

## Travel report: Manchester 2013

Today we went to Wales, which was the first time for me to be in that part of Great Britain. We got up early and took the bus from Salford towards the north Coast of Wales to get to an old medieval fortification, called Conwy Castle. During our bus ride, we could see a bit more of the landscape around North West England and Greater Manchester. Many green hills and vast land. Especially the number of sheep I have seen today was again remarkable for me.

After about two hours we arrived at Conwy Castle, which was built by Edward I between 1283 and 1289 and is now classed as an UNESCO World Heritage site. The castle is made of grey sandstone and is divided into an Inner and Outer Ward, with four large towers on each side. Luckily the weather was not as bad as we had expected, so we stayed dry as we were climbing the towers of the Castle. The view was spectacular and we could see far beyond the sea and to the village on the other side. Between the walls of the castle we felt set back into another time and felt like real damsels. Unfortunately no prince charming turned up. Since Britta and Sabine are afraid of heights we could not stay so long up the towers and we went inside the castle, where it was dark and very cold, so I felt a little bit uncomfortable and was at the same time happy to live in a time, where there is electricity and heaters. Everywhere in the Castle there were signs with information in English but also in Welsh and there were also opportunities to listen to somebody talking in Welsh, which I thought was very interesting. For me Welsh sounds quite a bit like the Elfish of Tolkien's Lord of the Rings.

After the tour of the castle was over, we had some time to visit the town of Conwy and because there was a market, it was pretty crowded. We went to see the smallest house in Great Britain, which Katharina had been talking about all day long before. The house was obviously really really small, but somehow very cute. We could only go in twos inside, because there was so little space. Astonishingly, the former owner of the house was a 1.8 metres tall fisherman. He must have been very often outside, I suppose. Since it had suddenly started to rain very heavily, we went to the nearest pub we could find, which was called the Old Coach. There I drank Strongbow, a cider, for the first time and I found it tastes really disgusting and I could not even drink one glass of it. I then preferred to drink a Guinness.

After we had arrived back in Salford we all met together and took the train to the City Centre of Manchester, where we went to a famous Wetherspoons pub called the Moon Under Water. There we all had an awesome night; we danced and had a lots of fun talking with the local people. Altogether it was a really great day, which could not have been planned any better.