About me:

Legend states that a kid was born in Santiago de Compostela in 1995 that was so active their parents hated it, although he was a very good eater (he was aaalways hungry). That poor kid, who’s name is Marc, was so hated by it’s parents that he didn’t start to speak properly until some years of age due to the mix of languages he was tought into: catalan with the mother, german with the father, spanish and galician with friends and neighbours and in english in school. What a trauma!

After those first years, everything became normal until his parents decided to take him one year to Berlin. Can you believe it? Taking a six years old to Berlin, where he lived an unforgettable year and where he made forever lasting friends... poor kid again! And that wasn’t the only time something like that happened to him, as he was taken to germany again at age 14. Who takes a teenager out his comfort zone, who??? Insane parents...

Finally, at age 18 he decided to flee and desapeared. Rumours state that he has been living in Barcelona ever since, studying Industrial Engineering at the Universitat Politècnica de Catalunya.

The people that knew him best remember him as a joyful, positive and hard working person, very organized and somebody who pursued his dreams until the end.