

Claudine M. Gauch

Daihudo

The fourth Vision



Novel

Daibudo – The Fourth Vision

Translated from German by

Joshua J. Lang

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"Hurry up, Conny! We're going to be late!"

You don't have to yell, I thought. I can't go any faster. My friend Sabine had always been better in gym class than me, but now she was getting on my nerves. I was furious at the woman at the security check. Because of that dimwit, I had had to leave behind my precious Swiss pocketknife. I would never see it again. And that just because I didn't think about the fact that it was in the top of my backpack. Sure, I knew you weren't allowed to transport knives in your carry-on luggage, but I didn't know... moron! Stupid ninny! And just because of this hussy, we're late now.

"Conny, I can see our terminal. Come on!"

Sure enough! On a monitor at the side of the corridor, it said "Gran Canaria" in big letters. But all the seats in the terminal were empty. That meant we were the last ones.

"Well, they're finally here," said the woman at the counter energetically. "We wouldn't have waited much longer for them. The plane is about to start."

I glared angrily at her. It wasn't our fault, I thought irately. Sabine smiled graciously and showed her our tickets. Afterwards, we ran as fast as possible through the shaft—I mean through the connecting thing between the waiting room and plane—, which brought us directly into the airplane interior. "Seats thirty A and B," said the friendly stewardess. Once I saw that we had window seats, I let out a sigh of relief. I wasn't especially fond of

the seats in the middle of the plane; after all, you never knew who you would end up sitting next to. It might be someone who snores, smells foul, is flatulent or nags. Anyway, apparently we were lucky.

Breathing hard, we squeezed our way through the narrow aisle of the airplane. It seemed to me as though we were pushing through a crowd of gawking apes. You don't have to stare just because we're late, I thought to myself, annoyed. Sabine must have been thinking the same thing, because her made-up brown eyes might as well have been spraying poison into the crowd. We proceeded bravely until we finally reached our seats. We stowed our backpacks in the overhead compartments and collapsed into our seats with a groan.

"We made it!" my friend smiled at me slyly. She took off her little yellow jacket, laid it between the seats, adjusted her hairspray-laden hairdo and leaned back with satisfaction. I took a look around. Everyone in the plane was finally occupied with themselves or their partners or children. No one was gawking at us anymore. It bothered me when people looked at me. Whenever I felt the gaze of other people on me, I felt attacked. What were they thinking about me? A second ago, as we were passing all the people, what was going through their heads? Binie never had such thoughts. Why should she! She wasn't like me. I looked at her. She seemed to be thinking about something pleasant, because the corners of her mouth formed a smile. I glanced to the left, through the little window next to me. We were already taxiing across the runway. I hadn't even noticed that the plane had started moving. Some electric cars were driving at a safe distance from one covered area to another. Workers loaded with toolboxes bustled around at a swift pace—it was pretty hectic. The airplane turned

all of a sudden and the workers in the distance disappeared out of view.

I laid my head against the headrest of my seat. In my thoughts, I suddenly found myself dwelling on Thomas. I felt my heart beat faster. But the butterflies in my stomach were quickly joined by wasps, whose stingers gleamed menacingly. I closed my eyes and withstood my emotions, hoping they would quickly vanish again.

Meaningless turbulence awoke me abruptly from my sleep. I opened my eyes and looked at Sabine in bewilderment. Without deigning to look at me, she said with composure, "So, did you sleep well? I'm glad you're finally awake. Your snoring was driving me crazy, hon." She grinned and goggled with great concentration at the little built-in display on the seat in front of her.

"Oh, sorry. You could have given me a shake," I responded, amused. But Sabine didn't seem to have heard me. She was busy casting vicious looks at the people sitting diagonally across from us. I groaned. What was wrong this time? I knew my friend all too well. That family of four must have been up to something that Binie didn't like.

I didn't need to probe any further, because she sat up in anger, nostrils flaring, and declared emphatically, "I can't believe it! Even the dad's picking his nose now. No way, what a little pig! Conny, take a look, he's wiping his nasty snot on the seat! You pig!" Sabine just couldn't calm down. Granted, it was pretty disgusting, the show that the family father was putting on, but Sabine was also a very irritable person, and with her cheeky, short hairdo, disproportionately large earrings and tight, colorful clothes, she looked pretty provocative.

