From London to Muscat (Part 2)

Tom had discovered that his seat area featured a range of gadgets for his entertainment. There was a button to press to make the seat recline should you want to go to sleep, which he didn't. Still, he tried it out several times until the person in the seat behind said, "Do you mind?" in quite a cross voice.

"No!" Tom had replied, then his mum had said, "Tom!" to him, in an even crosser voice, and, "Very sorry," in a smiley sort of voice, to the person behind.

So Tom tried everything else. There was an elasticated net fastened to the back of the seat in front, designed to hold the airline company's in-flight magazine plus their catalogue showing items that could be bought on the plane and some sick bags.

"What are these for?" Tom asked his mum.

"They're for people to be sick in if they get travel sickness," she replied.

Tom had been feeling fine, but, now his mum had come to mention it, perhaps he was feeling a little queasy. He grabbed one of the bags, opened its mouth wide and made what he hoped were throwing up noises into it.

"Tom!" said his dad in an even crosser voice than his mum had used. Beth just looked up from her writing, rolled her eyes, and started writing again.

Tom sat back. What could he do now?

In the head-rest of the seat in front there was a small screen and in the arm-rest of his own seat was a device that looked a bit like a remote control only Tom thought it wasn't 'remote' because when you pulled it out of the arm-rest you found that it was connected to it by a long, thin, retractable wire. However, it worked in much the same way and, when he pressed the correct button, the screen flashed into life.

Tom found that there were dozens of channels available so he started to check each one. Film, film, film, cartoon, film starting, film ending, cartoon, film, news, news in Arabic, old television programme, film, another old television programme, map.

Tom looked carefully at the map. This was interesting …