

## A life in a year

By Oriele Cavazzoni

Ten months. Ten unforgettable months. Ten months in which I had one of the most beautiful experiences I could have ever imagined. I, Oriele Cavazzoni, an Italian girl aged 16 (almost 17), embarked on this journey exactly 280 days ago when, for the first time in my life, I touched Asian soil. I like comparing this exchange year to a journey. Every journey has a destination, whether it's known or not, and even if I don't know mine yet, I know that the vehicle on which I'm chasing it is made up of different parts. These parts are my host family, my friends, Methodist College staff, students, and many others who gave me constant support during these ten months.



*Christmas party with my Finnish friend, my family (Host Dada, Host Mum and 2 host brothers) and their friends.*

## My second family!

Like Laura, the AFS student before me, I lived with a local family in Tai Kok Tsui, an area that now I know better than my own Italian home! When I spent time with my family, they always proposed new activities, introduced new traditions and tested new restaurant kitchens. For example, once in early September, we all went together, accompanied by my two host grandmothers, to the Big Buddha. It was the first major tourist attraction I visited in Hong Kong, and the emotions of that day are well impressed upon my memory.

For me, coming here was like rediscovering study. Not that I didn't study or put effort in learning in Italy, but in Hong Kong, the efforts and commitment that the school requires is at an all new level. As for the subjects, I found myself adapting very well, and I immediately loved two electives: Geography and History.

The school has given me so much in terms of new friends, caring teachers and special events (Open Day, Sports Day, Games Day at a primary school). One of the best moments was Sports Day. During these two days, I perceived something that I think we miss in Italian schools: the spirit of unity and collaboration. Because during these two days of sports activities, everyone supported each other. Whoever competed, competed for those who cheered and those who cheered, cheered for those who competed. Harmony and joy were a beautiful thing. In addition, the rivalry between the various houses made it more fun.

Obviously, my friends during these ten months were not just my schoolmates, but also my fellow exchange students who accompanied me on this trip and with whom I laughed in moments of joy and cried in moments of sadness. I think that because we were strangers to the local culture and felt the same emotions, we managed to build strong bonds, so we can say that we crossed half the world just to come together.



*My class, 4B, with our class teachers Ms. Wong Wing Sze and Ms. Li Hoi Sai*



*My Russian, Hungarian, Italian, Spanish, Swiss and Pakistani friends with me on Temple Street (Jordan).*

*Janice, my 4B classmate and me at the Christmas Ball.*

*Me, my host mum and my two host brothers at the Wishing Tree*

*Winki Cheung, me, Karina Lee and Alisha Wong during my first Sports' Day.*

