

# *MYP 3/4 Travel Writing Collection*



*By: MYP 3/4*



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## Feats in Frisco

By Alexandra Smith

The first thing I should've been prepared for when coming to Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco is the complete



bombardment of all my senses. The pungent smell of fish and the tang of seawater drifted in the slight breeze, with the acrid taste of salt on my tongue wherever I went. Hordes of people milled around me aimlessly like insects, and the sound of their chatter and laughter filled the air.

As I made my way down to Pier 39, Chinese shopkeepers yelled out at me, “Pretty lady! Pretty lady! We have souvenir! You want souvenir? Very

cheap, very cheap!”. Managing to get past the throng of salesmen and saleswomen, I turned onto Jefferson street, which still remains one of the most interesting and fascinating streets I have ever seen.

The first thing I encountered on Jefferson Street is *Ripley's Believe It Or Not*. The foyer of the building is



filled to the very doorway with Ripley's mind-boggling discoveries and creations, like a 10 foot long space

shuttle made entirely of matchsticks, vampire killing kits and many shrunken heads. After that, I came across the Wax Museum where I saw very lifelike wax figures of Barack Obama, Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet as their *Titanic* characters, Brad Pitt, Angelina Jolie,

George Clooney and so much more. Most of them seemed very lifelike, and it was quite exciting, because it felt as if you were surrounded by a bunch of celebrities. Next, I found the Rainforest Café, which is by far the most stunning and unique café I've ever seen. The entire front of the building is covered with big plastic bushes, trees and animal heads, making it look like a real rainforest, which on any ordinary street would stick out like a sore thumb, but not on Jefferson Street. The best part of the street is the Chocolate Store, where the heavenly smell of rich, creamy chocolate wafts around the building, attracting every passer-by's attention. The last unusual feature of Jefferson Street is the large McDonald's, which, I know, isn't that unusual, but the massive fries, burger and chocolate bar

displayed on its façade definitely are. Jefferson Street is definitely one of the most extraordinary and bizarre streets I have ever been on.

Continuing down Jefferson Street, I made my way to Pier 39, a shopping complex built on a pier. On the way, I encountered many interesting street performers.

Perhaps the strangest one is called the Bushman. The

Bushman is a homeless man

that sits on the sidewalks of

San Francisco holding two

branches of fake leaves to

conceal himself and scaring the people that pass by him.

I happened to pass by him on one occasion, and he

scared the life out of me when he jumped out of that

bush. Other than the Bushman, there are musicians,



painters, dancers, people who fit themselves into shoe box-sized containers, and many others. Other oddities are the homeless people with cardboard signs that say things like ‘Why lie? I need a beer’ and ‘Need \$\$\$ for weed’.

Pier 39 is my favourite part of Fisherman’s Wharf. There are dozens of shops and restaurants that add colour and life to the pier. Mouth-watering scents of crispy fish and chips, creamy crêpes and fresh bread mingle together in the air. The water lapping at the pier can be heard over the squawks of seagulls looking for any crumbs dropped by the crowds of people. Swarms of tourists on Segways crowd the street, which is already packed. At the end of the pier, I saw a breathtaking view of Alcatraz and the Golden Gate Bridge

peeking over the dense fog at its base.

San Francisco is so surreal and wonderfully strange, it all seems like a dream. A heavenly, blissful dream, where it's so easy to lose track of reality.

## The place ill always remember

By Emmi Pietarila

Just when I thought my day couldn't get any worse, I realised I was already late, and as usual my sister was talking in her nonstop babble, so she didn't even notice me, and now when I think about it, no one noticed me until I spoke, which is, tragically, more evidence of my ability to be invisible.

“Sally! If you will not be dressed in one minute, you will walk to school.” I took a glare at her and rolled my eyes, because seriously, she has said that at least a million times, and it *never* works so what's the use of that threat.

“Mum, why is the taxi already here?” I said with a very high pitched voice. Then I pointed at the window. And

as usual, my smart sisters ran to the window,

“OMG it really is here!”

“Well duh.” I thought in my mind, while throwing my luggage on my shoulder.

“By” I muttered before slamming the door behind me and getting into the taxi. For the whole time in the car, I just slept, and wished that there would be traffic, but

“What a surprise!” No traffic at all. On every other day, there had been a million other cars on the road, but no, not today, today the road has to look like I was driving through a ghost town. So I arrived at the school waaay to early, and was actually surprised that there were people there. So I just sat down put my head on my legs and slept.

Until I woke up to see everyone was already there.

I jumped up from the bench, and started wondering

around to see where

everyone was. And gladly

I found them all in the

classroom. And the same

moment I entered the classroom, they were already

leaving, so I just picked up my stuff, and followed the

flow. And so we were walking towards the train.

