

NaukaBezGranic recording transcript for the Mark Wills 'Easter Eggs' workshop: Easter in France Part 2 (2:57)

This is Mark Wills for Learning Without Borders, and I'm going to carry on talking about my first Easter in France. If you remember, I had just got off the bus and started talking to my French penfriend Emmanuel and his friends.

Well, the next thing was that Emmanuel took me to where his father had parked the car and I met his father, Jean-Noël, and the same as with Emmanuel and his friends, I spoke to Jean-Noël in French and he answered me in French and I understood him. Once again, amazing! Then we got into the car, which was the most incredible car that I had ever been in. It was called a Citroën DS, a legendary French car, which some people called *The Shark*. It was long and streamlined and grey on the outside, and on the inside there were luxurious red seats, and when Jean-Noël turned the ignition on, the car lifted itself off the ground like a hovercraft.

After a smooth journey through the countryside, we got to Emmanuel's house, where Emmanuel's mother, Thérèse, was waiting for us, and once again we were all talking in French. It really was one of the most thrilling moments of my entire life. Anyway, it was evening by now, so we all sat down to have dinner and I was trying all kinds of French food that I'd never tried before, including, of course, the wonderfully creamy French cheese, Camembert.

So, let's jump to Easter Sunday. I was woken up by Thérèse just as the sun was coming up, given a basket and told to go into the garden in my pyjamas to look for presents, and sure enough, there, hidden in the plants and flowers and bushes and trees, were all kinds of presents wrapped in different coloured paper, so both Emmanuel and myself filled our baskets full of presents and brought them back into the house, where we separated them into two piles, presents with my name on and presents with Emmanuel's name on, and when we opened the presents there were chocolate eggs and chocolate hens and chocolate rabbits and books and records ... It was just like Christmas. So, as you can see, the French take Easter Sunday very seriously. Bye for now and see you soon!