

lisa looks back / 3 / hanging out

So I spent the next few days just **walking around** town and I spent most of the nights drinking beer **at** this club **called** Mir. I **wasn't used to drinking** so much beer so the mornings were usually **hell**. I had horrible **headaches** and I often **didn't** get out of bed **until** noon. **Anyway**, one night a guy at Mir gave me a phone number. There's a **guy I know who speaks** good English and **might be able to** help you, he said. I called the next day and met the guy the same evening. His name was Michael and he **translated into** English **for a living**. We really **hit it off** and **became** good friends. He **didn't have** a job for me but **it didn't really matter**. **Having** someone **to talk to besides** Mary **was enough**.

We **would get together almost** every day and he would tell me **about how different** Czechia is **from** the States. **You need to** know these things **to fit in**. **Unless** you know how to act **around** people, you **make a fool of yourself**. The town was wonderfully **laid-back** and people seemed so **relaxed**. There was no **rush**, everyone **seemed to take their time doing** things. **Once** I began to feel more **comfortable around** Czech people, I went to a couple schools to **apply for** a teaching job. **Pretty soon** I was teaching **at various** schools in and around UH and meeting new people. I also decided to learn to speak Czech. Czech is **such a difficult language to learn** but I **was able to make myself understood within** a few weeks.