

The little robot at Schiphol – that's who!
He says *bleep* and *beep* and he goes about his work.
The suitcase is so small, so teeny, so tiny.



Whose suitcase can it be?
It's no bigger than this book!
The robot quickly goes looking for its owner.



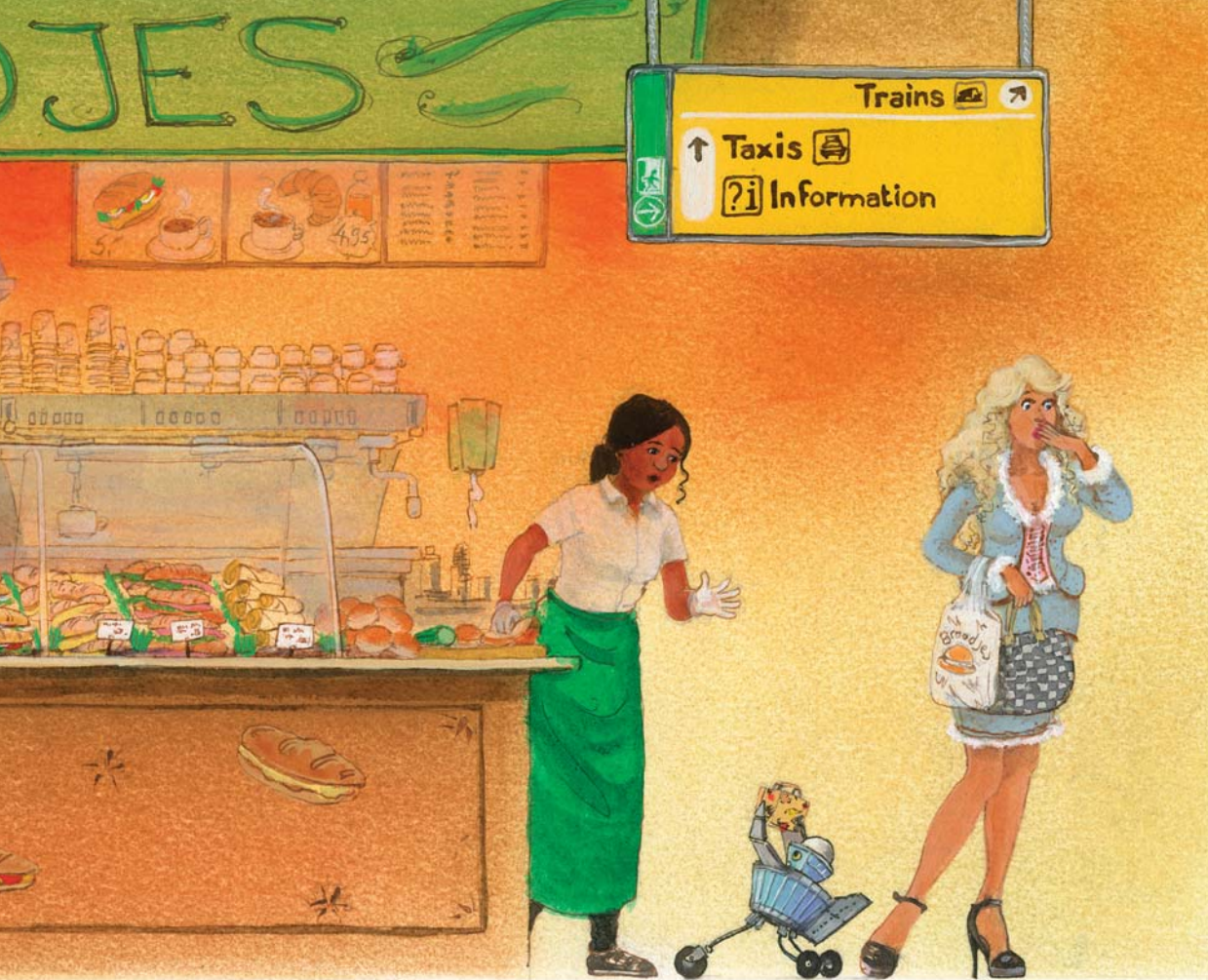
“Excuse me, sir, with your golden chest,
does this suitcase belong to you?
Or maybe to your wife?”



“That suitcase? That tiny thing?
My wife packed a thousand shoes.
And that’s not big enough for one little shoe!”



“Hello, drinks and snacks lady!
Have you lost a suitcase?”
“That suitcase? That tiny thing?”



I make a thousand sandwiches a day!
Such a teeny, tiny suitcase.” She laughs.
“That’s not big enough for one little croissant.”



