stow away. I wanted to escape my reality. I hated my name and I felt dejected by my family. That night I abandoned my scarf, then my jacket, and even my purse. I stoked around between the shipment tanks thinking of how I would penetrate one of them. I did not have a single thought of my life in Berlin and that it would need to be accounted for. After several hours of walking around and listening and inching up close to the shipment containers I decided to recollect my belongings and leave. I felt completely mad about the fact that I couldn't afford my life anymore and I had many recurring thoughts on whether or not my family was even genetically related to me or not.

Chapter 4

I got back to Berlin less than one week later. Christine was a family friend who helped me fly back from Catania. She had been there for me in Berlin since I had first moved. She was the only person I ever told that I had gone to Sicily. Her apartment was on the fourth floor down the street from a bridge over the river Spree. Her apartment was clean and full of interesting things she had bought on eBay. The first door on the left was the WC. After that there was a kitchen in the shape of an L with a small booth for dining. To the left of that was her bedroom and to the left of that was the living room where she had a small guest bed. The apartment is light with four windows in the living room facing the street and windows on the back side of the apartment which looked out over a small courtyard.

Christina had a son named Julian who was into graffiti. I did not see him very many times in Berlin though when I did it was like he was a big brother to me. One time we ran into each other at Das Sisypheos which is a huge techno club in the southeast corner of Berlin. There was always an enormous queue outside which took over an hour to wait through. There are even port-a-potties outside the club so that people don't have uncomfortable situations. There are signs which say no photography posted outside the club. There is a snake for the queue to funnel through and the VIP queue to the left which was never very long. After the first two doormen there was an entryway with a bag check and then the ticket office where one pays the cover charge and receives a stamp.

Then there is a large open garden area with flaming statues which blow fire occasionally and a hill with hammocks on it and a small pond to the right of that. Almost directly in front of the entrance is a tiny hut where they serve tea and cakes. Then there is a sand pit and a stage for DJ's to the left of that are benches and to the left of that is the outdoor bar which is elevated. Across from the bar is a pizza shack where they also serve other food like parfait's and French fries. Next to the snack shack is a small bar with a stage and a dance floor. There are stained glass windows on the left wall over the stage and directly behind the stage as well. To the left of the small porch in front of this bar is a van with no seats in it where people can hang out inside and often there are people who loiter there. Across from the van is the coat check and entrance to Das Hammerhalle which is the main stage of the club. The entryway is a hallway with light bulbs hanging from the ceiling and beyond that is a very dark hallway with benches on both sides.

The club is very large, and the main stage is gigantic. The boiler room is in the same building to the right. It is not very big, with a bar to the left side and a stage which is high off the ground. This room is always very humid because to the back of it is the men's and women's toilette which has an entrance to the little club alley where the van is parked. Das Hammerhalle is famous for its steampunk decorum and deep house music. There is a stage facing the main stage where there is a lightboard where an artist fucks with the lighting the whole time. There are two bars inside one to the right and one to the left of the main stage and it is possible to walk behind the stage and there are small lounge areas where the reverberation is very loud.

When I got back to Berlin from Sicily, I stayed with Christine for one week. Then I found another room to sublet for the month of August from a guy named Jeff who was friends with Vasilis. In total there were four bedrooms, belonging to four men all of them were Greek. I was pranked very badly in that house by a flat mate named Kristofus. He peed in my suitcase that I went to Sicily with. That night I went out and partied as if nothing had happened. I was permitted by Vasilis to stay in his bedroom if I wanted to sleep there. Vasilis, I had met through Kiki, a friend of mine from Athens Greece who gave me his Facebook

information and we met up. He gave me the connection to the room in the first place. It was in his room where I woke up because Kristofus was knocking at the door. There were no locks on any of the doors which is why I wanted to sleep in Vasili's room for some reason I felt safer. Kristofus wanted to throw me out of the house barefoot with no keys, I grabbed my shoes as he chucked them across the room and wrestled my keys from his grip. Half of my belongings were still in Wedding where I had not paid rent. I was smart and decided not to ask for my security deposit back while I searched for a new place to live. I didn't stay there in Wedding anymore because of some irrational fears.

The sublet room in Kreuzberg was a scam. The guys totally planned to betray me from the first time I had met with them just four months before. The layout of the apartment was like this: just inside to the left there was the kitchen, then Kristofus' room which was very small. I knew that because after he had peed in my suitcase I went in there and emptied shampoo and conditioner all over his bed. He and his room absolutely smelt like socks and piss. Jeff's room was just next to Kristofus's and then there was the bathroom, then Jacob's room which was large and sort of artistically put together because it had two chains hanging from the ceiling with a wooden bar suspended from it to hang clothes. This was the chic style, popular in Kreuzberg. Those guys all went out of town at the same time and that was the set-up. Because I wasn't a Greek guy, I think it was somehow a conspiracy to throw me out.

There is a bar in Kreuzberg which helped me through this time called Mano Cafe. The bar has a small garden out front with an A frame of steps covered in plants. The door is very tall and narrow with steps leading up to it. Inside the door to the left and right are tables and then in the center of the room is the cafe bar. There is no beer or wine served there and they often had tart in a small rectangular glass display case which had three shelves in it. To the right of the bar is a tearoom which has many small tables in it. To the right of the bar are steps which lead into the smoking room. To the left are couches situated around small tables. In the windows are stages with cushions and a large drape separating two seating spaces. In the central room there is a small bunk up a tiny flight of stairs across from the bar where I hid out.

Chapter 5

I wandered around homeless in Berlin for one or two days because Christine would not host me again. I met some guys at a bar called Lyle's who I told I was facing homelessness and asked if they knew where a squat was where I could stay. They told me about a place in Buckow called the Greenhouse. Their names were Kyle and James and they told me to check out the 6th floor. I was welcomed by the people who lived on the 6th floor to stay there. There was a common living area where like 5 people were hanging out and they all said that I was welcome to stay. First, I was a guest in Andrea's room; he had a single bed, so I slept on the floor for three nights until I met Sergie. I felt so lowly and awful sleeping on the floor there. I could not believe what was happening to me and I wanted to be saved. There was a giant red painting on the wall that reminded me of the devil. I felt a little bit uncomfortable with Andreas, so I was happy that Sergie invited me to stay in his room. Sergie had a car so finally I was able to move my things out of the student flat in Wedding into the hallway of the 6th floor at the Greenhouse.

The Greenhouse was a tall, modern office building with a rounded corner on the upper level, the 8th floor, and a Hertz banner in the window on the third floor. It had a driveway which cut into the building to the left with an entrance on the back side. Behind the building were racks for bicycles and an underground parking garage. There was a freight elevator to the left of the rear entrance and a stairway

to the left of that. The main office was on the ground level facing the street which was operated by Naom.

Vincent was like security, and he would monitor the coming and going of people in the common areas of the building. Andy was like a chief of the building whose office was on the seventh floor. Technically no one 'lived' in this building; the spaces were considered studios though most of the rooms had beds in them and were occupied by inhabitants. There were WC's there for common use. There was another staircase towards the middle of the part of the building which ran along the street. There were kitchens in the common areas on every floor.

On the 8th floor there was an exhibition space and the Greenhouse Bar. They had interesting exhibitions there with modern art like paintings and sculptures. I occupied the Greenhouse for about two months and saw two exhibitions there and also went to a vintage sale which was put on by Micheal who was a collector. His room consisted of a large entryway completely filled with retro clothing and accessories. He had lots of shoes all lined up on the right side and bags and hats on the left. Then after the entry way there was a closet space with racks built into the wall full of blazers, sweaters, and dresses. Then there was a doorway to his bedroom which was always open while I visited. I hung out with him while I stayed in Allen's room which was through the kitchen, down the hall to the left, the same hallway where Sergie and Julios' room was. There was a couple who lived at the end of this hallway whose names I forgot because they were a little rude to me.

To the right of Micheal's room was Mitchel who was a painter and the reason the 6th floor was totally clogged with canvases. Mitch was cool because he also let me hang out in his room a bit and he bought my electronics to help me get by. He bought my projector, my microphone, and a camera for 175 euros. He also gave me cigarettes and was in general very cool about me staying in the commons on the 6th floor.

While I stayed with Sergie, we had fun together. He took me out to eat at a famous gyros stand and also, he treated me to a drink at a bar close to Kottbusstortor. We cooked together and he was extremely kind towards me. While I stayed in his room some of my artwork went missing. They were like stickers I had drawn psychedelic designs on. He ended up with my tall wooden chair which was all I could give him for compensation for staying with him. He had plans to go to Moscow for one month and had already agreed to let someone else take the room. He tried to arrange a room for me on the 4th floor with an American guy, but this didn't work out because they wanted too much rent for a tiny room, and I could not afford it. While I stayed with Sergie, he had a bike that I could use and we went on several bike rides in Berlin together which is how I met Justin, a friend of his who lived on the 3rd floor.

I also hung out a little bit on the 4th floor. There was a piano on this floor and there were jam sessions there regularly. I liked this very much because it gave me the chance to sing. Vincent would also come hang out there and jam on his guitar which he carried around with him. Vincent had an intimidating demeanor though he was kind to me. We made eye contact many times while jamming together and he was happy to be accompanied by a singer.

At that time, I was sleeping in the common area a bit on the 6th floor. This was how I met Julio who lived there in a room in the left hallway on the right. His room was actually not his room but his brother's and was the largest room I was a guest in. To the left of the door was a king size bed which he left alone as it was his brother's. Then there was a black leather couch, and a matching black ottoman

and Julio had a place to sleep on the floor. Then there was a studio space where they printed T-Shirts. Along the wall there were shelves full of T-Shirts and their personal effects. We hooked up there on the floor, but he did not want a relationship with me, so it was over in about a week. During the day I wandered around Berlin. I walked aimlessly, and took buses and trains, occasionally shoplifting some new clothes. I wanted to change my style completely. I had shaved my head just before New Years and needed a make-over.