Looking like a big blob of Korean/European tourist

group with our rolling luggage, which I later realised,

looked really lame. Especially in my case, because I

was rolling a big light blue bag, which pretty much was

missing a big sticker that said “I love Barbie” on it, so

I’m sure that made everyone keep a nice distance from

me. But we finally arrived at the station, and we stuffed



ourselves into this little playhouse sized section, and stuffed our luggage in the sides.

The trip went fast, and painlessly, if you didn't include the fact that the train was a hour late, I had walked to the end of the train (yes it's a long way to walk) for nothing and that I had to recover from the shock that the trip was 6 hours. I mean, no one ever told me it was *that* long.

So we stepped out from the train and started, sprinting towards our hostel, and when we finally arrived everyone was so happy. But when we entered the building, the smiles froze. We were walking down a narrow hall that curved gently. The walls were made of a dirty mixture of plaster and the lights where darkish. There were no windows, and the only thing I could see

was this small dirty elevator. Which we later on, had to suff everyone into.

And just when I thought the place couldn't get any worse, I saw the rooms. My jaw clocked open, and I blinked my eyes, in the hope that the room wouldn't be actually as horrible as it looked.

But I guess, someone really wanted me to suffer that day. I climbed up on one of the beds claiming that that one was mine, and suddenly I saw something on my pillow, I felt week and completely, utterly grossed out, the whole bed was covered in pink stains, food crumbs, and I'm pretty sure something that looked like skin. And on top of that, I felt like I was going to get a panic attack, I didn't see a bathroom anywhere, and even worse. Where were the mirrors!?

“What kind of hostel is this supposed to be?” I blurted in frustration.

Everyone turned towards me, with a small nod. And the moment the teacher came in everyone had the same question.

“Where’s the bathroom?” Everyone said with a very sensible annoyance in their voices.

And I understood that perfectly, cause, I mean. Where girls, we need a bathroom.

Well I think it was obvious that everyone was exosted, but we were still forced to leave for the museum, so we started the walk(unfortunately) towards the museum, and to cheer up the moment, the weather was horrible, it was cold, wet, and I just straightened my hair. Grrr, I hate rain.

And finally, we arrived there, and the moment the guide opened her mouth, I realised, that this was going to be a long tour. And when I say this, I'm not telling you that the guide was bad, it's just that she would probably be more suitable for a polish tour for first graders, than this one. And while her every word started with a "Umm" or "Uh" she also used words she probably didn't even know, and you could see that. So after the half an hour (which seemed way much longer)ended, I could see the party going in everyone's head, but then we were already heading towards the next place, the parliament.

Now the parliament was a place I did not really want to go to, but, since the teachers had made it sound interesting (Which I have no idea why I believed that) I

didn't protest by slouching the whole way through. But when we arrived at the house, we had to wait outside, which probably would have been ok, if it wasn't for those smart Polish kids who kept staring at my classmates Minhae & Rachel (Koreans) while calling them Chinese. And in my opinion, we could have just ignored them, but no. And this again shows how mature we are, but Minhae, started to glare back at them, with her creepy stare that made everyone whisper something. And we finally got in. We were seated on in this big hall, where the meetings were kept, and I thought that this might be fun, but then, the guide opened his mouth.

The words coming out from his mouth, were so dry and sleepy that I was about to fall asleep already within the first minute. And when I looked around me, I

was relieved that I wasn't the only one, because while glancing back, I noticed everyone who were clearly daydreaming, and trying to look like they were listening. And after a few minutes of listening to the guide, I glanced to my side again, to see Minhae, glancing at the seats, but when looking closer, under her long black French, I could see her eyes being half closed. And that's the moment when I regret that I cut short hair because you could easily hide in long hair.

And finally, the tour that lasted for *ages* ended, and we finally got to leave, and you could obviously see that everyone was bored to death.

“Ou mai god, that was the most *boring guide EVER.*” I heard from the whispers.

“You could literally record that guy speaking, and use it

for sleeping problems.” I said while trying to hold my giggles. But then I realised, that the day was over, and we could finally go back to our *beautiful* hostels. And after walking, which I’m pretty sure is not a good idea with hungry and exhausted teenagers. We got back at the hostel, and then the reality of the horribleness of our sleeping places struck.

“Well this is going to be fun” I said before climbing into the bed.

## Snorkeling in Egypt

By: Minhae Park

“Do we really have to go?” I asked.

“Yes, Minhae. How many times do I have to tell you! We already paid the money!”

“But I don’t want to go! Why I can’t I just stay at the resort?”

