VÍDEO 01

I: Did your life use to be very different to how it is now?

R: My life is very different than it used to be. Um, when I was growing up I lived in San Diego, California, in America where it was hot and sunny every day even including Christmas. Now that I’ve grown up I live and work in London where it’s rainy and cold almost every single day.

D: This is the park that my brother and I used to come and play in at the weekends. I don’t remember it being quite so scruffy and also today’s quite grey – I remember it always being sunny.

I: Who were your friends?

R: My best friend was a boy named John Curtis and the thing I remember most about John was the fact he was a really fast runner. And we used to walk to school every day and we passed this big, vicious dog every day and John would run back and forth teasing the dog. However, one time he wasn’t fast enough and the dog bit him right on the bottom so he stopped after that.

D: I had a best friend called Claire Gibson. We used to play together all the time. We used to, when we were about eight we used to enjoy playing spies. I remember we set up a secret society in my garage and I remember we enjoyed going out pretending we were on a mission by following other people.

I: Did you ever do anything naughty?

R: I didn’t do too many naughty things when I was a kid. However, when I did the one time I got in quite a bit of trouble. Me and John climbed to the top of a very tall tree that ran alongside the building where we went to school. It was quite high up and when we got to the top we realized that we were too scared to climb back down, so they ended up having to call the fire brigade and they put a big ladder and brought us down and both of us got suspended and grounded by our parents.

D: My older brother was quite a bad influence on me. When we used to take the bus home from school we used to avoid paying fares by sitting at the back of the bus and when the conductor, bus conductor, came around to collect our fares, we used to turn away and look out of the window so that he, the conductor would think that he had already collected our fares. Then we would get off the bus and spend our bus fare on sweets.

I: Let’s talk about your schooldays. Were there any teachers you particularly liked?

R: There was one teacher I particularly liked when I was going to school in the States and her name was Mrs Date and we called her ‘The Date’ because she was plump and very sweet and just a really nice, wonderful woman and that’s why we called her ‘The Date’.

D: There was a particular teacher, I went to, um, a Catholic school and my favourite teacher was a nun called Sister Berkman because she was a fun nun.

I: Were there any teachers you particularly disliked?

R: There was one teacher all the children disliked and his name was Mr Wolken and because he was mean and he was covered with hair we called him ‘The Wolfman’ because he really was a monster. He could make any child cry within about three seconds.

D: There was a teacher called Miss Storey who I didn’t like because she was quite cold, strict and frightening and she was constantly telling me off for giggling.

I: What was your favourite game?

R: My favourite game when I was growing up was a game called kickball and kickball is just like American baseball except it’s played with a bigger ball and you actually kick it. Um, one time when I was playing kickball I was running out to catch a ball that had been kicked very high and as I just went to catch it I turned around and ran into another child and it knocked all of my teeth out. Luckily they were able to put most of them back in.

D: When we came home from school we had a friend at the end of the road who had a dressing-up chest. We used to go there and we used to play dressing-up. My favourite was dressing up as a pirate or a princess or a cowgirl, then we would play in an imaginary world.

I: What was your greatest wish?

R: My greatest wish when I was eight, growing up, was to be a professional skateboarder, so I worked really hard, I skateboarded a lot and by the time I was twelve I achieved my goal and I became a professional skateboarder.

D: I always wanted to be either a nun or a pilot. A nun because of Sister Berkman, my favorite teacher, and a pilot because I thought it’d be really exciting.

VÍDEO 02

N: This is definitely one of those journeys you wish you could forget. It started off really well. There were four of us and we were going to a party at a friend’s house in Oxford. Oxford’s about 70 kilometres from where we live. Anyway, it was a fancy dress party so we’d hired all these amazing costumes. Nick was a lion, Hannah was a rabbit, Hilda was a bumble bee and I was a fox. You don’t see me much on the film because I’m the one who’s filming everything. I took my video camera because we thought it would be fun to film the party. However, things didn’t go exactly according to plan.

Ha: OK, we’re on the way.

Ni: Right, how far are we from the motorway?

Ha: Right, let me have a look and check.

Hi: We’re going to Oxford.

Ha: Right, OK. Ni: So we need the A33, the M40.

Hi: M40, that’s right, yeah.

Ha: Where is it? Point it out.

Hi: Wait, yeah.

N: We were all students and unfortunately Nick was the only one with a car. I say unfortunately because his old Mini was always breaking down. And naturally it did.

Ni: I think there’s something wrong with the car.

Hi: This map is useless.

Ha: So’s this car.

Hi: Oh no.

Ni: It’s alright.

Hi: Oh no, this always happens, Nick.

Ha: Just pull in here.

Hi: Yeah, OK. It’s overheated.

Ha: Is it hot?

Ni: Yes, it’s hot!

Ha: Have you got some water in the back or something? Just fill up the radiator.