I was into wearing a lot of retro clothing before and I had gotten sick of this dated style. I wanted to streamline my aesthetic. With long hair I like high waisted skirts with crop tops or dresses a lot. I also wore high-waisted jeans both straight cut with a cropped hem or high waisted skinny jeans. I always wore dress shoes which tired me out in the massive city of Berlin. One of the last things I bought, knowing I would go homeless was a pair of Reeboks. They were black and white and matched my buzzed hair and newfound streamline aesthetic and absolutely none of my clothing.

Julio raped me in the ass really hard after one week of staying together and this sent me spinning. I left the house in my pajamas with a down blanket and a few euros and bought a Club Mate and walked around all day completely depressed. I ended up back at the Greenhouse and slept all the next day in the common area of the 6th floor. Then I met Mitch who lived down on the left past Andreas at the end of the hallway on the right side. His room was small and looked out over the street in the corner of the building. There was a couch and a desk and a computer and a rack for his clothing and weights for working out and that was all. We slept together and had sex for about 4 days. He did not want a serious relationship with me, so I ended up sleeping again in the common area.

In the common area of the 6th floor is where I met the man of the eccentric dress. He wore big eccentric electro-colored clothes and costumes. One time he wore a giant slice of pizza, and this was funny. He had huge stuffed animal slippers and sometimes wore Christmas lights. I never saw anyone with a more flamboyant style. He was sweet towards me until he wasn't. He invited me to his room one time to smoke a joint with him. His room was on the 5th floor, below Sergie's and the same size. His room was dimly lit with Christmas lights and two Lava Lamps. He had a bunch of turntables, and his space was a techno music studio. There was no bed, only a couch in his room. His name was Eric and he at one point bitched me out for being homeless with no friends in Berlin. He didn't like the fact that I ended up there sleeping on the couches and essentially living off of other people.

It was there in the 6th floor commons I met Allen who was more of an intellectual than an artist and I suppose he just had the room as a sublet through a friend. While Allen was away for two weeks I stayed in his room. It was during this time that I arranged a meeting with Naom to see about getting a room. I had absolutely no money and I had just been arrested for shoplifting at the Hermann Platz Karstadt which I spent three days locked up in jail for. I wanted to take care of my skin and though I was broke, I thought I deserved the best products on the market. I got Shiseido, which is a Japanese skin care line. I got a moisturizer which cost 150 euros and also a toner which was 85. I also got a cleanser and under eye cream. The total for all of these products would have exceeded 375 euros. I walked away from the cosmetics with all of these products in my hands and the attendant noticed. I ignored this and proceeded to the book section which was on the first floor on the opposite side of the cosmetics department. In Between calendar stands I bent down and put everything in my bag. There was security closing in and a man waiting just outside the door. I walked through the alarm sensor which went off and got grabbed by two men just outside while a third one closed in. I struggled a little bit, and it took all three men to restrain me. The cosmetics got charged and they asked me to pay for them and provide ID.

I had my ID with me which was my Belgian student visa which was good for the next two years. I could not afford the cosmetics, so I was arrested by two police officers and brought to jail.

The cell was long and narrow with grey tiled walls and ceilings. It was cold and there was a bench which had wooden slats and a tilt towards the end; the bench was very narrow and uncomfortable. I sang to lift my spirits and the security guard offered me tea a few hours into my incarceration. It was brewed strong and tasted of metal though it could have been rooibos. The wall at the end of the cell was at an odd angle and there was a large, barred window with grey bars. I had to ask many hours later to be brought to the toilet. That night I was offered dry crackers and herbal butter spread to eat which I refused. I spent that night with no blanket or pillow, I also was not forced to change out of my street clothes into a jailhouse uniform. They never gave me one. I was only locked up for 24 hours or less and during the sentence I ate part of one cracker and some herbal spread. It was not very good, so I just drank the tea that was offered to me and waited for my release.

While there I thought about all the things I had gotten away with as a thief. I had already stolen socks and underwear and a black sweater from Karlstadt one time. And pens and a notebook another time. Karstadt Hermann Platz is the biggest one in Berlin. It is four floors high with escalators in the center and elevators to the back of the store. On the 5th floor there is a restaurant and a men's and women's restroom. In a way this was time for me to say goodbye to a part of Berlin because I was banned from the store for 3 years.

I met Franz, who also lived at the Greenhouse who was walking a dog on my way back from the jail where I had been held. He told me that in fact they all pay rent there, so I knew that before interviewing for the studio. I did not say anything about not having any money for rent and he was the person who set up the interview for me with Naom.

Chapter 6

My interview went well. I had a collage book and a few other small works to show like antlers which were adorned with blue lace that I had dyed myself. I also showed him a small painting I had made of a man dressed in a black suit falling in the night sky. Andy and Vincent both approved of me getting a studio. My room was facing the front of the building and was long and narrow. It had blue walls and a blue carpet and paneled ceilings with recessed lead pipe lighting. I had subdivided the space with a tassel curtain I had stolen from the big Think Twice in Friedrichshain. The Think Twice was a massive old building with high ceilings and a banister balcony on every floor which was open to the first floor. The steps were broad and spiraled up onto each floor. I had asked at Think Twice while living in Berlin if they were hiring and ended up becoming a shoplifter.

While I was living at the Greenhouse, I did not work at all. I spent the last of my money on a compact from Cocoa de Chanel and started shoplifting my groceries. There was a store at the Greenhouse run by a guy named Benjamin. It was a small room with a shelf, a fridge and a couch and was almost always around manning the store. He had matcha iced tea and beer in the fridge and cookies and crackers on the shelf and things were just a tad bit marked from the prices at the grocery store. Chris, who was James' friend, was staying with James who lived on my level which was the 2nd floor and while I was there had bought me drinks from the store and James gave me tobacco. Towards the end of August, I got so hungry I went and stole a box of cookies from Benjamins store.

I shoplifted everything I ate and came up with spending my days making big laps in Berlin in the bus system. I had nothing to do so I went, and fake shopped all day. I walked around the fashion district of Berlin near Rosenthaller Platz and tried on expensive things. I went to Acme which had two locations in Berlin, one in Potsdamer Straße and the other on Weinmeister Straße. I got a little blue cardigan from the shop in Weinmeister Straße.

I was kicked out of the Greenhouse less than a week later for not paying my rent. Vincent had come to the door 3 times as I had not paid rent for the whole month of August, and it was the end of the month. I never answered the door. Finally, Naom and Vincent came together and broke the door down. Naom yelled at me so loud my ears popped. He told me to never come back again. Vincent helped me carry my broken suitcase down to catch the bus and told me about another squat called the Tommyhouse. I showed up later that day.

Chapter 7

The Tommyhouse was an old building with a giant mural on one side of it and was in Mitte. On the right side there was Tommy's Bar which one had to walk past into the courtyard and enter through the back side. The bar was on the right side and the room was large with old surfboards which hung from the ceiling. The bar was lively and there were a lot of people drinking and smoking in the courtyard at night. Tommy ran the bar and the squat and was nice enough to let me stay in a room which I was supposed to pay for the week. I lied and said that was no problem. On the second night that I went to Tommy's bar I got the 86 for grabbing a beer off the counter and not paying for it. Tommy and his son Micheal who was about 5 years-old lived on the same level as where my temporary room was. There was another man named Spike there and a guy named Boris who lived there too, they were all punks.

The room which I didn't pay for was at the end of the hallway on the first floor above ground level. There was a loft bed with a mattress on a low bed frame and a couch in the corner opposite of the loft facing the window and there were shelves built into the far, right wall. Just to the left of my room was a small laundry room. There was a shower and bath in a large room directly down the hall from my door on the left side. On the right side of the hallway are three windows. The bathroom had black paint on the walls and large retro mirrors hanging on the window above an old jacuzzi on the left of the door. To the right of that was a sink which was large with two faucets one for hot water and one for cold. Then there are windows facing the courtyard and the shower was in the corner opposite from the sink and facing the window. Behind the shower was the toilet which has a curtain around it. The hallway begins at the back left corner of the living room which was very large with four couches in the middle of it shaped in a U. Just to the right of where the hallway begins is the kitchen which has red paint halfway up the walls and the other half of the room is white. There is a fridge in the kitchen and also one in the living room to the left of the doorway to the hall. There is a large stove on the wall facing the door and the sink is next to it to the right. There is a window facing the courtyard in between the refrigerator and the sink.

The entry to the living quarters in the left corner of the courtyard on the same side as the bar. The building makes a small U shape and then there is a wall lined with very tall hedges. The staircase was large with dark wooden steps and matching bannisters and railings. The walls of the staircase are dark and cracked. The front door to the apartment is a double door which is very tall. Just inside the front door to that apartment was a large entry way with four bedrooms coming off of it. One was Tommy's, next to his was Boris's and then Spikes and just to the right of the door to the living room was a small

room which belonged to Micheal. The Tommyhouse was huge, and I did not see any of the other levels of the squat.

It was while I was staying there that my location was betrayed. I had not told anyone where I was and some guy on Facebook posted where I was living so my mother came and found me. I refused at this point to go with her because I felt so betrayed that she did not want to pay any rent for me anymore. She had cut me off over the course of that year saying that the only thing she would pay for was a ticket to come home. For the rest I was on my own and I had walked right into a scam twice in one summer as well as signing up for a course which was a tuition gouge.

Around the city of Berlin, I dined and dashed regularly without getting caught. Even went to the same restaurant week after week and left silently without settling my bill. I left before finishing my meal every time and sometimes would literally run away before the waiter checked in.

Back at Tommyhouse I was the scam artist again. Tommy had trusted that I would pay the rent and there was no way for me to pay it. My mother, Kate, flew into Berlin because I had not come home and was staying with Christine. She did not offer to pay up for the rent that I owed. She had shown up at the bar with this girl named Sara and her friend Malissa. My mother was waiting downstairs at the Tommy Bar when Louise let me know she was there. I went down and I invited her up to my room so that we could talk privately. She leaned awkwardly against the wall, and I could remember thinking that there was no way that she was my mother. I refused to go back to Minneapolis with her and she left the Tommyhouse without me.

