

Worst day ever

Yesterday challenged me more than any day on the seven-month adventure. I've been sick with what I think is food poisoning, and I slept one whole day and night two days before my trip to Málaga, Spain, where I am now.

I took it easy the next day, the day that I arrived, but since then, I've had very little to eat. Just to look at food makes me nauseated.

However, this morning, I went to a restaurant and had rice pudding.

How did I get here? Two taxis, two trains, two planes, and confusion in the airport. I kept getting different directions from different people, couldn't find my luggage until I was the last person inside the airport, and all the while, I needed to use the restroom--immediately! Restrooms were always inconveniently located, and my luggage was heavy for me to lug around. Carts were available until you get to a certain area; then you cannot take them with you.

At a place where I could get a cart from a man, he said they were not available, that they were going somewhere else.

Go over there, go down there, I think it's way down that way. These sounds were in my nightmares last night.

Then, at the airport, someone at a change window opened it up just for me to change Moroccan money to 20 euros.

I got a taxi from the Málaga Airport to the hotel. I had a distance to walk again with heavy luggage, and I didn't have enough money to pay the driver. This driver had gone out of his jurisdiction to help me. It was late, and taxis were limited. I hadn't exchanged enough money.

He let me go on, anyway. He pointed out that he got as close as he could to the hotel, and I had to walk the rest of the way.

I made it to the hotel, with cramping stomach and a need for a bathroom, but the hotel was closed. I rang the bell, but no one answered. I knocked on the door; still no answer. I was past the checking-in hour.

What to do? No place to spend the night, and now it was after 11 p.m. I was miserably in pain.