

“New Year Eve” in Italy¹

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It was the last week of the year. It was the first time I was out of home. It was only six days left for New Year Eve, and I still didn't find the "charm" in Lausanne. Shai was thinking to go to Italy so I joined. We carefully designed the entire trip. 8310 also joined us. On Friday the train was leaving to Milano, really early in the morning, I am still amazed that Shai arrived on time. I think he is getting used to Italian flavor, always on time.

After three hours of USA discussion we arrived to Milano, the city where there is nothing to see. Paolo was not there, merde! How we'll arrive to Padova? We need his car! After I while we get news from him, he was looking for a place to park his car. I wonder how much time would had he needed to find a place if he'd had a USA car!

We buy some stuff and we take the car. Great, there is smoke and music in the air, coming from the cars playing the claxon from old cars, I was missing this! I realized that 8310 hadn't said a word since we crossed the border. He explained me that he has not the right to speak outside Switzerland.

Direction: Padova! Destination: umm, it depends how much hungry we are. USA hungry is huge, so I don't know whether we'll get to Padova without stopping for lunch. Moreover Paolo was driving extremely slow, 65 Km/h in an Italian auto way!! Shai was going to die! So we stopped. Meanwhile I asked for a Swiss coffee, umm, wonderful, it was wonderful!! We went on, we called Rachele, but she still didn't know where her friend's house was!! She directed us to go to airport of Padova and ask there for "Paola". So we did, but nobody could help us; outside USA there exist some cities with more then a dozen hundreds of people, so it is not amazing that we were lost! Rachele

and a friend of her, Filippo, came to look for us. While waiting for them, Shai was playing with the car of Paolo, hiding the keys and increasing the volume of the radio to infinity dBs. Poor car! They arrived, great! Rachele had changed; she was looking different. A new hair cut. Umm, she is too different!! She's like a new person, I should call her with a new name, let's say Tizziana.

So, we arrive to Paola's place, we unpacked everything and we went for lunch, with Filippo's car. Uixx, Shai playing again, he was disassembling the car!! We should buy a "Tente" for him. We met Paola. While raining, a discussion started about the building in front of us, but Paola urged us to go, as she was completely wet and wanted to enter in a warm place. We chose a Plug & Play restaurant which turned to be Eat & Go. We went back home. There is a tradition in Padova: when invited, the guests are the ones that prepare the dinner, and the hosts look the TV. Paolo, Shai and me went to the kitchen. I don't know to cook Italian food. Paolo is Italian but he and his brother even fail to make an omelet. Luckily of us, the mother of the mother of the brother of Shai is Italian, so he knows how to cook. It was an artistic work, really really great!

Finally it was finished; we seated at table and started the fabulous dinner. People were explaining jokes in Italian and I couldn't get anything. Luckily again, as Shai is 25% Italian he was translating them for me.

Very very nice kitchen! We decided to go and see the fireworks; eh... well, eh, they were... eh... umm... yes yes, eh, umm, they were in the sky, sure. Ok, so we started going back. I was talking with Paolo, and after a while, we realize that the others were not there anymore, they were lost!! We took some bread, cut it into

¹ If something does not adjust to reality, most sure it was a mistake. forgive me.
No photos this time ☺

small pieces and make a path so they could reach home. They arrived five minutes later.

Next morning Tizziana, Paolo and I decided to travel to Ferrara. We went to a good pizzeria in the city. There was the professor of Tizziana, talking between them about conejos and other Spanish words. I really enjoyed the food. Next we went home. I already knew her mother and it was a pleasure to see her again. Unfortunately Paolo and Tizziana were so tired that we decided to go to sleep and get up soon in the morning. We visited the dragon of the castle, very nice. Cleo joined us; she was jumping and bouncing all the time. There were small markets where they sold little statuettes of "pessebre". Tizziana loves the "Caganer", a typical one from Catalonia. She was looking for it, but I guess you can only find it in my country. I enjoyed very much the visit in Ferrara. I think that Tizziana is the only one that has a tourist book of her own city. Milano again; I met the brother of Paolo, Daniel. He is a MTV fun, a good sports boy and a hacker coordinating a world wide game. As Paolo already visited

Milano, next day we went to sky. He was so slow skiing, stopping every one minute and resting in the restaurant every one slope. Anyway it was OK for me, as I was still recovering from my office accident.

The shops in Milano are great! I should go there to buy my clothes, cheaper and more beautiful than in Lausanne. Paolo proved to be a good guide; I enjoyed very much the pedestrian streets and the cathedral.

I went back to Switzerland alone. Shai already left the first day, Tizziana was staying in Ferrara waiting that one professor in Italy had time to shave and work together. Paolo had to take care of the children until his parents arrived. And 8310 liked so much Padova that he decided to stay longer. As he has a photo camera included, every day he sends me a photo of the nice places and girls he meets, and at the moment, he doesn't know when he is coming back.

**Thank you all,
it was very nice holidays!**
8310, come back, I miss you!