

## Back Home, But Missing Budapest

After spending a week in Barcelona, soaking up the sun and the Mediterranean vibes, I came back to Budapest just long enough to pack up the last memories. And now... I'm officially home. Back in Angers, back to my old surroundings, the familiar streets, the usual pace.

It's strange. When I left for Erasmus, I didn't really feel homesick. I was excited, curious, full of energy. But now that I'm back, now that everything is familiar again, I realize what's missing.

I miss the ambiance of Budapest. The spontaneous energy. The mix of cultures. The way something was always happening, even if it was just a late-night walk for cheap snacks or an improvised hangout in someone's dorm. I miss the city, yes, but more than anything, I miss the people.

During Erasmus, there was always someone to talk to, someone to annoy when I was bored, someone to laugh with or drag into random plans. Now at home, the silence feels louder, I got used to the habits of my flat mates. One raging on video-games, one always facetimeing his friends and family, one playing chess and the last one dribbling a football in his room. I got used to our 180m<sup>2</sup> flat and now my 20m<sup>2</sup> apartment feels uncomfortably tiny, and empty.

I think I actually feel a bit homesick leaving Budapest. It's not sadness exactly, more like a gentle ache, a kind of post-Erasmus emptiness that you only understand once it's over. The comfort of home is real, but it doesn't erase the magic of those months abroad.

I know I'll adjust. I'll dive into new projects, reconnect with old friends, find a new rhythm. But a part of me will always miss the version of life we built in Budapest, chaotic, intense, joyful, and unforgettable. I'm actually crying writing this as I recall all the amazing times I had with all the people I've met and connected with.

So for now, I'm home. But my heart? It's still wandering the streets of Pest, looking for someone to chat with at midnight.

Antoine MOREL