

Airport Trouble

Okay. There is no way to sugar-coat this, or to make it sound lovelier, or to have a positive outlook on this, so I will make myself very clear: IT WAS THE WORST HOLIDAY TRIP EVER. Yes, I said it. It all started a few weeks ago, when our journey first began...

The car ride to the airport was monotonous. I was extremely bored out of my wits, and I couldn't wait for the ride to end. When the airport came into view, I was overjoyed, and hurriedly stepped out of the car, but the wind was bitter cold and mercilessly pierced my face. Hugging my wool coat to myself, the car suddenly seemed appealing with its warm seats and heater.

My thoughts were interrupted by a screeching voice.

"Danny, m'boy! Where's my coffee? I haven't had it, and you'd better darn quick get me some!" It was my Grandma Elsie. She's my paternal grandmother, and boy, could she get cranky. When she was in an especially bad mood, she'd brandish her walking stick like a whip, and that, together with her sharp, cutting words, made a deadly pair, defeating all that stood in their way.

Dad was struggling to pile our heavy luggage onto the metal airport trolleys. Mum was tapping away on her phone, perfectly ignorant of the entire scene.

"I haven't time to get your coffee!" Dad shouted over the howls of the wind. He dropped a case and wiped his brow. The cold, it seemed, could not match his sweat.

"Well, dear, a minute or two at the café never hurt anyone," Mum posed absentmindedly, all the while going *tappity tap* on her phone.

"Easy for you to say!" Dad spat as he looked at Mum's phone, annoyed. Gran then poked her walking stick at me, her blue eyes blazing fiercely into mine, "What about you, kiddo?"

"Um, I've got to help Dad," I stammered, getting away from Gran.

Eventually we got to the gate, but of course, Gran had to complain, "Where's my coffee? I want my coffee!" all the while as she hobbled along on her walking stick.

Our time at the airport was rather tedious. Gran finally got her coffee at a food court café. As we were lining up for our flight, Dad pulled out four tickets from our ticket and passport bag, all marked 'First Class'. What a surprise! We'd never flown in first class before. The magnificence of the first class area was jaw-dropping. Every passenger had a large screen, a lovely table, and a wonderful recliner.

We stopped at airports in Singapore, Russia, and Amsterdam. The tickets Dad held fluttered in the windy Amsterdam weather as we walked outside to our plane that would fly us to London. Suddenly, *OOMF!* A dark-haired man, also firmly grasping his ticket, bumped against Dad, and the two men stumbled, their tickets flying out of their hands. The pair got down on their hands and knees to rescue their precious little slips. Gran leaned down to help, but all she could manage was a few swipes in the air. She pushed her hands into her pockets, out of frustration at her fruitless efforts, perhaps.

“Excuse me,” the man stuttered in a foreign accent, then he hurried to the same plane as ours, looking bewildered and shaken. We boarded the plane, and we flew off to London. By this time, we’d had all our luxurious meals during flights, and even all our nights had been spent on planes, however, we were also rather tired, as we had been overcome by random, out-of-place hits of jetlag.

Upon arriving, Dad began to fumble around in our leather ticket bag.

“Is something wrong, Danny?” Mum asked him cautiously. Dad continued to search in our bag, but gave up with an exasperated and fearful look on his face.

“We’re missing a ticket!” Dad cried. I gasped. Gran gaped. Mum fainted.

“Where’d you last see it?” I asked, dragging Mum to lie down on a row of seats. Dad’s face went *click* with realization.

“That man, the one that bumped into me...”

“He might’ve accidentally picked it up when you were getting the tickets back. He was on the same flight as us. If we hurry, we might find him before he leaves the airport,” I suggested. At this point, Mum was conscious again, but now Gran was sitting on a chair, fast asleep. We hired a wheelchair, and Gran dozed off in it as we pushed her around with us. Not that she minded, looking like a grey-haired, over-sized wrinkly baby in a metal pram. No, Gran never really cared about anything.

Our search was in vain. Our legs were drained out of all energy, and we all felt terribly tired with our wacky flight schedule that provided us with inadequate sleep. To top it off, the man was impossible to find.

After several hours, Gran opened her eyes. “Where are we?” she asked in a lazy voice.

“We’re looking for our missing ticket, dear,” Mum replied. Dad and I had no more strength left to answer Gran’s question.

“Well *you* don’t need to do that, because *I* already have it!” Gran announced proudly.

“WHAT?!”

Gran held up a finger, and her face was painted with a stern look. She fished around in her jacket pocket and produced the expensive little object. This time, it was Dad’s turn to faint.

We finally boarded the plane to our long-awaited destination: Canada. We had an amazing holiday, filled with relaxing moments and bursts of laughter. We had never been more grateful for a family holiday after our nightmarish experience at the airport. Now, as I look back, let me take back what I said at the start of this story. It wasn’t the worst holiday ever, nor was it in any way horrible.

In fact, it may as well have been the best holiday ever.