"Sabine, leave him alone. Don't get all worked up. You're not sitting on the seat where the fresh snot is smeared."

She looked at me with fiery eyes.

"No, I'm not. But still, this guy is revolting. And besides, how am I supposed to watch the movie in peace when they keep making so much noise." I couldn't help but smirk. Just like Sabine!

When the movie was over, Sabine tried to talk to me about Thomas, but I wasn't interested. The heartsickness that Thomas had inflicted upon me a few days prior was too deep. Thankfully, Sabine didn't prod any further. She noticed that I just needed some time. Sometimes I blazed with fury over my lost pocket pocket knife, but I would have to file away this grudge in the lowest drawer of my "You have to live with it" cabinet, whether I liked it or not.

The flight proceeded pretty calmly, apart from the family of four that made Sabine demonstrate her talent for facial expressions now and again.

After some four hours, with a layover in Madrid, we landed on Gran Canaria. As soon as the fasten seat belt light went out, Sabine wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible. It wasn't hard to guess why. She wanted to ensure that the family of four wouldn't end up ahead of or behind her. And she did it, in other words we did it.

"You see, Conny, we ditched the creepy family," she said, panting. With her stiletto heels, tight miniskirt and stuffed backpack, she had to really exert herself to keep up with all the people around her and make it into the main hall of the airport. I, on the other hand, had a much easier time getting out of the plane. I was wearing comfortable cotton shorts and ordinary sandals that were worn down in the front and had soles as thin as a table top. Sabine staggered around hilariously in front of me; I had to really force myself not to burst out laughing.

The main hall was swarming with travelers and all kinds of different people were passing us by. A Chinese couple halted briefly next to us. The man spoke hectically to his wife. His hands swung around wildly and his tongue raced to articulate faster than hers. He didn't pause to breathe and while still talking, he grabbed his wife's hand authoritatively and they were off again. Everywhere we looked were stores: bookstores, jewelers, grocery stores, kiosks, fast food, bakeries, lottery booths, pastry shops. Once I laid eyes on a bakery, my stomach immediately began to grumble, but we didn't have any time to linger, let alone go into the bakery. We hurriedly scanned for the conveyor belt that would bring in our luggage from the airplane. We used the signs to orientate ourselves and it didn't take long before we found it. Our luggage arrived quickly and the shuttle bus of the hotel was already waiting in front of the airport.

I could hardly believe that I was finally on a summer vacation without my parents. Well sure, I already had eighteen years under my belt after all and that meant that I didn't need to ask my parents for permission. But still, I never would have thought of going on vacation without my family or traveling abroad by myself.

A week on Gran Canaria, just my girlfriend, the sun, the beach, the ocean and me! I certainly would have liked to put "boys" on the list. But I was absolutely fed up with men.

Our shuttle bus took us to a hotel that was very pleasing to the eye. The façade was decorated with violet flowers. Not real ones, of course—they were painted on. Around the hotel grew beautiful yellow and white flowers. In the middle of them was a narrow path, like in a botanic garden. It invited hotel guests to go for a walk and take in the view of the sea of flowers.

The bus stopped at an enormous lot directly in front of the large, glass entryway of the hotel. Thick columns, adorned with magnificent stone lions, marked the edges of the lot. I felt like a queen about to enter her palace and couldn't help but be amazed.

I got up out of my seat and realized just how tired I was. My limbs were a bit shaky as I stood up and I had to concentrate to hold my eyes open. Sabine, however, still looked like she was in top shape. She adjusted her miniskirt and cheerfully exited the bus. The driver, a big, sun-tanned Spaniard, handed us our luggage outside. Eight other people stood on weary legs in front of the bus and waited to get their hands on their belongings.

The interior of the hotel lobby was more extravagant than I could have imagined. Maybe I was dreaming or I just had to clean my glasses. The furniture must have cost a fortune. The pieces were adorned with precious gemstones and glistened as though the sun were shining on them. Everything gleamed there in the foyer. Well, perhaps they weren't real gemstones, but the marble floor looked very well-maintained and the walls were lined with pictures that looked quite valuable.

After checking in at the reception, we were finally able to head to our room. We were already painting a mental picture of how the room must look. After all, we had already had our first impression in the lobby. We imagined a pleasant, cleanly and luxurious hotel room. The anticipation quickened our pace.

