

I met Cruella Deville

I got to the airport at the correct time to check in, I thought. One time I was too early and they made me wait, so, learning from that, I took that into consideration, and because I misread something in the paperwork, I got a shock when at the check-in window.

"Am I too early to check in?" I asked the friendliest-looking counter woman, who was smiling and laughing with her co-workers.

"You are too late. You are going to miss the plane. Put your luggage up here," she directed, suddenly turning into Cruella Deville.

Before I got to the check-in, from something I learned flying EasyJet, I knew that I had to put my computer into my carry-on bag with the computer bag rolled up inside. This makes that bag very heavy for my shoulder, and I didn't do that this time because, previously, I had to take the computer out for customs inspection, and I just walked on board with it in my hand and put it under the seat. No one said anything. I tried that this time.

"If you don't want to miss the plane . . .," Cruella told me, and she took my booked-on suitcase over to the

machine. The man overseeing that detected a battery inside.

"You have a battery inside the bag. You must remove it,"

Cruella frowned.

"Oh, that must be my clock."

"You must remove it." Cruella looked at me with disgust.

So, I tore into the bag, underwear going this way, tops that way, pants over there, and my Kindle fell out, but no clock. I was frantic. Out came winter gloves, the Icelandic sweater, wool socks, rocks, seashells, pajamas, and a hot pink towel.

"Oh, come on," I said. I left the Kindle out, thinking that may have been the problem. "Let them look at it again."

She pointed to the men who would give it a second look.

"No, there's no time, just close it up, and let's go."

I tried shoving my life back into the bag, and now the bag seemed too small to accommodate all the stuff I had just thrown out.

"Can you help me close this up, please?" I pleaded with the agent.

He did help me zip it up, and then I was on my way with Cruella's stiletto heels clipping on the tile, with me in tow.

"Do you have your boarding pass and passport?" She turned with that look again.

"Yes," I replied, trying not to let her bullishness win.

I handed the customs agent my passport, and she and Cruella exchanged words, leaving me out.

"Oh, no, my camera." Suddenly it was not hanging over my neck.