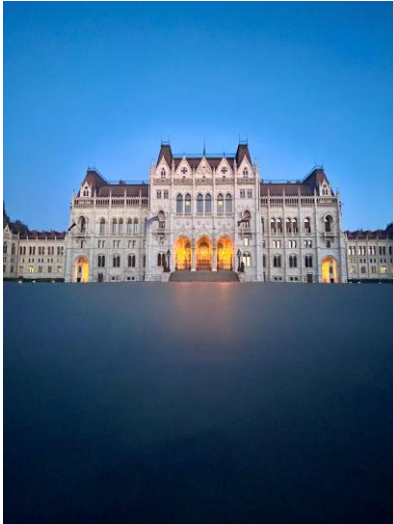


From Bises to Goodbyes – What Hungarians Taught Me

Now, as the semester comes to an end, it's hard to believe how fast everything flew by. Budapest, with its trams, ruin bars, thermal baths, and midnight walks along the Danube, has become more than just a temporary place to live — it's felt like a second home.



In just a few months, we've made friends from all over the world, struggled through Hungarian words, adapted to new habits, and created moments we'll never forget. And yes, our bank accounts may be nearly empty, but we're richer than ever in experiences and memories.

When I first arrived in Budapest for my Erasmus semester, I didn't expect that *saying hello* could be one of the first cultural shocks. In France, we greet friends and even acquaintances with *la bise* — that little kiss on each cheek that feels so natural back home. But here in Hungary? I quickly learned that this custom can feel a bit too intimate. A friendly hug or even a simple wave is often preferred. Let's just say I had a few awkward first encounters...

Going home soon is bittersweet. There's comfort in returning, but it's hard to leave behind a place and a lifestyle that changed us so much.

Antoine MOREL