

Barcelona (2003)

In February 2003, I left for Barcelona, Spain as an exchange student with the Erasmus program. It definitely was a nice experience, and at the beginning I even kept a journal. Later on, though, all those nice people came to visit me there, so I kinda stopped writing everything down, as I was otherwise preoccupied ;)

Barcelona -2

(Feb 20, 2003 - Thursday)

Two more days to go. Yesterday some friends called, realizing I was about to leave soon. So I realized it, too. I'm starting to be a bit nervous about it, even though I'm also quite excited. I'm very curious to find out how much Spanish I really speak, how much I understand. I'm not very well prepared, but as a friend of mine said, sometimes it's good to be tossed into cold water.

My mother came to my flat in Hildesheim yesterday, and after my written pre-diploma test in English today we headed off home. (Thanks for asking, it was alright, even though the practice test seemed easier.) Before that we emptied my fridge, packed all my clothes and some other stuff I wanted to take with me. My laptop, of course, some books, some stuff from uni. I seriously plan to study some of my engineering scripts while in Barcelona. We'll see how that goes. (Like Buffy said in Buffy The Vampire Slayer: "I thought it was gonna be like in the movies. You know, inspirational music. . . a montage, me sharpening my pencils, me reading, writing, falling asleep on a big pile of books with my glasses all crooked, 'cause in my montage I have glasses. But real life is slow, and it's starting to hurt my occipital lobe." .. but that's just by the way ;))

On the way home we stopped for pizza at the Italian restaurant in front of my university. Good pizza. Yum. And enough to still have me filled up now, nine hours later. We drove for about four and a half hours and it was alright, no traffic jams or anything. Of course it gave me time to think about stuff, like whether my bags are big enough, whether I'll find the place I'll live in, whether I'll get along at university, whether anyone will get along with my Spanish. They speak catalán in Barcelona, I was told, which is closer to French than to a normal dialect of Spanish, but according to my counselor at the Uni Hildesheim they're all able to speak the "normal" Spanish, castellano, too. We'll see.

My future room is already set. I wrote to the dormitory of the university (Universidad Autónoma de Barcelona), but they were full already. However, they gave me the address of a woman who has a room for rent, and I called her in December already to arrange everything. She got along with my Spanish, so that's fine. I mostly said "muy bien" and "ah, si si", though. But I'll try to improve ;)

Anyway, tomorrow's the last day, I'll have to pack, get ready, spend some time with my family, pack some more and try not to panic. Wish me luck!

Barcelona -1

(Feb 21, 2003 - Friday)

Things I hate: packing when somebody's watching. I packed my stuff yesterday and of course everyone had some nice suggestions how I could pack better. I ended up with 20.4 kilos luggage, plus two heavy bags of hand luggage.

Barcelona 1

(Feb 22, 2003 - Saturday)

I get up at 6:20am and have a last breakfast at home. I shower and it's already time to go. We drive to the Munich airport and the flight leaves at 11:15am. We were supposed to arrive at 1:15pm, but we were 15 minutes late. The airport in Barcelona is impressive. You get in it and there's wooden benches and a marble floor. Very nice! I ran to the wrong place to pick up my luggage first, but eventually I get to the right place and my luggage is

even one of the first. Then i get out there - lots of people waiting, but nobody for me - and sit down a bench to rest for a while. Then I call Señora Sevillano to tell her I'll be there in a while. I take one train, and another train, and then I finally find me a cab and there I am. She explains everything to me in Spanish and I understand some of it... but not too much. My room is really small. I don't like it at all. I can't imagine staying here for another 4 months. My god. I need a backup plan. But my housemates seem nice. One of them is from England and he speaks to me in German, the other one is from Denmark and he offered to show the city to me when the shops open again, at 6pm. We'll see how that'll be.

Barcelona 2

(Feb 23, 2003 - Sunday)

Yesterday Jacob and Adam (Adam's from England and studies Spanish and GERMAN...) showed me around Cerdanyola. It's actually not that bad. I suggested stopping for a coffee somewhere, so we did. I had a "chocolate", though, which was very good :) Yum! Afterwards we stopped at a supermarket and I bought some toast, pineapple juice, cookies, some sort of sausage, some cheese and a beer for later on. Estrella Damm. Jacob suggested that. I thought, well, I might as well. So later on we sat around, listened to Bjork some, watched soccer on TV and had a beer. I didn't like mine too much, though. I must've forgotten that I'm not a big beer drinker :) Anyway, I just thought it would be nice to socialize, but whatever. :) They went out later on, but I was really tired, and they mentioned that they came back at 5am the day before and I definitely didn't want to risk that, so...

Instead I stayed in, wrote into my diary and eventually fell asleep. I woke up several times during the night, feeling a bit restless. THAT must be the transition. Anyway, I woke up with a terrible taste in my mouth, so i got up, had some pineapple juice and toast with cheese and sausage and wrote a letter or two. Then I brushed my teeth and decided to go to Barcelona. Señora Sevillano tried to explain to me that there's a train and a bus, and the bus starts right from outside the door, or something. If I got that right. But maybe it doesn't go to Plaça Catalunya? Anyway, I decided to take the train then, and I walked to the train station (it's maybe 10 minutes by foot from here, or a bit more) and got me a ticket. Some woman then started talking to me about my ticket, but all I got was "un billet normal" or something like that. I think she paid another price, or maybe not, I have no idea. I said "no comprendo" and she eventually left me alone and talked to someone else. Plaça Catalunya was familiar. I've been there before, less than two years ago actually. I remembered the FNAC and the Sbarro. So I went to FNAC, it's huge, but their CDs are quite expensive. I think they want EUR 21,- for the OST (original soundtrack) to the musical episode of Buffy! Too much. I ended up buying a magazine about movies in order to work through it and improve my so-called Spanish.

Then I bought a phone card (never know when you might need one) and wanted to buy some stamps, but they didn't have any. I was getting kinda hungry, so I stopped at Sbarro's and had a slice of pizza and a Pepsi (for EUR 3,-). The pizza wasn't too good and I felt a bit depressed for whatever reason, but it was alright.

Then I walked into another music store which was even more expensive, but I've been there before, too, two years ago. One and a half, I guess. Anyway, then I went to another store and asked for stamps, in Spanish, and she answered in English that the tobacco shop has stamps, but it's closed. Tsk. How on earth did she know I wasn't Spanish? ;) Maybe I should color my hair black? :)

Then I saw a car accident, just a small one, but maybe it does say something about the Spanish way of driving... I'm here for 2 days now and I already saw a car accident. Interesting quota, one every two days ;)

Anyway, then I took a train back and it was already getting dark and I walked back here, and here I am. I plan to ask Jacob and Adam when they're leaving for uni tomorrow and whether I can tag along.

