

Notes from a small island essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The baggage limit was only 20kg per person even though everyone had exceeded that. I couldn't really complain as I was one of them. One of the best things about being in business class was our tickets were free and the seats allowed you to sleep for a nice long time. That's why when we landed I wasn't tired at all. Realizing I could turn my phone on I did so only to receive a bunch of offers from some place called Batelco. After getting my passport stamped 5 times I went to get my baggage.

I wondered why everyone's looked the same and why mine always came last. Maybe it was god punishing me for my free tickets. Well anyway I think I got my luggage but took a huge chance. As I walked out of the airport a bunch of people holding names surrounded me with the warmest welcome of screaming names.

Luckily I was rescued by my hotels driver who had already seen my face off the photo I sent them. Stepping out of the airport started my production of sweat and dry tanned skin. As we stepped into the car I give him a tip which to him was like god giving him the money as they don't do that in this country. Our journey to the hotel was an adventurous expedition itself and a death wish. The amazing driving in this country and the breathtaking views of sand and buildings amazed me. As the driver continued driving we came to a red light on the highway.

Eventhough it was a red light the amazingly skilled drivers were horning us from the back and as soon as it turned orange we were off. We went past four malls next to each other along with police barricading one of them due to burning tires. As we continued the expedition I found out the latest teen

trend which apparently was red skinny jeans for boys along with the useless blackberry phone. My vision was then disturbed by a huge photo of three happy men. Apparently they were the royal family.

As we came closer to the hotel we went passed the grand mosque where the driver decided to pray. The main attraction of the mosque was being big not to mention only 20 people came to pray. After the prayer we came to the hotel which was opposite the mosque. As soon as I entered the hotel I was given the keys to my room. Apparently the room was so nice and clean they forgot to flush the toilets and make the beds. Since the main reason I was in a country I hadn't heard of was a business conference I thought I might get a leaflet that shows me what the main attractions of this country was since the conference was at 9 tomorrow.

Luckily the hotel manager had a tour guide who surely guided me everywhere which was nowhere. I didn't really want to see a tree or take a photo so that crossed of the tree of life. I also hated museums so that crossed of the only museum in Bahrain. This left the f1 which had no events so I was left with having a nap at 6 at night. Waking up at 10 was a strange feeling. Especially when you're hungry.

For some reason McDonalds came to my mind so I asked the reception of the hotel to give me the number. While asking for a simple number he tried his best to recommend the hotels cafi?? but after seeing it had nothing I continued for the decision of a big Mac. That was another headache a when I said I wanted a cheeseburger the employee at McDonalds asked; ' do you want that with cheese'. I didn't bother explaining and just said yes as I was

too hungry. The food came very quickly as it was next to the hotel and after eating something big that was tasteless I felt it was worth it.

As the clock reached 11 I realized I needed to go to sleep so I set my alarm clock for 8 and went to sleep. Waking up tired was one thing but to the alarm clock was another as I felt even more tired. However I did wake up happy as I was leaving back to Dubai in 7 hours. I got in to my suit and carried a briefcase full of nothing to make me look important. The hotel had a breakfast everyday which I spilled most of on my suit anyway. The taxi driver then drove me to the Sheraton hotel where the conference was situated on another epic journey where this time at the traffic light he rolled his windows and got into a fight.

As I walked into the conference I was informed it was cancelled allowing me to go the hotel where once the I was amazed with the driving again. Read analysis of the movie " The Day After Tomorrow" This time something else happened where some guy crashed on us and came out only to mention it was our fault. Checking out of the hotel was no problem as well as they charged me for towels which they claimed missing. Since the company I work for was paying for it I wasn't really bothered complaining they weren't there to begin with.

My journey back home give me a sigh of relief even though I missed the driving. Maybe the trip was pointless as the conference was cancelled but important lessons were learnt. The biggest one was not going back there at all.