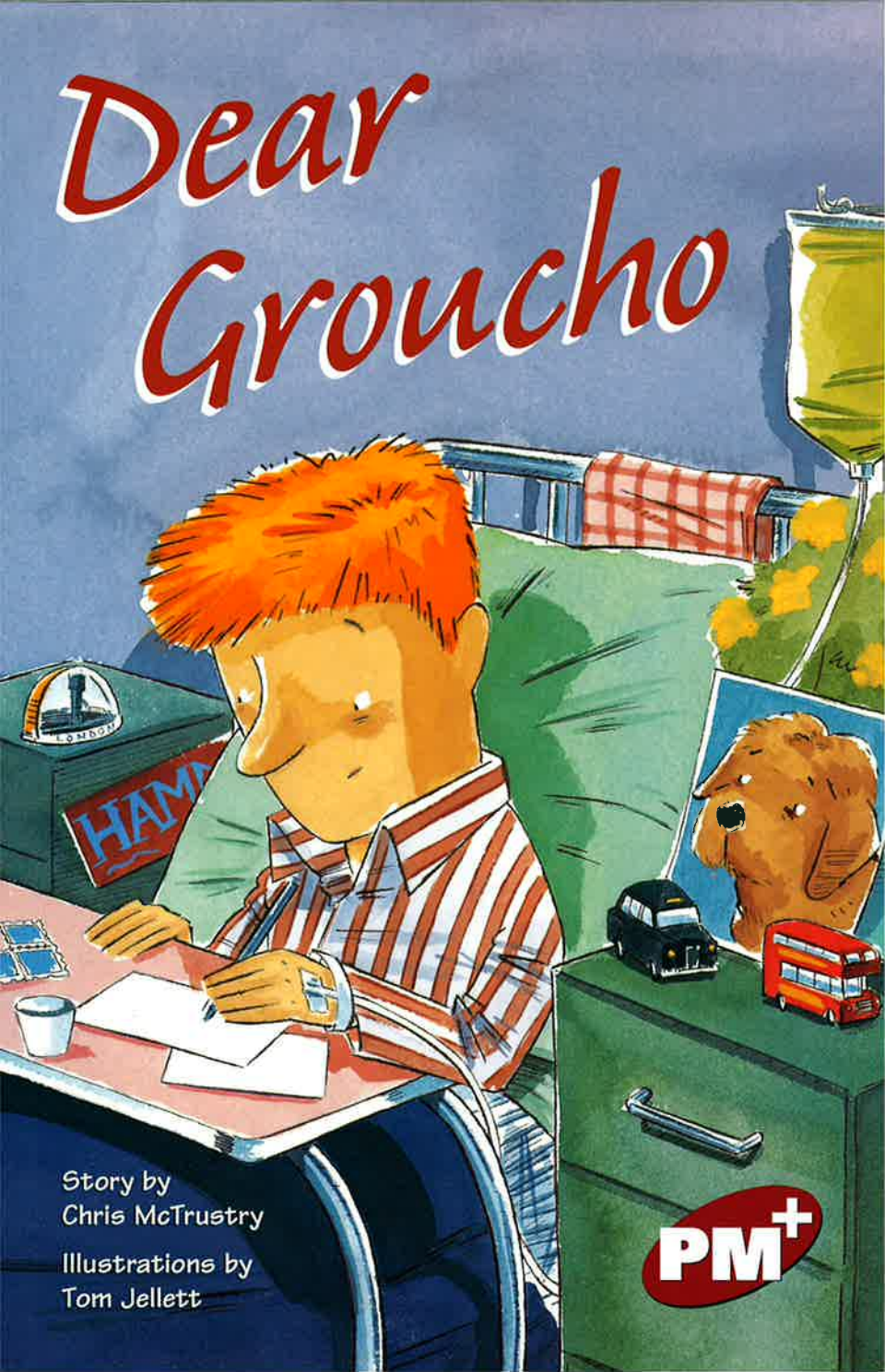
Dear Groucho



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PM+

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Chapter 1

Miles and Miles from London



Jumbo Jet
14 April

Dear Groucho,

The plane on the front of this postcard is exactly the same as the plane I'm **flying** in right now. Dad helped me mark an 'X' to show you where we're sitting. I **love** flying! There are movies and computer games and videos and snacks. It's cool! I go for a stroll every now and then to stretch my legs. Dad says that it's good for my circulation. But I'm in my seat now.

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I've had my dinner and my medicine. I'm sick of taking it. (That was a joke. Get it?) Dad's asleep. He missed the second movie – a kissing one (spew) – and almost missed dinner.

I don't know why people complain so much about airline food. I quite enjoyed my chicken and vegetables.

I'll write again soon.

Love, Ben

xxx

PS Don't bark too much. Mr Kontaris might complain to the council.

PPS Did I mention that I **love** flying?





Bangkok Airport
Miles and miles and
miles from London
15 April

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Dear Groucho,

I **hate** flying.

When the pilot announced that we were landing, I thought we were in London. **Wrong!** We're not even half way there yet! We're in Bangkok, in a transit lounge (that's a huge waiting room with shops and stuff), waiting for the plane to refuel and the new passengers to get on board. Guess how long that will take? **Two hours!**



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Two hours to put petrol in a plane! What's the deal with that? Imagine if it took two hours to put petrol in our car! Formula One racing cars can get refuelled in seven seconds! Looks like I'll just have to be patient. (Huh! I know all about being 'patient', don't I, Groucho? Ha ha!)

If you look at the picture on the postcard, you'll see a black 'X'. I'm almost sixty-eight per cent positive that's where the transit lounge is.



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Woo hoo! Got to go now! They just announced that it's time to board our flight. Dad is sorting out boarding passes and passports. I'll post this card here at the airport (I'd better hurry!), and I'll write again soon.

Love, with lots of kisses, hugs and pats,
Ben

xxx

PS Groucho, the kisses are for Mum. The pats are for you. You two can share the hugs.

