

# FRIDAY WRAP

#2.20.1

'A Glimpse of Humour'

3 June 2011



Teenage Hangout ~ Jalan Bukit Bintang

## Wrap

- ~ Rap -- to talk., *conversation*.
- ~ a piece of thin, flat bread *that can contain anything* eaten as a sandwich.
- ~ Signaling *the end (ie of a week)*
- ~ *Under wraps – secret.*

## The Tourist

### Part V.

### I'm coming home baby.

Monday 2 May 2011

Up and about at 0600. This was going to be a very long day. Not only will we be going through a long flight which actually starts three hours before the time when you have to leave to be at the airport two hours before the time.

We were actually going to gain five hours. So when our body clock is saying 1700 it will actually still only going to be 1200 in Doha.

Our airport transfer transport came forty minutes late and like always it's a nervous forty minutes.

But, like always, Chinatown did not disappoint even at this early hour. From early in the morning until the shops open there was a sort of flea market open on the pavement outside the shops. And in the evening when the shops close the food stalls put down table and chairs on the same area. So the space is utilized three times in one day. Impressive hey. But flea market is a very broad word to describe this display. It is more jumble and junk; old clothes, shoes old CD's (original, the guy told me, written on in koki). Very



Sort of Flea Market

much like the guys these days at the stations on the Cape Flats. Enterprising I must say. And there were plenty of customers too.

Through out our trip we saw people doing the most inventive work; a bicycle decked out with a brazier on the back and a little table where meals can be cooked on and sold. People selling cut up fruit (big business), people selling cool drinks with ice in a plastic bag (and common occurrence).

And the most menial work; the street sweepers, the security guards etc; the stallholders selling the strangest things.

But they all do it with pride. They don't want to become millionaires, they are all prepared to do what is required to put food in their bellies and a roof over their heads. I bet they have the same problems as we do here in South Africa with poverty and the disenfranchised and the disfranchised. But there in South East Asia nothing is *expected*. They know there is nothing like a free lunch there, that the government don't owe them anything, something that some South Africans still have to learn.

They get on with their job *in spite of* the government.

Sjoe, anyway.

The transport came and we were packed and loaded and on our way to the airport. KL International is an hour away from the city and we got to see a lot of countryside. There are a lot of industrial hubs away from the city centre with adjacent suburban areas; an Atlantis gone right, so to speak.

We got to the airport fairly in time and what an impressive airport it was this time. I guess they don't want to impress you when you arrive, rather when you leave.

The airport was huge.

We got there as the Passport Control personnel morning shift was coming on duty. The ladies looked real cool and were all very pretty. They had head scarves covering their heads completely, '*toe-ge-stik*' in other words, but they had on real tight pants and shirts. And a *gun!* I was thinking of my young ex-colleague and his quest for 'potential marriage material' but he won't last a day with these ladies. I wanted to take a photo but I was too scared, I saw 'Midnight Express' twice! Or they might shoot!

Through passport control and down the escalator where you catch a train, yes a train, to a satellite Departure Terminal filled with duty free shops, restaurants, hotels and other services. Don't believe people when they say Airports are quick, you take a *moerse* long time to get to the boarding gate all the time lugging a *moerse* lot of personal baggage. Rather come early to get to your boarding gate and you can chill while waiting for your flight. That's my five cents anyway.

Boarding.

This was a slightly smaller, older plane than the previous Qatar Airways planes but we did not mind, as they only had two seats along the side and you do not feel so crunched up. Yay!

No sooner had we boarded when a Ay-rab man with his family started to give



Busy Sunday Afternoon Traffic

the Stewards hard time. He did not want a local newspaper, he wanted a Qatari newspaper, he fuffed and fluffed about everything. Even his children got in on the act and pressed the button to summon the stewards every time. He did not know much English (nor deodorant) so the ladies could 'skinder' freely over him, literally, all the time. If only these wayward Ay-rabs knew how a bad name they were giving all Ay-rabs. But that was only the teaser. Ay-rab Teaser.

We were served brunch, a tray full of food, chicken ,spinach and rice 'a la Imodium' and tots of water, coffee and juice. They do not want a riot of people wanting to use the toilet at the same time. It clogs you up nicely.

There was a huge variety of movies available to watch but the hard drive was giving problems and was resetting itself every time and you have to start watching from scratch. Bummer.

Over India and close to Pakistan where the Seal Team Six had just terminated Osama bin Laden a few hours earlier. *Why the 'terminate' and burial at sea order was given I don't know and there will be speculation and conspiracy theories flying forever. He will be alive to some people even if his wife and al Qaeda says he is dead.*

Anyway.

But we were not going to know this for another few hours.

Landed. Doha. Hot. Dry.

Bussed to the In-transit Terminal. We made our way to the In-transit Desk to enquire about a day visa as our flight to Cape Town was only the following morning 0700 and it was only 1300 now.