SPANISH OF TODAY:

"Puedo utilizar la enchufe al lado de la estantería?" meaning "Can I use the socket next to the shelf?" (- Yes, I can ;))

"Tiene sellos?" meaning "Do you have stamps?"

escondite, el - hiding place (someone next to me at Sbarro's used it, so I looked it up eventually)

Barcelona 3

(Feb 24, 2003 - Monday)

I slept in until 10am and then decided to finally get up and make my way to uni. Luckily (and surprisingly) Jacob hadn't left yet when I woke up, so I packed my stuff and joined him on his way. First we went to the tobacco shop and bought a ticket for 10 bus rides (EUR 5,80). Then we waited for the bus, the bus stop is pretty much right outside the door. The bus ride to the Universidad Autónoma de Barcelona (UAB) takes about 5 to 10 minutes, that's not very far. And the UAB is really really huge. Jacob told his Chemistry people (he's working on a project in the Chemistry department) that he'll be there a bit later and then he led me to the office for foreign students. I wasn't quite sure what to tell them so I showed them some document that I needed signed for my university, and that girl looked at it - and started talking to me in German :) She was German, most obviously, and she was quite nice. I needed to get some photos of myself and fill in a form. So I made the photos in some machine (and some Spanish girl talked to me and I understood nothing) and I filled in that form and had an accident with my ink pen so that my whole hand was blue. Dang. Anyway, then I gave the stuff to the German girl and she said I can pick up my ID card on Wednesday, and I had to go to the "Oficina de relaciones internacionales" or something, so I did, but they didn't understand what I wanted and I didn't understand them. Then one of them started speaking English. Anyway, then I had "breakfast" finally (I didn't have any because I wanted to leave with Jacob) and then I went back to the German girl. She said I had to go to my department, department of translation, to get a signature. So I went there and finally found where I had to go and then they signed it and I asked them if they'd fax it to Hildesheim. So they tried, but the fax machine didn't work, so I have to go there again tomorrow morning. Also, the guy told me I had to get a list of the classes they offer, so I did that, too. Oh, and the German girl had given me a welcome pack, filled with useful information, mostly in Spanish. She convinced me to take it in Spanish and not in English, as I had to study Spanish after all. Well, alright. Anyway, then I got me something with the classes they offer and then I called at home and told my mum that I'm still alive and getting along alright. :)

Tomorrow I hope I can ask Adam to tell me where to go, and I'd really like to find out where the computer room is! :)

Barcelona 4

(Feb 25, 2003 - Tuesday)

I wanted to go to some class at 9:30am today, but somehow it didn't work out. For one thing I had a hard time getting up, and also I wasn't too motivated. I eventually did go to the bus stop a little past nine, and waited there for about 30 minutes (!!) till finally a bus came. Unfortunately, it was full already. So I waited another 10 minutes for the next bus, which ended up to be rather full, too. I finally made it to uni, though. I went to the office to check if they had faxed that document yet. They hadn't. So I had to wait for some 10 minutes, and while doing so I asked a girl that was sitting there, too, where there's computers I might use. She told me, in Spanish, and I think I even understood. She said I'd have to go to the computer room. Later on I asked the guy with my document again, and he told me in (bad) English that I might get the password for the computer room without my student ID, so I checked back there. Turns out he was wrong, so hopefully I'll get the access tomorrow at least. Then I thought about maybe going to a German class

(how original), but as I was sitting in the hallway, this girl passed me by and she said "Hey, aren't you from Hildesheim?" Turns out we've been in the same class once. I have a terrible memory for faces, names and most other stuff as well... She said she was on her way to an English class and asked if I'd want to join, so I said alright and went there with her. The teacher of the English class is a very funny American woman. The topic of the class is Harry Potter. We have to get us "Harry Potter and th Philosopher's Stone" (uhm? part I) in English, which is annoying, because I already have it in English... in GERMANY! Too bad.

After the class I still didn't find a computer I could use, so I decided to go to Barcelona to that Internet cafe again. I bought a train ticket and got up the wrong side of the tracks, so I had to get out there again and needed to buy another ticket, darn! And when I arrived at Plaça de Catalunya, it was raining cats and dogs. And of course my rain jacket was still in my suitcase... so I got pretty soaked but I managed to hide away in the Internet cafe for an hour and then went for a slice of pizza at Sbarro's again. I think I won't go there anymore. The pizza wasn't too good this time either, and it was EUR 3.15... two days ago a slice with a normal pepsi was only EUR 3.00.. it's not like I understand their system. Anyway, then I went back to the metro station, got pretty wet, and then had to walk home from the train station. I stopped at a supermarket, Caprabo, for some bananas and drink, etc. When I went to the cashier she told me I had to weigh them first... oops... so I went back there, took me ages to find where the scale was, and then bananas wasn't on the list... so I finally asked someone and she told me that I had to look for "plàtanos". Then I walked back through the rain and stopped at a phone booth to call a friend of mine, which greatly improved my rainy mood :) And then I came back to my room here and put on some dry clothes and had two bananas and some lemonade. Healthy ;)

Barcelona 5

(Feb 26, 2003 - Wednesday)

I went to uni again today. Far as I can tell I didn't have any classes, but I wanted to finally pick up my student ID! Which I did. It was raining a lot, by the way. and I wore my rain jacket, but I think I should really get me an umbrella. Jacob says they sell them really cheap around here somewhere. Anyway, so I walked through the rain to the Office of International Relations and picked up my student ID, and then the German woman there asked me where I knew about tomorrow. "What's tomorrow?" She said there's a dinner for the foreign students somewhere, and I can join if I want to. Of course I have no idea where that place is, but as she lives in Cerdanyola del Vallés herself, she suggested we could meet at the train station. Tomorrow, 8.45pm :) I'm curious how that'll be. She also said that I had to write an email to some woman, so I said "geez, I hope I'll get my password today..." to which she said that if I went to the department of social studies, I wouldn't need a password. AHA! So I went there immediately and wasted the day there, writing emails, checking up on the news and such. Oh, and I got me a calling card through the internet at viravox.com, so I'll give my parents a call this evening :)

Barcelona 6

(27 Feb 2003 - Thursday)

Today I wanted to catch the class at 9:30am again, but again I had to wait for one hour until a bus came by. Ridiculous. So I went to the computer room first, once I arrived, and then I went to my English class. It was hilarious. The teacher, Karen Metcalfe, wanted us to write a report about something "strange and mysterious". So to make sure we all had something strange and mysterious to write about, and even the same thing, she had someone storm in at the beginning of the class, crash the door open, make her stand in the corner, he lit a lighter, screamed something and then left again behind an umbrella. Wow. That was amazing. Then we had to write down what had happened. It was funny, too, because lots of people said he'd had a black coat, while for real it was grey. Black is

simply more threatening. And she said that once her psychology teacher at college had done that, and she had two people with bananas come in and she had them shoot at each other, and very many of the students later on said they had real guns.

