

PERUGIA TRIP – ITALY DIARY

Sunday d. 12

Hello to my dear diary journey!

So, after getting up before even Satan had fired up his coals, I'd managed to convince my dad to take me to the airport, and to pick my friend Nanna up on the way.

Not surprisingly, the traffic was non-existent as every sane person was still in bed, so we arrived without trouble.

Of course, as seems to be the case with me and Nanna, we arrived five minutes after the designated time and were the only ones missing, meaning the whole group was waiting for us 😊 luckily it was only five minutes though.

But then, obviously, as we were checking our bags in and printing out our boarding passes, mine was the only boarding pass not to get printed, meaning I just about had a heart attack in the middle of the airport - I might have gotten really far, but my anxiety loves to take advantage of situations like that - so it was basically only because of Nanna that I didn't completely freak out.

It all worked out though, and we got through the rest of the check points without a hitch.

We grouped up with the other Roskilde girls while we walked around waiting to board the plane, stocking up on snacks and drinks.

I've always really loved airports, it's the beginning of an adventure about to happen and it's really just the best! So I walked around happily while Nanna got more and more nervous - she has a fear of planes and flying and coupled up with my anxiety, we made for a fun cocktail - And while I love airports, I'm really not fond of takeoff and landing so as we boarded, and obviously sat next to each other, we prepared ourselves as best we could with a small rum in her coke, and a small whiskey in my sprite, headphones and curling up on our seats we somehow made it through.

Nanna slept through most of the flight, I did for some of it, and before we knew it, we'd landed in Italy, and were just so ready to hit up the town!

Until we realized we had to wait for our bus for two hours - which okay, that's fine, we'll stock up on more drinks and play cards surrounded by our luggage - before getting on the bus at last, prepared for barely a three hour bus ride which turned out to be four hours, most of which the majority of the class slept through.

But at fricking last, we got to Perugia, we managed to drag our suitcases up the lovely hills of Italy and arrived at our hotel, Little Italy, we were all still kind of tired, but we decided to try and find the nearest supermarket, without realizing how most everything is closed on Sundays in Italy... so that was great, and we wandered helplessly around for hours before finding the only open shop, a Lidl, and stumbling back home, up and down unfamiliar roads, with a darkening sky and a light rain just to finish the day on a high. So yeah, we got back exhausted, practically fell into our seats at the nearest restaurant, eating whatever we managed to order half asleep (it was in Italian) before coming back home and getting ready for bed.

So it was a tiresome day, but it was also the beginning of an adventure.

Tuesday d. 14

Or so it was supposed to be, but today was extremely quiet and eventless, so I'll be updating on tomorrow instead where we'll all be going to a festival in Umbria!

Wednesday d. 15

So today we went to an annual religious festival in Gubbio, much excited throughout the day where we were making more pasta and lasagna plates – there's so many different kinds though, so still fun - and our teacher "Mimo" let us off a bit early so we could eat lunch and get on the private bus he helped us order the day before.

We'd been told by different sources that there would be free drinks and food at the festival, which is why we all decided it was worth it, but as it turned out, neither was true.

The ride over was quick and painless and when we got off it seemed the weather would even be sunny - for the first time since we got here - but no such thing, after maybe an hour where we basked in the wonderful warmth and glorious light, the wind picked up, and the sun disappeared behind grey clouds. From then on it sadly didn't get any better, we were all freezing, and the waiting time for the saints race were quite a few hours away, and by now we were realizing there really wasn't any food and drinks around. "Maybe after the actual race" we contemplated, and so walked around some more, our group had split into three and me and Nanna, along with some others found this small lift, like a little cage with room for two that carried you up the mountain we were on, and even though she's a bit afraid of these things she got on board with a little nudging from me, and she thought it was fun too as soon as she tried it. To me this was the most exciting thing about the day and we had a good laugh filming the up and down, even passing some other people from our group on our way down and their way up, meaning we had a goodnatured shouting match over the mountain which honestly was hilarious.

After that we waited and grouped back up with our third of the class again, heading to the plaza where we knew the carriers of the saints in the race would pass at some point.

