



Gabriela

From Milton to Denmark

“it was a bit of a shock for me”

6 months, that is 27 week, 189 days, 4536 hours, 272 160 minutes and 16329600 seconds. To even think that I have actually been in Denmark for that long is completely outrages. Now my year is more than half way done. It's pretty unbelievable to think that I'm now writing my second Beaver Tale, time flew by since my last one.

Since my last Beaver Tale, quite a lot has happened. I changed to my second host family during the month of November, my oldies (exchange students who were part of the Winter Team who arrived during the month of January 2010) went back home and the newbies arrived; I experienced my first Danish Christmas and new years and had the pleasure of celebrating my 17th birthday.

Danish winter was very hard at first, seemed time had stop for a while as it was always dark and cold. Of course, being from Canada I was aware of the winter season, but even with the knowledge of winter, it was a bit of a shock for me. The shock didn't stop me from enjoying my time of course, the white snow made me want to just see everything. Everything was just beautiful, the city, the open fields, the trees, everything. Sometimes just walking down the street I couldn't rap my head around the fact that I was actually here in Denmark, in Europe.

One thing that was very special to me during these for months was Holbæk weekend. The last weekend of October, a G2G for every exchange student in Denmark was arranged for us to celebrate Halloween together. This weekend was one of the most amazing weekends for many different reasons. We were given the opportunity to show our creativity and dress up in all different costumes. It was really amazing to see the different things people came up with as their costumes. With the amazing dinner we were served, the many performances we got to put on and/or see one of the most important reasons for why this G2G was so special was that this G2G was the last G2G

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for my oldies, and seeing them say goodbye to each other and us, made me realize that I will also soon be saying goodbye also, I just can't believe that right now there is less than 5 months until I say goodbye to people I now call me second family.

November 28th was the day I moved with my second host family. It was definitely weird at first to change families. Right away I had noticed that they were very different than my first host family. Of course, who said different was bad right? Yes this family is differently structured than my first host family, but different is good, different allows me to see the many different ways there are to live in one small country and that is technically the whole point. Of course it was very hard to adjust at first, but after a while I realized this family really wanted nothing more than for me to enjoy my time with them and now it really is nothing but enjoying every moment of it. So far being here I have been taught to make bread by my host dad, taught to knit a scarf by my host mom (which is still in process but I'm very excited to see how it turns out), seen a live handball game, learned A LOT about handball as this family everyone is a huge fan, and so much more.

Christmas was definitely something different. I was lucky enough to experience three different kinds of Christmases. The 24th of December I celebrate Christmas the real Danish way. We ate (a lot), opened presents, sang a lot both Danish and English Christmas songs and danced around the Christmas tree. During desert, there is the very famous Risalamande which can be describe as a sort of rice pudding made with almonds and topped off with cherry sauce. This desert also involves a game where there is one whole almond put into the desert and who ever get is on their plate is rewarded with a price and completely by surprised I was the lucky one who got it on their plate. The 25th I had the opportunity to experience an English Christmas, as my Rotary counsellor's wife is from London. This Christmas involved a lot of food as well, English food of course, different traditions with deserts and singing. The 26th I celebrated another Danish Christmas but very different than with my host family. It involved A LOT of singing, A LOT of games, A LOT of people and even MORE food. It was very nice to see different kinds of Christmases.

January 25th 2011. It was 17 years ago that day I was brought into this world and never would I have imagined celebrating my 17th birthday across the world having the best time of my life. My birthday was definitely something memorable. I was woken up by my new host family, sang happy birthday in Danish and gifted with amazing presents. At school, I was congratulated by all my friends and sang many times, each time a different version of Danish 'Happy Birthday'.

Every since the New Year began, time feels unstoppable. One moment I'm celebrating new years, the next I'm celebrating my birthday, than February begins, soon after my payment for my Euro Tour is due and now I find myself here writing my second Beaver Tale. There is no doubt that I have so much to look forward to in these last month's

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including the two most exciting things: my trip to Rome in March with my class from school, and the Euro Tour. But as time continues there is only one thing I can do, continue to have the best time of my life and look forward to these last few months I have and enjoy every minute of it.

Knus og farvel for nu!

Gabriela

Denmark