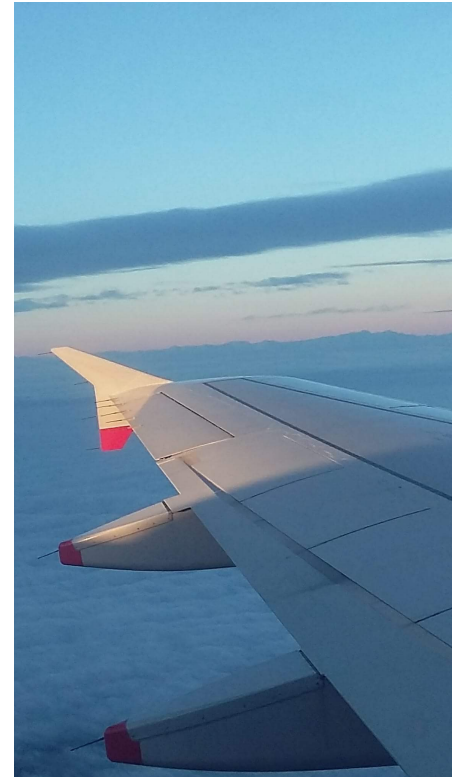


My stay at Marlow

Hello everyone! My name is Paul and here is a little account of my sojourn in England where I spent most of the time in Marlow, in my grandparent's friend's house.

The morning of The 27th of January, we were ready to fly to England. We were all very excited to meet the family but also a bit scared because we didn't know them yet ! Luckily, I was with lovely people and we had very good conversations during all the sojourn, from day one to last, the 4th of February.



Here are some photos taken when we were still in France. I love those pictures! They make me dream.

I will tell you about the family, my work experience, Marlow, and of course the week-end which are for me the best part of the trip.

So first of all, the family ! I stayed most of the time at Marlow with Hugo, his mother Fiona and his grandparents , David and Rosemary. But why ? Well, Hugo's family lives in Bruxelles so I stayed with his grand parents and Fiona, their Daughter-in-law, came to meet me and also to take us to the cinema or the train station. They were all **very intelligent people**, David and Rosemary were German and French teacher, Fiona was a lawyer, now she works in art galleries. I also met the parents of Fiona the first day I arrived ! They take Hugo, Fiona and me to Oxford. I must specified that **we were kind of V.I.P** because the father of Fiona was a philosophy teacher at Oxford and his wife is a touristic guide in the university. So, we never queued up, **not a good example for the British stereotype** ! I had the chance To immersed myself in the British

environment with very cultivated people. At the end of the week i really could felt the British way of living and it was a great pleasure to meet all of them !!

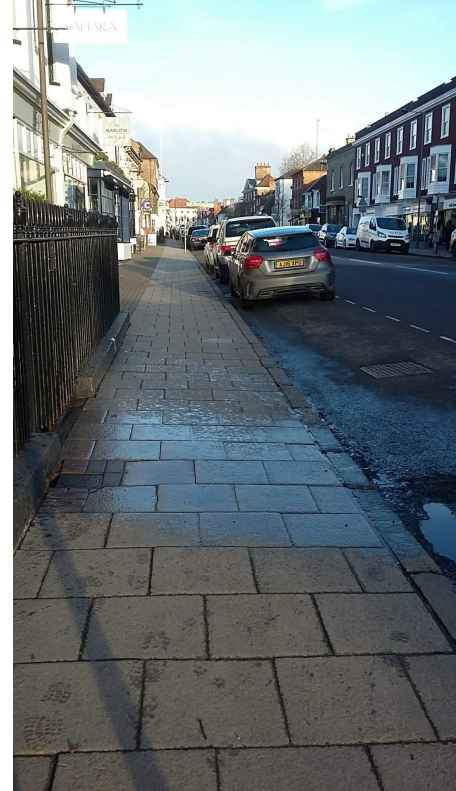


Here is a photo of Hugo, Fiona and me. The grandparents did not agree to be taken so it was just the three of us.