There were some fellow passengers behind us, who I told that I speculated they were some rich foreigners until they started to speak and the 'Kombuis Afrikaans' rolled out.



Petaling Street without the stalls

We had similar experiences in Bangkok, where my wife bumped into a guy who replied in Afrikaans, he was all the way from Witbank, in Phuket where I bumped into an ex-colleague (and I don't think it was his wife with him), on James Bond Island where we had an Indian girl with us from Jo'burg. And there was plenty more here in Doha. Nas, Najmah you can probably tell many stories on this subject.

Anyway.

We were all in the same boat. We were all on the same flight the next day but we, South Africans, were not allowed into Doha on a day visa, something about the unrest in the Middle East etc. Or something about them being Ay-rab.

Don't they know South Africans won't let anything disturb their holiday? Ay-rabs!

So we were given a meal voucher and we had to make ourselves comfortable for the next seventeen hours.

Doha International is still very far from KL International where there is an hotel *in the Departure Terminal*. You book in and everything and you only have to come from your room once your flight is called. That is what I call service.

There was not a lot to do but at least there was food (fairly edible) clean toilets, prayer facilities, free internet, quiet rooms and millions of planes and kazillion of people to watch passing through.

And TV. Ay-rab TV normally consist of a man or two men talking Arabic on Al-Jazeera but not today. Today there were pictures of Bin Laden on all the time, with inevitably, two men talking. I asked, and was told about bin Laden's demise. And I thought it was his birthday or something.

So we used our vouchers to get a early supper.

At the table on Doha Airport I started on the Part I of The Tourist so the Wrap is now penned internationally.



Local Food Market, Chinatown

The food was okay and very soon it was sunset and time for prayers and later we made our way to the Quiet Room. Which was just that. A dark quiet room with a lot of chase lounges to sleep on. Not the most comfortable but it will have to do. We were still on KL time so at 1900 our clocks were already saying midnight so we were tired and sleep came easily but it was not the most comfortable. With lot of people moving around and temperature being very low so you got cold in the middle of the night. Only when I covered myself with my new Thai Jacket jacket did I get a *Lekker* sleep. I learnt the lesson of always having something warm with you when you travel even in the tropics.

0330 and we were up.

The terminal has changed in to a huge dormitory, with seats and floor now strewn with sleeping bodies...

Prayers and later some breakfast of a two cheese and one tuna sandwich and three teas worked out to R175. Doha is really not a tourist destination, not to me anyway. My interest in seeing

Doha as a city is now zilch. Nada. And you can add all the other Ay-rabian cities except the Holy ones to that list. If you did not have to visit the Holy Cities nobody would ever find a reason to visit Ay-rabia. Sorry Nas.

While having our breakfast I held my camera high to take a photo of us all at the table and this Ay-rab girl gave me a dirty look as if I wanted to take a photo of her and her friends. I just laughed., maybe at all the Ay-rabs as a whole with their sh\*tty attitude. I had some prime words to say to her but I did not want to stay longer than necessary in Doha. Phuk(et) you girl.

I was told the Ay-rabs have a bad attitude towards all foreigners because we are a guest in their land. And to that I say, I'm a guest in your land treat me like a guest.

They have a shitty attitude towards foreigners in their land and all other countries. They even have a shitty attitude towards me in *my own country, and my own city*. Did you try and greet an Ay-rab on holiday in



The last of KL



Mosque ~ Lady taking a chance in the men only facility



Bridal Couple



Doha Airport ~ 0330

Cape Town? They will look at you with contempt like we look at Vaalies in December on our beaches. They are probably different if you work with them.

Enough of the Ay-rabs. I can bitch about them the whole day.

And don't get me started on the Indians.

Anyway.

On our way through the terminal we saw a Bridal Couple still in their wedding outfits probably on their way to their honeymoon. Or they were eloping. Either way they made an incongruous sight.

Very soon we made our way to our boarding gate, glad to finally get our journey going again.

We were sitting apart but, because they were upgrading the airplane, we got to sit together and I got the window seat. Yippee!

