



## Typical Aussie backpacker life "Osusmaryosephputaindemerdebastos"

Diana Hartstock, 2. generation  
Filipino-German, ist jetzt auf  
ihrer Asien-Reise als Belohnung  
für Abschluss BA in Business

**T**raveling more than one year to the other side of the world is more than simply a trip. You began this 'trip' with the intention to improve your language skills, meet some people or jump here and there out of an airplane. But no one can understand what it really means unless they experience the same. Family and friends, the closest people around you, with whom you shared every little piece of crap are now further apart than you could have ever imagined.

Don't get this wrong, you're still tied to them. Your memories will last until you see them again and create new, precious moments. But how can you explain the smell of water waves dashing against the shoreline in Leyte? How to describe the first time diving in the world's largest coral reef in Cairns and just

remember the dive sign for "my oxygen tank is empty?" How can my closest friends understand my despair of being completely lost somewhere in South East Asia?

They will nod. They will say: "Unbelievable." But no one can understand what it really means to me.

And it is more than enhancing your language skills. You dip in. You don't just learn new words, you live them. You use them. It doesn't matter whether they are good or primitive. Picking capicums in nowhere and almost touched a Redback Spider? Screech: "Putain de merde!" Riding a bus full of Filipinos at 30° C and someone's hitting on you? Scold: "Bastos!" Taking a shower in a scruffy hostel and discover a "Glory Hole." Scream: "Osusmaryosephputaindemerdebastos!"





The Blue Mountains (highest point: 1,189m) of Katoomba. This is not just a funny nickname. The mountains are incredibly blue. Actually, the predominant blue colour is caused by the droplets of oil from the abundant Eucalyptus trees mixed with water vapour, particles of dust and light. A very gigantic spectacle to see standing in front of you, and well, being amazingly blue.



Great Barrier Reef diving. In the photo I look helpless but I was not so bad after all.



"Howdy Partner!" Morisset Kangaroo Park is two hours by train from Sydney Central District.



In Mildura, small farms offer backpackers 37,00 € for an 8-hour job.



One of Melbourne's beautiful sceneries is the Victorian Coastline aprox.130km stretch. It's said there were more than 600 shipwrecks of which just 240 were found along the coast.



Melbourne has one of the best-known street arts in the world. Quite sad, graffiti is illegal here as there are many amazing pictures created by inspiring artists.

We met loads of people. Yes, you meet them. And you cook, drink and live with them, climb rocks, bridges, towers and mountains, tell them they had enough drinks, enough fast food and enough parties, get them up, write resumes and get them jobs, cry on their shoulders, sleep in their arms, laugh in their face. You experience the unexpected. And you never imagined that strangers could be one day as close to you as your family or childhood friends.

And you jump out of the airplane. You wet your pants and you're

scared as shit, but you will do it. And why? Because you have to. You have to spit in your old YOU's face and say: "Shut up, jump out of that airplane. If you die, then this is your last day. If you survive, the better, so you can jump again!"

Say good bye to your scared YOU. Say it in French, Portuguese or Filipino. Say hello to your new mates. Say it with a smile or a weird grin. And say to yourself: "I'm not the same person as before and will never be again." How should I ever return home?