I was kicked out of the Tommy House two days later by Louise and Boris who kicked the door in because once again I was hiding behind a locked door hoping not to get evicted. They busted that door right out of its frame and yelled at me, insisting that I had to go. Louise tried to throw me out without any of my stuff. Boris was gentler and let me collect my things.

I then squatted in dressing rooms at the Galleria by day and frequented bars by night. There were two Galleria locations that I knew of. I would go to the smaller one in Mitte and just hang out there all day not eating. At night I took the trains around until it was a good hour to show up at the bars in Berlin. I became a regular at Cafe Storm where they didn't say anything about me hanging out all night and even sleeping a little bit. I had absolutely no money and people bought me glasses of red wine. I wore basically the same thing every day; a black hoodie with a handshake on the hood by Reebok, black skinny jeans, and my black and white Reebok trainers.

Cafe Storm has lights outside of it like an old movie theatre and is just down the block on the opposite side of the street from Rosenthaler Platz. The facade is all glass with a large double door and no bouncer. The bar is on the left-hand side and there are ladders behind the bar to access the high shelves of liquor. In the center of the lounge area there are couches situated in large squares and there is a DJ booth on an elevated stage towards the street side of the lounge. There are many mirrors on the wall on the left side of the room after the bar. Back side of the bar is a gigantic staircase with couches and tables built in. It was there I would hang around until bar close. I dozed off a few times while sitting there alone and the staff were very friendly to me. I was offered free glasses of wine by one bartender several times and was treated like nightlife royalty.

Chapter 8

They were really not that nice about kicking me out of the Tommy house. I had no lead as to another squat where I could stay so I just started looking for one. I found one with a huge yard area behind a gate it was called Mittwoke. I went there twice both times at night to ask someone if I could stay. There was a bar in the cellar where there were people hanging out talking. No one really gave me an opportunity to talk to them and I asked the bartender there said he did not know. There were only men in that bar and none of them looked like they were my type, so I left both times empty handed.

I was completely without friends and rejected by my family friend Christine. I had a suitcase which ended up being stolen from me because I went outside and smoked a cigarette while I had left it inside a breakfast cafe. Then all I had was a vintage green plaid backpack. I drifted back and forth on the trains of Berlin. I went to Neokoln where I met a guy named Stephan. He allowed me to sleep in his apartment during the afternoon while he went out skating. His house was an old Berlin apartment built around the same time as Jans'; in or around the year 1860. He had two flat mates who were uncomfortable when I was there. What is really strange is while I was sleeping there my mother knocked on the door. It was purely serendipitous that I had met Stephan in the street who was carrying a crate full of groceries back to his apartment. He made an early supper, and we ate together. His flat mate covered for me, and I was going by my alias, Sky, so Kate was turned away. I left around 17:00 because Stephan had said that he had plans that evening, so I was not invited to stay.

Within a few weeks of being kicked out of the Tommy house I left Berlin. I took a train to Mariendorf and from there started hitch hiking. No one picked me up. I ended up back at the large international train station where eventually I hopped a train. Before leaving Berlin, I wandered around many of the train stations with nowhere to go. I spent like three weeks living out of the metro stations of Berlin before I decided to leave. I got caught immediately for being on board without a ticket and was arrested at the next stop which was Potsdam. I spent one night in jail there and was released the next day. It was from Potsdam where I started hitch hiking. I caught two rides and ended up in Mariendorf where I walked the whole night.

I then went to Helle which was a small town where all of the streets had a curve. It was there that I saw a part of Germany I had not seen before. With no trams and no raging nightlife it was like a spooky eerie feeling that I had. I felt like there was dark energy within the walls and windows of Germany.

I had no appetite in Helle. I had the feeling I was going to gag at the thought of consumption. The sky was grey, and the walls were somehow red in tinge. I walked all morning until things started to open. I passed a few businesses without entering. I had to take a piss, so I popped in at an ice cream shop. With no cash on me I simply asked to use the toilet. Inside the ceilings were high. It had an old stone facade though it was new inside. The room was sort of shaped like a boot, wide towards the rear. I felt so impoverished and sad I left with my head hanging low. I had arrived there very early in the morning and walked all day to try and find a good place to hitch a ride.

I later went into a gas station where there was an old woman working. I could not bring myself to steal anything to eat as she was watching me closely. I then stood under a small tree to the side of the entrance to the interstate and tried to hitch a ride. No one stopped for me. People did not really stare though I could tell that I was an abnormal occurrence for this town. Not done, I decided to start walking down the freeway in the direction I was headed hoping that someone would pick me up. This did not

happen and after crossing a small bridge I realized I was walking parallel to the train tracks I had arrived by. I grabbed a random train right as it was rolling up and had no problems with authorities over not having bought a ticket.

I liked Leipzig for the views. The Hopftbahnhof there reeked of vomit. I wandered around there for several hours not sure if I should hop another train or hang around in Leipzig. There I managed to steal a road map of Germany which was actually difficult to find. I also stole a tiny smoothie from one of the stands in the train station while the clerk's back was turned. This smoothie seriously sucked so I threw it away after one gulp. I did not dare to steal anything else and decided to stay in Leipzig. I went to the metro station and hopped on an underground train towards the city center. I found a grocery store and stole a water bottle, which was all. I took trams back and forth, starving in Leipzig until I met a guy named Seth at night who I asked if I could stay with him for one night. He was ok with that, so we went back to his apartment in West-Alt. His apartment was on the 2nd floor and his room was long and narrow with a wooden bed frame built into it with shelves built in behind it. When first entering the apartment, the kitchen was to the left. It was long and narrow from what I could see though I did not enter it. In his room there was also a small couch to the right and his desk and computer facing it on the left. I slept on the floor and when I woke up, he was not there. I woke up to a giant piece of wood which was not there when I went to sleep, and I saw it as an omen. I took a shower and by the time I was out he was back. He pointed me in the right direction to hitchhike and I got a ride almost immediately.

I got left off close to Eisenberg where I shoplifted some bread and cheese. My destination was the South of France. I wanted to go to Marseilles. That night I ended up in Jena which was a city with many hills. I was by foot the whole night and for two days after. Just walking around not knowing where I was going. I waited at several bus stops the next day, waiting for nothing. I literally walked up a huge hill for lack of anything better to do. I passed a large park with rectangular fountains in it. There were stone benches there. The park was a few stone steps downhill from the sidewalk which ascended at an angle which was not very steep. There was a grocery store on the corner, so I went in and shopped around. I found a salad which I could cram into my backpack. I continued walking up past the grocery store. I scaled this hill all day until I arrived at a bus station. I toiled around there all afternoon and then kept walking. Finally, I came to a gas station where I loitered until I got a ride.

This ride took me towards south Germany. We drove all day and I was considering whether I would pass through Austria or not. I decided it was better to cut over through the west of Germany and go directly to France. He pulled his truck to the side of the road randomly and instructed me to get out. I then walked down the side of the interstate not knowing where I was. I headed south towards the end of the road which ended at a T into the next interstate and then I walked to the right. The sky there hung low. I was very blue and there was a huge bank of clouds that made like a 2nd horizon. I could see the horizon in all directions as it was late afternoon though the sun was still high in the sky. I walked for about an hour until I came to a huge gas station. I went there all day and almost the whole night without catching a ride. There were two hitch hikers with backpacks there on a mission together to head north. We hung out outside the gas station for several hours and I ate nothing. I just had water to drink. I was so under prepared for travelling. I only had one pair of jeans, one extra shirt, wool socks, and cotton thongs from the Galleria.

While I was in Berlin drifting around, I spent a lot of my time in the shopping malls. My appearance was presentable, I had parted with my hordes of stuff like fur coats and a mannequin for a book and some dark fitted clothing. I had no place to call home though my sense of style carried me through my poor

circumstances. I stole cosmetics and even Coco de Chanel to maintain my aesthetic. I became a regular in the fashion districts of Berlin, filling my empty agenda with high- and low-end fashion.

I passed through Nuremberg which smelt like rotten carcasses. I spent one night there walking around with no money and no tram. Germany had completely disgusted me by this point. There was something very dark that lingered in the air especially at night. That night in Nuremberg I ran down the train tracks. There was a full moon out lighting my way. I decided to ditch my jacket.

Chapter 9

Then I was hitchhiking for two days consecutively, and I ended up meeting Max in Karlsruhe. Who was the biggest man I had ever seen. He was dressed in turn of the century clothing and carried a large wooden wand type thing. It was carved with a spiral over it out of light wood and had a strap attached to it which he wore over his shoulders. He also had a small sack with him that he wore over one shoulder.

Before arriving in Karlsruhe, I was busted for loitering in a hotel lobby all night. I had walked up a very large hill in Mockmuhl where there were large expensive hotels. This hill was to the south of the town and there was an interstate nearby. I wanted very badly to meet up with anybody who would help me. I fantasized that a handsome man in a car would pull up and save my night. This did not happen. Instead, I was an unwelcome guest at an upscale hotel.

The hotel's lights were dim, almost non-existent. There was a woman sitting in the reception desk which was directly in front of the double glass door. I did not go in the lobby. I sat down in the entryway and reclined up against the radiator with my backpack behind me. I slept there for two hours before the police showed up. They woke me up and told me in German that there was no loitering allowed and then asked if I had any money for the hotel. I said no and went with them to the police station. I was not arrested, and I was instructed to sit down in a chair in the office of the police department. There was a long desk and the sheriff's office to the left of the room. There was coffee and they did not offer me anything to drink. I fell asleep and my head flopped over, hurting my neck. I then curled up into a ball over my knees but did not really sleep. Early in the morning the police drove me to the train station. I waited there for forty-five minutes for the first southbound train which I hopped to Heilbronn. There I walked to a gas station on a street pointing south and asked for rides. I got a ride from a woman all the way to Karlsruhe.

