

The Passport

The plane had finally landed in Mexico city, Mexico. Wilxe P. Dizzle got out, showed his passport, and got his luggage. He then left the airport and took a taxi to his hotel, a couple of miles away.

For the next couple of days Wilxe explored the city and enjoyed himself. After a week, it was time to go home to the United States where he lived. So he packed his stuff and went to the airport.

When he got to the airport, he put his jacket on and went to the front desk to get his ticket. The lady at the desk asked him for his passport. He reached into his ~~pocket~~ jeans pocket to get it, but it wasn't there. He then said "I must have put it in my bag." So he checked his bag, but it wasn't there either. Wilxe then began to panic. He started emptying his pockets and searching the bag again and again. He could not find the passport anywhere!

Wilxe went back to his hotel. He searched the room frantically, but still found nothing. He was really starting to get worried. Wilxe left the hotel room, and went to the front desk to ask if someone had turned it in. They told him that no one had.

He went back to the airport. He told them he couldn't find it anywhere and asked them if there was any way to get another one. They told him he could not. He finally gave up. He went and sat down and started to cry. He started to feel a little hot, so he took off his jacket. When he did this, something fell on the floor. He reached down and picked it up, looked at it and it was his passport! It had been in his jacket the whole time.