

A Bounce in Bali

The moment I swaggered off the plane, a feeling of nausea, excitement and something else hidden swept over my senses. I blinked, dazed and distracted, at the new, surprisingly sunny world around me, at the windswept palm trees slowly swaying to a secret melody, waves lapping at the pearly white sands, and not a cloud in the shimmering blue sky. Was I in paradise? It certainly seemed likely. It was, simply put, the opposite of the dreary and dull grey of London I was supposed to be landing in. Where was the rain and the menacing clouds? I squinted at the signs around me. The sun seemed to be forcing its way into my brain, searing an imprint of brightness in my vision. Wait... did that sign say *Bali*? Why on Earth was I in *Bali*?

Shortly after my horrifying and earth-shaking discovery, I had no choice but to accept that now here I was, in this hot, beautiful land. I trudged to the airport, and a tidal wave of awe washed away my grumpiness as suddenly as it had appeared. Iridescent streaks of colour covered the light walls, the carpet was soft and fluffy under my feet, and the whole design was like an egg, with a spiralling staircase guiding me on the way up to customs, check in, all of that. The luggage trains were not your usual boring black and white, but a pearly design that shimmered like sparks whenever the sunlight streamed in through the windows.

My legs trembled like jelly as I wobbled to pick up my luggage. The trains hummed softly as the luggage whirred in from a hidden platform. I saw a golden coloured bag. *Oh, that's me!* Racing to the suitcase, I checked the label and frowned in puzzlement. The pass read *Spencer, Gordon- flight 246 GK, flying to Bali from Norway*. "Norway?!" I exclaimed, and saw out of the corner of my eye an angry man approaching like a bull when it sees a red flag. I backed off as he snatched his bag, shooting me a dirty look as he strode off. "Rude man," I muttered quietly. I waited and waited for my golden bag. 5 minutes turned into 30, and before I knew it, all of the bags were gone. "What?!" I cried out, ignoring the alarmed looks from other passers-by. "How can it not be here?"

Having figured out that my bag had been sitting in Australia, not sent off (For some reason), I explored the airport with nothing else to do. No money apart from a \$200 bill, no clothes - how would I survive? I rambled around the airport and reached a money exchange. Sticking in my \$200 bill, I expected nothing less of maybe a thousand Indonesian rupiah. I was shocked to find out the truth. The machine beeped and showed me the amount my money was worth. *2,163,778 Indonesian Rupiah* read the screen. I gasped in surprise and without thinking selected the WITHDRAWAL button. My money was swallowed up with a thrum and a sleek black credit card came out. I slotted it in and it read *Current Balance - 1,234,578 Indonesian Rupiah*. "WHAT? That's like a million less! What is this?" I shoved it back in my pocket and sat down heavily, cursing my rotten luck. What was I going to do?