

## TRAVELOGUE

*Every dawn a new destination*

I kept a detailed travel diary of my trip from Belarus to Beijing, and various places along the way, but had a devilish time when I took it to the printer, who returned it out of order and with a couple of things missing and imperfectly smoothed over in each entry.

As soon as the locals finish setting the gym near the sea sand, guys on cruises (like hopefully us someday!) will be able to enjoy a land-based workout a short walk from their ship, and in a display of hyper-modern thinking, the gym even has a panel to conduct respectful mediations so that users with differences can, each without being a smart Aleut, grievances rather than getting into fights.

As we approached the Renaissance festival entrance, we heard strains of a mad lush, Erin, our attendance, and soon found the talented street singers responsible for it, who have kindly recommended a local chandlery that we will stop at later where we hope to pick up, if there is a fragrance on which we can, anted votives as a gift for our bed-and-breakfast hosts.

Currently we are staying with a fun couple who enjoy playing board games, and they have sectioned off different areas for guests to learn about various aspects of such, including, apparently, design verandas on the second floor, with we think short-term tactics decks built up off the kitchen and what may, best ratios overlooking the back yard, and they are quick to let people know that the tutorials are fully independent, so if any particular session is not to your liking, there's no (ha!) ripping it.

First, we plan to stop by the fountain fora (nice cream's ode, E-list?), less townsfolk ritualistically exchange wooden shoes with their neighbors at noon, a tradition, we're told, that would have died out long ago from indifference but for the constant sagging from the local officials (who spin it as "encouragement") for weeks before the ceremony.

I enjoyed having the wind in my hair as we took a two-hour boat ride to a little sublet, which I might have otherwise had a more favorable opinion of except there were no chairs to be found anywhere so, not wanting to actually sit on the muddy ground, the guests all decided to sound the evening's entertainment.

In Cooperstown I saw, after a security fingerprint swearing, a uniform in a photo next to Mantle and wondered whether, for those with television sets, he would have been funny to watch, perhaps on a sitar, do nice aster programming targeted at non-observers.

It's fun going to a religious ceremony in the desert by traveling on camelback at the standard lei, surely no ingrate typical of the local wanderers, though when we arrive things become unpleasant when our guide begins to act belligerently heretical and rid ox members of the flock.

My gullibility got the best of me today and I was cheated out of money a couple times by some unsavory locals out to dusting tourists like me, as they were pulling bait-and-switch scams in more than one's ear by markets.

On a sprawling plantation, in six hours we helped toga there (noun, as to make "splits") for an army, the only work that will be done there, we're told, until growers can bargain the labor boy, Cy.

Once we finished enjoying a free cup of refreshing, get his courteous street vendor who took a liking to us, we found seats in an amphitheater, where a local third grade class stumbled their way through a scene from one of Shakespeare's great tragedies, with the young kids being so nice by nature that I had to stifle a chuckle caused by watching perhaps the world's first plea.

Our attempt to get into a swim club, to which we did not belong, met with little success, as hundreds of people had the same idea so we would have been queued up for hours, enviously eyeing the meme for those who paid dues, which only ever had a few people in it, so instead we drove to the coast where, though we had forgotten to bring our towels with us to the bead in a pyramid, at the entrance were loaners free of charge, a few of which we appreciatively borrowed and tanned on the rest of the day.

Regarding that fleeing miscreant who called the lurid entity sun known, and he might never be found, but there was certainly no need to impugn the veracity of our Hawaiian tableside entertainer who, verity, eschewing during dinner will probably be audible tonight without his welcome songs.

Relaxing at a dive bar, the group ordered the usual gin cocktails, but I asked the bartender to please seem in, lone as I've taken a hiatus from alcohol due to the untimely passing yesterday of one of my world-renowned idols back home, as I had learned this morning from ash or tot while listening to the radio here.

The tour through the home of the heroic military general was an eye-opener, as you literally cannot look anywhere without seeing dozens of eagles grasping serpents, the General's military-conferred insignia oilings, walls, floors, chairs, and more were bursting with them, and the General himself, the possessor of quite the gift of roust waddle, at least will gladly talk your ear off as to how and when each and every eagle was painted, sculpted, or otherwise installed.

Though I would have preferred the clarity of a “Hi!” figure and other strummed music streamed almost constantly from the hotel-supplied laptop, which only let us access the Internet after we clicked on a security warning admonishing, in rather tactless terms, anyone who disables their fire walkers.

Today we exercised our creative side by making totally darling crafts with the locals, where we put to good use some protectives (“Hell, yon sin, pale yellow” and “Brown’s Hades, as we”), considerable construction paper to color on, and lots of pipe cleaners.

Today we visited a Hall of Letters where, unlike the subject of yesterday’s tour of a Middle Ages exhibit of thick metal plate (according to the informative blur), barons’ kins historically used for writing were extremely thin, with one informatively detailing the notable biology of the E-Sharp, and unexpectedly oviparous.

Today we were treated to more music by some folks who happened to beam aboard players who were as good as any pros, who followed us around and each time we found no bar they would sit down and play all requests by ear without missing a note.

Tonight is weekly free movie night throughout the neighborhood, a popular and raucous local tradition, where just about everywhere you can hear the maniac inept with glee every few minutes, and on the one night a month they serve free belly more, like an out-of-control frat party.

Tonight we were planning on crashing in an apartment unit that had been purchased about a year ago, but it seems the owners of the convent attended association meetings after deciding to sing after the first month, so they unfortunately were not aware of the strict rules against rooming more than one guest at a time.

We briefly stopped at a small art gallery, where prints of two of John Constable’s famed countryside paintings were available for purchase, and while I had the money, I found cape to my liking and I also considered the chances of getting them home: free from harm we rest best.

We got to spend some time in the backstage dressing room of a live theater production about a kiter from our hotel, and just the smell of the great evoked fond memories of my college acting days.

We had to change plans today, as a quarantine has been imposed on the shellfish producing community we planned to visit, until doctors can determine what Type O, faster trawler spread into town a process that may be impeded by impending storms, seeing as local baters have been rapidly falling for the past few hours.

We spent a fun and informative day at a grove and oil press, learning that special fencing was put up to keep destructive and fierce-clawed ocelots and lynxes out, lest a cave branches right off the trees, potentially ruining a cultivar that has tars to grow.

We stopped for brunch at a quaint cafe with a large vintage bronzer behind the counter, so we expected the coffee to be excellent and were not disappointed, though things took a turn for the worse after I later took a newly purchased coat in for alterations but these aged it (and would not even apologize).

We three, pics again: a bookstore we stumbled upon specializing in long, hard-to-find works for identifying a locally produced beverage that, as it turned out, we liked so much we bought a dozen massive cases of it and drank about six teeny, our quotidian gallon and a half, the rest of the trip.

With stealth, we managed to stir Ed's entry into a nonpublic area this morning and got to look around a large, water-filled gorge, later learning that though the area was very arid it manages to remain lush, as the inhabitants were able to make the otherwise useless chin basin, allowing it to take advantage of the infrequent storms and serve as a reservoir.