

OUR VACATION SURPRISE

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The ad could not have been more wrong.

We had just completed a lovely cruise around South America, where we had seen crystal clear lakes and waterfalls, had visited the Falkland Islands, and had spent Thanksgiving Day at a penguin reserve, where our small group of 10 enjoyed the place to ourselves for two hours before the tour buses arrived. Now, we were in Buenos Aires and, after checking into our hotel for a few days, we were planning on going to the local mall to get some Christmas shopping done. Dick had on his special 'travel pants' – designed with a pocket in the inside leg seam, advertised to deter pickpockets. He had also loaded up his wallet with some money – too much in hindsight- and I had three American dollars in my pocket, as usual.

Since we were planning on going over to Colonia, Uruguay the next day, we decided to check out the train station so as to be prepared for the next morning. It was a lovely day, so we decided to use the subway stop in the park as it was a short cut to the train station.

Heading down the stairs, we were suddenly covered with bird doo-doo from the trees! Oh, the stench! Suddenly there was a young couple eager to help us clean ourselves up. Thankful for the help, we were suddenly being turned and wiped at, all over our bodies. I tried to tell them NO! I kept my hand on my pocket and camera and began to shout but they just kept wiping with napkins, spinning us around. Finally, as I shouted, they stopped and said goodbye – too quickly. I told Dick we had been hit. He felt his inner leg and said, "no, they did not get my wallet." We have been hit, I insisted, as they left too abruptly. He bent down to check his inside pocket. Sure enough, he still had his wallet. But, in further investigation,

the money and credit cards were gone. The guy had managed to open the seam, remove the wallet and take the cards and money and then replace the wallet, complete with zipping it back up!

My three dollars covered the taxi ride to the hotel where we contacted the credit card company, learning that the only charge so far had been at a gas station – they gassed up before leaving town.

Upon our return home to Denver, we tried to clean our clothes, but they were ruined as the stuff did not come out, so we threw them away. After all, the pants were not what we had been led to believe – that ad was so wrong!