

Ich war bei LIDL, um mir Kirschen zu kaufen.

Die Person vor der Person vor mir in der Schlange war gerade dran. Die Kassiererin sagte zu der Frau, ob sie denn damit umgehen könne. Ich konnte nicht sehen womit - was die Frau kaufte. Ich dachte, es müsste wohl ein Werkzeug oder so was sein. Die Kundin antwortete barsch, dass sie davon ausginge und sollte es nicht funktionieren bringe sie es halt wieder zurück. Die Kassiererin kassierte weiter und die Kundin bezahlte. Die Kassiererin sagte, dass es ein blöder Scherz gewesen sei und dass es ihr leid tue. Sie entschuldigte sich. Die Kundin war nicht freundlich aber sagte, dass es schon ok sei.

*[I was in LIDL, to buy cherries.*

*It was the turn of the person in front of the person in front of me in the queue. The cashier asked the customer if she was able to ,handle‘ it. I couldn‘t see it - what the customer was buying. I thought it might be a tool or something to do with crafts. The customer responded quite curtly that she assumes she knows how to ,handle‘ it and in case it didn‘t work out she could still return it. They finished the purchase and the cashier admitted that it had been a bad joke. She said she was sorry. She apologized. The customer wasn‘t friendly but she answered that it was alright.]*

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I went to the airport quite early as I had to drop off luggage which always stresses me out, even though I know there is no reason for that. About 5 minutes before the scheduled arrival of my train at the airport I received a text message saying my flight had been cancelled. I still got off the train mainly because I didn‘t really know what else to do. I went upstairs to the departure area and saw on a screen that nearly all Ryanair flights had been cancelled. The airport staff said it was due to the weather. They suggested to book an alternative flight through the app instead of waiting in an incredibly long queue. I did so as I was worried that the earliest flights would be booked out soon. The only flight I could book was the day after tomorrow. I still went for it as I sensed there probably would be no other option anyway.

I stayed at the airport for a while. I wasn‘t really ready to go back to London again. I called a friend to ask if I could stay over at her place for two nights. She agreed, but had already made plans and told me she wouldn‘t be home until 9. It was 5 by then. There were ongoing announcements asking people to leave the airport to book their new flights online. After getting a meal deal dinner at Boots I got a ticket for the bus and left. On the bus I had my dinner and thought about what to do. I sent

several texts to friends to tell them about my misery even though they couldn't really help me. I wanted to complain but there was no one available who was responsible for my misfortune. I got off the bus at Bethnal Green, the first station with the Overground. I decided to go to a pub there instead of going on traveling with all that luggage I had with me. It took me a bit to choose a pub. The first one I came across looked very English and there were only a few, exclusively male, people in there. For that reason I was hesitant to go in. After checking out two other places which looked rather like the young people's choice I returned to the other pub. It was called the Shakespeare's, which I found funny, and entering I noticed a blackboard saying it was karaoke tonight.

Now there were two women in the pub. They were the only ones doing karaoke. From time to time the karaoke guy/dj sang a song himself as well. I had the impression it was love songs only. Sometimes there was a little bit of moderation. The music was incredibly loud. There was a man sitting at the bar who had a walking stick with him. He held the stick in his hand all the time and generally didn't move except to slowly sip his beer. He also had a Tesco bag sitting next to his stool. After the women had sung for half an hour, a man had his first song. He had white hair and was wearing a rather sporty outfit: leather trainers, jogging trousers and a knit jacket. Waiting for the toilet I had a closer look at the decoration. It was that kind of charming tastelessness which I normally associate with Germany. There was a massive, white painted, wooden shelf, which had 4 quite tiny bird homes on it. The entrances of the houses were shaped like hearts and butterflies.

I decided to get another half pint as I quite enjoyed my stay so far. At the bar I got into a conversation with the sporty old man who had sung before. He asked me where I was from even before he had heard me speaking. He asked what I thought about the English people. I said they were very friendly. He told me that he knew Europe very well. He told me he had been to Greece, Italy, Spain, Germany. I asked him about his profession. He said he was a representative. For some tourist company, he added later. The static person with the stick came back from the toilet and left the pub. Two new women came in. They went to the toilet and then got a bottle of wine. The sporty touristic representative opened the bottle for them. It was a bottle with a screw lid. The women smiled at me. I thought they were cool. They were both wearing leather jackets. They wore skinny jeans and high heels. They smiled repeatedly at me. They were very cool.

Karaoke had stopped and people started using the digital jukebox. The pub had Fosters as a draught beer. It was Drake playing. There were even more women in the pub now and they could sing along.

The jukebox had a photo-booth function. I had never seen that before. I didn't know the next song but the lyrics of the chorus were ,it was meant to be'. I had finished my beer and I kind of had to leave to catch my host. I was a bit sad about that now. When I got up to get on my jacket and all my bags it was reggae playing. I observed the bartender choosing that song with the ,it was meant to be' chorus again. She must have had a secret code or something so she could pick songs for free. I didn't see how she did it though.

On the bus to my friends place I had a look at the streets as though I just arrived in London. I got excited about being there again in the way you do when you just enter a new place.