Me and a girl, Sofie, crawled untop one of the walls that were studded with bird spikes? To see across the entire town and the people in their red, blue, yellow, black and white clothes gathering. That apparently weren't allowed though and just as Nanna started reading a sign right next to us, an italian man came over and pointed at some cameras at the square and saying "polizia" and "not allowed" and practically lifted me down, I almost died laughing as that kind of thing is just my luck, but I was grateful to the man for caring. Soon after that, the shouting began all over the city and we glimpsed the huuuge wooden figures taking off, starting their long trip through the town.

And somehow they were suddenly at the plaza, people screaming and cheering, before they continued on, having to go all the way up the mountain, on foot! - the thing each group carried weighed around 300kg so I felt bad for them.

And that was pretty much it, there weren't more to the day, and as we'd feared, also no food and drinks after the race, and we were only getting colder.

So for the next two hours or so, we stood in the square, having gathered with the entire class again, just waiting for the bus to come pick us up.

So while it was an experience sure, it didn't really feel worth it.

After that we just got warm in the bus, joked around a bit, before getting home, and then to make up for the disappointing day, we hit the town, hard XD

Pretty much everyone went with this time and we broke some sort of record at our favorite bar, Chupa, ordering 45 shots at a time as a group, and just partied the night away after that.

A nice ending to a not so nice day.

Thursday d. 16

Tuesday was a tough one 😞 well kinda anyway, we'd been out partying the night before and just about everyone was as good as dead when we had to get up, I myself had acquired a bruise covering half my thigh, and a scraped up shin (from facplanting in our kitchen when drunk me wanted to turn off the lights) which really was quite fun - they always tell a good story - anyway we all somehow got up, though Nanna, Camilla, Mathilde and me were the last to leave and had to run most of the way down to the station where as always the bus was late regardless.

As we had time to calm down and look around, we realized that it was the first warm day since we arrived, just our luck that we arrived during the first bad weather down here ☹️

But at last it was warm with the sun shining and the birds chirping, not to mention that people had actually left their homes to come outside, making it feel like a real town for the first time.

At school we were making fresh pasta, and a lot of other types, the names of which I don't remember, but since our group is so large, we were split into two, so a lot of the time was spent just observing, which was completely fine as we had been making pasta the day before too so we kinda knew what we were doing.

When school ended, me, Nanna, Camilla were going back to town to shop for ingredients as we wanted to eat in instead of going out as we just wanted a quiet and calm day, seeing as we'd been out and about and partying all the other days. But before we succeeded in that, we got stuck at the bus stop for about an hour as the three buses that were supposed to show up in that time, somehow didn't. Another group of around 5-6 people were also stuck with us as we were just a little slower than the rest of the class.

We had fun though, just chilling, playing some music, and people running around poking and hitting each other with bamboo sticks (maybe a bit childish, but so what, it was fun) everyone was basking in the sun, taking off their jackets etc, except for me of course, my natural pale ginger skin would be scorched within minutes (no kidding, 10 minutes in direct sunlight and I begin turning crisp)

So I sat with sunglasses, my slytherin scarf, Nanna's denim Jacket, my own jacket around my waist and long checkered pants, somehow still enjoying myself. I love the warmth, just not the actual sunrays and I'm so used to being careful by now - both my parents, none of whom are gingers or have sensitive skin, have had a form of skincancer so we know I'm at a high risk - that it doesn't bother me like it would other people.

And in the end, a bus came and we began heading home, the other group decided to also just shop for groceries right away, so off to the local Coop we went. Our group was getting the ingredients for Spaghetti Carbonara, while the other group was making curry chicken and rice.

So obviously, when we got back to Little Italy, seeing as it was still early mid-day, we put our stuff in the fridge in the shared kitchen and went to bed to get a little afternoon nap 😊

It was such a pleasant change, finally getting a break and not much else happened that day, the group that also went shopping with us started cooking first, and since the kitchen was so small it meant no one else could be using it at the same time, which is fine, in theory. But they somehow fucked up so bad that it took them over three hours to finish, so we had to wait until 22:00 to start cooking. It was kinda hilarious though, and we weren't in a hurry so we sat down to eat at 23:00 and went straight back to bed after that. Ending a pleasant but tired day on full stomachs.

