

vocatic

SEXY GRAMMAR



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Sexy Grammar...

1

GRAMMAR: To be / Can

VOCABULARY: Basic Social English

How are you?	<i>¿Cómo estas?</i>	I was born	<i>Yo nací</i>
How's it going?	<i>¿Cómo va?</i>	What do you do?	<i>¿A que te dedicas?</i>
What's the matter?	<i>¿Que pasa?</i>	What's your favorite food?	<i>¿Cual es tu comida favorita?</i>
I'm fine	<i>Estoy bien</i>	Have you got a car?	<i>¿Tienes coche?</i>
What's your name?	<i>¿Cómo te llamas?</i>	Where do you live?	<i>¿Donde vives?</i>
My name's Candy	<i>Me llamo Candy</i>	Thank-you	<i>Gracias</i>
Pleased to meet you	<i>Encantado</i>	You're welcome	<i>De nada</i>
How old are you?	<i>¿Cuántos años tienes?</i>	Let's go	<i>Vamos</i>
Where are you from?	<i>¿De donde eres?</i>	See you soon	<i>Nos vemos pronto</i>
Where were you born?	<i>¿Donde naciste?</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Candy: Hello, Lynch.

Lynch: Hi.

Candy: How are you today?

Lynch: Don't ask...

Candy: Go on, tell me... How's it going?

Lynch: Okay I suppose.

Candy: What's the matter?

Lynch: I'm fine...but I'm a little tired.

Candy: Why are you tired?

10 Lynch: Because...basically...I'm a life long insomniac. I sleep four and a half hours and I'm always tired. Sometimes, though, instead of making me tired I become manic.

Candy: It's true: he's an insomniac, very manic, and he barely sleeps.

Lynch: Anyway, how are you?

Candy: I'm very well, thank-you.

Lynch: And...err...what's your name? Stupid question as I know it already.

Candy: Be cooperative! My name's Candy. What's your name?

20 Lynch: Lynch.

Candy: Pleased to meet you,

Lynch: Me too.

Candy: And how old are you, Lynch?

Lynch: Is it necessary to answer honestly?

Candy: Yes; why? Are you embarrassed about your age?

Lynch: Not normally; only when people ask me and then ask how old, or rather – *young* - you are?

Candy: Answer the question. How old are you?

Lynch: 37. And how old are you?

30 Candy: 26.

Lynch: Moving on. And where are you from, Candy?

Candy: I'm from The Big Apple. New York.



Lynch: Were you born in New York?

Candy: Yes sir. I was born in New York.

Lynch: Ooo...I like that. Call me *sir* again.

Candy: You'll be lucky. And you, where are you from?

Lynch: Well, my father's from the States, my mother's from Ireland, my other mum is from England, and I was raised in England. This is a complicated question which we explore in **40** subsequent podcasts.

Candy: Yes, I'm sure we will? And where do we live, Lynch?

Lynch: We live in a mighty, glorious suburb of Barcelona called Castelldefells... Beach, mountains, international community – best town in the world. I better stop there, or people will think I work for the Castelldefells tourism board.

Candy: Ah...excellent. That takes us to the next question. What do you do?

Lynch: Oh... I don't like that question. Can I ask you first while I think of an answer?

50 Candy: Okay?

Lynch: So, what do *you* do?

Candy: I'm a marketing executive for a multinational corporation.

Lynch: What's it called?

Candy: I can't say.

Lynch: Why not?

Candy: It's company policy. If I appear on this series of podcasts and it's known which company I work for, then that could reflect on the company.

60 Lynch: Yeah, that it's sexy, cool, hip... anyway, I'm gonna tell the listeners.

Candy: No don't...

Lynch: Come on...fuck the corporations... she works for Starbucks everybody.

Candy: Asshole. So, what do you do?

Lynch: I'm a writer.

Candy: And what's your favorite food?

Lynch: So, you're not very interested in my writing, then.

Candy: I'm following the questions, Lynch...nothing more. What's your favorite food?

70 Lynch: My favorite food is located somewhere on your body.

Candy: Did you really just say that?

Lynch: Yes

Candy: Okay, human body parts don't count. What's your favorite regular food?

Lynch: My favorite foods – not in order of importance are... Indian food – I love a good curry, paella, American food – i.e. steaks and burgers, British food – roast beef, Greek food, Italian food, Iranian food...

Candy: ...In brief, I think we can say you like *food*. Period!

Lynch: Yes, except for vegetables. I'm not a big fan of vegetables. And, **80** while we're on the 'favorite' questions: what's your favorite film?

Candy: Okay, my favorite movie is *Star Wars*... not really a girlie film I know... but as far as I'm concerned *Star Wars* is the best. A classic tale of good and evil based on Joseph Campbell's classic work of comparative mythology, *The Hero With A Thousand Faces*... exciting, gripping, an all round, excellent movie. And what's your favorite *music*, Lynch?

Lynch: Well, I'm an amateur DJ, so I'm a fan of music, and, basically, my musical taste is described as 'a form of madness' by some, 'genius' by others. For example, back in the late nineties I was playing *Doctor Beat* by Gloria Estefan and people thought I was crazy; a couple of years later **90** Milo used it on his smash hit, *Drop The Pressure*. In the mid-nineties I was talking about the *Knight Rider* theme and within twelve months Busta Rhymes was using it.

Candy: Err... but the question isn't – an opportunity for Lynch to tell the world what a musical visionary he is – it's... *what's your favorite music?*

Lynch: Well, okay, it's like food: everything.

Candy: Except for vegetables.

Lynch: Yes... in the case of music the vegetables are heavy metal. Now, next question to you: have you got a car?

Candy: That should be your question so I can tell everyone that you're 37 and you can't drive.

100 Lynch: You just did. And it's not my fault... they failed me on medical grounds.

Candy: Madness... no doubt. Anyway, yes, I've got a car.

Lynch: What type of car?

Candy: Is that really necessary?

Lynch: Well I wanna tell everyone that you're 26 and your Dad still buys you enormous presents like Mercedes Benz.

Candy: You just did.

Lynch: But you also work very hard, and are very talented.

Candy: Thank-you

110 Lynch: You're welcome.

Candy: Well, it was nice pretending I've never met you before... but, sorry, I've gotta go now.

Lynch: Okay, have a good day.

Candy: You too.

Lynch: See you soon. Muah!



Sexy Grammar...

2

GRAMMAR: Present Continuous

VOCABULARY: Clothes

Glasses	<i>Gafas</i>	Tie	<i>Corbata</i>
You're looking good	<i>Estas guapa</i>	Suit	<i>Traje</i>
Hairstyle	<i>Peinado</i>	Underwear	<i>Ropa interior</i>
Ponytail	<i>Cola de caballo</i>	Pants	<i>Calzoncillos</i>
Stockings	<i>Medias</i>	Belt	<i>Cinturón</i>
Earrings	<i>Pendientes</i>	Jacket	<i>Chaqueta</i>
Necklace	<i>Collar</i>	Jeans	<i>Vaqueros</i>
Garter belt	<i>Liguero</i>	T-shirt	<i>Camiseta</i>
Corset	<i>Corsé</i>	Boots	<i>Botas</i>
Jewelry	<i>Joyas</i>	You're Wearing.	<i>Llevas puesto</i>
Coat	<i>Abrigo</i>	Bra	<i>Sujetador</i>
Ring	<i>Anillo</i>	Panties	<i>Bragas</i>
Watch	<i>Reloj</i>	Mascara	<i>Rímel</i>
Shirt	<i>Camiseta</i>	Eyelinor	<i>Delineador de ojos</i>
Blouse	<i>Blusa</i>	Lipstick	<i>Pinta labios</i>
Makeup	<i>Maquillaje</i>	Tight	<i>Ajustado</i>

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Lynch: Hey darling, how are you?

Candy: I'm fine, darling.

Candy: Okay, Lynch, let's see if you have special powers. What am I thinking?

Lynch: Probably, you're thinking about last night.

Candy: No, actually, I'm thinking about your best friend, John.

Lynch: What!!!

Candy: He's working in that exclusive Japanese Restaurant. He can get us a reservation for later.

10 Lynch: Oh, okay. That's good. And what am I thinking?

Candy: I don't know...but something very naughty...I imagine. Your mind is a simple and predictable machine.

Lynch: Thanks a lot! And the word, Naughty!?! You're using a very difficult word. Explain what you're saying.

Candy: Naughty...malo...travieso...Sexy.... So, am I correct? Is that what you're thinking?

Lynch: No, I'm not really thinking, I'm looking at what you're wearing.

Candy: What am I wearing? Tell the listeners.

Lynch: Underwear or outerwear?

20 Candy: Outerwear of course.

Lynch: But it's not so much what you're wearing. I'm imagining that you're *not* wearing it.

Candy: Lynch, concentrate. Just tell them what I'm wearing.

Lynch: Okay, you're wearing jeans, boots, and a white t-shirt. And what am I wearing?



Candy: That old jacket which I don't like, those jeans I don't like, and one of Jimmy Jinx's t-shirts which he wanted to throw away.

Lynch: What are you saying, Candy?

Candy: Well, the truth is, you're not very...err...fashionable.

30 Lynch: What are you talking about? I'm a style guru! Look at this belt I'm wearing; that's cool, girl! It's from Texas.

Candy: That! It's enormous... what are you ... the Marlboro cowboy? Anyway, it's not only what you're wearing on the exterior, it's what you're wearing on the interior.

Lynch: What?

Candy: Your underwear. It's from Carrefour.

Lynch: And?

Candy: Lynch... are you being serious?

Lynch: What?

40 Candy: You're saying there's nothing wrong with underwear from Carrefour? It's bad quality. It looks like 'un trapito.' You look like Mogli from the *Jungle Book* when you're in pants.

Lynch: Now, you're insulting me.

Candy: No, I'm not... Mogli's cute.

Lynch: Humph...so what underwear are you wearing?

Candy: Now you're trying to be too sexy – even for Sexy Grammar. I'm not going to say what underwear I'm wearing.

Lynch: Now you're being boring. Go on, tell 'em about that cute red bra you're wearing... and those panties.

50 Candy: Pervert. Why don't you tell 'em about my bra and panties as you seem to be paying so much attention?

Lynch: Okay, well, basically...

Candy: ...On second thoughts: don't!

Lynch: Don't be so boring...

Candy: I'm not being boring I'm being respectable.

Lynch: Respectable *is* boring. Anyway, give me some fashion advice. Imagine you're looking at me and I'm stylish; describe your ideal vision.

Candy: Okay... I'm imagining you looking perfect... what are you **60** wearing? I see you in an Armani suit, white shirt and a red tie, black shoes... long coat, and a Gucci watch.

Lynch: So you're obviously looking at a completely different guy then. Because that's never going to be me. And can I imagine you now? What you would be wearing in my ideal vision?

Candy: Okay, but it's you that are looking for advice. I'm not looking for advice.

Lynch: Whatever. I want to share my vision anyway. So I'm closing my eyes and I see you very clearly.

Candy: What am I wearing?

70 Lynch: Well, I'm wearing X-ray glasses, so I have to start with 110 underwear.

Candy: Oh God, here we go.

Lynch: First, you're wearing white stockings...

Candy: ...Oh God, please don't say I'm wearing a garter belt or a corset, or any other ridiculous item.

Lynch: No, actually, just the stockings... No underwear!

Candy: Naughty boy. What else? But are you being serious or are you just playing with me?

Lynch: I'm being serious; this is going to be a really good look for **80** you.

Candy: Okay, continue.

Lynch: Okay, what else are you wearing? Jewelry... silver earrings... they always look classy...

Candy: ...But not a pearl necklace, please.

Lynch: Okay. Also a ring... a wedding ring.

Candy: If you're lucky. What else?

Lynch: On top you're wearing a tight, white shirt... that's complementing my shirt, and also a skirt... quite short, but tastefully short... and knee high boots. Hairstyle... in a **130** ponytail, light make-up: a little lipstick – eyeliner, mascara.

Candy: So, I'm a secretary, then...

Lynch: Err... no, I'm not putting you in a blouse and all that stuff.

Candy: Executives wear suits and blouses, secretaries have the look you're describing.

Lynch: Okay... maybe I'm describing a secretary look but...

Candy: ...let's stop this exercise, shall we. It's getting boring. You know what I'm thinking?

Lynch: What are you thinking?

Candy: I'm thinking we should go and buy you some decent **100** underwear.

Lynch: Can I buy some for you?

Candy: Yeah...As long as it's cool and not pornographic.

Lynch: Hey, what do you think I am?

Candy: That's easy, Lynch...

...A man!



Sexy Grammar...

3

GRAMMAR: Future with 'Go'

VOCAB: Marriage, Relationships

Break up	<i>Romper (una relación)</i>	Bridesmaid	<i>Dama de honor</i>
To get married	<i>Casarse</i>	Maid of honor	<i>Dama de honor</i>
To propose	<i>Pedir matrimonio</i>	The best man	<i>Padrino de boda</i>
Engaged	<i>Comprometido</i>	The bride	<i>Novia</i>
Ring	<i>Anillo</i>	The groom	<i>Novio</i>
Wedding	<i>Boda</i>	The church	<i>Iglesia</i>
Altar	<i>Altar</i>	A priest	<i>Cura</i>
Honeymoon	<i>Luna de miel</i>	The reception	<i>Banquete de la boda</i>
Tie the knot	<i>Casarse</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Lynch: Candy...

Candy: Yeah.

Lynch: I'm going to ask you a blunt question.

Candy: Okay.

Lynch: We've been going out for six months now and everybody said, "hey, I bet they're gonna break up in a week." We haven't. Things are going well...very well, and I was wondering if... we're going to get married?

Candy: Well, that depends if you're going to propose or not?

10 Lynch: Of course, but I'm not going to propose unless I know you're going to say 'yes'.

Candy: What! That's outrageous. That's like some kind of robotic, probability 100%, computerized, risk-free proposal. And if that's your attitude when you're going to propose then I don't think we're going to end up engaged. You have to take a risk when you propose: maybe I'm going to say *yes* or maybe I'm going to say *no*.

Lynch: But can you give me some idea?

Candy: Absolutely not. And, by the way, Angela says that she **20** saw George with a ring box in his pocket. She thinks he's going to propose next weekend when they go to Paris.

Lynch: Forget George and Angela. What about us? Give me a little clue...go on.

Candy: No.

Lynch: Typical.

Candy: Typical what? Are you going to ask me or not?

Lynch: I'm gonna think about it. But why should I ask you anyway? Just a valid a question is "Are you going to ask me?" We don't live in the 19th century...there's no reason why a woman shouldn't ask a man.

30 Candy: No way. Some things have to remain traditional.

Lynch: Yeah, but when we're married I bet you're not going to be traditional about who does the washing up.

