

# My trip to spain

Sport & Tourism, Trip



I apologize in advance for this paper's content. I literally hate writing about anything which I am not interested in. Hence writing about my summer vacation was the only thing I could do. This is about a trip I took with seven of my friends who I got to know due to all the things we experienced together. A not so cool boy's night out journal is what this is. My seven friends and I decided to visit the most notorious place to party, Ibiza.

It is located in Spain. Our craving to experience youth to the fullest led us to this place. This place known to us threw YouTube, where you see the most scandalous women dancing in clubs all night long and rumours and comments from people who visited previously. Quotes from our friends: "So easy to get pussy" or "it's the sickest place brah!" Even, "if you don't get laid there, you suck!" So our confidence was high and we just couldn't wait to get there. We bought our selves plane tickets to and from Stockholm to Madrid (4 hours wait time) and a small plane to our final destination Ibiza. The cost for this was around 2500kr. The booking gets done faster than expected.

Our hearts are pumping with excitement and nervousness. A day left for our trip to begin, thus everyone starts getting ready. Shopping was in top of our list. We needed to look the best we could. We were competing against men from all around the world and even amongst our selves, so most of us sunk at least 2000kr on shorts, t-shirts, one or two sets of good jeans and shirt for the expensive clubs, glasses, swim shorts etc. I needed to know about the place where I was getting my self into so I did some research and this is what I found... Official name: The Kingdom of Spain It is situated in the Iberian

Peninsula in southern Europe. It is surrounded by France, Gibraltar, Portugal, Andorra, North Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea.

Capital: Madrid Language: Spanish is the official language but there are other languages used in different regions; Aranese, Basque,

Catalan/Valencian and Galician. Population size: 45, 5million in 2008 Size: 506, 000 square meters (making it the second largest country in Western Europe and the European Union after France) Political Structure:

Parliamentary monarchy (since 1978) King Juan Carlos is the head of state in Spain and Queen Sofia. The day has come and we head to the airport by Arlanda Express. Here on out everything goes smoothly till we reach the plane. We all know the cliches from movies where the baby or an annoying kid sitting right behind you annoying the hell out of you. Well I was fortunate enough to go through that 3 out of 4 plane rides and god it was painful. This cute and fat 2-3 year old kid cried nonstop, jumped around and even kicked the seat which I was seated in.

The whole plane suffered whenever he craved for something, which he did all the time! The mother's lack of ability to control the kid was just astonishing. And the father's sense of pride for his son was plain irritating. When someone says hurtful things against an innocent child was just absurd to me, until that day. I think if anyone had the chance to kick that kid out, they would have done it with a smile. My 6hour plane ride with no rest, no food and not even alcohol with this "thing" behind me was unreal. We finally reach Madrid. The airport was marvellous, huge, neat, everything you could expect from one of the most visited places on the planet.

People and the service we received were unexpectedly low. I might be spoiled since I live in Sweden and the service here is; welcoming smile, greetings in the start and a goodbye in the end. But there; none of them spoke English, since you don't speak Spanish they acted rudely and they tried avoiding us as much as they could. One woman in a shop told us that they were about to close just so she could get rid of us. A waiter ignores us for 5 minutes just because he didn't understand us and this was in McDonalds, a fast food restaurant. We might have gotten unlucky in some way but I am not exaggerating. Our three hours wait time is finally over and we are in our last plane ride towards the final destination.

We step in the plane excited and giggling again, when suddenly everything stood still. I see the passenger behind my seat. Yes, it's the same fucking baby again! And this time the baby seems a bit energetic and happy. Friends of mine came up to me and gave their condolences. I knew what was in store for me. I told myself; it's a short two hour ride, the worst is already over, you can do this! Ibiza finally! Ibiza is located in the western Mediterranean, Ibiza forms part of the Balearic Islands, which also includes Mallorca, Menorca and its small neighbour Formentera. Size: 571 sq km Population: 113, 908 For a warm country, it barely had any mosquitoes (which is amazing for me) According to the people I met from different places, Ibiza is a great place to find jobs during summer.

Attractive women get jobs really easy, in places like hotels, restaurant, bars, strip bars and clubs. So most teenagers work and party with the money they earn. Nightmare finally ends. Almost out of the airport, we withdrew 3000kr

so we don't have to do it again. Right next to us stood 3 beautiful girls around 19-25 years old, wearing sexy matching tops and hot pants standing next to a booth, which was filled with Club ads (pictures of DJ's, hot naked booth babes, men, woman soaked in some oily foam) I immediately felt guilty/dirty just being around it. The three girls approached us and enquired if we were planning to visit any clubs, we caught up in their beauty said yes. Immediately these three turn into some awesome saleswomen who just spewed 20 different clubs for us to attend, discounts and how to get there.

Back in my head I was simply amazed of the professionalism these three young hot bomb shells had. And yes we took all the things they threw at us. We decide to take a cab but we get interrupted by 2 shady looking men offering us black taxi. We agree. He takes us a long way away from the airport. On our way we get the creeps and start getting second thoughts about the whole thing. Everyone is loaded with 3000kr and we are not sure if it's worth the risk.

