

# Travel literature

## **WANDERLUST**

WAN-DER-LUST (n)

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A strong impulse or longing to travel and explore the world.

"Once the wanderlust is in your blood, it's there for life."

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By class 8A

## In the ban of Beachhandball

As an adaption of handball, the handball community founded the sport "Beach handball". In the Easter vacations in 2022 the organisation "Handball Freunde" organised a big tournament in Cavallino, near Venice. For all the teams that came, one entire camp site was booked: Camping Mediterraneo. You had the chance to choose between staying in a tent or in a bungalow.



One little bungalow can house up to four people. They include a kitchen, a bath and two bedrooms. The resort is a huge area. There was a pool landscape, some supermarkets and restaurants. As a part of the service, you got breakfast and dinner, but you had to take care of the lunch yourself. The tournament took place at the beach, there were over twenty little fields to play beach handball on.

As a part of the program, a trip to Venice was booked. We were driven to the pier. After we arrived at the pier in Venice, everyone could do what they wanted, as long as we stayed in groups. We combined sightseeing and just walking around, that's how we filled four entire hours. Venice offers shops with crazy masks, but also ice cream shops where you got to pay six euro for one scoop. It really represents the cliches. The best time we had in Venice was at the pier when we wanted to catch our boat back to Cavallino. We waited there with some other sport clubs that were part of the tournament. We couldn't just let it be like that, so we started to sing our anthem very loud and posed for the cameras.



The organisers had an event on the last evening, where every single club that took part in the tournament was named. The continued with a big party for the adults.

Finally on the last day of the tournament, I managed to nearly dislocate my shoulder. But the paramedics treated me very well and we got driven to the hospital as a part of the service.



When remember the whole trip again, the best thing definitely was the kids disco. It was open every day from 8:00 pm to 10:00 pm. I spend every evening there dancing with three friends. While you are dancing, your mood automatically gets better. And if the kids disco wasn't enough, you could just walk a little bit to the bigger one. The only problem about the discos was that the music was quite loud, so if you were trying to sleep, it was hard because you heard everything, also the drunken people at the disco. But the security did a good job and stopped loud people from entering the residential area, so it wouldn't

get too bad. The resort overall gave us many options to have fun, for example playing beer pong without beer. We just could go shopping some drinks in the supermarkets.

The event definitely was one of the best vacations I ever had. I will never forget it.

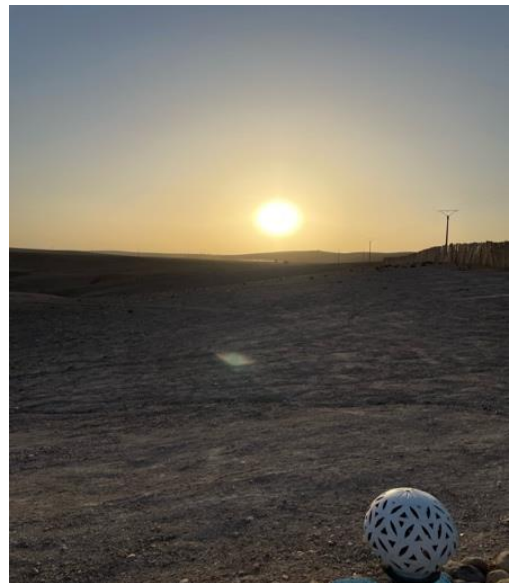
## My personal experience in Marrakech – Easter 2022

My mother had already booked our trip one year before we actually visited Marrakech, because Corona destroyed our former travel plans. This April we used our chance and packed our suitcases to catch a flight to Morocco. We got picked up at the airport by a personal driver, who drove us to our hotel. The hotel is located in a very new part of the city and the Hotel CR7 was



newly opened in February 2022. The hotel employees warmly welcomed us with a welcome drink and guided us to our room on the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor. After a short dive into the pool on top floor of the hotel we visited a typical Moroccan restaurant where they served excellent delicious food for dinner. I ate shrimp tachine and my mother vegetable tachine, which is very traditional food in Morocco. Couscous is prepared to be cooked in an open fire oven and served with different sauces. Vegetables are served as side dishes like carrots, eggplants, potatoes and sometimes corn. It was so delicious and it's now one of my favourite dishes. The next day we went with a tour

guide to a “fake desert”, which is a one hour drive away. It's called “fake desert”, because it isn't genuine “sand” there, it's a mix of sand and stone. As we arrived I already saw what's coming up next on our tour, an individual quad tour for me and my mom. During our two hour quad tour we saw a herd of sheep and goats. Some other quad drivers and a traditional dromedar caravan crossed our way. When returning to the quad camp we were exhausted and we decided to eat dinner in a restaurant, which was located close by on the top of a dune. To reach the restaurant we needed to climb 173 massive stairs to the top. As we finally arrived the top of the dune we were offered an awesome five course menu to enjoy the sunset. We had spent perfect beautiful days in Marrakech. I'm looking forward to return one day.





