

Title: Quiet Days Before the Goodbye

This past month in Budapest has felt very different from the rest of the Erasmus experience. Instead of discovering new places, hoping on spontaneous trips, or dancing until morning, I've spent most of my time buried in books, preparing for our final exams. The city that used to be a playground suddenly became a library — and although it's been necessary, it hasn't been easy.

But in this calm, I've found time to reflect. And the truth is: I'm already missing it all, even though I haven't left yet.

I'll miss the simple joy of walking around the city with my friends and speaking French in public without worrying about being overheard. It's a strange freedom, speaking your native language like it's a secret code. We could say anything, joke around, share thoughts out loud — all while being surrounded by strangers who didn't understand. It made the streets of Budapest feel like our own little world.

I'll miss the incredible nightlife, the chaotic charm of ruin bars, the wild but welcoming energy of nightclubs, and the fact that no night ever ended the way we expected. Every evening out turned into an adventure, with new people, new music, new memories.

I'll miss the fact that sightseeing was never just an activity — it was part of everyday life. Wherever you go in Budapest, there's something beautiful to look at. Whether it's the Parliament glowing at sunset, the view from Gellért Hill, the calm of Margaret Island, or the architectural surprises hidden in ordinary streets, this city has a way of turning routine into wonder.

And of course, I'll miss the food. The warm, sugary comfort of chimney cakes (kürtőskalács) after a long walk. The rich, spicy heartiness of goulash, served with bread and good company. Even the cheap little bakeries on the corner became part of my daily rhythm.

Soon, I'll be back in France — home, but somehow changed. This Erasmus experience didn't just give me a break from routine. It gave me new eyes, new habits, new friends, and a second home.

This month was slower, yes. But in that stillness, I had time to reflect — to realize how deeply I've come to love this city and this life. Returning to France soon won't be easy. I'll go back with a suitcase full of clothes, but more importantly, a heart full of Budapest.

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