

A month in Bretagne, France

By Aurora Amundsen

The 4th of February I went to Bretagne, France. When I arrived my host family was waiting for me. They drove us back to their home in Chateulin, which was right next to the school. The house was nice, and I even got my own room with a bathroom. The only problem was that the house was freezing cold. The fifth I had my first day at Jean Moulin, the school (first day back that is). I had to be in the same class as my host sister Leanne, which I was not too happy about seeing that my friends from the year before was in a different class. The schooldays were long, and the teachers didn't actually talk to me, so I felt a bit ignored. The week after I was finally going to get some other classes, not just with Leanne. This worked a lot better. The food at my house was horrible. I loved the food I got last year so maybe that's why it was such a shock for me when I got such bad food. When it came to eating I was struggling since I eat a lot and all the time, and French people, well they eat hardly anything.

During our spare time we didn't really do much, we mostly stayed in our separate rooms and watched Netflix. For me this was a bit strange since I do things every day, but when schools finishes at 17:30 there is not much time left. The last two weeks of our stay was during winter holidays. During these two weeks we went on A LOT of sightseeing, and I mean A LOT. We went to about seven different beaches, a huge library and a telerferique. We also went shopping a few times in Brest. One of the best things about the exchange was that I got to see so many of my friends from earlier years.

One thing I noticed was that French people always have people over for dinner during the weekends. They also eat very late. The houses are a lot colder than in Norway, which makes sense since the electricity is more expensive. The norms are a lot stricter, the adults are in charge and are to be respected at all times, whereas the children don't get the same respect back. This was something that I struggled with, being Norwegian and all.

If this trip thought me anything it is to appreciate Norway, because I really realised how lucky I am. People my age has a lot to say, and in France I feel like they are forced to keep it to themselves. I also learnt that the culture you grow up in has a huge impact on who you are as a person. I can't forget to say that I also improved my French, and that was worth the trip itself. If you were to ask me if I wanted to go again the answer would be a definite no, but I do not regret going. It was nothing like I imagined, but it was an experience never the less, and it has given me many stories to tell in the future.







