**Spontaneous Memory Monologue**

**My Classroom English Experience**

I look around my New Zealand classroom it has been ten minutes since the school bell rang and the children have busily and nosily left. I think about my last classroom experience not as a ten year old child, but as an adult only a few short weeks ago. Wow, what an experience, my classroom was in Guildford England. Travelling to another country is a visual, aural and kinaesthetic feast.

To begin this adventure my husband Jas and I arrive at the Surrey University security station on a Sunday evening asking for the American group doing the Writing and Technology course. Security had no knowledge of this course and did not begin to know where to locate them. I used a computer to try to get into the ‘moodle site’ to look for more information to share. No luck, oh what a muddle. My level headed husband suggested that we get bed and breakfast accommodation for the evening and try again in the morning. Once we had found a place to stay not far from the university and de-stressed we decided to take a walk that evening to the university and wander the grounds to maybe unearth this elusive group of American travellers.

It was not long before we heard the twang of an American accent. I speedily headed toward a small group of people with laptops on the table deep in conversation while tap-tapping away on their computers. I was impressed. I asked one very pleasant young man if he might belong to my lost group and to my relief he said he was and would be only too happy to take me to our renowned and glorious leader. Both parties now informed and relieved, all was right with the world. First thing next morning Jas and I moved our bags into our university quarters, well Jas’ bag his had turned up but mine was still missing. An aside, the tragedy of the missing bag meant I had to buy a new suitcase and fill it.

This time abroad was filled with many challenges just finding the classroom was another fortunately I was not the only one. I weaved my way between buildings, climbed staircases and rounded corridors to arrive at the fifth floor classroom. Here I meet nineteen American teachers studying abroad of varying ages and teaching experience. We spent a wonderful twelve days together on many a field trip and then hours together furiously writing about the experiences thereof. What a magical time. These wonderful Americans did not live up to a loud and bawdy reputation that I had conceived of them over the years. They were thoughtful, helpful, warm, considerate and respectful. I could not have had a happier time if I had spent it with a group of New Zealanders. This experience is one I will never forget, an opportunity truly worth the taking.