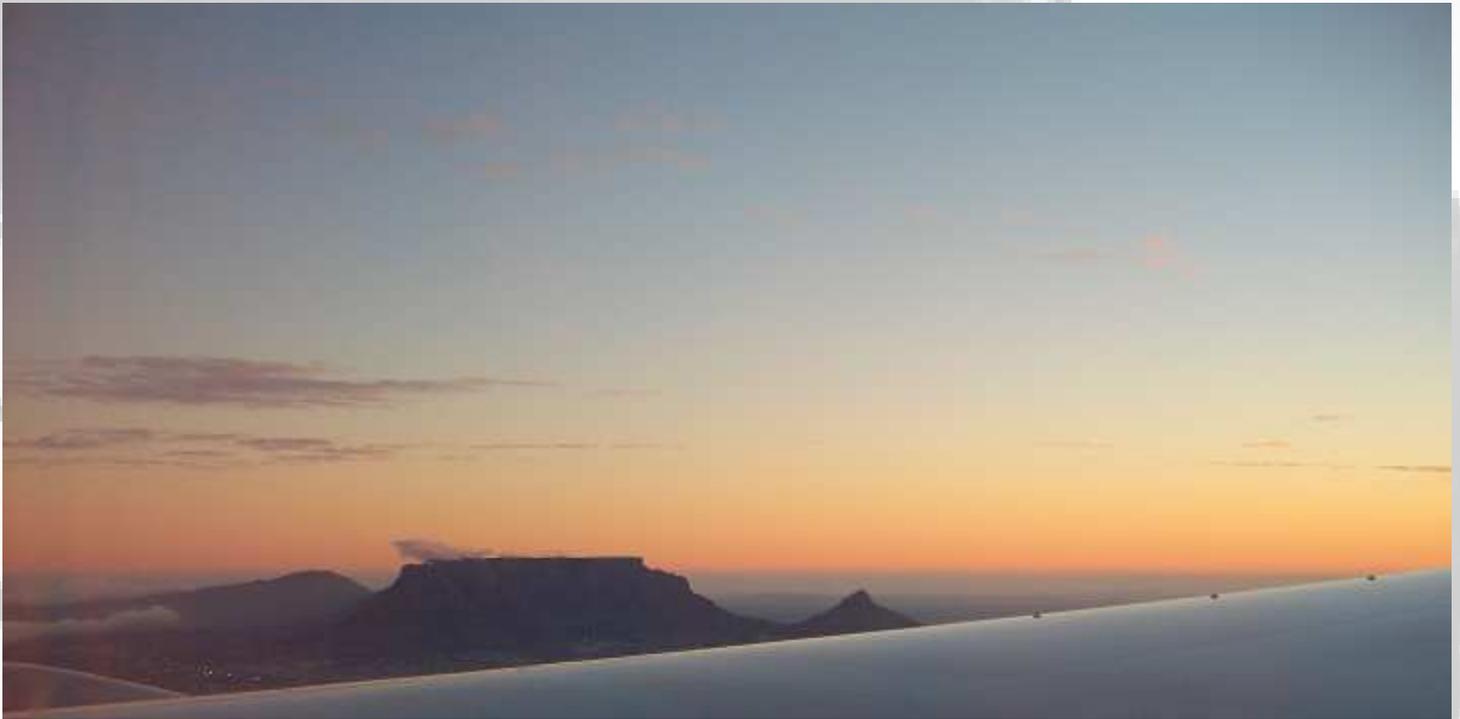
This was really a top notch plane and I got to watch four full length latest movies. One of the most famous was

'The Tourist' starring Johnny Depp and Angelina Jolie. I must admit Johnny in his white dinner jacket looked much more appealing than emaciated Angelina. Nuf said. (I wrote emancipated. Hee hee.)

Time flies when you're having fun. You calculate your arrival time by how long a movie you can watch. What did people do on long haul flights before they showed movies? Did they have dancing girls?

We had another meal of chicken, vegetables and rice '*a la Imodium*' and tots of water, coffee and juice. I wonder how long you will live if you only eat airplane food. Maybe somebody can do it and make a movie of it. The meal choice is suppose to be a 'very healthy one'. Yeah right!

There was an old Malaysian couple on the airplane who were on their way to Jo'burg to visit their son, they looked like someone you could meet on the street anywhere in Cape Town. I wished them a pleasant stay.



Too beautiful for words



Cape Town has the best sunsets

I had to go to the loo and had to wait in a queue, (that rhymes). Someone was taking too long and a fat lady went to ask 'Are you okay?' at the door. When it was my turn I told her 'I'm okay' and gave her the thumbs up before stepping into the loo. I can make friends anywhere. I wondered how she could fit into this tiny loo.

We landed in Johannesburg and we were

glad to be on home soil. A lot of people disembarked and a fresh crew came on board.

They had to do a number of recounts until they got the count right. There was one guy you forgot to get off. Damn. How stupid can you be. He must've been Ay-rab.

After a delay we were winging our down to the Mother City. Only when you've been to other countries do you realise hoe far Cape Town is from the rest of the world.

You also realise that the flight from Jo'burg to Cape Town is short in comparison to all the other long haul flights.

More food and drink was served making you feel rather bloated but we persevered, we were going to survive.

Very soon we were descending down to Cape Town with the sun setting and giving Table Mountain a healthy red glow. Beautiful.

Home is really where the heart is.

As the plane came in to land in this beautiful city I realised that, damned, I had missed Easter Weekend. And I had to be in work the next morning. Double Damn!!

I was so-oo-oo tired!!

Damn, I needed a holiday.