

Love finds a way for Ellen Lester

A mess of sweat, tears and exhaustion, I lean against a bright yellow door and watch my lustful sister Lydia and her latest 'lover boy', Carlos, disappear up the steep cobbled street. It isn't the travel experience I thought it would be.

I've been dreaming of white sands, blue sea and crowded pinchos for days, but here I am, alone, in a small, hot dusty town. It's only 7.00am and already my head thrums with heat.

A couple dash past, casting their eyes over their shoulders. I turn and see a confusion of people streaming towards me. "What the?" The door opens and I tumble backwards. A firm hand grasps my shirt and pulls me into the gloom, away from the shouting and pounding feet.

"Hey, que diablos estas hacienda?"

"What?"

"Ah Engleesh eh?" He shakes his head "Chica loca". He propels me up the narrow stairs and I'm launched into a chattering mass of people. A gunshot echoes, sending them and me swarming onto the balcony.

"Toro, Toro, Toro!"

Bulls dripping with snot, round the corner. A blur of men in white and red flea before them. A man stumbles.

We all groan.

The bull's eyes roll.

"Here! Here!" we screech.

Eyes bulging, the man runs at the wall beneath us. Arms stretch out. Feet scabble. We clasp his shirt, his pants, his hot sweaty hands and haul. It's unbearable, and then he's over the rail.

A cheer goes up. Adrenaline flows. He's panting, laughing, boasting! Wine flagons appear and celebrations erupt. So that's how I met my husband, Juan, at the Running of the Bulls. My sister? Lustful Lydia? Well she ditched Carlos, three more husbands and as usual, she ditched me.