**Sisters Academy**

*Essay by Anne Sofie Skovlund Nielsen, T12*

When you are isolated in a universe, totally opposite to your everyday life, with all your schoolmates, all your teachers, all in same level, prepared to get inspired, challenged, something happens, something moves. If it is not your learning, it is your ability to learn.

If not your excitement about Sisters Academy’s universe, then your excitement towards your daily school’s universe. But definitely you will move.

It is difficult to explain a world like that, to put on words to this unusual environment.

Because how do you explain a sound? A sound you hear every morning in your classroom, or when you go to piss and some birds start to whistle next to you with a flowing river in the background, or the dark, mystical music that give you a feeling like you walk inside a big, wet cave.

Because how do you explain a smell? A smell that makes you a bit dizzy, the smell of cherry wine, that gives you nausea and reminds you of your early teenage years; that time when you passed out for the first time, just because you couldn’t afford anything else that could get you so drunk, like the horrid liquid of cherry wine.

Because a smell is a smell, a sound is a sound, a character is a character, and a method of learning is a method of learning. But take a school, cover the floor with sand and the windows with old newspapers, put bones on all the tables next to an old lamp with a yellow dusty light, fill a classroom up with fitness balls, garnish the toilet with blue transparent paper, insist white shirts and black pants on every student, demand that the old-fashioned teachers have to be creative in some sort of way, that maybe the teacher himself gets unsure of his teaching method, because all the students laying on the floor, is upside down or just because the room is totally dark. And then you have it. Then you have a visual school teaching with the senses.

Then you have Sisters Academy.