

# How acceptable is ‘Denglisch’?

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*While more and more Germans speak ‘Denglisch’ on a daily basis, it is a trend which some have criticized and tried to stop. But there are legitimate explanations for how “Denglisch” is constructed in our minds, and, most importantly, why we speak it.*

If the title of this article sounds like a proper German sentence to you, it’s because we’re living in a time in which anglicisms are becoming a normal feature of the daily communication of speakers of German. Many believe that it is ‘embarrassing’ and ‘unnecessary’ to use English words or semi-translated phrases in everyday German when there’s a suitable German term that could be used just as well.

## Cool?

When I introduce old friends of mine to my close circle of friends who all study English, they often remark that my English-studying friends speak a heightened form of ‘Denglisch’ or even substitute whole sentences for an English equivalent in their day-to-day speech without even noticing. They hear us saying things such as, “to be honest, ich finde es nicht so authentic, eher ein bisschen pretentious. Just saying.” I myself do it, and when people call me out on it, I often feel guilty. Using a lot of English as a native speaker of German is charged with the stigma of “wanting to be cool” or a twisted longing “not to be German”.

## It’s natural!

It’s time to get rid of this stigma. ‘Code-switching’, “a change by a speaker from one language or language variety to another one” (Longman Dictionary of Applied Linguistics), is a way of communicating our thoughts and feelings in the most intuitive or effective way. If you study

a language intensively and speak it on a daily basis, certain ways of phrasing or putting things will come more naturally to you in the language in question. This also applies to those cases in which a second language becomes more and more present in our environment and the media we consume. In addition, words and phrases in different languages never fully represent exactly the same concept. There are always different nuances, connotations or culturally-defined representations connected to it. Often English slang terms or anglicisms used by speakers of German embody a whole different cultural context. So the choice to employ the English term is not without reason. And if a specific saying in English expresses our thoughts and feelings more precisely than a German equivalent, it’s legitimate to use it.

## Change is inevitable

Language is constantly undergoing change, change that is inevitable and unstoppable. Stigmatizing those that go along with it, and forcing a prescriptive mindset onto our peers is an unnecessary burden. Of course, those who do not wish to speak English should be equally respected. Language diversity, after all, is a sign of a diverse and multicultural society, one that should be cherished by all.

This article is written by Constanze Schön, an LMU student, as part of a cooperative project between her institution and the University of Augsburg.

# WATCH | READ | LISTEN

## WATCH - *Tales of the City* (2019)

June is over, but if you can't get enough of pride and rainbows, "Tales of the City" is what you should watch! The Netflix miniseries, which is based on Armistead Maupin's novel series of the same name, is set in no other city than the USA's LGBTQ capital: San Francisco! In ten episodes, it tells the story of the residents of 28 Barbary Lane, whose community is threatened to be torn apart when the landlady Anna starts to receive letters from a blackmailer who knows her dark secret from the past. Producer Lauren Morelli, who came out as gay after having worked on 'Orange is the New Black', gives us a series where LGBTQ characters are finally more than just an obligatory side character. Finally, 'love is love' really is on screen!

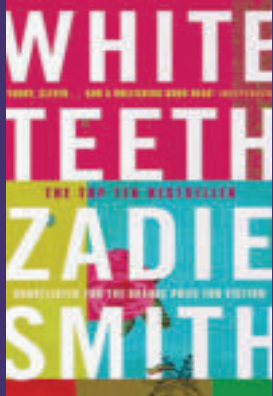


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## READ - *White Teeth* by Zadie Smith (2000)

Why should you read a novel that's almost twenty years old, about 500 pages thick and that has pissed off a much-acclaimed literary critic so much he coined a term for an entire new genre, hysterical realism? Easy – just see if any of the following topics seem interesting to you: Jamaican vernacular, the less-known battles of the Second World War, teenage identity crises, how customers are treated in London's Afro shops, two extremist groups (one of which is called KEVIN), the end of the world, and a mouse that might or might not have developed cancer in 2001. On the outside, *White Teeth* is a novel about the lives of immigrants from Asia, Africa and the Caribbean, living in London in the late 20th century. On the inside, it's a collection of the most bizarre, loveable, human characters, just trying to get through the day with a deathwish, a bullet wound or a bad haircut. Hysterical? You bet on it.

