

Spanish Conversation Group – February

Spanish Word a Day

The group has now reached the heady heights of 235 words, although, as pointed out to me by one member,

with the daily phrases sent using that word, we have covered substantially more than that.

Thankfully, or not, there are still quite a few words left to learn to have a really diverse vocabulary.

Spanish Conversation

We are now having regular monthly Zoom meetings for those who are comfortable with that medium but are also continuing the monthly written work as well.

January's topic was the worst or best journey of my life and as usual triggered some very entertaining stories and vocabulary.

One member reminisced about a post retirement mainly solo 14-day journey by bicycle from Penzance to John O'Groats; of meeting many interesting characters along the way, but thankfully no savage animals. The Crask Inn with its peat fires and porridge making landlord getting the prize for the most welcoming overnight stay.

Another member recalled a school trip, their first time in London, 60 years ago, when just a shy country lad. The mini-skirted teacher Miss Hurt, having strictly warned the group that they must all stay together, managed to get separated from them, by the Underground train door closing on her, leaving 10 crying children hurtling towards who knows where. Thankfully a kind lady got out of them that they had been heading for the Tower of London and got them off at that station and waited with them until the traumatised Miss Hurt arrived on the next train. The children had a great story to tell their parents and Miss Hurt resigned from teaching not long after marrying her boyfriend.

Another member was briefly working at a school in Devon in 1982 and the head was very keen on school trips. The first was to be 2 weeks teaching on a Cruise, that parents had been saving up for 2 years to pay for, but due to the Falklands war the cruise ship was commandeered, so the cruise was cancelled. He then tried to take the children to London for a week, but there was a strike of buses and underground. So then he planned a new trip and got them on a Coach to go to Cambridge. Halfway there, a lad on the back seat said "Please sir, there is a smell of burning back here" - they had only just evacuated the bus when it went up in flames and the only thing that survived was a box of apples. The poor headmaster then had a

nervous breakdown and couldn't work for 6 months. The same school once took 600 children by private train to London and came back with 601! a lad from Plymouth also on a day trip to London who had decided to play a trick on his teachers.

Once a member took a week-long school trip to Paris and only realised at Dover that he had forgotten his own passport. A Polish teacher with them had dual nationality and both passports with her, so they had the same number of passports as people and luckily customs didn't bother checking the passports carefully at any of the borders.

Forty years ago, one member got his first motorbike and after 2 weeks practice, set off from Darlington to tour Northern France with a tent. Due to his inexperience, he had an accident at Leicester and after a 3-day break when the bike and he were sufficiently mended continued the journey. After a severe bout of sea sickness on the ferry he arrived in a dark, gloomy rainy France and was rained on non stop for 3 days and decided that he was giving up and going home. But next morning the sun shone and continued to do so for 3 weeks and he visited the Bayeux tapestry, the cathedral at Coutances and Mont St Michel, made hay on a farm for 3 days and his last night was spent eating lobster and drinking Pernod until 2am with a French couple when he suddenly realised that the worst holiday ever had become the best holiday ever.

One member remembers hiring a 4x4 jeep to visit some monastery high in the picturesque hills of Cyprus, only to find that the road was often only just a car width wide, with hair pin bends, a steep cliff on one side and an extremely long drop down on the other- no barriers just a drop. There was nowhere to turn back and meeting a tourist minibus that passed on the cliff side, scraping the side of the jeep and pushing it ever nearer to the precipice was cause for severe palpitations. Both the driver and passenger had their eyes semi closed on the journey back down and never had sea level looked so wonderful.

February's topic is "My favourite entertainer"

Stay safe and take care. Cuidense-

Lusia McAnna