“Because... Because that’s all you want to do! Move around, young lady! It’s not like you’re over 40 like me!” my mom hollered.

I knew I had lost the battle. All I wanted was to go back to our resort. The second I saw it, I knew that this vacation would be the best. From my room window I could see the breathtaking view. There was an awesome

swimming pool with a pool bar, a garden full of gently swaying, green palm trees, and an emerald, sparkling ocean. The sunset tinged the water with red and orange, that added to the marvelous picture. Instead of being there, I was waiting in the scratchy sand for a boat to take my family and I to the middle of the sea. We were going there to snorkle, and just as much as my mom loved it, I hated it. And of course, she didn't care about my opinion at all.

The boat arrived, and I had to admit, it was cool. Shaped like a bunk bed, the bottom of the boat was made entirely out of glass. Soft sofas and cushions let us sit down comfortably while we could see the ocean floor. The top floor of the boat was entirely open. Besides rails that prevented us from falling off the boat,

the top floor had no roof, and we had a 360 degree view of everything surrounding us. My family boarded the boat, and we were off to the middle of the sea. The ocean raced pass us, shimmering in different colors. The ocean was a deep dark blue in the deeper areas, whereas the shallow regions were a mix between cyan and azure. Despite the hot weather, the salty sea breeze made the ride exuberant. However, the view of the sea floor was disappointing. All of it was sand. Every cubic centimetre was covered in fine, dull dust that contrasted with the beauty from the ocean. My mom asked in her fabulous English:

“Why fishies, no?” she asked.

The driver explained that there was a specific region where there were fish and reefs, but besides there, the sea was full of sand. Knowing this info, we imagined that the special area would be more spectacular than we previously pictured.

We arrived and put on our flippers, life vests, and snorkels on. As I went into the water, shivers ran through my body. The water was ice cold, and my skin condition made the salt water hurt immensely. Not to mention all the water entering my mouth. I spat it out, secured my goggles, and went under. My first impression: omg, there's an eel. A yellow-and-black eel was swimming casually between reefs, and I ran away as soon as I saw it. I was not risking getting electrified at the beginning of my vacation. It was only after I went

a few meters away from the eel was when I could really enjoy the scene. The water was translucent, allowing me to see fish far and near. The fish swam around me like crazy; I saw blurs of yellow, red, blue, and white whizzing back and forth. I swam around trying, unsuccessfully, to catch some fish.

When the excitement passed, the pain from my skin came back. I squirmed uncomfortably as bites and stings of pain shocked every part of my body. I swam back to the boat and hauled myself up. My body was all red from the sea water, and I blinked back tears. This was why I hated snorkeling, and my mom never considered it when she decided that she wanted to go. I dried myself with a towel and played with my camera.

Meanwhile, my mom was having the time of her life. She called my brother to show him what she thought was stunning, and she dived here and there. My family always joked that my mom was a mermaid in her previous life, and she really seemed like that. The rest of my family kept snorkeling while I took pictures of them. I went up to the top floor and got a really good view of what was around me. In front of me was the vast sea that stretched out all the way to the horizon. Behind me was our resort. The palm trees were only sticks of green, and our hotel was just a small rectangle of brown. After a hour, we decided to head back to our resort. By that time, my mom, dad, and brother were all human raisins. They were so wrinkly, it was as if they had aged 40 years in two hours. When we reached our

hotel, it was almost dinner time. We quickly went into our rooms, washed, and got ready for dinner. That was the start of the best vacation I ever had in my 14 year life.

## New Student's New Experience in Warsaw

By Rachel Song

It's finally Wednesday 5 October 2011, the day that everybody was waiting for. My class which is grade 8&9 and grade 5 carried their suitcases with excitement to the train station. We got on the train at 8:50 with the teacher's warning "this will be a long journey" and yes it was. Most of my friends slept for the most of the time on train and others played games they've brought to the trip.

For the first day, we were supposed to arrive at Warsaw at 14:00 and go to Darwin exhibition but the train was 1 hour delayed so we arrived at 15:00. We rushed into Darwin exhibition and met our guide, she was nice and kind I liked her until she started to guide

us. To be honest the guide couldn't speak English well however, we do understand that it's hard to speak English as her second language as I did but still. None of us could understand what she was trying to explain about the Evolution. Everyone had the same thought in their mind and same faces at the same time "this was such a time waste" with very exhausted faces and we could see that nobody was actually interested.

