

I would like to dedicate this entry to an awesome, exclusive Macedonian experience. The other night I was peacefully sleeping in my bed at the ripe hour of 8:30 pm (I was tired.. shh) when my host mother came into my room saying:

“Stand-up Sara, stand-up!” (Please insert Macedonian accent)

In my confusion I rubbed my eyes and trailed behind my host mom into the living room only to find my fellow PCV site mate sitting at the table. She was accompanied by an unknown woman so I shook hands with everyone and smiled at the unexpected visitors. After a while of sitting and chatting my host mother goes into the kitchen and promptly asks my site mate to join her. There I was, sitting with this woman trying my best to follow her monologue despite her not having my complete uninvited attention. Deciding I had had enough of conversing with this strange woman, I joined the kitchen party. My site mate immediately hands me a spoon and asks me to help her make the pudding cause my host mom says we are making a cake aka torta. I go with the flow for a minute then lean over to my site mate and asked her “what is going on here?”

She starts to laugh and explains to me that my host mom thinks the woman is weird and believes it is time for her to leave. So naturally she felt the best solution was to make a cake and get us to help her. I come to find out my host mom had rescued my site mate from this strange woman who had taken a liking to my site mate a bit too much.

The women lasted only a few minutes before heading out the door. The remainder of the night... till 12:30 was spent making Macedonian cake laughing and bonding over what just happened. FYI everyone, if you ever find yourself visiting a Macedonian house and all of a sudden the entire family must make a cake, they most likely would like you to leave. That is unless, you are invited to join in on the cake making process. Probably one of the most valuable lessons from my wonderful host mother, thanks!