



Emirates

In flight

داخل الطائرة

The girl from Somalia lay on the floor, sobbing, alone, and at one of the world's busiest crossroads, Dubai International Airport she managed to attract some attention from the drunken corpses in the transit lounge. Several people came, stood & looked before departing on their way feeling somewhat helpless to intervene. Eventually a young lady who could manage a few words of French tried to communicate with the softly sobbing figure. Others tried to get closer too - anxious looks on their faces unknowing of what might be done for this small piece of human flesh floating helplessly in the tide of humanity, constantly sweeping through the airport. A nurse was called & the poor girl helped away to the medical centre, an entourage of concern in her wake. Time passed and then her bags were checked, her passport examined and they too were led away leaving no trace behind of the girl from Somalia.

I too had appeared in the transit lounge ~~of~~ this busy crossroads, thankful to rest my weary legs after shopping at the DFS. I eyed up a very attractive blonde who had caught the attention of my roving eye. We made eye contact & smiled. We sat close to each other but on opposite sides of a row of chairs with their backs against each other. She too was a traveller almost of the perpetual motion type. Chasing the unknown for no reason she was never at home in any of ~~the~~ her three residences around the world. Permittedly adrift ~~like~~ on the human tide she was rootless and unhappy, her sanity helped by her daughter, ~~unable~~ yet still alone in so many ways. "It's amazing how one wrong decision in life can caused you ~~to~~ to be so screwed up for the rest of your days" ~~she~~ was the way she spoke of her marriage to the wrong guy and all the aunts and travelling which followed. "You're lucky" she said when explained that I'd been on my own for 6 years, "I've had 16 years on my own". With her husband away in Saudi Arabia & wanting to stay there she consistently was on the move around the



In flight

Emirates

داخل الطائرة

world on shipping trips for clothes she didn't need, looking for something in life to hold on to. Separation, divorce in ~~everything~~ ^{every} but the paperwork, bringing up her daughter in Thomas, the constant haul ~~and~~ ^{high business} addiction and yet never brought her the happiness she so desired nor and the loneliness of an aching heart for the partner she dreamed of meeting one day. We talked 6 hours away whilst we waited for the coxplanes that would tear us apart by transporting us along different roads that left the ~~crossroads~~ ^{crossroads} of the world. We became quite close in those few hours and exchanged names and telephone numbers thousands of miles apart. We talked of destiny, fate, about God and ourselves about our children, work and play. She became my lady in the orange shirt. A friend in the ^{constant} ^{charming} ^{swirl} of lonely humans at the crossroads.

The airport also saw the changes of culture at the crossroads. A man in his robes came and sat

nearby. A middle eastern gentleman. Unpacking a bag
he carried a change of clothes to the mens room
and emerged as a westerner in denim and a
somewhat incongruously matched suit jacket.

At the Crossroads

The girl from Somalia lay on the floor, sobbing. Alone, and at one of the world's busiest crossroads, Dubai International Airport, she managed to attract some attention from the sleeping corpses in the transit lounge. Several people came, stood and looked, before departing on their way feeling somewhat helpless to intervene.

Eventually, a young lady who could manage to speak a few words in French, tried to communicate with the softly sobbing figure.

Others tried to get closer too, anxious looks on their faces unknowing of what might be done for this small piece of human flotsam floating helplessly in the tide of humanity constantly sweeping through the airport.

A nurse was called and the poor girl helped away to the medical centre, an entourage of concern in her wake.

Time passed, and then her bags were checked, her passport examined and they too were led away leaving no trace behind of the girl from Somalia.

I too had appeared in the transit lounge of this busy crossroads, thankful to rest my weary legs after shopping in the duty-free shop. I eyed-up a very attractive blonde lady who had caught the attention of my roving eyes. We sat close to each other but on opposite sides of a row of chairs with their backs against each other. She too was a traveller, almost of the perpetual motion type. Chasing the unknown for no reason, she was never at home in any of her three residences around the world. Permanently adrift on the human tide, she was rootless and unhappy, her sanity helped by her daughter, yet still alone in so many ways.

"It's amazing how one wrong decision in life can cause you to be so screwed up for the rest of your days", was the way she spoke of her marriage to the 'wrong' guy and all the events and travelling which followed.

"You're lucky", she said when I'd explained that I'd been on my own for 6 years. "I've had 16 years on my own". With her husband away in Saudi Arabia and wanting to stay there, she was constantly on the move around the world on shopping trips for clothes she didn't need, looking for something in life to hold on to.

Separation, divorce, in everything but the paperwork, bringing up her daughter in three homes, the constant travel had become an addiction and yet never brought her the happiness she so desired nor end the loneliness of an aching heart for the partner she dreamed of meeting one day.

We talked the hours away whilst we waited for the aeroplanes that would tear us apart by transporting us along different roads that left the crossroads of the world. We became quite close in those few hours and exchanged names and telephone numbers thousands of miles apart. We talked of destiny, fate, about God and our lives; about our children, work and play. She became my lady in the orange shirt. A friend in the constantly changing surf of lonely humans at the crossroads.

The airport also saw the changes of culture at the crossroads. A man in his robes came and sat nearby. A middle-eastern gentleman. Unpacking a bag, he carried a change of clothes to the men's room and emerged as a westerner in Levi's and a somewhat incongruously matched suit jacket.