WELCOME TO PRAGUE
Hello! My name is Stanley... FLAT Stanley to be exact.

Over a few weeks in April, 2007, I had a wonderful adventure that began the day Emily Holler sent me across the Atlantic Ocean in a big brown envelope.

The journey was long, hard, and VERY, VERY DARK... but weeks later I finally arrived on the European continent.

It was there I met Emily’s Uncle Wayne for the first time. Over the next two weeks, we had a lot of crazy adventures together. This Scrapbook will show you some of the details.

I hope you enjoy it!
I arrived on a beautiful sunny spring day in Prague, the capital of The Czech Republic. This is a relatively new country (only about 15 years old, in fact.) However, the city’s history, culture, and language date back well over 1000 years. This was the center of the Kingdom of BOHEMIA - where kings, queens, dukes, and magicians ruled over all of central Europe. Later, Prague and its surroundings became part of the unified country called Czechoslovakia. (But Uncle Wayne was very clear about this: The country Czechoslovakia no longer exists! And Czechs and Slovaks don’t like it when people around the world pretend that it does!)

Prague’s LONG history is seen in the many different types of buildings around the city... from OLD CASTLES to modern skyscrapers! This is Uncle Wayne’s apartment above. Its in a building over 100 years old - located at Valentinska Street, number 7! He lives in the right tower.

From his downstairs windows you can see the famous clock tower in the Old Town Square. Upstairs, you can see Prague Castle! The first day I arrived, I just sat around admiring the views. I didn’t get out much that first night in Prague, because we had big travel plans for the next day. (But don’t worry, I’ll be showing you more of the Czech Republic later. I’m trying to keep this journal CRONOLOGICAL.)

But I was still very excited. We (Uncle Wayne, Ms. Maureen, and I) spent the first night packing our bags. We would soon board a plane to fly all the way across Europe to another beautiful country called...
Portugal is one of Uncle Wayne's favorite countries. He's somewhat biased, of course, but HE SPEAKS THE LANGUAGE IN PORTUGAL, which makes traveling around much easier and more enjoyable.

Brazil, where he lived for 8 years, was discovered and settled by the Portuguese people, so traveling to LISBON (the capital), OBIDOS (a seaside medieval town), and PORTO (the home of world-famous Port Wine) is kind of like going back to Brazil... but not nearly as far!

I, too, loved Portugal... but I'm already getting ahead of myself in this story. We actually made another short stop BEFORE arriving in Portugal...
FLYING OVER THE ALPS

There were no direct flights from Prague to Portugal that Uncle Wayne, on his teacher’s salary, could afford. So we arranged to make a connection in another famous European city: Milan, Italy... a very fashionable and lively place. I learned a little Italian, and ate the best homemade pasta that I’ve ever tasted (and consequently, I’m no longer entirely “FLAT” Stanley). BUT, we didn’t take the camera out around town - so you’ll have to take my word for it!

By far, the COOLEST part of our Italian trip was flying over the ALPS - a huge mountain range spreading over parts of Switzerland, France, Austria and Italy. This is where Europeans SKI in the winter months. And despite Global Warming (caused by your Mother’s SUV), there was plenty of snow even in April! As you can see, we had great views from the plane, so I spent the whole flight with my face glued to the windows!
Landing in Lisbon, a city that sits on the Tagus River, we took a taxi to our cozy Apartment [LEFT] located close to the water and the most beautiful parts of town. The Sun was setting, so Uncle Wayne threw on his most comfortable sneakers (which Ms. Maureen thoroughly despised). I tended to agree, and so I joined her side of the argument by hitching a ride in her big red imitation leather bag. Soon we were climbing a hill in the middle of town - home to Saint George Castle, one of the most famous ancient ruins on the Iberian Penninsula.

We got to the CASTLE just as the sun was setting over LISBON. As we climbed the fortress walls, stepping over stone blocks placed there nearly 800 years ago, we could see ALL of Lisbon, with its red terra-cotta roof tiles. The sun dropped over a distant hill, but not before we had time to examine Lisbon’s many neighborhoods, its wide river and huge Bridges, one of which reminded Maureen of the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, California - a place she once called home.
LISBON AT SUNSET