

Can you keep a thSecret?

The scene is an up-its-self tapas/ wine bar in the West End of Glasgow called Sandro's Place.

Cynthia has just returned from a holiday and is meeting her friend Thelma to 'tell all!'

Cynthia hath been very affected by the local thSpaniths dialect of Galacia or as it sounds Galaythea.

Thelma, can you keep a thsecret?

Of course I can, you know me, silent as the grave, your secret's safe with me.

Tell all, I can't wait, spill the beans.

Where did you go again on this fabulous holiday?

Shhhh Thelma, Shhhh! Pleasth! Keep you voithce asth low asth you can, pleasth.

You thsee It was just thso, thso thso good. I just don't want anyone elsth to find out about it.

You thsee they would just thspoil it.

You know how it isth when you find thsomplacth really good!

Cynthia, is there something wrong with your dentures?

What? I don't have denturesth Thelma just a few implanths and thosth crown thingysth, not denturesth!

OK, OK it must be my ears, I'll ask the girl to de-wax them next time she does my legs!

And anyway Thelma, how do I know I trustht you?

Remember that time I told you about thCethcil's wee thsecret problem?

Well, my bloody email inbox waths bloody thstuffed withth bloody Viagra offersth for bloody weeksth!

Calm down dear, calm down!

You know that was just an accident.

Not my fault really, I just clicked on the wrong buttony-thingy with my new mouse!

Sorree!

Well I mean to thsay!

I was thso, thso embarathssed!

And it haths made him thso much bloody worthse ever sinceths then, not that he wasth ever up to that mucth in that department in the firstht placth.

Anyway Cynthia, where did you and Cecil actually go to? I can't stand all this tension!

Where actually DID YOU GO TO?

Shhh! Shhh Thelma! For goodnessth thsake! Keep it down. Keep it down!

OK, OK, I'll tell you!

We went to North Coast of Spain, to Galaaytheea!

It wasth absthultely fantathstic!

thSo green and thso verdant. And yet thso red. And yet thso yellow. And yet thso blue asth well.

Just thso full of coloursth, just thso bursting with life!

And the food was terrific too, and the people were thso, thso friendly, and thso kind, and thso happy to thsee usth at every placth we went!

And very affordable too, if I may thsay thso!

But Cynthia, I remember you saying you were flying to Bordeaux, is that not in France?

Yesth Ththelma, Bordeaux **ISth** in Franthce, of coursth it isth!

And of coursth Galaaytheea isth in thSpain!

Galaaytheea isth bloody milesth away from Bordeaux!

That was all thCethcil'sth fault, asth usthual.

He thought it would be an easthy drive but it bloody milesth away!

Or thshould I thsay bloody kilometres away, whicth makesth it so much bloody further, doeths'nt it?

Cynthia are you **sure** your teeth are OK?

How many White Wine Spritzers exactly DID you have before I got here?

Thelma, shhhhhh!

For goodnesth thsake, thisth isth a really big thsecret.

And that BBC crowd are listhening in again.

And so isth the *ONE*, you know the *ONE* with the thstupid hair from the *Glasthgow Herald*.

Remember?

She'sth the one who wrote about usth in *The Diary*!

Yesth, and more than oncth too!

OK, thCynthia OK.

(OH GOD! I'm thstarting to do it now too!).

Look Cynthia, try to speak more clearly; I'm beginning to loothse the plot here.

thSo how did the handsome Cecil do, was he his usual thself?

Oh thCethcil!

Don't get me thstarted on him.

I'll thswing for that man, he' ths thso, thso fruthstrating!

You know, you're walking along, talking away to him and, thsuddenly he is mithssing.

Completely vanithsed without trathce!

Talking to thsome random prethson in that thstupid Italian of histh.

I mean, in thSpain, and heth's talking Italian!

Or heth's taking yet anotheh thstupid photo on that thstupid wee phone of histh.

I mean to thsay, what isth that all about?

I mean to thsay, don't I have a really thsuperduper proper camera withth eight million timeths thzoom!

