ANGER

I was in a taxi, on my way to the panda camp in Chengdu. Before getting into the taxi, I asked the taxi driver, in my (unfortunately) poor Mandarin, if he knew the way to the camp. Chengdu is famous for the panda breeding camp and a lot of Chinese tourists love to go there. They are all keen to see the cute panda babies.

Traffic in China is always an adventure. Nevertheless, in my many travels through the country, I have always felt safe, perhaps with the exception of this one day, in that taxi to the panda camp. The trip usually takes twenty to thirty minutes from my apartment. With this taxi driver, it took ninety minutes and he stopped several times on the highway to ask farmers for directions. The longer I sat in the taxi, the angrier I got, because the taxi driver was clearly cheating me. Let us not forget that he originally claimed to know the way. As an absolute highlight, he turned around on the highway, having come to the conclusion that we were obviously going the wrong way. Then we drove for several minutes on the wrong side of the highway, in danger of meeting oncoming traffic head on (no joke!). You can imagine that my brain activity at that moment was not only fueled by anger, but also by fear that we might end up in a bad accident.

When we finally arrived at the panda camp, the taxi driver demanded the full fare for the ninety-minute ride with all its many detours. This made me even angrier. I only paid half the price and mentioned that I would get the police, which then made him angry. In the end, he just took the money and I got out of the car as fast as I could.