

We are all
made of stories

Americans of Tübingen: *Kimberly*

“It was July 30th, 2017.

I had just gotten back to Germany from the USA the night before. I was jetlagged and exhausted from travel. As I sat on a bench at the train station, waiting for my train to arrive, I noticed a cute guy sitting nearby. But bags under my eyes, hair in a messy bun, leggings and a big t-shirt was not my best look. So I was hesitant to talk to him. As we boarded the train, I took the first seat available to me. A 4-seater with a table – across from the cute guy. I asked in broken German if it was okay to put my suitcase there. I don't even remember what he said, but it was a yes.



An actual text to my best friend read “Sitting next to a cute boy. Trying so hard to think of how to start a conversation”. His headphones were sitting on the table, instead of in his ears, so I thought maybe he wanted to talk to me too.

And then the train conductor came to check tickets. Now was my chance. I asked in German “where are you going?” I didn't think he understood, so I repeated myself in English. And that's how our first conversation started. I found out later that his headphones were actually just broken.

The next texts to my best friend read “Yaaaaas I did it! And got his number” “Know how I know he's nice? He was on his way to visit his grandma. Also, he was nice to me lol I'm in ratchet travel girl mode and he still liked me.”

We talked the whole train ride and then waited together on the platform for whosever train came next. We exchanged numbers and decided to keep in touch. Another hour later and we were texting each other from our separate trains.

We texted back and forth all week, while he was visiting family and I was on a work trip.

When we were both back in Reutlingen, we planned to meet up again. Our first date was August 9, 2017 in Tübingen. And that's the date we use as our anniversary date.

On one of our first dates, I told him the reason I had gone to America for almost a month. I had had a mental breakdown and was not in a good place. I came back to Germany because I had committed to a job, but otherwise I'm not sure I would have come back. I thought to myself, Wow typical Kimmy, tell a guy all about the bad parts of your life and scare him away.

I told him “you don't know what you're signing up for”. He said, “I'm signing up anyway”. And that's when I knew.

I had finally met someone who was willing to love me for me, flaws, mistakes, and “ratchet travel girl mode” and all. I was right about us, we've always made it work. Through everything, ups and downs. He's everything I could have ever asked for in a partner.

Whenever I tell Germans that I met my boyfriend on a train, they always look at me a little funny. “Talk to people on the train you don't know? How crazy” But growing up in the USA, it was second nature to me to start conversation with strangers, on the train, in the line at the grocery store, at the park, wherever.”