

Cold, wet and dreary.

by Lena Vanelslander

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The three words that describe Belgium. A country that owns so little identity. Sure, there are the mussels, beer, wafels and chocolate ... But that's about as far as it goes. The lack of identity rules the country, grayness rules the horizon. And yet it's one of the countries with the highest living standards in the world. Identity however, is a word the inhabitants don't seem to know. Culture, in an area where there should be so much, doesn't see the light of day. I would say there is hope, hope for something better, hope for a future, but most people are like the climate.

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