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Italy Travel Lie

This is a story about a time I told a small lie on a family vacation to Italy in 2019.

In the summer of 2019, my family and I took a trip to Italy and we traveled to Florence, Venice, Sorrento, and Rome. We explored historic sites, took tons of photos, tried new foods, and ate incredible gelato. I enjoyed this trip because I made good memories with my family.

During the trip, we decided to take a cooking class in one of the cities. The minimum age was 15 or 16, and I was only 13 at that time. When my parents suggested that I just say I'm a little older, I remember feeling a little mix of excitement and worry. I didn't want to miss out on this experience so I said yes to lying. A few days later, we went to the cooking class and signed in. I kept wondering if the chef would notice something like my voice, my height, but the chef didn't. Then the class began and we made several pasta dishes and everything tasted amazing.

Even though I was enjoying myself, I felt guilty about lying. I knew it was wrong to lie because the chef could have found out and I would have gotten in trouble. Still, I felt capable and responsible in the kitchen so part of me feels like it was harmless. I am normally the type of person that does not lie to people because I don't want to break someone's trust. At one point during the class another guest asked me "Are you excited to go to high school with your sister next year?". I panicked because I was not prepared for that question because I still had 1 to 2 years left of junior high. I stuck with lying and said "Yes I am and I'm excited to take new classes." I also said, "I am happy that I get to have my sister there so I am not alone". I felt bad

that I lied but it was what I had to do at the moment. After that, the conversation continued normally, and we went back to eating the pasta we cooked. I realized how one small trivial lie had created a new version of myself that I had to keep true and protect.

This experience taught me that while white lies might seem harmless at the moment, they can still weigh on you. I told the lie because I didn't want to miss out and I couldn't deny how unique and fun this cooking class was. I felt that this cooking class was an exception because it was a special opportunity and I didn't want to miss out. Even so, I was worried the truth would come out but it never did.

I think lying can be justified if it's for a good reason and I feel like this was a fun experience so it was okay to lie. I believe that honesty is better than lying, but I also believe that there are moments when a small lie is understandable. In my case, it let me participate in an opportunity I really appreciated- learning to make pasta from scratch with my family. I know it was wrong but I don't plan on telling little lies like that again.