Anyway, I guess then I went home and later on I went to this dinner for foreign students. I met up with that German girl and another German girl and we hopped on the train and then we went to Las Ramblas to wait for some other students. A while later we went to Fresc Co.'s where a crowd of people already waited and it took us at least 20 minutes to finally start getting inside. That was a bit annoying. I got some salad, which was good, and I had to pay EUR 8.80. I got a name tag, too, like everyone else. Inside we could eat as much as we wanted to, but quite frankly, I think the pizza was too dry and the soup looked suspicious... So I talked to some Irish girl and an English guy for a while, then I talked to this French girl a bit, in Spanish, then I had some frozen yoghurt and some tea and someone had taken my seat, so I sat down at another table. There were lots of law students, some from Germany some from Portugal and the Portuguese girl even knew and liked K's Choice. Cool :) Anyway, a while later we got going, some still wanted to go to a disco but I wanted to go home, as did several others from Cerdanyola. So we went to the night bus, and this funny German girl saw a house with lots of stuff they had thrown out, and as she liked some of the stuff, she took a little wooden stool and a huge plastic plant with her. That was quite hilarious, her carrying that huge plant around :)

So eventually the night bus came and there were some pretty drunk people in it being really noisy, singing Spanish songs. The only song I knew was "La Cucaracha". And then we got off the bus and as the others had to go off into a different direction they said "Komm gut nach Hause" (Get home well). Which is kinda ironic! Because as I was walking home, up the river, towards the church, crossing the street at a green traffic light in front of this white car with a black driver.... crossing in front of the church, the traffic light for me was green... the white car comes... DOESN'T STOP... hits me... *BANG*, I fall to the ground, my knee hurts like hell... and all I see is the car driving off! So before I know it some man comes hurried to me and helps me get up and carries me over to some small wall where I sit down. And then suddenly there's some more people, I think they were from the house on the other side of the street that they were decorating for the carnival. One of them makes me lay down, puts his jacket under my head, puts someone else's jacket on me (I was trembling from the shock) and feels my knee to know whether it's broken. I speak to them in Spanish a bit, a bit in English and then some cops come over and ask for my passport and such. One of the first thoughts I had was "Damn, am I insured?" Funny, I didn't wonder "Damn, am I injured?" :) And the sweet guy is being sweet again, he pats my head and says "pobre chica" (poor girl) :) So they called the ambulance... which is a bit exaggerated, I guess, but then, who knows, I might've broken something and not even known. So a little past 3am it arrives and the guy says he wants to cut open my jeans - so I gave him this "please, I just have two pairs with me!" look and he doesn'T ;) - they feel around my legs and my pelvis to see if anything's broken. Then they all put me up on that stretcher and shoved me in the ambulance. We drive to the hospital and I lie around, shaking, giving the guy my insurance card and my passport and so forth. Just my knee hurts, my left knee, and my toes feel a bit funny at times, and then I lie there with all those things that are supposed to make sure you don't move your neck when it's broken.

At the hospital I'm allowed to finally get up and walk to a wheelchair and they drive me around in it, as if I couldn't have limped... I wait for a doctor, he tells me to take off my pants, moves my legs in all directions neither of which hurt, and then they do an X-ray of my knee. Afterwards I have to wait around a bit and then they give me some bandage to wear during the day for a week and a pill against inflaming (?). Then I have to take a cab home, and I told the taxi driver in my bad Spanish what had happened and he pitied me a bit and told me to stay away from cars. The taxi cost EUR 18.25, wow. I guess if it hadn't been for the people around me, I would've just limped back home... Anyway, I came

home at 5am or so with definitely an interesting story to tell.

Barcelona 7

(28 Feb 2003 - Friday)

I can't sleep too much because of the light and noise at 10am. So I get up and have some breakfast and nobody's there who might want to hear my story. Imagine that. So I walk to a telephone booth and call my mum at work. I ask her not to get upset and she really doesn't. :) Then I go to the police and they ask me to come back again at 10pm. That's strange. And they ask me to bring someone who speaks better Spanish. Ouch, that hurt my pride ;) So I decide to go to the comp room again and write some emails and write down the details of my accident. I warned my family that they'll hear the story again and again, and with every time the car will get bigger. "When I was in Spain and got hit by this HUGE truck.... and I was in the ambulance, half dead!.." ;)

Then I go to the German girl at the Office for International Relations and I tell her what happened and ask her if she'd come with me to the police in case my roommates don't want to/can't. She says "sure!". And then she tells me how a French girl already told her today that when she came back from the party, they had towed away her car and it cost her EUR 150,- to release it. Wow.

I realized, by the way, how many stairs the UAB has.

Then I come back home and I tell Jacob all about my TERRIBLE accident ;) Then we watch some Spanish TV ("You do know that's in Catalan, right?" "Oh? I was already wondering why I don't understand anything...") and then we decide to go out for a drink. We go to this nice place near the train station, Coffee Bar or something, and the girl at the counter asks me what I want. I don't know. "uuuuuhhmm... una chocolate?" She seems really surprised. And then she asks me where I'm from and I say I'm from Alemania and she asks if I speak English and I say "I do!" and she talks with this nice Australian accent and tells me she was born here but grew up in Australia for 12 years or so, and we have some small talk about the country and the language and the weather and then she shows me a tiny bottle of cocoa and asks if I want it. I do think it's kinda pitiful, so I decide to ask her if she knows how to make a White Russian, which is about the only alcoholic drink that I *really* enjoy, and of course she doesn't. So I explain to her how to make it (she has no Kahlua, but she had Bailey's) and she's all excited about getting to know this new "strange and mysterious" drink. So Jacob and I hang out there a bit, then we head off to the police station. We arrive there at 10pm and we leave at 11pm. They took one hour to write all this down. Wow. And of course with my bad Spanish... but luckily Jacob understood a lot. Then we came back home and I went to sleep a while later.

Barcelona 8

(1 March 2003 - Saturday)

Today I slept long, then I went grocery shopping (bought toast, donuts, soft drinks, pineapple flavored shampoo, cheese, yoghurt, milk and chips), and a bit later went to Mataró with Jacob. Mataró is a city at the sea. It's the last stop with the train and takes about 30 minutes to get there. We met up with some friends of his, people he works with, and they were all dressed in white with red scarves. This is how the people dress up in Pamplona in the north of Spain when they release bulls and run away from them. Makes any sense? So anyway, someone dressed up as a bull and the others dressed in white and red (except for me, I had nothing white neither red :/) and then they had lots of drums and we went through the street as part of a parade and drummed, that was fun.

