

## **SHIRT-FRONTED AT CHANGI: DEB LEWIS-BIZLEY**

On a flight from Sydney to London, you generally stop somewhere for a couple of hours to refuel. It doesn't matter much which city the airport is at as you get all the same features – hectares of boring carpet, shops selling very expensive handbags or duty-free electronics. You do, however get very clean washrooms, and none more so than at Changi Airport, Singapore.

My husband Tim and myself are on such a stopover. The aircraft facilities being minimal in size and quantity, the first thing we do is head for a pitstop at the airport washrooms. We both need to go, so Tim takes the cabin wheely-bag with him and wrestles it into a cubicle. The mistake he makes is that the cubicle he has chosen is fitted with a high-tech loo with an automatic bidet 'personal hygiene' fountain ('fountain' being the operative word here).

From the beginning it's not clear what makes this loo any different to any other, so he sits down and does what he's there to do. It then does what it's there to do, only rather sooner than expected. Nice warm water rather surprisingly caresses his nether regions. He sits there for a few minutes enjoying it - the experience at this point is not unpleasant.

He waits for it to stop. However, it becomes apparent that it isn't going to. He's going to have to do something. He reasons (not an architect for nothing!) that there's probably a sensor, so if he stands up it should stop, right? Wrong! When he stands up, he has to dive out of the way of the jet of water which is now describing a perfect parabolic arc and hitting the cubicle door. Hobbled by jeans and underpants still around his ankles, and shrinking from the gushing torrent, he spots a button on the wall behind the loo. He ducks heroically through the jet to reach the button thus drenching his shirt front.

Finally, the water stops, and he dries himself as much as he can and pulls his trousers up. By now, the water that had been streaming down the cubicle door is flowing copiously under the door, and out into the main space. After a quick stop at the hand-basin, he beats a hasty retreat leaving the washroom in semi-flood.