

Vamos a Cancun!

by Jason Whong

Cancun is a most fun place, right on the Yucatan peninsula, in the state of Quintana Roo in Mexico. Some people call it the party capital of the world. Some prefer to go there for its natural beauty. Still others go there to catch fish. While I enjoyed snorkeling, and exploring the Mayan ruins of Chichen Itza and El Rey, I have to say that the most interesting sight was the borrachos y borrachas -- the inebriated men and women.

You can always find borrachos on el autobus (the bus) at night. They're usually screaming very loudly, conversing with fellow borrachos. One particular borracha amused me after I bought three bus tickets ("tres, por favor") and thanked the driver ("gracias, señor). Immediately, she shouted "Why the heck is everybody speaking Spanish down here? Its a tourist bus, for Pete's sake."

I was tempted to walk right up to her and say, "Estamos in mexico. Los mexicanos hablan en español. Y yo, tambien." But I didn't. I figured she wouldn't understand anyway, if she was so averse to the idea of speaking Spanish in a Spanish-speaking country.

On a different evening, another group of borrachas saw me with a bunch of friends. They were all drunk, and were shouting random things at us. When we didn't dignify their drunken ramblings with a response, they said, "Oh, do you speak Spanish?" I couldn't let this one rest.

"Hablo en español solamente un pocito," was my response. They were fooled! So fooled in fact, that they continued to ask me questions in English, and I continued to answer in short Spanish sentences. I don't think the borrachas figured it out. Then one of them, in a lame attempt at speaking Spanish, said, "My-o friend-o is-o for-o sale-o". I told them I had twelve pesos (about \$1.50 US), and promptly left the scene.

Other highlights include venturing downtown to a beauty salon to get a haircut, and not speaking a word of English to the hairdresser. The conversation in Spanish was pretty easy, since we spoke mostly about soccer. And, I hope that I am not the first person in history to climb the huge pyramid at Chichen Itza, only to sit down at the top, and let loose a raucous fart. Maybe it was because I was at the top of one of the most famous archaeological ruins in the American continents that the fart seemed louder. Or maybe it was the finely engineered Mayan acoustics. In any case, it was downright embarrassing.

But you know what was most fun about going to Mexico, besides getting a stamp in my

passport, buying blankets on the cheap, and exercising the language skills I developed, albeit unstudiously, in college? I was offline for a week, and didn't stop once to think, "Gee, I wonder what MacOS Rumors is reporting right now." That kind of escape is priceless.

Oh, by the way, I am a bit disappointed in all of you who didn't write to my roommate Lori. Please be nice to her when you see her ship in EV Override. And don't mess with my UE carrier, or you will die a horrendous death.