



TESTED AGAIN
STILL JUST A
MEDIocre SCORE.
UGGH! PG3



SURPRISE PIZZA
AT BORA, I ALWAYS
ASK FOR A SURPRISE.



EUROPEAN TRAINS
GO ANYWHERE ANY
TIME ANY HOW



HOW AM I DOING?
SO,SO. JUST IN A
DULL PATCH !

ST.SOMETIMES



The Beating Drum of Routine

This may sound weird, but life has become routine. I've only been in Switzerland for a few months. I have traveled to several new countries. I haven't even been to most of Switzerland. What's wrong with me? Why do I wake up and feel like life is now a routine? Wake up. Go to school. Go back to the apartment I pay way too much for. Go back to school. Study on weekends for the GRE. While life is far from it, I feel routine setting in. Can this be real?

Very little snow.
Lugano has a mild
winter. What a
beautiful place to
live and work.

Nothing New, It's All Quiet

Once in a while, everyone that travels alone runs into a rough patch. There are a lot of factors involved but it's normal to experience "down time". It leaves very little for writing about.

Check out my average day: My day starts early. Anyone that knows me, knows I beat everyone else to work. (ever since I was late my first day of my career - because of the school bus) After a walk up the mountain, my classroom waits for me. It takes about 30 minutes of an open door to let all of the heat out of the room. Four different water heaters do a fine job overnight. I can't stand the heat anymore. While my class airs out, I head over to the photocopier machine and run any copies I might need.

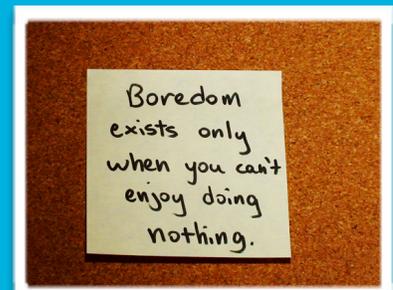
By 7:15 breakfast is ready across the road at DeNobili. I used to sit with other faculty but it wears me down a little. When teachers get together, they tend to treat the breakfast table like a faculty room. There is a lot of complaining. Thankfully, DeNobili has several smaller rooms off to the side. I eat a quick breakfast and prep a little. By 7:45 I have five students going in and out of my classroom or parents dropping off the books and backpacks.

My fourth grade class is very small, only 14 students. There are five boys and nine girls from all over the world. Similar to my other schools, elementary teachers teach the main subjects - English, spelling, writing, reading, math, social studies, sciences - and send the students off to specialists for art, PE, music, and Italian. That makes for an interesting week of classes. Some days I see very little of my kids, some days, like Tuesdays, I spend all day with them.

Lunch and recess are part of the package too. All three of us (in grade 04 - Sarah, Eleonora, and I) sit at lunch with our students. We changed it up a bit when I asked - and they agreed - that each of us would take one day off to have a choice of what to do for lunch. I started taking one student each week to the MSHS dining hall for lunch. There is a bit more of a choice and a fourth grader really feels important if they get to go eat with the older students and staff for a change.

By 3:30 it is time for most students to go home. I send the bussed students to the playground, hand off the helicopter kids to their parents, and wait across the street with the rest of my students in the parking lot. The parking lot is an amazing experience in itself. Every kind of beautiful car is there. As parents drive in and around the lot, I look for my students' cars and sort of valet them into the

Snow Again!



Geneva Sights

Here are just a few of the many sights to see in Geneva - the center of Peace (and banking)



The famous Jet d'Eau - Situated at the point where Lake Geneva empties into the Rhone River, it is visible throughout the city and from the air, even when flying over Geneva at an altitude of 10 km (33,000 ft).



The Armillary sphere - a symbol of Geneva as the center of Peace



The 3-legged chair looms opposite the "Palais des Nations". Standing 12 meters high, The Broken Chair is a reminder of the tragedy caused to human lives and limbs by land mines.

back seat. The idea is for the responsible teacher to be the last person to hand off the child to their parents.

After school on Tuesdays, I run a computer club for signed up fourth and fifth graders. The first semester was creating video games. The second semester will be video creation and editing.

Wednesdays we always have staff meetings. The schedule is shortened for classes specifically so the staff meetings still get the staff out on time. (great thinking) And other days are tutoring days. It all ends around 5:30 when Sarah and I walk over to the dining hall for dinner. All that is left is a walk down the mountain to my apartment.

GRE - A Trip to Geneva

Weekends of November and late October were devoted to studying for the GRE test again. My test was scheduled in Geneva for the 29th. I opted for a 100ChF/night hotel (about \$100/night) and a train ride throughout beautiful Switzerland. Thinking ahead, I had purchased a half-price annual train card. The entire train trip - in first class for five and a half hours - cost me just under \$200 with the half priced fair. I could have gone second class, but I wanted to study in their "quiet cars" - specific cars in first class that are quiet.

I arrived late in Geneva but my hotel, by design, was close to the train station. The room was half the size of an average Union Hotel room and shared a bathroom for each floor. The breakfast made up for the room size and not long after a lazy breakfast I was zooming in a taxi to the international airport. Just within reach of the airport was a large international complex building. Now, I am certainly NOT superstitious, but when I arrived at this International complex, everyone was evacuated. It was either a fire drill, smoke alarm, or some individual taking the GRE test had gone postal during the test!

Somewhere within the warren of hallways and conference rooms there lies a small University. Once the alarms stopped, I entered the building with a few hundred other people and began my search. Twenty minutes later found me in a small student lounge. A coffee machine and wireless were enough to keep me happy for a few hours until my test time. I struggled through the test and hailed a taxi back to my hotel. The Irish pub around the corner made excellent pizza and had *weißen bier* on tap. I celebrated my mediocre scores once again.

Some people (I point two thumbs at my chest when I say this) are not meant to take standardized tests. Nuff Said.

See you next issue. I don't feel like writing any more.