A woman in a striped bikini is walking on a sandy beach, petting a black dog. The ocean waves are visible in the background under a cloudy sky. The title text is overlaid on a teal rectangular background.

GLIMPSE of a Nomad's Life

A collection of Diary Extracts about
Adventure and Personal Freedom
of a small girl with big Dreams

Sylvia B. Hennebo

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First e-book edition 2020.

If you wish to know more about the Author and the Author's projects simply visit the website using the link below :

www.realitydiaries.com

THANK YOU

First , thanks to you for purchasing this e-book and contributing to raising enough funds for me to provide for myself until I begin the next chapter of my Life.

Thank you,

To all the fantastic people whom I have met through my journey and who had the patience to deal with my moods and found something in me worth loving.

It is because of you that I kept Faith in humanity and could come back out of my dark mind every single time it tried to take me to the other side.

I will be forever grateful to My People who understood that leaving them was never about getting rid of them but a necessary measure for me to survive in my own mind and pursue my Dream Life.

I might be Alone,
A solitary Soul fighting with itself,
I might fall into darkness,
Guilty and hopeless to the Fate of the World,
But
There is nothing I would change,
My past, my present,
The highs and lows,
No matter where I am.
It is always exactly where I am meant to be.

Thank you to all the formidable beings who have loved me and told me I was worth something to them.

I love you, Always,
Sylvia H

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INTRODUCTION

This e-book is a small collection of extracts taken from some of my original travel diaries (1996-2000). I left home at age 23 with the goal to complete myself by realizing my “Dreams” and hopefully find the place where I belonged.

At the time, I knew I would make it all happen and wanted to share my experience to show others that anything is possible. These Diaries were written to be used as memory triggers to THE book I would write once my search would be over.

I spent the past 6 month transcribing, translating and filing each of the original Diaries I have managed to keep with me since 1996. I also retraced the timeline of the past 26 years with the help of my 4 passports.

In this first book I have tried to include a variety of content hoping to provide you with my own truthful experience and hopefully a relatable connection to your own free spirit.

For this reason, some diaries are more personal than others.

NOTE : I have translated the diaries originally written in French and transcribed those written in English. In both cases, I have kept the format and the spelling mistakes as they had been written in order to preserve their authenticity.

MY NEXT STEPS :

Since April 2020, I have been very “lucky” and managed to gather \$300 each month by selling whatever little I possessed and doing a couple of odd jobs.

That gave me \$100 for a camping spot for my tent and \$200 for food.

In July, after the heavy rains had damaged my tent and clothing, I was lucky again, and found a pet/house sitting position and didn't have to worry about finding money for rent for the next 6 months.

My luck continued and I was offered food money for helping out someone sell their belongings.

When January comes I will only have some clothes and my computer for possession and nowhere to live and no opportunity to make a living to provide for myself.

My plan is (and was before Covid even started) to start writing the novels that I have been working on for the past ten years but couldn't do fully because, well, life happened and I was too busy trying to survive the depths of my depression.

I am hoping to sell enough copies of this ebook to raise the \$5000 I need. The money will be used to provide for myself until I have my first novel completed and ready to be put on the market.

Hopefully I will have enough money to buy a plane ticket and finally get back to Europe (I have been stuck in Central America since 2017) where I will take care of some medical issues, look for a part time job and continue to write.

I have no doubt that I will be able to provide for myself with my writing. And if you read my diaries, you'll know that it will happen.

The time has come for me to be back into My Life, and to be able to keep myself away from situations that trigger me to the point of driving me so crazy that I am not able to function at all. It takes me days of solitary to be able to think clearly again.

Acting "normal" is exhausting and the only reason I am strong today is because COVID has given me the opportunity to be left alone at last.

After my ESA's (my best friend Karma) death last November I have been focused on planning my death and now, after 5 months of being alone, I finally can breathe again I do not want to go back to a lifestyle that forces me to be social, to pretend I am okay when I am not. I want to be able to afford to spend days all alone and to interact with people only when I know I have enough energy for it. Going back to hustle selling jewelry on the beach for survival is not an option.

I am also thinking of publishing the complete set of my original diaries. Reading them has had such a healing effect on me. Being reminded that at some point in my life I had been able to function and had a “great” life. It helped me see that I am okay as long as I am left alone for very long periods of time..

Reading my diaries brought Faith back into my life and maybe they can have the same effect on someone else who is doubting themselves.

Let me know if you are interested in receiving the full diaries.

I am afraid to publish them and worry that someone would steal my content and use it.

My Life is all I have and I have a clear idea of the books I want to write.

I know that my story can help others in fighting their own demons and find their own “perfect Life Formula”.

My perfect Life Formula is to be free to be me at all times.

To be free to hide when my dark side takes over.

My only motivation is knowing that In five years, I will have written a few books and that I will be earning enough money to give some away to great causes.

I see myself alone, surrounded by nature, writing at a desk one month and the next, giving money to people saving bears in Nepal.

That is my perfect life.

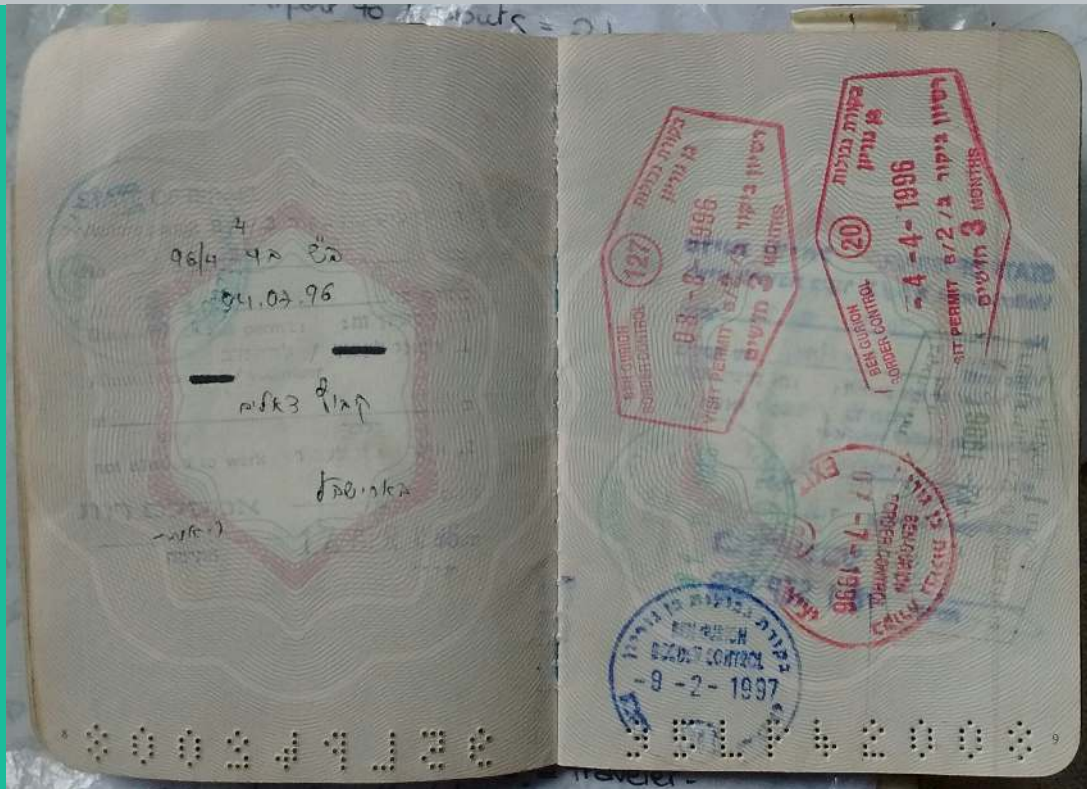
YEAR	Entry	Exit	COUNTRY	Highlight
1996	4 April 1996	7 July 1996	ISRAEL	kibbutz
	7 July 1996	3 August 1996	FRANCE	luke
	3 August 1996	1 Novembre 1996	ISRAEL	leon- work
	1 Novembre 1996	7 Novembre 1996	SINAI	three make sone
	7 Novembre 1996	1 December 1996	ISRAEL	Eilat
	1 December 1996	7 December 1996	SINAI	bread- mount st Catherine
	7 December 1996	9 February 1997	ISRAEL	Tel Aviv
	1997	9 February 1997	5 July 1997	UK
	5 July 1997	15 July 1997	France	Luke
	15 July 1997	14 August 1997	UK	
	14 August 1997	28 October 1997	ISRAEL	Eilat, Jerusalem work
	28 October 1997	10 December 1997	JORDAN	mad adventure
	10 December 1997	15 January 1998	ISRAEL	zero money,win casino \$250
1998	16 January 1998	6 April 1998	INDIA	moto,krishna, park
	6 April 1998	10 April 1998	PORTUGAL	visit Marlene
	10 April 1998	21 October 1998	France	work in F
	21 October 1998	26 October 1998	UK	
	26 October 1998	2 November 1998	France	
	2 November 1998	19 April 1999	UK	Caz, Ray, pub life
1999		19 April 1999	UK	
	19 April 1999	12 June 1999	INDIA	calcutta
	12 June 1999	11 July 1999	LONDON	pub
	11 July 1999	15 July 1999	FRANCE	caz
	15 July 1999	29 July 1999	SPAIN	Santiago walk
	29 July 1999		FRANCE	bicycle,eclipse
	13 August 1999	15 September 1999	FRANCE	cycle with Ray to Mont St Michel
	21 September 1999	21 December 1999	LONDON	J flat share
	21 December 1999	15 January 2000	FRANCE	strasbourg Pub

2000	15 January 2000	9 March 2000	London	TEFL course i to i
	9 March 2000	29 March 2000	ISRAEL	
	29 March 2000	3 May 2000	Egypt	adventure- desert trip-Oasis- new
	3 May 2000	18 June 2000	ISRAEL	work
	18 June 2000	24 June 2000	UK	
	24 June 2000	30 August 2020	FRANCE	work on farm : conservatoire de L
	Septembre	4 October 2000	UK	Plane ticket London - Bangkok 4th
	5 October 2000	14 October 2000	Thailand	
	14 October 2000	11 November 2000	taipe china	work
	11 November 2000	14 November 2000	hong kong	
	14 November 2000	10 December 2000	TAIPE china	work
	10 December 2000	10 December 2000	Hong kong VISA RUN	
	10 December 2000	2 January 2001	TAIPE china	work

1996

ISRAEL

April 4th - July 7th



Source : Letters - Personal Diaries

Document : Unedited translation of extracts.