Slowly and bursting with curiosity, we entered room number 35. Sabine went in first. She stopped in her tracks.

"What do we have here?" she squawked. I took a step forward to stand next to her and looked in the same direction as her. In the right far corner of the room lay a heap of unidentifiable filth. It looked really unenticing.

Although Sabine's assessments were always very critical, I had to agree with her this time.

"Conny, I can't believe this. It was so pretty downstairs—and here?"

"Oh Binie, if there's nothing else besides this heap, it's not as bad as all that," I tried to calm her. But instead of loosening up, she got even more worked up. And unfortunately, it was really true. In almost every corner, including in the bathroom, there was filth. Hysterical and cursing, she began looking everywhere. The more Sabine looked around, the angrier she became. Hairs were strewn about in the bathroom, spider webs were hanging from the ceiling above the bathtub, the mattresses were too soft (comparable to a water bed) and a big, fat spider resided under our bed. It must have been living under the cheap sleeping contraption for years. Sabine plopped down onto the bed in exhaustion.

"Conny, I can't believe it," she burst out. "I was so excited about our hotel and it looked so promising from the lobby," she moaned. I understood her disappointment. But we had to make the best of it. An idea occurred to me how I could cheer up my friend.

"Binie, come on, we'll unpack later. Let's go take a look at the beach."

Sabine sat up straight.

"Great idea! Maybe it's gigantic!"

With lightening speed, we rushed out of the hotel room, ran down the stairs and darted outside. The beach wasn't far away from our hotel. We ran as fast as we could and couldn't help but laugh at our own euphoria.

There, finally, was the beach at our feet. The salty air entered my nose. For a brief moment, I halted, closed my eyes and drew in the heat, the rush of vacation atmosphere and the breezy sea air. After this mental

exercise, we took off our shoes and walked a few steps toward the sea.

"No!" we yelled in unison. We both looked down at the sand at the same time. It wasn't possible! Instead of feeling fine, soft sand under our feet, coarse sand pricked and poked at our sensitive soles. We looked at each other. "Our first parent-free vacation, which was actually supposed to be really amazing..." Sabine's voice sounded miserable.

We looked around to find ourselves in a veritable meat market of human beings. On the sandy ground lay pieces of paper and plastic cups, and not even the sea looked inviting. It might as well have been a vast, floury soup, ready to be spooned out rather than bathed in.

Either our standards were too high or our parents had utterly failed as trip advisors. Dejected and with heads hanging low, my friend and I left the beach area. We had imagined our first encounter with the sea to be longer and more joyful.

That evening, Sabine and I went to bed early. Any desire to have a wild night in a club or to go out at all and meet other people had completely vanished.

In the following days, despite the initial disappointment, we relished relaxing in the sun and swimming, albeit after quite an internal struggle, because this was our only chance to go swimming. However, there were a lot of ice cream stands and a bar that we were very fond of.

The afternoon of the fourth day there, my girlfriend and I went for a stroll along the beach. It was a hot day, the sun burned upon our skin and there wasn't the slightest trace of a breeze. We discussed everything under and sun and sometimes laughed at our own

silliness. Thomas wasn't mentioned once by Sabine, for which I was thankful.

We were just talking about some nonsense that I had been up to a few months prior, when I suddenly heard a male voice. I didn't understand what it was saying, but its tone fascinated me. I glanced to the side and saw a young, outrageously good-looking man. I took off my glasses, cleaned the lenses with my T-shirt, put them back on and assured myself that I had really seen what I thought I had. Oh yes. There, not far from me, lay the most handsome man that I had ever seen in my life. Well, if he was in fact the most handsome, I couldn't say; my senses defined him as such. My girlfriend, for instance, later told me that he was just one of many. According to her, he had a big, crooked nose, too narrow of lips and his hair could have used a perm, his scalp was so thinly covered. Come on, when you're in love, such trifles don't play any role was my response.

I must have been staring at the young man, because Sabine jabbed me and asked, "Hey Conny, what's wrong? Did you spot a dragon?"

"What do you mean, what's wrong?" I was completely distraught and didn't know whether to laugh or cry, whether I should keep going or stay put. My heart was thumping like crazy and my legs felt soft as butter. "Binie, don't you see him? Over there on the beach towel."

My friend looked in the same direction as me. "Who do you mean? There are a lot of people on beach towels."