Hi. I'm back from my holiday in Litauen, wäre I Stausee at the National Golf Resort between Klaipeda and Palanga and I must say, it was amazing. It is a golf resort that is Reallohn beautiful. They all where so nice to me. I stayed for three days in total. On the first day we just relaxed at the Resort. After we had woken up we enjoyed a nice breakfast on the porch. There you where able to enjoy the nice landscape of the Golf Resort. After that we went to play some golf and it was so funny and relaxing at the same time. We went out with one of the Resort's buggies and things where super uncomplicated. After that we ate lunch. Then it was time

for another round of sports: we went to play some Paddle Tennis on the courts there for the rest of the day. I would love to see Paddle also grow in Germany like it is growing in Spain for example. After this we made ourselves ready at the room and went for dinner.



On the second day we went to Palanga and, man, it was so much fun. First we went to the nice beach, but sadly the water wasn't that warm. However, there were still a few people bathing. Then we continued our way through dozens of small shops, restaurants and attractions which all were lined up in a kind of big street. We went for lunch at a nice restaurant. My father ate a delicious fish and my sister and I had some kind of meat balls which where also very nice. Afterwards we

went to a Ninja Worrier Parkour which was also located there. We sadly couldn't try out the flying fox or the trampoline park because we ran out of time. On the way back we ate a Bubble ice cream, which if you don't know is an ice cream but in a bubble-like waffle. Then we drove back.

On our last day we decided to eat breakfast at the Golf Resort and play Paddle Tennis before we had to leave. Overall it we had a great time.



# How I almost got kidnapped

Dienstag, 22. März 2022

14:46



*It was a Sunday and I went in the city to go shopping and eating sushi with a friend. We got to the restaurant and ordered our food. It was a busy day and there were so many people in the city you couldn't even walk without being shoulder to shoulder with a stranger. That's why we didn't stay in the city as long as we had planned, we just took our sushi with us and ate it on the Opernplatz. Then my friend had to go so we split and she took the underground and I took the Tram. I had to wait 8mins for the Tram which was pretty annoying. But it came eventually and I got in. I had forgotten my headphones that day which was why I just sat there and looked out the window. But then a man came in, he was about 30-35 and he looked like a typical college student. I noticed him right as he got in because of his red eyes (crack?). He was standing maybe 5 meters in front of me and after some time he started looking at me weird. I was relieved as the Tram stopped at the station I had to leave and quickly got off the train. But guess what? The man followed me. And he didn't just get off at the same station as I did, he also followed me in the bus I had to take, which was 50 meters away. While I walked to the bus station, he was walking behind me and slowly got closer and closer. I didn't look behind but I could hear his footsteps. As I got in, I didn't take the seat that was closest to me, I took one of the seats in the middle of the bus instead to create some distance between me and the weird man. But that didn't work because he followed me to my seat. He was right in front of me now. At that moment, the whole situation kinda creeped me out. I was uncomfortable because he was standing pretty close to me and was always starring at me weird so I texted my friends and told them what was happening. Unfortunately, none of them answered so I just looked out the window hoping the man had to get off the bus before me. But that wasn't the case, he stayed right in front of me the whole time. As I got off the bus, I thought it was over, because he didn't follow me. But I was wrong. I had only walked about 50 meters when I heard footsteps behind me. I looked behind me to see who it was and almost had a heart attack. It was the man. I was freaked out because I've seen him staying in the bus as I got off. He was walking pretty fast and soon, he was walking in front of me. I started walking slower so there was more distance between us. I tried to call my friends again but they didn't answer their phone. Suddenly, the man stopped. I didn't know what to do, because in order to get home, I needed to walk past him. I breathed for a second and then quickly walked past him. As I thought it was over, I heard his voice behind me: „Do you live here?“, he asked with a creepy grin on his face. I told him I was just visiting a friend, because I didn't want him to know where I live. Then he proceeded to ask me questions about myself and I got pretty uncomfortable. I remembered he was a lot older than me and he probably thought I was older than I actually am, so I just told him my age. His eyes got huge. „Really?!“, he asked. I said yes. He started to stutter and you could see how embarrassed he was. „Bye“ I said and just walked away. Although he didn't hurt me or anything, it was quite a scary experience.*

## The best and most magical holidays with my Grandparents

I don't see my grandparents that often, so my family and I gave them a trip with me and my brother. On Sunday, we set off for the holiday village in Austria. The hotel was been recently renovated and therefore very modern. When we finally arrived, they welcomed us with a few drinks and showed us to our room. For the next few days we had planned to hike to a waterfall. We went to the tourist centre in the next village, but they told us that the hiking trail was closed. They recommended another hiking trail through a forest, which we then took the next day. We started very early in the morning to be on the mountain by sunrise. But while we were walking through the forest, we spotted a group of deer standing at the edge of the forest. A couple of the deer looked over at us, then suddenly the whole group started moving and running towards the forest. But just before the forest, some stopped and looked back at us. It was a magical moment. The whole group then slowly walked into the forest. We were a bit shocked, but then we also went into the forest to finish the walk. After we got back to the hotel, we went for a swim and spent a few more days there. We also watched the cows being milked and looked at the calves. They were super cute and always wanted to lick your fingers, there were also some Pony's which we were allowed to groom. Then after four days we went back home and celebrated easter with the whole family. It was a really nice holiday, especially because I was able to spend so much time with my grandparents.





