Friday, 5th February

I wake up but I still keep my eyes closed because I haven’t the slightest intention to stand up. I don’t want to go to school. It’s very strange, today I haven’t heard the mess that my sister always makes to get ready. Then I remembered. I’m in Dublin for a language stage, in a garret, on an odd bed, with a quilt that doesn’t warm up. Also tonight I slept with pyjama, a sweatshirt and pile socks and, feeling the glacial temperature, on the cover I put on my overcoat; despite my transformation in a spring roll, I was trembling. Giorgia stand up! The early bird gets the worm! I open an eye, it isn’t sunny, everything is dark! I open the other one and then I quickly stand up to check the exact time and…bum! What the hell! I have banged my head because the ceiling, that is too low! Good way to start the day! Looking on the bright side now I’m awake. It’s 6.55 a.m.. I get out of bed to go to turn on the light and, not seeing my suitcase, I trip. Sofia complains about noise, I gingerly arrive at the switch and… Let there be light! Sofia catches my heavy drift whereas Sara is still in wonderland so I shake her a little bit and she is awake. After getting ready, we go down to have “breakfast” a bowl of cereal. Luise’s kitchen, the lady who hosts us, is very sparse, the minimum necessary, the house is the same. I turn on the light and I see something moving. It’s Lucky the family’s dog, the only one is excited by our presence. The only person we spoke with a bit is Luise, the others haven’t considered our presence. I think, if you host someone you should be with him and engage him in activities. Then I’ve understood, they do it just for money. We finish eating and we catch our packed lunch and go out. Brrr…cold morning and the sky is grey, I forecast rain, guys! We reach the bus stop and there we meet our friends! We catch bus 15, we head for the city centre for school. It’s 9 on the dot and we are in front of the school, it is a white building with a blue door. Inside, the floor is covered with carpets, which I hate. To reach our class we climb 4 flights of stairs, I greet Sofia and Sara that are in another class and I go to mine. Inside there’s Michael our teacher already and the others classmates. Michael is tall, thin and he has long dark hair , he is good at his work because he involves people when is speaking. Today we work to improve our pronunciation and our spoken language. After some exercises we read a story from Dubliners by James Joyce, I don’t like it very much, I prefer the Oscar Wild’s works we read yesterday. At the end of the lesson we say goodbye to Michael and we thank him for his teaching and then we go to the cafeteria. We have lunch and we are ready to visit James Joyce Centre. En route it starts raining, as I expected, and we open our umbrellas. At some point we stop and I don’t understand why, then I heard from someone that a drunk man fell on somebody. Hell, already drunk at this hour? We start walking again and we reach our goal. The James Joyce centre was the house, now a museum, of James Joyce. It is built on three floors. The first is a hall where there is nothing to see, indeed at the second floor there is a living room, with a fireplace and walls full of paintings depicting the writer’s life. The ceiling of the salon surprised me because it is decorated with gorgeous floral pattern. On the last floor there is James Joyce’s bedroom chock-full of his stuff and messy, worse than my sister’s; he wouldn’t get along with my grandma. We visit the museum for a couple of hours and then we go to the meeting point. Our teachers go away to visit Stefania, a girl who is sick, so a girl replaces them to drive us to the Spire. When we arrive there, it’s raining cats and dogs. We catch the bus to come home. Sara, Sofia and me arrive at home literally soaked, when Luise sees us, she stars to make the dinner and we go to have a hot shower. When dinner is ready we go down and on our dishes there is a chewy pizza…mmm…delicious! We return into the garret. Bone-tired I fall asleep thinking about tomorrow’s trip to Belfast.