



agent, who didn't seem accustomed to making such reports. I said I

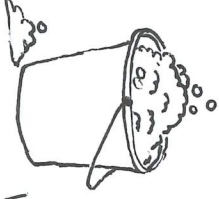
One of the officers glanced at my unimpressive backpack.

« Given the state of the bag... »

The police decided the agents could write up a report and let me go.

They left on their Segways. I had to produce my boarding pass and passport for the

the alarms. Somewhat to



I asked her if she knew what could have set off

was sorry. She told me twice that I needed to wash my bag or change bags. It was all right this time, but it wouldn't be the next time.

At this point, I wondered if I was going to be taken to a windowless room for interrogation. At least I still had time before my departure!



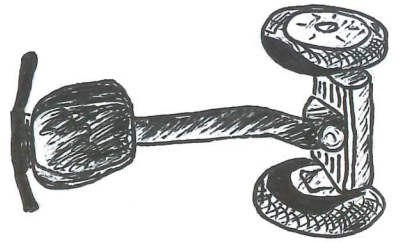
Two police officers glided up on Segways. They asked me where I was going.

« Atlanta. »



my disbelief, she said no. She didn't seem very happy at this point. She was writing the report by hand, in triplicate. I wondered if the record of this incident would remain on file at Charles de Gaulle forever. Then I was through!

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Eleanor Glenwe



Over the Atlantic, I found the notes I had tucked into my bag.

