

Yesterday I woke up way too early in Vicenza and, after updating my project, I walked in the night through it to reach the train station and go to Venice. There I slept a bit in [REDACTED] apartment before signing the acquisition proposal for my apartment in San Pietro. It was raining hard when I walked back to the station to go to Vicenza but I managed and on the train I talked to a Spanish couple and later to a rapper from Reggio Emilia. At home I ate some tomatoes and mozzarella before setting off with the van fully packed to Santa Caterina. There it was cold and I downloaded it including the heavy exhibition crates which I store in the ground floor of the barn. I also managed to trim some grass next to it and in the evening ate some of the pasticcio [REDACTED] gave me before drawing and going to bed.

Yesterday I woke up that it was still warm in the tiny apartment. The wind was blowing cold but I managed to update my project and go out for a tai-chi. I then prepared the van with all the tools, ate more pasticcio and drove up to the Vestige. I saw down the four big remaining trees in the 60 by 60 meters square of land I have opened up. The hunter neighbour was supposed to do that but he never did and I managed although one tree got stuck and it was a wind in the end to throw it down for me. The rest of the afternoon in the wind and the sun I spent piling up the branches to prepare the bed for the cathedral. The chain of the chainsaw got damaged and I prepared to go home but the van got stuck in the field and I had to drive back up with Roberto who got it out with his tractor. I also filed the chain at his place and we ate tosella and bruscandoli together in the evening before I went back to my hole to draw.

Yesterday I woke up way too early but anyway kept up to update my project. I also began writing a little essay for Jacek and went back to bed reading the Storia di Roma book by Montanelli. I then slept till nine and went to Chiara to answer a few emails about my thesis publication. After some tai-chi I ate some bean soup and was off to the Vestige setting barbed wire in front of the shed of evil Verona and beginning to hammer down the sticks I prepared to delimit where I will have to dig the foundation of the cathedral. I was quite weak and only in the end gained some energy to finish to delimit the northern side. Back in the contrada I warmed up and ate the last piece of pasticcio and took a shower before going to Chiara who cooked for me scrambled eggs with bruscandoli. Roberto and Daniela were there but they had little to say and kept watching cartoons. I then went back in the tiny apartment to draw.

Yesterday I woke up early and immediately started cleaning the house preparing the bed for Myrthe's Italian teacher. I then did some tai-chi and drove up to the Vestige to hammer on the ground the sticks to delimit the southern side of the cathedral. At noon I was done and drove down to eat the leftover bean soup and pack the car with all that we might need in the new Venice apartment even though I did not have from it yet. I then drove to Vicenza and did not feel all that cheerful. There I had to sign the contract to publish my thesis and waited a long time at the post office to send it. I then walked through Vicenza under a strong sun and took a slow train to Venice where I updated my project and got a phone call from the real estate agent saying that the owners of the San Pietro apartment agreed to sell it for 3.000 extra, which is fine. In Venice I walked to [REDACTED] place and did some drawings before hanging out a bit in mercato del pesce to do some photos and later eat at George's place with both [REDACTED] and the priest Don Max with whom we had a lot of stories to tell.

Yesterday I woke up early in Venice and sat in the kitchen to update my project. I also kept polishing my thesis and later went with [REDACTED] to the remiera. I did some tai-chi in the small park there and then got on the boat with also old Giorgio who got me to row to and around a small island. I felt a little tired also given all the work in the mountain field. It was nice to go through the canals with [REDACTED] rowing and Giorgio telling stories. In the end we showered and walked back to Rialto to get some fruit. As [REDACTED] got a haircut, I bought some bread, mozzarella and bresaola. I then signed the contract for the San Pietro apartment and introduced my project to the young real estate agent. Back home I prepared a tomato salad which we ate with the pasticcio [REDACTED] made for us. We slept a little and then I got to do some drawings and further revised my thesis. When [REDACTED] got up we had to rush to church and my heart was happy there although I kept wondering why there cannot be a common and universal celebration of God instead of placing onto one single figure. I got a little fed up in the end and took a small walk in San Marco picking trash and making videos. Back in the church [REDACTED] was still talking about his Christian condition to the priest and I felt quite fed up again but in the evening back home we had a nice talk about many other things over some mellon and bresaola.