After the boring exhibition people were starving so we dropped our luggage in hostel and went out to find somewhere to eat. 10 minutes walking from the hostel, we found pizza hut but the queue was too long to wait. 20 minutes walking we found a shopping mall at last people were so glad that they were screaming and jumping around with a big smile on their faces. After

the delicious dinner, we came back to the hostel and I was shocked by the condition of the hostel. The bed was very uncomfortable I could feel the spring in my mattress, duvet wasn't warm and even worst we had to share bathroom with strangers. The water in the shower boos was extremely hot that after shower my body went bright red and even my friend could feel the hot temperature by standing near me.

It was very tiring morning after sleeping on a very squeaky uncomfortable bed. The morning sunlight coming through the window and the teacher's voice "girls wake up it is 7:00" I rubbed my sleepy eyes and woke up with a big yawn and got ready for the second day. In the morning on our way to Poland parliament something bothered me and my friends. There were

other students from other school who kept on yelling “ching chang chong” to us which was racist and offensive to Koreans, we had to control our mind for peace. After passing through these annoying and rude polish students we arrived at the Poland parliament and of course we had a guide who can’t speak English like yesterday and we could see that the guide was nervous because he was sweating a lot. However the way he explains was much better than yesterday. After visiting the parliament we went to the president house, there were soldiers with handcuff and a bat, my heart started to beat fast as if I’ve committed a crime, my eyes looking nervous. We got into the president house with the guide. At the end of the tour I realised that polish

guides love saying “umm...” or “uh...” especially the Darwin exhibition guide.

“This room is umm... a room that has many different animals... uh...”

Another day past and it's finally the last day. I opened my eyes imagining reunion with my mum and my family, 2 nights 3 days felt like 2 months and 3 weeks for me or maybe for everyone. Last day was my favourite part in the trip; we went to science museum in the morning and uprising museum in the afternoon. Fortunately in the science museum we didn't have a guide so we went where ever we want to go anytime. In this museum, we could compare our strength to many different animals by doing many different activities which was real fun. We couldn't stay longer in the

science museum because we had to be quick to catch the train. So we took them to the uprising museum, on the way I had a bad feeling that there might be a guide in uprising museum so I've asked the teacher whether there's a guide for the uprising museum and I've wondered why bad feelings are never wrong... anyways we met our guide, he seemed a bit hyper but who cares we just wanted to finish this quickly and get on the train. We went inside the museum and the guide started to guide us. I was so happy that this guide was really good at speaking English; he knew what he had to explain. We could see that he was enjoying guiding which made us interesting and the guide moved around a lot and his reaction was big unlike the previous guides. I enjoyed his guide so much that I wanted to

know more about the history and I didn't want to go home.

The train station was very noisy and busy which made us busy and confused. Some of us stayed in the train station to watch our luggage and the rest of us went to buy lunches in McDonalds. We thought we had time but we didn't. So we had to rush to McDonalds, order our meals quickly, take out our meals and run to catch the train.

Thank god, we didn't miss it. We got on the train and opened our meals the scent of a delicious burger made my stomach roar like a hungry lion. I unwrapped the bag as fast as I can to eat mozzarella cheese stick; I picked up the box and opened it...

” why do I see 4 pieces of chicken nugget inside a mozzarella cheese stick box...”

I got annoyed but couldn't do anything with it because I was already on the train.

After long journey on the train the teacher came in and told us that the train was 1 hour delayed so we will be arriving in Wroclaw at 8. I still don't get why everything was late but it was nice to experience new things through this trip.

## Once in a lifetime adventure

By Unna Paavolainen

Walking down the bridge, the river floating under it and thinking what was waiting us there. Maybe something dangerous, scary or “once in a lifetime” adventure. We had those weird safety harnesses on our shoulders. There it is! The end of the bridge! Teachers almost fell down, when the students were rushing over



them. Then everyone stopped. We looked above. There were these wonderful ropes hanging ten meters above

us swinging with the wind, just like they were waiting for us to arrive. The teachers reached us. They seemed like they didn't know what we were looking at. They walked over and took the control on us again and started to speak about the safety rules. Then some funny looking guy came with some other guys behind him. They were walking to us with wrinkles on their foreheads and grim looks. They made me feel a bit fear about the coming adventure. I was sure that they didn't like us, because we were English. They helped the harnesses on, and having the chords as tighten up as they could. After we got our harnesses on we were standing in front of very easy looking safety course. Then one of the guys came and showed us what we were supposed to do. Then one at a time we scrambled

on the ladders that were only one meter above the ground. After we finished this too easy course which had only two parts, the balancing on one rope and the most slowest slide ever we ran to the first level, that was about five meters high, but a bit more higher than the safety course.