But they seemed pretty normal to me so I convince everyone to just go with it. I'm there sitting in the front seat next to the driver trying to act cool and tuff. Driver is a man around 25 something. I start enquiring about the city and the people. Somewhere along the conversation he offers me hashish, my friends and I knew exactly what it was. In amusement I encouraged him in the topic. Before I knew it he offered me 7grams of hashish, followed by five different types of ecstasy pills and topped it with the dangerous drug known to man, cocaine.

We haven't even settled down yet and we were offered this. I tell him that we needed to discuss among friends so he hands me his business card with his name and cell phone number in it. A 20 minute ride and we arrive at the hotel I promise to call him and with a hand shake I leave. We enter the hotel called Amar Amantis. Thanks to a friend of mine we got 30 percent discount on the room. Eight of us split two rooms, four on each so it turned out really cheap. The receptionist seemed like he was taught to be strict towards teenagers and the warning he gave us was; no loud music in the rooms and no swearing in or around the hotel.

Noticed later on that all hotels is trying to make Ibiza a family friendly place but that's a hard thing to achieve when there is so many teenagers without their parents) I thought that warning was a weird thing to say but it made perfect sense the next day. The place was filled with English people. 96 percent of the people were British. The ones you couldn't understand no matter how slowly they spoke. I've never imagined English can be spoken that way. I learnt that a "fag" meant cigarette. You can imagine a girl approaching me asking for a fag.

It did not end smoothly. My Hotel They served three buffets a day, breakfast, lunch and dinner. They had open bar from 10am to 11pm. Two awesomeswimmingpools with bar few meters away. A snack bar when the buffet was unavailable and all of this for free! This saved us massive amounts of money. Party officially starts. We in the spirit of Ibiza get drunk faster then we can imagine, hit the pool and have a blast.

When the sun goes down we fill our selves with more alcohol and decide to go to a bar. In the bar you can pay 5euro= 50kr and get a huge glass of different alcoholic beverages. The most common drink is vodka red bull. I got goose bumps each time I saw the amount of vodka they poured in it. We got so drunk that we couldn't remember anything after 3pm. Next morning I was woken up by one of my friend screaming " I think I'm bleeding, Joe help! " Soon we realize that it was his own puke (orange/reddish) which he was laying in (don't want to go into too much detail but he puked all four sides, he somehow managed to get the wall. It ended up in a huge laughter and mystery of not knowing how we ended up back to our rooms without the key.

Next day everyone avoided hangover because we all threw up. And since everyone was feeling good we decided to do something adventures. We rode Jet Ski's around for hours, tried out paragliding and rubber rafting behind speedboats. Sun sets and even though we are exhausted, we still attend clubs all in the spirit of Ibiza. Day by day things accelerated a bit, from remaining in clubs for longer period of time to the amount of drugs people took. And one day it all ended. The day which pulled us back to reality was the day which we will never forget.

Started out as usual, got drunk in the hotel for free. Proceed to the bar/clubs and got really drunk. But now we have a few elements to add; pills and cocaine. The group is split. The ones on pills were in clubs and the ones on cocaine were everywhere. Most of us that night did something regrettable. Flirting with every chick that walked by, running in the beach naked with random people, too many strip bars unable to even remember it, buying

more drugs in a state unable to even stand straight and other embarrassing things not worth mentioning.

Sun is almost up, everyone starts getting sober except a certain someone who lost control and took a bit too much cocaine. He went wild. Wanted to take a bath in the cold beach, harassing girls who passed by and getting aggravated when he gets dismissed. We had such a hard and exhausting time trying to controlling him. Due to the mixed emotion pouring out of him, we manage to distract him and lure him into the hotel. When in the room he realizes that he did something wrong so he starts feeling guilty and starts crying and even tries to kill himself but we manage to hold him down until he passes out. This insane act of his made us realize how wrong it could have gone for us.

By learning from his mistake, everyone eases down with drugs and alcohol. We skip the night life until everyone started feeling better. Awkward apologies were received until everything went back to usual. We visited Ibiza town later on, the women in there were nothing but beautiful and everyone wore at least 50, 000kr worth of clothes and they were all older then 25. The city was made for the rich. The bars, shops and streets felt expensive and we knew that there was no chance in hell that we could get some, if you know what I mean. So we head back to our usual place where our hotel is situated.

Few days left in Ibiza so we make the best out of it in everyway possible. I get harassed by another baby in on of the plane rides and we finally reach Stockholm. We all felt as if we have grown in some way or the other after all the things we have seen, learnt and experienced. When we were in one of



the biggest clubs in Ibiza I remember telling myself “ life is good being rich”. The club was almost like a labyrinth, we had a hard time trying to get out. The club is called Pacha, 700kr to enter because of David Guetta (one of the best DJ’s in the world) Seems like this island was a test in some way, all the things which we were protected by our parents and society was open and thrown at us and it was tempting in every way. I feel like I did the right thing or did not do the wrong thing which is so unexpected of us.

This achievement is necessary for a boy to become a man and not all but most of us got it. To me Ibiza is a devil’s gift to man and boy was it sweet! A must visit for every teen out there.