Afterwards (half deaf) we went into some restaurant and had a bocadillo and a drink and then I thought about catching one of the last trains home at around 11pm, but they said we can take a night bus later. So I went along to another bar and it was kinda boring. They're nice people, but rather loud, and they mostly spoke Spanish or Catalan. Anyway, then we caught a night bus at 1am, and it took more than an hour to go to Barcelona! There we

had to wait for another 40 minutes for the bus to Cerdanyola, and as it was really cold we decided to go to a bar/bookshop. They had a drink or a sandwich and I took a look at their English books. That was nice, and warm. And then we caught the bus and came home at around 4am finally. BTW, I do get kinda scared of cars lately, especially if they drive anywhere near me...

Barcelona 9

(2 March 2003 - Sunday)

I slept until 1pm. Wow. Then I had my last donut and later on wanted to get "churros" with Jacob. Churros are supposed to be something like donuts. Anyway, we had a hard time finding a shop that was open Sundays and sold them, and sold them at this time of day. So we didn't find any, and we decided to go to this bar not far from where we live. I had a hot chocolate and Jacob had a coffee and a bocadillo. It was nice, as the weather was warm and sunny and we sat outside.

Then I came back here and it was 4pm already and I wrote a letter and now the day is pretty much over. Tomorrow I plan to buy Harry Potter for my English class finally. Also, I need to buy a memo pad.

Barcelona 10

(3 March 2003 - Monday)

Today I finally did go to Barcelona and bought Harry Potter for EUR 10,89 at Fnac. They had some really interesting English books... I think I should get rid of some money there in a while :) Then I went to uni and wrote some emails and then took part in a castellano class. I asked the teacher whether I can go there even though I never took the test for it, and then he gave me the test and had me do it in class. I think I wasn't very good. I also had to write 200 words about my opinion on immigration. Boy! What a topic! I wrote some stuff I could express with my little vocabulary, about how immigrants take away work of the people that already live in the country, but how it's really important to have a multi cultural society, so that kids learn about other cultures and that the color of the skin doesn't matter and such. That resulted in about 70 words, then I panicked and wrote some crap about how immigrants should be controlled or something. I don't really think that makes much sense, but I ended up with some more words, so that's fine. I really wonder how I did with that test.

Then I called home and then I wrote some more emails. And here I am, back again, having some toast and sausages. Not as good as I imagined. Very soon I plan to do my English homework, and then maybe read a little in my "Pocket Book of Short Stories".

Barcelona 11

(4 March 2003 - Tuesday)

Barcelona 12

(5 March 2003 - Wednesday)

Today I went to "Introduction to Catalan Reality". The class itself isn't too exciting, but I understand the teacher's castellano, so I'll continue going there. After the class I met the funny German girl from the party a while ago. She suggests going for a coffee, so we do (I have tea, though) and we later on eat a bocadillo. Then she shows me where I can put up my name for an "intercambio", meaning that you meet up with someone who speaks Spanish and then you talk in Spanish and in your language. So I put one up. Then I go to my castellano class and obviously I passed the test and can stay in his class. It's really boring, but I hope I'll learn something there. We will see.

Barcelona 13

(6 March 2003 - Thursday)

I go to my English class in the morning and before it ends the teacher speaks about "In case I don't see you next week because of the war...". I ask her about this after class and

she says that they'll go on strike if Bush starts the war in Irak and she tells me some about what's been going on in the world in the past weeks. I really don't get too much of it lately, all the news are in Spanish and so forth. She also tells me to get the International Herald Tribune, as it also has 8 pages of the Spanish newspaper El País translated.

Barcelona 14

(7 March 2003 - Friday)

I have no classes on Friday. So I went to the computer room for quite some time and in the evening I watched some TV with Jacob and Adam and had half a cup of wine. Then they suggested going out, so we went to that bar in Cerdanyola again. I think it's called "Top Ten". And I was looking forward to chatting with the Australian girl again and having another White Russian. She wasn't there, however, but her mum got excited about the White Russian. However, she put too much vodka, too much Bailey's and too little milk. And she put ICE CUBES in it! So then I drank it and later on I had another one and she didn't understand that I didn't want any ice in it, so it was the same all over again. And when I had nearly finished the second one... I somehow got a bit sleepy... felt a bit slow. Which had never happened to me before. But anyway, I wasn't really drunk, maybe a bit tipsy. So Jacob and Adam went to Barcelona at around midnight, but I said "no thanks" and decided to rather go home.

Barcelona15

(8 March 2003 - Saturday)

Today I took the train to Barcelona, bought the International Herald Tribune, called my parents and then walked down Las Ramblas to the port. There I stared at the sea for a while and then went to a mall (or something) and had "Fish & Chips". They were ok, but it was kinda strange because the cashier didn't talk to me AT ALL. I said "¡Hola! Quiero Fish & Chips por favor." And she went away without a word, packed the stuff without a word, and I said I also want a coke and she got the coke without a word... and then the price on her cash register flashed and she still didn't say anything. Is my Spanish really that terrible?

Barcelona16

(9 March 2003 - Sunday)

Jacob and I decided to check out the cinema they have in Cerdanyola. So we went looking for it. We were told it's really close to the RENFE station, so we went there and asked someone and they pointed in some direction and said it's 5 minutes from here. So we walked... and we walked and we walked and we walked... I think we ended up in the neighboring village. But the view there was great. And then we decided to just walk back to the train station. So we did that and I asked a passer-by where the cinema is (*proud*) and he pointed into a completely different direction. So we went there... a small street right behind the RENFE station. And there it was, the cinema! They showed Las Horas and as Jacob once read the book and is a Michael Cunningham fan, we decided to watch it in the evening. So we went home, had some food, I guess, and then we went back to the cinema with Adam. So we bought the tickets and then had lots of time and decided to go to a bar for a while. The guy there took his time before he finally let us pay, and then we hurried back to the cinema and the room was already dark when we got in.

Las Horas... (The Hours) - I don't quite understand why they

a) had Nicole Kidman as Virginia Woolf if she was obviously too beautiful (?) for them so that they messed up her face and nose with tons of make-up

b) nominated it for 9 Oscars.

Alright, It was in Spanish and I probably didn't understand the stuff that was so amazing about the movie, but maybe a nomination for Meryl Streep or Julianne Moore would've done. But hey, whatever. The movie was alright and I wouldn't mind watching it again in English. Adam fell asleep during it, by the way. But I think Jacob liked it.