Yesterday I woke up, updated my project and then walked to the remiera with [REDACTED]. I did some tai-chi in the park and then got on the boat with him going along the laguna with much traffic and waves coming in the boat. I anyway managed to row for two hours and then jumped out and walked alone through the Jewish ghetto and across Santa Margherita. Back home I worked at my thesis and ate some pizza bread and tomato salad with [REDACTED] before setting off again alone to the tiny island of San Pietro to talk to my new neighbours there. On the way I got a nice ice-cream and afterwards I slept a bit in the Giardini park before doing some drawings. On the way back I joined [REDACTED] to a restaurant with their doctor friends.

Yesterday I woke up, updated my project and registered my thesis for printing before doing some tai-chi and later ate some leftover pasticcio and kosher pizza with [REDACTED] in the afternoon I walked to Santa Margherita and sat in the small garden of the Carmini church to draw. I later kept walking along the Zattere and back home where I read the Storia di Roma book and slept a little before eating some asparagus with [REDACTED].

Yesterday I woke up at an odd hour and updated my project before going to Rialto to pick the Bert and Dett, respectively Myrthe's Italian teacher and former colleague. I then walked with them to Sant'Alvise and did some tai-chi waiting for [REDACTED] who came with Giorgio. They had fixed a little cute bench on the sandolo and off we went rowing in the beautiful canals and quite far in Canal Grande in front of San Marco square where there was an exciting regata with colorful gondolas. On our way back we got hit several times by the vaporetto waves but managed to stand them and I jumped off with the Dutch couple and brought them to eat in Neapolitan restaurant nearby. I got a salad but there were many antipasti with it and finally I was able to leave with [REDACTED] and got to Vicenza where I helped [REDACTED] fetch a home bike from one of his friends. In between I kept correcting students' works and in the evening arranged the purchase of the San Pietro apartment with the family notary before driving to the airport to pick up Myrthe and her couple friends.

Yesterday I woke up much earlier than the Dutch people in the mountain apartment. Outside it was raining and I turned on the fire only after updating my project. I then improvised some breakfast with what we had and started preparing a zucchini sauce for tagliatelle to feed everyone. Bert was very talkative meantime and Dett quite tired and really old. In the afternoon I made a few drawings, we went to Gianna and drove down to Schio where I sat in the Due Mori cafe to write more feedback to the media activist students who didn't really do much. Later we did some grocery and in the evening ate a pizza (I actually ate a salad) at Adriano's.

Yesterday I woke up hours before everyone and updated my project. Later we went for a small walk over to Valle Ortigara and then on the asphalt road to Giancarlo where the Dutch crew drank cappuccino and I bought a flight to Sweden as I got a notice that they want the job interview already next week. Back in the apartment I staked some radicchio and tosella and then went to work on the Vestige with Bert. I worked with the chainsaw while he brought the branches down to where I need to flatten the ground. It kept raining but we worked anyway and came home that Myrthe made some spaghetti with gorgonzola and I took a shower before packing more things for Venice.

Yesterday I woke up early and updated my project before everyone woke up. It was cold and windy outside but we anyway ate some bread and marmalade before setting out for a walk to Monte Enna. We also brought Miele along pulling us up to the fort. Back home we cooked some Sardinian pasta and I also prepared a fennel salad to go along. In the afternoon we took a small nap and I was out to remove the grass over the walls below the fruit garden when Rino came to yell at me that I was not supposed to throw earth down his marsh. I then yelled back at him tired of all his abuses. As a storm kicked in we packed the car and sat out to Vicenza leaving Bert and Dett alone in the mounts. Once in Vicenza we unpacked all the stuff that will go to Venice in Giulia's garage, put a laundry, showered and went out with [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] for a pizza (I again only ate a salad but paid for everyone else).

Yesterday it was beautiful and Myrthe and I woke up in the small bed at [REDACTED] next to each other before walking across Vicenza, drinking a fresh juice and proceeding to the station where we took the train for Venice. There we walked through Campo Santa Margherita and through the Accademia to riva degli Schiavoni. We took a small pee stop before I introduced Myrthe for the first time our new neighbourhood, meaning corso Garibaldi and the down to the secluded San Pietro. Myrthe felt a little lost there also after seeing the apartment inside but later she was happy again and we got to walk towards the giardini and then to San Zuglian for the moving baptism of my [REDACTED] son's [REDACTED] to whom I was the godfather. It was nice to see all the family together and to be at the restaurant in the mercato del pesce. Myrthe and I took several breaks, out in the sun, between one small dish and another. Later I was alone with my nephew [REDACTED] and I took her around for a walk, getting her a purple wig and a duck to play with and later staying at San Giacomo dell'Orto to do some drawings with gyps on the ground. Back home we only ate mellon. [REDACTED] watched TV and I made a few drawings.