"Over there! The most handsome man in the world! The guy with the dark blue swimsuit." Sabine took a better look.

"Oh, that guy over there," she responded, bored. "So what?" At this uppity comment, I awoke from my day dreaming.

"Sabine!" I said sharply. "Don't you see that hot young man? There's something special about him, his hands, his eyes, his..."

"Sure, whatever," Sabine interrupted me. "Yeah, okay. I get it. You've just fallen in love. Sorry, I'm not getting the same vibe from over there. But Cupid's arrow..."

"Just shut up," I responded, annoyed. That was just like Sabine, but I didn't hold it against her. I knew what she meant.

"Go on over there. How else are you going to find out what his name is?" I blushed.

"No! No way. I'm not about to do it." My euphoria suddenly turned to the hopeless and pitiful feeling I had been bearing inside me for years. Without deigning to look at Sabine, I trudged angrily—angry at myself—through the sand. My friend, looking distraught, followed behind. She didn't say anything more and knew just why she shouldn't.

Day five of our vacation dawned. I had slept pretty badly, constantly thinking about that man. Sabine was right. I had fallen head over heels in love with a stranger. Dang it, that wasn't the plan! I went to Gran Canaria to take a breather and get over Thomas. Well, now the next one had already arrived. But I'd slipped out of the frying pan into the fire. In two days, I would take a new problem home with me.

At breakfast, I didn't eat much and Sabine noticed that I wasn't feeling well.

"Hey hon, forget that guy. You have to fall in love at home and not on vacation."

I forced a smile. "Don't mind me, Binie..." As I bit into my roll, I suddenly heard a male voice. I gagged and spit up the morsel onto my plate. My eyes darted around the room. Two tables to my left, it was HIM. I was dumbfounded.

"Binie, Binie, look over there!" I whispered, "look who's sitting there." Sabine looked around and her eyes got big.

"No, it's not possible! Your sweetheart is sitting over there. That's destiny, Conny. But you have to act now or you've got no one else to blame."

What was I supposed to do? Easier said than done! He suddenly got up. I discreetly watched where he went. That good-looking young man was going for the breakfast buffet. Sabine grabbed my arm and nudged me.

"Come on, get going! Take your plate and pretend you're going to get something else."

Easy for her to say.

"Binie, you know there's no point..."

"Listen. You didn't go over there yesterday, and I totally get that. But this here is destiny, Conny. Just go!" Sabine seemed to mean business—her voice was thunderous. She must have been tired of always being confronted with my problems.

"Fine, if you say so. I'll get going," I said in resignation. Hopefully my legs wouldn't fail on me. They felt so rubbery, as though they could hardly hold me upright. But I was forced to take heart and get up. My hands were a bit shaky and I had to make sure not to let the plate slip out of my hands, they were so clammy. Hesitatingly, step by step, I approached the buffet. My objective was just a few feet ahead of me. Legs trembling, I came a bit closer and then stopped. I grasped mechanically into the bread basket. I stood there, as though rooted to the ground, my hands moved automatically and I knew that if I stopped taking rolls now, I would have to walk away from him again, because otherwise I would just be standing there stupidly. I looked at my plate and realized with horror how full it already was. What was I supposed to do?

"Should I get you another plate?"

I froze, petrified. *That* man's voice had spoken to me. Not in German, no. In English. Fortunately, I'm pretty good at English, otherwise it would have been the end of me.

My cheeks were on fire. I turned my head to the side and peered into the most beautiful brown eyes I had ever seen.

"So should I get you another plate?" the handsome guy repeated. I looked down at my overflowing plate.

How embarrassing! I would have liked to crawl into a hole and die.

"No, no thanks. I think I have enough rolls. They're for my friend over there, you see. She... well, she... she's got quite an appetite because... because she's pregnant. Yeah, so, she's pregnant." What was I saying? Had I lost my mind? Sabine would kill me! But it was a white lie. I just didn't know what to say.

"Well, that explains a few things, doesn't it? But she's still pretty young—oh, excuse me, I suppose that really doesn't concern me. What's your name... I mean her name, your friend's?"

Utterly distraught, I gazed at him.

"Sabine. Her name's Sabine. And *your* friend over there?"

"Uh, that's Lewis. Yeah, Lewis."

Pause.

"And my name is Kevin, by the way. I'm from Australia. Yeah..."

Pause.