Candy: Obviously. Traditions are only important if they're gonna serve your purpose.

Lynch: Well, at least you're honest.

Candy: Always.

Lynch: Anyway, so... imagine... hypothetically, I ask you to marry me and you say *yes*. What sort of wedding are we going to have? And are you going to go to the altar in white?

40 Candy: Well, the first question is going to take a long time to answer...it's always difficult to decide the details of a wedding; but the second is easy: *yes*, I'm definitely going to the altar in white.

Lynch: Really?

Candy: *Yes*. Why do you say it like that? What do you think I'm gonna wear? *Black*? Mind you, when my mum finds out I'm



marrying a... 'writer'... several years older than me, she's probably going to go into funeral mode and say that we're all going to wear black.

Lynch: Oh great! On a more positive note, however, it does **50** sound like you've already decided you're going to marry me.

Candy: You can think what you like.

Lynch: So tell me more about your future wedding. Whoever you're going to marry. What other plans do you have?

Candy: Well, I'm gonna have three bridesmaids – Helena, Angela and Raul – and I'm going to make sure that each of them...

Lynch: ...What?

Candy: What?

Lynch: You said, you were gonna have three bridesmaids – Helena, Angela and *Raul*. How the fuck does that work?

60 Candy: Easily.

Lynch: But Raul's a guy.

Candy: And?!

Lynch: I know he's gay, but you can't have a man for a bridesmaid or maid of honor or whatever it's called. That's just not right. As you say... some things have to be traditional – the gender of the best man and the bridesmaids being one of them.

Candy: Yeah, okay, he's not going to wear a frackin' dress... but as one of my best friends he's gonna accompany me to the altar.

70 Lynch: Okay, whatever, it's your day.

Candy: Good. And as for you... who are you going to have as best man? I think Tom would be a good choice. Yes... you're definitely going to have Tom.

Lynch: Oh yeah... and since when did the bride choose the best man for the groom?

Candy: Err... since about five minutes ago, because I'll tell you for free: I'm not gonna have Jimmy jinx standing within three meters of me while I get married. No way is he gonna be your best man if you want to marry me.

80 Lynch: That's what you think.

Candy: That's what I know.

Lynch: Yeah right! And what about the church thing? I presume from your mention of the altar that we're going to have the ceremony in a church... with a priest and everything.

Candy: Of course.

Lynch: A Catholic church?

Candy: No, I'm a protestant.

Lynch: Well I'm not going to get married in a proddie church. I'm catholic.

Candy: In what sense are you catholic? Are we going to attend church **90** tomorrow... have you ever attended church since I've known you?

Lynch: My roots are Catholic. It's like football teams. I may not be going to watch the Manchester United game tomorrow, but I'm still a Man U. supporter.

Candy: Okay, but your loyalty to the church isn't very strong, though.

Lynch: Well... not strong-strong... but it's strong enough that I can say for sure that I'm not going to tie the knot in a protestant church.

Candy: Well, we'll deal with that issue later.

Lynch: Yes. Let's. And what about the reception? Where are we going to have the reception?

100 Candy: I'm thinking we're gonna have it in Sitges.

Lynch: Fuck me, this wedding gets more gay by the minute. You're gonna have a man for your bridesmaid; we're getting married in the gay capital of Spain. What else... you gonna marry Angela?

Candy: Maybe.

Lynch: Really? Now that is one honeymoon I'd like to see. Two hotties: one saucy blonde and one dark, Persian Kitty-cat.

Candy: What? You think my best friend Angela is hot? A...a...dark, Persian...kitty cat!

Lynch: Oops, that just... kind of... slipped out.

110 Candy: Well fuck you! And that didn't just... kind of... slip out.

PAUSE

Lynch: God, I can't say it's been a positive conversation talking about marriage. I'm not going to mention it again.

Candy: Good. Because if it involves lesbian fantasies, gay-bashing and religious discrimination... I don't *wanna* hear about it.

Lynch: Fuck you. All I said was I'm not going to get married in a church that's not my denomination, that it was a little unusual having a man for a bridesmaid and...

Candy: ...And what?

120 Lynch: Well, okay... admittedly, I did express a desire to see you on a lesbian honeymoon with Angela.

Candy: The... dark, Persian...kitty cat!

Lynch: The dark... Pers... well let's forget about the whole thing shall we. I'm going.

Candy: Me too. Goodbye.



Sexy Grammar...

4

GRAMMAR: To be – in the past

VOCAB: Climate, Nature

How was the weather?	<i>¿Que tal el tiempo?</i>	Earth	<i>Tierra</i>
Changeable	<i>Cambiable</i>	Planet	<i>Planeta</i>
It was very hot	<i>Hacia mucho calor</i>	Terrain	<i>Terreno</i>
Cold	<i>Frio</i>	In the valley	<i>En el valle</i>
Mountain	<i>Montaña</i>	Hike	<i>Caminata (excursión)</i>
Average temperature	<i>Temperatura promedio</i>	Stream	<i>Arroyo</i>
25 degrees	<i>25 grados</i>	River	<i>Rio</i>
Meadow	<i>Prado</i>	Rocks	<i>Rocas</i>
Landscape	<i>Paisaje</i>	Boulders	<i>Rocas (muy grandes)</i>
The scenery	<i>Paisaje</i>	Peak	<i>Cumbre</i>
Green fields	<i>Campos verdes</i>	Lush	<i>Fértil</i>
Crops	<i>Cultivos</i>	Terraces	<i>Terraza</i>
Forests.	<i>Bosques</i>	Slopes	<i>Cuestas</i>
Pine trees	<i>Pino</i>	Farm	<i>Granja</i>
Hill	<i>Colina</i>	Clouds	<i>Nubes</i>
Lake	<i>Lago</i>	Lightning	<i>Relámpago</i>
Mist	<i>Neblina</i>	Storm	<i>Tormenta</i>
Fog	<i>Niebla</i>	Climate	<i>Clima</i>
Thunder	<i>Truenos</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Candy: Hi everyone, excuse the absence but we were in northern Catalonia.

Lynch: Yes sir...that's where we were.

Candy: And what are we going to say about it, apart from, basically, it was incredible?

Lynch: Well, let's start with the first part of any holiday report. How was the weather?

Candy: Whoa...it was crazy. Quite changeable... it was very hot in the afternoon and cold in the mornings, and it was also **10** colder the higher up the mountain you went. I'd say that the average temperature was about 25 degrees. Your nose

was a little red after an afternoon in a meadow close to the hotel.

Lynch: Yes it was...or maybe that was the wine.

Candy: Good point...we did drink a lot of wine.

Lynch: And what was our principal feeling about Catalonia?

Candy: It was like... an education on the region where we live.

Lynch: Yeah. It was a real education about Catalonia, because basically, our attitude to Catalonia was pretty much the same as other foreigners. That...



20 Candy: ...Catalonia was *Barcelona* except perhaps for this quirky little town called Gerona somewhere in the north. A beautiful, sunny city with a remote satellite. But then we went to Ripolet and our ideas changed, primarily because of the landscape. The scenery was so impressive it was like...total impact. How would you describe it, Lynch, because although it's very green it's very different from your mum's country, Ireland?

Lynch: That's because Ireland is just one big field from Cork to Dublin. Lots of fields with crops and cows.

30 Candy: Well, that's a little harsh, but anyway... where we were, the most noticeable feature of the landscape was the forests. Beautiful, thick forests – primarily pine trees – that cover every hill and every mountain as far as you can see. And the amazing thing was just how hilly it is. The roads cut through the center of mountains and hills that undulate for miles. It was beautiful... very beautiful...and that lake where the hotel was situated was amazing, too. I gotta say it's one of the most beautiful places I've seen on earth.

40 Lynch: So you were on another planet before earth?

Candy: What?

Lynch: Sorry, it's just when someone says it's the most beautiful thing they've seen on earth it sounds like they were on a different planet previously.

Candy: Ugh?!!!

Lynch: I'll shut up shall I?

Candy: No, don't shut up... just try to talk like a normal person and answer the next question. So was the landscape similar to the rest of Spain?

50 Lynch: Definitely not the Spain I know. The terrain was totally different. Those beautiful forests were like the pine forests of North America.

Candy: Our hippy ideals were offended, though, when we walked past a huge tree and there was a plaque saying it was the property of some local aristocrat.

Lynch: Well...my hippy ideals...because you're not a hippy, but yeah...we weren't happy about that.

Candy: I'll ignore that comment. Anyway, it was very beautiful and very relaxing. Not an exciting holiday but a **60** relaxing one.

Lynch: Well there was that one exciting thing...you know...in the valley.

Candy: Oh yeah, the valley... well, as it was a semi spiritual moment I'll tell the listeners.

Lynch: Good.

Candy: Yeah, basically we went on a big hike, following a stream until we reached a river, and then we climbed up a mountain. It wasn't very high, but the terrain was difficult with a lot of rocks and boulders between the peak and us. Anyway, once we **70** reached the top we were looking down looking down on a lush, green valley. It was an amazing scene. There were dozens of terraces cut into the slopes and on each terrace there was some little drama – goats, sheep, a dog from the farm chasing another dog.

Lynch: And then the weather changed.

Candy: Yeah... the clouds were suddenly a little grey and then there was a little mist.

Lynch: Mist or fog?

Candy: Mist, because it could have been cloud – we were on the peak; fog is much thicker and easier to identify.

80 Lynch: Okay...didn't know you were an expert on climate...so...yeah...mist it was.

Candy: Yes, and the mist made it an even more powerful scene. The sound of the animals, the movement of the green trees, it was an incredibly...fertile...valley. Un valle fértil.

Lynch: And of course there was only one thing to do.

Candy: Yeah, I guess we were both feeling pretty fertile. And there was only one thing to do.

Lynch: It!

Candy: I hope '*do it*' means the same thing in the listener's language.

90 Lynch: I think '*doing it*' is the same in all languages. Anyway, the most amazing thing is that while we were doing *it*...it began to rain.

Candy: Yeah...it was surprisingly...what's the word?

Lynch: Erotic.

Candy: No, I wouldn't say the rain was erotic...but when the thunder began that was *definitely* erotic.

Lynch: Inspiring actually. I think it was one of the best performances of our relationship. Mind you, I was a little paranoid for a moment that lightning was going to start and it would fry my naked bottom. But I soon forgot about that.

100 Candy: So, to end this podcast I think we have two recommendations.

Lynch: Visit northern Catalunya...

Candy: And if you ever have an opportunity for a little intimacy during a storm...take it.

Lynch: Which makes me think...if you end up pregnant there's only one name we can give that baby.

Candy: *Storm*. I like it. Good bye.



Sexy Grammar...

5

GRAMMAR: Past Continuous

VOCAB: House, furniture

House	<i>Casa</i>	Lights	<i>Las Luces</i>
Move	<i>Mudarse</i>	Bulbs in all the and lamps	<i>Bombillas en todas las lámparas</i>
Flat	<i>Piso</i>	Seats	<i>Sillas</i>
Real estate	<i>Inmobiliaria</i>	Chairs	<i>Sillas</i>
Furniture	<i>Muebles</i>	A stool	<i>Taburete</i>
Boxes	<i>Cajas</i>	Kitchen	<i>Cocina</i>
Hallway	<i>Pasillo</i>	Coffee table	<i>Mesa de café</i>
Dining room	<i>Comedor</i>	Sheets	<i>Sábanas</i>
Sofa	<i>Sofá</i>	Pillows	<i>Almohada</i>
Lounge	<i>Sala</i>	Bed	<i>Cama</i>
Shelves	<i>Estanterías</i>	Mattress	<i>Calchón</i>
Upstairs	<i>Arriba</i>	Windows	<i>Ventana</i>
Mirror	<i>Espejo</i>	Roof	<i>Techo</i>
Picture on the wall.	<i>Cuadro en la pared</i>	Garden	<i>Jardín</i>
Wardrobes	<i>Armarios</i>	Garage	<i>Garaje</i>
Floor	<i>Suelo</i>	Draw	<i>Cajón</i>
Cupboard	<i>Armario</i>	Up and down-stairs	<i>Arriba y debajo</i>

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Lynch: Hi, Candy.

Candy: Screw you!

Lynch: Sorry?

Candy: Asshole!

Lynch: Hey...you said we weren't going to mention the argument during the podcast.

Candy: What? The argument about you flirting with Angela all afternoon yesterday?

Lynch: We weren't flirting. We were talking and... having a **10** laugh.

Candy: You were flirting. You and the...dark, Persian kitty cat.

Lynch: Oh God, I wish I'd never said that. We weren't flirting, ok?

Candy: Oh really? Well you were smiling like some little schoolboy; and the worst thing for me is that she was enjoying it.

Lynch: No I wasn't. And no she wasn't. But I'll tell you what...as you said we weren't going to talk about it in public...and now you've changed that...let's tell everyone the facts so they can decide.

Candy: Okay.

Lynch: Right... you first.

20 Candy: Okay. It's very simple. We were round Angela's house yesterday and you were flirting with her all afternoon. What more do you want? There are no other facts!



Lynch: Yes there are. Tell the whole story.

Candy: No, you go first... I'm interested to know your version.

Lynch: Okay. What happened was that yesterday we were helping Angela to move from her flat in Plaza España. A big move because she's moving to a house in Villanova.

Candy: Okay, hurry up, pal, this isn't a real estate podcast.

30 Lynch: Okay, well, we arrived, and then I was lifting all the furniture and boxes to her house. You, meanwhile, were speaking to your mother by phone and not helping at all. So it was me and Angela.

Candy: And what about when you were touching her ass?

Lynch: We were lifting a huge mirror into the hallway. I was reaching to the other side of the mirror and I *accidentally* touched her ass.

Candy: And I noticed that the two of you weren't exactly shocked. You were laughing. I was watching everything – **40** you left the door open.

Lynch: It was funny. What do you want me to do in a situation like that...cut my hand off? And what was there to watch? We were sorting out the lounge and dining room, putting the sofa in place, arranging DVDs on shelves – it was hardly the most erotic situation.

Candy: Any situation with the Persian pussycat is erotic for you. Even hanging a picture on the wall.

Lynch: Oh shut up. We weren't even talking much. We were upstairs cleaning the wardrobes out, sweeping the **50** floor, stuff like that. Doing the hard work that *you* weren't doing.

Candy: And how about when I caught you looking at her underwear.

Lynch: Hey, I was carrying a box of Angela's underwear... I had to have a little look... it's logical.

Candy: Really... by what logic?

Lynch: *Man* logic. Any guy would do the same... if you're in a girl's room and you see a cupboard you've gotta take a look in her underwear draw.