Barcelona17

(10 March 2003 - Monday)

Barcelona18

(11 March 2003 - Tuesday)

Barcelona19

(12 March 2003 - Wednesday)

At the "Introduction to Catalan Reality" class I met this German girl from the party, Anke. She lives in Cerdanyola as well. She said that she was going to take part in a "walk through Barcelona" with Christine, the girl from the Office of International Relations and asked if I wanted to join. It was still a bit blurry what that walk is all about, but I agreed and she called Christine and told her I wanted to join. Later on I met Christine while I was waiting for my castellano class to start, and she said she'd send me the link to that event. Turns out that you have to apply for it, but it's free. Strange.

Then I met Katja, yet another German girl, at uni in evening after my castellano class. She suggested going to the movies, and as I know meanwhile where the cinema is, I agreed. So we took a bus to Cerdanyola and checked what was on. They had "Things You Can Tell Just By Looking At Her" in English, but as she doesn't like depressing movies and her English isn't very good, we had to decide between "About Schmidt" (if that's the title?) and "Amor Con Preaviso" (Two Weeks Notice, with Sandra Bullock and Hugh Grant). And as I'm not too crazy about Jack Nicholson, we decided to see the other one. We bought the tickets and then still had time so we went for "churros". It's hard to describe what they're like. Maybe I can find a picture somewhere. Anyway, you dip them in your hot chocolate, a really thick hot chocolate, and then you eat them. VERY good. Then we went past some shop that sells lots of cool stuff for very little money and we looked around and were amazed for quite some time. Then we went to see the movie, and we weren't even late but the light was off already. So we sat down somewhere and watched the movie and I understood some and other stuff was a bit confusing and it was funny. Katja explained some stuff to me afterwards because her Spanish is so much better than mine. And then I went home and it was quite late and everyone else was asleep already.

Barcelona20

(13 March 2003 - Thursday)

I went to uni, went to the comp room and then to my English class. But the other German girl that's usually in that class with me, Ina, told me that the class won't take place. Hmm. So I went to the computers again, applied for the "walk through Barcelona" (www.euro-senders.com/barnatresc/cat/caminades.htm) and then went home. Then I went to the cinema to see whether they'd show "Things You Can Tell Just By Looking At Her" again, but they just showed it once that Wednesday. Too bad.

Adam and Jacob are both ill, they have a cold and stayed home the day. I went outside for a while to write some letters, and when I came back Jacob asked whether I'd go shopping with him, so I did. I bought some easy-to-prepare food and stuff (EUR 6,10) and had some noodles that evening.

Barcelona21

(14 March 2003 - Friday)

I slept really long that day and then went to the computer room again. So far, three people answered my "intercambio" ad. Three boys. I'm going to meet one of them on Tuesday at uni, one on Wednesday at the RENFE station in Cerdanyola and I still have to arrange something with the third. I really hope it'll help me improve my Spanish. Then I met Christine in the computer room and we talked about the Barcelona walk and she said it starts at 8am so we will meet at the train station at 6:50am. On a Sunday. Why am I doing this?? :)

In the evening, Señora Sevillano gave me my mail, I had a postcard from my dad (how

sweet! :)) and something else that I needed to sign in order to receive it. I figured out that it was from some court or something, so it probably has something to do with the car accident.

Barcelona22

(15 March 2003 - Saturday)

This morning I went to the post office. I had to wait for quite a while and then the mail clerk got a bit confused with my German passport. But it wasn't much of a problem and I did get the letter finally. It is about the car accident indeed, but I'm not sure what about it. Señora Sevillano said that it reads I didn't go to the police right away, which is ridiculous because I went the same day... it happened at 3am or something, and I went to the police the following noon. They told me to come back at 10pm, so it's really not my fault. They'll archive the case and I don't know what else, but Señora Sevillano will show it to someone and ask them what they think and hopefully someone will be able to explain it to me.

Barcelona23

(16 March 2003 - Sunday)

Today I got up at 5:50am.... really... on a Sunday. I met with two other German girls at the RENFE station in Cerdanyola and we took a train to Placa Espanya to take part in the International Long Walk Through Barcelona. It had 21 kilometers (half as much as the marathon that took place the same time) and we needed nearly seven hours. And afterwards my feet were totally killing me. The first four hours were alright, it was fun, we walked at a nice pace. After four hours it got a bit annoying to walk as much but it was still alright. But the last hour... the last hour was really hard. But that night I slept better than ever, wow, I just zonked out! :) After the walk we got to The Bagel Shop and I had a pizza bagel, yummy, and then we went to Starbucks and I had a Caramel Frappuccino... wow... so good! All in all... it was a pretty nice day :)

Barcelona24

(17 March 2003 - Monday)

Nothing special on this day. I got up in the morning, went to school, had my Catalan Reality class, had some hot chocolate with a German girl, went to the computers... then I had a Spanish class which was alright, and then I went home. I bought a ticket for the bus (EUR 5,80) and I think that was really all. The weather is still nice, by the way, sunny and a bit warm :)

Barcelona25

(18 March 2003 - Tuesday)

Today I wanted to go to my English class and it didn't take place AGAIN. Too bad. So I took the time to finally enroll myself, which took quite some time, and then I went to the computer room. I had to wait at uni until 5.15pm to meet up with a Spanish guy who wants to do an "intercambio", a language exchange with me. So I wrote lots of emails... reorganized my emails... threw away the emails I didn't need anymore.... And then I went to sit in the sun, had a KitKat and tried to think of a topic for my English homework. However, it was colder than it seemed. Then two girls come by that I had met at that party once, and we talked a bit and they gave me some suggestions for my homework. Then they went away and it was 5.15 and I went to the place where I had the date. And I asked three different people whether they're Christian, but they weren't... Hum! I waited for 40 minutes and then I thought "alright, forget about it!" and went to write the guy an email... but... as I had reorganized my mailbox... I didn't have his address anymore! So there, then I went home and I bought some food and now I'm having a cheese toast for dinner. It's my roommate Adam's birthday today and he just turned 21. He looks so much more grown up now.... ;)

Barcelona26

(19 March 2003 - Wednesday)

Today I went to my Catalan Reality class, which was alright. I wanted to ask Katja whether she wants to see "8 Mujeres" (8 Women) as they're showing it in French, but I didn't meet her. Hmm. My French sucks anyway, so it really doesn't matter too much. I skipped my Castellano class because I had a date with this Spanish guy for a language intercambio. So I went to the train station in Cerdanyola at 5pm... stood there for 30 minutes and he didn't show up! He wrote me an email the day after, however, saying that his car had broken down and he's sorry but he meanwhile found someone who lives closer to him to teach him some English. Grr. So, as he didn't show up I went shopping and bought some cookies and stuff. :) Then I wanted to watch a movie on my computer, but I remembered I still had to write my English homework. So I did that... about cloning and the pro's and con's of it... and then I was really sleepy and decided to go to bed.