## Trapped in the sand

On Tuesday I went to the beach of the Mediterranean Sea and it was a pretty great day there. I was really happy and confident, until I came near the waterfront. There the sand was really wet and a little floating, but you couldn't see the wetness of it. So I went there with the intention to swim in the sea. Perhaps I was a little dizzy because of the little quantity of water I drank before. So I didn't notice the weird consistency of the sand. It could have been very dangerous quicksand. Quicksand is a mixture of sand and water in which any human or animal can sink. It had a big hype in the 1960's film-making scene. Technically you can sink in the sand completely and drown but this is very rare. In Italy where I was, quicksand is really uncommon, it mostly exists in Greenland or in deserts. So I went to the water and of course stepped onto the sand. My feet were feeling the wetness of the sea water, but something felt wrong. As I stepped right into the water I started having that feeling, when your feet don't have any grip on the floor. That „no grip“ feeling is caused by the wet and floaty sand, in which you slowly sink in with your feet. The only way you can survive very deep quicksand, is to not move any part of your body. So I felt like I'm sinking into the wet sand and this didn't actually surprise me at all because it's quite common to get into such a sand on the beach. So I didn't pay much attention and so I didn't notice that I'm getting deeper and deeper into the sand. Meanwhile I was a few meters in the sea, away from the land. I slowly started to realize how bad my situation actually is because my knees were completely in the sand, so it was really difficult for me to move. I hoped this would be a normal floaty sand on beaches. Floaty sand on beaches is quite common because of the water that is mixing all the time with the sand. Because of this the sand is often floaty and wet and you even can sink a bit in it. So I stopped moving and waited a bit. I felt how I slowly stopped sinking into the sand, so I felt confident again. Now that I stopped sinking I finally could take out my feet out of the sand. I moved out, and went back onto the beach. What an exciting experience!





## Euro Disney

Laughter, chatter and the scent of popcorn filled the air, as I made my way down Main Street in Disneyland Paris. Occasionally, I peered into one of the little stores lined up on both sides, but my family was in none of them. I couldn't find them in this crowd if I tried, so I decided to move away from the center of the park, towards the entrance. Close to the front gate, I spotted a small pavilion, where I could try to call my family. Just as I was about to tap 'call', I noticed a big plaque right to the foot of the pavilion. I read some of it, immediately getting caught off guard by the title that said "Euro Disneyland".

"What does Disneyland have to do with the Euro?" I wondered out loud. A short man with an oddly formal suit and a cigarette between two fingers walked up next to me. "Disneyland hasn't always been called Disneyland Paris," he said after taking a puff. "What do you mean?" "After Disney had opened three other extremely lucrative parks in California, Florida and Tokyo, the next logical thing to do was opening one in Europe. They scouted a few different locations, but finally settled on Paris, because it is so close to millions of people. The name they chose was 'Euro Disneyland', because the word 'Euro' was associated with class and luxury in America. In Europe, people linked it with bureaucracy and thought that Disney only wanted money. Many thought of

the European Union, which was an increasingly unpopular regime in the 90s. Due to this, visitor numbers were much lower than expected and only a name change years later could save this." "So the only reason Euro Disneyland didn't succeed was because of the name?" I ask. "Yes, the Americans didn't take into account European cultural norms, ultimately leading to bad visitor numbers." "Well, thanks so much for that information!" I turned around to thank him, but he was gone. "Sir?" I turned on my spot a couple of times, but the man had disappeared only leaving a small trail of smoke from his cigarette. "There you are!" My dad approached me, looking very relieved. My siblings and mom followed, all asking what I was doing in a cloud of smoke. Together, we left Disneyland through the big shiny gates.



## The red moon of Maldives

In the Easter holidays my family and I made a trip to the Maldives for 10 days. One day something very special happened. It was Thursday evening and we wanted to go to a



Maldivian Seafood restaurant at the reef sided coast of the island. We had a great view of the sea where the sun was setting down. The first course was served when suddenly my dad wanted me to turn around and look at the moon.

What I saw was amazing and kind of magic. The moon was red and its orange light shined at the sea, it was a bit like being in a movie. The



second course was served. It was a crab with hot Srilankan sauce and Maldivian coconut bread. It was great :)! We had special tools to crack the hard shell of the crab. Meanwhile the moon was up and still orange. The next courses were great too. I ordered a mocktail which means it is non alcoholic. It is made of litchi, mango, pineapple and lime. Its name is Kashekyu Mas. Like the crabby with the coconut bread it is also Srilankan. I enjoyed the mocktail really much.

I was really full but at the end the unbelievable yummy dessert came. It was dark outside, but because of the candles and the moon we were



able to see as much as you can see in the picture. The dessert was a coconut brownie with mango and pomegranate and a raspberry ice cream on the top of the brownie. After that I felt like my belly is able to blow up. The waiter told us that the red moon is very rare to see here because of the geographical location of Maldives. I think this evening was one of the best experiences of this vacation.