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## LISTEN - *Ritual* by Oomph! (2019)

For all the people that recently got interested in Industrial and Goth music thanks to the new Rammstein release, I have a treat for you in the form of Oomph's latest LP „Ritual“. The band that has been around for exactly 3 decades now but has always been overshadowed by their more famous genre counterpart is tackling a wide range of topics this time. They very much keep true to their reputation of being controversial in their lyrics in songs such as 'Europa' – a statement on the steady loss of values, especially in regards to immigration – or 'Tausend Mann und ein Befehl' in which the dark sides of war are discussed; to only name two here. Their musical skills are right up there with their songwriting, covering their typical, heavy Industrial sound with influences from techno as well as pop. If you've grown curious about 'Oomph!', you'll have the chance to see them live in Augsburg at the 'Sommer am Kiez' on 28th July.



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MENTAL  
HEALTH

# Accessing mental health care as a queer person

## The good and the bad

*I spent six months in a psychiatric clinic in hopes of getting my mental health under control. Instead, I was surprised to find that the people who were supposed to help me were utterly uncooperative in some ways. Ultimately, my experience at the clinic was a complicated mix of helpful and harmful.*

### The good

Before I start talking about the things that bothered me, I want to point out that not everything was bad. Being away from my normal life (and the problems that come with it) helped; so did having a daily routine with therapy sessions and fixed mealtimes. I enjoyed ergotherapy, where I learned to weave baskets (you could say I'm a real *basket case*) – and I enjoyed *enjoying* it, because I hadn't really had fun doing anything in far too long. I also got to talk to a social worker who helped me move out from home, which was hard, but ultimately necessary.

### The bad

However, not everything at the clinic was good, and some of the issues I ran into really surprised me. More specifically, I was shocked by the staff's attitude towards my queerness. You see, I'm queer and trans, and while that isn't a problem for me, the people who were supposed to help me were all too eager to turn my identity into a problem. When I asked not to be addressed as *Ms* (acceptable alternatives were *Mr* or just my first or last name), some nurses outright refused to cooperate: "you're a woman until you've had *The Surgery™*" (the one trans people always get asked about; the one people ask about when they really mean *what's in your pants*). Others promised to try and then "forgot", or claimed that

my transness made them uncomfortable, implying that their discomfort had priority over my health. One nurse accused me of making it all up for attention. A therapist suggested that my *real* problem was that I didn't have a boyfriend after I'd spent an hour of my therapy time telling her that I'm just not interested in dating. A third therapist patiently listened as I explained how much getting misgendered hurts and how it makes me wish I didn't exist... and then told me to "have a nice day, Ms P".

### What it taught me

In the end, even though I had to put up with many negative things, I'm glad I went. It was a necessary first step to regaining control of my life. But it also taught me that I can't rely on people – not even mental health professionals – to support me in who I am. I made it through all these things by telling myself that I was paving the way for future queer and trans patients, and that the next person in a position like mine might have it easier. Still, we have a long way to go to make mental health care actually accessible to queer people.

**PTSD** stands for post-traumatic stress disorder. It often occurs in people who have experienced severe acts of violence.

**Queer** is an umbrella term that includes all non-normative combinations of romantic and sexual attraction and gender.

**Trans** (always an adjective, never a noun) describes people whose gender does not match the gender they were assigned at birth. In my case, that means people mistakenly thought that I was a girl until I told them otherwise

# A perfect life?

## A follower's view

*We all know that people present almost everything they do on platforms like Facebook, Instagram, etc. This is one side of social media: being an 'influencer' who confidently shows their perfectly organized, rich life, full of fun, beautiful events and joy. But what about only being the follower? We kind of know that people rarely post negative things going on in their lives: failure, relationships, bad grades. But we still compare. Sometimes I've felt I've failed because everyone around me seemed to be doing better: more sports, going out more and not being afraid to take on new challenges.*

