

### **Neomi about the start at Andebølle:**

How did this whole story begin? I could say, it happened by chance, like so many things in my life. My mother's job, my stepfather's colleague and a door key, they all played a role in the conformation of my story.

My mother travels abroad a lot because of her job, so sometimes she had the opportunity to bring me with herself.

That's how I got to Denmark in November. On the first day we were sightseeing in Copenhagen, but on the second day I travelled along to Odense. The son of my stepfather's colleague, Bandi studied there in course of the Erasmus programme, he received me in his house. He lived in the student home with his flatmate, so the kitchen and bathroom were shared, but both of them had an own key for their separate rooms.



We planned the programme that we could go to Andebølle, where he also studied for one year. The idea turned in my head, that I could apply there, and if we were in Denmark, it would be nice to see with my own eyes what this whole thing was about. We were cooking the lunch when the the repairman arrived and asked Bandi whether he had received two keys when he had moved in.

- I had, but I am going to ask my flatmate.

- I was given, but one of them was a copy. – Mustafa said.

- So this is the problem! I have to replace the locks. – said the repairman.

We couldn't understand why was this is a problem, but we thought, if he wanted to work, we let him to do. He changed the locks. We checked them with the new keys, but we couldn't reverse them. The repairman had to change the locks back to the original ones. He said he certainly wouldn't be so lucky to find both of them at home again. He would be back, and if he changed the locks, he would put the new keys into the mailbox.

While we were eating, Bandi's flatmate, Mustafa went somewhere. Shortly after lunch we also left, we planned to go to Andebølle by bike. Approximately one hour's journey was behind us, when Mustafa called Bandi on his mobile phone. He couldn't get into the house (and the repairman disappeared). Not even could he insert the key into the lock. We thought that the repairman came back, and he forgot to put the new keys into the mailbox.

In Andebølle the atmosphere was very good, the people were nice. But that hasn't resolved our problem. We had to sleep there. The next day we returned to Odense in pouring rain. We were completely wet when we got there. Bandi found the new keys in the mailbox. Now comes the point, it turned out what really had happened.

When the repairman changed the locks back to the original ones, accidentally he put the lock of Bandi's room on the front door, and vice versa. Mustafa departed before us, he didn't close the door, so the exchange didn't struck him. Bandi didn't notice anything either. In the morning the repairman really changed the locks, so that's why we found the keys. Anyone can say anything, I think it was an exciting adventure and I liked that short holiday in Denmark. On the next day I decided to apply.



Half a year passed with waiting, and in July I really couldn't find my place. This month was very variable. Sometimes I just would have departed, sometimes I would rather have things delayed. I travelled on the 3rd of August, and if it's possible to be nervous and happy in the same time, I felt that. My mother accompanied me to the airport, but we arrived too early to check in. We were just waiting, and I didn't know what to say. Once my mother went to watch the board of flight information and she said that for my flight a 2-hours delay is displayed.

- What??? No, no, that can't happen!!! - I protested - What should I do now??? I will arrive at midnight!!! That can't be true!!! Oh no, now... now... - that was all I could say.

My mom went to ask for information in the office of flight company, meanwhile I remained seated on the plastic chair in unthinkable state of mind. Might I ask anyone to come for me at dead of night? I felt if it had been my fault. Despair, panic, guilt, excitement, awaiting, anger stormed in me. Then I phoned to Andebølle and I was consoled that it wasn't a problem. I relaxed and decided to undertake the night journey.

Waiting on the airport was nerve-racking, but it still could be enhanced by an extra half an hour delay. This was really the maximum which still enabled me to reach the last train at 23:08 to Odense. With panting heart I checked the display board again and again, fearing to see even more delay. I waited in total 5 hours at the airport and I was exhausted. At 6 PM I finally could feel the board of the plane under my feet but we still couldn't start because 30 people stunted on the level of platypus weren't able to find our flight. When they finally took off I was very tensed.

- Ladies and gentlemen we beg your pardon because of the delay and we do hope that you will have a pleasant flight - told the captain.

Sure enough, just start finally!!! Relax, relax, relax... I almost laughed out loud when I noticed on the wrapping of the sandwich the text: always on time. This is what you mean by always on time? After landing I run to the baggage reclaim and I was almost out of myself because I had to wait for ages even there. My run to the train surely was record-breaking. If I had arrived only 5 minutes later I would have missed it. On the train I only was busy with staying awake. Orla arrived for me by car and I was glad inside of my fatigue; I only couldn't put out the feeling of guilt out of my head.

- Hungarians usually have this problem that they arrive in the middle of the night – he said.

Oh yes, that's Hungary. Finally the ordeal is over. I am in Denmark. When I finally arrived to Andebølle I fall to the bed like a dead fish.

Next day I woke up at half past 6. I was excited, because I was just to drop in a community, whose members are at least three days together. But I was trying not to think of anything, what wasn't difficult because I wasn't in an intellectual mode. Of course I succeeded to feel asleep just when I should have got up, around 8 o'clock. I woke up at 8:40, dressed quickly and ran to the dining room. I opened the door, entered: not just to the room but to my Andebølle semester. I looked around, and sat down at a table in a companionship of 3 girls. Till now I supposed that I wasn't good in making acquaintances but here even this was different: not difficult at all; so that this first time became the day of conversations. I approached to everybody with a smile, and this was reflected back to me. Everyone was very nice. Memories from the first day melt into a rainbow: no individuals but the Andebølle community as a totality. On the following days I learned the names, recognized the individuals and paired the colours to persons. I was a bit confused, actually I don't know why. I felt a member of a community. I was happy. Every day was like a month, but not because it was so boring, but because so many things have happened. Although the lessons haven't begun yet...

Friday we had to choose subjects. We visited all the classrooms, and each teacher explained why their subject is the most useful for us. They were so convincing that I felt the urgency to choose everything and the disappointment due to experiencing the time frame. This is life: we always have to make choices and decisions, though I had hoped that this time will be an exception from it. Finally, I picked music, because ultimately I have waited for this since November. Music is a community activity, and precisely this is what I want. My mother told me that once she asked her favourite professor at the university (a physiologist) whether it is possible to live without music. The answer was: it is possible but not worth. Evidently, it is worth to live in Andebølle. As second subject I have acting, which interests me. To try any roles, be able to appear confident on the exams ... I waited the lessons to start.

Friday night there was a fantastic dinner and concert. This was something totally new for me, because I didn't use to attend to such events. I knew I shouldn't be so reserved and I have to learn to allow myself to have fun after the disciplined school years. Even this one concert was a great help in it, but there is still much to learn. I felt I have changed in these couple of days, as if my adult life started, with fun and responsibility hand in hand. Here we are really taught to live.