

Outcomes PI unit 3

Reading

I MISSED MY FLIGHT

LESSONS IN LIFE:

TRAVELLING MAN

HOW NOT TO MISS FLIGHTS

Yesterday, I missed a flight. It was my *fifteenth* missed flight. Though, to be fair, it is several years since I last missed one. Anyway, this week's post is about how I missed all those flights and the lessons I (very slowly) learned.

Look at the lessons (a–f) the writer learned from his experiences. Work in pairs. Discuss how you think he missed his flight in each case.

- Airports are big places
- Check the travel news before you go
- Check your ticket
- Read, but don't choose a thriller
- See waiting as fun
- Set your alarm clock

Read the blog post. Match the lesson (a-f) with the paragraphs (1-6)

1

2

3

4

5

6

1 I hated waiting. This was my big problem. It was even worse when they introduced online check-in, because you could get to the airport forty minutes before the flight and still catch it *if* nothing went wrong. Unfortunately, *when* I got stuck in heavy traffic, or the train was delayed or it took ages to go through security, I missed flights. But then a friend bought me a tablet and I realised that waiting was actually enjoyable. I could read, watch films, relax!

2 The first time I missed a flight, I actually left really early and planned to arrive almost two hours before my flight. However, when I got to the train station to go to the airport, I found that they were doing repairs on the line and there was a bus to replace the train – a very old, slow one. We eventually arrived at the airport three minutes after the check-in closed!

3 Once, I was catching a very early flight to go back home. I got to the boarding gate in plenty of time, but I was really tired, so I decided to have a little sleep while I was waiting. When I woke up, there were no passengers around me and the woman from the airline was walking away from the gate. There wasn't another flight for ten hours! I hate waiting!

4 One year, we were travelling to see family in Ivory Coast and we changed flights in Charles de Gaulle Airport, Paris. We had an hour to get the connection. We landed on time, but from the plane there was a bus; then we walked; we took a train; we walked and walked (more quickly); we queued for security again; we ran. We missed the connection.

5 I was going to see a friend once and I went to London Stansted airport. I checked the departures board, but I couldn't see my flight, which I thought was strange. I looked at my ticket again and it said Gatwick Airport – on the opposite side of the city!

6 Which brings me to my last and most recent lesson. I arrived early and sat down to read my book – a crime story by Jo Nesbø. As the story got more and more exciting, I completely forgot the time. I was reading the last few pages when I suddenly heard the last call for my flight. Unfortunately, airports are big places and when I got to the gate, it was closed. I sat down and finished my book.

26 comments