

My life as an exchange student

In the seven months that I've been an exchange student I have changed immensely. As a matter of fact, everything has changed. Immensely.

To begin with, I found myself being pushed into an exotic and unknown culture where I got to experience complete loss of speech, paralyzing homesickness, and some neat soda-flavours that I hadn't tried before. I witnessed my little and cozy comfort-zone being taken away from me right before my eyes, crumpled up and thrown away. (In my particular case into a Spanish trash can). **And somehow, it was the most amazing, fun and educational experience I have ever been through.**

Countless reasons come to mind why one should become an exchange student. I think of all the people who were complete strangers to me at first, but have grown so close to me now: **My lovely host-family, my hilarious Spanish friends and all the awesome exchange students I never would have gotten to know if I hadn't decided to become one myself.** I think of the language – a whole culture bound into intricate words and expressions, none of which I knew just a few months ago but I now find myself effortlessly to order pizza, read beautifully written books, watch badly-dubbed movies and have long and interesting conversations with everyone around me. **I think of my boosted self-confidence, all the fascinating food I had never gotten a chance to taste before** and lastly, my brain, which has grown in size by 37%.

Okay, the brain thing might not be totally true but I still wouldn't hesitate one second in answering if someone asked me if becoming an exchange student is worth it. **I think of all the incredible things that I have experienced – and I just know that it's the best decision I have ever taken.**

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