You know Thelma, that man in John Lewisth told me I will be able to take picturesth of people sunbaththng on the Moon with that camera. You know, when they thstart doing thosth Richard Bransthon thspace flightths.

thCynthia, really now, HOW MANY HAVE you had?

You're like an I-pod on Shuffle!

Any chance you could thstick to the thsubject in hand?

OK, OK, OK!

But watch thiths Thelma. You are going to be amazthed!

Oh thSeenyeeaur thSandrossth? Hola, thSeenyeeaur thSandrossth?

Si, Señorita, dimmi!

Ah, thSeenyeeaur thSandrossth, possa-eh- thSeeamo vorrayee-eh-amineeamo uno poccoesseemo peeattateenay deltheea-eh-ammoth deellee alcune-eh-amoth do eel vostreeamoth tapasth, por favor.

Che?

Vorrrrayseeammoth-eh-qualthiamoth tapasth soolla una pattteeneeamo, erano deslithiamoth dello bounisthiamoth del Bounath Deeaaths, frescathiamosthos?

Señorita, perhaps if we both try to speak English this might work better?

Did you want some tapas?

See, thSeenyeeaur thSandrossth, See, See, See!

Exthatatameta-eh-eeamoth!

Bounatoth Gratheeatamentoth-eh-eeamoth Moocheeethseeamoth!

Si! Señorita! Inmediamente!

Well thCynthia, I think you scored another first there!

You should expect a call from Brussels any minute; I hear the EEC is looking for interpreters!

I know Thelma, I know!

I was totthally amazthed mythelf how quickly I wasth able to pick up the local dialect in Galaayththea.

Of course thCethcil was alwaysth trying to correct me but I just thstuck to my gunths and perthsisted and WAALAMENTOthSEEAMOTH! There I waths, thspeaking like a native!

thCethcil got quite annoyed thsometimesth!

You know what I mean; he has~~th~~ been ~~th~~studying Italian for 10 year~~th~~s at all those clath~~ss~~es~~th~~ but the local~~st~~h only ~~th~~seemed to under~~th~~stand me!

They us~~th~~ed to all gath~~th~~er around us~~th~~ to have a chan~~th~~ce to have a few word~~th~~s with me.

They were all ~~th~~so, ~~th~~so friendly, you know, just list~~th~~ening to me ~~th~~speak, so happy and laughing all the time. I think ~~th~~Cethcil got a bit jealou~~th~~s, actually!

But where is Galaaytheea exactly ~~th~~Cynthia?

Shhhhh? Thelma they're list~~th~~ening all the time, even though they're trying to pretend that they're not!

Well, Galaaytheea is in the most Westerly part of North Coast of EthSpagneeya, near Portugallo.

Oh, is that not Galatia?

Shssssssssssss!

For God ~~th~~sake Thelma!

Pleas~~th~~! Keep as~~th~~ quiet as~~th~~ a Church mou~~th~~! Pleas~~th~~!

Look. Galatia, right, that'~~th~~s what WE call it!

But, if you ~~th~~speak the dialect like me, ith's ~~th~~said Ga-laay-thee-a!

(Cynthia looks at her watch and jumps to here feet grabbing her handbag.)

Oh God, Thelma!

Look at the time, I've got to go!

~~th~~Sorreee!

But ~~th~~Cynthia, you prometh~~sed~~ me that you would come ~~th~~shopping to Nanthcy ~~th~~Smellie'~~th~~s with~~th~~ me!

thSo thsorreee Thelma, but that' ths thCethcil beeping for me now.

You thsee we are thstarting thSpaniths clathssesth thisth afternoon!

Adeesthomentheeamoth losth ameegeeamosth!

Inspired by a wonderful holiday in A Guarda aka La Guardia in beautiful Galatia in May 2011.

*(Thank you Thelma for letting us rent your superb flat!
You are, of course, completely innocent in the above piece but your name seemed to fit so well into the story. Please forgive me!)*