## Into an ice cave

I woke up in the morning in my hotelroom, stood up, dressed and walked to the breakfastroom and waited until the waiter came with the daily menu and a cup of coffee. After I had given back my menu card, I stood up and inspected the buffet in the hope of still getting something, because I usually sleep long. I was lucky because the buffet was refilled at the moment I came. I took scrambled eggs and some bread with butter and jam. After I had finished this delicious breakfast I went back to the room, so I could prepare for the trip I had planned. I put on my shoes, walked to the car and drove to my destination.

And for those who are still thinking, where could he be, I'm in Austria. After I drove through mountains and forests until I arrived. In front of me, there was a 3000m high mountain. It was gigantic. After I saw that I was thinking maybe it is not the best idea I ever had, but I wanted to see the cave which was in the travel guide.

Of course I could take the lift, but you have to work for a view. So I started to climb the mountain. The best part with climbing is that you can look back and see the progress and motivation was, what I needed to get my ass up there, because it was so frustrating to walk for hours and it still felt like being at the beginning. After decades I could see a stone which could be the peak, but that's what it feels like every time.

If you see something peak like ist a scam. I did it, no I am not at the top, I could only see the friggin' peak. That is the worst part if you can see the end, but you are still not there. I motivated myself one last time and reached the top. Yes, there it is - the ice cave. I fulfilled a dream going into an ice cave. Everywhere on the walls there are paintings. The best part was still the ice cave. Imagine you are in a cave in a mountain and everywhere you look is ice. After I had walked out of the cave, I went into the alm and ate a Kaiserschmarn and went down in the lift.



# Snowboard experience near Ötzi

I was in the valley near Italy for five days where Ötzi was found, when it suddenly struck me that I wanted to try out snowboarding. So I signed up at a snowboarding school. The very next day I found myself in front of the school, named: The Blues. After some time I found some snowboarders, so I sat down next to them. At 9 a.m. the lesson started, but then I suddenly realized that I was in the wrong group. It was obvious because they all boarded like pros. When the teacher finally asked me: "Have you ever snowboarded?", I said: "No, I haven't". So after some time I joined the right group. They were as lousy as I was. It was great!!! The primary language was English because we had two Dutch in our group. The course started at the bottom of the slope. Just as we started to feel comfortable the teacher said: "You guys are ready for the whole slope." So we took the lift to the top. The beginning was very challenging but after some time things started to work out, I could even make some turns. Of course I sat down a lot but at the end of the first day I wasn't as wet as I had expected. But it was still wet and cold. On the second day I found my group right away. We started at the top! The first round was very exhausting but during the next few rounds it got less and less so. At 1 p.m. we had lunch together. It was very delicious. I ate a huge Kaiserschmarren. When we all finished eating we continued our lessons. At the end of the day we were sad to say goodbye because it was the end of our holiday.



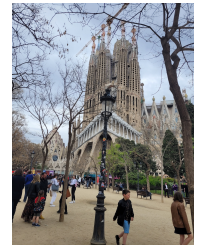
## My Trip to Barcelona

On Tuesday in the morning I started my journey to Barcelona. I travelled with my female friend and our parents.

We went by plane and arrived around 12 am, but because we only could check in into hotel at 3 pm we had to stay outside. During this time we visited the “Plaça de Catalunya”, which is famous for its high number of pigeons. In total, there were more pigeons than people, that was amazing. And the probably funniest thing about the local pigeons is that they aren’t scared of people, and they will even land on your head and eat from your hand. After that funny experience we went to the beach, where we our actually wanted to swim in the sea, but because of the low water temperature no one went in. After the failure of going swimming, we found a local restaurant, where we ordered food. Following this refreshment we started



to go back to our hotel. On the way we went through many traditional districts, where we got to know the different ways of living in Barcelona. While the north of the city is a very expensive quarter, where many millionaires and celebrities live, the south of Barcelona is marked by poverty, especially the fisherman’s quarter. After a short walk we finally reached our hotel, but we didn’t have much time to relax, because we had reserved a ticket for the Sagrada Família, a world-famous church designed by Antonio Gaudi. The special thing about this church is, that it is financed only by donations and the money you must pay for entering, but not by church taxes. That’s why finishing the build of the Sagrada Família will take a while. After visiting the Sagrada Família we went to traditional Spanish restaurant, where we ate a paella. It is a big bowl with rice, sea fruits, chicken and many more yummy things. After that, we strolled off to our hotel and went to bed.



The second day in Barcelona started early. We had booked a bus tour through all of Barcelona and that’s the reason why we had to get up at 7 am. The tour was very interesting. Because of the audio guide we learned many cool things about the city. Have you known that Barcelona has been the capital of Spain from 1937 to 1939?



The probably best thing about the tour was, that you can leave the bus at several stations and discover the city yourself and after you are finished you can just take the next bus, because they arrive every 20 minutes. The bus tour would take around three hours without leaving the bus, but my mom wanted to see the “Museum Nacional d’Art de Catalunya”. In my opinion it’s one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, with its big fountains and beautiful nature. After the visit of the museum, we took the next bus and drove to back to the “Monumento a Colom”, which basically is a 60m high statue of Columbus. At this point our tour unfortunately ended. Following this we let the evening while

away in a Tapas restaurant. Tapas are small dishes, which are very popular in Spain. In general Tapas are like sushi, so many small meals. That’s how the second day ended.

