

My Plurilingual Journey

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I know 2 languages, one fluently, and one barely intelligible mishmash of words and sounds. I obviously speak English, I learned mostly from my parents who both speak English, and I like to believe I am reasonable proficient with English. I also speak a small amount of Spanish. I took Spanish all throughout high school, and in my university program it was required to get 4 classes of a language in order to graduate so I took 4 classes of Spanish. I wish I could say I could hold a conversation in Spanish, but that is not the case. Any time I have been in a Spanish speaking country, bragging to friends and family about my amazing fluency in the local language, I am quickly proven a fool. If you were not aware, native Spanish speakers, speak super swiftly. Seriously, upon seeing my attempt to begin a conversation with them, they will excitedly spout off a stream of sounds that leaves me stunned, standing, staring. Stupefied. You see, I was not a superb Spanish student, I was a sub-par Spanish Student. Lucky for me, many people in other countries also speak English. SO, I would be able to slink back, shamed shaken, and a little sheepish, to the secure safety net of the English language.

I did find however, in some countries in Europe, if you speak English, people might assume you are from the United States, and treat you differently. Apparently, the US has a bit of a reputation going around. Because of this, while I was backpacking in Europe with friends, I developed a habit of saying eh' more and other Canadianisms like about in an effort to sound more Canadian. I did not really say any of those things before. However, some of that stuck and I still catch myself saying eh' a lot.

Long story short, I would say I speak Canadian English, and can ask where the bathroom is in Spanish. And I apologize for the slam poetry break in the middle there.