"Cool. I'm Conny, from Switzerland."

We looked at each other. I felt my heart beating in my throat. What was I supposed to say now? I couldn't manage another word. For a few seconds that felt to me like hours, there was complete silence, until Kevin broke it.

"From Switzerland, huh? Cool. I've never been to Switzerland. But I'm dying to go sometime. —So tell me, do you and your friend wanna join us at our table?" My heart fluttered with joy. Of course I wanted to! Stupid question! But I didn't want him to notice that I was ecstatic.

"Sure, if you want. I can ask my friend," I said with composure. Then I quickly scurried over to Sabine and

left my perplexed Australian boy standing there observing me.

"Well, finally! What were you doing all this time? I can't wait! Come on, tell me!" Sabine was bursting with curiosity, but I didn't have any time to go into details.

"Later, Binie. He asked if we wanted to sit with them at their table."

"Well, sure, what are we waiting for!" She got up and took her plate and cup.

"Wait a second, Binie. I have to tell you something. I had a bit of an emergency and I had to say that you're pregnant..."

"What? ME PREGNANT?"

"Shhhh! Not so loud. It was a white lie." I hurriedly explained to her how it had happened. "Please, Binie, won't you play along? Please!" She looked at me fiercely.

"Okay. But just because you're in love. It's a well-known fact that lovers are certifiably insane."

Beaming, I was visibly relieved. "You're a real sweetie! I owe you."

With our breakfast dishes in our hands, we moved to my sweetheart's table. When we sat down, Lewis smiled at me.

"So you're Conny from Switzerland. And you," he looked at Binie, "are her pregnant girlfriend?"

Her face flushed deep red, Sabine cast me a vicious glare. I would have liked to burst out laughing, the situation was just too strange.

"Yeah, that's right. Got a problem?"

A bit confused, Lewis retorted, "No, not at all. It can happen..." From then on, no one bothered to mention the alleged pregnancy. We sat at the breakfast table for another hour before we finally got up and agreed to meet up later at the beach.

I could have been dreaming. I had actually met the man from the beach towel. I could have jumped for joy. Sabine was also pretty fond of Kevin, and Lewis was very nice young man too. It was just Kevin's age that shocked me a bit at first. He was twenty-eight, in other words ten years older than me. But my infatuation had gotten the best of me and besides, we weren't a couple after all. So why should I be concerned?

Two hours later, Sabine and I made our way to the beach. You might have thought we had switched roles. Sabine was now wearing a faded T-shirt, shorts and sandals, and her pretty, narrow face was only lightly made-up. But she looked really good in her outfit. The tight-fitting shorts went well with her long, trim legs. I, on the other hand, looked striking, with my extremely tight top, miniskirt, patent ballerinas and very thick make-up. Whether strikingly beautiful or just plain striking was another question.

Having arrived at the beach, we started looking around. It didn't take long before I spotted Kevin at the meat market. He was a real eye-catcher with his pretty, short brown hair, powerful upper body and hairy extremities. Sabine, however, insisted on constantly reminding me that he was only handsome in *my* eyes.

It was a hot day, but it couldn't have been just the temperature that was making my hands sweat like I was in a sauna. The closer we got to Kevin, the more my heart pounded. And then, once again, I heard the unmistakable voice of my sweetheart, "Hey, there you gals are! Come on over! There's plenty of space here."

Unfortunately, I couldn't walk any faster. I cursed my patent ballerinas. If I had only put on my comfortable sandals. We spread out our beach towels next to those of the two young men and lay down. Sabine cast me a mischievous look and, of course, I

immediately knew why. She had tried to explain to me about ten times at the hotel why it was best not to wear a miniskirt to the beach. So I sat on the beach towel totally cramped and primarily concerned about the position of my legs.

"So do you have your swimsuits on?" asked Lewis.

"I sure do. But Conny didn't want to..." I discreetly jabbed Binie. I didn't really feel it necessary that the two of them discover why I didn't want to get into the water. It was for "cosmetophysical" reasons.

Well, whatever. "You guys just go. I have a headache," I tried to devise an excuse.

"No worries. Then you can try the water with Sabine. I'll keep Conny company," Kevin suggested. I was so happy, I lit up like a Christmas tree. Kevin wanted to stay with *me*. Sabine got up and took her clothes off. A few seconds later, I could hear them frolicking happily in the water.