From in the car, I saw Max, and I asked her to pull over at the next park down the hill from there. He looked like a vagabond, and I thought he might also be travelling south. He said I could catch a ride with him and hailed a car to stop for us from the city center in the street where we met. He lived only one exit out of Karlsruhe. I explained that I was travelling with no money and had no accommodation and asked if I could stay with him. We took three short rides from the city center to where we needed to go. He was very precise with the style in which he commanded cars to stop for him. Like taming a wild animal, he conquered the driver, gave them instructions on where to go and when to drop us off. We didn't wait longer than fifteen minutes for a ride.

When we arrived at his house it was almost sunset. The house was at the end of a long gravel drive with a few abandoned cars along the side of it. One of the cars was a school bus and was inhabited by a friend of Max's. Outside the house was a fire pit and we made a fire before the sun set.

The house was single story and made out of mahogany. It was the color of the coals in the pit of the fire and was called Das Zwartche Haus. That night we went to a party at a forest bar called Mollenwokke. It was open with ceilings and some walls. The walls had large red glass in diamond panes. There were trees and the architecture embraced the forest. There was a large coat check area close to the entry with coats just hanging there. I was wearing an old torn hippie sweater knitted from thick wool from central America and needed something better. The coat I found was black sheepskin with a small collar and cuffed sleeves. It was long enough to cover my ass. I just put it on like everything was normal behind Max's back and did not say anything about it.

There was a large bar to the left which was long with many angles. I did not approach the bar as I had no money. Max bought me two drinks and a friend of his also bought me one. I mostly chilled out in a cardboard box next to one of the bonfires. I did not talk much as I was sad. Max had people to talk to, so he made a big round of saying hello to people. I felt great remorse for leaving Germany. I was sure I needed to go to France especially because winter was coming, and Germany would have been very inhospitable to me during the cold months.

There were a lot of large, impressive men at the party. Max was by far the biggest and most impressive. We left together after talking for quite some time near the bonfire. We were not the last people there; the party went on without us. We walked back around the freeway and the county road. Max took the outside like a gentleman. Not very many cars passed us along the way, and we could see our breath in the dark. The grass was starting to frost over and was a little crunchy under my feet. When we got back to Das Zwartche Haus he offered to let me sleep on the couch on the balcony. I said this made me feel uneasy and followed him into his room. I slept in his bed and in the morning, he had major wood, we had sex for a few hours. I knew we were very close to the border of France, so I asked Max if it was possible to cross the border by foot. It was possible and he told me it was like a 20-minute drive from where we were. He walked with me to where I was to wait for a ride along a frontage road and then left.

Chapter 10

Without a passport I crossed into France by foot and there was no border control. There was a bridge for cars over the Rhine River with a sidewalk for pedestrians. I walked for only about 30 minutes until I came to a parking lot where I waited for a ride. I was totally nervous that someone would say something but there was no one there and eventually I got picked up and brought to a nearby village called Steltz. From there I hitched a ride to Metz. I did not enter the center of Metz. I passed along the perimeter of the east side of Metz to the South of the city. I took three buses intuitively and did not get lost.

One of the reasons why I decided to leave Berlin was because I was taking the trains without paying, this is illegal and if I got caught with no ID and not paying for the train I would have been thrown in jail. I would alternate between Bio Super Markets because they were easier to shoplift from. I walked straight past the checkout counters without saying anything, my backpack full of stuff. On the road people gave me money and I did not have to beg. I was not a prostitute either. People were more generous about giving me money on the road in France. I already was given about 30 euros by the time I arrived in Metz.

After Metz I caught a ride to Nancy. In Nancy I walked for a few days. I spent my money on bread, cheese, and water. The hills of Nancy were long and steep. I navigated through the suburbs by foot and did not take any buses along the hills of the northeast side of the city. While I was there, I did not come

across anyone to ask for accommodation, so I walked the whole night. Early in the morning I arrived at an interstate heading west and I left Nancy.

After a few hours I ended up in Langres which was a small flat village. There was a market where I bought some fruit and then ate it. I walked around the center of town and eventually robbed a grocery store too. After leaving Langres by foot I caught a ride heading south to Grenoble. There I took the tram into the city and was up all night until I found the interstate heading towards Valence. From Valence I got a ride with an attractive young man. I was too embarrassed to ask for a place to stay. He left me at a tollbooth along the edge of Orange.

Navigating the interstate of Orange was complicated. I was stranded for many hours at a parking lot and also along the sides of the tollbooths. The rides I managed to get were for short distances. At one of the tolls, I met a nice guy who gave me some weed and 20 euros. He was not offering a ride to Avignon or Marseille, so he left me there. Finally at the end of the evening I arrived at the south side of Orange, and I walked from one side of the tolls to the other to catch a ride. A car full of young guys pulled up to me and opened the door to let me into the car. The driver stepped on the gas pedal, and they sped off laughing a bit at my unfortunate circumstances. More than an hour later I got a ride to Avignon.

The rides were few and far between. I was left on the south side of Avignon at a large rest stop where there was a parking lot which weaved through small, wooded areas. There were lots of people parked there and I spent a whole night in between the trees there waiting for the sun to come up. I robbed the shop there like three times total with no problems. I spent more than one day at this parking lot sort of wondering if I should hitch a ride or ask people who were parked there. I spent several hours off to the side of the road doing nothing to arrange a ride.

In the afternoon I got a ride to Salon de Provence with a middle-aged couple who left me at a gas station so I could look for another ride. After about a half hour I got picked up by a girl the same age as me. She was very kind, and we talked about having graduated school and what it was like to not really know which direction life would take after this. She drove me to the city center of Marseille and left me at a square with a fountain next to the road one block away from the harbor. The square was very long and grand. There are bars there from end to end and restaurants also. I walked past them all just to get a sense for the different atmospheres.

I ended up at a bar that night not very far from where I was dropped off at E. d'Orves Vieux Port. I talked with locals there to see if there was a place for me to stay for the night and I got introduced to Leo who said I could stay. His place was to the left of the port in the old city past a church with a very large tree growing out the side of it in the Arondese Belsunce. His apartment was on the first floor and there was no kitchen. The ceilings were low with open rafters and there were curtains hanging over the windows which looked out over the street. His bed was large and towards the back of the room. We had romantic endeavors the whole night and only slept for a few hours. The next day he had to work and was a little late because we had slept in.

I walked back to the same square and had a cappuccino at a cafe. The square where I had my coffee was long with many small restaurants and two large staircases ascending into it. One of them was at the opposite end of the fountain and the other was along the wall of bars and apartments which face the harbor. I spent many afternoons singing on the staircase and the sound of my voice reverberated across the port which was only one short block away and visible from the staircase. The stairs were like blonde

marble and the buildings on both sides were both 8 stories tall with windows which overlooked the staircase. The walls of the buildings were topped with rough stone trim and some of the windows had small planter boxes outside of them made out of iron.

This part of the city had a warm breeze which blew in off the Mediterranean Sea and at night a light mist which hung low in the air filled the streets. The square and the harbor run along with another street which was for pedestrians only and filled with sea food restaurants. The Harbor has a road with two-way traffic and is lined with bars and restaurants. There is a large stone castle far down at the end of the road which is on a large cliff. The port is gated by large stone embankments and filled with ships. There are three islands off the coast which are lightly populated and have harbors for docking ships. There is a small craig of the port of Marseilles off to the left under the road were small boats along a road which creates a small circle and ends in a parking lot.

I met Jul outside the McDonalds which is located along the west bank of the port. He had a boat in the small circular end of the harbor. The boat had a small deck and a cabin which was filled almost entirely with the mattress. There was no lighting on board and no flashlight either. I slept there when I had no place to stay and ran into Jul in the street spontaneously. Other men of the port allowed me to stay with them spontaneously for one to two nights. I spent the days walking the streets of the old city.

There is a metro which is a large and elaborate system of trams and underground trains. Like in Berlin the train cars were like home to me. I most often took the 6 to Noailles where there are stairs which lead up to a square called Les Caillols. It is a large triangle with cement blocks off to the right side and to the left an entrance for underground parking. In the center of the square there is a fountain with a small dock system which subdivides the water into several different sections and people often sit there in small groups. There are small shops and a grocery store which neighbor bars and a few restaurants. The square was full of people most days, by night the stores all closed, and the bars filled in.

Chapter 11

There is a rock and roll venue around the way from Plain des Caillols where I was invited to see a punk band by two guys, I met in the area named Zach and Noar. They hung around in the streets a lot and I met up with them and other friends of theirs. The venue was on the ground level of an old building in Place Paul Cezanne which is a small square. There was a queue outside before the concert started. On the inside of the bar there was a long J shaped room where the drinks were served. We did not order any beer. There were two bars which were separated by an archway which was the entryway to the mainstage. Behind the bar to the right were large painless windows which looked in on the dance floor. The bar area was long and not very deep. Through the archway there were pillars and no windows. It was cool there like a dungeon. The walls were stone, and the floors were cement. The band started not long after we entered, and we moved up with the pressure of the crowd to the left side of the stage next to the floor standing speaker. There was a mosh during the concert and we danced hard all night.

There was a little grocery store on the square just up a few doors from the bar on the right side where we bought beer after the show. The door was long and narrow like the population of Marseille. The cash register was to the left of the door. It was not very organized as there were several fridges along the back wall of the store and to the right of the doorway which all had the same beer.

I was invited to places like that just by meeting people in public and talking to them: Adelene and Michelle were two women I met later that week at Rue Sainte, and I partied with them and their crew at an apartment in Thiers.

Thiers is on a slope that ascends towards the port and there I was filmed in an independent film with like ten locals. The film was set in a basement which was in a state of decay. It was down two cement flights of stairs which had cement walls covered in street style graffiti. The basement was cold and had rod iron protruding from large holes in cracked concrete walls. One of the studios we used looked as though half of the room had been undone with explosives. The walls were in a pile on the ground just behind where the director and grip stood, and the stage was set on a series of staircases which lead to a blocked off door. The other studio space was half a level above the one with the rubble and it was like a little canteen. There was a DJ there and we had a staged party with candles and stage lights. I left the set early as I felt that my part of the film was complete, and I was afraid that something weird would happen that night. I had a few cigarettes which I bummed from the director Sebastian, and I smoked one as I headed up the hill into the night.