60 Candy: Why?

Lynch: Good question. One that can be summarized in 3 main points. Firstly, it's a symbolic enactment; when you open that draw and put your hand inside something of theirs that's very intimate, it's a symbol of your desire to open their legs and put your hand inside them. Sec...

Candy:... Hah...you see, so you're admitting that you were thinking about putting your hand in Angela's intimate zone.

Lynch: What? No! That's only one of three reasons...and not mine. Mine was number 2.

70 Candy: Whatever. You're weird. Let's move on...but don't say that I was talking on the phone the whole time, I was carrying boxes up and down-stairs. And I was putting bulbs in all the lights and lamps.

Lynch: Hmm... Anyway, let's have your fictional version of events from beginning to end.

Candy: Okay. What was happening was this. When you and Angela were arranging all the seats and chairs, I was sitting on a stool in the kitchen. When you lifted the coffee table you were definitely staring at Angela's ass. I know you were, because when you saw me watching you were suddenly staring at the ceiling. That's when I **80** started to get suspicious.

Lynch: And what happened next in chapter 2 of your story?

Candy: We were upstairs. Angela was putting the sheets and pillows on the bed and then you were staring at her tits while she was bending over. Then she was on the floor pulling the mattress a bit and you were talking so fast it was like you were on speed. Then you went outside and were passing stuff through the windows - so excited you were almost jumping on the roof. Then you were following round the garden and garage like a dog.

Lynch: Wow, you should write novels, girl, cos your imagination is **90** smoking.

Candy: And you should man-up and confess.

Lynch: I ain't confessing because I wasn't doing anything wrong.

Candy: Okay, maybe you weren't doing anything wrong but you were flirting, weren't you?

Lynch: Well, it depends on how you define flirting.

Candy: A natural form of interaction between two people who find each other attractive.

Candy: Is this a trap?

Candy: No...anyway...look...just man up and confess. Were you flirting **100** or not?

Lynch: It *is* a trap. No.... Oh God...look, I can't be bothered with this. Call it flirting, call it whatever... Angela's very...very attractive. Even if I tried *not* to flirt with her I would probably end up flirting with her in some way because that's what men are like. But I wasn't *consciously* trying to flirt with her. And all this ignores the central fact which is that you're even *more* attractive both physically and mental than Angela... so...so...get over it.

Pause...

Lynch: (timidly) Okay?

110 Candy: Humph. I knew you were flirting with her.



Sexy Grammar...

6

GRAMMAR: Present simple

VOCAB: Going out, Adverbs of frequency

Going out all the time	<i>Siempre saliendo</i>	Gin or rum or vodka	<i>Genere, ron y vodka</i>
How many times	<i>¿Cuántas veces?</i>	Dinner	<i>Cena</i>
Barely	<i>Apenas</i>	Reservation	<i>Reservación</i>
Usually	<i>Normalmente</i>	Free shot of tequila	<i>Chupito de tequila gratis</i>
Frequently	<i>Frecuentemente</i>	Pick up	<i>Ligar</i>
Night club	<i>Disco</i>	Chat up	<i>Ligar</i>
Occasionally	<i>De vez en cuando</i>	Chicks	<i>Chicas</i>
Restaurants,	<i>Restaurantes</i>	Cocktails	<i>Cocteles</i>
Plays	<i>Obras teátricas</i>	Cocaine	<i>Cocaína</i>
Bowling	<i>Bolos</i>	Hook up	<i>Ligar</i>
Never	<i>Nunca</i>	Dance	<i>Bailar</i>
Wine	<i>Vino</i>	Booze	<i>Alcohol</i>
Drunk	<i>Borracho</i>	Hangover	<i>Resaca</i>
Seldom	<i>Raramente</i>	Bills	<i>Facturas / cuentas</i>
Beer	<i>Cerveza</i>	Tips	<i>Propinas</i>
Spirits and liquor	<i>Licor</i>	Entrance fees	<i>Precio de entrada</i>
Soft drinks and sodas	<i>Bebidas non alcohólicas</i>	Cab	<i>Taxi</i>

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Candy: Hi. As you know, I always speak frankly.

Lynch: True.

Candy: So that's why I want to tell you... there's a problem in this relationship.

Lynch: What?

Candy: That we don't go out enough.

Lynch: Of course not, that's because we're always too busy in bed to go out of the house.

Candy: Oh yeah?

10 Lynch: Oh yeah.

Candy: Says who?

Lynch: Says me. Come on, Candy, The average couple makes love once a week, how many times a week do we make love?

Candy: A couple.

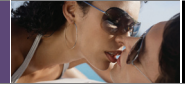
Lynch: Err...I think you better explain that couple means both 'par' two and 'pareja,' two people in a relationship.

Candy: You just did.

Lynch: So I'm sure our listeners want to join me in condemning your outrageous suggestion we barely do it more than twice a week.

20 Candy: Okay... twice a day. Sometimes. Occasionally. But, shut up... I want to talk about going out and why we never go out. Not sex.

Lynch: I don't....I wanna talk about our sex life...



Candy: ...And how good you are...

Lynch: Yeah, preferably.

Candy: Well, I'm sorry, but there's a basic qualification for recommending the skills of a person in any area.

Lynch: Which is?

Candy: That they show skills in that specific area.

Lynch: Why do you always have to give the impression to the **30** listeners that I'm not an expert in the bedroom?

Candy: Err... because you're not.

Lynch: Bullshit.

Candy: Why do you say that?

Lynch: Why do you think?

Candy: I don't know.

Lynch: Don't force me to be juvenile and vulgar.

Candy: Why?

Lynch: Well, come on. I totally disagree with what I have to do now, but if you constantly tell everyone that I'm bad in bed then I **40** just have to reply with cold, hard facts. Like how many times you (cough) each time we do it.

Candy: I'm not saying you're bad in bed, I'm just saying that you're not the Grandmaster Flash that you think you are. And what do you mean... how many times I (cough) each time we do it?

Lynch: You know. The big 'O'. Come on...I mean...how many do you have usually?

Candy: I don't count. The only people who count 'O's' are men. Anyway, stick to the subject... I want to go out more. Rachel goes out all the time.

50 Lynch: God, Why do we always compare ourselves to bloody Rachel?

Candy: Well, it's very useful in this case. I look at what she gets from Donald and I compare what I get from you – it's simple. And, by the way, I assure you she gets a good, regular supply of 'O's'.

Lynch: Hah...so it's true... you *do* count.

Candy: That's a secret amongst girls. Anyway, I repeat – Donald and Rachel go out frequently.

Lynch: But we go out to that night club you like every month.

Candy: Exactly, once a month means we go out occasionally. I **60** want to go out frequently - Fridays and Saturday. I want to go to restaurants, and plays, and bowling, and nice restaurants.

Lynch: Okay then, do you want to go out to that Greek restaurant tonight?

Candy: No...I don't like Greek food...I'm bored of it.

Lynch: How's that possible? How often do you eat Greek food?

Candy: When I was a kid – all the time. My father loves it.

Lynch: Does he go to Greek restaurants a lot? He never told me.

Candy: Yeah, he usually goes every Friday; and it's horrible; he drinks too much wine and comes back drunk. Like you...except that you **70** seldom drink wine... it's always beer.

Lynch: Well, it's better than spirits and liquor. In fact, I don't know why you always drink spirits and liquor; it worries me.

Candy: I drink liquor because soft drinks and sodas are boring.

Lynch: But why is the only option - soft drinks and spirits?

Candy: Because I don't like wine and beer. I drink gin or rum or vodka. Anyway, why do you worry about it? Do you think spirits are healthier than beer?

Lynch: It depends on the dose. Anyway, let's get back to the issue. I'll call Alex about dinner; he can get us a reservation at that trendy **80** restaurant in the gothic quarter. He works behind the bar.

Candy: I know, he always gives us a free shot of tequila when I go with Angela and Rachel. Sometimes, he puts three cocktails on our table and says, "The drinks are on me."

Lynch: Excellent.

Candy: In fact, he always complains that he never sees us out. You and me together. Which proves the point that we don't go out enough.

Lynch: He doesn't know what he's talking about. He takes far too much cocaine to remember anything. Anyway, we don't need to go out. We're in a relationship. The people who enjoy going out are **90** single people looking to hook up, pick up chicks, chicks looking for guys etc... I don't wanna chat anyone up, I've got you. You've got me.

Candy: But we still need to party... old man!

Lynch: I'll try and forget the last part of that sentence.

Candy: Come on, Lynch, everyone needs to party: dance all night, booze all night, dress up, look good.

Lynch: And then have a hangover. And it always costs so much in restaurant bills, tips, and entrance fees.

Candy: Yeah, but it's such a bloody good laugh.

Lynch: Well, I suppose so... come on then...let's call a cab.

100 Candy: We gonna party?

Lynch: Yeah...let's party.



Sexy Grammar...

7

GRAMMAR: Past Simple

VOCABULARY: Work

Shop assistant	<i>Dependiente</i>	Cook	<i>Cocinero</i>
Footballer	<i>Futbolista</i>	Journalist	<i>Periodista</i>
Writer	<i>Escritor</i>	Firemen	<i>Bombero</i>
Lawyer	<i>Abogado</i>	Construction worker	<i>Obrero de la construcción</i>
Teacher	<i>Profesor</i>	Butchers	<i>Carnicero</i>
Judge	<i>Juez</i>	Bricklayer	<i>Albañil</i>
Nurse	<i>Enfermera</i>	Plumber	<i>Fontanero</i>
Doctor	<i>Medico</i>	Farmer	<i>Granjero</i>
Chef	<i>Cocinero</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Candy: What did you wanna be when you were young?

Lynch: When I was young, I wanted to be a footballer, a writer or a lawyer. Mostly, though, a footballer... I played football every day until a teacher wrote in my end of year report... I enjoy Lynch's lively imagination but every story he wrote last term was about football... can he change the subject?

Candy: Really? So what happened to your obsession?

Lynch: I dunno... I went through puberty and my interest in football decreased.

10 Candy: And did you really want to be a lawyer? I can't imagine that?

Lynch: I almost was a lawyer.

Candy: Yeah?

Lynch: You don't know everything about me you know.

Candy: I doubt that... but tell me anyway.

Lynch: Well, basically, my life was a disaster in the mid nineties – I went out every night, took loads of ecstasy, and

was generally a fool. So in a moment of lifestyle crisis I decided to do a law conversion course.

20 Candy: So what happened? Because, as far as I know, you're not a lawyer or a judge.

Lynch: Well, I didn't like it. All the teachers were boring...I had classes everyday, had to write lots of essays every week, had to go to seminars. It was a bit too extreme a lifestyle change. Anyway, the whole thing went up in smoke one weekend.

Candy: What happened?

Lynch: What happened was that I gave up smoking weed during the course; then one weekend I started again. The same weekend my flat-mate bought a Nintendo, and that was it. I remember sitting in **30** my apartment - stoned out of my head - and looking at my law books. "That's not me," I said... "I ain't no lawyer." And I realized that although there was something wrong with my life the solution wasn't becoming a lawyer or a doctor or an engineer - shit like that. Then I changed my focus and became a writer. How about you... what did you want to do when you were young?

Candy: I wanted to be a nurse. And then, as I got older I wanted to be a doctor.

Lynch: So what happened?



Candy: Err... I discovered that I hated biology... and physics... and
40 chemistry.

Lynch: And what age was that?

Candy: When I was a teenager.

Lynch: So what did you wanna be after that?

Candy: Then I decided to be a chef.

Lynch: A chef! Well, clearly, that one didn't work... you're a
terrible cook.

Candy: Asshole! No, I changed my mind. One day my father told
me about his business and then I began to be interested in that.

Lynch: Cool. So that's why you studied business and
50 management?

Candy: Yeah.

Lynch: Hey, as we gotta talk about professions...can I ask you a
question?

Candy: Sure.

Lynch: Are firemen sexy?

Candy: Why do you ask?

Lynch: I dunno, it's like... whenever you see a man doing a
striptease he's always dressed as a fireman.

Candy: Or a construction worker. Erm... I dunno, I guess fireman
60 can be sexy... they're physically fit and strong, but I don't
think there's anything inherently sexy about firemen. Not like
butchers. Now butchers are sexy.

Lynch: Sorry?

Candy: Yeah. Butchers are sexy.

Lynch: Have you lost your frackin mind, girl... what are you talking
about – butchers are sexy?

Candy: Ooo yeah... all that meat, all that flesh... hard, cutting
motions, elevated on a little platform behind the counter. Give
me a butcher any day.

70 Lynch: You are crazy, girl.

Candy: I'm only joking. I did once go out with a bricklayer, though...
and a plumber; he was good at fixing my pipes, I tell you.

Lynch: Dirty girl! And you can stop there; I thought we said we
weren't going to talk about our exes. As far as I'm concerned, we
never had any boy-friends or girl-friends until we met: what you
don't know you can't get jealous about.

Candy: That's your rule. I don't care how many exes you had. In fact,
tell me about one. I'm bored of the rule.

80 Lynch: We didn't make the rule to be broken.

Candy: All rules are made to be broken. Go on...tell.

Lynch: Okay... but don't get jealous later!

Candy: Cool.

Lynch: Well... I'll tell you about Maria. Maria and I met in 1994 when I
was living in the country. I had a friend who was a farmer in Evesham
and I was looking for a quiet life (away from the aforementioned crazy
life). Maria worked in a village just outside the town... she was a shop
assistant and I met her in the shop where she worked. She told me I
looked very intelligent, I think. Anyway, we went out, drank all night,
90 ate a late dinner and then went home. Our separate homes
because as I discovered that night she had a boyfriend.

Candy: Okay.

Lynch: Anyway, she called me that week. At 4AM. In those days, I slept
even less than I do now so I was awake. And she told me that she
dreamt about me the night before.

Candy: Yeah?

Lynch: Yeah. And I said, "What did you dream?" And she said, "That we
were fucking like bunnies. Anyway, we then proceeded to have a bit of
phone sex until I err... you know... did the job. We got round to talking
100 and subsequently...

Candy: ...Fuck me, lynch...

Lynch: What?

Candy: Your teacher was right... You *have* got a fertile imagination.
You're inventing the whole thing, aren't you? You're trying to get
revenge for the comment about the plumber.

Lynch: Shit... Busted.



Sexy Grammar...

