

September 22, 2013 (Paris, France)

Today will be a long day. My alarm wakes me up at 3:30 AM because a taxi is picking me up at 4:15 AM to take me to the Split airport so I can fly to Zagreb to catch my flight home.

At 4 AM, I'm outside a little early to wait for my taxi. As it turns out, the taxi is also early. By 4:10 AM we're on the road to the airport.

Split's airport is quite a ways out of town. We keep driving and driving. Finally after almost 30 minutes, we arrive at the airport and he drops me off. The ride cost 300kN (\$52), a price the hostel told me is the going rate when they reserved a taxi for me.

Despite my desire to get to the airport early, I'm too early. The gates for check-in aren't opening for another 45 minutes. Already a line is forming.



At 5:30 AM, the gates open and I check in for my flight. I go through security and soon the plane boards.



It's just starting to get light outside as the plane departs from Split. I have a window seat.

The plane arrives in Zagreb and I have 5 hours to kill in the airport and only 15 minutes of free wifi available. I go to what appears to be the only airport restaurant and order a couple of pastries and some orange juice for breakfast. I find a place to sit down and wait for check-in to begin. I have a long wait as check-in isn't until 2 hours before departure. The free wifi quickly runs out.

My head, throat and sinuses feel better this morning than they did last night. Hopefully I'm on the mends.

Finally check-in comes. After going through security, I go to the business lounge to wait for my flight and hopefully get something to eat. The business lounge is lacking in providing significant food. There's juice, some small hor d'oeuvres and some packages of peanuts. The chairs are comfortable, there's free wifi and it's quiet.

I leave the business lounge to find somewhere to exchange my Croatian money into Euros. I should have over 300kN (\$52), but when I look in my



pockets, I'm missing a 200kN (\$35) note. Evidently it must have fallen out when I went through security. Someone got a nice find. There isn't a currency exchange booth behind security.

The plane boards on time for the 2 hour flight to Paris. I have a window seat. A sandwich is served... ham and bread.

The plane arrives in Paris a little before 3 PM. I buy a round-trip RER train ticket to Paris and some Metro subway tickets as my next flight doesn't leave until tomorrow morning. I have the late afternoon and evening in Paris. I might as well do some tourist things.

I take the RER train to Gare du Nord and walk to a nearby hostel. It's a brand new hostel and I'm given a 2-bed room by myself.

It's 4 PM and I'm really not feeling well. The stuff going on in my throat has completely taken over my sinuses. I thought I was feeling better this morning but I'm now worse than yesterday. All I want to do is get some sleep and hope I feel better tomorrow.



After resting awhile, I decide I need to get some food in me and also get some liquids to drink. I walk down the street to a McDonalds for a Big Mac then buy a large bottle of water and a liter carton of juice at a nearby store.

Back at the room, I drink the juice and go to bed early.