

The Coincidence in Portugal



Have you ever un-purposely went to a place just in time for the biggest event that happens there all year around? Read on to find out more.

For me it all started on a partly cloudy evening in Seville, Spain. We were packing up to go back to the US. My tired family loaded the luggage into our huge grey van. We were heading to Porto, Portugal, a town we were going to stop by on our way to the Madrid airport. "*The luggage is heavy*", I thought to myself as I heaved the evil bags into the van. The trip was an extremely gasoline-smelling ride. It was also a bumpy ride. Eventually we arrived there and hopped out of the car, excited that the exhausting ride was over.

We met the man that would lead and introduce us to our hotel place, and my brother and I talked as we walked to the hotel. The grownups were discussing boring adult stuff but when I started to listen, I heard the man bark "You came here just in time!"

My parents glared at him suspiciously, then my dad asked "What do you mean?"

"Just in time for the festival of St. John the Baptist, the biggest event in Portugal!" the man finally announced.

"Wow" I said to myself, feeling mystified. On the way to our hotel, we talked about this crazy festival. Finally we settled into our hotel and set off in search for some dinner. We ended up finding this really fancy place and decided to go there so we could have a nice meal after the long drive. The warm meals tasted delicious. It felt good to fill my stomach after such a long drive. Then, we shuffled back to the hotel and got a good night's sleep. The next morning we walked all over Porto, visiting churches, riding on buses, observing objects in

stores and much more. We stopped to get a flavorful lunch at a foreign restaurant, then set off to go on a boat ride for the evening. While we were waiting in line for the boat ride, my dad bought some caramel corn and some plastic hammers for St. John the Baptist festival. The tradition was that you went around bopping people on the head with these plastic hammers and they would squeak when you hit something. Then , it was our turn and we got onto the boat and set off across the river. It felt really exciting. I thought about all of the times I have gone on boat rides. We took lots of photographs and went under lots of bridges. Finally we were finished and we hurried back to our hotel to get ready for the festival.

Once we were ready, we set off hitting people on the heads with our hammers. When we were out, people were also releasing chinese lanterns. I wished that I had a Chinese lantern to release too. I thought about how much fun it would be. My brother and I also hit several policemen on the head with or squeaky hammers. It

all ended with pretty fireworks. I thought about our entire trip, as I skipped across the foreign streets of Porto with my plastic hammer. We all felt very surprised that we came to Portugal coincidentally just in time for the biggest event there.

So that was the story about the time my family went to Porto, Portugal a day before the biggest holiday that ever happens there. I hope that you enjoyed reading the story just as much as I did.

P.S. Don't miss the next story about the pizza slice at the rainy beach.