



»In our world, the world of girls and boys from children's homes, there was no room for dreams, there was no time for dreaming. We lived like battery-powered dolls. As long as there was life left in the battery, we kept going, but when the battery was flat, we were dead too.«

The narrator is thirteen years old when she arrives at the first children's home. Just under three years and several homes later her young life is already a disaster: She has acquired a reputation for being ›difficult‹, dropped out of several schools, managed to injure one of the staff during a violent incident and escaped all the way to Spain with her group of mates. They are her only support, her substitute family. They are all in much the same predicament, they all have the same frenzied, blighted outlook on life, which they frequently try to drown in alcohol.

Nevertheless, the narrator manages to pick herself up over and over again and keep going, thanks to her amazing quick-wits and indefatigable sense of irony, telling herself: »I'm fifteen years old and I've seen a hell of a lot ... «

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