

Welcome to the sixth edition of our newsletter! In this issue, we will take you through some exciting sporting events that featured our students. The Primary School enthusiastically participated in the Football MedCup, a fantastic experience filled with sports and fun. Meanwhile, the Middle School shined in the Globeducate Italy football tournament, securing victory with dedication and determination.

We will also showcase the creativity of our sixth-grade students, featuring an example of their most remarkable work.

BES Primary School at the football MED Cup

The Mediterranean Cup was more than just a football tournament: it was a showcase of teamwork, resilience, and fair play.

From the first kickoff to the final whistle, our Y4 and Y5 athletes gave it their all. They played with passion, supported each other, and embraced the challenges with determination.

We could not be prouder of their effort, sportsmanship, and growth both on and off the field. Well done to our two teams!





BES MIDDLE SCHOOL AT GLOBEDUCATE ITALY FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT

A Day of Determination, Team Spirit...and VICTORY!

Our Year 7 and Y8 footballers travelled to Florence for the Globeducate Italy Football Tournament, facing The Canadian School of Florence in an exciting one-day competition. With an early morning departure and a long day ahead, they showed incredible commitment and energy from start to finish. Their hard work and teamwork paid off with a well-earned victory, demonstrating resilience, sportsmanship, and the BES spirit. We are so proud of their dedication on the pitch and their representation of our school values. Well done and a special thank you to our fantastic coaches, Sergiu Melinte and Elisabetta Besozzi!



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BES MIDDLE SCHOOL ENGLISH LANGUAGE & LITERATURE

"Stories of Self: Exploring Our Lives Through Memoirs"

In this unit, 6th-grade students explored the art of memoir writing, transforming everyday moments into meaningful stories that highlight the complexities of their lives. Centered on the key concept of identity, the unit fosters narrative and reflective skills, encouraging students to explore personal and cultural expression.

Through reading mentor texts, analyzing narrative structures, and crafting their memoirs, students reflect deeply on their experiences and develop their voices as writers. This enriching process not only enhances their writing abilities but also nurtures self-awareness and empathy, culminating in the creation of heartfelt reflective memoirs. We are excited to showcase these examples, demonstrating their creativity and insight.

A memorable night

I couldn't believe that I, Sveva, was going to breathe the same air as the queen of pop music, Taylor Swift. Munich had never looked this colorful. I turned my head—I could only see all of the sequins, skirts dazzling in the sun, fuzzy Stetson hats, and bedazzled shirts, just like mine. I had hand-placed every single rhinestone on that shirt. The excitement was overflowing in the air.

Before the concert began, I traded handmade friendship bracelets with other Swifties. Everyone's happiness was contagious, and their willingness to share their kindness made my heart so full. Each bracelet carried a story, and it felt like we were all part of something bigger—a massive, swiftie family.

As the sun approached the horizon, I hugged my mom. I was just so incredibly grateful to see my idol in the flesh that I started bawling my eyeballs out. Although my mom liked rock music and wasn't a fan of Taylor Swift, her and my grandfather got me tickets, and my mom stood by me to take me to the Eras Tour.

As my mom calmed me down, I looked up as I heard a ticking noise. It was a two-minute timer. I looked at my mom, then at the screen, and then back at her again. I was speechless. I tried to scream but couldn't. Suddenly, I remembered my 8-year-old self, learning the lyrics to "Cruel Summer", my 9-year-old self blasting Taylor's music in the car, and my 10-year-old self on Christmas morning, finding Eras Tour tickets under the tree. Now, I am 11, and it feels like an asteroid is about to hit me. I couldn't imagine this night—it felt like it was just a dream to be able to see her.

When I realized what was happening, I squeezed my mom. She giggled. There were 15 seconds remaining. With only 5 seconds left, I jumped onto my mom's back. The only thing I could feel was excitement rushing through my veins.

When the timer hit the two-minute mark, the music started playing. I saw her rising. I held my mom's hand so hard it felt like I could detach it. Then suddenly, I saw her.

I saw a blue and gold bodysuit shimmering in the thick air and her blonde fringe that complimented her iconic red lips. I felt at home. She felt sweet and kind. I got down from my mom's shoulders, hugged her, and we smiled at each other. It was the best night ever!

As I looked around, I was amazed by the extravagant people dancing freely, laughing, and looking so happy, as if they had no worries in the world. It was pure joy, and I felt so lucky to be surrounded by such positive energy.

Before heading home, my mom decided to stop at the merchandise store. She bought me Taylor's sweatshirt with all the dates of the tour printed on its back, and the eras tour symbol on the front. I held it tightly in my hands, feeling like I had just brought home a piece of that magical night.

Although the legacy of this tour has ended, I believe that the beginning of an era is on its way.

-Sveva R.

Two Wheels, One Big Fear

When I was two and a half, I did something that I would never forget. An experience that, even though it was one of the first in my life, left an impression that I carry with me to this day. That time, I learned to ride a bike without training wheels.

It was a sunny day, the sky clear and the air fresh, perfect for being outdoors, September 2nd, 2015.

Mom had me ready on the bike, but this time, there were no training wheels. "Today, we're going to try without," she said, but I wasn't sure.

I looked at the wheels; they seemed so small without the training wheels that had always given me a sense of security.

Fear began to creep in—fear of falling, fear of not being able to do it. Yet, there was also this strange desire to try, to see if I could make it.

Mom gave me a gentle push, and for a moment, the bike wobbled. The first few seconds were a mix of joy and doubt, and I felt like I was about to fall at any second. My heart was racing as the bike tilted. Every inch felt like a challenge. But then, something changed. The fear was still there, but there was another feeling, stronger: the feeling of freedom. The road, even though it was difficult, no longer seemed like an obstacle, but an opportunity. Every time the bike swerved, I tried to pedal harder, faster, with more determination. My small body began to understand that I didn't need to fear losing my balance; I just needed to keep moving forward.

And just like that, without even realizing it, I was riding straight. I wasn't shaking anymore. The world around me seemed bigger, and I felt stronger. I felt the wind on my skin and the road beneath me, as if I were the master of that small adventure. It was like I had understood, in that moment, that the difference wasn't made by the training wheels, but by my desire to move, to take the first step, even when it seemed hard.

When I reached the point where I had started, I stopped. I looked at the bike, looked at Mom, and in that moment, I realized that it wasn't just about riding a bike. I had overcome a fear, done something that seemed too big for me. And even though I was small, that little victory made me feel stronger. "I did it," I thought, smiling, as Mom looked at me with pride. In that moment, I understood that it didn't matter if you fell. What matters is getting back up and continuing. The most important thing was to have tried, to have believed that, even when it seemed difficult, I could do it.

Looking back on that day, I realize that little experience was one of the biggest lessons of my life. Not just because I learned to ride a bike, but because I learned that in life, it's essential to face your fears, even when the path isn't easy. And that lesson, which I learned so early, continues to guide me. Every time I'm faced with a challenge, I remember that moment. I remember that, to grow, you need to be willing to take risks, to fall, and to get back up. And that sometimes, training wheels aren't necessary to keep moving forward.

—Sebastiano S.

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