

## #DutyFreeTales 2



Thursday Evening in London: The day had been long, filled with meetings, but now it was finally over. I stepped out into the crisp London air and flagged down a cab, “Paddington Station, please.” The thought of warmer climes was comforting as I headed toward the Heathrow Express, envisioning myself soon aboard my Emirates flight back to Singapore.

Fifty-five minutes later, I found myself at the airport, slipping off my belt and shoes at security. With 2.5 hours until take-off, I had time to kill, and that meant shopping. Last time I skipped duty-free, I paid for it—thankfully, Amazon saved me. This time, there would be no mistakes. My wife had requested a specific beauty product, a British

brand that should be available here in London. A quick glance at the Heathrow website left me confused. Searching for the product, I found it—in Terminal 2. But I was in Terminal 3, already through security and immigration. No internal trains like in Dubai or Singapore. Surely they have it here too? But no luck. Frustration built up.

Plan B: maybe they’ll have it in Dubai. Their duty-free is massive, after all. A quick search on their much nicer website-Dubai Duty Free, and there it was. Just had to make sure my flight lands in the same terminal as the shop. While at it, I thought, why not grab that bottle of 21-year-old Chivas in Dubai instead of here? Decision made, I could relax and head to my gate.

The flight took off after a couple of hours spent catching up on emails and watching YouTube. Emirates had a great selection of entertainment, but I was too tired. Thankfully, I’m one of those people who can sleep anywhere. Soon enough, we were approaching Dubai.

Landing at Gate B, I hurried off the plane to check if my connecting flight to Singapore was in the same terminal. Different gates, but I had time. Security was a breeze, and then I was back to shopping. Dubai duty-free was a shopper’s paradise, and there was the Chivas. One task down, now for the beauty product. But wait, where was the shop again? Left or right? Should I call her? It’s late in Singapore...Argh..

In the end, I settled on a perfume. Not the exact product, but at least I wasn’t empty-handed. Still, there has to be an easier way to shop duty-free.