Saturday d. 18

So, as our first day off where we could sleep in, me and a handful of others did just that, beyond exhausted after yet another night of partying the night before - only we ended up still snoozing too long as we were supposed to go a shopping center about an hour away that day, we obviously missed the window to go along with the others as we just slept, but then, at about 1pm when we regained consciousness we didn't mind at all, it just meant a completely quiet day with a mostly empty room - 10 girls in one room can get a

little crowded - so we basically lazed around and I, along with Nanna, eyed our first chance to take a shower without interruptions - I took the special needs bathroom out in the hall and she took the one in our room and what joy it was... except as we turned on the water, it was FREEZING (a general problem the entire two weeks, there was NEVER any hot water, it got lukewarm at most) but I was about to crawl out of my own skin so with a lot of swearing and screaming I succeeded in getting clean once more. Other than that? We slept, rested, joked and reminisced about the very well executed night out the night before.

Mandag d. 20

So! After a relaxing weekend (finally) we made it to the second week, where we would be making pizza with a new teacher. He was a sweet guy who didn't know a lick of english so the wife of our teacher from the pasta week came and was a translator the entire week.

Once again we found out just how many different ways there are to make pizza - everyone was pretty much dead though, since the finale of game of thrones had come out during the night, and well, that was something not to be missed, so there'd been some binge watching of the series until the early hours 😊😓 A new week also meant a new beginning or some of us thought, so after school, me, Nanna and Nikoline went looking for a tattoo/piercing shop 😊

Niko got herself a nipple piercing (yikes and ouch - but pretty!) And Nanna got a sun on the underside of her upper arm, while I got the Deathly Hallows from Harry potter (a triangle with a circle inside and a line through the middle) between my boobs on the breastbone! Best thing I've gotten done and I loved it! It was very exciting and such a fun memento from the trip as to always remember it.

Onsdag d. 22

Finally realizing that this trip/excursion is almost over we woke up with the weird "only three days left" on our lips, suitcases had begun being opened on the floor again as what we knew we weren't gonns use again with the few days left.

We continued learning more about pizza with our teacher, who compared to Mimo - who was awesome btw - succeeded in intergrating us more during the class. The school wasn't really built for groups as big as ours, so there was a lot of sitting down, observing, instead of the hands-on teaching we had become used to back home, but anyway he taught us how to make a more alternative type of pizza known as 'Pizza alla Pala' which unlike most other pizzas had a different shape.

Me and Nanna were nursing our tattoos – they'd started itching and omg what a pain not being able to scratch 🙄

Later, most of the class had plans of going out down to Chupa where they would be getting a photo taken for "group of people having ordered the most shots at once" which was hilarious.

Me and Nanna didn't quite feel like going out though and decided to stay home along with a few others. We made a chill dinner, hanging out in the lounge with whoever was home too.

Before piling up on the couch in the corner with two other girls and a guy (we were literally lying untop of each other) as we watched movies on a computer.

One of the best evenings down there yet, with "hygge" of the highest degree!

Not to mention it was fun just observing the different times people came stumbling home drunk from Chupa.

Friday d. 24

So today we were saying goodbye, it was our last day in school where there was some sad faces from the teachers and a weird vibe going through our group as we realized this really was the end.

After class ended, we were called up one by one as they handed us a diploma for our participation in the entire thing!

A bittersweet memento.

After that, for me and Nanna, it was going back home to finish packing as much of our stuff as possible, as we had plans to stay out the entire night - as Nanna is afraid of flying, like a lot, and I can't stand taking off or landing, we wanted to still be nursing a buzz as to not be able to fear the upcoming flight.

Before that though, we went out to eat with some of the group one last time, at what had become our favorite restaurant, Ferrari!

The weather was still good, one of the rare days, so we sat outside in the middle of the plaza.

After that we walked down the corner to aldo get a last batch of icecream before slowly walking back home, just chatting away while doing so.

Back at our room, me and Nanna had a huge bottle of vodka which we mixed with the only other beverage we had - ice tea - and let me just say it was one of the grossest things I have ever had the misfortune of drinking, much too much vodka along with something that didn't hide the taste, at all.

It got the job done though, as we weren't gonna waste any of it, and before long we were on our way as we strode along down to Chupa, the plaza, and ' stairs' which apparently is where most of the italian youth hangs out on weekend nights.

It was great and epic getting to experience Perugia by night one last time.

And we did stay out until the early hours, before stumbling into bed, to get a few scarce hours of sleep before heading home.

The end of a wonderful trip!!!