The third day was sadly already our last day. We had to leave the hotel till 11 a.m. and because our plane would take off at 3 p.m., we had a bit of time left. We spent this time walking through the rambla. It is a big promenade with many street artists and stores, where we had the chance to buy souvenirs. All in all, it was a great experience, and I can recommend it to everybody!



# Short trip to Venice

Hey guys, it is your lovely Josi. How are you. The last week was beautiful. Our handball club was invited to an official beach handball tournament in Italy, Venice. We started our trip in Munich. We had to wait two hours until the bus arrived. It was midnight. During the journey we played video games and watched movies.

After we arrived after eight hours drive, we checked in in our small houses. The houses have a kitchen, four beds, two TVs. The first day wasn't spectacular. We had a small training unit, but everyone was tired, so we decided to stop. Every evening there was a big party next to our houses. We danced a lot and the mood was great. At midnight, we went to bed after we had watched a movie.

The next day was great. We had three matches against clubs from Italy, Germany and French. We won all games, so we had good chances to win the tournament. There was a good mood in our team. But the next day changed everything. We played against clubs, which played incredibly good. We won only one game out of three games. We stayed place 3. We were very good but we didn't expect what happened the next day. In the evening we played bubble soccer. I can only recommend it. It is so funny 🏈📺.



The next day was disappointing. We play again against five amazing teams. We didn't have a chance, so we lost all of them. The evening was very funny. We wanted to play beer pong, but we noticed that we weren't allowed to drink beer. So we played with soft drinks. After that we had the nice idea to dye my hair purple. Later I noticed that the colour only lasts your hair after two weeks, so I had purple hair for two weeks 😭😭.

Actually my hair looked beautiful. At the evening, there was the award ceremony. We kept the 10th place. For the fact that we had participated for the first time, we were quite good. I also have to say that there were a lot of teams which focus on beach handball. For us, it was our first time we played beach handball. Later, we visited Venice. It was beautiful. We ate in a really nice restaurant. After we paid we had noticed that one small coke cost 12€. We were shocked.

So on the last day we had to wake up at



6 o'clock in the morning. We had to put all things out of our houses.  
Our teammates started dancing during waiting for the bus at 7 am.  
It was so annoying 😊. We arrived in Munich in the evening,



## How to not steal something

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This story is completely true except for all the parts that aren't

On Tuesday morning I woke up in the hotel room in Berlin. My family and I were staying there over Easter because my aunts and their families live there. I was very excited for this day, it was my cousin's 18<sup>th</sup> birthday and we would later celebrate at a nice restaurant. But before that my mother and I would go shopping at an very big mall.

During the delicious breakfast my mother and I spotted a fashion icon. **Jean Paul Gautier** was sitting in front of us. At first I wasn't sure if it was him but after a few checkups on the internet and hearing him and his entourage speaking French, I was convinced, too. As we walked out of the breakfast-room we kind off gave us the look and smile that said:

„Bonjour Jean Paul Gautier”

Sitting in the cab I took a picture of him, you'll probably ask yourself why didn't you straight up ask him ? Well, I didn't want to come off as rude interrupting his conversation.



On my way to KaDeWe, **Kaufhaus des Westens**, I was very excited because I was getting my nails done after a while . The KaDeWe is the most famous department store in Germany which was opened 27<sup>th</sup> March 1907 by the German merchant Adolf Jandorf . With its sales area of 60,000 square meters, KaDeWe counts as one of the biggest department stores of Europe. It's located in the district of Schöneberg. It contains an upscale assortment and luxury goods, but for those who aren't so interested in fashion, you can find your place at the Delicatessen Department, which is the second largest food department worldwide.







After my mom and I had gotten our nails done, strolling around KaDeWe, shopping and judging the newest collection of our favourite brands, we finally made it in the direction Exit. Suddenly we heard screams on the floor above us. I turned around and saw a man sprinting away from sale associates. The man looked very dangerous, his eyes were red as if he had just taken a lot of cocaine. He was screaming in a different language, while he was trying to dodge the sale associates and security guards. As he almost reached the escalator, my mom and I took, I could identify the subjects he clasped. It was a beautiful dress by (fun fact): Jean Paul Gautier, I had walked by a few minutes ago and a shoe box. Shouts and screams were getting louder. The people on the escalator started to panic, the man was getting closer and closer to the top of the escalator. Luckily, in this moment we got off the escalator. Out of the sudden something magical happened: The thief tried to run down the escalator but the dress got stuck in it. For a moment he was confused, but he tried to run again right away. Too late! A security guard already grabbed him by his arm. After a few seconds he was surrounded by security guards and the last thing I saw was how he was carried away in a staff room. Poor dress 😞

So this is a perfect example of how to not steal something.

~ xoxo, anonymous girl



# **Nixtamalization, a process or tradition?**



When I walk into a Taqueria (taco shop) there is a scent of fresh tortillas and the cooking of the meat for the tacos. It doesn't matter where you are, if it is at your friends house, in a restaurant or at your grandma's house there will always be tortillas or something corn based. Tacos, Sopas, Tostadas, Tlacoyos, Quesadillas

and many more meals in Mexico are corn based.