8

GRAMMAR: Present Perfect

VOCABULARY: Travel

Travel	<i>Viajar</i>	Going camping	<i>Ir de camping</i>
Airport	<i>Aeropuerto</i>	Islands	<i>Islas</i>
Check your baggage	<i>Facturar el equipaje</i>	Accommodation	<i>Alojamiento</i>
Boarding card	<i>Tarjeta de embarque</i>	Guesthouse	<i>Pensión</i>
Airhostess	<i>Azafata</i>	Double room	<i>Habitación doble</i>
Plane	<i>Avión</i>	Hire a car	<i>Alquilar un coche</i>
Waterfall	<i>Cascada</i>	Road trip	<i>Un viaje largo (en coche)</i>
National park	<i>Parque nacional</i>	Abroad	<i>Al extranjero</i>
Beach	<i>Playa</i>	Foreigners	<i>Extranjeros</i>
Sunbathing	<i>Tomar el sol</i>	Arrangements	<i>Planes</i>
Deck chair	<i>Silla de playa</i>	Return	<i>Vuelta</i>
Sun lounge	<i>Tumbona</i>	Bags packed	<i>Maletas hechas</i>
Holiday	<i>Vacaciones</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Lynch: Okay, today I've got a question for you about travel and love.

Candy: Cool.

Lynch: First one: Have you ever arrived at the airport, checked your baggage in, got your boarding card, been shown to your seat by the airhostess and sat down next to someone who was incredibly good looking and fascinating?

Candy: What do you mean exactly?

Lynch: You know. You arrive at the airport, get on the plane, **10** and before you know it, you've fallen in love. You see, my whole life I've had this romantic idea about airplanes – that one day you'll be seated next to the person you're going to marry... and you'll cross the Atlantic chatting and getting to know each other, and falling smack-bang in love. But, of course, it's never happened to me; in fact, I've always ended up next to the most boring person on the plane. It's like destiny fucking with me.

Candy: Well, maybe that's because you've developed an idea that's against destiny. Your destiny is to be with me, asshole...

20 we didn't meet on a plane, and destiny has made sure that you've never fulfilled your desire.

Lynch: Interesting theory.

Candy: But anyway, you've cheated me... you were supposed to ask me a question but you've answered it yourself. So typical of you!!!!

Lynch: Sorry, okay... don't worry, I've thought of another one.

Candy: Fire away.

Lynch: Have you ever kissed anyone under a waterfall?

Candy: Wow: that story about Maria in the last podcast has **30** opened the gates... you've clearly decided to forget the rule about ex-girlfriends now.

Lynch: Suppose so. Anyway, answer the question, girl.

Candy: well, as you've asked... Yes, I *have* kissed someone under a waterfall.

Lynch: Really?



Candy: Yeah.

Lynch: This should be interesting... tell me more.

Candy: Very interesting... because I've kissed more than one person under a waterfall.

40 Lynch: What? You mean, more than one person at a time ... or you've kissed more than one person at different times?

Candy: The second. Of course! You see, something you might not have considered is that when my family moved from New York we went to Vermont... right close to a national park with lots of mountains and waterfalls. Me and my friends used to drive there when we were teenagers.

Lynch: I see. Okay, now your question.

Candy: Okay... Have you ever made love on a beach?

Lynch: Err... do you mean before we made love on a beach?

50 Candy: What?

Lynch: Well, you're asking a question when we've already made love on a beach; so you know the answer.

Candy: We've never done it on a beach.

Lynch: Yes we have. Remember July? We spent all day sunbathing, I hired a deck chair you hired a sun lounger, and we sat there til' sunset; then the night came, and we did it. And you've totally forgotten about it. You clearly drank more wine than I remember.

Candy: Sorry. Okay... you ask a question.

60 Lynch: Sorry!? Huh! We'll be talking about this later I assure you. Okay – question question...yes...okay. Have we planned our next holiday yet?

Candy: No, we still haven't planned our next holiday. We've talked about it, but we haven't made a final decision yet? You've decided we're going camping in the Greek islands, but I decided that I wanna spend the holidays with my mum.

Lynch: God...your mum! That's the most unromantic suggestion I've ever heard in my life. And if we do go...can't we at least find some better accommodation than that **70** small apartment she lives in during the summer.

Candy: Don't worry. There's a guesthouse round the corner.

Lynch: Oh...okay; so if I agree to go we'd be comfortable there I suppose... a nice double room.

Candy: Single; you'll be on your own... I'm staying with mum.

Lynch: Oh really... well maybe I'll just hire a car and go on a road trip then.

Candy: Even though you've never driven a car in your life.

Lynch: Hire a car... *and* driver.

Candy: Sorry, dude, I haven't seen my mum for ages.

80 Lynch: Okay...whatever...next question.

Candy: Has your life abroad become less interesting as the years go on?

Lynch: That's easy. Yes, it's definitely become less of a novelty. Your first year as an expat is like being in the promised land. You've moved abroad, you're living amongst foreigners, everything's exciting. But now it's turned into home... life in Spain has changed from a romantic adventure to real life.

Candy: Hey... but surely I've injected a bit more of the romantic adventure, though.

90 Lynch: Of course. To inject even more, though, I've considered moving to Greece a number of times.

Candy: God! Greece! You're obsessed with that place.

Lynch: Yep.

Candy: But have you made any solid plans or arrangements, or only...considered it?

Lynch: Well, I haven't done anything yet? But if you come back one day and see our bags packed, that means I've just bought a one-way ticket to Greece.

Candy: Can you buy a return though? Just in case I don't like it. Or **100** better, buy a round the world ticket and then we can try and live in different places.

Lynch: Deal.



Sexy Grammar...

9 GRAMMAR: Present Perfect Continuous VOCABULARY: The Body, doctors

Brown	<i>Moreno</i>	Waiting room	<i>Sala De Espera</i>
Suntan	<i>Bronceado</i>	Flu	<i>Gripe</i>
Bottom	<i>Culito</i>	Cold	<i>Resfriado</i>
Breasts	<i>Pechos</i>	Ill	<i>Enfermo</i>
Feet	<i>Pies</i>	Sneezing	<i>Estornudando</i>
Knees	<i>Rodillas</i>	Coughing	<i>Tos</i>
Legs	<i>Piernas</i>	Wheel chair	<i>Silla De Ruedas</i>
Tits and ass	<i>Tetas y culo</i>	Nurse	<i>Enfermera</i>
Naked	<i>Desnudo</i>	Bandages	<i>Vendas</i>
Face	<i>Cara</i>	Head to toe	<i>De la cabeza a los pies</i>
Eye	<i>Ojo</i>	Trapped nerve	<i>Atrapamiento de nervio</i>
Shoulders	<i>Hombros</i>	Back	<i>Espalda</i>
Nose	<i>Nariz</i>	Bones	<i>Huesos</i>
Cheeks	<i>Mejillas</i>	X-ray	<i>Radiografía</i>
Cream	<i>Crema</i>	Operation	<i>Cirugía</i>
Burnt	<i>Quemado</i>	Surgeon	<i>Cirujano</i>
Sore throat	<i>Duele La Garganta</i>	Surgery	<i>Cirugía</i>
Painkiller	<i>analgésico</i>	Hand	<i>Mano</i>
Wear off	<i>Pasar (efecto de la droga)</i>	Arm	<i>Brazo</i>
Tablets	<i>Pastillas</i>	Mouth	<i>Boca</i>
Anti-inflammatory	<i>Antiinflamatorios</i>	Lips	<i>Labios</i>
Shoulder	<i>Hombro</i>	Tongue	<i>Lengua</i>
Stomach	<i>Estomago</i>		
Physiotherapist	<i>Fisioterapia</i>		
Doctor	<i>Medico</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Lynch: Hey beautiful.

Candy: Hey, Lynch.

Lynch: What've you been doing all day?

Candy: I've been lying down in the sun?

Lynch: All day?

Candy: Yeah...I've been trying to get a suntan. Which you should appreciate because I know you like my body brown.

Lynch: Yeah; but is the tan all over? I don't like it if your bottom and your breasts are white. It's like there's this beautiful brown



that starts at the feet, goes over the knees, climbs the legs and then suddenly it's as white as Iceland?

10 Candy: Wow, are you trying to sound educated? Normally you'd say 'tits and ass.'

Lynch: Okay: I don't like it when your tits and ass are white.

Candy: Don't worry; I've been lying down naked.

Lynch: Good. But you've been saying all week that you don't want to get any sun on your face.

Candy: Exactly, that's why I said 'body.' I covered my face.

Lynch: But your face looks brown.

Candy: That's because I've been using a bronzing lotion.

Lynch: What? A false tan?

20 Candy: No... I've been applying a *bronzing* lotion... the two are different.

Lynch: Well it looks good. The brown skin contrasts nicely with the whites of your eye. And you're right about your body; God your shoulders look delicious?

Candy: Are you going to eat me?

Lynch: I've been thinking about it for some time?

Candy: Good. Anyway, enough of me. Look at your face...your nose and cheeks are red... what have you been doing?

Lynch: Well, I haven't been sunbathing but I *have* been drinking **30** beer on a nice terrace in Gracia. I forgot to put cream on and now I'm burnt.

Candy: Typical. I thought you said you had a sore throat. Why have you been out drinking?

Lynch: No, I said I had a headache, but curiously... it seemed to get better after a couple of beers. Beer is a natural painkiller.

Candy: Yeah...but once the beers wear off, you'll be reaching for some tablets I'm sure; and you haven't been taking the anti-inflammatories for your shoulder problem.

Lynch: That's because I've been out drinking the past few nights. **40** Anti-inflammatories give you a real bad stomach.

Candy: And I bet you haven't been doing those exercises the physiotherapist told you to do, either, have you? Did you see the doctor last week?

Lynch: No, I really couldn't be bothered...I've been spending far too much time in that waiting room. And it always scares me. You've been waiting there for half an hour because you want to get well, but in that time you've caught a cold or the flu from all the ill people sneezing and coughing around you. And you see some strange things. I saw this guy in a wheel chair the other day **50** waiting to see the nurse and his whole body was covered in bandages from head to toe - like he'd been fighting in a war or something, and he turns to me and says "what's wrong with you?" And I say... "Trapped nerve in the shoulder...with a lot of complications in the back. And you?" And the guy looks out at me from between all the bandages and says...

"Insomnia."

Pause

"I'm fucking with you..." he said, "...what do you think's wrong with me? I fell off a ladder, broke lots of bones;" And we both **60** laughed. "When they did the x-ray they couldn't believe it," he said, "I've been having operations for the past three weeks... it's been sending me crazy. The surgeon said if he has to do any more surgery on me he's gonna scream. He's been working overtime five days in a row because of me."

Candy: Wow... thanks for the story. But still that's no excuse... your shoulder's been getting worse so you gotta go to the doctor.

Lynch: Yeah yeah...

70 Candy: Gimmee your hand and promise.

Lynch: Okay.

Candy: Hey, your arm's looking quite toned and muscular... have you been working out?

Lynch: You know the answer to that... I never work out. It's probably all those beer bottles I've been lifting to my mouth.

Candy: True. The only part of your body you exercise is your mouth.

Lynch: And unfortunately, darling, I can't say the same for you.

Candy: What do you mean?

80 Lynch: Well, you know.... "Exercising your mouth" – lips and tongue in particular.

Candy: (Slap...) This podcast is over....



Sexy Grammar...

10

GRAMMAR: Past Perfect

VOCABULARY: The Movies

Film / movie	<i>Película</i>	Good performance	<i>Buena actuación.</i>
Movie theater	<i>Cine</i>	Budget	<i>Presupuesto</i>
Plot	<i>Argumento</i>	The highest grossing movie	<i>La película mas rentable</i>
Musicals	<i>Musicales</i>	Opening scene	<i>La escena inicial</i>
Set and shot	<i>Situada y rodeada</i>	Lead role	<i>Actor principal</i>
Studio	<i>Estudio</i>	Actor	<i>Actor</i>
Outside locations	<i>Rodaje en el exterior</i>	Overrated	<i>Sobreestimado</i>
Stylist	<i>Estilista</i>	Absolute garbage	<i>Una mierda</i>
Scene	<i>Escena</i>	Supporting actress	<i>Actriz secundaria</i>
The plot	<i>Argumento</i>	Cast	<i>Reparto</i>
Script	<i>Guion</i>	Characters	<i>Personajes</i>
effects	<i>Efectos</i>	Producer	<i>Productor</i>
Hype	<i>Bombo publicitario</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Candy: Okay, Lynch, what's the worst film you've ever seen?

Lynch: Well, there's several candidates that come to mind, but the first one is definitely *Moulin Rouge*. I left the movie theater with a feeling that took a moment to understand, but then I understood it: I'd just watched the worst film I had ever seen in my life. Absolute toilet.

Candy: *Moulin Rouge* isn't so bad.

Lynch: Admittedly, I'd drunk a lot before the movie which is never good for following a plot, but *Moulin Rouge* was crap. **10** It seemed like it'd been made purposely to annoy me because it had so many elements I hate: firstly, that it was a musical. I hate musicals. I hadn't seen one for years and *Moulin Rouge* reminded me why.

Candy: What do you mean you hate musicals? You like the *Sound Of Music*.

Lynch: Of course, that's the *Sound Of Music* - the compelling story of a nun and the Vontrapp family singers set and shot in the beautiful Swiss mountains against a backdrop of Nazi

tyranny. A classic. *Moulin Rouge*, on the other hand, was **20** classic shite, and you could see that it had been made in a studio. There were virtually no outside locations. What about you... do you like musicals?

Candy: Well, I hadn't seen one til' I saw *Moulin Rouge*. All my other friends had seen it and said it was really good so that's why I went. It was okay... but I hated Ewan Macgregor's hairstyle. Whoever chose the stylist for that movie should be fired.

Lynch: The only decent scene was when Nicole Kidman was on the bed in exotic underwear. She looked like she'd spent **30** the night working in a bordello. That was the climax of the plot as far as I was concerned.

Candy: And what about *Titanic*... did you like *Titanic*? By the time I was thirteen I think I'd seen it twenty six times.

Lynch: *Titanic*?

Candy: Yeah.



Lynch: Bad script, good effects, good performance from Leo and Kate but the film went on too long. James Cameron had overspent the budget three times over so he had to compensate by making a film three times as long as normal. It **40** must be the longest film of all time... by the end I was like - will you just drown already? (Pause...)

And what about the other Cameron movie – now the highest grossing movie of all time – *Avatar*?

Candy: Well, originally I thought it was all hype. So, when it had been out for weeks I still hadn't seen it, but then someone persuaded me. I remember it well because I was really tired; I'd been working late on a project and I was about to fall asleep but right from the opening scene – just after the guy had been placed in the machine – I was wide **50** awake. The effects were amazing.

Lynch: Did you know that because they'd spent so much money developing the technology they didn't have enough money for an expensive star? So for the lead role Cameron chose that guy. But he was an unknown actor who'd been living in his car.

Candy: In his car? Wow. Did you like it?

Lynch: Yes and no. When I left the cinema it was like I'd been in a dream. In fact, I read there were people who suffered from post *Avatar* depression - a depression related to the fact **60** they'd returned to reality and it was so dull by comparison. But a year later - now that the hype's past, I think it was overrated. As a visual experience it was amazing but the script was weak.