We were waiting for our group's last person to finish the safety course. Finally, he finished and we were all ready to start the first level course. "Unna, you seemed to be quite fast, so maybe you should go first. And Rachel, I think that you want to go after her." said Mr. Cooper.

I finally did get to the first level. I was really happy and relieved to get up there. But I knew that my long journey up there was just begun. I hit myself on my

face.” Relax, this supposed to be fun! Take it easy!” I spoke to my self. I relaxed a bit. Then I started to move the little safety clips to the first space between the trees. I carefully did the first balancing space between the trees. Then I realised that it was really fun. I crossed the balancing spaces really fast. Then I saw a mysterious next balancing space, but it wasn’t marked with blue tape that says that it’s a slide, but it didn’t have anything to put your legs on either. Then I realised this kind of stretchable black chord under my foot. I looked to the next tree that I was going to go. I saw a strange looking swing that was connected to the black chord. Then the light turned on above my head. I have to pull the chord and the swing will come to me! I pulled the rope, and I saw that the same idea that I

created on my mind came true. I scrambled on the swing and pushed some speed for my self. It went really slow just like a snail, but I really enjoyed it. There it is! The end of the first level! I hurried to the exit and waited ten minutes for the others of our group to finish. Then we hurried to the second level.

The second level was higher than the first level. I think that the second level was quite same as the first level. I really enjoyed the scrambling with the spider web on the second level of the ropes course. The others were kind of boring, so I listened to the birds sounds at the same time as I was waving with the wind enjoying on the spider web. It felt like I was in a tropical forest, playing with the monkeys. The wind going past me and dropping some water on me, the bird sounds in the air,

those sounds that made me feel like I really jumped to the stone Age where people scrambled on the trees just like monkeys. From that moment I named this place “The Monkey Park”.

I just finished the second level, looking forward to meet the third level. Sadly, the others of my group were slower so we had to wait for them with Rachel. We went to cheer them on:

“You are doing great, just put a little more speed with it so we might get to the fourth level!”, we shouted to our group from the ground. Finally they made it. We were ready to go to the third level. The adventure this far is so breathtaking and really exciting.

I slid high up in the air, wind taking my hair behind me swinging with the wind, just like in the

movies. And then, this safety pillow came behind the tree. I wasn't prepared for the pillow, so I smashed on the pillow with my back. For the first second I thought that it hurt, but I realized that it was quite fun. After the slide I already saw the fourth levels ladders, they were huge! Twice as tall as the third level that I was on. I hurried down the third level, Rachel coming just after me. We went to ask Mr. Cooper that do we have time to do the fourth level. But the news weren't so good: "I think that we are not going to make it. We are not going to have time to do it. Go and help the others." said Mr. Cooper. We were sad. We really wanted to go to the fourth level. But then Mr. Cooper came to us. "Do you want to go to the fourth level?" he asked. We answered that of course we want to go. We hurried to the level

with Mr. Cooper.

The endless journey to the top was tiring. The ladders were shaky and every step I took was looking that I wasn't going anywhere. Finally, I got there. The top was just above me. But then I saw the problem.

There was nothing to hold on with hands. I was standing there for a while thinking what to grab on to.

Then I was satisfied to grab on the long screw. I pushed my self up and finally I felt the wooden boards under me. I took long breaths for a while. Then I stood up and I saw the view. The birds flying over me and the sound of them. And also I could smell the fresh air. The nature was so fabulous with the trees everywhere.

When I was going on the balancing ropes I found three good rules that you should have. 1) Enjoy 2) Don't

look down 3) Take it easy, we are not in a hurry. I went through the barrels and then, I saw this mysterious looking tarzan rope the other side of the course I really thought that is this really safe? I pulled the rope that was connected to the Tarzan rope. Then I put my safety clips to their place. Here, we go! I jumped on the rope and slid to the other side where is this kind of net waiting for me. I let go of the rope and grab on to the web. Then I scrambled to the platform.

Next up was the skateboard. It really looked scary, because there was nothing to hold on. I figured out that I am going to grab on under my safety clips. I walked on the skateboard. And it really went fast. When there was half a meter left of the ride, I already jumped from the skateboard. Then I thought that it was quite fun. I

finished the fourth level by climbing down.

This journey up in the trees was really fabulous and amazing and I would like to go there again soon.

## An exhausting Warsaw trip

By Hae Chang Seong

It would be my last time attending such a boring tour in a trip, and the last time I would be spending time with the young kids in one room, for more than a day.

This trip was to Warsaw, and was for our education; to learn about apes, history, and etc. But without knowing why, I had this sinister, doubtful, uncomfortable feeling before we left. Even in the train, and even after getting off the train, it was the same, but our first destination in Warsaw gave me a resolution, and taught me a lesson that every feeling I have before a trip, comes true.

