

The story of Alexander at the airport

A group of people of many nationalities is boarding at the Airport Dublin. Then, after a while, the terminal is all empty of people. Only a lonely suitcase standing on a small bench is seen by a policeman. The officer and successful book author Michael McIntyre opens it and at that moment all the stuff falls out: some family photos with fat and ugly people, a drama script, a simple microphone, a CD, a cricket ball and of course does that old map of Great Britain too. And, o, it's broken, a cup with letters of the name Alexander falls out of the travelling suitcase. The police officer asks himself to which kind of person this could belong to. How could anyone look like, called Alexander? For Michael all these questions were clear since the first moment. He has to search such a fat, boring and annoying person who sings uncool songs and thinks that he could play cricket, but he cannot in real. On the other side he thinks about that movie disc which he discovered at the back of the bag. "Spark of in sanity", that's a quite senseless stuff! He takes the suitcase to his office and begins a new walk to look around what's passing there. But before he wrote a message to all GB-airports, what's the thing like he had found.

An hour, or so, later, a handsome and sportive, young and polite cricket player gets off the plane at London Heathrow. After he has waited some time of searching his suitcase, he asked a policeman standing around if he knows anything about this. He thinks, if so, there had to be anything in the computer. After the police officer has finished his research, the young-man were told that in Dublin a suitcase was found by another officer. The description of it makes the cricket player edgy. Should that be him, ugly and not really nice? But as the policeman has read out the content, he was really sure that this was his. After the police officer has asked him about why he had photos of another family in there, he answers that that are his parents in the 50s. He also describes that this film was a gift to his friends from school and the microphone was only lent for a drama about cricket sport's history which he had filmed in Ireland. The policeman gets suspicious and embarrassed for what he thought about this clear-thinking and nice boy.

So you see: you can't ever say that you knew any person, because you think that his that like.