Sebastian's house was an old building in Conception, the 5th district. The door was to the left of a garage which also had an entrance into the stairway which led up to the residence. The garage had a large set of doors which opened like a cupboard and inside there was no car. There were tables and tools. That house must be about 300 years old. Up the stairs and to the left there was a bedroom which was like a cabinet because the desk and the bed were built into the room out of wood. The bed was set up high and there was not a lot of headroom. The lights were always off in this room and there were red and green studio lights to the left of the desk on the floor. The staircase was steep and spiraled to the left after the small landing which was outside the cabin. The living room was bright and open with large windows which had flower planters outside. The kitchen had an open bar which looked in at the living room and windows on the right side. To the left of the living room was a hallway which led to a very small room on the right and there was a WC at the end of the hallway, and the stairs continued to spiral up to the left. At the top of the stairs was an attic which had a skylight and open rafters. The walls of the house had large slumps and lumps in them and so did the panes of glass in the windows. The doors were wooden and hung in the doorways with space around the edges where wind blew in through the cracks.

After 7 days I decided to leave Sebastian's house out of fear I was becoming a burden. I had stolen a brown, 60's style minidress from Cecil, a friend of theirs and I did not want them to see me wearing it. Also, there was a couple who lived on the top floor of the house, and she ignored me basically the whole time I was there, so I felt that it was better that I move on before I was perceived as an irritant.

Chapter 12

My days were free as I had no work, and I didn't occupy my time with begging. I went to the squares in the old city and met up with other street folk. I befriended a guy named Micheal who was attractive, but he had a girlfriend. And a clown named Bradley who was a true street punk who presumably had a camp somewhere with other punks who were all from Germany. The clown had an apparatus for making huge bubbles and we would hang out on Place Notre Dame du Mont where he would entertain pedestrians who passed.

This crew of punks were all very ugly and two of them had scarred faces. I was completely terrified that my face would somehow be scared so I did not hang out with them at night. At Cours Julien there was a

small boutique where fancy accessories were sold. One day I acquainted myself with the shopkeeper Ailene who one day invited me to stay with her at her apartment for a weekend via a friend of hers who invited me for a drink at a bar on the back side of Cours Julien. She said she wanted to do a photoshoot at a large skatepark with me dressed up like a bunny rabbit. She had a small hood with rabbit ears and distressed shorts. We needed a car to get to the location and her friend did not have time, so we never did the photo shoot. Her name was Elene, and her apartment was on the second floor of a house with a blue door around the corner from Parking Indigo Marseilles Jean Jaures. On the first floor a friend of hers lived whose name was Jules and his apartment had very high ceilings and a courtyard where we ate dinner one night. I never had a full tour of his house, I saw the first floor, the first chamber was the kitchen which was large with windows along one wall which looked out onto the courtyard. To the left of the kitchen and through French doors was a small living room which had two windows facing the street with drawn curtains. The room was dimly lit with art-deco decorum.

Ailene's apartment was open, and the living room and the kitchen were one room with a very small wood and a wrought-iron staircase on the right wall which led to a loft. She had a small office area above the space on the first level where her TV was. It had been so long since I had sat down and watched TV with someone I had almost cried. Her bed was over the kitchen space, and I remember she had a large wardrobe in her bedroom with lots of stylish clothes. She was about 5 years older than me with tattoos and a similar portrait with the exception that she had long hair.

She had a boyfriend named Rafeal and went out together to a gallery in Lodi. It was like a 20 minutes' walk from her house and was called Le Blanche Chamber. On the first level there were a few small chambers to the left. On the back wall hung large photos with studio lighting and there was a loft with smaller photos on the walls and a collection of prints and postcards for sale. The artist was in, and Ailene spent some time talking to him in French while I looked around. After we were done at the gallery, we went to a skate park nearby which also had an installation at the back. It was like a small garden at the top of a flight of stairs and the installation was in the ground. It consisted of a series of tiles which were like glass blocks with objects inside of them. This installation was student work from the Art University nearby.

I stayed for two days at Ailene's apartment and then I was back on the streets of Marseilles. She had said it was ok for me to stay with her another weekend, but I missed the appointment we had made for me to meet her outside the boutique. I had no money and when I wasn't hosted by people. I shoplifted my food. I would sing to pass the time when I was alone and take the metro when I grew tired of walking. One night I slept on the ground of a metro station and was not disturbed by the authorities at all. I woke up and saw a guy there watching me. I walked up to him and asked him for a cigarette. He only had a short, so I guess he was homeless too. He asked me if I wanted to hook up and I said no. I left the metro station, and he followed me. He stalked behind me for many blocks and neighborhoods. I would turn left, and he would turn left. I crossed the street to the right and he crossed the street to the right. I walked very fast and so did he. When I left the metro, it was still dark out, and he followed me until the break of day.

Another local who let me stay at his house was named Joost and he had a roommate named Olivier. They also lived with a girl who was not home when I stayed. Their house was around the corner from Place Paul Cezanne. The classic apartment was on the 2nd floor of the building which had two small stone steps up from the street. To the left of the front door was the kitchen which was very small. Then across the corridor was the dining area where we ate dinner and talked about art. Joost was a

photographer of cityscapes and urban environments. I slept in the living room which was down the corridor from the dining room which also joined onto the dining room, separated by French doors. The bedrooms were at the end of the corridor. The couch folded down into a futon and there were large windows which looked out over the street. I was able to take a shower before dinner in their bathroom which was across the corridor from the living room. I turned up on their doorstep later that week to inquire if I could stay another night and their housemate who was not there when I stayed before turned me away.

Walking one night alone I met Olivier. He was at a bar drinking wine with a friend. I explained I had no place to go, and he invited me to his house. His apartment was on the 1st floor above the ground level. There was a long hallway with a kitchen to the left. Then through a doorway was another kitchen space which was in a giant tiled room with skylights. The room also had a large table for dining. To the right of the main kitchen was a door which led to the living room. It was not small and had images of flowers on the wall. I took one of the flower printed canvases and colored it with black sharpie. After the hallway which also linked to the living room there was a small hallway with a spare room to the left. Then the WC and then to the right was Olivier's bedroom. There were French doors on the right side of his bedroom which led to a large porch area which was closed to me and caused some anxiety. He was vague about the purpose for this room only that it was locked for private use by the landlord.

He let me stay with him and took me out for drinks in the Center. He was a boyfriend of mine, and I did not have to pay for anything. The bar he took me to was close to the port at Cours Jean Bullard. It had round tables outside and square tables inside. The ceilings inside the bar were high and so were the windows. There were red shaded lamps and red curtains, and the bar was towards the back of the room. Smoking was not permitted inside so Olivier and his friends, Marie and Rael, sat outside.

After one week of living with Olivier I tried to run away with his iPhone. I asked him for a dog the night before and he agreed to allow me to adopt a dog. I was too anxious about staying and that is why I tried to steal his mobile and run away. He stopped me just before his door and took his mobile back from me. I left without much of an explanation. It was as though I was afraid, he would victimize me in some way, so I decided to rip him off before he had the chance to hurt me.

I met Zachary in the street later that week and he invited me to go clubbing with him. He knew Joost and Olivier, the artists whom I had stayed one night with who were also at the club. We waited in the queue together and Noar got me in for free. The club was La Bisette, just 2 blocks from Cr. Julien along a small street with only foot traffic. Just inside the entrance was a vestier then the bar on the left side. The club had a high stage in the corner to the right and a balcony on the back wall and up the stairs was a small lounge. The party was packed, and they played techno all night. Zachary scored some ecstasy for us, and Noar bought me a few drinks. That night I met a pimp named Julian. I did not know he was a pimp until later though. That night I saw him as a high roller who wanted to take me home. He drove a Range Rover and after that we drove another girl home. He lived in Saint Lazar on the other side of town and also owned two bars right next to each other.

The White Rabbit was just next to the 2nd bar he owned which was not yet open and still under construction. The White Rabbit had T-shirts with an illustration of a bunny pinup girl and a martini glass, and he gave me one. The White Rabbit was two chambers next to each other. The one on the left was long and had a booth for a DJ towards the back facing the door which was glass in a glass facade. The next chamber was where the bar was located. There were high bar stools and small round tables along

the walls and window looking out over the street. There were tables on the outside just across the sidewalk also.

Chapter 13

Just one week after spending time with Julain I left Marseilles. I did not want to be a burden or embarrassment to those who were hospitable to me. I had a hard time leaving because of the way the roads interact with the freeways of Marseilles. One time I left by car and returned that night and I ended up walking around down at the port of Marseille. It was there I met a man who bought me a bus ticket to Lyon where I did not stay. I got off the bus and walked to the north exit of the A6 where I caught a ride quickly leaving town. That ride left me on the outskirts of Digion and then I got a ride to Bourges. From Bourges I got a ride to Paris, and I was left at a station in Orly close to the airport. The man who gave me a ride gave me 20 Euros and wished me good luck in Paris. I entered the underground metro from there without paying and boarded a train into the center of Paris.

I lasted about a week in the city of Paris before calling home. It was October 2017, and I was tired and not well fed. I went to centre de Pompidou to hang around and meet locals. Lots of young people hang around in the streets in the plain outside the museum. There was live music and a crowd strewn across a cobblestone hill which was like a bank outside the entrance of the Museum. I met two men named Peter and Pierre who were friendly towards me, and we hung out for several hours outside. I explained to them that I had just arrived from the South of France. They were sweet though neither of them had a place for me to stay for the night. After a few hours they left, and I crossed the plain to meet another group of guys who were hanging out. They were just about to leave as I started talking to them. One of them who was going to host everyone at his house said that I could stay the night. His name was also Piere. The group was about 6 men all 1 or 2 years younger than me. Kevin talked with me a lot while we were walking but decided not to come with the crew for the rest of the night. Before we left, we went inside the museum because they wanted me to see what it was like inside and to ask if there were any free exhibitions. The interior and exterior of the Pompidou is modern with white walls and balconies. Inside it was very well lit with modern works of art on display on the wall; paintings and photography both. At that time there was an exhibition about fashion in Paris though it was 12 or euros and it was not possible for me to afford.