Kibbutz Ze'elim,
1996

11th April

I have been here for a week now and it has been quite an adventure already. The volunteer coordinator speaks French and is taking really good care of me. She gave me a tour of the Kibbutz and explained to me how it works in detail so I wouldn't get lost.

All the volunteers speak English so I have no idea what they are talking about most of the time but they are also really supportive and always include me in everything.

Some of them sit down with me and engage conversation by speaking slowly and drawing pictures to help me understand and thanks to them I am making fast progress.

I am learning to observe their facial expressions to guess what they are saying and I feel that it is a whole language in itself.

I have settled in one of the shared rooms with another two girls, one from England and another from Denmark, both really friendly.

I work at a tire factory and am having a lot of fun there while others are teaching me both English and Hebrew.

I am told that I could start working at the garden next month because I am here long term and the post will be vacant.

I cannot wait to start working outdoors and have my afternoons free to roam around and explore.

Here is my weekly schedule at the factory as an example. I am working double shifts on Wednesday because I get Sunday off. Saturday is the official day off for all.

- Saturday OFF
- Sunday OFF
- Monday 12-7pm
- Tuesday 12-7pm
- Wednesday 4am-6:30am / 7:30-Midday / 7pm- 1am
- Thursday 12-7pm
- Friday 4am-6:30 / 7:30- Midday

I feel loved and at home, at last happy.

Everything is perfect, simple, except for being sunburn I am well and eat healthy because we eat all the products from the kibbutz (milk, cheese, butter, eggs, chicken, vegetables) and it's kinda nice to know where your food comes from, to walk next to it everyday and to grow it yourself.

The only downside, so far, is that my fingers are always dirty even after cleaning them with a brush.

There are three worlds here :

The Israelis who have lived at the Kibbutz their whole lives,
the volunteers who come here and treat it as if it were a summer camp and
the volunteers who love the lifestyle.

Until now, my time is mostly spent with the volunteers but because of work I got to meet a few Israeli with whom I get on real well.

I am also trying to learn Hebrew and already know a few basic words including my name : סילביה to be read in reverse.

*
*
*

ISRAEL 1997
August 3rd - February 9th

Source : Letters - Diaries in French
Document : Unedited translation of extracts.

*

Tel Aviv,

9 January 1997

Shalom,

I have been staying at a guest house since the beginning of December for 50 French Francs a night (about US\$10). This guest house is equipped with speakers on each floor and all day long you can hear something like this :

- << Male for work tonight...>>
- << " Name "you have a phone call...>>
- << 2 girls for dishwasher work tomorrow for 90 Shekels >>

Basically, this guest house finds you work but there hasn't been that many for the past three days, however, we still manage to get a job every other day.

When we get back from work there is always someone at the hostel to chat with. As soon as one goes through the front door, there is life, guests are moving from room to room where everyone knows each other and the vibe is really good.

Only travelers with big hearts and beautiful spirit sharing life with each other, smile on their faces, free in their lives.

How could I regret being here, in a world so different than the one where I was raised in France.

It is a constant joy.

Alarm set at around 6 am, breakfast and then the wait for a job in the TV room located right next to the reception.

When we come back from work we are happy because those are just simple jobs (construction, dish-washing, cleaning, assistant cook etc...) and we just finished our shift.

Free to accept or not, because we know that we can do anything and it always works out.

There comes the News on TV about a bomb explosion only ten minutes away from here.

It happened at the old bus terminal and there are 7 injured and 4 in critical condition.

We think about all the others who are coming back from work but we rarely use the old station, we use the big terminal mostly, so we are not so worried.

The point of the attack is to touch the Israelis and at this station, the Arabs are certain to get a maximum while avoiding tourists.

To us, it is just another aspect of life in this town that never sleeps.

At all hours, there are people on the streets, so, coming back from work at 3 am and walking alone is not scary at all, one feels safe at all times.

I do not fear anything here, even at the club when a guy comes to bother me there is a minimum of 5 travelers who come around me and push him away.

Protection is "de mise".

We support each other.

I also spent the best Christmas of my life here with a group of guys from all over the world. The party lasted 4 days and sleepless nights or maybe 3 hours of sleep in between days, drinking starting at 6 am for some.

Four long days where none of us took any job.

After the New Years, the guys left one by one in their own direction to continue their journey.

Life on the Roof continues with those, like me, who are "permanents" and new guests who come only for a day or join us for longer term.

In short, the vibe stays quite pleasant and (today is Rod birthday a Scottish guy who really wants to go on a piss and just asked me to put it in my letter).

As you can see, we rarely sleep. At one point or another we get tired but we push it because we want to make the most of it.

A guy asked me to go for a drink and I said no because I do not drink anyway, he got so upset that I asked others why it mattered so much and I was told that if a guy asks you for a drink it means that he likes you and he is actually asking for a date.

That's pretty much how my life on "The Roof" is being right now.

"The Roof" is the dormitory where I am staying.

I cannot find the words to describe how happy I am here, today and tomorrow.

I have earned enough money to buy a ticket for the boat to Cyprus and Greece in April and I still have two more months to gather money for the plane ticket to London and that's easy.

I can earn that much in just two weeks because I always get work.

I haven't touched my French savings yet because I always manage like a traveler does and it brings happiness to my daily life. I don't care much for money, I could work a lot more and earn up to 6000FF from which I could save 5000FF so in three month I could save up 15000FF but I refuse jobs because I rather hang out with my friends from The Roof.

I have a very good relation with all the guys here, they are making me the princess of their stop over in Tel Aviv and we hug all the time just because we all love each other so much.

Those are strong friendships and I am to them, such a doll who brings a smile on their faces. A little bit like a mascot wherever I go.

When a guy asks me to be his girlfriend, I tell him that I cannot give more to one specific person because I love each one of them equally.

It is hard to make them understand that I do not want a boyfriend but eventually they accept it for what it is and our friendship is more relaxed because with me there is no drama.

I am so lucky to live these moments, to be loved so much by the people I meet, they give me so much tenderness and respect.

This is life between "travelers" and often we exchange addresses where eventually we may see each other again during our journey if it matches our future plans.

We already forgot all about the bomb that exploded earlier this evening, it is our night and we are free to live, breath, without restraint.

I will go to Greece with an English guy I met here at the guest house and we will hang out for the month, then I will head back for London while he goes to Germany.

As for London, I won't have any problems because I have so many friends there and the guys here give me tips on the best places to go to.

My plans for the future are looking good.

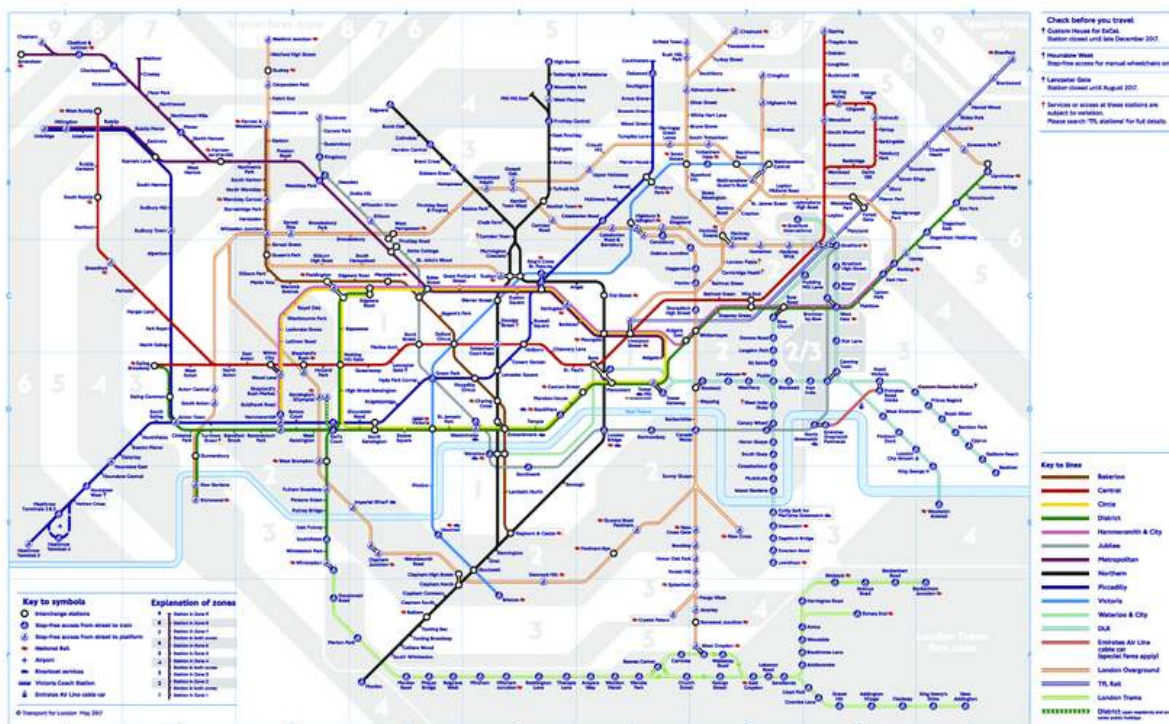
I don't worry about France anymore as now it is just another country, one where I have already been and now, I go where my flow takes me. I try to enrich myself with other people's experience and share my own ideals. Here, we become close very quickly, it is another world, as if I had crossed a border between dream and reality.