Coming out of the Warsaw station, the dull, gray sky was the first thing to welcome us, with the tall buildings trying to show off its height. We walked

towards a museum for about ten minutes, with our heavy, burdensome bags. Our bags were so full that if all of our luggage was in a backpack, we would look like a world traveller. The museum, from outside featured a traditional looking, small-sized building. However, inside the building, it looked somewhat modern, with elevators, and bright coloured lights. So then, I thought

‘Oh, I guess the tour would take a long time. So tiring...’

Sooner or later, this woman, who she claims that she is the guide, came and tried to engage us, however, we all had this exhausted, tiring look in our faces, all frowned with their mouths headed downwards.

Anyhow, we all went on the elevator, up to a hallway.

The room was totally black, with some black coloured tombstone, standing vertically on the floor, with some explanation about the apes. On the floor, there were these lines, which represent the time of the past, and each had the tombstones on it. The tour guide, led us to each and every one of them, and explained each and every one of the pictures on the tombstones. It might have been useful information for our grade, however, I could surely see that the fifth grades were bored to death, because two of the student only took pictures, and the rest just simply followed the tour guide with frowns on their faces, as if they had this tour for hours.

The tour guide could simply not speak English properly, could not explain anything properly, and seemed to not know anything because after each word,

there was an “uh...”, and she just gave us the information which we all knew, and was not necessary to know. After the boring explanation, we went in this room, where it was bright; a total contrast to the tombstone room. However, without knowing the reason why, on our left, there were computers and audios advertising about something, and there were these pieces of walls with paintings, which the guide claims that it was drawn from apes. The guide simply told us what it was, and as always, the young students did not bother to listen, just simply took pictures. Then, she asked us if we had any questions, and as Minhae, one of my peers, asked her a question, she did not answer her question but started to give other information which was not even closely needed for Minhae’s questions.

Whichever way, we went out of the bright room, out of the black tombstone room, and went downstairs by stairs, and went into another hall with videos, and animals exhibited. On our left, there was a big display of a lizard on a branch, and on our right, there were plants, animals, in a small area inside a glass. There were videos of plants, a video of a parrot, and some other birds, which not many people bothered to see. It was a disaster at this moment. The young students did not listen to the guide and left off by themselves, some of the student in our grade at least bothered to listen to her, and even one of the teachers went off by herself. Honestly, there was absolutely nothing to learn in that hall, at least for our grade because it was what we already knew, and as always her explanations were

exhaustingly boring; it even seemed to be a lullaby to Heon Hui, one of my peers; I could see his eyes blinking slowly, and being closed. After this ‘exhibition’, we went to the top floor to see the view of Warsaw. As we arrived at the top, the guide said, “Well, this is the end of uh...the tour. Tank you for listening and I hope you enjoyed it. Uh... I hope we will meet again later. Uh... Bye, and tank you”

After listening to her say goodbye, it was a surprise to all of us, because we simply went through two hallways, which the guide called a tour, but the teachers did not even seem to be bothered about it. In fact, it seemed like they were happy that the tour ended, and I could see that because their mouths and eyes headed upwards, as well as the students. We went out to the

balcony where we could see the view of Warsaw. I could not say that it was bad, because I could clearly see an extensive area, with shopping malls, green plain fields, sky scraping sky scrapers, and luckily, the somewhat blue coloured sky. At that time, I noticed that it was time to eat because, our class food alarms were ringing; Minhae, Ola, and Emmi, the three girls in our class were always the ones to tell us if we had to eat something. They started to persuade the teachers to leave fast and go to a restaurant quickly, and the teachers knew that they were the alarms, so thankfully, we took a quick picture and left. After directly stepping out of the museum, I could hear cheerful laughs, and see happy smiles on everyone's faces. We started to walk towards our hostel, but soon, I heard whines from

the students that they were walking too much with the world travelling sized bags.

Sooner or later, we arrived to our hostel, and as soon as I heard that we were going to sleep with the fifth graders, I could see Heon Hui's expression; solid, hard, unbelievable, depressed, frustrated and lastly, dead. He screamed in his room like an ape which come out in 'Rise of the Planet of the Apes', squeaking, and started to hit the beds and me.

"Why me! Why is it always me who has to go through these torturous moments!" is what Heon Hui said at that time, although it is what he says every single day. The room, had no bathroom, and on each side, there were two, two floored beds, and on the center, front and back, there were eight places which we could keep our

luggage, but the hostel had only one key for it. The blankets were rough as if the powder of woods, after it was sawn, was glued on it, and the second beds on top were about to break because the wire which held the bed was bent like a parabola. The bathrooms! There were five bathrooms, with a shower, in one hallway.