Candy: I suppose so.

Lynch: Tell us about a film you think is overrated.

Candy: Oh that's easy... *Barcelona*... Absolute garbage. Now, I like Penelope cruise – but why she won the Oscar for best supporting actress is a mystery to me. The film had a great cast but the script was weak. I mean, any plot that's about a three way relationship **70** between the characters isn't going to work because everyone knows that three way relationships don't work. Therefore, the plot didn't work.

Lynch: I think it won the Oscar because it fitted with a North American perception of Europe. But for me, personally, after that film, I'd decided it was the end of me and Woody Allen. I've been watching and enjoying his films for years but before *Barcelona* he'd fired his long time producer – Joffe. That was a mistake. I agree with you that the relationship wasn't believable at all.

Candy: So, talking of relationships... what's the most erotic film **80** you've ever seen? And porn doesn't count; I said 'erotic.'

Lynch: Well, there's a difficult relativism to that question. You see, there's a lot of films that seemed very erotic at the time but in retrospect weren't erotic at all. I'm talking, I suppose, of the internet age. When I was fifteen I hadn't been exposed to an endless deluge of internet tits so there were things that seemed very erotic but now they don't seem erotic at all.

Candy: I think you're confusing 'erotic' with sexually stimulating.

Lynch: And the difference is?

Candy: Well, Lynch, we've reached the end of the podcast. I'll just **90** have to show you later.

Lynch: Nice.



Sexy Grammar...

11

GRAMMAR: Past Perfect Continuous

VOCABULARY: Food

Seafood	<i>Marisco</i>	Cheese	<i>Queso</i>
Prawns, mussels, oysters	<i>Gambas, mejillones, ostras</i>	Cucumber	<i>Pepino</i>
Fish	<i>Pescado</i>	Red onion	<i>Cebolla</i>
Feast	<i>Banquete</i>	Raw cabbage	<i>Repollo</i>
Steak houses	<i>Restaurante de carne</i>	Olives	<i>Olivas</i>
Meat and chips	<i>Carne y patatas</i>	Burgers	<i>Hamburguesas</i>
Light.	<i>Ligero</i>	Cake	<i>Pastel</i>
Pasta	<i>Pasta</i>	Fruit salad	<i>Ensalada de fruta</i>
Indian restaurant	<i>Restaurante Indio</i>	Eggs, bacon, sausage,	<i>Huevos, bacón, salchicha</i>
Chicken curry	<i>Curry de pollo</i>	Mushrooms	<i>Champiñones</i>
Spicy potatoes	<i>Patatas picantes</i>	Chunks of carrot	<i>Trozos de zanahoria</i>
Lamb dish	<i>Plato de cordero</i>	Peas	<i>Guísanos</i>
Pork	<i>Cerdo</i>	Casseroles	<i>Guisado</i>
Rice	<i>Arroz</i>	Strawberries	<i>Fresas</i>
Vegetarian	<i>Vegetariano</i>	Raspberries	<i>Frambuesas</i>
Mushrooms, Candy peas, courgettes	<i>Champiñones, garbanzos, calabacín</i>	Bananas	<i>Plátanos</i>
Garlic and onions	<i>Ajo y cebollas</i>	Grapes	<i>Uvas</i>
Wine	<i>Vino</i>	Apple	<i>Manzana</i>
Salad	<i>Ensalada</i>	Pear	<i>Peras</i>
Tomatoes	<i>Tomates</i>	Lettuce	<i>Lechuga</i>
Rabbit food!	<i>Termino despectivo para la comida vegetariana</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Candy: I hope you realize that when you woke up this morning I'd been lying there awake for hours.

Lynch: No... why?

Candy: Because you'd been snoring all night.

Lynch: Hey, that's not sexy... let's say, I hadn't been snoring all night... you'd been awake looking at my beautiful, naked body lying next to you.

Candy: Sorry... but I was lying awake because you'd been snoring. And what's the unsexy part? The fact you'd been snoring **10** all night or me mentioning it in the podcast? Because it definitely wasn't sexy to hear you snoring.

Lynch: Both...

Candy: True. But it's part of a real relationship, and we need to add some real details to the series.



Lynch: That's *too* real. But if we're talking about it... I apologize for keeping you awake.

Candy: That's okay... you'd been out having fun.

Lynch: Yeah, I came back really late... I'd been at that seafood restaurant in Mare Magnum.

20 Candy: I know you arrived late... I fell asleep in the end... but I'd been waiting till 2am...

Lynch: Whoops...

Candy: So what did you eat at the seafood restaurant?

Lynch: Loads of stuff: prawns, mussels, oysters – different types of fish – it was basically a bloody feast.

Candy: But why did you choose seafood in the first place?

Lynch: Well, we decided we'd been going to too many steak houses recently and were sick of meat and chips. We didn't fancy anything too heavy, either, so we went for seafood.

30 Candy: Prawns and mussels and oysters... that doesn't sound so light.

Lynch: Well, I won't argue with that. And what did you do last night?

Candy: We went to that Indian restaurant on Gran Via... similar story to yours, but we decided we'd been eating too much pasta the previous week.

Lynch: And what did you have – chicken curry, spicy potatoes? I heard they make a fantastic lamb dish.

Candy: No, I had a pork dish with rice, and Angela had a **40** vegetarian dish with mushrooms, Candy peas and courgettes.

Lynch: Yuk...I know which one I'd be choosing. Anyway, yeah, when I came back you were asleep. I thought you'd been eating something unusual - now I know it was pork curry; all I could smell last night, though, was garlic and onions.

Candy: Now that's definitely not sexy.

Lynch: No, it wasn't... and I knew you'd been drinking... there was an odor of wine.

Candy: So, why did you go to the seafood place in Mare and **50** not the one we usually go to in Plaza España?

Lynch: Because we'd been watching a movie at Jordan's house, which is close to Port Olympic. We'd been lying down for two hours during the movie so we wanted to go somewhere close.

Candy: I think you should have chosen something a little more healthy, though, after all that drink; maybe a salad.

Lynch: A salad? After drinking? No way... the last thing I want to eat after a couple of bottles of wine is lettuce, tomatoes and all that stuff. I want something delicious... not **60** rabbit food!

Candy: Salad isn't rabbit food.

Lynch: Anyway, I'd been eating healthy stuff all week... Greek salads.

Candy: Delicious... though, I'm not sure the cheese is that healthy.

Lynch: Of course it is; but anyway, it's also got cucumber, red onion, the best tomatoes you can buy, and raw cabbage.

Candy: And olives.

Lynch: Yes. I suppose you've been eating quite healthily all week, **70** have you?

Candy: No. The Indian restaurant was the latest in a whole week of rubbish.

Lynch: yeah?

Candy: Yeah. Yesterday I realized I'd been eating burgers and cake in the week. I was working at this office right next to burger king – so we went there. Whopper with cheese followed by a brownie.

Lynch: Erm... this is making me hungry. What would you eat now if you could eat anything?

80 Candy: Honestly, I'd really like to have a fruit salad... after that unhealthy week I need to purify myself.

Lynch: My Gran makes a fantastic fruit salad.

Candy: Really? But I bet you haven't had one for ages... when was the last time you saw her?

Lynch: I saw her a couple of years ago. I'd been travelling around the UK seeing friends and I stayed at her house in the countryside. There's loads of apple trees and pear trees.

Candy: Is that where she got the fruit to make the salad?

Lynch: No, the supermarket.

90 Candy: Oh. And what did she put in it?

Lynch: Everything... strawberries, raspberries, bananas. I tell you... she puts these grapes in it the size of ping-pong balls. But unfortunately, that wasn't the only nice thing she used to make... after she'd spent two hours making the fruit salad she used to make these horrible vegetable casseroles. Yuk... big chunks of carrot and peas. I fucking hate peas.

Candy: It's true... the boy doesn't like peas. Anyway, shall we go and eat?

Lynch: Yeah... but let's have one last day of food abuse, shall we? **100** A full English breakfast – eggs, bacon, sausage, chips, mushrooms...

Candy: ...Oh God, stop... please...I'm going to be sick.



Sexy Grammar...

12

GRAMMAR: Future - Will

VOCABULARY: Money, finance

Charge	<i>Cobrar</i>	Building societies	<i>Bancos</i>
Commission	<i>Comisión</i>	Bonus	<i>Bonus</i>
Rate	<i>Cuota / tarifa</i>	Salary increase	<i>Aumento de salario</i>
Earn lots of money	<i>Ganar mucho dinero</i>	Pay rise	<i>Aumento de salario</i>
Sell	<i>Vender</i>	Owe	<i>Deber</i>
Worth	<i>Valer</i>	Funds	<i>Fondos</i>
A deal	<i>Un trato</i>	Bills	<i>Facturas</i>
Advance	<i>Anticipo</i>	Expenses	<i>gastos</i>
Tax	<i>Impuestos</i>	Council tax	<i>Impuesto municipal</i>
Broke	<i>Sin un duro</i>	Loaded	<i>Forrado</i>
Debts	<i>Deudas</i>	Entrepreneur	<i>Emprendedor</i>
Credit cards	<i>Tarjeta de créditos</i>	Billionaire	<i>Billonario</i>
Personal loans	<i>Prestamos personales</i>	Markets	<i>Mercados</i>
Mortgages	<i>Hipoteca</i>	Inherit	<i>Heredar</i>
Owner	<i>Dueño</i>	Loan sharks	<i>Prestamos ilegales</i>
Borrow money	<i>Pedir prestado</i>	Approved	<i>Aprobado</i>
Lend	<i>Prestar</i>	Financial	<i>Financiero</i>
I'll pay you back	<i>Te devolveré el dinero</i>	Bank	<i>Banco</i>
A risky investment	<i>Una inversión arriesgada</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Lynch: let's have a good gossip.

Candy: Okay. What about?

Lynch: Good question.

Candy: I know. Out of everyone we know, who do you think will be the richest?

Lynch: Well, my ex, Maria, is getting work as a model; maybe she'll be famous.

Candy: Nahhh, she won't be famous *or* rich. She works for a bad agency, they don't find her much work...and they **10** charge a lot of commission for each job.

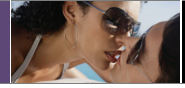
Lynch: Yeah, but maybe she'll find a *good* agency.

Candy: I dunno, and even finding a good agency isn't a guarantee. Only the top models can charge a high hourly rate and, let's face it... she's not that good-looking.

Lynch: Why? Because she's my ex?

Candy: Probably.

Lynch: Hmm... and what about Jimmy Jinx? Will he earn lots of money from his writing?



Candy: Tricky. My only worry about Jinx is that he smokes **20** too much weed and he'll find it harder and harder to motivate himself.

Lynch: I think Jinx would argue that it's weed that motivated him. If he has no weed then he'll run out of motivation. And what about publishing? Will any of the majors publish his work?

Candy: I think his short story is very good, but there's not many publishers who'll publish short stories; and as for his novel... he's been writing it for two years. Will he ever finish it?

30 Lynch: Of course he will, I have total faith in Jinxy. But, anyway, he won't need a publisher... he can sell his stuff on his web site. That'll be worth far more than a 15% advance from a conventional publishing deal which, after they deduct tax, would leave him with nothing. That's why all writers are broke, by the way.

Candy: Like you.

Lynch: Like me.

Candy: So who shall we talk about next. Nestor?

Lynch: Yes, but that's an easy prediction.

40 Candy: Yeah, he definitely won't be rich. Unless he stops spending so much on his credit cards he'll always have debts.

Lynch: But it's not just credit cards, is it?

Candy: No. He's got two personal loans and one of those terrible 40-year mortgages that mean he won't be the owner of his house til' 2145. The other day he asked me if he could borrow money again.

Lynch: Really?

Candy: Yeah, he said, "lend us two hundred euros, I swear **50** I'll pay you back."

Lynch: A risky investment. He's used to a 40-year pay back time. You'll be waiting til' 2145... just like his bank.

Candy: No, I'm sure he'll pay me back soon but it's more about the principle. I won't lend him money until he sorts out his financial problems. He needs everyone around him – friends, banks, building societies, loan sharks – to stop lending him money, and then he'll resolve the problem.

Lynch: Yes... well, we'll see. Talking of people not lending, sometimes it's bad when they *do* lend funds. The bank **60** never should have given Jeremy that loan, for example.

Candy: Yeah, he won't even have a house soon. The banks are bastards. What happened exactly?

Lynch: The credit boom. Do you remember when the banks used to send letters, throwing money at you? *Congratulations, you've been approved a 10,000 euro loan...* which you never asked for. And you're like... *I never asked*

for it but... I won't say no. So, basically, Jeremy and his wife received a letter like that and said, "I know, we'll open a shop with all these funds that have magically appeared." **70** Anyway, the shop was a disaster, and now they'll be paying the money back for ten years.

Candy: Bill said he'd help them out, though.

Lynch: Yeah, he's waiting to find out about a pay rise; if he gets it, he says he'll lend them the money to pay the bank and then they'll owe him the money.

Candy: Excellent. And will he get the salary increase?

Lynch: I think so. He's always getting bonuses and wage increases. His bonus was 50,000 euros last year.

Candy: Really?

80 Lynch: Yeah, and the amazing thing is he still lives with his parents. So he doesn't pay, rent, bills, council tax, nothing.

Candy: Come on! Surely he contributes to the expenses.

Lynch: Nah... his parents are loaded. Their house is worth almost a million euros. Money stays with money. His parents are rich... he's rich.

Candy: Yeah.

Lynch: And that leaves us. Do you think I'll be rich?

Candy: Honestly?

90 Lynch: Honestly.

Candy: Honestly honestly?

Lynch: Honestly honestly.

Candy: I'm in two minds. Sometimes I see you as a genius entrepreneur...and that you'll end up being a billionaire or something.

Lynch: And other times?

Candy: Other times I think you're just a little too unconventional. Very talented yes... but perhaps too radicle for the markets and fields you operate in. Doesn't **100** mean you'll be poor though just not mega rich.

Lynch: Interesting analysis.

Candy: And how about me?

Lynch: Chicks like you were born to be rich. Whether you marry it, inherit it, or make it, a girl like you'll always end up rich.

Candy: It's supposed to be a question about my talents.

Lynch: Well, in that case... of course you'll be rich. You're a woman of many talents.

Candy: Thanks... I think.



Sexy Grammar...