I went with the crew to one of the edges of Paris in the 18th quarter. We took only one train not far from where we had met. His house was old and stood alone with gardens on front, back, and each side. We entered through a blue fence and walked up a small stone stair into a side garden. The house had a side door which we entered through and there was a small entryway just inside. Then to the left was the living room where all of us hung out and talked for several hours. It was his family's house and there were French doors on the back wall of the living room which looked out over the back garden. There was a basement which was behind a door to the left of the kitchen which was joined to the living room, and I had heard several knocks at the door behind this door throughout the night. I felt very paranoid that night that my family was watching me or something like that and I fell silent in the conversation between Sebastian, Peiter, Jean, and Raul which remained in French. I spoke some French and was not completely lost in the dialogue. I only stayed one night because Pierre allowed me to sleep in his bed with him on the second floor of the house. There were 3 bedrooms total, and his mother, father, and sister were out of town at the time. He had made some advances which were not entirely welcome. I was a virgin and intended to stay that way.

The walk to the metro from his place was long, I passed under 3 skyways on the way and before the metro there was a small store where I bought cigarettes and chocolate milk. After that I hopped the gate to the metro and boarded a train which was arriving as I hurried up the stairs. I did not even check the direction of the train (which was the orange line) and luckily it was the right one which took me in towards that center of the city.

After about 8 days of walking through the city without finding accommodation, I decided to call home for help. My mother flew into Paris, afforded me a new passport, and flew me home to Minneapolis, Minnesota. My hair was still short but not buzzed and I wore a thin silk ribbon around my neck basically every day for femininity. On the flight home I had a sinking feeling in my stomach as if maybe I would regret the decision to fly back to the United States for the rest of my life.

Chapter 14

Back home I was uneasy. My brother let me trim weed to make some money and I only stayed about 6 days before I made off with what little money, I had earned for LA. LA is what I needed; what I craved. I was afraid of dying unremembered, unacknowledged, and unremarked. I flew out and tried to apply for seamstress work to no avail. I stayed at hostels for 3 days after leaving my Great Aunt and Uncle's house. After I stayed at Rainbow Hostel in Hollywood, it had a tall wooden fence which encompassed a courtyard. Just inside was the Lobby where one had to show ID to check in. After the Lobby was a long hallway lined with hostel rooms and a dining area where they served breakfast. I stayed on the second floor in a room with 2 bunk beds. There were small white marker boards where every guest was instructed to engrave their name. After 3 nights I moved to Melrose Hostel, where I applied on the computer to more seamstress jobs. My father came to visit me for a few days while I stayed there, and told him that I wanted to live and work down there. I sold a white fox and mink fur coat for extra cash and littered my brand-new suitcase in the street.

Back to basics, I threw away everything including an iPhone 5 which was bought for me by an old friend, Brian. It was glitching out and I saw little need for it. I shoplifted new purse and clothes after slowly discarding everything which was given to me. I spent most of my time in Hollywood walking back and forth. One night while I was pacing doing nothing, I met a huge crew of guys who were staying at a Hotel on Hollywood boulevard. They invited me back and it was a trap scene with hip-hop music and like 7 guys. I was asked to do a photoshoot with them for publicity of their Rap crew. I wore one of their T-shirts and black skinny jeans and I posed in sexy pin-up poses on the bed. One of them raped me later that night for staying, which made me sad though it was better than being alone on the streets of Hollywood.

LA was not like the south of France at all. There were no squares with tables laid out over them where I could chat with locals. One of the places which became like my home was the front step of an elementary school on Sunset Boulevard. The school encompassed a whole block and was located across the street from DSW and In and Out Burger. I had roommates there who I didn't talk to. They were a Latino couple in the 30's who slept there every night but were gone during the day. I wasn't there most nights, so our schedules conflicted, and I was too edgy to talk to most people by that time.

There was no porch where I could sit and let the sun bathe my skin all day with lack of anything better to do; instead, I sat in the grassy yard of that elementary school. There were only streets with cars driving

past, and endless sidewalks to march down. I met a woman named Julia who allowed me to come over for dinner. She was a make-up artist with short hair and an edgy style.

Her apartment was modern and on the west edge of Hollywood. Just inside the front door was the kitchen, which had an open bar which looked into the living room which was big and carpeted. On the right of the living room was her bedroom and the WC on each side of a small corridor. To the left of the living room was a doorway to the balcony which was spacious and unfurnished. I left after just a few hours.

For new year's I had set up a little camp outside a pet store which was closed. I was invited by a couple, Amanda and Johnny, to their house. They were roommates and allowed me to sleep in their living room in an apartment also on the west edge of Hollywood. There was a balcony to the right side of the living room. The kitchen was on the left. Then there was a hallway which had the WC on the left then Johnny and Amanda's rooms respectively. I got a boyfriend within the first month of being out on the streets; his name was Greason a.k.a. Grizzley. He sold weed and talked to tourists all day along with a crew of skaters who were always there by his side. One of their names was Sean, who looked a lot like Kevin, the guy I met in Paris though he did not talk to me very much. I just walked and shoplifted. The streets were good to me, and I got basically everything I needed for free including cigarettes. One day I was invited up to a studio where music videos were shot. I could not stay the night there at Jorge's studio, but he let me hang out and watch a movie while he filmed a young star. The studio was above a garage. The first level was plain and white with a black couch along one wall facing a huge widescreen TV. He left me there to go work upstairs with his subject for a little over 2 hours. I was fairly convinced that I would make something of myself more grand than if I had just stayed at home with my mum and brother. I was looking for anarchy.

I found a new group on the Boulevard not far away from McDonalds. There were 3 of them John, Mitchell and Malcome and they had a trainee retro style. I slept a few times with Malcome under an interstate out behind the downtown train station. He had a mattress and a big black dog who kept him warm at night. The area where he slept was just raw and gritty just past a bridge and before an onramp to I81 and there was a huge yard of railroad just beyond a chain-link fence. Malcolm liked to pretend to have Down Syndrome though I knew that was not true. His friend Mitchelle, had autism which was also probably not real, and their friend John was just some hippy-punk who was not nearly that eccentric. Days and nights blended together on the road, and I wanted to break free from the mondan. Sitting and begging on the boulevard was nothing for me and there was only so long one could stay in the same place and rob every grocery store and late-night market.

One day early in the morning I snuck into the Church at the end of the walk of fame and slept on the couch for like 4 hours. I had plushies with me that I had stolen from Ross. Another night me and Malcom tried to sleep in the grass outside the elementary school. This did not work out though because they have sprinklers there set on timer which go off every night. That wasn't the only time the sprinklers went off on me in LA. I tried many times to sleep in people's gardens and sometimes it worked. Other times it didn't.

I stole new shoes pretty regularly because my feet would swell and blister from walking. DSW on Sunset was like an open closet to me. I got a great pair of black heeled boots, and I wore them for like 3 weeks straight. I would walk in carrying a bag full of clothing and cosmetics and try things on. Like in Berlin I

spent my days in retail stores. I wasn't a dirty bum like some of my friends who lived in poverty. I was basically spoiled by all the brands and even had All Saints and Guess clothes from Santa Monica.

Chapter 15

I left LA with the ambition to go to New York City. I left on foot from the highway intersection just east of the tram stop by the mall at the end of the tram leaving downtown Santa Monica. I got a ride pretty quick from a trucker who was headed north. I left LA with a sinking pit in my stomach. I did not want to be a stagnant bum in Hollywood. 2 days after I left, I caught a ride in a monster truck in Arizona, he left me by a Smiths where I shoplifted a bag of fried chicken. I dipped out of the Smiths thinking I had better catch a ride before everything had closed down. I walked to the intersection and caught a ride. Texas was close and I got rides in no time mostly from Truckers. One of them looked like an old version of Elvis. He offered me a ride all the way to Florida in exchange for sex. I declined. Semi-trucks often have a cab behind the seats for them to sleep at pull outs where I crashed out while they would drive.

I was in Texas within 4 days of leaving California. From there I took a bus to Memphis, Tennessee. On the bus I met a midget named Micheal who molested me. I decided to sit next to him because out of everyone boarding the bus, he seemed the most punk. The bus ticket someone bought me, and it was the first free greyhound bus ticket I had. I arrived in Memphis just before the sun came up.

There was frost on the windows, and it was windy and cold. I went to a bar which was open from the night before and got a free coke from the guy that was working there. The bar was big and open with large windows facing the street. There was a stage in one room and a bar which wrapped around the other room where the entrance was. I stayed and chatted with the bar tender for about 30 minutes. Then I walked east down the street with the rising sun at my back. I only walked 3 blocks until I found a diner which was open. I sat at a booth and massaged my freezing hands. My nerve damaged left arm was sensitive to the cold. The waitress there said nothing about my presence, and I felt a little embarrassed to be there without money, but it did not matter. No one had come in for about an hour and she let me hang out. It took me all day to walk to the east edge of town where I caught a ride out of Memphis.

About a week later, mid-February 2018, I arrived in the suburbs of Richmond, Virginia. I got hulled up in some small town of Georgia for loitering outside of a Super America and because I had no ID., They took me in for 3 nights. Once I arrived in Richmond, I decided to hang around a little bit. There was a mall there and I went and shoplifted 2 pairs of heels. I got stopped by the police one day outside the mall for shoplifting though I had not taken anything that day, so they let me go.

