

medium US

"Please be careful, as heavy objects tend to shift during flight," the flight attendant announces over the loudspeaker as I settle into my seat. I watch as two of the heaviest objects on the flight move towards me and stop at my row. They take their seats on either side of me and start shifting.

What follows is the loss of my armrests. My neighbors' bodies fill their seats and part of mine. The giant on my right pulls out a newspaper. He opens it up, and his left arm covers my face. I swear to myself that I will never again accept a middle seat.

I spend a good part of my business life on planes or waiting for them, which gives me a lot of time to think about how annoying flying can be. For example, why is my departure gate always at the other end of the airport? Recently, taking a quick look at my boarding pass, I saw the number 27. Gate 27 was the first one. I'm in luck, I thought. But the flight from Gate 27 was going to Houston. I was going to Atlanta. I looked at my boarding pass again: 27 was my seat row. The actual gate was 36, the last gate, of course.

Or how about getting through security? You have to remove your coat, shoes and belt, empty your pockets, open up your laptop, put

your purse and heavy suitcase onto the conveyor belt and show your boarding pass and driver's license. Actually, I've learned to dress cleverly — no belts, nothing in my pockets, no shoes that are hard to get on and off. But the problem is trying to find everything again at the other end. People rushing to catch flights are pushing and grabbing things. You have to watch carefully (while balancing on one foot as you struggle to get your boots back on) that they don't grab your laptop by mistake.

So, here you are, running to the plane, your computer bag over your arm, putting your coat back on while holding on to your boarding pass and driver's license, which you'll have to show one more time before boarding. And, if it's an

"The giant on my right pulls out a newspaper and covers up my face"



early-morning flight, you might also be carrying a cup of coffee. You get on the plane with your suitcase, which you've decided not to check, to make sure that it arrives at the same airport that you do.

You throw your computer bag on the seat, pull down the tray table and set your coffee on it. You try to get the suitcase into the overhead compartment, thinking, "Next time, I'm packing lighter!" You hope that the tall, attractive man behind you might offer to help, but he is on his cell phone. Now you sit down, being careful because of the coffee. Then you panic: "Where's my driver's license?" Fishing it out of your coat pocket, you put it in your purse immediately.

You certainly don't want to arrive at the airport for your next trip and realize that this important document is in a coat that is hanging on a hook at home. As you settle into your seat, your thoughts turn to the next most important thing: hopefully they'll be able to serve you a Bloody Mary. **ES**

annoying [ə'noɪn]	nervenaufreibend
armrest ['ɑ:rmrest]	Armlehne
board (a plane) [bɔ:rd]	an Bord (eines Flugzeugs) gehen
boarding pass ['bɔ:rdɪŋ pæs]	Bordkarte
cell phone ['sel foun] US	Handy
check (a suitcase) [tʃek] US	(einen Koffer) aufgeben
conveyor belt [kən'veɪər belt]	Förderband
departure gate [dɪ'pɑ:tʃər geɪt]	Flugsteig
driver's license ['draɪvəz ,laɪsəns] US	Führerschein
either: on - side of me ['i:ðər]	rechts und links von mir
flight attendant ['flaɪt ə,tendənt]	Flugbegleiter(in)
grab sth. [græb]	sich etw. schnappen
mistake: by - [mɪ'steɪk]	aus Versehen
overhead compartment ['oʊvərhed kəm,pɑ:rtmənt]	Gepäckfach über den Sitzen
purse [pɜ:s] US	Handtasche
security [sɪ'kjʊərətɪ]	Sicherheitskontrolle
shift [ʃɪft]	sich verlagern
tray table ['treɪ ,teɪbəl]	Klapptisch

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