

- CHAPTER 1 -

# Kurt's World

It was a bright and sunny morning in Durban, South Africa. I had just finished cycling the *Amashova* Cycle Race, pushing through the final stretch with determination. At the finish line, Mom was waiting (always my biggest supporter), alongside Kerry, who didn't look too impressed. Mornings weren't her thing, and I knew she was missing out on her beauty sleep. Despite this, the moment she saw me cross the finish line, her eyes lit up, and she cheered with all her heart. That was Kerry – grumbling one moment, beaming with pride the next.

My love for cycling began when I was young, and it stayed with me into adulthood. I was often known simply as 'the cyclist'. School, on the other hand, was never my thing. I didn't write my matric exams because, quite frankly, I just didn't enjoy it. Instead, I jumped straight into the working world for a few years before making a bold decision: I was going abroad.

My first adventure led me to Israel, where I lived and worked on a *kibbutz*, immersing myself in a new way of life. From

there, I wandered across Europe, embracing different cultures, forging friendships, and collecting moments that shaped who I am today. Eventually, I found a home in the UK for three years, where I built memories that still linger in my heart.

Kerry shared that same restless, adventurous spirit. She, too, worked abroad, chasing new experiences with the same fearless curiosity. No matter where we were in the world, we always found our way back to each other – meeting in unfamiliar places that somehow felt like home simply because we were together.

Life overseas was exhilarating. I made countless friends and found myself in some unexpected situations, like the time I desperately needed a job but didn't have the required steel cap shoes. I only had £10 left to my name when I stumbled upon a pair – but they were a size too small. I bought them anyway, cut the front open, and marched back to the hiring officer.

He looked down, shook his head, and said, “Mate, your toes are showing.”

Without missing a beat, I replied, “But they're steel cap shoes!”

Determined not to let this stop me, I found some cardboard and tape, covered the front, and went back. He stared at me for a moment, then let out a chuckle.

“You're hired.”

That was life: unpredictable, exciting, and full of stories worth telling.