

# KRISTIN S Italy Notes from her Diary

Sept. 14 2000

Well here I am, Italy. I really miss home, last night was hard and I kept asking myself why am I here? Not that I don't like it here, I guess I just miss the familiar. I miss being able to talk to someone. I'm so tired and feel really sick. I keep telling myself not to worry, that I'll be home soon but every time I think of home I get this strange sick feeling all over so I'll just try to focus on the here and now.

Sept. 23 2000

*Today was a great day and I think my homesickness has almost worn off completely; I'm really starting to enjoy myself. I went to Florence today and could not believe the beauty surrounding me I honestly felt so full of emotion I thought I would cry. No word or pictures can describe it, but the memory will stay with me forever.*

Nov. 15 2000

*OK this is really strange. I mean just last week I couldn't have been happier here. I was absolutely in love with everything and everyone, my life here. I never wanted to leave and now it's as if this big bomb has been dropped and shattered my little world. Only I don't know where it came from. There's no reason for me to be feeling like this, I don't know why I do, but I just feel so out of it...I think more than anything right now I just need a good friend, the kind you can really talk to... I don't think I've ever felt as alone as I do right now... I know this is a phase and it will pass but it's still hard.*

Jan. 1 2001

*New years eve last night was so much fun! My friends and me went to Pisa and it was amazing, there were so many people!... The only thing was that it really made me miss my friends at home. I kept thinking, what are they doing, do they miss having me with them as much as I miss being with them, do they even realize I'm not there?... It's not that I don't like my friend here, it's just that we're so completely different, I mean I love them to bits I just find it hard finding things to talk about with them, it's hard to explain but that bond is missing...*

Feb. 4 2001

*I feel as if I've gone through some kind of transition, it's hard to explain. It's as if for the last six months I've been living in a sort of glass bubble where I've been able to see and experience everything without having it affect me or getting too close. As if I've been trying to protect myself. Today, however, for some reason I decided to take a hammer to smash that bubble and let Italy in.*

March 29 2001

*Things are going really well with me. Everyday I'm speaking more and more Italian and feeling more and more connected to life here, in fact I feel like this is my life, my home. I've been doing a lot of remembering and it's so strange to think of how long I've actually been here. Remembering the day I arrived seems like a distant memory, and yet the time has gone by so fast and if things continue like this I'll be home in no time. Do I want that? I remember when that's all I could think about, and now I'm almost dreading it. I mean sure it'll be good to see everyone, but what about this life?*

August 21 2001

*My last day in Italy...It's impossible to describe how I feel. It's been a year but seems so much shorter, yet at the same time so much longer. Now I'm sitting in my room, suitcases ready, tomorrow I leave. It hasn't really sunk in yet. I'm scared, but I don't know why. I mean I'm going home...right? Why do I feel sick when I think of leaving all this. I know I'll be back though this is Arrivederci not addio...*

*Italia, grazie a voi non e piu solo un paese, ma una parte della mia cuore, per ora e per sempre. Grazie, Kristin*