In some towns there are families who make their own tortillas, but most families go to their local Tortillerias (shop where tortillas are freshly made) and buy e.g. 1kg which will approximately last them a few days at the most. Tortillas are always accompanying nearly every meal, breakfast, lunch and dinner. There are, as I have already mentioned, different corn based meals, but they all go back to the Nixtamalization.

The nixtamalization process is what turns the corn into a dough which then turns into whatever corn based thing you desire. The first step is that the dried kernels are cooked in an alkaline solution (limestone). After they are cooked and soaked in the solution, the solution will contain the hull of the maize and other parts of the kernels. Then you wash the corn to remove the bad flavour that the limestone leaves. You proceed to clean the kernels from their hull and then you have a grain called nixtamal. Usually it is then a dough



which is what you make tortillas from. This process is only used in families that make their own tortillas, Tortillerias and Taquerias.



What you can buy in the supermarket is not the traditional dough since it has never gone through the nixtamalization process, it is a creation of the industry. After you have the shape that you want, you fill it with whatever you like.



Tacos e.g. are always filled with a kind of meat and sometimes with a kind of vegetable accompanying it and then you fold it.

Sopes on the other hand are thicker than tortillas and flat, then you add black beans (they're smashed), avocado, cream, cheese and a type of meat for example chicken. If you then like it spicy you can add a salsa. I personally think that a Sope with chicken and everything else is the absolute best, but I'll leave it up to you when you try it.



written by Emilia

## The mysterious alley

We didn't know where to go. The only thing I knew was, that we were in a little alley somewhere in Mallorca. But I think I must start at the beginning.

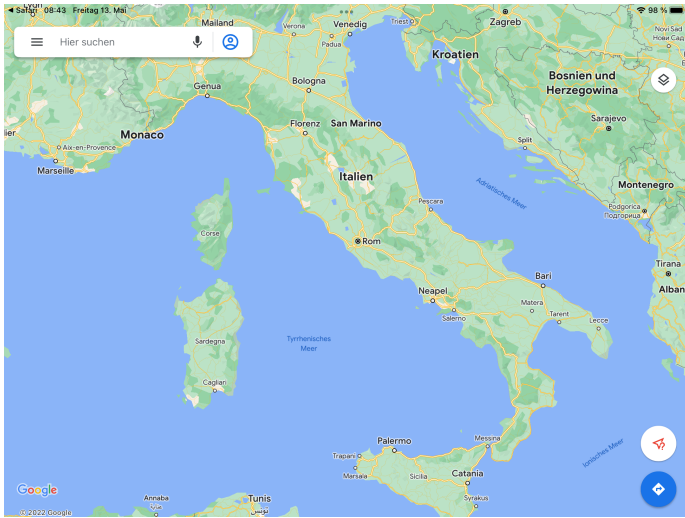
It was my first time in Mallorca and I was very excited because my expectations were high. We went shopping, the weather was pretty good and the sea next to our hotel splashed gently. The breakfast was tasty and the view from the pool on the roof was brilliant. But the day started better than it ended. We rented a car, but the guy who owned the car looked very creepy. He only had one sneaker on his foot and on the other one he wore a flip flop with a sock. That was weird! Then we drove three hours on a very small street which had a subdivision although it only was four meters wide. So I mean what is this subdivision for?!



In addition I had the feeling that our car was falling apart every moment. That was a really bad feeling! So as we finally arrived in Sóller I was glad to get out of our stuffy car. In the evening I was very hungry so we searched for a good restaurant. A friend of my parents recommended many restaurants. One restaurant, he said, is the best he ever went to and it's also very mysterious. We absolutely wanted to go to this mystery restaurant so we set out to search it. We took the way, that my phone said and after ten minutes we were in that street. No sorry, I need to correct me. We were in a small alley which was only a few meters wide. But I felt safe there. It was not creepy or something I was feeling well. So we searched for this special restaurant, but there wasn't anything. Apartments everywhere, but no restaurant. We looked on the internet and saw that the opening time was 19 p.m. It was 19:15 p.m! My parents wanted to go, but then I saw a little door made of wood. It was open. Inside there was a room just made of stone with two candlesticks. I stepped into the room and told my parents that I found the restaurant. So we went a little further into the room made of stone and there it was. The mysterious restaurant. The problem was we didn't have a reservation. But my dad managed to get a table and so we were able to eat there at last. I know the story doesn't sound real, but I swear that was my trip to Mallorca.



