

BOLOGNA, ITALY

ANNAMARIA GRINIS

Program: UW in Bologna (BCSP), Spring

Annamaria's Majors: International Studies and Journalism

Academic Life: BCSP allowed students to choose how many classes they wanted to take through the University of Bologna and through the program. Classes with the University were with Italian professors, taught in Italian and with Italian students. Classes through BCSP were taught in Italian, but all the students within the classes were fellow program participants. These classes are geared more towards American students with daily homework and class activities. University classes were less structured and required each student to independently keep track of their progress. Besides the required Italian class BCSP held in the early weeks of the program, I took two BCSP classes (Italian language/culture and Contemporary Italian history) and one University class (Scienza della Comunicazione e Societa'). The Italian professors were great to work with and were patient with American students.

How Studying Abroad Has Changed Annamaria: Study abroad makes you realize that you are capable of much more than you had ever thought about. It gave me a certain confidence that can only be obtained from being dropped in a place where you know no one. Nothing will ever seem as daunting, I hope, as the first two weeks of BCSP frantically trying to find a home for the semester. Even now, looking back at it exactly a year later, I know that everything works out in the end. If I can navigate my way through ten European countries, be able to debate politics with my Italian roommates and everything else I learned while abroad- I can handle anything.

Bologna as a Second Home: I realized Bologna was a second home when I was back in Madison. Every time it snowed or rained that spring semester, I craved the ancient *portici* that had kept me dry in Bologna. I wanted late night *piandina* from the grumpy man who sold the delicious flat-bread-like sandwiches outside my Bolognese apartment. Gone were the days of listening to the old Italian man sing opera while riding his bike home at 8 pm. I missed being able to take spontaneous weekend trips with my friends to new cities and countries. Madison was great to return back to, but it was lacking the distinct things one could only experience in Bologna.



Annamaria at the top of La Torre Asinelli in Bologna.

“I started to miss Bologna the second I closed the big wooden door and stepped out onto the sidewalk.”

