

A Trip to Italy

It's the 1st of October, and it's 4:20 in the morning. I woke up, and quickly changed my clothes. I went out of home with a great excitement. Yes, it was that day—I was going to Italy. At 6 o'clock, I met my teachers and friends. The plane took off at 7:30. Our ride took 40 to 45 minutes. The plane from Istanbul took off at 11:30. Our ride took 3 hours. When we landed at Italy, I was thrilled. First, we took a taxi to the station of the bus to Giulianova. We were very tired when we arrived. The other day, two students from Italy toured us around Giulianova, where we came. That day really was relaxing and fun. We went to an ice cream store. It was lovely. The next day, we went to their school, called Marie Curie. The first day at school was about establishing a synergy. After we got out of school, we went roaming together. Together, we were like a squad. We were at least twenty five or twenty six people. The more I remember, the more I think about how people from 4 different nations were like friends since many, many years. That night, we ate at a pizza place. Italians paid for the food that day. It was a very polite move. The next day, Tuesday, we did activities about programming. The days after, we toured around cities of Italy. Especially Rome was wonderful. I really did feel like I was in an archaic age. You couldn't refuse to see how small humans were against the structures. I wonder, how did they build those structures in those years? This question kept trickling in my mind the whole day we were at Rome. Old structures were so massive, but you see how aesthetically lacking today's buildings are. People made such structures in those ages, why can't we? About Rome's streets... Almost all the streets are decorated with Albanian paving stones. Even just walking in its streets, it's impossible not to get caught up in the historical face of the city. *[START sic]* I think, although I'm physically still at Izmir, I'm mentally at Rome *[END sic]* Those streets covered to the full with the scent of history, the massive buildings, those carefully sculptured statues and fountains... When I was leaving Rome, there was a bitterness inside me. The joy of the thought of returning to my homeland was enough to cover it up, but I was definitely going to go back there. The way back home was about the same. We landed back in Turkey at about Saturday nine in the evening. We were home at last. This short trip had ended. A week akin to a dream had ended just like cotton candy melting in water. In hopes of going to Italy again...

October, 2022, Ege Akay