A Very Bad Experience in the Moscow Airport
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I would like to write about the last few hours that I spent in my native country, in January, l994.

I remember that day. It was a very cold day. I was at the Moscow Airport, Sheremetivo #2, and it was eight o'clock in the evening. I haved a lot of time before my flight, so I took my dog for a walk. I had brought my camera with me to take pictures of him and just when I started taking the pictures, my friends found me and told me, "Your ex-wife is having problems with the customs officers who checking everybody's bags. She cry. You have to go there and calm her down because she feels terrible."

I left my dog with my friends and went to the check-in counter.

When I got there, I sight my ex-wife standing with the customs officer and crying. All of the customs officers were checking passengers. They smile and they looks like Nazis.

I came up to my ex-wife and asked her, "What happened? Why you cry?"

She said, "Stay away from me because you will be have the same problem" and she started to cry again. I found out that when the customs

officials were checking her, they said, "You can't take anything with you." Then they put all of her clothes on a table and left them there.

And when I was standing there, I saw how one official talked with a very old woman. He spoke with her as if he were speaking to a young girl. A lot of people was sick and they can't sit or stand anymore.

Later on, I got my dog and my bag. When it was my time to show the customs officers my bag, they said the same thing to me. They told me to take my clothes out of my bag and to put them on the table. One of them took all of my documents and said, "You can't take this dog with you because he too big."

I replied, "I have the right to bring my pet with me as long as he not sick."

Two hours later, they gave me everything back and allowed me to sit down.

And this is how I remember my last day in my country and why I think that I will never forget it.

Number of errors in verbs: 12