

Manchester

When we arrived, we weren't sure
What was it that we'd had to endure?
We waited for him and he came
US citizenship was to blame.
Tom was alive, but barely so,
The UK border was the foe.

Our enemy just changed its face
And turned into another race.
The bus was packed with all our stuff
We couldn't breathe, not even cough!
Our driver was a Tetris player,
With luggage he packed yet another layer.

Salford Student Village was our destination,
Now we were restless, saw the station.
But then we saw the house so high
Oh, how we wished that we could fly!
15 floors and more to climb,
I dare not try to find a rhyme.

We got our keys and then were told:
"You will not be getting old!"
To our immense relief and luck
There was a lift that won't get stuck.
Happily we stepped right in

And committed yet another sin.

Our stomach growled, we didn't eat,
So shopping was what we would need.
Hungrily we sought groceries and a snack,
And bought too much to carry back.
Home again we munched it fast,
With speed like this the food won't last.

With our bellies filled and our spirits gone
We went to bed, but there was none!
Just kidding, there were three of them,
And beddings with a quite thick hem.
We slept until the siren started,
So we woke up, our eyes just darted.

To calm our nerves and have some fun
We went to Blackpool, where the lights had begun.
We were excited, but the rain was pouring,
So we went shopping, it wasn't boring.
A whole day spent in this nice town,
Where people laugh and do not frown.

The morning broke quite early then.
We went cycling with Tom, the bike fan.
Phil also came with us and helped us a lot,
Without him we would still wait and rot.
We rode the trail until our feet were aching,
So we came to Bakewell, our heads just shaking.

A soft spot for Pudding the little city had,
We found six bakeries but just no bed.
It was so nice there, everything was tiny,
Except the Puddings, of course they were shiny.
We rode our bikes back to get our fast driver
It rained not much, so he was no diver.

Then we drove to Conwy Castle in Wales,
It was marvellous, every description fails.
What a sight for our eyes,
Historical buildings and honey - so nice!
Llandudno was our next stop
The seagulls were too fat to hop.

It was a nice town full of shops and pubs
There even was a dog, waiting for belly rubs.
Phil departed from there,
We cried a lot, no more stories to share.
So we drove back through the traffic jam,
And we wanted to be home so much, oh damn!

On Saturday Chester was waiting.
It is a marvellous city, and we ain't faking
If we say it is a real beauty.
So we followed our duty
And visited Cathedral, Wall and Park.
Then had a drink in a Pub until it got dark.

We went to Castleton on Sunday,
Everyone in Peak District called "Hooray!"

Some of us went into a mine,
Some of us just wanted a coffee so fine.
We spent a few hours there and then travelled back
Our bus was so wet and rumbled like a shack.

A mill on Monday was the plan,
A blue button quickly got a fan.
Impressive how they wove the cotton,
Well, the child work wasn't nice but rotten.
Later we made a canal cruise through the rain,
It was so nice, so not in vain.

Tuesday woke us up early,
The clouds were big and the wind was curly.
We went to Liverpool instead of walking,
Got to a Library instead of talking.
We saw the Docks and bought a book,
It's funny how much cash this took.

Our bags were packed and we were ready to go,
Well, for our baggage we stood in a row.
Of course I meant to say a "queue",
Whatev's, we might just get the flu.
In Haworth we stopped for a while
The lady gave us her big smile.

She opened a new world for me,
The Brontë-family branched like a tree.
Tragically the branches withered
I almost cried about the stories heard.

Unbelievably gifted with paint brush and word,
Their stories flew out like a bird.

But like a brittle bird they died,
They played, they wrote, with a lot to fight.
Tuberculosis and dehydration killed them brutally
Charlotte's happy ending came quite lethally.
Shocked we went on to a Café,
Nobody had a word to say.

Later we got to the ferry in Hull,
We got screamed at by a seagull.
Sandra Bullock was a nice distraction,
But we were missing a fraction:
Unshaking and solid ground,
In Rotterdam we sought and found.

Thursday went by in a blur,
Some thought back to Oscar's fluffy fur,
The bus brought us home,
It seemed like a church or dome.
The excursion was so great, I learned a lot,
For Tom and Phil I'd get shot.

They did so much for the group,
Maybe even would've cooked a soup.
The coordinators and the staff
Are always there to help and laugh.
I thank you all so much for these nine days,
So just accept my grateful praise.