“Hello, lady with the serious face!
Look at me! I’ve found this case.
Did you lose it by any chance?”



“Me? I’m in charge of security here.
Such a teeny, tiny suitcase is too small for me.
My uniform wouldn’t fit in there!”



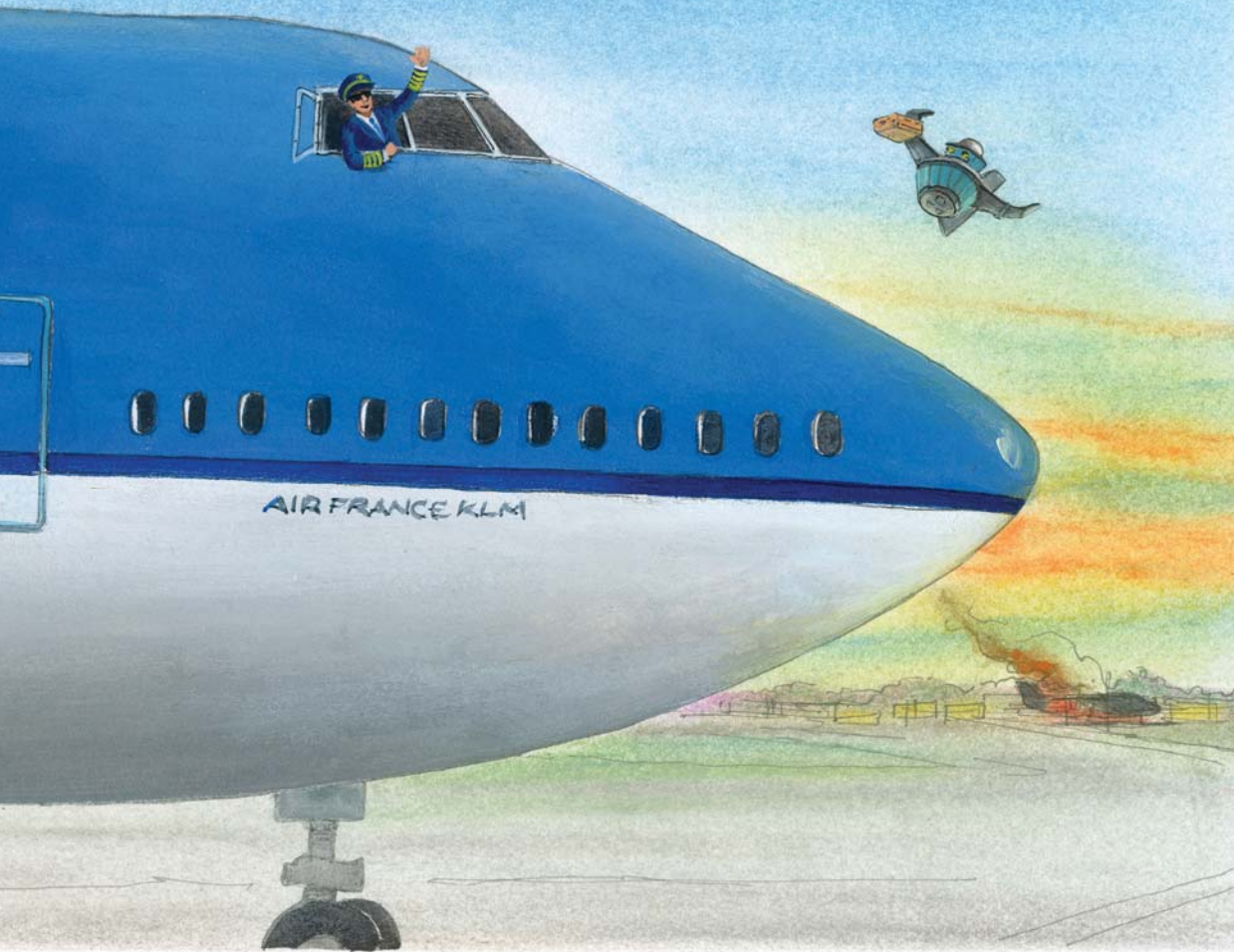
“Hello, man in the yellow vest!
Did you leave your suitcase lying around?
Or does it belong to your little boy or your little girl?”



“Please, not another suitcase!
I’ve seen more than enough suitcases.
I’m the one who puts them on the plane.”



“Hey, hello, plane driver!
Could this be your suitcase?
Did it blow away on a westerly wind?”



“I’m not a driver. I’m a pilot!
And that teeny, tiny suitcase?
My pilot’s cap wouldn’t fit inside there.”