Yes, the world where I am today is really a different one.

I wish for everybody to live following their feelings. A lot of travelers are only for a year and are aged between 19 and 30 years of age, mostly 22 years old. We are all equals seeing that we all share the same ideals. No more age between us.

UNITED KINGDOM February 9th - July 15th 1997

Tube map



MAYOR OF LONDON

tfl.gov.uk

24 hour travel information
0343 222 1234

Sign up for email updates
tfl.gov.uk/emailupdates

@TFLTravelAlerts



TRANSPORT FOR LONDON
EVERY JOURNEY MATTERS

Source : Letters - Dairies

Document : Unedited Translation of Extracts.

Currency References : £1 = US\$ 1.6 = 10FF = 1.5 ₪

London,
1997

The 4th March

It's 4pm and I am done with my day, at last.

I have worked between 10 to 13 hours each day since the 24th last month and after that last week when I didn't have the time to enjoy anything I decided to quit my night job at the pub. The pub didn't get many customers so I was getting bored anyways.

I came here thinking only about making and saving money but I now realise that this is not really making me happy so I have taken the decision to go back to my ways, to indulge myself in every ways I wish to, to do only what I feel like doing and I will save whatever money is left after enjoying my life in the present. I don't need much money either way so I am sure I will have saved enough in a month to get back on the road.

Yes, as of today I know that I will go back around Israel and do the trip that I had planned last time I was there : Jordan - Lebanon - Turkey - Egypt - Greece - Cyprus.

I know that I can find work in Greece so I don't need money. Also, with a bit of luck, the guy I met two days before leaving Israel will still be there and I will have someone to hang out with. We were only good friends and spent at least 40 hours being silly and having long conversations. He is just like me, exactly the type of guy I would need if one day I entertained the idea of taking a boyfriend. If not, no big deal.

As from today, I am only working at the Coffee shop and I finish my shift at 4pm everyday, 5 days per week.

I now have some free time and tonight is my first night off so I am going to chill in front of the TV and get my mail up to date.

I thought a lot about the fact that I never take photos because I don't have enough space for a camera in my backpack.

I cannot wait to see you guys and share with you everything I have done since I last saw you and I promise I will take the time to post my mail in the future.

London offers the same lifestyle as France and probably the rest of Europe. WE are put under pressure to find ourselves a house and then do everything to keep it, to survive in a world where our true passion is rejected. I have left France for these reasons and now I am back in the same type of mentality. This time however, I am not committed to anything, no house, no annual taxes because I am not here long enough . Legally, I should pay taxes to the state and the day of my departure I could ask some of these taxes back. It takes about 5 weeks to receive a check and I never wait and won't have any address so I work under the radar. It can work out and if I am asked anything it would be on my out but I don't think anyone cares. To make this short, things are going well for me and I am starting another type of life. I will tell you more in a week once I have gone and visited London. It is still my life and I continue to take my dreams for realities.

Littleport,

Tuesday 24 June 1997

WANTED HARD WORKERS
All Nationalities for Farm, Packhouse, Factory and Glasshouse Work
Opportunity to meet people from around the world and make loads of friends
Global membership now over 3,000 - Old members always welcomed back
Work in most cases is available 365 days a year, 8 to 16+ hours per day
Planting, Picking and Packing of all types of Fruit and Vegetables
Piece rate and hourly pay (min £3 ph) plus O/T or team productivity bonuses
Tractor & Forklift Drivers Wanted £4 to £6 per hour plus overtime pay
Hostel accommodation available, Fully inclusive - Full Board £65 pw
All rent includes 3 full meals per day and transport to / from work
After your 4th week your rent is reduced to £55 Hostel (Full Board)
Self-Catering accommodation is available in some areas (flats, caravans & tents)
ALL fees are paid in arrears (deducted) from your wages (Aver £200+ pw)
A £50.00 refundable bond deposit is payable by all new members
ALL WORKERS must have a **valid holiday working visa** or an **EEC passport**
Home Office Refugees welcomed but you **must have work permission**
The min / max working period is from 4 weeks to 4 years
You must bring with you 2 passport size photos plus your I.D.
So if looking for work and have **no cash** and wish to make loads of friends & party
Just telephone and ask for Max or Zelda on **01243 - 531398 (Fax 538022)**
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Today it's going to be strong on the emotional side, especially about fear.

Last night, at around 1:30 in the morning while I was dozing on the sofa, I heard a series of loud bangs on the door. It's a bit scary to be woken up this way , more so when you know there are a lot of assaults all over the UK.

It's as if I had landed in the country where all the maniacs live.

I decide not to answer. My fear may be born from the fact that last Friday some guy came to ask about Neil. I had told him that he wasn't living here any longer and had gone back to London.

The same guy came back on Sunday and understood and left after apologizing. He wanted a power card and even though I had some , I didn't appreciate the way he went about it. After all, I live here and he could have asked me instead of asking for Neil.

Basically , on Friday, when we went to get our pay in Ely, we passed a guy known to the driver. As we drove past him, he stared at me for a bit and I felt he wanted to know about me. I felt disgusted.

Hold on, I am getting to the point.

This guy was heading for Littleport at the same time as us with his own transport.

Yesterday, in the afternoon, someone came knocking on the door and oh surprise, it was him !

After exchanging some words he tells me that he is also coming for a power card for the same flat as the other guy who had already come twice and to whom I had said I didn't know where they were. I tell him the same thing and he continues blabbing about and tells me that John was supposed to come at 7pm and when I realized he wasn't about to stop talking I tell him again but more firmly that I have no idea where the cards are .

I don't know why but that guy makes my hair rise on my arms, he is weird and radiates a really nasty vibe.

So, there it is, the reason for my fear being confirmed with the loud knocks on my door, awakening the same uneasy feeling in me.

I got so scared, scared to be attacked by this maniac.

I went to get the knife in the kitchen and hid under the bed in the living room.

Before that I went and double check for the key on the door because it is easy to reach from the mailbox from the outside. I got the key out making the least noise possible.

My heart was racing, breathing accelerated , I was terrorized. I couldn't sleep.

I spent most of the night running scenarios in my head in the eventuality of the door being opened.

I saw myself stab the guy as he was trying to get me from under the bed.

I saw myself push the bed on him and then stab him.

I saw him not finding me and lay on the bed and then I waited for him to sleep before grabbing the spare key from the top of the TV and then running to the door and he woke up.

In Another scenario I open the door and close it behind me making noise for him to think I am getting in. In this last case he hears the door and hides waiting for me to appear to attack me. All the while I am running away and calling the police or waking up the neighbors and it's all over.

The last scenario is : I go into the top bunk which is close to a roof window and if I hear something I just climb onto the roof and throw tiles in the neighbors window to alert them.

After a while, I asked myself where I would be in the future and saw myself doing all the things on my list. So, I figured that nothing serious could happen to me now if I was there in the future.

I trusted my vision and let myself sleep.

As I woke up, I felt a pinch of fear.

Was this all a dream ?

Is there anyone sleeping in the bottom bed ?

I reason with myself and convince myself that no one is in that bed and get on with my day.

Once at work, the boss's wife comes by and I ask her about the hefty transport charge.

She reacts aggressively and tells me that I am free to go work in the fields for 3 Pounds an hour and not be charged.

Some blackmail.

I tried to cool her down by saying that on the phone it was made clear that I would work at the greenhouse at least 50 hours a week. She backs out by telling me that she doesn't know what her husband told me over the phone. I am a bit irritated by the exchange. I feel something bad is about to happen again with my salary.

And the day is not over yet.

After work, I go home to take a bath and when I get out the bathroom and head for the door, I see with terror that the ceiling trap is wide open.

That means that someone came inside the flat.

I get out as fast as I can and go down to the Fish & Chips shop where I ask the owner to come and take a look around to see if there is anyone in the flat.

He does and doesn't find anyone but advises me to put the chain on the door tonight and he will come to see me in the morning to make sure I am ok.

The last drop !

I am terrified and keep my knife in my hand at all times. Maybe he didn't look well enough and there's someone hidden in the ceiling.

Okay, I have to have faith in my lucky star and my Destiny.

My mission will protect me from all dangers and I have to fight my fear both mentally and physically.

I am ready to live through a nightmare but not ready to die.

I refuse to die, not when I am so close to my goal.

Not when I am discovering the world, discovering humanity.

I feel better already.

After all, it could be the boss who came to look for something.

It's getting late, I want to chill (with my knife) after jumping at every little sound.