# Is ROME really the most beautiful city in Italy?



Hey Everyone and welcome to my travel blog. I spend my last week in the Centre of Italy: ROME. Many friends have already told me how wonderful the city with its food, streets and little cafe shops is. I have always asked myself: Is the hype really worth it? The only way to answer this question is to travel to the city and as every road brings you to Rome I just had to take the first train at the train station in Munich. Before I arrived in the centre of the city, the train drove through the suburban area of the Italian city. It wasn't what I expected it to be: my imagination of the area were about large, green parks and lovely mansions, which are built in an old, traditional, beautiful Italian way. In reality, there were old ruined houses, dumps and a lot of homelessness. Even the "Olympico Roma" seemed to be a sad, lost place. On the other hand

it wasn't so surprising, because a lot of capital have a suburban area like this, for example Paris. My hotel was on a hill in Balduina (a district in the west of Rome) and luckily our room was on the city sight and our view was just amazing:

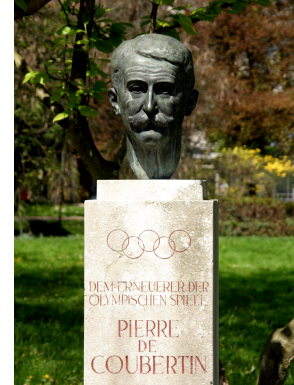
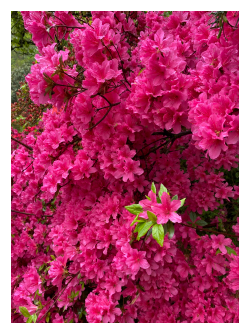
On the following days I decided to walk around a lot and explore as much as possible. I was surprised to see how many tourists there were. Of course I didn't think, that there wouldn't be any tourist at all, I mean it's still one of the most famous cities in the world, but it was April and I expected most of the tourist to visit the city in summer. Whatever, it was still really fascinating to see sightseeing attractions like "The Colosseum" and the great "Vatican". I was in three wonderful restaurants, where I enjoyed pasta, pizza and a lot of "parmigiano". For lunch I often visited street markets or little pizza shops. The best market I visited was the "Mercato Monti Urban Market", which sells creative paintings and cool sculptures. I was lucky and the weather during my visit was perfect, the sun shone a lot and I often was able to wear just a t-shirt and shorts.



But now let's come back to my question: is ROME really the most beautiful city in Italy?

I had some great days in Rome and really enjoyed the whole city, but I still have to answer this question with no. I was in Florence last year and visited some of the old villages on hills there and it was definitely as beautiful as Rome, but without all the tourists. When I started the trip to Rome I thought, that I would be able to leave all tourists behind, when just walk a little bit away from all of the shops and restaurants. It turned out, that I wasn't the only one, who had this idea. It was still a good idea to visit the capital and I now know a lot more about Italian history and culture. Have you ever been to Italy and what were your experiences? I hope you enjoyed reading and learnt something new.

See you X



## A rundown nest?

Have you ever been to Baden-Baden?

“No, I’ve never heard of it. What is that, a rundown nest in the middle of nowhere?” Well, I also thought that when we drove there last weekend. I can tell you, it definitely isn’t.

I’ve been so fascinated when our guide told us all these information about Baden-Baden. Famous people like Barack Obama have already been there. In 2009 he and Angela Merkel came to the NATO- summit in Baden-Baden. The popular pianist and composer Clara Josephine Schumann moved to Baden-Baden in 1863 and lived there for ten years in her own house. Do you know Pierre de Coubertin? He is the founder of the new Olympic Games and guess what: the only bust worldwide is standing right in Baden-Baden. Also Baden-Baden is a very wealthy city. It has around 56.000 citizens and is nearly the city with the most millionaires in Germany. There are many luxury villas but also little, old houses. All streets are clean and the nature is wonderful. The climate is a little warmer, so the plants are growing rapidly. There are beautiful parks, gardens and flowers almost everywhere. But if you thought just little sweet flowers grow there, you are wrong. In Baden-Baden there are really big, old giant redwoods. I saw them and they are so impressive. If you have ever heard of Baden-Baden, you maybe know something about their thermal springs. You can swim in those warm springs and it’s very healthy. Some people say they can even heal illnesses. One thing also really impressed me: Baden-Baden has the largest opera house in Germany and the second largest opera house in Europe. It opened in 1998 and has 2500 seats. Can you believe this? I mean Baden-Baden has only 56.000 citizens and is not very big. Actually it has just 140 km<sup>2</sup>. That sounds big, but for example Berlin has 891 km<sup>2</sup> and 3.645 million citizens. The opera is in the so called “Festspielhaus” which had earlier been the train station of Baden-Baden. If you enter the house you can still see the old wooden ticket offices.

Something that’s also very old is the castle. The castle “Hohenbaden”, also called old castle, had been the seat of the margraves in the Middle Ages. A margrave is a royal office bearer. They named themselves like the castle “Hohenbaden” and so the castle gave Baden-Baden it’s name. Another quite interesting place is the casino. It is the most known casino in Germany and also one of the oldest casinos of Germany. The casino is a mix of classical gambling and professional entertainment. Beside that it is the main source of income of Baden-Baden. For finishing this article I want to tell you a story which our guide told us and which really happened like this. One day, a 44-year-old man played in the casino. He really had bad luck and left two million DM in the casino because he lost. After that he had been so frustrated and angry that he took his Jeep and drove it right through the casino. Luckily nobody got hurt, but the whole casino was damaged and he was forced to pay the fixing. At the next day his uncle came to the casino and easily paid all the money for his nephew.

