

Emma: The Past – Transcript

(I can't guarantee this includes all small words and sounds spoken.)

Words within [] and in *italics* are spoken by the interviewer.

Memorable event

We had just moved to Germany, I was seven years old. And started school. I couldn't speak any German or hardly any German. And umm after about a week of my mum driving me to school on the back of her bike, coz she didn't have a car, she never drove. She said umm that I need to take the bus home that day. And the bus umm...and she asked a neighbour because I didn't know anything about the school buses but 'apparently there's only one and it's only one stop anyway so I just have to get on and then I'll recognise the exit stop.' So, I did. I went to..I went outside the school.

There were actually three buses there which had me wondering, but I got into the first one and sat down and the first stop came. Didn't look familiar. No one was getting out so I just stayed on the bus and stayed on and stayed on and it drove all the way into the countryside.

I had no idea where I was umm and then at some point everyone got out and the bus driver said something angrily in German to me so I got out..and started crying...and this one girl noticed me and said, 'Oh wait, you're the new girl from that class,' umm..'I know you..umm..What's going on?' And I told her in like very bad German that 'I'm lost and I don't know where I am.' And she said, 'Oh, don't worry, my mum can speak a bit of English, come to my house.'

So, I went home with her and her mum was very very kind and umm....asked me for my home...home phone number, because back in the day of course we only had landlines. And I remember, we would..we hadn't been in Germany that long so we hadn't gotten our phone yet but I had..I remember I had heard my parents talking that day about..that we would finally be getting our phone that day..... 'I know that we have today but I don't know the number.'

But it turns out we were in the phone book already...even..yeah..the phone book was...Coz I remember she found us and called that number but of course no one answered because my mum was on her bike, biking around town looking for me, because I hadn't come home on the bus. So the mum of that girl who took me home, she umm said 'Oh, you know what, let's just drive you home.'

So, it was like a 20-25 minute drive so quite long really and it was really really kind of her and she umm drove me home and very dramatic reunion with my mum who was just coming around the corner on her bike and I got out of the car and it all went well.

But then years later I was in a friend group err and we went out to this teenager disco every Sunday and this one girl asked me, 'Hey Emma, do you remember when you got on the wrong bus in 2nd grade?' 'How do you know that story?' And then she said umm, 'Well, I was the girl.' So she remembered me. Yeah, all those years later. [*Great story. Great story.*]