### **I could never look like that**

Instead of focusing on my own goals, I would stare at my phone at things that I couldn't achieve. I couldn't look like a fitness model or work out as hard as others did. Now I realise that this is an absolute waste of time, because I have to really focus on myself. Looking for inspiration is good, to some extent, but deliberately looking for things we're not good at leads us in the wrong direction. Instead of focusing on ourselves, the constant comparison with others makes us feel lonely and inadequate. We unconsciously use other people's posts as a way of measuring personal success and failure. "I could never look like that". How often have I heard this from others or from my inner voice when looking at Instagram? The images are only filtered reality, and don't show all the light, photoshop, filters and clever angles behind the pictures. But we still compare and spend hours watching other people's stories and profiles.

### **How can we stop comparing ourselves to others?**

#### **1. Recognize the inherent problem in comparing yourself to others**

What feelings do we have when we compare ourselves to others? Why would we want 'bad' feelings to become a habit? The most important step in overcoming the problem is sometimes just to remember how stupid the habit is.

#### **2. Focus on inner qualities**

External qualities lose their value when the focus is on both a simplified life and values like generosity and goodness.

#### **3. Celebrate who you are**

Celebrate your thoughts, your creativity, being a good listener, being a daydreamer, being a generous soul. There's much you could love about yourself! No one else is living the life you are, so any comparison isn't realistic.

It's in our nature to compare ourselves to others, but let's stop doing this. There's no sense in wasting our energy, time and life being jealous of other people's lives. Instead, let's start living our lives. Let's appreciate today and be good at it. In the end, we only get one shot.

# Shopping addiction

## The Tale of how Shopaholicus flew too close to the store

*A few years ago, in a city not so far away, a young girl (me) had just turned sixteen. Back then, I felt like taking on more responsibilities and gathering some useful experiences for my not-so-far-away adolescent life. So I did what everyone does at that stage; I started an internship. I will never forget the glorious feeling of independence and freedom I had when I started to earn my own money. Of course, being sixteen at the time, I didn't think about the far future, so things like saving up didn't even cross my mind. I started spending all my hard-earned cash on completely useless things that my brain tricked me into wanting. I have always been fond of fashion and clothes so that's where all my troubles began. Buckle up, this is a good one.*

**\*ABBA\***

**I work all night I work all day to afford the clothes on display**

Now that I had taken care of the uncomfortable part of earning the money, I thought I deserved to treat myself. And oh boy, was I in for a treat there! As I mentioned, I was really into fashion, so all my freshly earned money got spent on clothes, shoes and accessories. While shopping, I realized that I wasn't able to afford everything that I wanted to get, so I kept a list of all the things I couldn't get, but still "needed". After a while, I got tired of having to leave my house and carrying all of my stuff home, so I dived into the beautifully convenient world of online shopping. Now I spent my days browsing through the world of online shops in my pyjamas whilst staying in bed. My addiction and I were as cozy as ever and we started growing.

A: *"Come on, don't just buy one item, buy the whole outfit, it'll look bomb a.f.!"*

Me: *"But I have almost the exact same things at home, I just want the belt."*

A: *"Naaahh.. you need the whole thing."*

Me: *"... can't argue with your logic."*

As a result, my collection and happiness grew bigger whilst my bank account suffered in silence. I was also a bit tired of the style I had established and wanted to freshen it up. So what do you do when you're done with your style?

You guessed right! You get out there and search for new inspiration. I turned to fashion magazines and it blew my mind. I was exposed to a myriad of beautiful clothes and all I could think was, to quote a beloved rock icon of our time, I WANT IT ALL! Of course by then my internship had long ended and I moved on to juggling three jobs at once, gotta get that bread somehow. Working that caused two things: First, the feeling of independence grew bigger which made me feel absolutely unstoppable. Second, I lost control over my spending. I could easily spend 500€ without second thought, like it was nothing to me. The problem with addiction is that no matter how much you buy, the excitement never seems to suffice. After receiving a package, I was happy for like five minutes but then the desire to buy more immediately came crawling back, just like my ex after three tequila shots. I'd never felt satisfied with what I had (wow, the ex-boyfriend analogies just keep coming, don't they?). I was restlessly on the hunt for more, never being able to just take a minute to relax and enjoy my stuff. Additionally, when items I wanted were sold out, I felt so sad and empty that I had to buy everything I saw immediately out of fear that it would sell out soon. At that point my addiction had consumed me completely, but I still didn't see it. My thoughts circled exclusively around clothes and what to get next. Eventually, I ran out of room, energy and money. I had obviously gone too far to stop, so I needed to acquire more money fast. I started borrowing money from friends, family and people I didn't even know. As I was borrowing the money, I was well aware that I would never be able to pay it back but I didn't care. I needed the money. I needed the clothes. My parents eventually cut me off but not even that would stop me. I didn't hesitate to steal