13

GRAMMAR: Future – Other forms

VOCABULARY: Transport

Plans	<i>Planes</i>	Yacht	<i>Yate</i>
Train ticket	<i>Billete de tren</i>	Sail	<i>Zarpar</i>
Ticket office	<i>Ventanilla</i>	Port	<i>Puerto</i>
Catch the train	<i>Coger el tren</i>	Harbor	<i>Puerto</i>
Leaves	<i>Sale</i>	Delivery vans	<i>Furgonetas de los repartos</i>
Airport	<i>Aeropuerto</i>	Car park	<i>Parking</i>
Drive	<i>Conducir</i>	Trucks	<i>Camiones</i>
Pick him up	<i>Recogerle</i>	Coach	<i>Autobús</i>
Motorbike	<i>Moto</i>	Car-sick	<i>Mareado (por viajar en coche)</i>
Train or a cab	<i>Tren o taxi</i>	Buses	<i>Autobuses</i>
License	<i>Carnet</i>	Fancy sports car	<i>Coche deportivo elegante</i>

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Candy: Okay, so what's happening this week? Let's make some plans.

Lynch: Okay, well, tomorrow's first day of the month, so we need a new train ticket. Let's leave early to avoid the queue at the ticket office and then we'll catch the train at seven.

Candy: The train leaves at quarter past, not seven.

Lynch: Oh, okay. And what are you doing at work this week?

10 Candy: I've got a big conference tomorrow. It starts at ten and finishes at six so I won't be back til' late. And you?

Lynch: Busy day, busy day. I've got to travel to the airport to pick up Jimmy Jinx. His plane lands at 8.30 and then we're going to a meeting about the Bogotá situation.

Candy: How are you gonna pick him up when you can't drive?

Lynch: I'm gonna get on a motorbike and drive **20** through rush hour!

Candy: Okay, don't be sarcastic.

Lynch: But How do you think I'm gonna pick him up? I'm gonna catch the train or a cab. It's like... you have this weird love of reminding everyone I can't drive. I know you got your license when you were like 12... but I didn't.

Candy: Whoops, I see you're a bit sensitive today, tiger. And now you'll get even more sensitive when I tell you about Tuesday.

30 Lynch: Why?

Candy: On Thursday I'm having lunch with Charlie: the president of the company.

Lynch: Excellent, I just love Charlie so much. (That was real sarcasm by the way, listeners.) And can you remind me why you're having lunch with him alone and not with other people in your department as well.

Candy: Because he wants to discuss the new product we're launching next year. The product I created.

Lynch: Oh yeah, and what will you do when he starts **40** hitting on you?



Candy: I'll be totally unresponsive. Or, as you seem to have established with Angela that respectful flirting is okay, maybe I'll do a little bit of *respectful* flirting.

Lynch: This is different from the Angela situation.

Candy: Really? Why?

Lynch: Because...because...God damn it, it's not different is it? How about because there's one rule for men and one for women? Will that work?

Candy: What do *you* think? But, anyway, why are you **50** so resentful of Charlie?

Lynch: Because I don't like him...I hate that cocksucker. He's always driving round in his fancy sports car... like he was the...

Candy: ...President of a multi-national...who earns over a million euros a year and has over 5000 employees in Spain and Portugal?

Lynch: Exactly. If you're all those things you should be driving round like a humble guy, do some work for charity and not be in everybody's face.

60 Candy: Hey, he's flying to Bangladesh this summer to set up a project for poor farmers. And he's doing it for free. That's charity!

Lynch: No it's not.

Candy: Why not?

Lynch: He's flying to Bangladesh as part of his personal branding. He's clever enough to know that everyone thinks he's an asshole so he's trying to improve his image.

Candy: But the guy managed to become chairman of a huge company after growing up in a really poor family. You **70** normally applaud success and self-improvement.

Lynch: I do applaud self-improvement – except when it's trying to fuck my girlfriend. Anyway, if you're having lunch with Charlie I'm gonna have lunch with Marissa at the port; maybe she'll invite me onto her yacht and we'll sail to a little harbor in the Balearics.

Candy: Is that a fantasy of yours – because it sounds remarkably like it's never gonna happen?

Lynch: Hey...you'll see. You spend too much time with Charlie tomorrow and that yacht leaves at 7.

80 Candy: Don't worry. You can cancel the yacht...Charlie never has time for more than a quick lunch. So what else are you doing this week?

Lynch: Thursday, I'm giving a lecture on English in Popular culture. Then I'm having a drink with Jim and Athena. What are you doing – apart from flirting?

Candy: Thursday I'm meeting with some colleagues and a whole bunch of us are going to visit a factory and distribution depot in Gerona. It's gonna be so boring – showing them delivery vans and walking round a car **90** park to see different types of trucks.

Lynch: Yeah?! How are you getting there, by the way? I was hoping you could lend the car to Jim so he can drive me.

Candy: I imagine they'll put us on a coach. There's a lot of us.

Lynch: I thought you got car-sick on buses.

Candy: I do, but what am I gonna say to my boss, "sorry, I can't go because I'll get car sick?"

Lynch: I'm sure Charlie'll lend you his helicopter or a **100** chauffeur driven limousine.

Candy: (sarcastic). Ha ha ha... anyway, after that I'm coming back to Barcelona for your lecture.

Lynch: Oh, good, you'll enjoy it. You've only seen it fifty times.

Candy: I told you... I like to watch you deliver seminars. It's.... sexy...

Lynch: Cool. Let's go.



Sexy Grammar...

14

GRAMMAR: Future Perfect/continuous VOCABULARY: Kitchen, Bathroom

Bathroom and the kitchen	<i>Baño y la cocina</i>	On the table	<i>En la mesa</i>
Sink	<i>Lavamanos</i>	Set the table	<i>Poner la mesa</i>
The bath,	<i>Bañera</i>	Cutlery	<i>Cubiertos</i>
The toilet	<i>Váter/baño</i>	Knife and fork	<i>Cuchillo y tenedor</i>
Plug	<i>Tapón</i>	Frying	<i>Friendo</i>
Flush the toilet	<i>Tirar la cadena</i>	Spoon	<i>Cuchara</i>
Taps	<i>Grifos</i>	Saucepans	<i>Olas</i>
Mop broom	<i>Trapero / escoba</i>	Towel	<i>Toalla</i>
Cooker	<i>Estufa, cocina</i>	From under the toaster	<i>Debajo de la tostadora</i>
Dishwasher	<i>Lavaplatos</i>	Disinfecting the working surfaces	<i>Desinfectar la superficie de trabajo</i>
The oven	<i>Horno</i>	Cleaning the kettle	<i>Limpiando la tetera</i>
Plate	<i>Plato</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Lynch: Hi everyone, today, Candy and I will be arguing.

Candy: Yep, guaranteed; we'll probably be arguing the whole podcast and the journey home too. In fact, by the time we go to bed we will have spent five hours arguing.

Candy: And the cause of this argument?

Lynch: Cleaning: we've got a system for the lounge and the bedroom, but the bathroom and kitchen seem to be a conflict area.

Candy: Okay, listen, in marriage guidance counseling, to make **10** sure that couples won't be talking at the same time, they give a rock to one of the people. Only the person who's holding the rock is allowed to talk. I've got the rock.

Lynch: Isn't this a bit drastic for an argument over a sink?

Candy: A sink covered in your shit? No! And I know that if we don't do this, that by the end of the podcast you will have spent the whole time arguing your case and I won't have said anything.

Lynch: Okay.

Candy: This is the problem: if I clean the bathroom tomorrow – which is a big job cos the bath, the toilet and the sink are all dirty - I will have done it every week this month, and you will have **20** done it zero times. Which, maybe I wouldn't mind, but most of the mess is yours. You don't pull the plug out of the bath, don't flush the toilet, you leave the seat up... you even leave taps on! And trust me, listeners, there's more, but I won't tell you or you'll be switching off in disgust.

Lynch: I'll be switching off in disgust if you don't stop telling everyone the dirty details. You'll have told them everything by the time this has finished.

Candy: No... that would require a thirty-minute podcast.

Lynch: Wow ... you're angry today. I wish I could say you're sexy **30** when you're angry but you're not.

Candy: Hey, that's not nice.



Lynch: Well, don't worry, we'll have a beer after this; you will have forgiven me by twelve and opted for some naughty fun by twelve-thirty.

Candy: I will have forgiven you for the comment about not being sexy, but I won't have forgiven you for not doing the cleaning. And the only fun you'll be having will be a mop up your backside.

Lynch: I'm not a big fan of anal stimulation, thank-you.

40 Candy: Don't worry, you won't be putting it up their by choice. I'll be ramming it up there, along with the broom.

Lynch: Kinky. You see, all this talk of cleaning the toilet and the sink and the cooker – it's just sexual tension.

Candy: Err... no it's not; it's just *tension*.

Lynch: Well, let's resolve it. But we can't do that until we deal with factor X.

Candy: Which is?

Lynch: You wanna talk about obvious jobs like cleaning the oven and emptying the dishwasher, but there's a whole load of **50** jobs I have to do which you don't notice.

Candy: Like what?

Lynch: You're always asking me to do things. You have me running around everywhere. I'm sure you will have converted me into your dog by the end of the year.

Candy: That's a lie.

Lynch: No it's not. Yesterday, for example, I cooked. I gave you your food and although you were supposed to set the table, you said, "Oh dear, there's no cutlery... will you get it?" And I obediently came back with the knife and fork *you* forgot. You **60** do that all the time. For example, if you're frying something and you need a spoon, you're like, 'pass me a spoon will you?' Whereas, when I'm frying something I just get it myself. Probably, by the end of the month I will have done an extra three hours work, running around after you.

Candy: So...err...will you be making more ridiculous points or is that it?

Lynch: You see, you don't care!

Candy: No, I don't. I wanna know who's gonna clean the cooker and wash all the saucepans, plates and cutlery. Not talk about **70** weird nonsense like you passing me a towel or a spoon.

Lynch: Whatever. Look, I'll do the kitchen and you do the bathroom. That's fair.

Candy: Err... yeah, like I said, it would be fair if i hadn't already done it three times this month... that'll be the fourth time.

Lynch: So what's your solution?

Candy: You do the kitchen and the bathroom... including all those difficult jobs like clearing the crumbs from under the toaster, disinfecting the working surfaces, and cleaning the kettle.

Lynch: I'm not cleaning the kettle... that's ridiculous.

80 Candy: Every time we boil water there's loads of white stuff in it. We'll end up throwing it away in a few months!

Lynch: Oh.

Candy: And clean the inside of the oven. That beef you roasted the other day has devastated the inside.

Lynch: And you, what will *you* be doing?

Candy: Well, if you play your cards right and clean those sinks well, mop the floors... I'll be in bed waiting for you. And you might be lucky.

Lynch: Sounds like an incentive.... but that's after one cleaning **90** session tonight. That means I will have paid you back for the imbalance but what's the system gonna be?

Candy: That's easy. You do the cleaning twice, I'll do it twice.

Lynch: Cool. Why didn't you say that in the beginning? Now, about that incentive; I think I'll go do some cleaning.

Candy: Cool. I'll get the mop.

Lynch: Good... but you keep it away from my bottom, okay?

Candy: Don't worry.

Lynch: Let's go.



Sexy Grammar...

15

GRAMMAR: Imperative

VOCABULARY: Tools

Carpenter	<i>Carpintero</i>	Axes	<i>Hachas</i>
How to make a coffee table	<i>Como se hace una mesa de café</i>	Screws	<i>Tornillos</i>
A lathe	<i>Torno</i>	Nails	<i>Clavos</i>
A hammer	<i>Martillo</i>	Sandpaper	<i>Papel de lija</i>
A chisel	<i>Formón</i>	Pliers	<i>Alicates</i>
Saw	<i>Sierra</i>	Tool box	<i>Caja de herramientas</i>
Workshop	<i>Taller</i>	A screwdriver	<i>Destornillador</i>
Surface	<i>Superficie</i>	Spanner	<i>Llave inglesa</i>
Tools	<i>Herramientas</i>	Allen key	<i>Llave inglesa</i>
Drills	<i>Taladros</i>	Grain	<i>Grano</i>

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Candy: Come here, Lynch, and give me a kiss.

Lynch: Really?

Candy: Yeah... come...now!

Lynch: Excellent. This must be the best podcast opening yet.

Candy: And it's gonna get better. No, don't kiss me on the cheek...kiss me here.

Lynch: Wow...real sexy English.

Candy: Well, it's just they said that we have to use the **10** imperative and the only order I could think of was, 'kiss me'.

Lynch: Excellent, but let's forget about that order and I'll issue you with another one.

Candy: Forget it. It'll inevitably involve using my mouth on a certain part of your anatomy.

Lynch: And the problem with that is?

Candy: Hey. A kiss is one thing. Anything more goes from sexy to just plain sex. Anyway, in order to use the imperative you're telling me how to make a coffee table; **20** so get on with it. But first, tell them the story of how the hell you know – considering you're a writer and not a carpenter – how to make a coffee table.

Lynch: Okay...yes, I suppose I should explain.

Candy: Explain.

Lynch: Okay, well, as you can imagine, there was a point in my life when I'd never touched a lathe, hammer, chisel or a saw. That was before the year 2000. But then something happened.

Candy: What?

30 Lynch: I met my dad. But, I don't want to bore the listeners with the story because I've told it already too many times.

Candy: Yes, good, don't bore them.



Lynch: So, cutting a long story short...basically, a big problem with my dad was that I had a degree, a masters in philosophy of science, and a doctorate, and my dad left school at 16, was fighting in Vietnam at eighteen, and had very little education.

Candy: Quite a contrast. Tell me more.

40 Lynch: But he's a man with some incredible talents...for example, his ability to build things is quite frankly... incredible. Anyway, one night, I think he wanted to show me this talent. He walked up to me when I was on the balcony and said, "Smoke this". So I started to smoke the marijuana and he interrupts me, "No, don't do it like that, do it like this..." and he took an enormous hit. Well, I obeyed, and then I was instantly – very stoned.

Candy: So what happened next?

50 Lynch: Well, he took me to the garage - which was also his workshop - and he had this huge work surface. Hung on the wall were more tools than I'd ever seen in my life. Drills – several different drills – saws, axes, and hundreds of little draws with screws and nails. "Grab that," he said, pointing to a block of sandpaper, "Let's get to work." Now, my brain was rebelling on two fronts; firstly, I was so stoned I could barely think, but the few thoughts I could have were something like – get the fuck outta here! – do I look **60** like a carpenter? However, as we'd just met, my next thought was - don't be difficult. So, I picked up the sandpaper and started sanding a piece of wood.

Candy: I like the sound of you doing physical labor. Continue.

Lynch: So there I am, and I'm sweating. "No, don't scratch it," he says, "You gotta do it smoother...like this." But while he was showing me I started to get angry...I really wanted to be doing something far more interesting than sawing and drilling. But I **70** continued until he tells me to pick up some wood and take the nails out of it with a pair of pliers.

Candy: Sounds fair enough to me.

