

2014-15

Domingo arranges himself to be my teacher.

First class he invites me for coffee afterwards, I decline.

Second class again.

Third class I accept because I think he's not going to give up.

I don't see going for coffee with him as anything romantic.

We become friends but I find him very unusual.

I'm startled by the way he looks at teenage girls in school uniforms while we're having coffee and cat calls them as they walk by. I find this offensive.

But we are friends. He invited me to his house for a soup. He gives me the broken bowl.

He's really offensive. Always eyeing up women and flirting with them. It's

offensive and tiresome.

I invite him for tea to my house. He vomits up the biscuits I given him into the bathroom sink and puts them in my boot. I guess he was trying to tell me something important about his eating disorder but it was just confusing and offensive to me.

I am going to London for something. I don't really want to go alone as my brother is abusive and my parents don't protect me. I invite Domingo so they will leave me alone.

He lies to the conservatorio, gets a doctors note, and we drive to the airport. I show him around London, take him everywhere, 2 days, go for nice food, go to the opera and a concert, I really make an effort for him.

He doesn't make any advances towards me at all. He does make advances to random women in the street on the tube at

the airport. It's offensive and makes me feel cold towards him.

We get back to the Spain and suddenly he starts insulting me in class telling me I'm sexually cold. This is really too much and I can hear the gossip going round. He suggests I go with the flute teacher who is always hovering around; he's trying to pimp me out. I'm appalled. People have a limit and I reached mine and demanded a new teacher because I couldn't tolerate this behaviour any longer.

I got a new teacher, Juan Carles, and I told JC pretty much everything apart from how he lied to the conservatory and his doctor. I didn't tell this to JC but I did say I found it offensive and concerning the way he leered over school girls. I stopped all contact with him at that time and my teacher became Maria instead.

2022-23

I'm not sure how early on the vengeance plan started but it was clear to me something was going on from before Vidal even arrived. The flute teacher who took our chamber music class in November said a few weird things related to sex and coffee.

When Vidal arrived it was obvious from his demeanour that there had been gossip about me.

He suggests we play Ravels Bolero, which everyone my age associates with sex.

He mentions coffee most classes and I know why he is saying this.

I, unfortunately for me, find him extremely attractive sexually, which is very rare for me, so I start to flirt a little. I can't help it. He is a very attractive man. He shows interest in me. This is from the things he says in class and the reaction of

other teachers to me. Things the harmony teacher says, a bunch of teachers coming to take a look at me, and also Vidal's obvious interest and questions to which I have a huge PTSD reaction which is devastating to me and I am unable to communicate.

I'm so upset about this. He is angry with me. I pray for help at Easter and bizarrely come across a twitter account which appears to be his. I follow it. He blocks me. I don't know if it is him or not until the next class when he is so angry with me I realise it must be him.

I was never interested in his activities on twitter or who he interacted with, or anything really, I just needed a way to communicate what I wanted to say if I hadn't had the extreme PTSD reaction which triggered a shock mute reaction. But I decided to leave it. Except 2 days

later, something wakes me up extremely early and makes me go and write a tweet thread, in Spanish, explaining how and why I have PTSD and why it makes me unable to communicate sometimes and how upsetting it is and how it makes me confused and wary about men especially when I have feelings for them. I bared my soul and made myself extremely vulnerable. It felt very liberating.

At this point I should mention that this Monday class was so stressful for me. Every week, I came home from it and felt like I had been punched hard in the kidneys and could only lie down. It was a good thing he missed so many classes. I get no response at all on twitter so I figure that the twitter account was not his after all and/or he is not interested i me. And that's all I ever knew for sure. He should have contacted me back, to tell

me to stop, as my teacher, a person in a position of trust, but instead he didn't but did instead make odd signs that perhaps he was looking at my tweets somehow and was interested in me but I never knew anything for sure.

He seemed to be kind and protective over me in the class after I said what I said.

This made my feelings for him stronger but he continued to not communicate and

I was angry about being ignored.

On twitter I mentioned how I felt that Domingo - without using his name - was attempting vengeance on me through his and other teachers behaviour.

I felt like a star in a soap opera except I didn't know the story.

It felt like everyone at the conservatory knew something about me but I thought it was that Vidal had told them to back off and was being protective after my twitter

complaints.

Then his tweets got more intimate and at the same time he was ignoring me and it was making my head spin. I got covid, really badly, and was very ill.

Nothing changed when I got better and although the tweets were extremely intimate there was no actual communication. It felt like a set up but I was happy for the intimacy too. It was all very stressful.

Something had been bothering me about Domingos behaviour this year which is the way he manipulated his students to bully, incessantly, the choir teacher throughout the whole course. I also found his students extremely egotistical and unpleasant to be around. One of them was a 26 year old man who preferred the company of 14 year old girls to adults and who just

repeated everything Domingo told him about Concha, about the world, and about everything. It was very unpleasant.

I spilled the beans on them on twitter without mentioning names and without knowing for sure if Vidal was reading my tweets at all. And I certainly only thought that 1 person, Vidal, may MAY be reading them.

It turned out not only Vidal was reading my tweets but a whole bunch of people were reading them, including Gloria the receptionist and who knows who else. He told everyone what was happening but kept it quiet from me. This was a 2 months long trick from a teacher, teachers and conservatorio staff, to a student, me.

The whole conservatory railed against
me

and set me up for the crucifixion on the last class with Vidal for the year on 12th June which was quite an unpleasant spectacle when I was supposed to suddenly realise he doesn't like me after believing he does, except I never really believed anything.

This was the common trick that Spanish men play on women who reject their friends advances!

I was unaware of just how many people had been reading my tweets until I got home that evening, after being attacked effectively by Vidal in class, and the other teachers when I left who spilled dirty water all over me from the window, and another student, Mercedes, who met me in the street to check if I was crying. I wasn't. I tweeted and someone retweeted my tweet

and I suddenly knew how badly I had been betrayed by Vidal and the rest of the conservatory and it seemed very likely that the whole thing started with Domingo.

It would not surprise me if Domingo, a well enchufado'ed person had arranged for Vidal to pass his opposition in return for doing him this favour of getting me back for, effectively, not being attracted to him all those years ago.

So, I ask you, who is in the wrong?

And, unfortunately, yes I still have feelings for Vidal but they are purely sexual and I will certainly get over it.