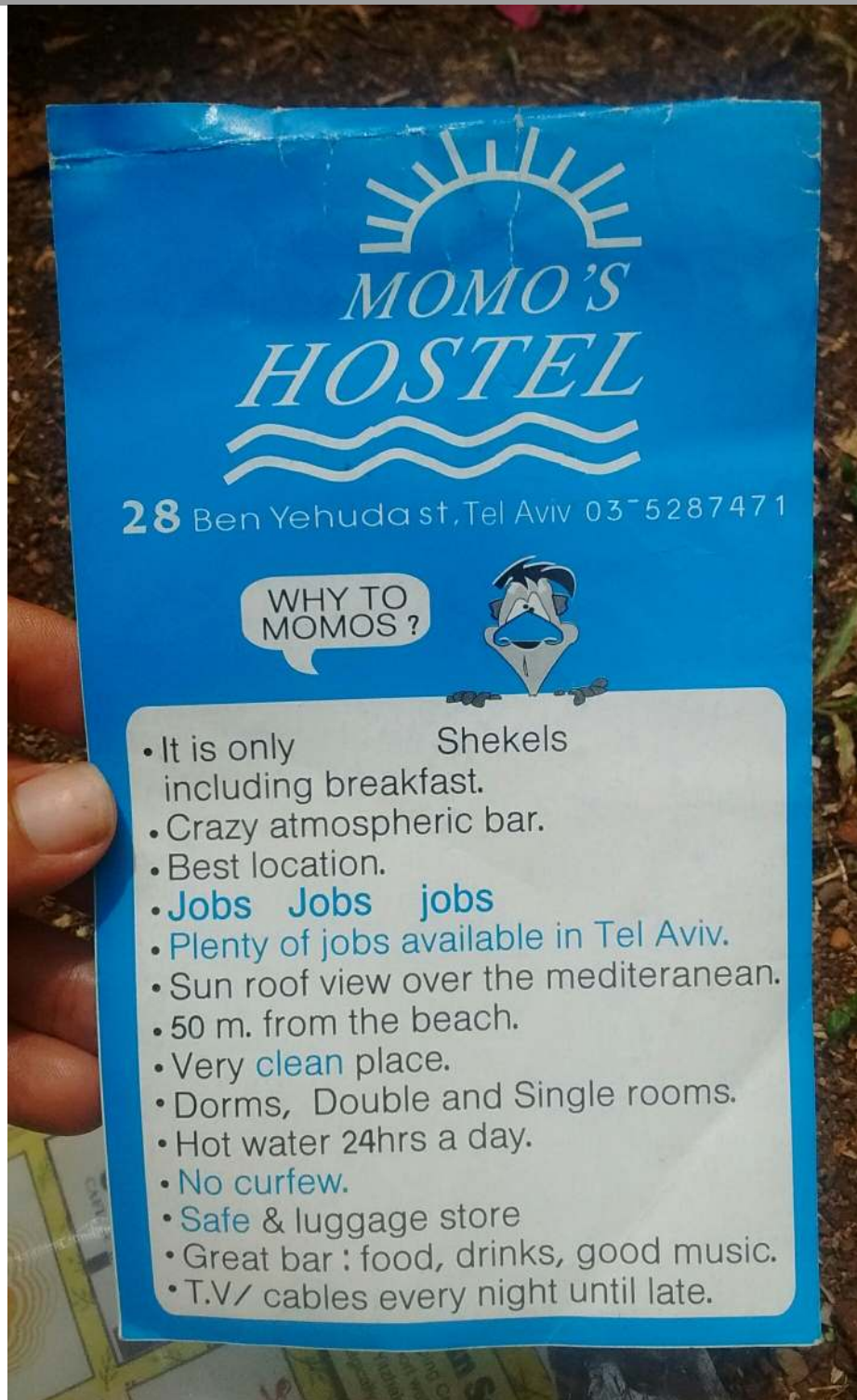
I am ready to confront any surprises.

I will not let anything or anyone get in my way, NOTHING !

If there is anything I am sure about, it is that I know where I am going.

So see you there.

1997
ISRAEL
14 August - 28 October



**MOMO'S
HOSTEL**

28 Ben Yehuda st, Tel Aviv 03-5287471

WHY TO MOMOS?

- It is only Shekels including breakfast.
- Crazy atmospheric bar.
- Best location.
- **Jobs Jobs jobs**
- Plenty of jobs available in Tel Aviv.
- Sun roof view over the mediteranean.
- 50 m. from the beach.
- Very clean place.
- Dorms, Double and Single rooms.
- Hot water 24hrs a day.
- No curfew.
- Safe & luggage store
- Great bar : food, drinks, good music.
- T.V/ cables every night until late.

Source : Personal Diary

Document : Unedited Translation of extracts.

Currency References : : £1 = US\$ 1.6 = 10FF = 1.5 ₪ = 6.8 NIS

Tel Aviv , ISRAEL

Paradise 5th October 1997

I came back to Israel on the 10th of August thinking I would be able to save enough money to pay for a plane ticket for India at the end of September. My idea of life is not to work to get money and then, do things with it, but instead, it is to do something when I have money.

A subtle difference but none the least major.

In the past, every single time I have worked for money reason only, I have lost the natural harmony with my philosophy. I would stop blossoming.

It is the same thing now.

After my first week here, I went and stayed at the Dizengoff Hostel until the 10th and worked only when I felt like it. .

Money wise, I have spent a lot of money and after 2 month here I only saved 40 Pounds. I also loaned 10 pound to a French guy who left without giving it back to me. That will teach me to trust someone.

I was also starting to need some rules in my life, to need a stable job.

I found a position as bartender- cook-receptionist at another hostel.

In exchange, I get a dorm bed, food all day, coffee, tea and only 140 pound per month.

It's 10 hours of work per day and 6 days a week.

Only 4.8 English pound per day !

I know it is ridiculous but I don't care, I like it.

It's ok because I am going now to a very different place, the total opposite.

The hostel has a shabby appearance, dirty, messy and disorganised, old. The funny thing is, that the people there have the same characteristics. Those who do live here anyways.

Yes, in this hostel, people stay for a longer period of time. Some stay for many months and others for years.

Their reason to be here is not to have fun but mostly, to forget. They are more mature, on a personal quest with a vision that is at time fatalistic.

Here, the consumption of alcohol and drugs is incredible.

The regulars are F*d up on something from morning to night. That's their lives. When they are not working, they are getting high by whatever means they can find.

There is a building with private rooms and there is a floor reserved essentially for the Hungarians. They are immigrants and live here full time. The entrance building is the one with the dormitories where I chose to stay even though I could have a private room on the roof.

The guests are like rescues, from the bank robber to the massive asshole with the one playing weird like this French guy.

A bit of everything.

At first glance, I had guessed I was coming into dangerous territory but I had no idea how much.

I am being bullied, verbally abused and harassed to the max.

With the kids at Dizengoff, it was easy to get to know them because of their friendly nature and their appetite for life.

With my "housemates" at Momo's it is a constant fight.

First, I am a girl and few girls can handle the heaviness of MOMO.

Second, they don't seem to be able to put me into a category.

Third, I am French.

Most guests are English while Dizengoff had mostly South Africans.

Now, I am dealing with men, married, divorced, lost souls or on the lookout.

These are Men, boys who have lived through the bad and the worse.

After a couple of days, I was getting on fine with the other employees (2 guys and 1 girl) but the guests had their eyes on me, observing my every move and testing me.

The older one gets and the less one exposes himself to the eyes of others.

With these guys, I am trying real hard and I need a lot of time. They all know each other, love drugs and alcohol and I do not consume either one of these and they give me shit for it.

It creates an even bigger gap between them and I.

They are killing me, draining my mental energy, I am done for.

My first week of work has been rather impressive :

- Saturday 6am-4pm
- Sunday 6am-4pm
- Monday 6am -4pm
- Tuesday 6am-4pm
- Wednesday 4pm -1am
- Thursday 4pm -1am
- Friday 6am-4pm

I normally sleep one hour in the morning and one hour after work but never during the night because I am hanging out chatting with Casey.

By the end of the week I am so exhausted that I cannot fall asleep and only manage to sleep for half an hour.

I am learning a lot here. I tried to go too fast and that was a big mistake, I got treated really bad and was wrong in the way I approached people.

To cut it short, on Tuesday 23rd, I gave my notice before I started my shift because I wanted more time to get to know Momo's people.

I had a chat with a guy who told me his whole life that turned out to be very chaotic :

{ He participated in a mission in India in February 1996 and worked really hard helping.

When I was listening to him describing it in details, I could nearly feel what he had felt back then.

Do you remember how impatient I was to start this part of my life ?

The moment when I would do what I am supposed to be doing.

I waited for the day when I would feel the tingling inside of me telling me that I was ready, that it was time.

I was not listening to his words anymore.

I could feel the magic and right then, I felt it.

I felt that drive within me, like a message that could translate into words : << yes, go for it, you are ready. It is NOW the beginning of phase 3 of my Life, amazing, I have been waiting for this moment for so long >>.

I love when I feel the calls, those are always magical moments.

Believe it or not, every day brings a new thing, new experiences who will become knowledge.

How to explain how I can feel the energy around me, feel what other people feel.

I love Israel, the atmosphere is electrical and I can feel it. At times, it is too much, it takes me entirely and I have to fight to detach from it which is not an easy task.

Sometimes, I wish I didn't have that gift.

There are so many feelings I cannot name because of their complexity.

Here, at Momo's, there are even more of it because of all the people around me.

I have to recharge more often.

The good thing is that I am less lazy because of Casey. We made a habit of walking along the beach in the middle of the night or to go down the corner shop at all hours.

Now , when Casey is here, there is Life, the greatest company.

Two days ago she went back to Haifa , where she lives, to find a new apartment.

She had come down to Tel Aviv because there were not many jobs at the moment and she is on school vacation.

She should be back on Monday or Tuesday , in a couple of days.

As for me, I am happy to know that I am ready and that I am going to start volunteering.

I had planned to travel to India and it looks like, at last, I will be doing exactly what I wanted while spiritually enriching myself.

When I realized how fast I was saving money I had decided to stay until the end of November to give myself a month to go to GOA for New Years Eve.

My plans have changed now and on Monday will go to the Embassy to ask for my Tax return from the Uk(30 pounds) and I will get my ticket for Delhi as soon as I receive it. It shouldn't take more than three days.

So, in ten days time , I will have a foot on the plane.

I will only know when I am leaving a couple of days ahead of time.

That is quite exciting.

This is what I think of most of the time but there is also so much happening every day.

This guy, Rian, the one who went to India, stayed in an Ashram and knows a lot about spirituality but he has lived through so much heavy stuff that he is not strong enough to live in Harmony with what he is inside yet. He drinks everyday and is under the influence at all times. He is losing it. He wants to prove that he is spiritually aware but has no humility.

