



Arrival

My arrival in Reunion is hard to forget. I remember the **flight** so well! Sat in the airport, I was so **scared**! When they announced my flight, I picked up my **hand luggage** and slowly joined the queue; it felt like I was in a dream, my head and body felt **numb**. But when they called my row of seats, I **leapt** from my apathetic state into action, **rushing** to the front of the queue.

I flashed my boarding pass and headed off down the corridor, the end of which I could see the plane's open door. And then it happened. All the fear, all the panic, all the apprehension, every negative feeling I had had over the previous 12 months vanished into oblivion, and all the **worry** and **dread** disappeared. I was so happy, so excited, nothing was going to stop me. This was my adventure and no-one was going to get in my way.

On one side of my seat was a German kid on an exchange program. **It didn't matter**. In front of me were his 30 **schoolmates**. It didn't matter. On the other side was his moustached German teacher. It didn't matter. I didn't even mind him talking to me for 11 hours. I didn't mind it when he kept getting up every 20 minutes to tell his kids to shut up. Nothing mattered. Nothing mattered but this indescribable feeling of freedom.

About six hours later, the **darkness** outside began to **glow** faintly, and then the sun began to rise. When you're at 30,000 feet the **sunrise** is pretty special – I'm glad Wolfgang next to me kept me awake with his **ramblings** or else I wouldn't have seen it. 4 hours later, we landed.

From my seat on the plane, I had no view of the island as we landed, and so my first **glimpse** was after having picked up my guitar and **suitcase** and departed the terminal. What a view! The mountains in the distance hit me first, and then the sunshine, and then the heat. **Stifling's** the word, I think. I gave a thought to the **folks back home** as I slipped on the **shades** they'd given me, and I **hailed** a cab, jumped in, and headed off to a new world.

Three hours later I was sat in my hotel near the sea front – looking right out of my balcony I could see the most amazing mountains and looking left, the Indian Ocean. It was time to explore!





Vocabulary

flight = vol

scared = effrayé

hand luggage = bagages à main

numb = engourdi

to leap = sauter

to rush = se précipiter

worry = inquiétude

dread = effroi

it didn't matter = c'était sans importance

schoolmates = camarades de classe

darkness = obscurité

to glow = luire

sunrise = lever du soleil

ramblings = incohérences

glimpse = aperçu

suitcase = valise

stifling = étouffant

the folks = les proches

shades = lunettes de soleil

to hail = héler