

Bloody Luggage checks !

Talk about getting quite a bit frustrated at the moment and in a way, kinda looking forward to ditching the dive gear. Yesterday as I was on my very own Rock Tour by traversing about 4 countries in about 13 hours, I was stopped and asked to pull out everything in my carry on luggage at almost every stop. Bloody Grrr ! Dive regulators and computers are usually carried onboard as hand luggage because they are pressure sensitive instruments. So they have to get x-rayed before going on board. I am sure some of these people must have seen some of this stuff before, but every time they pull me over and ask me to decant my bag and check out what I have that makes such strange bloody shapes on their machines. Once or twice is novel. 4 or 5 times on the 13 hour rock tour is just bordering on the ridiculous and a pain in the bum !

While I was waiting at Quito airport waiting to begin the tour, I met up with Mat and Kerry from South Melbourne. So we were having a bit of a chat when my name was called out. Now if you've ever been called up to The Headmasters office over the loud speaker (or up to The Big Bosses office) you kinda get the felling that you've done something wrong – even though you can't quite put your finger on it. Well, I've been there and done that and it felt JUST the same! Plus it was just at boarding time. Uh Oh !

So I was walked out through all these back passages (much the same as being puffed out of the pub through the kitchen after one or several too many - so the other patron don't see what's happening – so I've heard...). What do I find, my pack, that I spent AGES packing so that further equipment damage wont occur and so that all my gear fits in nicely and the back pack is fairly compact, is needing an inspection. For what reason, I don't know. They wanted me to pull out BC's and jocks and First Aid kits and getting all suss on Hay Fever tablets I had packed and then they got to the films that I had. I thought about it later and I reckon the guard was just after a couple of rolls for weekend away or something. He seemed to be particularly interested in the amount I had. All I could say, as it was getting beyond a joke and it was becoming pretty clear he was trying to have a bit of fun and showing off to the stewardess that escorted me out. Just as well I had some good humour with me but I was a bit pissed that it took so long to get it all packed neatly, just to have to bloody rush to get it all back in before the plane took off. Grrr ! He probably thought I was playing hardball at not offering him any film. I guess we both bluffed each other to no-ones advantage.

At Buenos Aeries, they wanted me to undo the Pelican case with all my dive gear in it to check it all out. Bloody Nora. That meant that on the Rock tour, Every piece of luggage had been opened, unpacked and repacked again. I think it's just easier to hire dive gear and take a dive computer and pack it on the top of the carry on luggage from now on...

So as soon as Antarctica is finished, it's time to ship a heap of stuff back home. Maybe even a penguin and a snow ball, eh !