

One evening in a bar in Copenhagen.  
Three girlfriends are having a drink.





So embarrassing.  
I thought he was  
a childhood friend,  
and also the first  
guy I ever kissed.

Seriously, the  
redhead?

what's wrong  
with redheads??

Nothing!


I always liked the  
redheads, big hands, freckles  
and the clever boy and the  
wild ones. And flapping ears!  
I LOVE FLAPPING EARS!

strange  
but  
cute.

I don't  
remember  
my first  
kiss.







What??  
But you must remember  
Something?

What's the first  
thing you do  
remember?

Hmm... the first thing that comes to  
mind is Zuki. We had French  
classes together in 8th grade. There  
was this school dance...

We talked and danced. The music  
was loud and we went out in the  
hallway, and up the stairs.





We just sat there  
in the dark. Holding hands.  
It was very intimate, but  
I don't remember us  
kissing. I would  
remember a first  
kiss, right?



But what I do remember best, is the huge crush  
I had throughout most of my teenage years. His name  
was Robert. We would spend our afternoons on the  
bench in my mother's kitchen. Talking, drinking tea and he  
would play the guitar. I would sit there and wish.

Please love me.

Noo... Not  
the guitar!  
So unfair.

Sigh!  
I always  
fell for  
them!

