

Our tale began on a bus by which we travelled for 8 long – and for me, uncomfortable – hours. But I have to say, it was worth it and we got what we hoped for... Manyfold. To get the generic message out of the way: It was fun, very fun, but I think anyone could've guessed that. The program consisted of travelling, icebreakers, trying traditional dishes and many more, and of course we had to do some work. But even if we had to do workshops it was very interesting, even enjoyable... And as fun as working and learning can be. Before I get to the travelling part let me say a few words about the scenery itself: beautiful, breathtaking, mesmerising. To be honest I can't really put it into words, the place had its own atmosphere and feeling to it. We visited islands as well, so we got to see the sea in its full glory from the boat we travelled on, as for the islands, they were unique, one of them even had a safari. We also went to some towns to see some of the traditional and antique architecture. But for the most important part: we met some – as we can all agree – really nice people. They hosted us, made programs for us, people met up after the obligatory activities if they wanted to and they even held a birthday. I think a lot of bonds and friendships were made in this mere one week, which I think all of us want to keep and cherish. But unfortunately as the saying goes: Everything good has to come to an end, and so it did. After saying our – maybe not last, who knows? – goodbyes, we went back on the road for another tormenting – and a bit melancholic – journey, but back home this time. And this is where our tale ends.