Barcelona27

(20 March 2003 - Thursday)

Today, you wouldn't have guessed, I didn't have English classes again. Because of the war. The war started this night (Middle European Time) and so my teachers are on strike and the students organized a demonstration and we walked along the highway to demonstrate against the war. I got sunburnt on my way. And I got stuck there, so to speak, and I couldn't make it to the date I had with yet another Spanish guy. I apologized a lot and he said it's okay and we'll meet again tomorrow.

In the evening, Adam, Jacob and I went to this art cinema in Cerdanyola. They showed "Last Tango in Paris", a 1972 movie with Marlon Brando, and I was pleasantly surprised. It was half French and half English with subtitles in Spanish, so I understood most of it somehow. Good movie. Very nice camera work. We came back at midnight and I went to bed pretty soon after.

Barcelona28

(21 March 2003 - Friday)

Today I slept long, went to the computers, checked the news... what's with the war and all... and then I met up with that Spanish guy, Rafael. Turns out, he's really from Lima. I have big troubles understanding his Spanish. I don't know whether he has some speech defect or whether he just mumbles very much, but I really don't understand him well. Also, I think he doesn't correct my mistakes. But the worst thing about it is that he expects me to teach him some German. So we went and bought a book for him and then we sat around and I told him how to alter some verbs and so forth. I really don't know if I can be of much help for him and I really don't think it's much help for me. I'll meet up with him next Friday again and maybe it'll go better and I think I'll ask him to talk to me in Spanish some. We will see.

Barcelona29

(22 March 2003 - Saturday)

Today I went to Barcelona again. I wanted to have late breakfast at some cafe and then get me a caramel Frappuccino. However, I couldn't decide on a nice cafe (and it's kinda strange to go there all alone anyway) and I couldn't find Starbucks, so I ended up having a not-so-great meal at KFC. Before that I went to the FNAC and bought a Spanish grammar and a Spanish Calvin & Hobbes book, which is fun! :) I called home and eventually went home again where I watched "As Good As It Gets" in the evening and then went to sleep.

Barcelona30

(23 March 2003 - Sunday)

Did absolutely nothing today. Nothing at all.

Barcelona31

(24 March 2003 - Monday)

Hm, obviously my class didn't take place, or so I think, so I went to the computer room and spend a lot of time there. Too much actually. And then I decided to go shopping and I was really hungry so I bought a lot, which should suffice for a week or so. Then I came home with all the stuff (gee, that was heavy!) and realized I had nothing to put on my toast tomorrow. So I went to another shop again and bought some chocolate spread and some cheese.

***Barcelona32**

(25 March 2003 - Tuesday)

***Barcelona33**

(26 March 2003 - Wednesday)

I'm not sure, but I think I went to see *Bend It Like Beckham* with Adam and Jacob. Very good movie!

***Barcelona34**

(27 March 2003 - Thursday)

***Barcelona35**

(28 March 2003 - Friday)

Went to see Chicago with Adam in the evening. Very nice movie, especially because of Renée Zellweger and Catherine Zeta-Jones.

***Barcelona36**

** (29 March 2003 - Saturday)

Tonight at 1am I went to the local disco "Mundo Canibal" with my roommates. It opens at 1am, and it has a bar and Spanish music. It's funny to see that there's not only young people but also "older" people in their 40 (or so I guess). It's a nice place and I had a beer called "Sol", which they serve in the bottle with a slice of lemon that you're supposed to stuff into the bottle neck, then cover the bottle and turn it around. That's what Jacob said. So I did that, and not being too experienced with beer I did it way too fast and left quite a puddle of beer on the floor. Oops. That's me in action. The beer was surprisingly good, by the way. Sol. I have to remember that :)

Barcelona37

(30 March 2003 - Sunday)

Today I did absolutely nothing. The weather wasn't too great and I didn't feel like going to Barcelona again. So I basically played around with my computer most of the time. Then, surprisingly, two of my friends from Germany called during the day. They're going to come here soon and asked me about a youth hostel. So I will ask a friend of mine next week about one that she had stayed in when she didn't have a place to live in yet.

Barcelona38

(31 March 2003 - Monday)

Went to my classes, wasn't too spectacular. Went to the computers. Basically I think that's all I did. In the evening I had lasagna, I guess, which I won't buy anymore because sometimes the noodles are hard to chew and I hate that. Very eventless day.

Barcelona39

(1 April 2003 - Tuesday)

Went to my English class just to find the whole building deserted. Another day of strike against the war, and as always, I was the last to know. However, I had a "date" for an intercambio with this Spanish girl, Maria José at 6pm. So I spend lots of time with the computers and then sat down outside and enjoyed the sun for quite a while. Then I went to meet her and we had a coke and it was pretty nice. She spoke in English, I spoke in

Spanish. I was surprised how much I really could say. So we talked for one and a half hours or something, which passed pretty fast, and then she suggested I could come to the Vila Universitaria with her, the dormitory near uni, to meet her friends. So I said alright, being all adventurous and all. So we drove there, she has a car, and I met her friends, 5 of them or something. They were pretty nice, I have to say. They suggested going to a jazz concert next week and I agreed, but I don't know if that'll ever happen. Besides, Maria José doesn't want to go, I think, if it's during the week, and I don't know whether I'd like to meet her friends alone. I'd probably not know what to say, I guess? But, we will see :)

Barcelona40

(2 April 2003 - Wednesday)

I went to class in the morning, was quite alright. Then I had a tuna sandwich with one of the German girls and a British friend of hers. Afterwards I went to another class, Spanish, and some British girl there actually thought I was British, too. That was interesting. She asked in Spanish where I was from, so I told her and asked her why and she said "Oh, I just thought you looked kinda British." :) Then I came home and had some soup, I believe, and went to bed early to watch a movie there.

Barcelona41

(3 April 2003 - Thursday)

Last night was really really windy. I had my clothes on the balcony and I was pretty surprised it was still there in the morning, but I wouldn't be surprised if I ended up with less undershirts. Hmm. Anyway, it was hard to fall asleep and to stay asleep, as the window was rattling and it was really noisy. I got up this morning and had some white bread with nutella and then went to the bus and just saw it drive away. So I decided to walk to uni, which didn't just take 20 minutes as Jacob once said, but it took 40 minutes and in this wind! What was I thinking! I arrived a bit late but luckily my English class never starts on time. So that was alright. The class was funny, as always, and my teacher Karen Metcalfe mentioned that she used to go to school with a guy called Pat Conroy who later on wrote Beach Music. Wow! That book is on my to read list! :) Anyway.