I believe in who he is deep inside and let him know.

He tried to hook up with me but I told him that I couldn't and he just accepted.

There are few people here who do not like me at all but he stands up for me. Maybe it is without afterthoughts but I'm not so sure. I am suspicious of people who claim to love me.

Given his internal conflict , he could turn back at me and be real mean.

To keep him and save him from himself, I try to reassure him that I will not give up on him no matter what, even when he is a dick to me. I tell him that he has so much worth in him and that I won't let him throw it all away.

The part of him who Believes holds on to me and the other part rejects me. I know he is not lying when he says that my presence is making his life a bit harder and that he doesn't know why.

His best friend cannot stand me even though we never talked together. He is from New Zealand and keeps accusing me of nuclear testing because I am French.

I also had a violent fight with another guy on my first day of work here at MOMO because I rejected his advances and Rian keeps taking my defense even though he would rather for me to not be here to be able to drink himself silly and forget about me.

He lets me know how he cannot wait for me to leave to be at peace.

Either way, we will meet again in February 1998 at the "EYE CAMP" he told me about.

Every 2 years, the best eye surgeons of the world meet somewhere around Mumbai for a total of ten days to do eye surgery on poor people.

All during their Holidays and free of charge.

That's where Rian was last year, only a few kilometres away from the Ashram where he stayed for many months.

I will be there and I know he will be there also.

I know that, once there, only the best part of him will come out because he will have the structure that he needs to be clear.

Right now, this break allows him to ignore the part of him that he cannot handle yet, to forget his Self. I know that he can and will get over this.

My life is insane. It is not the easy life like last year.

Everything is about learning, feelings, energies and now it is getting a bit intense.

JORDAN

28 October 1997 - 10 December 1997





JORDANIA

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Source : Personal Diaries

Documents : Unedited Translation of extracts.

Currency References : £1 = US\$ 1.6 = 10FF = 1.5 ₣ = 1.1 Dinar

JORDAN

7th

November 1997

Salam Alikum,

I am still in Jordan, far from time, far from anything I know.
I live in a tent in the middle of a forest with a guy I met 10 days ago.
I have a slight idea of the date because I remembered the legislative election that was happening on the 5th and we talked with some guy a few days ago.

After not finding any archaeological gig in AMMAN we took the bus for JERASH. I had to take some anti diarrhea because I was still very sick. I had to poop near the bus stop.

Our mission on arrival is to go to the edge of town and set the tent in the middle of some ruins. Once again it is dark when we set up.

The reaction is the same everywhere : first, I am a female and get noticed, second, we are backpackers, and third, we live in a tent.

There aren't really anyone else doing it like us.

We go wherever our ride goes.

Of course I have the final say because we figured I had a better instinct when it comes to people's intentions and Greg already sold me at the border for a few sheep.

I also happen to be a lot nicer to people than he is.

He studied psychology in school and I have been studying people seriously for quite some years now so we do a lot of observing and share theories.

Our relationship works because we study each other.

I do not love him and will never do because I do not admire who he is. He is exceptional though, for sure.

I know where I want my boundaries to be and Greg is getting too much in my space. I think he is falling in love with me but he is scared of saying it. I do not want to have the least impact in his life. Now It's like waiting for him to decide to leave me but I think I will have to do it before.



Anyway, at Nadaba we will take the bus to Dhiban due to the lack of a safe place to camp.

Someone will advise us to go all the way to KARAK but Greg wants to go to Mont Nebo so we want to stay nearby for the night.

After a little chat and a tea with the Police they will drive us through Wadi Mujib which is spectacular.

On the way to Dhiban there was another spectacular Wadi.

The Wadi (Valleys) are breathtaking. We are fascinated by the landscape in front of our eyes. I cannot transcribe the beauty of it all.

They stop us at a curve where there is an observation point with a police officer. They advised us to set up the tent nearby because it is dangerous and they found a man's body nine month back.

We find It is too close to the highway so we thank them and walk further down the mountain before setting up away from sight behind a group of rocks.

The view is indescribable.

Night falls, the wind starts blowing.

Later that night we can hear footsteps and voices calling, we see flashlight and decide to not show ourselves.

About 15 minutes later we will see a car stopping at the camp further down the mountain and something makes us believe they car people are asking for us.

Half an hour later, as we lay outside watching the sky, we hear footsteps from afar getting closer to us.

We figure that they will find us and that it is better to show ourselves and go along with whatever is going on.

It's the police officers who brought us here and who now, are urgently asking us to pack up and follow them because they fear for our lives.

At night, we head back up with our flashlight in hand trying to not fall on the rumbles while carrying our backpacks.

At first, they told us that they were taking us back to the police station for the night but now that we are in the car, they tell us that we need to go to KARAK right now.

I am really fed up to have been disturbed and forced to move against my will. One more time, I will follow the rules of this country who is teaching me that Freedom has no real meaning considering the rules set by society.

What is the price to pay ?

Freedom has no price because it doesn't exist.

Only a word with a wonderful meaning but more Utopian than a definite objective possible to attain.

The police drives us for about 30 minutes before parking on the side of the highway in the middle of nowhere. They say that they cannot take us all the way as it is far but they will wait with us for a car. After some time, they will stop a passing car and convince the driver to take us to KARAK. It is a long drive through the valleys, many curves and ups and downs.

As agreed, the driver will bring us to the police station where the cops have no idea what to do with us. We end up convincing them to let us set camp in the yard of the station and the next morning we go find a room in a nice Hostel.

INDIA

16 January - 6 April 1998



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Source : Personal Diaries in French

Document : Unedited Translation of extracts.

Currency References : £1 = US\$ 1.6 = 10FF = 1.5 ₣ = 70Rs

New Delhi

Friday 23rd January 1998

In the mornings, I wonder what I am going to do with my day and by night, I wonder what I have done with my day.

I do absolutely nothing.

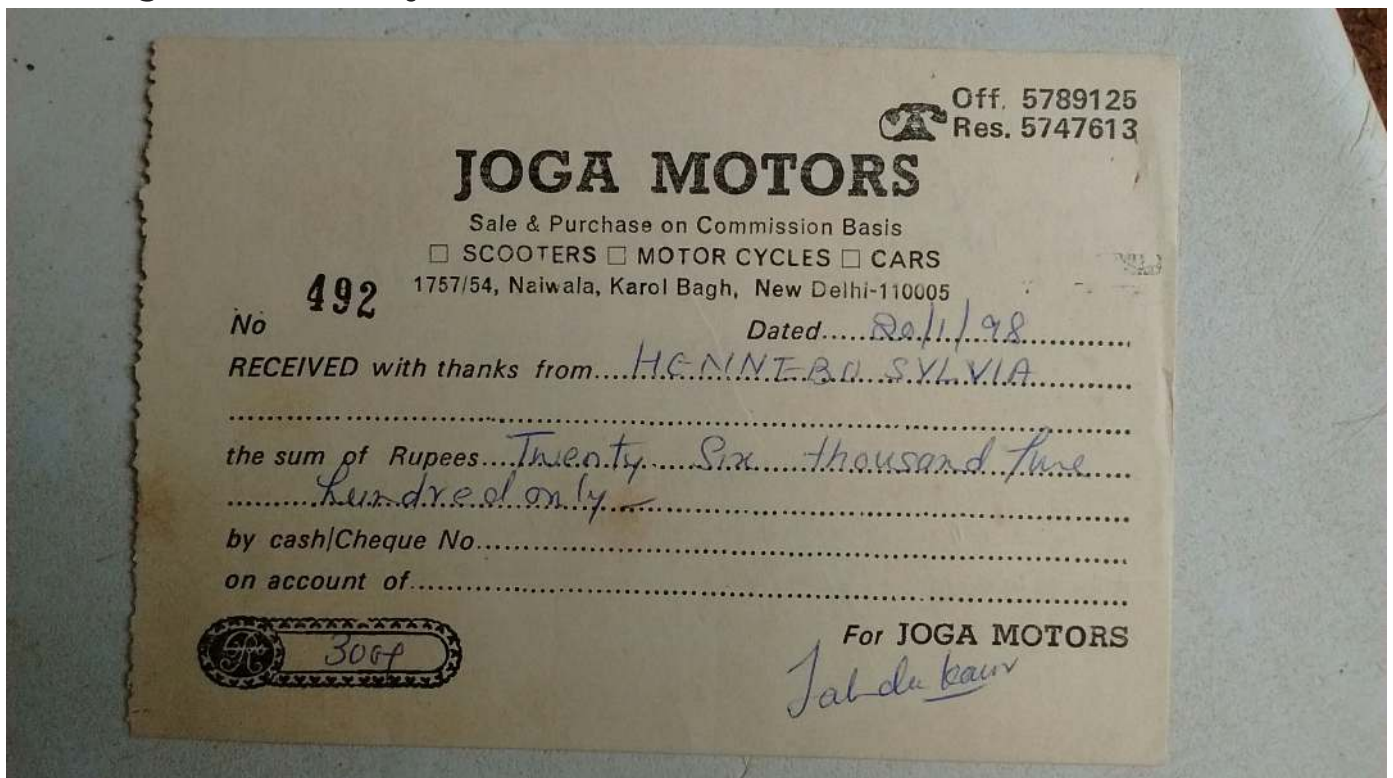
Wake up, wash up, read on the roof, get food, roof, small walk in the Bazaar and back on the roof.

That's today.

I also had a massive headache starting at 4 this morning. Impossible to make it go away even by staying away from the crowd. I had to take a pill to make it pass.

The level of pollution is driving me nuts.

I parked my motorbike after my nocturnal escapee last night and by morning, it was already covered with black soot.