Yesterday I woke up way too early in the small bed at [REDACTED] place in Venice. I anyway kept awake in the kitchen to update my project and then went shortly to bed before waking up and eat the croissant [REDACTED] bought and the orange juice he squeezed for us. We then walked with little [REDACTED] to the mercato del pesce where old Giorgio and [REDACTED] took us on board of the sandolo with which we did a very nice round passed the university of architecture where I first worked and felt in love with the city. Back on the firm land we walked again to San Giacomo to do more drawings on the pavement and ate a pizza slice and an ice-cream before catching the train to Vicenza where [REDACTED] drove us to the beautiful Berici hills to say hi to our old friends Francesco, Diego, Alessandro and Andrea who built quite a lot in the garden and whose mother showed me around. Back at [REDACTED] place, Myrthe and I packed our laundry and drove to Santa Caterina stopping briefly for some grocery. As soon as we arrived I apologized with Rino for my behaviour before the weekend and helped Bert who had cleaned our whole vegetable garden. In the evening we ate the parmigiana that Dett had cooked for us and played a table game.

Yesterday I woke up just on time to update my project, do some tai-chi and set off with Myrthe and the old Dutch couple to the top of the Novegno mount to walk the usual circle around it. I try to be a little alone with Myrthe without having to hear all the monologues of Bert and by noon we were back home cooking gnocchi with burro e salvia. In the afternoon I went down to the lower fields and started cutting in pieces for the fire the pile of wood we made in the winter. It started raining quite much and I got back inside to do some drawings on the bed since the kitchen table was constantly taken by the old couple with Bert constantly talking and Dett constantly coughing. Later we went over to Dino and Chiara to use their Internet and in the evening we ate some pork meat I cooked in the wooden stove and a tomato salad.

Yesterday I had to go back to sleep after updating my project very early and I woke up again in Myrthe's arms the sky was blue and beautiful. I then went out for some tai-chi and ate breakfast on the lavatory wall with Myrthe. We then drove Bert and Dett down to Schio and bought some plants for the vegetable garden. After a small break in a cafe near the station I said by to Myrthe and her friends and was up the mounts again. I ate a salad and walked up to the Vestige to dig for the first time. I used two buckets I keep in Verona's hut to carry the earth over the trees making the land flat. I worked for hours and found a lot of gravel in the ground. As the sun began to set I walked down again to throw manure over the vegetable garden and went back in the little apartment to cook some lentils and boil vegetables I ate reading the Storia di Roma book before drawing.

Yesterday I woke up too early again but I forced myself to sleep. I then took it easy in the morning with the rain outside and me updating my project before setting off with my mother's small car, the chainsaw and a lunch box with steamed potatoes to the Vestige where I worked really hard both cutting off the branches from the fallen trees as well as taking one piece of timber at the time and throwing it in the pile where I am flattening the land. Around five in the afternoon I drove down in the contrada again and cleaned the chainsaw and started packing to leave the apartment for good. I gave Gianna all the leftovers and the dog food I got from [REDACTED] after her dog died. Back at [REDACTED] place it was quite late and I started a big laundry and showered before eating more leftovers with [REDACTED], [REDACTED] was quite agitated for all the laundry but we managed.

Yesterday it was very hectic. I woke at [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had a lot of tasks for me like throwing the trash, buying on-line things for [REDACTED] etc. I also had to take care of some working e-mails and had to leave with [REDACTED] to go to the notary at noon. We had some time over and I got to eat a salad while she drank a coffee. At the notary all the crew from Venice was present, the sellers of the apartment as well as the real estate agents. The notary was super formal and took quite some time to elucidate different complicated aspects of the purchase but at last I signed the buying contract and set off to the train station for a long trip first to Bergamo by train then to the airport by bus and then by plane to Skavsta and by bus to Stockholm. At first I was very exhausted but at last managed to relax and even sleep on some empty seats.