And now the craziest of all. One day when our guide showed the casino to some people as he usually does, a man and a woman came in there. The man walked straight to our guide and asked if he remembers the guy who crashed into the casino. The guide answered yes and do you know what the man said. “That was me”, unbelievable! I guess nobody expected that.

So, what do you think a rundown nest in the middle of nowhere?

My answer is clearly no! Baden-Baden is a so fascinating place and looks amazing. For me personally it could be my dream place to live once in my life.

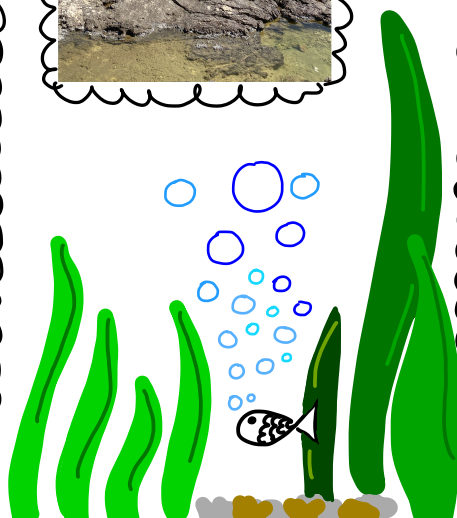




## The cyan ocean in Croatia

In the Easter holidays I went to Croatia. As you may know Croatia has one of the most beautiful beaches in the world and it is famous for the cyan sea color. The water is so clear and blue because Croatia has many beaches with stones. When the sun shines the water begins to sparkle and when you look at the sea you will be beguiled by this view. Sometimes you can see lots of fish, crabs, sea urchins and lots of other animals in the ocean. And if you are lucky you can see all of them. The beach we went to was devoid of people so you could only hear the birds and how the water splashed against the rocks. The rocks were hot and the water cold so you could put your feet in the cold clear water and you'd feel the cold on your bare skin. In the morning my family and me biked to one of these beaches near the city Pula. This beach were very special because of the big rocks where you can climb very well. While my brother and I were discovering the beach we found a small hole. It was very exciting for my brother and me to look in it. The hole was half full with water from the ocean and near the hole there was a little waterfall. On our way back we found small animals under a rock. We didn't know what kind of animal it was, but maybe it was a kind of lizard which looks like an axolotl or a small octopus. The only thing we knew about this animal was, that it looks really cute. After this trip we biked to a restaurant. As you may have already guessed, I ate fish.

by Alya



## How I almost fainted in the St. Peter's Dome

When I stepped out of the airport, the air was humid and there only was a light warm wind, so light that you could hardly feel it. I was really excited for my trip to Rome, as it was planned for months. I was exhausted when I arrived at the apartment that my mum and I rented for the week. It was one day before Palm Sunday, a very important day in Rome. We stood up quite early and headed to the St.



Peter's dome. A large crowd of people had already gathered on St. Peter's Square. After a parade, where people held up their palm leaves everyone was quiet. The people looked up to a gigantic stage with a choir and an elegant chair. Then I saw the pope. For this special day the Pope came and held a sermon. It was an exciting moment. I bet not a lot of people can say, that they saw the Pope in real life! When the crowd of people got smaller and smaller we decided to look at the St. Peter's dome. With its 133,30 meters it's

the largest church in the world! The church was beautiful and I was really impressed. But then my mum suggested something, that made me fear the height of the st. Peter's dome. She wanted us to go up the whole 551 steps of the church, to reach the highest spot of it. Narrowness isn't my thing. Whenever I'm in a small room I panic so I wasn't too excited. Somehow my mum persuaded me to go up with her. Luckily we took the elevator to the middle of the gigantic tower, so that we didn't have to walk up the first 231 steps. But that was when it got scary. The first steps weren't too narrow but after a while a woman came in our direction. She didn't look good at all. She explained to us that her nerves got weak and she has to get out of here. My bad feeling got worse, when we reached a narrow staircase with no windows. I tried to stay calm, as I carefully stepped up the stairs. When we reached the next floor I was relieved. I thought that the worse part was behind me, but I should be wrong. As soon as the next staircase went around the corner it got very steep and wonky. It almost felt like I was laying down because I had to lean on the inner wall. With every step my breath got faster and I panicked more. Would this staircase ever end? Finally we reached the next floor. I could look out of a small



window. Although we weren't at the highest spot I could already guess the amazing view. I stood in front of the last staircase and took a deep breath. Now it was too late to go back. With shaking legs I went up the stairs. They had a spiral form and were really steep. I heard my heart pounding loudly. There were no windows that let light into the tower. I could feel the panic that slowly came up. I stopped. Would I faint? I felt like it. What could I do? Where should I go? That was when I heard my mum's voice. She persuaded me to take one step after another and then I saw light. I felt relieved when I took the last step to the platform. I could finally breathe. I walked to the grid and gasped. I never had such an amazing view on a city. Rome is beautiful. I could see the Colosseum and the Vatican. I took some amazing pictures. The rough way to the top of the dome was totally worth it. After we reached the floor again I was totally worn out. Now the only thing I wanted was a nice traditional pizza in a nice Italian restaurant.