My nails are black only a few hours after washing up.

My hands, especially the palms resemble the hands of a mechanic. My hands are so dirty that I am ashamed.

Also, when I blow my nose, it's all black. I am starting to get zits on my face from so much dirt and pollution.

It is a horror when you actual can SEE for the first time the impact of pollution in your daily life. One thing for sure, there is no breathing done with an open mouth.

Actually, my time here is a bit strange. As if I am nowhere in my Life, as if my Time has stopped while life around goes on. All this, because I have lost my ambition.

It is like whatever I had inside me has abandoned me and all that is left is my physical envelope who is dragging itself waiting for the inside to come back alive.

I am also waiting for my Life to come back because until now I have done everything for it and She left me stranded.

As if She led me here and abandoned me, my little voice left me and I am lost without it.

I don't know what I am supposed to be doing, I can't think straight.

I am like a floating soul.

What made me so strong, so confident, this thing I felt inside me is no more.

I, who thought I was so lucky to possess such a strong will, remember the mission I had given myself at this time and decide that I am wasting precious time waiting for the magic to come back.

This time, I understand, it is all on me : Sylvia, the physical body and not my spirit.

It is probably a test.

I try to reason and think but by trying so hard to plan something I only get myself to doubt on my next move.

So, I take myself back to point zero by breathing and emptying my mind.

Life is in front of me and today, I manage to reconnect with my instinct, I can feel it once again.

It tells me to move, tells me I need Nature.

I crave to sit on grass or sand, touch any form of vegetable Life, that is what I miss.

Mother Nature.

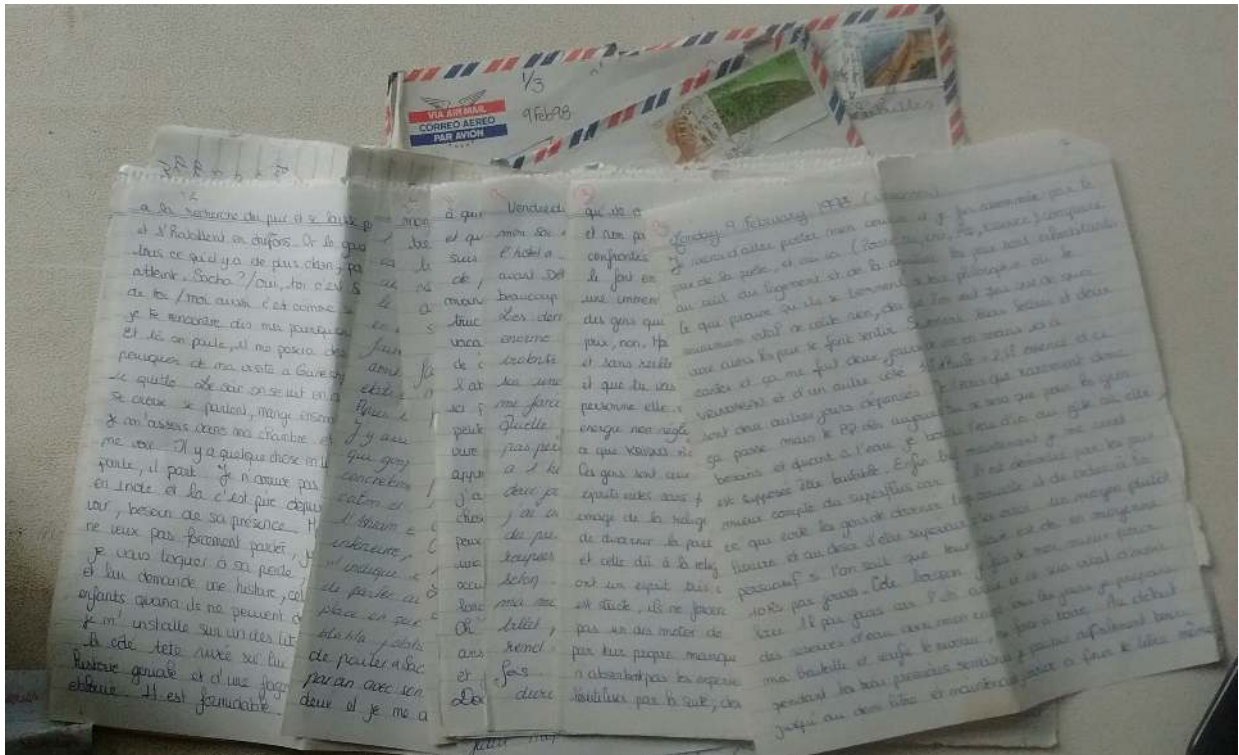
<u>Write in Hindi</u>		<u>Transition</u>
ENGLISH SOUND	Hindi	
Abhee	अभी	At once
Tabhee	तभी	
Kabhée	कभी	Whenever
Isé	सिसे इस	This one
Tumhén	तुम्हें तुम्हें	to you
Usé	उसे	to him
Mujhé	मुझे	to me
Ab	अब	now
Tab	तब	then
Kab	कब	when
Is	सिसे इस	this
Tumén	तुमें	You
Unhén	उन्हें	those
Mujhkó	मुझको	me
Yahée	यही	(a) this
vahée	वही	(the) that
kál	कल	yester/ tomor.

Lesson #6.

I had decided to learn reading Sanskrit so I would be able to read the signs along the road.

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Original Letter/Diaries



Source : Personal Diary in French
Document : Unedited translation of Extracts

JAIPUR

30th January 1998

It is now 7pm and I arrived at my first stop in one piece an hour ago !

I left the Hostel in Delhi at 7am this morning and I had a lot of trouble getting out of Delhi. It took me about an hour and half to find the right road. I really got a kick out of it, it was amazing to be on the bike, to feel free and sometimes I felt as if I was flying.

It's also another challenge I just accomplished and now I understand why there are so many accidents on the roads.

I had too many near death experiences today.

I got pushed off the road into the ditch so many times.

I found myself laughing and smiling to no one from the high of being in my dream.

One I had for the past three years : riding a bike in India.
When we want, we can, LOL.

February 8th

Humongous and magnificent Temples , superb God sculptures.

A small town only, but every 100 metres there is a huge sculpture to appreciate.

Everything looks like it is made for children as the colors used are baby pink, baby blue, baby green...

I am overwhelmed by reality.

I cannot wait to walk around and see it all.

Ganeshpury

February 16th

That evening, at around 8pm, after a 27 h journey, the bus dropped me right across the street from the Ashram I have been searching this whole time.

I am told that I cannot stay there because there is a long waiting list and people pay a lot of money to stay there after going through a selection.

On top of everything they tell me that the EYE CAMP is not happening this year but next year and that there is priority given to the people staying at the Ashram for filling up the volunteering positions.

In short, it's a business, all for money !

I have met eyes with some people staying there, mostly Americans.

The Guru herself lives in the USA most of the year.

I am so disappointed.

After the calling in October and my motivation towards the Eye camp.

I finally made it to discover that there is nothing.

My heart sinks, everything I believed in doesn't exist.

It is true that the people seem serene , good, calm and very nice but they are the one Making the Ashram what it is. They are the ones believing and bringing spirituality into it because they have Faith.

A woman takes me into her rickshaw and shows me a place to stay in the village further down the road and she suggests for me to talk with a guy named Sasha.

I arrive at the place in question at 10 o'clock at night and after a lot of bla bla bla I manage to get a room and the lady there also tells me to talk with Sasha.

That is two people in 20 minutes and I wonder why they want me to find him, why do they seem to love him so much ?

I end up talking with the older couple and they are very special.

They found a way to live both spiritually and as individuals at the same time.

Their philosophy is very similar to mine.

On my first day, I will try to direct my deception towards an understanding of why I had to come here.

I understand that I do not want to go to an Ashram with a Guru because it's not my thing.

What am I going to do now with India ?

I don't feel like traveling this time, not really, I came for the Eye camp originally.

I came here because I thought there was an important message for me, something that would have a huge influence in my Life.

What to do ?

Two days and I turn and turn inside my head.

What is the reason for all this ?

I got on well with one guy at the pub and after three weeks of hugging, I kissed him. It was hard because I was scared but I feel so tender with him. Then, we had sex together days after Xmass until he left for Thailand on the 5th of January.

I really like him very much because he makes me feel good and loved and he made love to me so gently.

Ray is 23, Australian and very pretty. Nearly too good for me, isn't it ?

The way we parted (restaurant etc..) made me think that we probably will carry on the relationship when he comes back. I don't know. I would love to believe so. I think it would be great but does he want it ?