The other day I woke up very early in the hostel after the kids in the dormitory spoke non-stop all night. I took the commuter down to my Södertälje apartment and got my mail from Maria including my salary which keeps coming by letter. I then reached the university and trained in the gym and showered before seating an hour to be interviewed by two of my colleagues for the teaching job they proposed me. Afterwards I solved a few bureaucratic issues and went picking up a whole box with my thesis meeting the Scottish graphic designer. At lunch I ate a sandwich talking to a curator friend of Björn who is now also doing her PhD and took off by commuter and then by train to Uppsala where I walked with my heavy backpack and reached a pizzeria where I sat in the warm sun with August to eat. Later we did some grocery and got to the student apartment where I rented a room for us.

Yesterday I woke up with nice dreams and spent some time writing them and updating my project. August woke up much later and we ate scrambled eggs before setting off walking to the city center. We had fun together planning also the summer. In the city I had him to do the photos for his Italian passport and we went to the library to play some chess before walking home and eating some ice cream. I then made my drawings and later we finished to watch a nice Japanese animation before eating a pasta with pesto and a salad.

Yesterday I woke up with little August on my side. I worked on my computer and let him sleep all the way to noon. We then cooked some salmon with the cats in the house going crazy and sat off for a walk to the city center where we ate a bun. It was so cold that we had to wait his mother in the bookstore and then in another cafe. Finally she arrived with the dog on her side and we went to the pizzeria near the renter room to eat yet another pizza and discuss of their trip to Italy next month. Later I went in the apartment alone and started drawing before eating some ice cream which I only bought to use as container for my lunch.

Yesterday I woke up very early in Uppsala and walk a good hour carrying my heavy backpack under the snow and cold wind to the train station. From there I commuted to the university where I had to lecture both in the morning and in the afternoon on how to develop environmental campaigns. At lunch I ate some pasta with spinach I prepared the previous day and talked to my colleagues who all wonder I excited I was to finish my doctorate although I really don't care the least. Later in the afternoon I updated my project and fixed a few things before doing some biking in the gym. In the evening, reading the Storia di Roma, I commuted to the opposite side of town to a room I rented from a Bangladeshi guy with whom I had a nice conversation.

Yesterday I woke up in the underground room of the Bangladeshi guy and commuted to the university where I first did some training in the gym, showered and got photographed in the library by a crazy Swedish woman who got me to do all sort of poses. Later I ate some leftover pasta, talked a bit to a curator and went off to Huddinge where I finally cashed my salary. I then went to town to supervise a student who was quite in panic for her essay. Later I sat in the public library to answer some e-mails and update my project. In the evening I went back to my rented room where I boiled some potatoes with beans and did my drawings.

Yesterday I set out in the morning without any breakfast, commuted to the city and there walked all the way to the embassies and the Italian Institute of Culture where the director wanted to meet me but in fact was sick. I then walked down towards the sea and over to Djurgård island. I passed by the Italian consulate to see that August could get his passport and then sat in a cafe where I ate an expensive salad with only a few leaves and half a tomato. There I started writing up an article I was asked to write by a Russian journal. I then walked further in the north of the city where I sent two more thesis abroad and back to the center where it again started snowing and where I checked the place of the terror attack. Back to the apartment I sat to update my project and draw while watching Swedish news to relax. In the evening I talked to the Bangladesh roommate who also plans to move back to his country like an Ulysses.

Yesterday I woke up too early and updated my project to then go back to bed again. I then went out to do tai-chi and get some grocery. Back home the Bangladesh guy was cooking for me and we had some nice vegetarian meal together talking vividly about everything. In the afternoon I tried to work on the paper for the Russian journal but did not feel good about it and went for a long walk along the cold lake and over a small mountain recording my thoughts and filming the sun. Back I cooked some pasta for myself and even ate a salad and yogurt before talking some more with Fazle, the Bengalis.

Yesterday I also woke up way too early sleeping on the floor of the Bangladesh friendly guy. I then updated my project and started writing on the Russian article. I was back in bed for an hour and got up to eat some yogurt and say farewell to the guy. A question about the Noah's ark in his Muslim religion gave me a further epiphany that Tebahism, my religion, is actually the source of any religion, present in every culture under all possible names and actors, telling pretty much the same story. I then spent quite some time researching this and in the meantime also talked to Myrthe who was quite sad we were not going to meet for a long time and our life was going to be like that in the future. My heart then decided to give up all the job and career opportunities in this Eldorado and just go back to my poor life I was so happy with before Liselott and her father and [REDACTED] forced me to make a career. It was a good parenthesis and now I feel I know