

Numru tar-registrazzjoni tal-iskola:

1 2 9

Pajjiż:

M T

Numru tal-baži tad-dejta tal-istudent:

6 8 5

Par lingwi:

M T > E N

Inizjali tal-istudent:

V F

Sena tat-twelid tal-istudent:

2 0 0 1

The Nicest Map

Around twenty years ago I had the opportunity to go on an Interrail journey, and it's safe to say that it was one of the best experiences of my life. Along with my friend Gianni, we travelled all over Italy in a month. We saw all the famous squares, museums, towers and everything else over and over again. ~~that it was~~ ~~so much~~ However there was one painting that I ^{kept on} remembering more than the others, even if I barely looked at it.

We would wake up everyday in a new city, look around for a while, and at around midday we would go to the station and decide on our next destination, according to where we felt like going at that point in time. So, for the adventure, wherever will be will be. Gianni had just gotten out of military service, so the last thing on his mind was discipline and plans. The more we left things to their own devices, the more pleasant surprises we had, and the more fun we had.

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For the first ten days luck was on our side, and in every place we visited we always managed to find a cheap place to sleep, in an ostello della gioventù or in a small hotel. Until one day, almost in the evening, we went down to Florence. We spent about three hours running around the streets, finding every hostel and hotel full to capacity. We were about to lose hope until we turned round a corner and found ourselves in a local festival, with as much music, dance, traditional food and beer as God intended. There was nothing else we could do, we had agreed; we would have a bit of fun here, wait until the early hours of the morning, and then move towards the Uffizi Gallery so that we would be amongst the first in the queue when they open at 8:15 a.m.

So that's what we did. When everything finished at around three o'clock in the morning, we were still wide awake. We walked back towards the historical centre, and wandered around for a good hour, and at the nicest time of day as well, since we could marvel at the buildings, fountains and alleyways without the crowds.

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of tourists present during the day. We then walked down to the Uffizi and stood in the queue, that at the crack of dawn was already starting to grow.

At around 8:30 we went into the hall where the painting of Venus by Botticelli is found. There was a pitch black, leather sofa, a few meters in front of the painting, for those that wish to sit and admire its beauty. We sat down, obviously, how could you not? And after 24 hours of not shutting an eye, the sofa's comfort took over. We probably spent a good quarter of an hour there before anyone came to wake us up. But we weren't capable of doing so. After not being able to find a single hotel, we ended up falling asleep in one of the most prestigious places in all of Florence!