What was the Customs Officer looking for?

Customs Officers are quite tolerant these days, but they can still stop you when you are going through the Green Channel and have nothing to declare.

Even really honest people are often made to feel guilty.

The hardened professional smuggler, on the other hand, is never troubled by such feelings, even if he has five hundred gold watches hidden in his suitcase.

When I returned from abroad recently, a particularly officious young Customs Officer clearly regarded me as a smuggler.

“Have you anything to declare?” he asked, looking me in the eye.

“No,” I answered confidently.

“Would you mind unlocking this suitcase, please?”

“Not at all,” I answered.

The Officer went through the case with great care.

All the things I had packed SO carefully were soon in a dreadful mess.

I felt sure I would never be able to close the case again.

Suddenly, I saw the Officer's face light up.

He had spotted a tiny bottle at the bottom of my case and he pounced on it with delight.

“Perfume, eh?” he asked sarcastically. You should have declared that.

Perfume is not exempt from import duty.

“But it isn't perfume,” I said. “It's hair gel.” Then I added with a smile, “It's a strange mixture I make myself.”

As I expected, he did not believe me.

“Try it!” I said encouragingly.

The Officer unscrewed the cap and put the bottle to his nostrils.

He was greeted by an unpleasant smell, which convinced him that I was telling the truth.

A few minutes later, I was able to hurry away with precious chalk marks on my baggage.

Though the writer had nothing to declare, the Customs Officer made him unlock his case.

Searching the case carefully, the Officer found a small bottle, which he thought was perfume.

The writer told the Customs Officer that it was hair gel, which he had made himself.

As the Officer did not believe this, the writer encouraged him to try it.

The unpleasant smell convinced him the writer was telling the truth, so he let him pass through Customs.

When the Customs Officer asked the traveller if he was carrying anything valuable, the man said that he had nothing to declare.

The Officer asked the man to open his suitcase.

Although the case contained only a suit and some dirty clothes, it was very heavy, This made the Customs Officer suspicious, SO he removed all the clothes from the case.

The case was soon empty, and when the Officer lifted it, he found that it was still very heavy.

The Officer examined the case carefully and saw that the bottom was very shallow.

He pressed the base hard and removed the bottom part of the case, which contained a quantity of emeralds and other precious stones.

While the Officer was looking at an emerald, the man tried to escape.

For a moment, the man disappeared among the passing holiday travellers, but he was soon caught and placed under arrest.

The Customs Officer told the writer he should have declared the perfume because it was not exempt from import duty.

The writer told the Customs Officer that it wasn't perfume, but it was hair gel.

He said it was a strange mixture he made himself.

He told the Customs Officer to try it.

Because Tim Jones cannot speak French or German, he never enjoys travelling abroad.

Last March, however, he went to Denmark and stayed in Copenhagen.

He said he spent most of his time at the Tivoli, which is one of the biggest funfairs in the world.

At the Tivoli, you can enjoy yourself very much, even if you don't speak Danish.

The train came into the station.

It arrived at five o'clock.

George lives in Canada.

He is Canadian.

He is not an American.

I'll see you on Tuesday, January 14th.

Have you read Great Expectations?

What makes really honest people feel guilty when going through Customs?

What made the Customs Officer's face light up?

The writer was in a hurry to get away because he had grown impatient at having taken so long to get through Customs.

The Customs Officer asked him whether he had anything to declare.

“Have you anything to declare?” he asked, looking directly at me.

“Would you kindly unlock this suitcase please?”

He told him he ought to have declared it.

Having unscrewed the cap, the Officer put the bottle to his nostrils.

Customs Officers are quite tolerant these days. They are easy-going.

A hardened professional smuggler feels unashamed of his behavior.

As I expected, he was skeptical.

I was able to hurry away with precious chalk marks on my luggage.