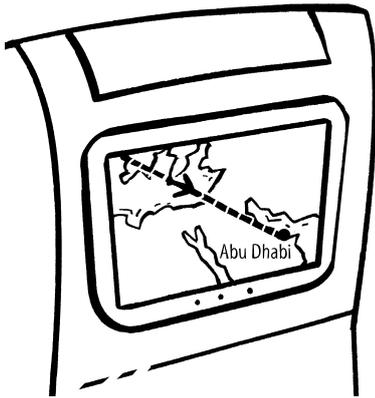


From London to Muscat (Part 3)



Tom stared at the map on the screen in the back of the head-rest of the seat in front. It showed a map of Europe and part of Asia and it had a long dotted line that stretched from London to Abu Dhabi and a short dotted line that connected Abu Dhabi to Muscat. The names of the three cities were marked on the map. About halfway along the longer line there was a flashing picture of an aeroplane, clearly headed away from London.

Suddenly the map changed to a closer view and other cities' names appeared: Sofia, Istanbul, Bucharest, Athens, Ankara, Aleppo. Then the map disappeared and information appeared in its place:

Distance from London 2972km

Distance to Abu Dhabi 2496km

Time in London 16:25

Time in Abu Dhabi 20:25

Time of arrival in Abu Dhabi 23:49 local time

Tom did some calculations: It would be three hours and twenty-four minutes until they arrived in Abu Dhabi so that was about three and a half hours. Dad told him that they would be there for about half an hour so that was about four hours until they took off from Abu Dhabi. The flight to Muscat from Abu Dhabi would take about three quarters of an hour so there was about four and three quarter hours to go until they finally arrived.

Tom couldn't wait. He was really looking forward to the landing and take-off in Abu Dhabi and the landing in Muscat, especially as he would get such a good view of the lights because he had the window seat. He wondered what to do next. Watch a film? Annoy Beth? Watch a film? Annoy Beth?

He turned to look at Beth. She had been writing for most of the journey so far, but now she had headphones on and was staring at the screen in front of her. Tom noticed that her 'remote control' was still fastened to the arm-rest of her seat. He reached out and pressed the number 7 on her remote then pulled his hand back slowly and gazed straight ahead.

Beth sat bolt upright as though she had been stung by a wasp.

"What is it love?" asked Mum. "What's the matter?"

"My screen changed channel. I didn't touch it or anything."

"That sounds fishy!" said Mum, looking round at Tom's smirking face. "Ok, Tom, I think it's Beth's turn by the window now. Swap over. In fact, Beth can go by the window and you can swap with me. I'll sit by Beth and you can sit in the middle seats with Dad."