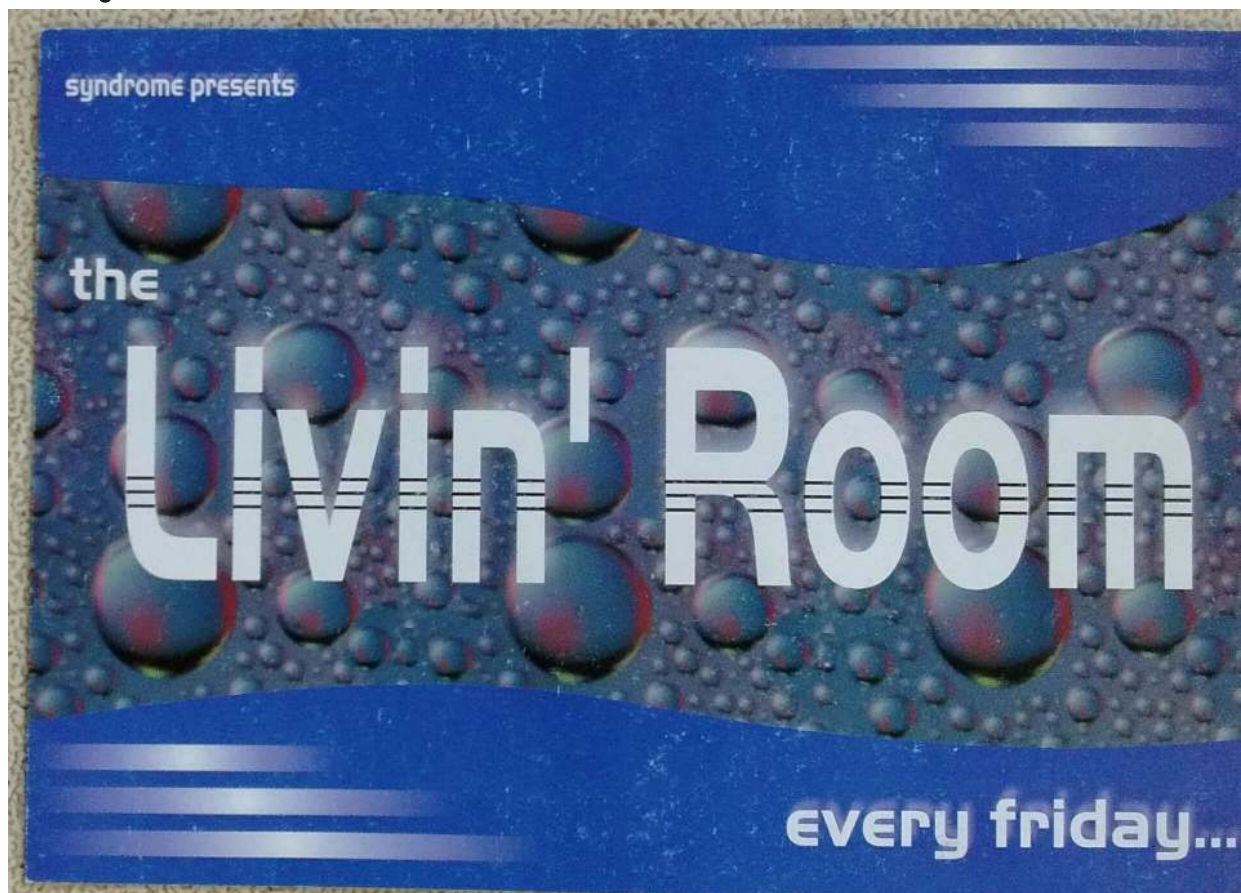
On the other hand I rang Manu and he told me straight that he missed me and he was very sad I couldn't come to France soon.

What can I do ?

If Ray wants me, I will choose him, for sure.

I feel like I have found home somehow.

With the guys we have decided to go party every single night until we can't take it anymore.



INDIA

19 April 1999 - 12 June 1999



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Source : Personal Diary
Document : Unedited Transcript of extracts
Currency References : £1 = 70Rs = US\$ 1.6 = 10 FF = 1.55€

Sunday 18th April 1999

Yesterday night, the guys went out and Ray wanted to go so bad, he was so cute. I didn't want to go coz I knew he would be more with me than with the others.

I went in the room and waited for them to come back. When I heard them back and after 15 mn Ray still not showing up I got mad coz I need a hug. It's 3:15am and I have to sleep but no way I am going to collapse without my hug.

Then my head went on confusion, high confusion. He doesn't care much, he already acts as if I was gone. HURT. I ring him downstairs and hang up coz he sounds so happy and distant. He's angry I hang up.

In my head, many things.

Is it worth it ? it's probably useless to keep this relationship going if I get hurt by little things. I am so scared to see the day when I will lose him, so scared. Yeah ! I won't die but I wish I could be happy with him as long as we can and not just being together because it's convenient.

We end up talking till 6 am, him so drunk and so cute, so nice, so innocent. I gave him shit, maybe I needed to prove to him I could do without him and by the same time show him I wasn't a bunny boiler. Because I love him and think he never will, so it's better to end now rather than make him a 70% part of my life and get very hurt later.

Time.

I only want the best for the both of us, if I give him too much I will regret one day having done it.

(Flying to Moscow in 3.16 minutes.)

That's it. My plane is on the way to take off. The ritual show of security. The plane is $\frac{1}{3}$ full so I have a good seat.

1-2-3-GO

These flights are so basic, no wonder they have the highest rate of crashes.

Back to my Baby.

No, of course he shouldn't tell me that he wants me forever, marry, babies...
If I would like him to feel that way ? Yes !

Oh my gentle Baby, I am being distracted by the other planes taking off, we are still waiting.

Finally , by the time two planes take off at 20 seconds interval, and another one about 40 seconds later.

Whohooo!! Apparently we are next.

Oh no, one more and if I believe my eyes (one more gone) there is a queue. It makes me think about a boy toy (one more). Fuck, that's crazy, that take off queue. The weather is beautiful for this part of the world, the Sun shines into my eyes.

Anyway, I thought it would be hard but not that painful to break up. I feel broken inside but not angry, not betrayed, not being used. I know it's not his fault, it's me who is fucked up in the head.

(Oops, I think it's our turn now, one more and it's us)

I regret so much having been so awful last night. We didn't need that shit. I was coming back, we would have managed to see each other again for some traveling. That was bad. He stayed nice.

Yes, he is right. I am asking for commitment but inside me I don't want to be like this.

What is going on ?

(That's it, we are on the runway)

I feel really awful. I can't help but keep being scared and wondering when it's going to end.

(fuck, this plane is freaking me out. Tidy England houses , bye bye, we are getting close to the clouds, same height, flying inside the egg white. They make me puke. Up and down, not good. It's been so long, I forgot how it was to fly with the clouds. Shit, I love it !).

I was certainly scared after a whole year of being settled in one place but now it feels right.

Yeah ! I'm alone ! That's me.

I'm off into the sky, had a nice little lunch and a tea and my thoughts go to you.

I feel better.

Is it because we talked this morning and you made me believe that we will see each other when I come back or is it because the shock has passed and I am ready to carry on alone ?

It would be so easy for me to be single even though I'll be lonely but loving you messes my head up.

I wish I could let it go as you do. It's like people who can shag without wanting a second time but do it just for the sake of shagging. If only I could do it. Be with you as long as it last, but I just can't do it this way. I want so much attention in return. I wasn't ready to break up. The only thing that went wrong is that I was scared to lose you and it was spread in my mind. And fuck. I'll try harder from now on.

The stress of the flight, the potential pregnancy, the noisy atmosphere of India, the stress of my plan about the hospital and you and the fear not to be useful, to not know what to do.

Basically, enough to prefer f*ck everything up myself rather than letting things take me by surprise.

The Pride, the Fear to lose control on my Life and I rather decide when I take a turn. I hope you understand, I didn't mean to be awful, I lost it totally. Your heart, your mind are so pure they attract love.

SATURDAY 1st MAY 1999

Day 4 - DHARAMKOT

Wohoo ! So, that's only my fourth day here, I feel it's been much longer than that.

This morning, I am on my way to visit The Dalai Lama.

At the Temple, so many people, Westerners, Tibetans, Indians.

Queuing, waiting.

The weather is bad, since this morning the sky is grey and now the wind is blowing so bad, some rain, thin drops.

And we wait, still.

Then, the sun comes and 15 minutes after, the processing starts.

There is a big circle formed by Guards.

-----Oh ! I'll explain later---I am too tired now-----

So, first, we are on the Temple's property, in the yard.

The first queue is actually two (women-men) and on the other side there are Indians, Monks, etc..

We get in about 100 at a time.

First guy checks the number and takes the ticket.

Then we go and those who have bags give it in exchange for one ticket before going through the screen search.

Then, the women go in one room to get checked from up close and men are checked outside.

Then, we are on one large road that goes up to the Temple.

We all go, no queue, we will have to wait anyway.

After the false rain, we see it's moving forward.

It started.

We go up.

There is a circle, you go around clockwise with a one meter distance between each other and a posted man standing every 2 meters. There are many men standing with guns guarding that circle of men.

On the right side , The Dalai Lama stands with a few Monks next to him.

Photographers, TV reporters stand in front of him, filming.

We have been waiting for so long, I am feeling a bit nervous and the queue goes faster now.

Time to remember why I came.

My turn.

He shakes my hand with his famous smile, I smile to him thinking of giving him some of my energy for his long day.

Just two seconds, the queue does not stop, it goes in chain, one Monk gives me the red string and I bead back out.

I feel relieved.

That's it, I've done it.

I didn't feel anything so special.

Poor man, he is a machine for today.

Then you go down by another side, get out, go back to the stall to get your bag.

That's it.

The red string around my neck, my souvenir from this day.

Now, I want to eat, buy a book and go back up to my village.

I'm so tired.

One of the girls refuses to talk to me.

The other is very good and the other talks.

In general it's okay.

But all along, the kids from the other class come and grab my watch, my fork(my bracelet is a fork).

My girls interrupt me to look inside my mouth at my tongue piercing.

So, between the time of me being a clown or a teacher, time passes fast.

Very good for a first day.

I think I won my girl by having all these strange things on me but I shouted as well to ask them to listen etc,,,

I expected it to be harder to establish a relationship but fortunately they were only three.

After 45 minutes we get a break of ten minutes.

Then all the kids get into a line and do a prayer with the teachers facing them.

The class changes from one day to the next so it's hard to progress. From 3 kids to 20 kids, I just never know how many kids will show up.

I try to write my observations for each individual to be able to put them in other classes.

We have different levels depending on their knowledge.

Anyway, I meet with the teachers . they are all nearly the same age as I, between 24 and 42. We are five French speaking people so I get French jokes.

I'm so happy I came.

It feels so right to be here, doing these things.

I love it.

Came back to my dorm. Tell about my day.

And we all talk and talk.

I go to get food with the French guy and by the end of the meal he knows everything about my love story.

We get on really well, the fact that we are doing the same thing, being normal people.

