

Once a year, there is an “interesting” festival in my city.

People build a kind of bullring with wooden boards and logs. They don't even use nails or screws, they just tie everything up. It's a miracle that the structure has never collapsed.

But during the festival some people get hurt anyway.

Once the bulls are released, people start bothering them: They touch the bulls, pull their tails, run in front of them, trying to irritate the poor animals.

If you ask me, you need to be an idiot to annoy an animal that can kill you, and even more stupid to do that in an enclosed space, with 50 other idiots who are doing the same.

Just on Sunday, 25 people were injured, and four of them had to go to a hospital in an ambulance.

How do I know?

Well, I was there.

No, I wasn't trying to get a bull to kill me. I was there to help people who thought they would be faster or stronger than a bull.

I volunteer in an organization that helps in this type of event, and this time our job was taking injured people to the first aid area so that they can get medical attention.

It was an interesting weekend, although I still don't understand why some people find it funny to put their life on the line like that.

Anyway, it's their life, not mine.

Trying to talk them out of it won't work, it is a tradition that they are not willing to give up. And you know what they say: You can't help people that don't want to be helped.

That's why, in my real job as a Spanish teacher, I only work with people who really want my help.

It's better for me, better for them, better for everyone.

If that's your case:

[Ecuadorian Spanish lessons](#).

P.D. If you are booking your first lesson, please, contact me first.

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