

A day in my life Francois Vankerkhoven, Belgium



The rays of the sun pierce through my Belgian and my American flag placed as curtains in front of my windows and caress my face. It is 7 am, time to wake up. I dress up for the day, prepares my sport gear and go down the stairs. I gulp 2 glasses of water, it makes me feel a bit more awake. I turn on the coffeemaker, I need my mug to be filled with this wonderful hot and roasted beverage. Ho more quickly, my bagel has to be toasted before I can spread peanut butter on its ring shape. My tea is too hot, I'd better focus on the blond and crunchy delight of fat which adorns my bagel. Stop dreaming about your breakfast François, we leave at 7:40 and you still need to take care of your backpack and pack your lunch!

A little while staring at the trees reflecting their wide range of colours into the gleaming waters of the Stillwater River later, here am I at school. I enter the hall, go to my locker, get rid of the stuff which might bother me: jacket, lunch packet... It is time for first block, beginner strings, Cello lesson with Mr C. Mr C is a nice fellow, always smiling, warm as people are in South America where he is from. I swing the bow across my Cello, trying to convince myself the sounds I produce are good, occasionally pausing to drink some coffee. The blocks follow one another: art with the hilarious sarcasm of Ms Barnes, a trip into Irish literature with Mister Luttin and his natural joyfulness, a hike in the woods with Ms Winchester and her cynical comments which always make me laugh, an English class with the fatherly Ms Joseph, and a lot of irony and most important etymology with Ms Moriarty. 2:10 pm, the school days is already done. What for today? Free pizza and enriching discussions in the Philosophy club or good food and Madame's good mood in French club? Right! None of them, I have practice today. Let's go to the locker room and put my ski gear it starts at 2:30. Cross-country Skiing is exhausting but it is an amazing sport to do, especially if you consider that we have a very nice trail in the woods at school. We don't even need to

take the bus. You just get out of the building, put your skis on, and go. Despite I love skiing, I can't wait for the summer to canoe in shorts and T-shirt! It is not that I am bored of this sport, but it is cold in this crazy country! Practice is done, I would walk back home and go past the UMaine, but it is too far in the cold weather of this season. I am finally home. I should stretch or I will suffer even more at practice tomorrow. Ok, I can relax now and have a warm shower. Such a good time in the Winter! I should work a little bit for school then I can watch Netflix. I always work in the couch next to my host-brother Tony. It is time to eat, I can smell the love my host-mother put in her cooking. Dinner is so welcome after such a busy day. After dinner I eat a creamy Bulgarian yoghurt with Maine blueberries, a delight! I won't go very late to bed tonight. I close my eyes comfortably lying on my bed, I think about tomorrow, I breathe slowly, my head gets empty, no noises anymore...