

Audio Index:

Slow dialog: 0:40

Explanations: 3:33

Fast dialog: 13:50

I can't believe I made it into San Francisco, **at long last!** This morning, I went to the airport to **catch** my 10 a.m. **flight**. I got there early to go through **security**. The folks at the **TSA** can really slow things down sometimes. Since I had an **electronic ticket**, I didn't have to wait at the **ticket counter** to **check in**, but instead used a **kiosk**. I then went straight to the **gate**. But, when I got there, I couldn't believe my eyes. The flight was **delayed**--for two hours!

I decided to look at the **flight monitors** to see if there was an earlier flight to San Francisco. I thought maybe I could either switch to that flight or get **wait-listed**. I saw that there was another flight leaving in 40 minutes and so I **bolted** for the gate. When I got there, I got into the back of the long line. When I got to the front of the line, I asked the gate **agent** if I could get on that flight instead and she said I would be wait-listed. She said that I needed to stay in the **gate area** and wait for my name to be called if they have a seat available. So, I waited, and waited, and waited.

The gate agent began calling out names over the **PA system** and **guess what?** The last name called was mine. What a relief! The last seat left on the plane was a **middle seat** and I usually prefer an **aisle** or **window** , but I was just happy to get **on board** . I didn't want my vacation to get delayed because of a late flight.

When the plane landed, I went out to the **curb** to **catch** a taxi to my hotel. I only had **carry-on bags** so I didn't need to wait in **baggage claim**. I was out of the airport and off on my vacation.