the money I needed. I did feel guilty, but I had no choice.

**\*switch to Depeche Mode\***  
**I just can't seem to get enough**

Then came the day my addiction peaked. As per usual I opened up my laptop and logged into my mother's online shop account. I was having a pretty bad day so I gathered a proud shopping cart worth 13.000€, let that number sink in for a minute there. I did realise that 13.000€ was a crazy amount of money and that I would never in my wildest dreams be able to afford it, even if I sold my kidney. But this shopping cart actually contained all of my wildest dreams and I was having a really bad day, so in a moment of pure insanity I just said fuck it and clicked on "order". They notified me that I had to pay in cash on delivery day but I ignored it and just closed my laptop. How dare they ruin my joy by reminding me that I had to pay for it?! Then came D(elivery) Day. I woke up nauseous. I hoped that no one was home so I could deal with this disaster on my own, but unfortunately, my mom was there. I was anxiously walking up and down trying to figure out what the hell I was going to do. I knew that I'd ordered a lot, but I didn't have a concrete picture of the amount of clothes that was upon me. I was quickly enlightened by the 3.5 t truck that pulled into my driveway, giving me a heart attack. Full of regret and panic I ran outside and did what I had to do. I told the driver that I didn't have the money and couldn't accept the delivery. He got super pissed and threatened to come back the next day. Phew, disaster avoided, for now. Similar to him, my mom was also not that chipper. In fact, I'd never seen her that angry before. Surprising, I know. I desperately tried to gather the money, but to no one's surprise I wasn't able to get 13.000€ in one day. I even tried getting a loan but the bank refused, not even the mafia would work on such short notice. My

life and sanity were falling apart and to top it all off, my parents stopped talking to me. I still had this huge crisis to solve, so my last resort was to put a short note at our front door for the delivery man that I revoked the offer and the acceptance. Few days later the shop called and informed me that they would report my fraudulent use of my mother's account and I'd have to pay a 800€ fee, which compared to 13.000€ is a bit easier on the eyes. After that wonderfully traumatic day, I had to take a long hard look at myself and my behaviour and I ultimately thought that all of this trauma had taught me lesson, but spoiler alert, it had not.

**\*Journey's finale\***  
**Just a small town girl, livin' in a lonely world, takin' the therapy train, goin' anywhere**

After D-Day, my addiction had a strong hold of me for a good while. It never got as bad as D-Day but it was still bad. All my accounts had been blocked. I've even had my credit investigated. I completely ruined myself financially and have to work unbelievably hard to get myself back on track. But on the bright side, I finally started to see my addiction for what it was and started working on it. I've been at uni for three years now and am still busting my ass to fight my addiction. All of this has done a lot of damage to me and my surroundings. Damage that I couldn't handle on my own. I've been in therapy for four years now and was even hospitalized at a psychosomatic clinic for nine weeks during therapy. Little by little I'm making progress and am trying to fight myself back to a normal reality. It is a very hard journey and I fall back sometimes which results in a comparably small shopping spree. I'm trying not to actively look for new clothes and I'm not checking my usual online shops anymore. I believe that one day I will beat my addiction. I believe that one day I will be free. I won't stop believin'.