Lynch: Well, I was starting to feel weird about the whole thing. "What are we doing?" I asked.

"Building a coffee table," he replied, "Now go to the tool box out front and get me a screwdriver will you. The second biggest in the box."

I went out the front to the tool box and saw a load of spanners on the floor. I looked around but couldn't see a **80** screwdriver...so I thought maybe he meant another tool – which I didn't even know the name of. I took it to him and he said, "That's an Allen key, not a screwdriver," and I'm like, "Whatever," and then I could see he was annoyed.

Candy: So what did you do?

Lynch: Well, I said to myself, "stop being so negative...let's try and cooperate," and I returned to the sanding – but tried to do a good job. And then, after a few minutes I must admit that I fell into a natural rhythm. And the wood **90** got smoother, and smoother, and the effect of the weed started to tune in with the motion. It was fucking cool, and then when he showed me how to do it properly... "Follow the grain of the wood," for example; I actually wanted to learn. And that was it. Next night he did the same: he arrived on the balcony with a drill in his hand and said, "Take this," and night after night we went through a different process to build the table. It was extremely Zen like.

Candy: It must be a primeval thing: men and tools.

100 Lynch: Must be... Okay, now it's your turn...tell us a story.

Candy: I'd love too, but... sorry listeners... don't be angry - we're out of time.

Lynch: Okay, let's go.



Sexy Grammar...

16

GRAMMAR: Modals

VOCABULARY: Body (advanced)

Bellies	<i>Estómagos</i>	Huge ass	<i>Culo enorme</i>
Forehead	<i>Frente</i>	Classic American looks	<i>Aspecto Americano clásico</i>
Asshole	<i>Capullo</i>	Well built	<i>Buen cuerpo</i>
Staggering	<i>Tambaleándose</i>	Chin	<i>Barbilla</i>
Chew	<i>Masticar</i>	High cheek bones	<i>pómulos hermosos</i>
Thighs	<i>Muslos</i>	Better skin	<i>Mejor piel</i>
Chubby	<i>Gordita</i>	Frown	<i>fruncir el ceño</i>
Hips	<i>Caderas</i>	Go Bright red	<i>Ponerse como un tomate</i>
Peroxide blonde hair	<i>Rubia artificial</i>	Wrinkles	<i>Arrugas</i>
Temple	<i>Sien</i>	Gorgeous	<i>Guapo</i>
Slapper	<i>Fulana</i>	Aged	<i>Envejecido</i>
Cleavage	<i>Escote</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Candy: I think we're gonna have to share with the listeners the terrible moral choice we face. Shall I tell them the story?

Lynch: Yes. Go ahead.

Candy: Well, the other night we were in Castelldefels, looking to fill our bellies with a kebab, and then we saw something incredible.

Lynch: I think you should go a little slower. You've gotta give some context. Time, what we'd been doing, etc. etc...

10 Candy: Okay, well, it was 3AM Saturday morning and we'd been drinking in a late night bar with friends. And although we were enjoying ourselves we had to leave early to pick Sam up from the airport the next day. I also had a pain in my forehead right on the left temple - where my migraines start - so that was another reason we had to go. Is that enough context?

Lynch: Perfect. So what did we see? Shall we start with Helena's boyfriend...or the girl who was offering herself to

Helena's boyfriend?

20 Candy: Helena's boyfriend. You see, listeners, as this story goes on...you must understand that we've never liked the guy. Helena is the one we're friends with and that's how we know him. He's okay...just, a bit of an asshole, and he was only out with us alone because Helena was away on business.

Lynch: And now...back to the kebab. So, there we were with loads of drunk people shouting and staggering around the street, so I said we should find somewhere quiet to eat our food: a park next to the main road. Patrick, Helena's boyfriend, said he had to go home so we said good-bye.

30 Candy: And went to the park to eat our food.

Lynch: So we were chewing on our kebabs when we see this girl who we'd seen in the bar. A real slapper: more make-up than an Egyptian pharaoh, a skirt that would be measured in millimeters, and a lot of cleavage.

Candy: This girl was *all over* Patrick on the dance floor. She was rubbing his thigh during one song, gyrating her hips and blowing kisses at him. But she was chubby, with peroxide blonde hair and a huge ass. Patrick sat down to get away



from her, telling us she was ugly and that she should see from **40** his wedding ring that he was married.

Lynch: Back in the park, though, I bit into a bit of falafel and turned to Candy: "Oh my God...you've gotta see this." Across the road, Patrick pulled over in his car and the girl got in. They drove away.

Candy: To say we were 'surprised' is an understatement - our jaws were on the floor. We must have looked crazy.

Lynch: It's not just that he was being unfaithful...but with that particular woman.

Candy: Yeah. I mean, he's gorgeous. Classic American looks: **50** well-built, square chin, high cheekbones...kind of like Robert Redford.

Lynch: But with better skin. And, by the way, him and Helena have got three kids. Another reason for presuming he wouldn't be unfaithful.

Candy: And especially not with her.

Lynch: I dunno...it's like...some people like the burnt rice at the bottom of the pan, or pizza that's been left out over night. He must have a taste for the dark side.

Candy: But...yeah, good looking or not...he'd just picked up **60** another woman, meaning we were plunged into a moral nightmare. Clearly, my first reaction was, "Oh my God, I have to call Helena immediately."

Lynch: Candy was in a panic. She had this frown on her face that just wouldn't go. But I was like...no, no, no, we mustn't rush into anything. Because the bottom line is that Helena would definitely divorce him immediately...and as they've got three kids, I didn't fancy being the one to break the family up.

Candy: Yeah, but we should remember that we were just messengers. It would have been Patrick who broke the family **70** up by his actions.

Lynch: Okay, but we're starting to get into the details of the argument again. Shall we tell them what happened next?

Candy: Yeah. Shall I tell them or you?

Lynch: You.

Candy: Well, we decided that we had to confront Patrick about it. My God, you should have seen his face when we told him. He went bright red and I swear he aged in an instant: the wrinkles on his face looked a lot deeper.

Lynch: Not surprisingly. Imagine going for a drink and **80** suddenly your spouse's friends say they caught you doing something terrible.

Candy: Anyway, he was almost crying, and said it was a one off. And then he said that he couldn't go through with it and all he did was take her home. No sex.

Lynch: I don't doubt he took her home; the only difference being he took her once he'd gained his satisfaction.

Candy: Probably; but at the end of the day you must give people the benefit of the doubt.

Lynch: But only because of the children.

90 Candy: And now we have to accept our decision even if it may not have been the best one.

Lynch: And Patrick has to accept that we'll be watching him like a hawk.

Candy: True. Yeah, let's go... we've gotta go and have a drink with Helena.

Lynch: Oh God, how are we gonna cope with that? Every time I look at her I'm going to think of Patrick and that slapper.

Candy: What a nightmare. I've changed my mind. We have to tell her.

100 Lynch: Too late now. Let's go.



Sexy Grammar...

17

GRAMMAR: Conditional

VOCABULARY: Countries

Saudi Arabia	<i>Arabia Saudí</i>	South Africa	<i>Sudáfrica</i>
Midwest	<i>La región central de los EEUU</i>	Namibia	<i>Namibia</i>
Switzerland	<i>Suiza</i>	Zimbabwe	<i>Zimbabue</i>
Sweden	<i>Suecia</i>	Great Britain	<i>Gran Bretaña</i>
Denmark	<i>Dinamarca</i>	Wales	<i>Gales</i>
Norway	<i>Noruega</i>	Scotland	<i>Escocia</i>
Thailand	<i>Tailandia</i>	Welsh	<i>Gales</i>
Netherlands	<i>Holanda</i>	Scottish	<i>Escocés</i>
Holland	<i>Holanda</i>	Scotland	<i>Escocia</i>
Dutch	<i>Holandés</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Lynch: Okay, basically, the other day when we were talking about Greece, some issues emerged. So we thought we'd explore these issues by proposing various countries and asking if we'd live there.

Candy: And let's start with you, Lynch, how about Saudi Arabia? Would you live in Saudi Arabia?

Lynch: Well, moving to hot countries is usually an aspiration of most ex-pats, but I'll admit that Saudi Arabia isn't high on my list.

10 Candy: Why wouldn't you live there?

Lynch: I wouldn't live there because of the 3 Bs: birds, beer and bollocks.

Candy: As you just used two slang words that not even our best students would understand... you should explain.

Lynch: Well, I'll start with the one they understand: beer. I would go crazy without beer. I'm accustomed to having a beer almost anywhere at anytime... what the hell would I do in Saudi Arabia when there's no beer nowhere at no time, and if you do have one – it's a crime. I would end up in jail –

20 especially when they discover the illegal brewery I'd start up in my attic.

Candy: And the birds?

Lynch: Well, 'birds' is a slang term for 'women' – another thing that would drive me mad in Saudi Arabia. I mean, I'm a loyal boyfriend, but I like to look at girls.

Candy: Huh...I'd definitely agree with that.

Lynch: Yeah, anyway, if all the women are partially covered up I don't know what my eyes would do; they'd probably close from lack of stimulation. I'd get sleeping sickness. And what's worse, **30** is that Saudi Arabian women are actually very beautiful so it would be very frustrating.

Candy: And the bollocks?

Lynch: Well, *bollocks* is a slang word for *testicles*... it's a swear word and a mild one compared to the ones I normally use but I'm pretty sure that I would offend a lot of people in Saudi Arabia with my vulgar language. So, to conclude, Saudi Arabia – a fascinating country – but I wouldn't live there or in any other Arabic country where alcohol was hard to obtain.



Candy: Hey, it's not just Arabic countries where alcohol is **40** hard to obtain; you should remember that your Dad lives in a dry county.

Lynch: That's true...explain what a dry county is.

Candy: Well, for those of you that don't know, Lynch's father is from a small town in Arkansas in the Midwest United States. It's a dry county - a municipality where the sale of alcohol is illegal.

Lynch: A bit different from Saudi, though. You only have to cross the county line and then you can buy it. . Anyway, how about you...would you like to live...let me think of another **50** country... in Switzerland?

Candy: Interesting choice. Would I like to live in Switzerland? No.

Lynch: Why not?

Candy: The three Cs

Lynch: Which are?

Candy: Cold, cold, cold. I would never live in a cold country again after living in Spain.

Lynch: Okay, so you wouldn't live in Sweden, Denmark or Norway then?

60 Candy: No way.

Lynch: What about India or South East Asia – somewhere like Burma or Thailand?

Candy: Now you're talking. Yeah. I'd definitely live on some island paradise in Thailand. But there's only one thing that would annoy me.

Lynch: What?

Candy: The insects. I hate insects ... and also I'd find it pretty hard to learn Thai. That is one of the most difficult alphabets in the world. Where else would you like to live or not live?

70 Lynch: Well, I'd definitely like to live in Greece. As you know I have a passion for all things Greek.

Candy: The whole world knows. You never stop talking about it. Anyway, tell us about somewhere else in Europe. Holland for example...would you live there?

Lynch: Well, the Netherlands is interesting but...too bloody flat. And I don't know if I'd like to live in a town center with prostitutes staring out at me. In fact, it would probably send me slowly mad – I don't know how the Dutch tolerate it.

Candy: But you said you liked to look at girls.

80 Lynch: Yeah – real girls...not prostitutes.

Candy: Prostitutes are real girls.

Lynch: Okay, Biologically, but in other senses they aren't real girls... all you have to do is pay them and they'll have sex with you.

Candy: Whatever. What about...Africa? Would you live in South Africa or Namibia or Zimbabwe... somewhere like that?

Lynch: Well, it's well known that these are some of the most beautiful countries in the world...and I love the soul of Africa, but I don't think I'd live there. I'm just too accustomed to Latin **90** life now.

Candy: In that case, you're saying you wouldn't live anywhere but Latin cultures.

Lynch: Pretty much.

Candy: Okay, one last try... what about a return to Great Britain?

Lynch: God no...but if I went back, I'd probably move to Wales.

Candy: Not Scotland.

Lynch: No, the Scottish hate the English - well, the Welsh do too, but not as much. But anyway, I think I'll stick with Latin countries.

100 Candy: Me too.

Lynch: Ciao amigos.



Sexy Grammar...

18

GRAMMAR: Second Conditional

VOCABULARY: Shopping

Shopping binge	<i>Hacer muchas compras</i>	Sales	<i>Rebajas</i>
Gourmet food	<i>Comida gourmet</i>	Cheap skate	<i>Tacaño</i>
Groceries	<i>Comestibles</i>	Discounts	<i>Descuentos</i>
Luxury	<i>Lujo</i>	Sex Shop	<i>Tienda de sexo</i>
Expensive	<i>Caro</i>	Butchers, Bakery, Hardware Shop,	<i>Carnicería, panadería, ferretería</i>
Trolley	<i>Carrito</i>	Florist	<i>Florista</i>
Aisles	<i>Filas</i>	Market Stalls	<i>Puesto, tenderete</i>
Shelves	<i>Estanterías</i>	Sold Out	<i>Agotado</i>
Designer clothes	<i>Ropa diseñadora</i>	Buy	<i>Comprar</i>
Shop assistant	<i>Dependiente</i>	Vouchers	<i>Cupones</i>
Beauty salon and hairdressers	<i>Salón de belleza y peluquera</i>	Store	<i>Tienda</i>
Afford	<i>Alcanzar (dinero)</i>	To Spend	<i>Gastar</i>
Bargain	<i>Ganga</i>	Department Store	<i>Grandes almacenes</i>
Cheap	<i>Barato</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Lynch: What would you buy if you had 10000 euros in vouchers to spend?

Candy: Vouchers for which store?

Lynch: I don't know – probably a big department store like el Corte Ingles or somewhere like that.

Candy: Well, if you gave me all those vouchers I'd definitely go on a shopping binge. But I think the first thing would be lots of delicious gourmet food?

Lynch: Groceries – isn't that a bit boring?

10 Candy: No, it's just that finally I'd be able to buy all those luxury foods you say are too expensive.

Lynch: Like what?

Candy: If I had 10,000 euros you would soon find out. El Corte ingles has some great food...I'd get my trolley and run down

those aisles filling it to the top; food would fly off those shelves.

Lynch: And what about after that?

Candy: Well, I'd leave you with the shopping and go to the clothes department. And if they didn't have a good selection **20** of designer clothes I'd go to Armani. As soon as the shop assistant approached I'd tell her my size and say 'get me your best fashion consultant, a series of outfits to try on, and I'll be back in two hours.' Then I'd go to the beauty salon and hairdressers.

Lynch: And what would you do at the hairdressers?

Candy: Well, if I had enough time I'd get something radical done like change my hair color.

Lynch: Mind you, I think we're forgetting a condition of the scenario. They're supposed to be vouchers for El Corte **30** Ingles...so that means you would have to pay in cash at the beauty salon. And Armani.



