It’s hot. The blazing, beating sun is in the middle of the sky. It’s probably right around 75 degrees. I am in tight faded jeans, a yellow striped tube top that is not the breathable cotton I wish it was, and sandals that are making my feet exceptionally slippery and slimly. My hair is keeping the heat coming off the back of my neck trapped within the small gap between my skin and the warm air summer air. It’s sticking to my back and forehead. My suitcase wheels are not doing their job in helping me lug my what feels like 100-pound luggage smoothly roll over the cobblestone streets. There are tons of people around. These people are shooting the two blonde, pale, and obviously lost Americans wandering around the crowded streets of Venice. My brother and I for the third time walk up and down what looks like hand made stairs that take us to a bridge over Venice’s canal. We stop on top of the bridge and try to take in our view of the busy city. We were supposed to meet our aunt and uncle at 10:30 after our train ride from Bologna, Italy, so with my brother’s four semesters worth of Italian and our confidence, we finagle our way through the tiny streets. We ask a wrinkled old woman who that tells us to go one way and another sun-aged woman tells us to the other way. Once the hotel is in our sights, we walk in and are asked 20 questions until, finally, our uncle walks down the spiraling flight of stairs to rescue us. Needless to say, I was a little peeved for having been blamed for this miscommunication between our relatives, but our dinner that night paid off for our journey.

A part of Venice I will never forget and hopefully go back to one day is the fresh fish and food market we woke up at 7 am to walk through. The morning was foggy and
humid. The bright ruby red tent that signals to it’s visitors that they have arrived at the mile and a half long

After a few days in Tuscany, my brother and I decided to take a train to Naples. My grandfather told us before we left that our family migrated from Naples to the U.S., and that there was still people in Naples that were related to us. Not that we wanted to actually find and talk with these natives, but getting a chance to tell the story that we traveled to Naples alone and navigated by ourselves would hopefully cancel out our incident in Venice.