Abstract: I went on a student exchange by accident, which means I was literally able to go on one because of a horrible accident. My dad was injured in what is best described as a ludicrous amateur theatre mishap when he was working as a stagehand on a local production of Les Miserables. With the rebellion holding everyone's full attention, the barricade was accidentally rolled over the back of his foot and almost sliced his heel right off. He recovered, but years later some
compensation money came through from the local council, and that’s why, halfway through my final year of high school, after noticing I’d acquired some mild but potentially disturbing adolescent accoutrements (Tori Amos CDs and friends who fire-twirled), my parents were able to pack me up and send me away to Turkey for a year - the only one of four siblings who was offered such an opportunity.