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Hi, my name is Nastya. Ever since I was a kid, I've loved traveling. Whenever I had a chance to go somewhere, I willingly used it. For each person, a trip somewhere has its own reasons. Maybe it will be a simple curiosity, a desire to know the world. Maybe it will be a long-cherished dream to visit any important place. Maybe it will be a desire to communicate with the indigenous people of the places where you go. There are many reasons-one consequence. Take for example the great travelers. All of them pursued their goal. These are Francis Drake, Athanasius Nikitin, Amerigo Vespucci, and others whose names I shall tire of enumerating. Not in their names the crux of the. The point is how much they meant to the world. Countless discoveries, achievements and recognition. Now, in the twenty-FIRST century, people are used to the fact that everything has long been open. That you can get on a plane and a couple of hours to arrive almost anywhere in the world. Maybe that's why I've always been attracted to travel. It is a pleasant feeling when you personally see places in which you have never been. Sense of own pleasure, that whether. Besides, trips are not only new emotions, new sensations. It's also a holiday. Rest from routine work. Monotonous, boring, boring. The one that gives us our "Gray" city.

My lifelong dream was to visit the capital of the United Kingdom. Or rather its capital - London. I only raved about them. Waiting for the moment when I can visit this wonderful city. And, one day, my dream came true. Tickets flight "Moscow-London" were bought, and things are collected. Standing at the airport, I imagined more than once how I would get out of the boarding ramp, and then, being in a taxi, I would explore the new, unfamiliar streets of London. The day before I left, I couldn't sleep. All night I was tormented by the thought: "If only not to oversleep". This is a significant day for me should be remembered as the best of all. And to spoil it, I would not allow conscience. Here comes the momentous day when dreams come true. "Dream and everything will come true" is a great phrase to describe my situation. I sat in the terminal and waited with bated breath for the announcement: "Moscow-London". I was on pins and needles. The combination of excitement and happiness made him hot and cold. There was an announcement: the Flight "Moscow-London" has arrived..."Heart beginning to gain animalsis not stressful pace. Knock-knock-knock-knock, knock-knock-knock-knock.

I couldn't find a seat on the plane. From excitement vanished removed any desire to sleep, even with that the absence of sleep was on face. "A few hours and there will be

London" - this thought did not give rest. Rains are commonplace here. But this does not mean that it rains in England alone. Sunny days are also not uncommon.

Immediately from the airport we were met by a taxi. On the way to the hotel, I tried to see as much as possible of what I had not seen before: unfamiliar corners, unknown shops and so on. Above the entrance to the hotel was the inscription: "Alexandra Hotel 3" the Room was relatively expensive.

The next day we went "carousing" in the sights of London. With each place happiness only grew. How nice to feel that dream, so long, to be away from you in mid-stride. I won't get tired of saying it. As I thought, any Englishman who found out we were tourists welcomed us warmly and welcomed us. True English gentlemen.

We did not avoid English restaurants. Food is part of the culture, and to ignore it would be stupid and rude to the country. As expected, we were served a real English steak, roasted, but with blood. This is the most delicious meat I've ever eaten. We were lucky, it was Sunday, so it was "Sunday lunch". For the steak, according to the old tradition, we were served vegetables, potatoes and Yorkshire pudding. So you can not forget the most common English dish - cod.

I remember this dinner for the rest of my life. After that, we continued to look around: came across real English pubs, brand new fast food chains, clothing stores and other things that could catch your eye. That day was beautiful.

On the second and third day in London, we decided to visit the clothing stores we came across yesterday. I wanted to buy all sorts of strange things, so that at home, as usual, to show off in front of friends. As a result, we bought beautiful black, red, green dresses, skirts and other attributes of clothing a real English lady. My mother jokingly called me the Princess of steak and cod for the rest of the day.

The fourth or seventh day did not stand out in any special way. The same trips through the streets of London, the same discoveries as on the first day, the same impressions of new things.

As much as I hate to leave this wonderful city, it all comes to an end. On the last day, I have bitterness in my heart was packing in a suitcase.

I was depressed on the plane. It was a pity I had spent so little time in London. However, the thought that I would be here later, and more than once, gave me a second hope.

At home, having unpacked the things bought in London, all acquaintances and friends were surprised, saying: "the Real English lady" I keep These things as bright memory. Or rather as memories of my unforgettable trip.