Ni: It’s on fire!

Ha: Have a look, have a look.

Hi: You know, Nick, this always happens. If you would have just bothered to check the water before we drove off, this wouldn’t have happened.

Ni: I can’t help it, darling.

Hi: You can’t help it … I’ve had enough.

N: Hilda was furious and she stormed off in her bumble bee costume, but there was nothing we could do. No buses to Oxford. The only thing we could do was hitch a lift, but four people in fancy dress costumes? It wasn’t easy.

Ha: That’s obviously not going to go anymore, is it?

Ni: What do you reckon?

Hi: There’s no bus around here, is there?

Ha: There’s hardly any people around here. Well, um, the only thing we can do is, I don’t know, hitch a lift.

N: I remember a couple of cars slowed down and we got really excited but one of them just asked us for directions. We were so disappointed.

Ha: Come on, look there’s a car coming, there’s a car coming. It’s slowing, it’s slowing, it’s slowing, it’s slowing, it’s slowing … I don’t believe it. There’s another one, another one.

D1: Do you, er, do you know the way to Basingstoke?

N: But just when we were getting really fed up, a nice man stopped, picked us up and we all squeezed in to his little red car.

Ni: Come on Tony, come on.

D2: Hi. What’s going on here then?

Hi: Well, we need a lift.

Ni: Yeah, we’re trying to go to Oxford.

D2: I love the costumes. Where do you say you’re going?

Ni: Oxford.

D2: Oh right, well, you’re in luck, that’s exactly where I’m going.

Hi: Oh yes!

Ni: Is it alright if we come with you?

D2: Do you want to hop in?

Ha: Brilliant, brilliant.

Hi: Oh great.

N: After a while we stopped for a cup of tea at a motorway café and that was really funny. I mean, how often do you see a lion, a rabbit, a bumble bee and a fox having a cup of tea? But the funniest thing was that most people just ignored us. A couple of children laughed and pointed but most of the adults just pretended we weren’t there. So British! Finally we got to Oxford. I suppose it was late afternoon. Unfortunately we had no idea where we were, or how to get to the party, but we eventually found the place on a map.

Ha: Bye-bye, bye. bye-bye.

Ni: Does anyone know where we’re going?

Ha: Um, we’re going, what was the name of the street? Cowland?

Hi: Cowley.

Ha: Cowley. Cowley Street.

Hi: Have you found it?

Ni: Yeah, it’s there. Hooray.

Ha: Right, so how do we get there then? We’re here.

N: It was a lovely day, so we decided to walk to the party. Also, apart from Nick, none of us had been to Oxford before and we thought it was a good opportunity to see something of the city. But actually, about an hour later, we realized we were lost. By that time we wanted to get to the party as well, so we stopped and asked a local about buses.

Hi: Excuse me, do you know where Cowley Street is?

C: Are you looking for anywhere in particular in Cowley Road?

Hi: Is it possible to get a bus there maybe, or …

C: Yes, certainly.

Hi: Do you know which, which bus we should take? And where from?

C: I think to get a bus you go up this little road …

Hi: Yeah.

C: … into a road called Queen Street, which is parallel with this one and there are buses to Cowley Road. Hi: Brilliant, that’s so kind of you.

N: Oxford is quite a small place really, but believe it or not, we managed to get lost. Again.

Ni: We’re in Oxford and we’re lost.

N: But we were quite enjoying ourselves, pretending to be tourists. I was glad I had my video camera with me. I got some really good shots of the beautiful old buildings.

Ni: Lovely, isn't it? Have you seen the gargoyles? Take a picture of them. That one looks like your dad!

Ha: What’s that bridge called then?

Ni: It’s the Bridge of Sighs.

Ha: Is it?

Ni: That is called the Radcliffe Camera.

Hi: Great, suppose we just wait for a bus then.

N: We were going to get a bus to the party but then we remembered we had our costumes on. And the bus driver looked a bit nervous when he saw us at the bus stop, so finally we just got a taxi.

Hi: Oh, great!

N: Um, what happened next was a bit of a shock.

Hi: It must be here.

Ha: Looks like it’s a brilliant party, look at all the mess.

Hi: It’s rather quiet though.

Ha: It is a bit quiet.

Ni: Give a knock on the door.

Hi: Knock on the door.

Ha: We'll just have to knock on the door.

Hi: Hello.

Ha: Hiya.

M: What’s going on?

Ha: We’re here for the party.

M: The party was yesterday, guys.

N: Nick had got the wrong day for the party. We couldn’t believe it! We’d got the costumes, hitched a lift, spent hours getting there, and there was no party. Nick must have been the most unpopular man in England that day. And I can honestly say that I would never go on a journey with him again. Not if you gave me a million pounds.

Hi: We are taking a taxi home and guess what … you’re paying for it.

Ni: What do you mean, there’s no film in the camera?