Now let's talk about the internship ! I work at Poppies day nursery, in Marlow. It was a very interesting work experience because compared to our nursery school, the English education is a lot different, the **children are much more free** to do what they want to do. I wanted work more here because I had the loveliest co-workers and the cutest children to look after. I wanted to take pictures of them. Unfortunately mobile phone were not allowed, To **keep the privacy of the children** so i only could take a picture of the outside of Puppies day nursery. Sometimes it was quite hard to understand what little boys and girls needed or were asking but **play with us is always a good answer**. I liked a lot playing with us, reading them stories, looking after them. I think **i know a bit more about fatherhood**. I believe that every future parents have to take a work experience in a nursery school because it permits us to understand the children world how they think, express and what they need! **This work experience was so cool ! It made me more mature and understanding with the children. But It wouldn't been possible without the help of the kids, they welcomed me with enthusiasm I am so grateful for this. Although I made great little friends !**

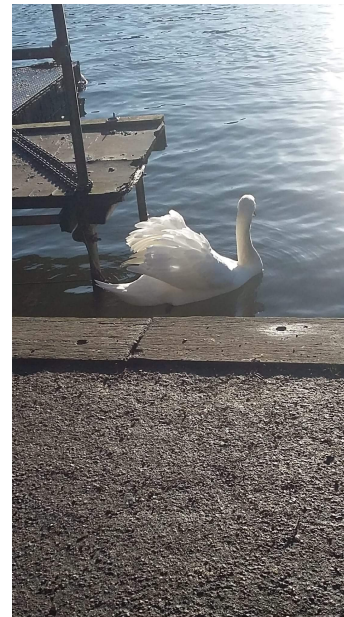
Here is the outside of puppies day nursery



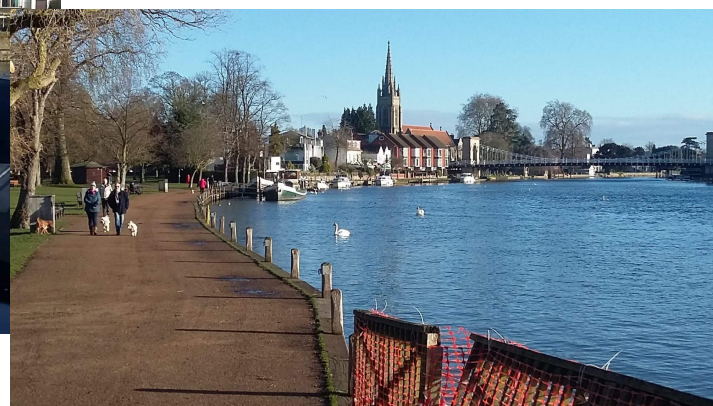


Marlow

Marlow is a **beautiful town**. Hugo told me it's "**bourgeois**", very wealthy. We can see that with the very typical brick house and also with a lot of luxury shop in the Main Street. There are a lot of nursery school and restaurant in the city. But there were not what I preferred in the town. The thing that I liked the most was **the white bridge with the Thames**. On sunny morning, it was just so pretty because the sun light created **light scales on the top of the river** and the stone of bridge took a different color when the sun hit them.



I really invite you to go there and walk along the river on sunny days. It's wonderful stroll. In fact, I liked it so much that the morning I had to come back to France, **I went there with Hugo again**.

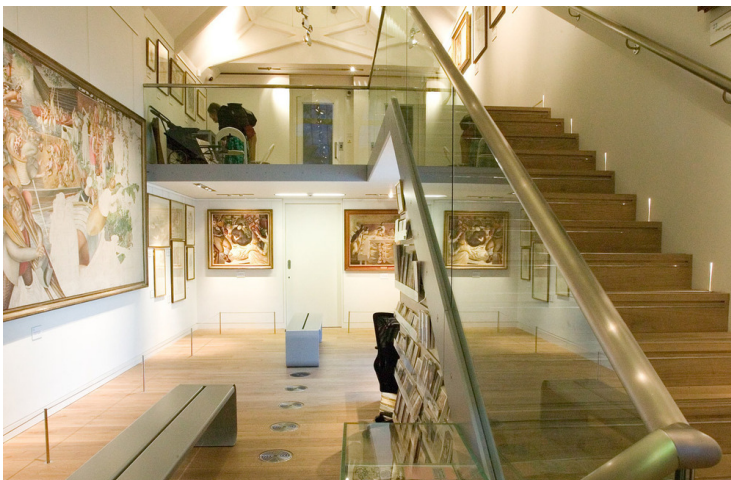


And now, my favorite part, the week ends !!