Candy: Well, bearing in mind I've got 10 grand in vouchers, I'm sure I can afford the price of a trip to the hairdressers. And as for Armani...well, let's just say they're transferable to other clothes shops. Anyway, what would you buy if you had 10,000 euros worth of vouchers?

Lynch: Well it depends again where the vouchers are for.

Candy: I don't know... where do you want them for?

Lynch: Well, I love a bargain, so somewhere cheap.

40 Candy: But if you had 10000 euros wouldn't the need for a bargain diminish?

Lynch: Never, even if you gave me 10000 euros I'd still look for bargains. It's logical. If you spent the ten grand at a normal shop you'd get x... if you went to a shop when the sales were on you'd get double X. I know which I'd prefer.

Candy: Cheap skate! Personally I wouldn't be looking for discounts. If I was carrying 10000 euros I'd make lots of expensive purchases - all those quality items I can't afford. Anyway, enough diversion, you have to decide... which shop **50** would you want them for? And don't say a sex shop... I know how your mind works.

Lynch: A sex shop - give me some credit. I may have a healthy, constant desire for sex...that doesn't mean I go to sex shops.

Candy: Whatever! It's funny, though, now I mention it...Imagine the only option was a sex shop. Or, you know those competitions when you have three minutes to fill your trolley with as much stuff as possible. Imagine you won a competition like that... but in a sex shop; what would your **60** trolley look like by the time you arrived at the till?

Lynch: Full of porn?

Candy: Yeah, actually, it would. Not so interesting. I was imagining something much more exotic: contraptions with harnesses and reins.

Lynch: (mystified) Huh?

Candy: Did I just say that? Sorry, I think I'm a little horny today.

Lynch: For harness and reins? That's almost as bizarre as podcast 6 when you revealed your fetish for butchers.

70 Candy: Hey, but what about your fetish for bakers? You're always chatting up that girl who works in the bakery? Does that mean you have a fetish for bakers?

Lynch: No, but if you left me, I'd definitely start buying more bread!

Candy: Huh! Well, let's forget all specialist shops be they hardware shops, butchers, florists, whatever. Let's think of Harrods. What would you buy in Harrods?

Lynch: But in London we could go somewhere far more interesting than Harrods. If we were there on a Saturday **80** morning I'd take you to Camden market. They've got some great stalls.

Candy: Really?

Lynch: Yeah...if we went there we'd eat loads of good food, too. There's a stall that sells amazing fudge... but it's so good it's always sold out within a few hours. You have to queue for ages, too.

Candy: I wouldn't like that... I hate queues with a passion. And I must admit that I don't particularly like markets; supermarkets yes, but not markets; and I definitely don't **90** purchase food from market stalls... I have hygiene issues.

Lynch: Really? Tom the Traveller wouldn't be impressed.

Candy: Yeah... definitely.... So let's go to Harrods.

Lynch: Okay.

Candy: So what would you buy?

Lynch: Okay. So, if we visited Harrods, I'd probably look at the book section and buy some books. But to be honest, if I had 10000, I'd start feeling stressed out about what to buy? I'd probably just give it to you and let you decide.

Candy: And don't you worry, I'd have plenty of ideas.

100 Lynch: I'm sure.



Sexy Grammar...

19

GRAMMAR: Third Conditional

VOCABULARY: The office

Marketing department	<i>Departamento de marketing</i>	Meeting room	<i>Sala de reuniones</i>
Office	<i>Oficina</i>	Maternity leave	<i>Baja de maternidad</i>
Work	<i>Trabajo</i>	Sick leave	<i>Baja</i>
Canteen	<i>Vending, cantina</i>	Stationary cupboard	<i>Almacén, armario</i>
My boss	<i>Mi jefe</i>	Lunch break	<i>Hora de comer</i>
Head of human resources	<i>Jefe de recursos humanos</i>	Mouse mat	<i>Para ratón</i>
Security	<i>Seguridad</i>	Made redundant	<i>Despedir (por reducción de plantilla)</i>
Recruited	<i>Reclutado</i>	Sacked	<i>Despedido</i>
Secretary	<i>Secretaria</i>	Labor relations	<i>Relaciones laborales</i>
Filing cabinet	<i>Archivador</i>	Environment	<i>Ambiente</i>

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Candy: Has it ever occurred to you that if you hadn't been giving a class in Pepsi on the day I was visiting the marketing department, we never would have become friends?

Lynch: Of course it's occurred to me... and if we hadn't become friends then we wouldn't have fallen in love.

Candy: And if we hadn't fallen in love you wouldn't have escaped your empty life.

Lynch: Hey... hold on a minute... I don't remember that part.

Candy: That's what you wrote on my Facebook page when we **10** started going out.

Lynch: Yeah...I was probably just trying to get you in bed.

Candy: But you'd already got me in bed.

Lynch: In that case I must have been trying to *keep* you in bed. But, anyway...yeah...none of us'll forget that in a hurry. It was through Facebook that my ex found out I was in a new relationship. She went nuts. If I hadn't written that message she never would have found out and she never would have gone to your office.

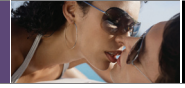
Candy: Oh God, don't remind me; that was so embarrassing. **20** Can you imagine... you're at work, chatting in the canteen, and in storms some crazy Russian girl... accusing you of stealing her boyfriend?

Lynch: I think you should tell everyone the story. Or maybe you just did. Anyway, I suppose we should mention the fact that the Russian and me were still technically together when we met and started going out. Obviously, I split up with her as soon as we started but it **was** all very sudden in Ivana's mind - even though things were going very badly in the relationship. I mean...I wouldn't have started going out with you if things had **30** been going well with Ivana.

Candy: That's not true... even if you'd been going out with a woman who had a body like Adriana Lima, a heart like mother Theresa, and a face like Megan fox, you still would have left her for me.

Lynch: Well, maybe. The fact is, though, Ivana looked like Mother Theresa, had a heart like a Fox, and a body like a llama. Anyway, tell the story...

Candy: I think you're just playing with words. She did have a heart like a fox... but she was very beautiful.



40 Lynch: Anyway, moving on.

Candy: Yes, moving on. There I was, sitting with my boss, the head of human resources, and a couple of other work mates, when Ivana enters and shouts... "I just want you to know that the law of karma will fuck you over for stealing my boyfriend."

Lynch: So what did you do?

Candy: I said, "Maybe it's because of karma that your boyfriend left you."

Lynch: Nice. And what did your boss say?

Candy: Well, he offered to call security but I said *no*. Then Ivana **50** looked at the boss of human resources – the guy who recruited me – and said, "If this bitch hadn't stolen my boyfriend I wouldn't have had an abortion."

Lynch: What did you say?

Candy: Then I said, 'Yes, call security please.' But Ivana stormed off to the elevator...not before bumping into a secretary though and knocking her into a filing cabinet.

Lynch: Yeah, she was a nice girl... but you know, funnily enough, if I hadn't been going out with Ivana then we never would have been in the same meeting room at the same time.

60 Candy: Yeah?

Lynch: Yeah. I was going to miss the class because I woke up late; but she insisted on driving me to the office.

Candy: Ah. So she was useful for something.

Lynch: Yeah, more or less.

Candy: But apart from that, do you think we would have met – even if she hadn't taken you to the office.

Lynch: Quite possibly, yes.

Candy: Ah. So you believe in fate then?

Lynch: Not really; it's just that I was doing classes there. You **70** were making a lot of visits to Pepsi while your partner was on maternity leave so...

Candy: ...Sick leave...not maternity leave.

Lynch: Okay...sick leave. Anyway, that means there was a chance we'd bump into each other, so if it hadn't been that day it probably would have been another day.

Candy: That's not very romantic... but I see your point. Anyway, what we do know is that if we hadn't been at Pepsi we wouldn't have met each other.

Lynch: Yes; we know which we prefer out of Pepsi and Coke.

80 Candy: Yes, especially after what we did against the stationary cupboard when everyone was on lunch break. Remember?

Lynch: Do I remember? That's like asking Pele if he remembers scoring the winning goal in the world cup. Of course I remember. How can I forget?

Candy: God, I think that was the best sex we've ever had.

Lynch: Yes...it was a classic case of...what if we get caught?

Candy: And we pretty much did get caught by that guy who came looking for a mouse mat.

90 Lynch: Yeah, he was very suspicious; luckily he was made redundant a week later.

Candy: Yeah, that was a stroke of luck; if he hadn't been made redundant he probably would have told everyone.

Lynch: Yeah, probably.

Candy: And then if he'd told everyone they probably would have dismissed you.

Lynch: That would have been so unfair though. Sacked for fucking at work! If I'd got sacked for fucking at work I would have contacted my trade union or gone on strike or **100** something; there's nothing wrong with making love in the work-place... it's good for the environment, good for labor relations, and furthermore, people are always saying you have to be passionate about your work.

Candy: Yeah, that's a little different though from being passionate *at* work.

Lynch: It's all the same to me baby... all the same to me. Anyway... the important thing is that we did meet.

Candy: True that.



Sexy Grammar...

20

GRAMMAR: Passive

VOCABULARY: Politics, issues, debates

Governments	<i>Gobiernos</i>	Ambassador to the United Nations	<i>Embajador a las Naciones Unidas</i>
Current affairs	<i>Temas de actualidad</i>	Special advisor	<i>Aconsejador especial</i>
Subject	<i>Tema</i>	Argue	<i>Argumentar</i>
Beliefs	<i>Creencias</i>	Undermined	<i>Minado</i>
Political activists	<i>Activistas políticas</i>	Vested interests	<i>Intereses creados</i>
Attended	<i>Asistido</i>	Civil servants	<i>Funcionarios</i>
Society	<i>La sociedad</i>	Forced by consumers	<i>Obligado por consumidores</i>
Jump the gun	<i>Salir en falso</i>	Q and a	<i>Preguntas y respuestas</i>
Well delivered	<i>Bien entregado, dado</i>	Political alliance	<i>Una alianza política</i>
Speech	<i>Discurso</i>	Well articulated	<i>Bien expresado</i>
Scandals	<i>Escándalos</i>		

GRAMMAR

- Read and listen to the dialogue and underline all examples of the target tense.

CONVERSATION

Candy: Hi, okay baby, what are we gonna talk about today?

Lynch: Well, we're gonna talk about politics and governments and current affairs.

Candy: Politics isn't a subject that can be called 'sexy' in most cases; but don't worry, guys...you won't be forced to listen to a speech about our beliefs. It's just that our beliefs and politics are intimately connected with the story of how we fell in love.

Lynch: It's true!

10 Candy: You see, contrary to popular belief – Lynch and I aren't pie in the sky party people; we're committed political activists. And it was when we both attended an environmental meeting as friends, that we had our first kiss.

Lynch: Admittedly, it did help you were looking doubly hot that night, but yes, I'll agree with that. So what would you say motivates us politically?

Candy: Well, basically, we believe the world is being destroyed?

Lynch: And we don't just mean that the environment will be **20** destroyed, but society too.

Candy: However, let's not jump the gun... let's talk about the environment first. Lynch, tell them about the talk that was being given the night we first kissed.

Lynch: Okay, well, it was delivered by the Spanish ambassador to the United Nations – who's also a special advisor to the inter-governmental commission on climate change. And he was arguing that the whole process of emission reduction was being undermined by a series of vested interests and that while they had such power the situation could not be remedied. So, anyway, **30** we were listening intently and then it was time for Q and A, and he was asked a lot of questions about the climate change conference and whether the process could be aided by a new political alliance and what not, and then Candy stands up. What did you say, Candy?



Candy: Well, the guy was annoying me. He was the perfect representation of the lie of global warming that's fed to people every day.

Lynch: Which is?

Candy: That the problem will be solved by politicians or civil **40** servants or laws or new forms of energy. You see, while all those things are useful, the amount of CO2 can only be reduced by one technology and one technology alone. The human mind. To simplify it... the fact is that if the corporations and leaders of our society were forced by consumers to change – they *would* do. So, the most powerful weapon isn't a politician, it isn't technology... it's the human mind. You continue the story.

Lynch: Well, the truth is I'm not sure if I agree with this position, but after she spoke – there was a three second **50** pause; everyone in the room was spellbound by her words... (probably combined with **the** fact she was so hot.)

Candy: Asshole!

Lynch: Sorry, that was a joke.... And I hope the listeners realize it was a joke.

Candy: So speak seriously, then.

Lynch: Okay, well... it's just her words were so well articulated ... it was a powerful mini speech. I already knew she was smart... but that's when I realized that she was super smart, and idealistic. A smoking combination. I was hooked. So **60** what did we do then?

Candy: Well, we went to a bar – a lot of beers were drunk – and we talked about err... I hope this doesn't sound pompous – philosophy and politics.

Lynch: Yeah, we were talking about how MPs in the British parliament were involved in expenses scandals, and she talked about how congressman and senators were involved in vice, and how this reflected the fact that the system was being destroyed from within. Etc. etc.

Candy: And then I suddenly felt my face being grabbed and **70** Lynch planted a big smakerooney straight on my lips. Which actually...wasn't...particularly sexy.

Lynch: What?

Candy: Well, it was all very sudden. I felt like I was being attacked.

Lynch: You were. In my family, the men call it *The Rising Cobra*.

Candy: Yes, well, I was tempted to give you what the women in my family call 'a good slap' to the face. One minute you're talking about the accountability of ministers **80** and the next you've got your tongue down my throat.

Lynch: Pretty smooth, huh!

Candy: No!

Lynch: Well, you responded affirmatively.

Candy: Yeah, after a few seconds when I realized that resistance was pointless.

Lynch: No no no... look, when a woman's being seduced...

Candy: ...What you described as being 'attacked.'

Lynch: Yeah... an attack of seduction. Well, anyway, when a woman is being seduced she always has to pretend she's been **90** attacked or something. But you knew you wanted it.

Candy: I see, it's the classic dirty old man's defense: 'no' means 'yes.'

Lynch: Err... yes!

Candy: Let's return to politics shall we. After the initial attack, things calmed down and proceeded smoothly. Apart from when we started arguing about the EU on the way home?

Lynch: Yes... your Americanized opinion of Europe.

Candy: I just mentioned Kissinger's comment on European disunity: "who do I call when I wanna speak to Europe?"

100 Lynch: Whatever. Let's not return to current affairs, let's return to the first kiss.

Candy: No. The second. That was nice... the one after *The rising cobra*. Yeah, it was nice... More than nice!

Lynch: Ah...you see! You'd been injected with love venom by the rising cobra and your brain was overwhelmed by passion.

Candy: Let's just say... it was a nice kiss.

Lynch: Oh, okay. I'll settle for that.