Then I went to the computers and looked for a youth hostel, but they're all already full and I have no idea what to do now... :/ Anyway, then I had a sandwich and realized that I thought it was an hour later. Eventually I met Rafael from Lima and taught him some German and then we talked in Spanish for a while. Then we went to the bus stop and found a cell phone and he said he'd bring it to the library. Anyway. Here I am, thinking about just watching a movie tonight and then going to sleep.

Barcelona42

(4 April 2003 - Friday)

Wanted to get up at 9:30am today, turned around and woke up an hour later... I had to go be at uni by 12pm, and I made it and met Marta, a Spanish girl for the intercambio. She wants to speak in Spanish for a while, then in English for a while, not like Maria José, she speaks in English and I in Spanish. I guess that way it's good, too, because you can hear some Spanish, too. She corrects my mistakes and I correct hers. We talked for 2.5 hours, which passed quite quickly. The weather was really nice, sunny and warm, I think I got a bit sunburnt. But that's alright. Tonight I will go to the movies with Jacob and Adam.

Barcelona43

(5 April 2003 - Saturday)

Yesterday we watched "Recién Casados", a movie with Brittany Murphy. Not too good. I mean, it was okay, but it wasn't very exciting or unpredictable or anything. Saturday I really didn't do much. I went out at some point and tried to check my answering machine, which didn't work. Then I strolled around Cerdanyola and found a market in front of the church, where they sold books and one even sold DVDs for 1.50 EUR. So I bought one called "Un Taxi Malva". It's in Castellano and English, maybe it's good. That's basically all I did. Had

pizza at some point, played with my computer.

Barcelona44

(6 April 2003 - Sunday)

Today I got up at 11am, had some toast and then went to the beach with Jacob. We took the train to Plaça Catalunya, then hopped on the metro 1 to Urquinaona and then got on the 4 to Ciutadella Vila Olímpica. From there it's maybe 5 to 10 minutes by foot to the beach, and it's very nice. It was kinda crowded, too, but still okay. Jacob and I sat down on a bench in the sun and I read and he listened to music. Quite some time later we decided to walk around, looking for some food, and we found their shopping mall and went to a Syrian-Lebanese "restaurant", where we had some strange vegetable thingy that tasted quite good. Also some pomegranate juice, which tastes like Kool Aid. Then we walked around some more and I had some ice cream and eventually we walked all the way back to Plaça Catalunya and took the train home and came back at around 7:45pm. A nicely spent day, though. I had some Spaghetti Carbonara and now am listening to the Chicago OST, which I bought at the beach..... :)

Barcelona45

(7 April 2003 - Monday)

Went to my Catalan Reality class. It wasn't too exciting, but I learnt that with Spanish law, if you get a divorce, everyone gets half of what you own. The Catalan law says that everyone gets what he bought during the time you were married. So if you bought a house together and it's on your name, you get it afterwards. I'm not exactly sure what's better. Anyway. Then I met with Marta for the language exchange from 2pm to 4:30pm, then had my Spanish class, which was alright, because I actually knew how to do the exercises. *proud* Then I went to the computers and when I came back I made some noodles, and my friend Anneka called and asked me about a youth hostel and whether I finally found something for them, and I had to tell her no. She was rather panicky, but I can't do much either. Then I asked the Señora about it, or rather asked Jacob and he asked the Señora and she told him. Hmm. She wrote down the address of the hotels they have here. So I walked there and now I only have to confirm the room for tomorrow. Wee!

Barcelona46

(8 April 2003 - Tuesday)

Tonight I went to the Hostal Xarau again and confirmed the reservation. What a relief! Then I went to look at that building where my friends will stay and it looks quite okay. Then I called them to tell them about it. Then they asked me whether linens were included and I went back to ask, and the guy there gave me his card and wrote his name on the back of it so I could call and didn't have to come by all the time. I guess he thought I lived far away ;) Anyway, I'm very relieved this is settled now!

Barcelona47

(9 April 2003 - Wednesday)

Between Catalan Reality and my Castellano class I met Rafael from Lima to teach him some German. He's confused about some grammar stuff and I told him it was difficult and that I didn't know whether he'd really like to know about all that stuff. And he said he did. So, I'll make him a list of some German grammar and it will probably scare him a lot and we will see whether he'll continue his attempts to understand the German language, hehe... But that'll be after the holidays.

In my Castellano class we then watched "Un Perro Andaluz", a very famous movie by a guy called Buñuel. It was really yucky... and confusing... and I didn't like it AT ALL. Luckily it only lasted 15 minutes.

Barcelona48

(10 April 2003 - Thursday)

In my English class we watched part of Indiana Jones and the Temple Of Doom, actually it was the beginning, and then we had to write a review about it. I think my review was pretty bad because I had some sort of a writer's block, but we will see. I got an 8.5 on my text on the "pro's and con's of cloning", though :) Then I went to the computer room and hung out there for a while, and then I found some interesting book on "Making Movies" at www.amazon.de. Then I checked out my library in Hildesheim and it turned out that they have this book. Wee! And then I checked out the library of the UAB and realized: they have this book, too! So I went to the library and went through the trouble of having them make me a library card. The guy who did this was very nice and asked me where in Germany I was from and where exactly that is and he was extremely friendly. And when I asked him whether he knows where I can find that book he traced it down and told me the building and floor in the building where I can find it. So I went there and got me the book and took it home and started reading it eagerly. Good book!

Barcelona49

(11 April 2003 - Friday)

I met up with Marta at noon and we talked for a very long time. Today I felt like my Spanish was really bad. This time I think it was a problem with my vocabulary. I'll have to work on it during the holidays. Then we went for late lunch and afterwards I went to the library and watched the Making Of The Matrix, which was interesting. Once more I think that the Wachowskis are geniuses. :) Afterwards I got me two more books from the library, one's called "Film Production" by Steven Berstein, and the other one is a book with collected scripts/texts of independent filmmakers. Seems interesting. :)

Barcelona50

(12 April 2003 - Saturday)

I went to a market at Glories today. It's a huge market where they sell practically everything. I bought a book ("The Great Gatsby") and a DVD ("Original Sin") and then the friend I went with, Katja, looked at some book and showed it to me and I talked to her in German. Some guy next to me heard that and asked me where I was from and I told him. So he told me he was from India and we chatted a bit. That was nice, but then, somehow, I didn't get rid of him anymore. We looked at some CDs for EUR 1,- and he said if I liked one, he'd get it for me. And I said it's fine, I didn't want him to do that and I didn't know him and basically let him know I wasn't interested. I thought. But then he asked me whether I'd like to have coffee with him sometime, and I told him I didn't know him and wasn't interested, really. And then he followed us around for at least 20 minutes, telling me he just wanted to be friends and he was a nice guy and he understands I'm being careful, after all there's lots of bad guys out there, but not him of course. He just wants to be friends, bla bla. Eventually Katja and I left the market without him. We took a train back to Cerdanyola and then she showed me a place where you can get a EUR 6,- phone card that has 165 minutes to Germany. Then she invited me to her place and we had some noodles and chatted some. It was a nice day.

