

Carnevale D'Ivrea

With every stride I take my feet ache more and more. Don't surrender I tell myself. You're so close. This is your chance to live your dream. Don't give up!

I have been walking for nine hours and my legs are starting to give out. I try to ignore the pain of the miserable agonizing blisters on the surface of my feet rubbing uncomfortably back and forth on the roof of my black leather boots. My shoulder, a dark shade of red almost a maroon, is being rubbed against the strap of my crocodile skin purse which chafed me. I pull out an immense map trying to locate where I am, but I guess I am ignorant when it comes to these types of things. I strut over to an elder lady with light gray hair and inquire directions, but the lady responded back in another language. It's official. I am lost with no idea of how to return home.

My stomach growled in hunger, as I haven't eaten since breakfast. I glanced over at my watch with golden engraved numbers, which read 5:31, and I think to myself at least I can eat. I keep on strolling down the sidewalk surrounded by ancient sculptures and buildings with incredible architecture until I reach

what seems to be a local festival. I see the signs, which read “Battle of the Oranges”. Battle of the oranges, I think to myself curiously as I wonder what that is. I march through the gates, and in the distance I could see a humongous patch of orange. I stride towards the unknown orange patch. As I gaze through the doors, I saw a tremendous amount of locals convincing me to buy oranges from them. I give them a puzzled look as if I thought they were insane, not understanding why they were doing that. I searched around to find clues of what the festival was about. I see a rustic looking plaque midpoint into the festival underneath what looked like to be a grey statue of a powerful soldier who fought in World War II. I am still clueless. I carefully sat down on a rustic looking spruce bench and glanced ahead. There was a vast float with soldiers perched on it. Everyone shouted, “The war has begun, they’re coming!” All of the sudden the villagers began to throw oranges at the soldiers. I gasp as if I'm horrified of what they are doing. Out of nowhere a small orange rolls up to my feet. I pick up the orange debating whether to throw it, or eat it. I look up and see all the smiling faces throwing oranges, having fun, and just enjoying the festival. I decide to throw it. I throw the orange as hard as I can into the middle. It hits a boy in the back of the head. He turns around and he has a smile on his face as I smile back.

We give each other a look commencing a challenge. He throws an orange at me weakly as I shout “is that all you got?” I rapidly whip oranges at him until he throws one back. He screams, “want to see what I got?” The orange hits me on the forehead and that was all I remembered that night.

I woke up in the emergency room the next morning as the doctor shined flashlights in my eyes then left the room. I sat up as my bones cramped and my head was sore. I heard a deep voice. It said “how are you feeling?” I glanced to my right and I saw the boy. “Hey”, I mumbled, “what are you doing here?” The boy replied, “I felt bad about what happened, the least I could do is see if you are ok, and maybe take you out for lunch?”. I smile and respond, “I would love to go for lunch with you.” “Ok great”, the boy said. We walk down the beautiful streets and stumble across a café. We go in it and have lunch. I glance at my watch knowing that time is running out and I will soon need to catch my flight. We walk down the lovely streets, we see tourists, locals, salesmen, and we just smile knowing this is the last time we will see each other. My time in Italy is over and what a journey it has been.