# No opinion required

## Being the silent friend

*Friendships are important; some might even say friends are the family you get to choose. They might be the friendships that help you grow and make you happy. But there are also friendships that aren't good for you. The worst ones can exploit you and keep you down, just like one of my so-called friends did.*

### How we became friends

We first met at the beginning of secondary school. I didn't know anyone and neither did she. So we just sat next to each other and became friends quickly, probably because we had nobody else. She was a good friend and in the first year of our friendship we spent pretty much every day together. In school you would only see us together. If we couldn't meet up one afternoon, we would talk on the phone for hours, even if we had already spent the whole morning together. She was an amazing best friend.

### Change of priorities

When we started our second year of secondary school, she started to become popular as she was a very good dancer and a brilliant pianist. I remember regularly standing next to her, surrounded by people, and everyone was just talking to her and ignoring me. She was so busy talking to the same girls who had hated us the year before that she also started to ignore me in school. We didn't sit next to each other anymore. She had many popular friends now. They were important to her while we were at school. But in the afternoons, she would still call me to cry over whatever guy who she happened to be in love with that month. The years went by and she only got more popular. I didn't. I was the one she would call whenever there was drama over another guy. Or when she needed someone to do her project. Or when she didn't understand the latest topic in any subject. I was the one for the uncomfortable stuff. But I wasn't good enough for any public

activities. I was the weirdo no popular teen wanted to be seen with. I didn't talk a lot at school and I didn't like to go out and drink every weekend.

### New school, old friendship?

After finishing secondary school, we started upper secondary education together. It was just like the beginning of secondary school. We only had each other and we spent so much time together. I felt I was important to her again. We even went out together sometimes – not for drinks, but we went to the cinema or shopping together. She wanted to spend time with me and she got mad when I had plans with other people. Especially when it collided with how she had planned “our” day, usually without telling me. And then one message changed everything. She wanted me to celebrate New Year's Eve at her house, so two of her male friends would be allowed to sleep there. I refused and then she got angry. She wanted me as a token woman. She tried to sweet-talk me into doing what she wanted. Told me how important I was to her. That I was her best friend. She even told me she had been and still was using everyone around her, except for me, of course, but not using me was now over since I treated her like this when she FOR ONCE asked me for a favour. I don't even remember everything she said. After that day, I only talked to her when I absolutely had to. Today...I'm so happy to have amazing friends and to be confident with who I am and what I do. I don't feel like an embarrassment to any of my friends. I feel valued for being me. And I'm certainly not silent anymore.

# Misfortune comes uninvited

## And when it does, it's serious

*Life has taught me one important thing. Never miss a single chance to spend time with the ones most important to you! No, it wasn't the death of an important person that made me think like this. It was being aware of how many unfortunate things can happen to one person and how exactly this not only changes this person but also everyone surrounding them.*

### Memories and frightening beginnings

The person who is like a magnet to misfortune is my dad. He's the kind of person who works all the time. When he's not at work, he's working on buildings or creative things he wants to build. He was always eager to work on and to make our home as attractive as it could be. That's how I used to know him, but these are only memories of the time before everything changed. My dad has had diabetes for as long as I can remember, but nowadays I would call it the disease we best learned to cope with. Some years ago, he suddenly grew cysts all over his body, he ran from doctor to doctor, became depressed until we found out that microplastics were the culprits. After we found out how to deal with it, my dad was able to get rid of the cysts, even though the scars where the cysts had been removed would remain with him for a lifetime. After this ordeal, my dad returned to his old self, but then it started again. Exactly one year ago, my dad started to feel a pain all over his body. He felt dizzy. He got exhausted from nothing. We sent him to hospital and it took them months to find the reason for his pain. Months when he couldn't do anything. Months in which we felt his despair with him.

### Very bad news

The result of the waiting was a diagnosis nobody wanted to hear. My dad had a coronary heart disease diagnosed way too late. He had surgery immediately. He even got a cardiac pacemaker fitted. Ever since that day, he's been at home. He nearly never leaves. He can't even walk 500 metres without being out of breath. He's not the person I used to know anymore. His day is structured by taking his pills, measuring his insulin level and travelling from the sofa to the bed and back.