Barcelona51

(13 April 2003 - Sunday)

Didn't do much today. I sat down in the sun with Jacob at some point and read in that "Making Movies" book, which I finished later that day. It's a pretty good book.

Barcelona52

(14 April 2003 - Monday)

Today I went to the Renoir cinema in Les Corts and watched "Bowling For Columbine". What a great movie! I'd recommend it! Afterwards I went to Plaça Catalunya, where I had to change from the metro to the train anyway and stopped by at the EasyInternetCafe. I

checked my emails and that agency had sent me an offer for a translation. However, they were about 29.000 words within 5 weeks, which I think is too much, even though the text didn't seem particularly hard. Also, they pay EUR 500,- which I'd very much like to have... but I don't want to make the next five weeks hell. Afterwards I went to VIPS, a bookshop with a restaurant. Then I decided to go to that restaurant and I had a chicken burger with fries and a fanta for EUR 10,- (including the tip) and then felt very full and happy. Then I came home to Cerdanyola at around midnight and went to bed.

Barcelona53

(15 April 2003 - Tuesday)

Barcelona54

(16 April 2003 - Wednesday)

Barcelona55

(17 April 2003 - Thursday)

Went to write some emails and then picked up Aneka and Barbara from the airport. We caught a train back to Cerdanyola and when we arrived we had to carry their terribly heavy suitcases. Wow, they were so heavy. Barbara's, at least. It had 18 kilos. When I came here, mine had 21 and I LIVE here! But then, I didn't take my water boiler... Aneka waited in front of the "Casa Xarau" while Barbara and I went to the "Hostal Xarau", which is where you check in. So we checked in and walked back and Barbara was so exhausted that she wanted to stay in the room for a while. A nice room, btw, with a TV and a bathroom. Aneka and I went to some Kebap shop and had pizza, which was alright. Later on we hung out in the room for a while longer.

Barcelona56

(18 April 2003 - Friday)

We saw the Ramblas and the beach, had boquerones in vinegar and at night stayed in their room.

Barcelona57

(19 April 2003 - Saturday)

We didn't do much in the morning, saw Cerdanyola a bit and at night I think we went to the magic fountain.

Barcelona58

(20 April 2003 - Sunday)

Park Guell, I think

Barcelona59

(21 April 2003 - Monday)

Arc de Triomf??? Fried Green Tomatoes, nice little restaurant with a good burger

Barcelona60

(22 April 2003 - Tuesday)

School, in the evening I think we watched 6th Sense

Barcelona61

(23 April 2003 - Wednesday)

We went to the "Top Ten", the bar with the Australian girl. I had their *Top Ten*, I think, a special type of hot dog (if I remember correctly) and a *White Russian*. It was nice to go there because they were so excited to see me. That kinda made me feel at home a bit, going to a place and being recognized. We had a nice chat and Barbara had a hamburger she described as "the best hamburger I ever had". :)

Barcelona62

(24 April 2003 - Thursday)

Went to the Hard Rock Cafe. I had a pig sandwich which was extremely delicious.

Barcelona63

(25 April 2003 - Friday)

Brought them back to the airport

Barcelona64

(26 April 2003 - Saturday)

I studied.

Barcelona65

(27 April 2003 - Sunday)

I think I went out to take some pictures and to read in "Das Jesusvideo".

Barcelona66

(28 April 2003 - Monday)

Intercambio with Marta

Barcelona67

(29 April 2003 - Tuesday)

Went to my English class, wrote the paper and then brought it to my teacher early, as I'm planning to take the next week off, as LeighAnn from the states is going to visit. My teacher gave me all sorts of tips what to show her and we talked for a pretty long time. She had mentioned *The Matrix* in class before, so I asked her whether she knew where I could see that *Animatrix* movie. So we ended up talking about *The Matrix* a lot and about other stuff. Obviously she was pretty bored in her office ;)

Jacob asked about renting a car. He wants to rent a car and drive around Spain a bit and so he's looking for people to join him so it's cheaper. I generally like the idea, but I'm not sure I can go at the date he suggested. We'll see.

Barcelona68

(30 April 2003 - Wednesday)

Today I went to university, had the Catalan Reality class, then went to the computers, then met up with Marta for the intercambio. She only had one hour, though, so I went back to the computers again before my castellano class. After castellano I caught a bus home, as I wanted to go to see a German movie with Adam in Cerdanyola. However, after we went there they said they wouldn't show it. So we walked back again.

One of the Señora's grandchildren is there, a little boy, maybe 6 years old. He is so annoying. I usually don't mind children, but he is the noisiest little boy I've ever seen (or heard). He screams all the time, even when he could talk normally, he always does noisy things, runs around and annoys his "yaya", his grandmother.

Jacob asked about the cars and stayed in my room for quite a while and we talked about various things, that was nice.

Barcelona69

(1 May 2003 - Thursday)

Barcelona70

(2 May 2003 - Friday)

Barcelona71

(3 May 2003 - Saturday)

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Alright, this is the time when all the "visitors" came. I went to university, too, sometime in between, but then I basically had someone visiting every week, so I was rather busy and - if I came back to the Señora's place at all, I was mostly so tired that I didn't write at all. To make it short, starting from May I stopped writing this electronic journal, so there's nothing more to tell ;) Just...

Barcelona 118

(June 19, 2003 - Thursday)

Came back home. It was good to be back, see my family again and have slightly colder weather!

And here for all that wonder how the prices are in Barcelona (or were in June 2003 ;)

Price list:

<i>Caramel Frappuccino:</i>	3,90 EUR
<i>1h of Internet at the EasyInternetCafe (at Plaça de Catalunya):</i>	between -,80 and 1,20 EUR
<i>Can of Pepsi:</i>	0,29 EUR
<i>Chips Ahoi cookies:</i>	1,59 EUR
<i>Pringles:</i>	1,69 EUR
<i>White sliced bread:</i>	0,97 EUR
<i>Milk:</i>	0,68 EUR
<i>Apples/kg:</i>	1,19 EUR
<i>Pineapple juice:</i>	0,82 EUR
<i>Can of beer:</i>	0,29 EUR
<i>Instant Noodles:</i>	1,70 EUR