"Should I get you some aspirin?" Kevin asked in a soothing voice. My bad conscience got the better of me. If I could just let him know why I was being such a drama queen.

"No, no, I'm alright. Thanks. Wanna walk around a bit? Sometimes that helps when I'm having a headache." What was I saying? But I couldn't help it. My heart was guiding me.

"Yeah, sounds good."

We got up and headed away from the meat market. Thousands of butterflies must have been flying around in my stomach and a queasy feeling overcame my entire body. Fortunately, Kevin quickly started talking, otherwise my body would have slowly sunk into the sand.

"When are you two returning to Switzerland, anyway?"

The question completely took me off guard. I stuttered, "We're flying on Saturday, this Saturday... yeah, this Saturday. And you guys?"

"We are too. Well, that's pretty soon. Too bad, really..."

"Yeah, too bad. I think so too." I stared at the ground. My face must have been fiery-red—I could feel it intensely. We kept walking and talked about all kinds of things until we reached a little bay. It didn't look like from a picture book, but it was enough just to be alone with Kevin. The coarse sand of the beach offered very little space to lounge in the sun. The bay was strewn with large stones. Along the far side were a few bushes and small trees to be seen. We sat down on one of the larger stones, which was conveniently flat.

"Is your headache any better?"

"Yeah, a lot better. The walk helped."

For a few seconds, we didn't say anything word. However, I could tell that Kevin wanted to tell me something. He must have not been able to find the words. He looked at the stone we were sitting on and fidgeted with his fingers, until he suddenly looked up at me and said, a bit embarrassed, "Conny, it's not really my style, but since we don't have much more time, I hope you don't think badly of me—but I have to tell you something." I sat next to Kevin and quavered. I somehow knew what he wanted to say to me.

"Conny, I've fallen in love with you. Earlier, at breakfast, it just clicked, out of the blue." Kevin abruptly fixed his view on his hands, which were nervously fumbling with pebbles. I was still trembling. My heart leaped for joy and, at the same time, I almost wet my pants. It just couldn't be. Maybe he was screwing with me. No man could fall in love with me that quickly or

even...—I abruptly cut my thoughts short, or rather Kevin did.

"Conny, what are you thinking? I kind of hoped that you would also..."

"Right. Sure. But I don't know..."

Surprised by myself, I immediately got up. I didn't want Kevin to keep talking. I didn't want him to utter it. Kevin was looking at me now. In his eyes, I saw anxiety, even desperation.. I felt bad for him.

Kevin, it's not what you think, I thought helplessly. It's just, just... but suddenly, I took heart and said, "Me too, Kevin. Me too." My eyes darted away from him. My hormones concerned me. They were going crazy. I desired to touch Kevin, to kiss him, but instead I just stood there, petrified. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw my hunk get up from the stone. What was he going to do?

There's no way you're going to do that... Come closer, I can't take it anymore... But wait a second, this is going way too fast.

Kevin took a step in my direction. He slowly grasped onto my right hand with his left hand.

What are you going to do? ...I'll just run away... Well, kiss me finally!

The head of the man that enchanted me so got dangerously close to my own. I didn't know where to look. My body trembled with excitement. My eyes looked up, down, left, right before I felt his warm, soft lips on my cold, trembling lips.

Finally, you're kissing me. Finally, I can touch you. Finally, I can smell your fragrance. —Finally!

At that moment, a sensation of absolute love, passion and desire passed through me. Our surroundings didn't exist anymore. It was only Kevin and I. The stone we had been sitting on could have flown away and I

wouldn't have noticed. I don't know how long we kissed. It must have been an eternity, although it only felt like a few seconds.

"Conny, I'm so happy," Kevin beamed at me. He pulled my hands to his body and embraced me with his gaze. I stood there motionless, unable to say anything. My heart jumped for joy and my hormones raced through my body, but still a wary, wayward feeling brooded deep inside me. I quickly suppressed the sensation. It had no place in my heart on this day.

We sat on the large stone for a long time, tightly entwined, looking to the sea and silently enjoying blissful togetherness.

The 18 years old Conny, an average young woman doesn't feel like as she would like. While on holidays with her best friend she met her true love which brought her to Australia. Through different deviations the young woman discovered her strength and weaknesses.

Because of this knowledge through the mysterious sheep Daihudo, Conny learns to accept herself as she is.



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