

## **September 11, 2013 (Leaving Home)**

My 10 AM flight is convenient as my wife can drop me at the airport on her way to work. Actually, it gets me to the airport a little too early, but that's fine.

The flight leaves on time and is full. I'm in the front row of coach and am sitting next to an older couple who each play Candy Crush on their iPads the entire 3 hours. I've heard about this game but have never tried it. After their 3 hour demonstration, I conclude that it doesn't interest me.

The plane arrives in Detroit a little early. This gives me time to stop at Taco Bell for a quick afternoon snack.

I find the gate for the plane to Paris and have a few moments to charge my iPhone.

The plane to Paris is full. I have an aisle seat in the center row of 4 seats. A younger couple is sitting next to me. The guy spends the entire 8+ hour flight reading a book about the 2008 U.S. presidential election. How boring can that be? The row in front of me is an Islamic family. The row behind me is a large family with many kids. A girl about 5 years old is sitting behind me. She's just the wrong size in that her feet come in constant contact with the back of my seat, giving me many frequent kicks in the back. I politely ask her mother if she can watch her feet, but nothing improves. I just need to wait for the girl to fall asleep.

Dinner is served. I get some sort of chicken chunks in a sauce on rice with tossed salad, a dinner roll, cheese and a brownie.

I watch the 3<sup>rd</sup> "Hangover" movie. It doesn't measure up to the previous 2.