

Definition of a country



This is us, lively, not perfect but even more.

If I have to choose one word to describe the week in Portugal, “weird” would be the most specific one. Before that Sunday afternoon when the aeroplane landed, Portugal was just a word to me, the name of a country which is famous for its wine and navigation but had nothing to do with my life. During the week, the people, food, buildings, music and all the other things I met or experienced there built up my every own definition of this word.

It is a country where people have so much passion to their daily lives, they are willing to spend a few months to turn an empty new house into their home, and this magic home now has the ability to make all the hosts feel welcome or even a part of it.



The hostess of my host family spent 3 hours that night for this family dinner.

It is a country where everyone is proud of their glorious history but is also optimistic enough to face the current problems. Just go and ask anyone there about their

navigation and you'll get one of the most vivid geography and history lesson about this topic that you'll ever possibly get.



Batalha Monastery was built during Portugal's greatest time and it is still one of the greatest monasteries today, sadly, there isn't enough money to repair all buildings, people gave the unfinished garden a beautiful name "imperfect".

It is a country where all kinds of characters are accepted, no matter if you are expressive or quiet, poetic or rigorous, passionate or shy, no matter if you wear tons of makeup or prefer the way it is, listen to country or rock, do Bisous or

shake hands, you can find your own harmony here.



The Portuguese students' performance combined poetry, dance and opera.

I can't be more thankful for getting the chance to visit Portugal and meet all the wonderful people. By the time I left the country, I already felt like I was a part of all of that. of course, I might not have seen everything, but isn't that the charming part of travelling? You miss something others get to see but also find something that will only be found in your

memory.



Fabulous street view caught by only me because my team took the wrong way, the others were already waiting on the bus.

Thanks Portugal, thanks for the lifetime memory, thanks for no longer being just a word to me, thanks for existing vividly in my world. We'll meet again sometime in the future, regardless rain or wind.



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