



## Memories from Turkey

My journey to Izmir started with those small facts, I have never flew by plane , never been to

Turkey before, and never been in a city where more than 2million people live.After the schock of the beauty of being above the clouds and not crashing to the earth during the flight, we arrived at a place, which I could never forget. We tried absolutely new dishes, meet a new culture,lived like an „original turkish” and got lost int he magic of this huge city furthermore, so many things happened during this week, I could write a whole novel, but now, I would like to share just some of them.



I think i can say that, we all were super excited about that big blue thing ,called SEA.On that Friday afternoon the temperature was about 30 degrees, the sun shined, it seemed perfect time for swimming and sunbathing. I was just wondering whenli cought the sight of the sea from the window of our bus. It was beautiful, how the wind made wawes int he bay, the whole seashore looked like it was cut out from a Travel Agent’s Magazine. After we got out of the bus and waited for the others, I still couldn’t stop stareing this magical seaside(In Hungary you cannot find any seas.Some lakes, but thats all. For me its like snow for an African child). It exactly looked like a film scene , when something appeared at the other side of the shore. That something moved slowly and got closer and closer, while cosily crossing amongst the queue of sunbathing people. Nobody payed any attention to this tractor- thing at all,



so i accepted that, this happens on a regular basis in every Friday afternoon. After meeting the *Tractor of the Seashore* and getting the permission to enter the sea , we all started to run, like a lion was hunting us, and splashed into the water. It was better than I could ever imagine. We were swimming, laughing, playing and everything seemed so carefree. We tried to play volleyball as well, buti t always turned out to a game like hitting the ball without no reason and shouting „*Somebody, please bring it baaaack*”.I have to say that, this Friday considered to my favourite day in Turkey.



An other thing which deserves some worldsis the turkish traffic. We, Hungarians, learn the rules of traffic for weeks, take an exam, and after that,if we break them, the police make us pay huge fines. Thats why my first experience with the Turkish Traffic caused me the FEAR OF DYING. I havent seen any crossings during the whole week, so being a pedestrian meant for me, that being a faster runner than Usain Bolt. Moreover, travelling by car means, you go wherever you want and toot the horn as loud as you can. And thats not all. The using of the local buses was totally unusual for me. There are no stops, people just wave at the bus driver, he slows down a bit, and then people jump into the bus. Sounds easy, doesn’t it? Despite all of these craziness, I haven’t seen or heard about any accidents, so maybe they drive a little bit dangerously, but know how to deal with it.

In that week, I became richer with so many amazing memories and feelings, that i couldn’t forget in my entire life. I would like to give a huge „Thank you” for everyone, who made it so special☺