### Missing past times

The most horrible thing is that his personality has changed so much. He lost his will. He's a prisoner in his weak body. For me, the loss of a beloved person is a terrifying thing, but I could somehow accept it after some time and I can learn to live with it. This is an ongoing condition from which no one, my dad or my family, can escape. I can't describe how much I miss the person he used to be. I can't imagine how it must feel to endure all that pain. Even if he's not the same person anymore, he's my dad and so I decided to spend as much time as possible with him the way he is now.

# Smoking

## A leading cause of death

*Most people see disturbing pictures on cigarette packs in a very superficial way – just as pictures. They don't see the stories behind them. They don't see that those are real people with real lives. I'm definitely lucky not to be just a picture on a cigarette pack and I am even luckier to have eMAG as a platform to share my story.*

When I was little, I was sick for a very long time due to passive smoking around my parents. At the age of five the last symptoms of spastic bronchitis finally disappeared. As I grew older, I didn't really think of this time of my life anymore until my older brother made his first experiences with cigarettes at the age of about twelve. Because of that, my parents were crazy about the idea of keeping me away from smoking cigarettes with reminding me of how sick I was as a kid. My illness was the reason for them to stop smoking and they often made me feel like I would throw away that sacrifice they made for me if I started smoking. I know that they just wanted my best, but that was scaring the shit out of me and brought back memories of the time I was sick. Memories that my mind seemed to hide away in a dark dusty corner of my brain.

Those memories weren't just pictures in my head, they concerned all of my senses, like the smell of burned tobacco, the characteristic noise of the cough when you have spastic bronchitis, the taste and smell of my roaring green inhalator that I had to use an hour every evening. I also remembered walking down the hallway of the paediatric station of the hospital. According to my mum, I was there about every second day. I have surprisingly many memories of the time before the age of six years. Once I mentioned to my mum a memory of her changing my diapers and I cried the entire time, so my brother had to cheer me up with funny faces. She said she remembered that, and I cried because my whole skin was itchy and sensitive from my medication and even

changing diapers hurt. And those memories lingered.

Though there were many of those memories, the most frightening aspect of my disease was not any of those but my Dad saying (with tears in his eyes) "We sometimes did not know if you would wake up the next morning." Until now this is the saddest thing I've ever heard and set the decision of never ever smoking a cigarette in my entire life. My Dad's sentence was traumatizing and gets me shaking whenever I think of it.

I'm now at an age where you easily get to be a target of ridicule when you reject a cigarette but I don't want to tell my story, so I often just let it be and walk away to avoid inhaling their passive smoke. You might think that I'm healthy now and smoking – even just passive smoking – would not affect me. However, there are long-term consequences that I can't get rid of and might never be able to. After passive smoking, I still always get that characteristic barking cough and remembering my Dad's words, I sometimes work myself up into a state of hysteria. Sure, I know I won't choke to death, but I can't remind myself of that when the cough gets me like that. The very few people who know about my illness are very kind and don't smoke when I'm present or try to blow the smoke into another direction.

Up until now, I've never shared this personal story with so many people and it's still tough to talk about it, but this is a platform where I can reach a few people to raise awareness – not in a "I want you to stop smoking" kinda way but rather, that I want to hold up the mirror for you. Have you ever laughed at someone who didn't want to do something you thought was a fun activity? Maybe they are hiding a story like this.

# Look at all these words!

NAME	LANGUAGE	WORD	MEANING
Peter James	Spanish	fanfarronear	to boast
Tobias Lorenz	Swedish	lagom	precisely enough, not too much, not too little
Aleksandra Goralska	Polish	zaiwaniać	to do something quickly
Martina Sonn	Portuguese	alvorada	break of dawn
Johannes Banzhaf	English	awesome	good, great, amazing
Leyla Bayraktar	Swedish	Läderlappen	Batman
Mattia Lombardi	Italian	esisto	to exist
Jessica Wolf	Japanese	いただきます	I (humbly) receive (phrase before eating)
Nicolas Pols	Danish	Hygge	a quality of cosiness and comfortable conviviality that engenders a feeling of contentment
Carla Balint	Spanish	Hola	hello
Melani Cifric	English	welp	well + help (slang)
Filiz Özer	Japanese	生き甲斐	(ikigai) the reason you live for
Hannah Langhaeuser	Japanese	もしもし	(moshi moshi) hello? (on the phone)
Jasmin Kiechle	English	wanderlust	the wish to travel
Lucia Pröll	English	air	oxygen, the thing you breathe
Andreas Böhm	English	responsibility	I'm trying my best to disregard it, but it just keeps turning up.
Bianca Müller	Croatian	(h)ajde bok	bye
Caroline Schmidt	English	pooped	tired
Corinna Zanker	Middle High German	triuten	to love but even stronger
Sina Dippel	Italian	chiacchierare	to chatter, to gossip
Noemi Hehl	English	no worries	Aussie English saying, self explanatory
Conor Schiffer	Irish	craic	(to be) fun
Niklas Schmidt	Romanian	șervețel	napkin