For me, it might have been fine but I could see others, especially the girls, depressed, and confused. The girls half screamed and whined. There were also these men who were half drunk in the kitchen, which we had to go through to get to the bathroom. I first thought that the shower would be ok. But my uncomfortable feeling approached me again. When I went in one of the free showers, the first thing I saw was the broken shower door. It was dislocated. So I thought

‘Ok, let’s bear with it’

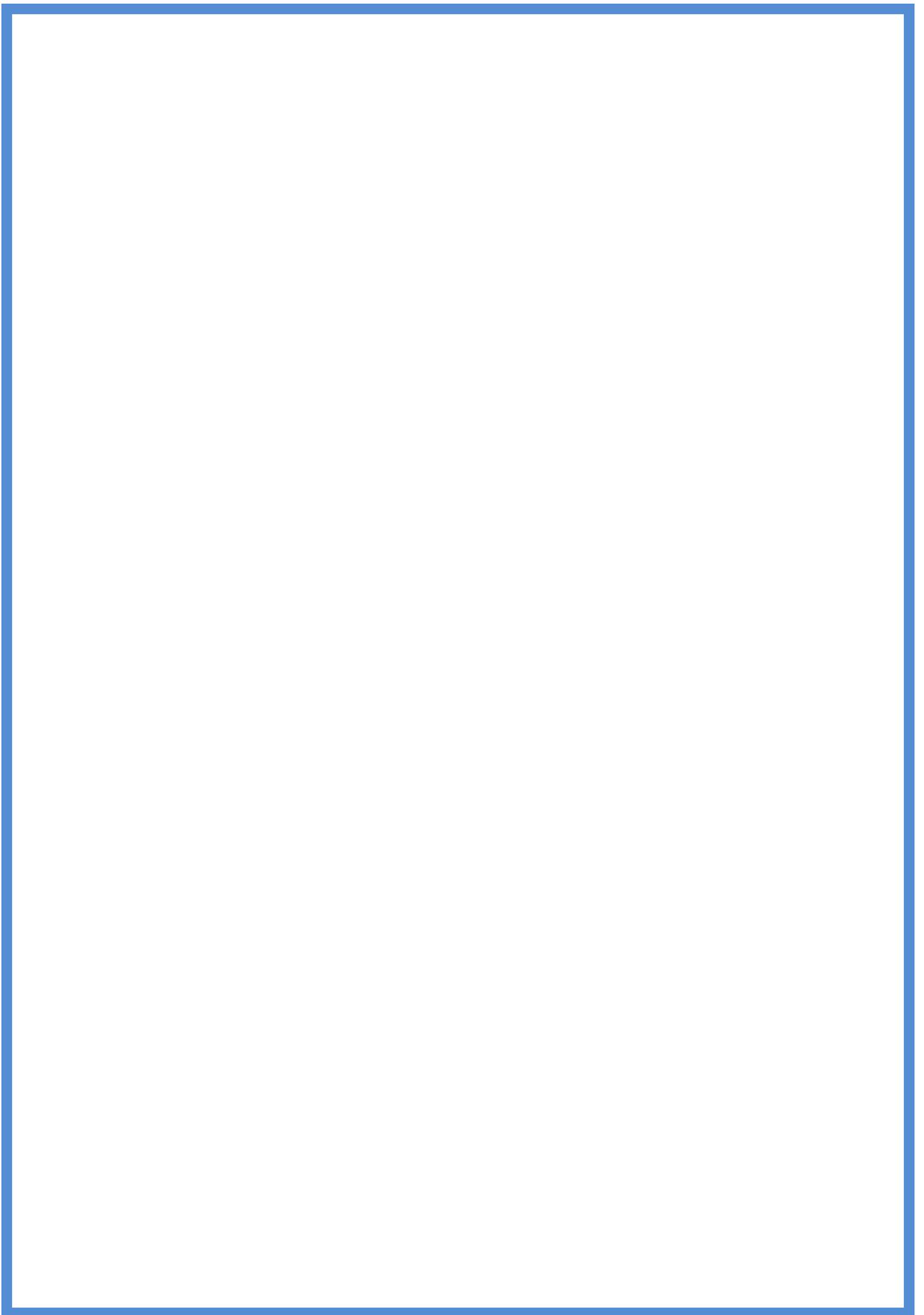
But when I turned on the shower, I got burnt. It was extremely hot, and there was absolutely no cold water. My peer, Rachel got burnt too. So unfortunately, I had to bear with it and barely washed my hair.