I got picked up and driven around by locals a little bit. No one invited me into their house though. I stole a down bomber jacket and some accessories and ended up bouncing out of town after giving a blowjob to some guy in his car. Virginia was a good time. I had sex with a guy named Lucian after we met at the Super America. That night I was wearing my heels from Richmond and my Down Jacket, and I had little sparkling Swarovski jewels around my eyes. He took me out on a date the next night and I ordered chicken wok, and he got salmon. His house was a big modern suburban mansion, and his bedroom was 2 floors, just to the right of the bedroom door where stairs going up to where his king-sized bed and flat screen television was. On the first level were electric drums and guitars. To the far left was another door which led to a bathroom. The floors were heated, and the shower was large with several shower heads that shot water out of the walls. He was sweet to me and didn't ask me about being homeless although I

am sure that he knew. I wanted to move in with him for the rest of my life but all I got were two nights. He left me at the mall that night and I didn't go shoplifting. I just hung out. A big part of me was hoping he would come back. I never saw him again though.

Another night while I was walking around, I got stopped by the police while walking down the side of the street. I was lying about my name every time and besides that they had no reason to arrest me. Eventually I got arrested for shoplifting a sandwich from Starbucks and eating it at Sam's Club. I was held for over a month for stealing a turkey pesto sandwich which honestly gave me a stomachache. While held in Virginia I pulled a small heist for commissary by allowing my cell mate to use my account to call home and had them put money on the books for her under my name. Her name was Victoria and she and I got in a huge argument in the common area one day about the telephone and we got written up and then she was moved out of my cell. I got about \$65 on my account. After I got released, I did not care about making my court date.

After I went to jail, I went shoplifting again like I didn't just spend the last 2 months in jail. Nothing happened I was not arrested. Late one night I got picked up by a guy who took me to a hotel, and he had coke and a knife. He rapped me pretty hard that night. The next morning, I waited at the gas station just down the road for a long time for a ride. Finally, about 3 hours later I caught one who took me to the interstate and left me at a truck stop. I was done with Richmond and decided to head north to Washington, DC.

Chapter 16

On my way to DC, I got arrested again for shoplifting a bottle of wine. That day I got picked up by a guy who drove a delivery truck with fruit in the back. I did not eat any of it. He checked me into my own hotel room and then I got him to leave me there. He wanted to come in and have a good time, I wouldn't allow it though. I went up the street and robbed the gas station for some snacks and there was a liquor store, so I went in and stole some red wine. I got arrested by the police behind another hotel that was just down the road from the motel where I was checked in. They took me into custody and fingerprinted me. I had pending court dates from Virginia and Georgia, they let me go and did not mention it. I was relieved that I had gotten off like that and walked back to my motel room.

The room was kind of dingy and looked like maybe it had not changed since 1985. It was in the far-left corner of the parking lot and smelt a little moldy. I emptied all of my stuff out on the bed and proceeded to organize my bag for the next day of travel. The next morning, I checked out and walked up to the same gas station I had robbed the night before. A little spooked someone might call the cops on me. I took a ride quickly with two locals in a yellow Mustang who were just going to a friend's house. They played hip-hop and drove fast down a bunch of country roads. We got to the house, and I already wished I had waited for a ride which would take me to the city. The yard was kind of a mess and filled with children's toys. Their friend was some girl who wasn't very chill, so I left within 20 minutes by foot. I just walked down the side of the country until a guy in a grey van picked me up. He took me back to the gas station where I had been picked up earlier that day and I spent that night toiling around doing nothing. I was still spooked by the gas station because I did not want to get caught up for loitering.

Early in the morning I walked up to the gas station and caught a ride right away with someone heading up the 95 towards Washington. I was there for about 3 days. I rode the metro back and forth and one local let me stay with him. His name was Stephen and we started talking because he had a very colorful

backpack which was also tiny. He invited me to get a drink with him at a cocktail bar. He smoked cigarettes with me outside the bar and bought me one drink. His house was an old Victorian and he rented a room on the second floor. His roommate was an older woman I could assume by the decor. We entered through the back door of the house which led into the kitchen. There was an island in the middle of the room and a table to the right of it. Thought a large archway was a dining room with a vintage dining room set. Against the far wall was a cabinet with glass wear and probably a spoon collection she had all that old southern houseware stuff. Upstairs was a shower which I used in the morning. I hardly slept because he had a single bed and we had tried to sleep the two of us in it which did not work at all. We slept foot to head but, in the night, I woke up and he was sitting up looking like a half-conscious zombie and totally flipped me out. I decided then to sleep on the floor. The next morning he gave me a few cliff bars and a cigarette, and I went on my way.

I saw the capital and spent most of my time robbing the metro system by riding back and forth without paying. I also robbed the central station where they have a mall, and I did not manage to steal a train because there were too many conductors. After about 1 week I decided to leave town and I got a hotel on my way out of Washington at some lodge on the northside of town. He wanted to hook up, but I told him no and did not allow him to enter the hotel room with me. I had become more stubborn about this, and it was working: no one was ever allowed to come into the room with me, that was my new rule.

I ended up walking back and forth the next day a little bit until I figured out which highway would take me to NYC. I got a ride and was there later that afternoon. I was happy I had made it to NY without getting arrested again. It was May.

Chapter 17

New York felt more comfortable to me than the political capital of the USA. NY is an art city and a cultural center. I changed out all of my clothes and adapted quickly to being a street punk again like I was in LA. Not always on the move like I had been for the past few months. I loitered and sang and decorated the streets with my flamboyant ever-changing style. I was a full-time shoplifter and I constantly discarded what I was wearing for something better. I had a short blond mohawk and didn't really make any friends in the streets. I got arrested and spent like a day locked up shoplifting. Feeling very unwanted and unloved I slashed holes in a bunch of tires belonging to the upper elite in downtown one night and then left town. I made it to Bethel Pennsylvania and got arrested for sitting on the side of the road. They said I was trespassing and took me in. The bunks were full and there was no privacy at all. It was not like the jail experience I had in Virginia because there were no cells, everyone had their bunk in rows of bunks and the showers were a large room where everyone would shower together. I stole some cookies within the first two weeks of being held in custody and got moved up to medium security. Then I was in a cold cell with one other bunkie. One of which was someone who had smuggled weed in. She was put in solitary confinement after being discovered by the police and she totally smeared shit all over the windows and walls. I went back to the normal bunks one time and then got written up for arguing with one of the bunkies and got put back on medium security. I spent over 3 months in jail in Bethel before getting extradited to Rikers Island in New York for the tire slashing. I spent a total of about 6 months in jail and my hair was a total disaster. Half pepper-brown and half blond, slightly curly.

Upon extradition to Rikers the officers were cool and offered me some McDonalds. I declined and asked for a Monster and a Cigarette instead. They drove me back to New York City in a white Ford sedan. Once we got to the precinct in NYC, they asked me if I wanted a sandwich from the deli and I got a turkey sandwich with cheese lettuce, tomato, and mustard. They gave me a coke as well and let me smoke a

cigarette in my cell. The windows, which were barred, looked out over a street in downtown. The building across the street was ornamented with gargoyles and lion heads. The windows across the street were not barred.

It was a long wait for the bus to arrive to pick me up to take me and the rest of the prisoners to jail. They had jackets for us to wear on the bus ride and we had to give them back to the cops upon arrival. There they made IDs for everyone. It took about 3 hours to get processed in. I was held at this jail for the better half of a year. It went by quickly it was only towards the end of my incarceration that I got placed in solitary confinement for trying to rob someone's personal belongings. It was Ok with my thought because by this time I was sick of all the attitude in the standard confinement from the other inmates.

There I covered the walls with stuff torn out of magazines and drawings of mine. There were strings hung across the cell for laundry. The other women hooked me up with some comfy casual stuff to wear. I didn't always go out of my cell when it was unlocked. And there I was held, in a cell, until the day I was released in November. They did not give people their stuff back, so I got released in used clothes. I walked about 3 blocks until I found a used furniture store with a rack of silk shirts hanging outside. I stole one and made off down the street. I got back into new shoes later that day and pants and a bra and everything went back to normal. Just a rebel in the streets; no money, no parents, no friends.

I met guys on the trains who took me back to their houses with them. Over the holidays I stayed in several hotels with different people, all men. One night I was with this guy I kept seeing downtown walking around doing nothing. He hooked me up with a classy hotel room, his name was Mike. By then I had died my hair red and cut it, so it was no longer a grown-out mohawk. Outside a hotel just one block down from the central bus station I met a guy named Idris, who gave me his business card with instructions to call him for fashion work.

I got picked up by some gangsters who took me up out of downtown and wanted to turn me into a stripper. They got a fake ID made for me in New Jersey and Jamal, Joshi, and Conner went shopping at a small strip mall in the Bronx. They bought me high heels and hot shorts and a studded bra from this area where there were a bunch of stores all selling performance attire. They bought me a phone as well and I set magenta roses as the screen saver. It was the first time I had a phone since I was in the south of France. Back at the house they all wanted me to strip for them. They would not pay me though and I was not down to strip for them for free. I stayed one night and then the next day we went to one strip club where he scanned the ID into a computer and then told me that I could not work under that ID. I couldn't strip so I just left the trap house and carried on in the streets.

I called Idris later that week and he let me stay with him in his fashion studio in the meat packing district. It was all the way up the stairs on the 4th floor. After the door was a long open room and to the right was his office which had two couches one was to the left of the door and the other was along the window. The desks were along the wall opposite the door and to along the right-hand side of the room. There was a rack of clothing just to the right of the couch and a coffee table in the middle of the room for talking over designs. There was another door on the right side of the first room that one would enter thought which was open with a very large table in it with chairs around it, kind of like a boardroom. There were eccentric hats on the wall.

On the 3rd floor was a sewing studio with two couches on the right and then sewing machines in a long room which was to the left of the door which lead to the stairs. In the corner was a bunch of sewing

materials which were mostly samples from some garage sale or something. There was some 80's stretch fabric I had selected to make something out of, like maybe a leotard, or a swimsuit, and I had also gone through the whole pile of stuff pulling out things for consignment. Idris came down to check on me and told me that I could not use the fabric I wanted to use, and seemed a little uptight about me going through the stuff even though he told me that I could. I never ended up taking the stuff for consignment I might have asked about it and he would have said that all that stuff needed to stay the way it was so there where some questions in my mind about it being an actual sewing studio or some kind of hoax.

