

Milan anyone !

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This is just THE BEGGINING to - a story of my trip to Milan ! have a read! x It hasn't been edited so if you catch any thing please message me. I'm not the best so any tips and hints would be appreciated :) xx THANKS
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Its the 12th Feb 2013 and Iâ ve decided to take a trip to Milan, Yes; totally random. Purely because I want to get away from the normal life in England for a couple of days, and I though any where is better than staying.

On the morning of my journey I stayed at my cousins house Kenice, she ordered me a taxi for 5 pm!

On my journey I felt highly anxious, my stomach was rolling over and over, I was smiling every 10 seconds and feeling jittery, I was thinking â oh no what have forgotâ I thought I had forgotten my glasses, then remembered Iâ d put them in my coat pocket the night before to make sure I didnâ t forget them. Then I had the panic about not having my mobile phone, and it had just slipped off my lap.

I got to the airport and gave the taxi driver my money and he said, â The boot is openâ I said excuse me; he said â oh do you want me to get your case out for you? â Yesâ I replied in a diva styled way.

I walked up to Luton airport, (never been here before) it was quite straight forward but I kept worrying that I was going to drop my passport or my boarding card which I had pre printed. So I kept making sure it was in my pocket every couple of minutes.

I hadnâ t paid for extra baggage so I only had this small red suitcase and had to place *all* my belongings inside.

I found my way to security, and got to the man who checked the boarding passes and; "No!â whereâ s my pass. I panicked and ran back down the stairs asked a gentleman that worked in the airport if he could watch my bag. I retraced my steps, there were more members of staff at the beginning of the security section and I asked a lady in a suit if anyone had picked up a boarding pass she just said â To Milanâ and pointed at her colleague opposite I hurried over to him and pointed at my papers in his hand, â they are mine, thank you so muchâ I took them (probably snatched) and hurried back to my bag, and travelled up to the dreaded security. I was really worried about security I donâ t know why I used to be a rep you would think I would be used to this kind of stuff.

It was nearly my time to place my things through the scanner my hands, pits, and every pore on my body felt like I was pouring out with sweat. I was so worried. â The lady stood behind me even said to me â donâ t worry weâ re nearly thereâ or something like that. I know that I hadnâ t sorted out my liquids properly I had just one of those bags and I had shoved the rest into a plastic cotton wool bag.

It was my turn and the security lady she young was about the same age as me 24 â ishâ she noticed the liquids half hanging out my manmade security bag. I was like oh no! (Worried face)

She said â these need to be in a sealable bag I was like oh no I tried to shove all my liquids in the one sealable bag I had, it broke as it was over loaded then the cue were being held up by me, she asked one of her colleagues if they had a spare bag but I guess they didnâ t as she then advised me to buy one from the

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machine I didn't want to so just fuffed around trying to sort out the broken bag I had, after a short while the men at security just said don't worry and carried on.

I then had to walk through the metal machine YES of course it went off so I had some lady feeling me up, it wasn't the stereotypical butch lesbian type of security lady she was rather slim and quite pleasant as she responded to my comment, 'this must not be a nice job when the stinky people come through, she just said 'It's not too bad it's worse in the summer.' 'ALL DONE' so I carried on through and, oh no!

'Whose is this red suitcase' says the security man. Mine of bloody course! I had left my laptop in the bag; I forgot that you had to take it out. My flight was boarding at this point. I had to wait a while then the security man brought it over I took out my laptop and hair straightners and said to the man my flights in 20 minutes he said 'oh is it' and hurried off to rescreen my bag.

Once my bag came through I took out my other bag that was inside and put my stuff in it, purse, passport and bits I wanted for the flight.

I hurried down to find out what gate I was on GATE 21 LAST CALL, oh no hurry hurry Evelyn. I said to myself, I got to the gate and there was cue of people, I was thinking oh I'm not the last then.

When it finally got to me the a lady I assumed Italian came over to me and said if you put your thing in a one bag because there is not enough room and we will put it in the undercarriage I was ever so confused she was saying something about me charged blah blah. I was like ok so my bag is going underneath, she said yes, I quickly took out my laptop and other things I didn't want to get lost in the travel I hurried through and boarded the plane, woo woo window seat ! 4A!

My flight was ok, the take off was so quick. I had my laptop which is not the best for battery however I thought I would give a film a try got about 15 minutes into it and it dies oh well music it was for the journey. The view was lush.

My ears really hurt in the air near to the end of the flight I just tried to concentrate on the music and tried to sleep. As we neared to Milano the view was so pleasant there were some beautiful mountains then as we got closer the terrain was so flat I was quite surprised. It had snowed so it was white everywhere. oh no it's going to be freezing I thought. I really should have checked the weather BEFORE I booked this trip.

As I travelled through the airport everyone was silent, I don't know if this was normal of every one was travelling alone like myself or it was because it was 9:30 in the morning and everyone was still asleep, any way I was in my own little world whistling to my music and wondering around at the back whilst peoples passports were being checked. The guy who was doing the checking was really pleasant and spoke in Italian. Yay I'm in Italy I thought to myself.

After I had picked up my bag and gone to the toilet I looked around for the train station, I could see Bus to central station but no train so I asked the man at the bus place where to get the train from, he said 'not here' he said 'Terminal 1 not Terminal 2' I was in terminal 2, finally after questioning him I decided I wanted the train he said 'outside to the right' I went outside and walked to the right there was any Terminal 1, lost I tried to find someone that spoke English, I found it amusing. I spoke to a man 'do you speak English?' He looked so confused 'do you know where I can catch the train you know, choo choo!' I asked, and made pulling down the horn signal at the same time he said No and pointed inside. I got inside and asked a man at a food stand if he spoke English he said no and pointed me to the information point. At this point it really hit home that I was in Italy and that I cannot understand this language.

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The lady at the information point spoke very good English and was very clear she explained that there was a bus stop outside of the station that took me to Terminal 1 which is where I could get the train from and that the service was free. THANK YOU LADY!

FINALLY after all the travelling I got to the train station and to the Central Station now the next mission, get to the hotel, not far only 300 metres from the station I believe, however yes I got lost I wondered around Milano for about an hour I would say I asked 3 people for directions all male first one was shite pointed me in the totally wrong direction and away from the Hotel, second one was trying he took my paper from me and started asking passersby and no one would stop for him it looked like he was trying to sell something ha ha! I gave up on him I said donâ t worry thank you.

Next person was amazing he walked towards me I said as kindly ask I could â excuse me do you speak English?â â YES I DOâ he responded Hallelujah I was thinking I showed him my worn out map and he got his phone out and mapped it for me I had to take photographic memory of the map and remembered his directions, all the round this street RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT. I was like ok â THANK YOUâ and was on my way. My feet and hands were freezing by now and donâ t forget I been hauling this suitcase behind me all the way through the snow and over the roads. These roads would not fit UK disability regulations the kerbs are so high ha ha!

As I was walking along concentrating on my instructions as I got to the right I saw the Train station that I had left about a hour ago to my left hand side, I couldnâ t believe I had got so lost, however I carried on with directions AND FINALLY I got to the last turn and to my relief I see I my hotel.

The Hotel Della Nazioni pronounced Nat-si-oni.

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