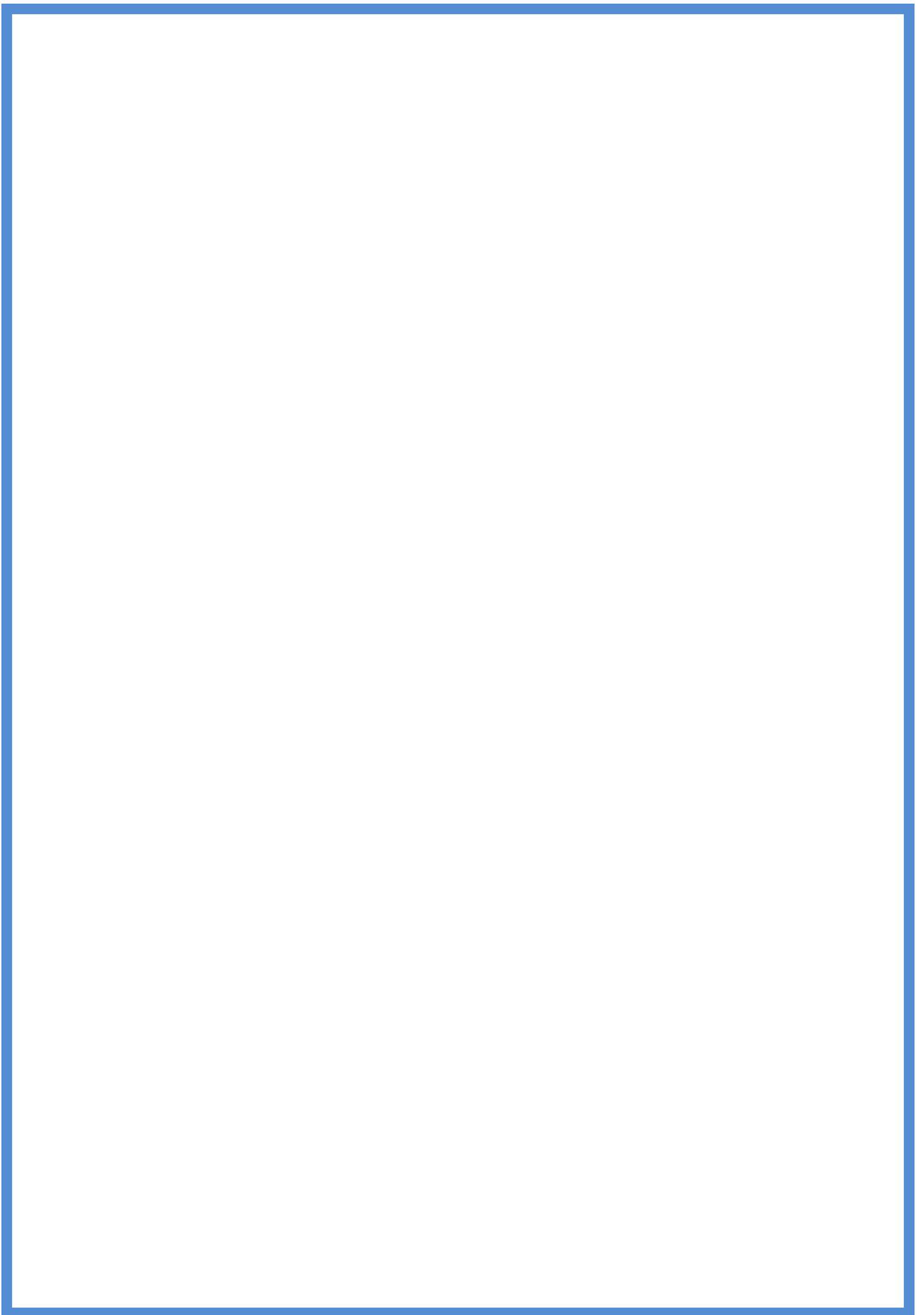
In our room, when we were lying on our scruffy, rough beds, Heon Hui and I could absolutely not sleep because of the fifth graders. I could hear the sound of the Nintendo DS all night. I could hear the mixture of the music of Pokemon and Star Wars, until over midnight. As Heon Hui could not bear it anymore, he shouted,

“Go to bed! Don’t you sleep?! I will never sleep with you guys again!”

Extremely unfortunately, that was just my first day in Warsaw and I could not imagine, what more would, or could happen, because the first day already gave me an extreme headache.







*The MYP 3&4 students wrote this in their Travel Writing Unit. Their objective was to entertain and write in a manner that would transport the reader to the places described. We hope that after you read these pieces, you will be inspired to visit them as well. We hope you enjoy!*