Later that week someone came to sew some drapes for a set design job. Her name was Caroline, and she was a freelance seamstress who used the industrial machine, and I helped her for \$15 an hour. I just needed to lift the drapes for her and help feed them into the machine so that the weight of them wouldn't drag and hinder her ability to sew quickly.....

Epilogue

This story was never completed by Kaya. It ends somewhere around Christmas 2018. 2019 - April 2020 is still a mystery yet to be told, if ever. There were no records of arrest during that time. Only one stay in a hospital in LA sometime in November of 2019. Kaya never talked about any of this to anyone. It was only through encouragement she took the time to write Street Animal. Not all timelines are correct, nor is everything fact. Much of it was left up for interpretation and despite the absolute clarity in writing style this in the fall of 2021, it was clear there were huge gaps in the story line, inconsistencies, and distortions of truth to satisfy a narrative. By the time she went to jail in June of 2020 she was seriously damaged. Not only from the years of starvation and drug abuse, but also from all the abuses she experienced on the street. For someone who had so much potential, so much was lost. When she finally called me from Jail in Utah I said, "you were raised right, and you know right from wrong. How did you end up here?" She said, "so many things happened to me, I didn't know what to do any more." We only know what happened during these years because she wrote this. She never talked about any of it.

It is 2023 and we do not really know what happened with Kaya. She was arrested for assault in June 2020, this is after her being homeless for three years and resurfacing again in California in April 2020. At that time, she was in a deteriorated state. After we saw her for that week, she left and went to LA. All the money we gave her, stored in her bank account, was stolen by somebody who mugged her. Kaya served 9 months in Jail in Utah.

Since March 2021, after Kaya was released, she was under the care of her father until May 2022. She then came to live with her mother the summer of 2022. We never really fully understood what happened with her in Europe back in the spring and summer of 2017 when she first started going missing. Both Parents when to Berlin to look for her. Her mother was more successful and did find her in Berlin. But she refused to come. In October of 2017 she was picked up by the police in Paris in a delusional and deteriorated state. Fortunately, her father had filed a missing person's report in Berlin. They found this report and her mother happened to be in Europe at the time and came and got her from the hospital she was held in.

It really was not until August of 2022 that we started to be able to put all the pieces together. Seems like when she moved to Berlin in early 2017, she had a series of unfortunate events, and her coping mechanism was to go out and party. As you may know, Berlin, next to Amsterdam, is the ecstasy capital

of the world and we believe that she got a bad batch or several rounds of a bad batch of ecstasy at that time.

Finally, we had the time to study the damaging effects of ecstasy, particularly overdosing on it. Seems that it erases the memory and erases the part of the memory in the amygdala that has to do with childhood memories, familial connection and personal identity. At some point early in her journey, she started saying that We were not her parents, and any context we had to her life before had been erased.

During the time that she was homeless in America, after we found her in Paris Nov 2017, she had been arrested 16 or more times for drifting and stealing food etc. Each time under a different name. We are not clear if this was intentional as she had said she was losing her identity. While she was in jail in Utah, over the winter of 2020, she decided to change her name to Anastasia. All of this is rather ironic because Anastasia is the Russian princess, who anyways, the story is varied, had lost her memory. Or someone who pretended to be someone else.

We know she was trying to rebuild her life while she was in California, but there were certain aspects that were never really addressed during the time she lived there, and she was doing some self-sabotaging behavior. Due to the Covid lockdowns and the state of affairs of California, the only medical assistance that she got was online Tele-services. Their methodology was to heavily drug her. The two main drugs that she took were SSRI inhibitors, and another one called Risperdal. We believe that she was excessively medicated with the SSRI medication which led to serotonin toxicity syndrome, which made her more anxious, suicidal, depressive, and self-harming. The Risperdal is a dopamine receptor site antagonist, which started giving her tics, facial grimaces, and spasms. They then put her on a beta blocker to stop the heart palpitations from the SSRI drug and Clonazepam (which is an anti-seizure medication) for the facial distortions she was having from the Risperdal. None of these medications addressed her severe PTSD from being homeless and victim of multiple sexual assaults, anorexia, or the brain damage which led to the distorted view of her life. She had aspirations to become a famous artist. The shock of losing her mind, identity, and her money, drove her down a road she did not know how to change.

Ecstasy destroys both serotonin and dopamine receptors which inhibited her brain from getting the neurotransmitters needed and the resultant deficiencies lead to the delusions she was having. The medication flooded the system with the neurotransmitters and gave all the side-effects, but never changed the outcome. Years of starvation on the street in an amnesic or disassociated state did not help her brain function either. And there she was prey to many opportunists.

Several times we tried to get the medication's altered by the doctor and when she was suicidal, and tried to drown herself in Santa Cruz Bay, the doctor just said go to the emergency room. The emergency room was an eight-hour wait before her dad came and picked her up and drove her home. By the time she came to Minnesota, she was excited for a change in her life, but the Risperidone was seriously affecting her neurologic functioning to where she could not hold a pencil. We underestimated the degree of damage she had incurred. She was not in any capacity to hold a job, let alone have a conversation, or look for a job, or follow through on any executive functioning for her own self-determination.

She decided to quit the Risperidone and SSRI, cold-turkey, and that sent her into starvation because her system was flooded with dopamine, and she had no hunger signals. She discontinued eating for a few weeks, then started becoming delusional again as serotonin levels became depleted. Where upon she wandered off one night without anything, wearing shorts and sneakers. She left MN in early June of 2022. She went back to that lifestyle she had before, loitering at truck stops, thumbing for rides, shop lifting for clothes which she changed every other day and survival needs. She slept in churches, corn fields, and whatever hotels strangers would pay for.

Years before, when she had first gone missing, there was an old Facebook post about her being missing. Someone found it when they saw her, and they contacted us at the end of July. She was found in Tennessee, and her mother went to get her, but she refused to come home. After her mother left, she was picked up for shoplifting because she was starving. She went to jail overnight and then checked herself into the hospital in Kentucky. Again, her mother drove down and picked her up from that hospital (first week in Aug). At this point she had been starving for at least 8 weeks and had lost 15 pounds.

A picture was taken while we had stopped at a Chinese restaurant right before we got home. That was the best that she ever was and looked closer to herself than we had seen in years. That is the second to last photo we have of her. But because she was gone so long, she was in violation of her probation, and a nationwide warrant was activated for her arrest. In the month of August, while she stayed with her mother, she was in such a deteriorated state she could not get out of bed for weeks and she still was only taking juice or maybe 200 calories a day. It was a very difficult situation, to see somebody we love, to deteriorate and destroy herself through starvation. Her mental and neurological capacity was reduced to that of a 6–8-year-old.

What we came to understand is that she was suffering from a severely broken heart from 2017 and before: from everything that she lost in Europe, from her art school days, from the loss of her boyfriend, her experience of being let down by her mother, and childhood traumas that she had never fully addressed. She also was suffering from the moral trauma of inflicting damage on another person which had gotten her in Jail in June of 2020. She had all the feelings, but her brain was seriously damaged and did not have the capacity or rationale to sort through the emotions of it all. She did not trust anyone to help her. That month of August her nervous system had been diminished to fight-flight or play dead responses. She was not cognitively understanding anything that was being spoken with her. Nor did she understand the legal predicament that she was in, let alone know how to navigate her way out of it.

September 17, 2022, she decided to leave the house. She packed her bag. She said she was going to try something different. Nobody stopped her. We told her she would be picked up by the police and taken back to jail. We think she knew that. We could not be the one that would call the police to send her back to jail ourselves. We did not know how to do anything for her anymore.

She was picked up September 19th, 2022, in Minnesota, not too far from her home. Her mother got to visit her one time in jail there. That was the last time she had a conversation with her. She was weeping about her predicament and the confusion she was in. She was extradited back to Utah and sentenced to 90 more days for violation of her probation, with the agreement that probation would be renewed upon release, and that she was to stay in the state of Utah. Due to HIPPA regulations and privacy laws, we could not find out the exact date that she was going to be released. She was released on January 19, 2023. That is the last anybody has seen or heard from her.

The whole time she was in jail her mother sent her cards or letters, 1 to 3 times a week. Never did she respond. We tried to talk with the medical providers in the jail. We could only have a one-way conversation so I could tell them what happened, but they could not tell me anything. And we were working to set up rehousing and/or reentry into the societal system that the state of Utah has established. Under this program representatives go into the jail to provide counseling services and interview inmates to try to find a location that is suitable. We know she had gone through the intake process because that person was able to talk to us about that. But it is all voluntary and when she left jail, she did not pursue that path.

It was winter in January 2023, when she left. We figured that she probably went south as she had hung out in Arizona, Nevada, and Los Angeles before, but also some of the middle states like New Mexico, Texas, Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee were also her favorite states. All of this is to say we do not know where she is, or if she is alive or has passed on.

We believe Kaya is a shining light who suffered many tragedies and lost her way in life. We believe she took her own path towards a salvation she could come to terms with. She started off as an artist, and in the process examined the world through the eyes of an artist.

As she stepped into the study of art and surrealism, and took more and more drugs, we think the line between reality and illusion become more and more cloudy. If you read some of her schools papers you will see the cracks in reality she could connectively expose and also the profound depth of understanding she had about the philosophy of art. Even in one of her essays she quotes - Goirris, 'who introduced the idea of "Nachtragli" which means differed action in German. This phrase alludes however to a deeper meaning: a wound that is created, which is only realized after it has been struck again later, as a scar. The trauma is not the initial wound itself but the reinforcement of that wound by a later occurrence.'

This is what happened. That with unresolved childhood trauma as a container for the rest of her life, as time went on, and one tragedy after another occurred, the scars became so thick. And with many of her own actions and/or inactions she slipped through those very cracks in reality she had earlier identified.

Many people loved her and saw that light at one time. Kaya never felt it no matter how many people tried to reach her and to pull her back from the abyss she was sucked into.