# TEAM SUMMER TERM 2019

& THEIR FAVOURITE WORDS

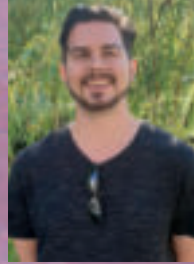
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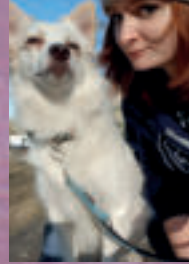
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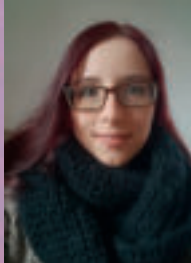
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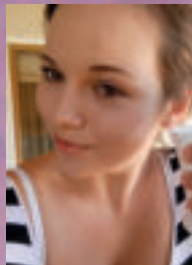


Leyla Bayraktar  
Läderlappen (SE)



Mattia Lombardi  
esisto (IT)

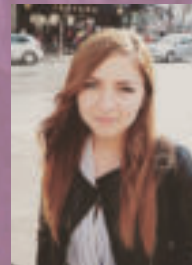
Team Leader



Jessica Wolf  
いただきます (JP)



Nicolas Pols  
Hygge (DK)



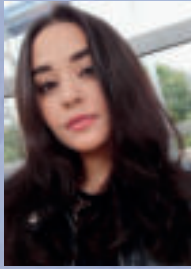
Carla Balint  
Hola (ES)



Melani Cifric  
welp (EN)

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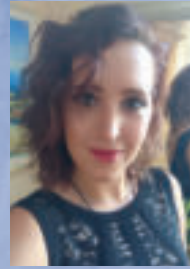
## Team Leader



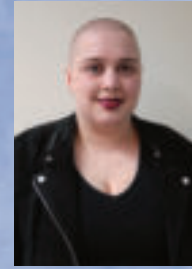
**Filiz Özer**  
生き甲斐 (JP)



**Hannah Langhaeuser**  
もしもし (JP)



**Jasmin Kiechle**  
wanderlust (EN)



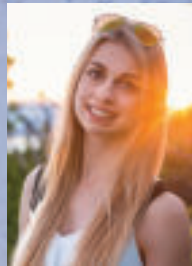
**Lucia Pröll**  
air (EN)

Lovely Lay  
outers

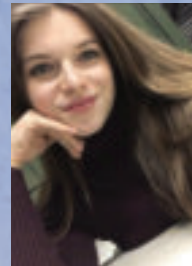
## Layout Guru



**Andreas Böhm**  
responsibility (EN)



**Bianca Müller**  
(h)ajde bok (HR)



**Caroline Schmidt**  
pooped (EN)



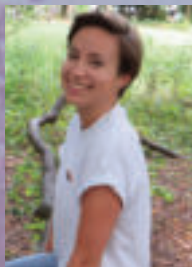
**Corinna Zanker**  
triuten (MHG)



**Sina Dippel**  
chiacchierare (IT)

## Cute

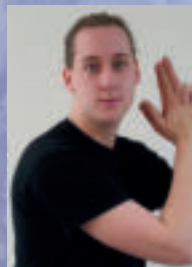
Critics



**Noemi Hehl**  
no worries (EN)



**Conor Schiffer**  
craic (IE)



**Niklas Schmidt**  
șervețel (RO)

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