

A:

1. Where did Joe go on holiday?
2. Who did Joe go with?
3. Where did Joe stay?
4. What was the weather like?
5. Why didn't Joe enjoy the holiday?

### **Joe** 28, a flight attendant

Last October I went on holiday to Thailand for two weeks with my girlfriend, Mia.

The holiday began well. We spent two days in Bangkok and saw the Floating Market and the Royal Palace. But things went wrong when we left Bangkok. I wanted to stay in **hostels**, which were basic but clean, but Mia said they were too uncomfortable and so we stayed in quite expensive hotels. I wanted to experience the local **atmosphere** but Mia just wanted to

go shopping. I thought I knew Mia very well, but you don't know a person until you travel with them. It was awful! We argued about everything.

For our last four days we went to Ko Chang, a beautiful island. It was like being in paradise. The weather was lovely and the beaches were wonderful, but we just sunbathed without speaking. We spent our last night back in Bangkok and we went for a drink with some Australians. They were really friendly and Mia started **flirting** with one of the boys. That was the end.

❖ **you don't know a person until you travel with them** ❖

When we arrived at Heathrow airport the next day we decided to **break up**.

I took hundreds of photos, but when I got home I didn't show them to anyone.



B:

1. Where did Laura go on holiday?
2. Who did Laura go with?
3. Where did Laura stay?
4. What was the weather like?
5. Why didn't Laura enjoy the holiday?

### **Laura** 26, a nurse

Last spring my best friend Isabelle and I booked a holiday in Venice. We rented a small apartment for a week with a fantastic view of the canals. At the last moment another friend, Linda, asked if she could come too. We felt sorry for her because she had problems with her boyfriend, so we said yes.

Venice was magical and the weather was perfect, but the holiday was a disaster for one simple reason: Linda was so mean! She has a good job so she's not poor, but she just didn't want to pay for anything. When we went sightseeing she didn't want to go to any museums or galleries that cost money. When we went on a gondola she complained that it was very expensive. When we went to have lunch or dinner she always wanted to go to cheap restaurants or she bought pizzas and ate them in the flat. But the night I invited her and Isabelle out on my birthday she chose the most expensive things on the menu! The worst thing was that although Isabelle and I paid for the apartment, Linda never once bought us a coffee or a drink.

I'd love to go back to Venice one day...but without Linda.

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