CALCUTTA

SUNDAY 16th May

Kalighat Hospital for the Lepers.

This morning we put 8 women in the ambulance and 5 of the volunteers (1 woman, 2 long term men, Alarik and I) went to the train station to help to carry them.

There, I wrote their names and registration numbers on their arms, taking some responsibilities.

It's funny to see that I am already in the heart of things, among the most respected. Although there are girls who have been here for months , it's different with them, they don't get much consideration.

Anyway, this is just so natural for me. Loads of manual work and contact as well.

Fuck !

I have been dreaming of this for so long.

Should I do it all my Life ?

I wait. Time will tell me what I have to do when time comes.

I would love to come back for sure or do it as much as possible

When the patients finished eating, I went and helped in the kitchen. There is so much to be done here.

Always needed somewhere.

Anyway, I felt like shit leaving these patients on the way to their city because after only two day I already got to know them and be used to them.

I can't imagine how strange it is going to be the day I have to leave.

My arms and legs hurt so much from carrying the patients. Getting muscly.

There were some more patients to take to the train station but I left at 3 pm because I still had to write and finish some necklaces for my girls.

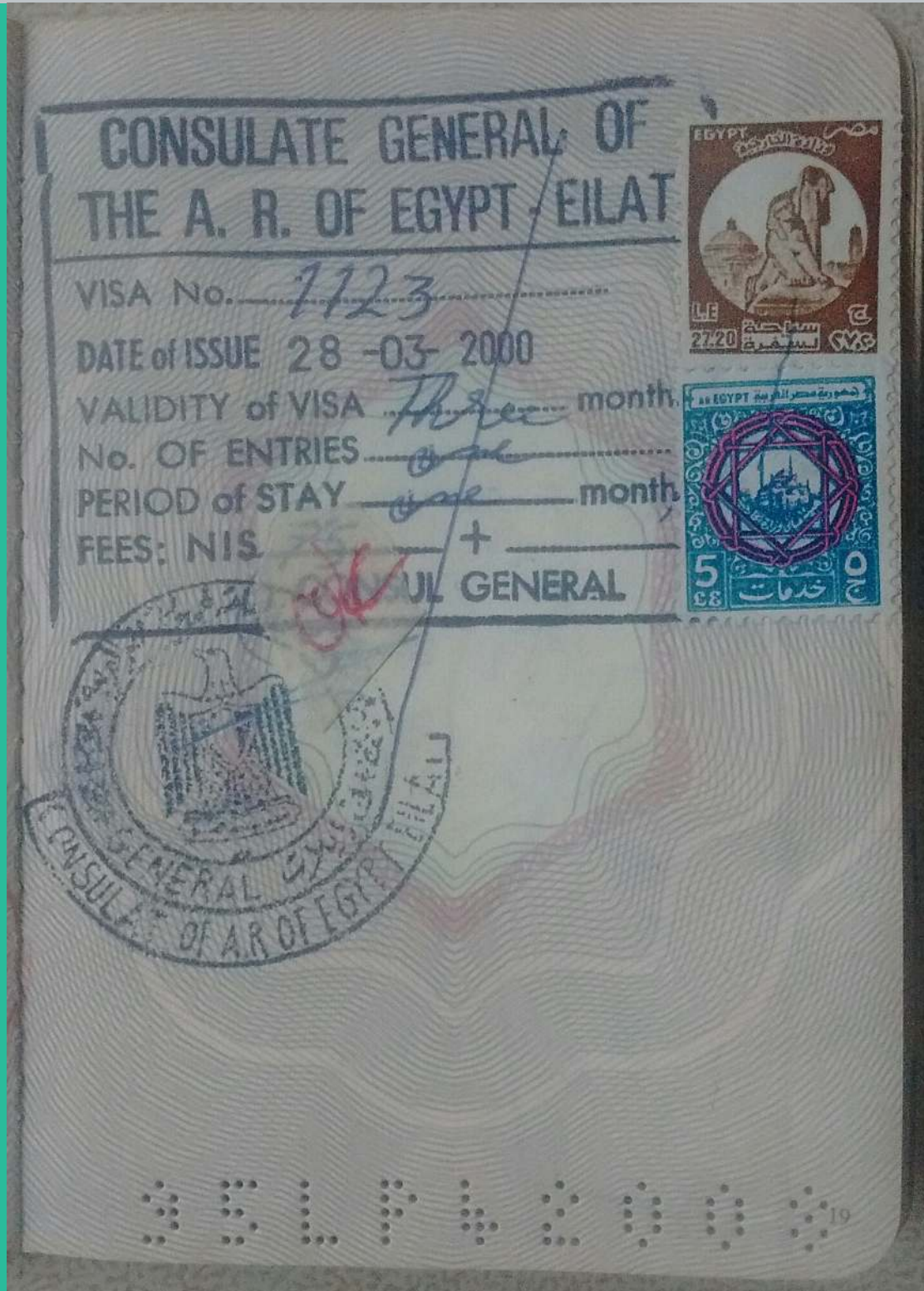
I also have to make my program for the week.

If only I could manage my Babe and this life together.

One day I will find the way to always be of use at the same time as having my Life.

EGYPT

29 March - 3rd May 2000



Trip : EGYPT with Ray.

Source : Personal Diaries in English

Document : Unedited Transcript of extracts

Currency References : £1 = E1 = US\$ 1.1 = 10 FF = 1.55€

Thursday 9th March 2000

LONDON (UK) - TEL AVIV (ISRAEL)

Wake up very early, leave old clothes downstairs for everybody to take and quick, with our bags, go to the bus stop.

We have to go back to Camben first because Ray forgot his sleeping bag there so there we are at 7am.

Take the Tube to Gatwick where our plane is supposed to take off from. We get there at 8am which is a perfect timing knowing we leave at 10h30.

Time to go around, eat at Mc Donald's.

Pretty excited to leave, sick of buildings, need some nature, some holiday.

That's it, we are on the plane, on our way !

No search, it was so easy, even when we got to the airport in Tel Aviv, only a few questions checking our names, asking if we're going to a kibbutz.

Stamps, PAM !!!

Wait the bus for about half hour and then, as I remember very well, we reach Dizengoff hostel.

The price has risen so much in two years time, now it is 40NIS when it was only 31NIS at the time.

Everything has changed.

No More TV room, which was the center of all the happening, meeting, socializing with each other.

The atmosphere is empty, inexistant.

Disappointment.

At the reception, one guy who was here before but that didn't speak English so well and was just on the side of all. Two other oldies (40's) who also were there, still there after 2 years.

There are many people from Hungary, Poland, Roumania and Russia.

Not so many jobs coming in because of all the last flow of immigration. They took the travelers jobs.

It will probably be harder to go around without a way to make money.

Well, my corner crusty shop is closed down as well.

Shit ! I was dreaming of that sandwich.

As we walk along to the other sandwich places and the ice-cream place, I can see many changes about Tel Aviv itself.

Once more, my food places are just not there anymore.

All the Hostels now have an internet room with computers when last time I was there, there was only one internet cafe in the city to my knowledge.

The weather is hot, sunny, yeah !

Shorts, sandals, out.

On Saturday we are having breakfast at the BUZZTOP and as I walk out the toilet I have the shock to see Howard sitting a table away from us.

He recognizes me as well and our faces must be funny to look at right now.

Quickly we exchange news and phone numbers promising to see each other during the next weekend for Ray's Birthday.

Wahoo!

He has a girlfriend and proposed to her.

It is so good to see him after these years I tried to reach him.

4th April - Photo of Original Diary



These have been discovered during World War 2 when Italians used them as shelters.

A man on the hill follows us after we avoided him thinking of another rip off and now leads us to some other tombs where we find a locked metal door. Because of this man, more caves appear in front of our eyes, this time there are writings and Mummies. One of these Tombs was so real.

We saw paintings similar to the ones we saw at the Museum in Cairo.

He unlocked the door for us and there, around us, were the trace of another TIME.

The sky with stars / flowers bathing in a deep blue sky.

To the sides, the pictures of the Gods Horus and the Dog, Kings, Goddesses. Submerged by the authenticity of this place.

Our eyes grow bigger as we follow along the wall while studying the characters, the colors.

It is here, at the end of our fingers, we are inside it, exactly as it always was originally.

It is worth thousands of museums even if some parts are gone.

Now and only now, I can say << I have seen it >>.

Even if I have entered the "Lieu Sacre", I didn't steal it.

In the far end of the Tomb is where the sarcophagus used to repose.

Well, we leave the Hill happy for having seen it.

Now we can say that we took as much as SIWA had to offer.

Tomorrow, another day, another trip



Glimpse of a Nomad's Life.

Welcome to my world,

In this e-book you will find content of my personal diaries from 1996 to 2000.

This e-book was made to help me gather funds to start over after finding myself homeless due to COVID-19.

I hope you enjoy the roller-coaster ride created by the way I have chosen to live my Life. I chose to follow my childhood dreams and follow my heart more than the voice of reason which does not always bring a comfortable outcome.

My goal is to write an actual Memoir and share with others the idea that following your heart is an option, that it is a matter of making the decision to do it.

Everything is possible.

I have tried to include contents that represent my journey the best and hope that it will make you smile, dream and bring your inner child back to life.

I always knew there was something “wrong “ with me but challenged myself to learn to live with it instead of trying to fix it. Accepting my love for Life as well as the moments when I do not want this same Life. Learning to separate reality from the void created by my body going rogue on me.

This is not just about traveling. It is about the journey to becoming an individual and standing for what one believes.

The evolution of the human race is never ending and each one of us has a duty to keep fighting for equal rights to live.

We are not all so lucky and the fight for freedom to be is not over.

Living is not safe, why not live our dream life and make the hardship worth it ?

Sylvia Hennebo