The first week end was very **cultural** ! we went to Oxford, to visit the university it was really beautiful. Moreover, Fiona's mother gave me some anecdotes on the chapel of Christ church. The best part of that day was when we went for shopping with Hugo, because this was when **we began to get to know each other**. We spoke about movies, hobbies, shops and tastes. The next day, Fiona and Hugo took me to the art gallery of **Stanley Spencer**. A English painter well known in England. I enjoy his way of painting, grotesque almost caricatural. It seems he wasn't interested in beauty because he didn't paint pretty face but farmer' faces from Cookham, the town where he lived . Maybe that was beautiful for him, more than the society beauty norm. The afternoon, We met with Clara, Graziella, Jean Baptiste, Maxime and their correspondents. We had a really good time **doing bowling. It was so funny !!!**



Here are some pictures of Christ church and it chapel



The inside of Stanley Spencer gallery and a part of one of his painting.

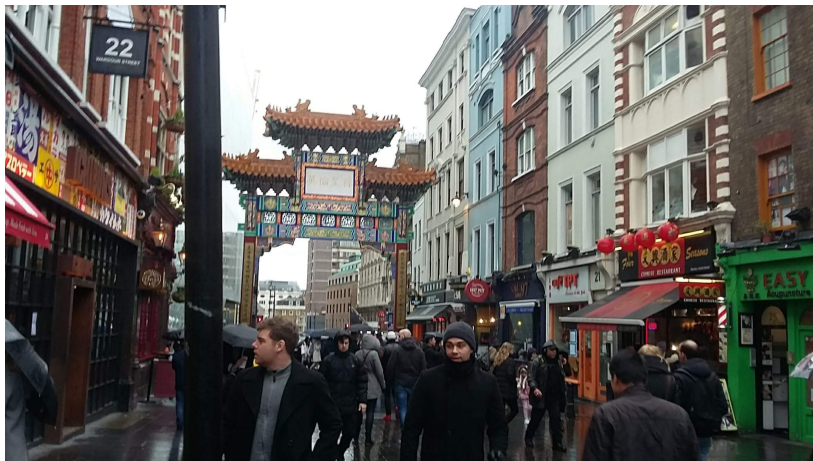


Saturday in London :

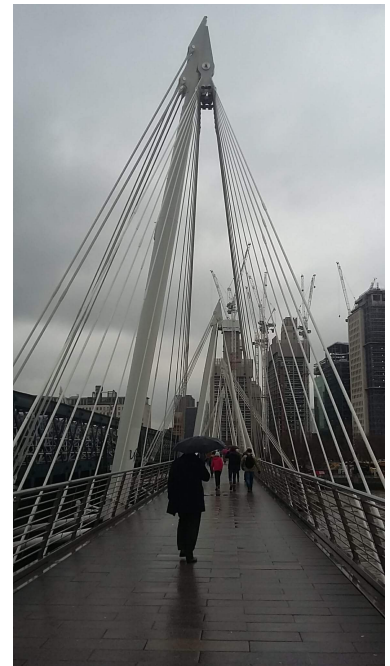
Hugo and i left the house to go to the train station where we met with Graziella and Jean Baptiste. When we arrived at London we had to split up with the group because we didn't have the same program.



Whatever !Hugo took me to a **delicious Japanese restaurant** near Chinatown. And then we went to Camden town where we met with Danka. We spend the afternoon with her and her correspondent. And then we head back home. **I had a very good time, we laughed a lot all day long. This was a great day, where I took few pictures of different places like Piccadilly Circus and the London eye.**



I advice you to **go to "Tokyo dinner"** ! The people are nice and the food is excellent !!



I hope you enjoyed my stay as I did and that my account gives you the desire to go to England!



Here is my favorite picture of Hugo and I, in Camden town. It seems like it is written "HELP ME" on my face but I was having fun !

PS: I don't know where does the cliché "English peoples are awful cooker" comes from but it's wrong ! I eat so much delicious food that I am completely confused about this rude cliché ! So do not be afraid of English food.