

Day 2 – 2/22/19

Got up in my Yotel room fairly early as the less time in the room you spend, the less it costs. I had several hours to make my flight to Barcelona, so I had breakfast at a place called “Curator’s” in the departure lounge. Since I was in London (sort of) I had the “Full English.” Compared to what I’ve seen on my plate at the B&Bs down in Cornwall, it should have been called “Snack before Full Cornish Breakfast – Go ahead, it won’t spoil your appetite at all.”

Hung about, read, people-watched, strolled through the Duty-Free shops. Why is it that they are convinced that we will all want to buy scent and single-malt before getting on a plane? Are most air travelers highly-perfumed drunks? I mean – I am – but don’t go by me.

Lunch was also in the departure lounge at a place called “Spuntino.” I ordered a Reuben sandwich and the waiter, hearing my accent. Said “Is not like at home.” It wasn’t, but not bad. Their house lager isn’t bad either.

Routine flight to Barcelona. Nice mountain views toward the end. I took a shuttlebus to a main park sort of place near the hotel. Found the hotel (Montblanc) without trouble. Checked in – went to room. The room was fine, but – first remember that I travel solo – see if you can spot anything odd about the bed in this room. Maybe (hint) I should say “beds.....



The hotel recommended a place up the street for supper. A place called “La Cuina de Laietana.” Nice place. Saw a nice Paella on the menu. The waiter said that they could make it up for one (it is written up and priced on the menu as for two) but somehow that wasn’t reflected on the bill. Also – the hotel said I was to get a free glass of something if I mentioned the hotel. That didn’t happen. The only other people in the place at the time (roughly

6:30 PM – “suppertime” to us Midwesterners) were an American couple. I asked if they were going to be on the Norwegian Spirit. They said yes, and we had a nice chat about ships, cruises, Greece, Socialism and whisky. The whisky part of the conversation came after I learned that they were from Southern Illinois and Socialism had been broached as a subject. I wanted to get off that topic as I was fairly certain that they were Trumpites and it could only end badly. Walked around a bit, then back to the hotel to read a bit (“When in Rome” Ngaio Marsh) and sleep.