

So what is Crocodile *supposed* to taste like?



I mean seriously, let's get real here, Crocodile tail steaks taste just like slightly-overcooked chicken. Just a bit dried out, slightly crispy on the outside, with a few tender spots that make you wonder if there's some unfulfilled potential there. So the question is, was this slightly-overcooked Crocodile? But this is getting ahead of things; that dinner was in Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe, and somehow I got here without riding a bike. With my wife, which is one of the reasons I got here some way other than riding a bike. Not that you could, but if you could, it would be a lot more comfortable than flying. For me anyway.

Recovering from back-to-back redeye/overnight flights has probably reduced my discernment capabilities to mush. I would recommend not having a break between long (11 hour) flights if the flights occur during the night so the break in-between is during the day. We did rent a day room at the Sheraton in Frankfurt, and it was most definitely a worthwhile thing to do. Got a few hours sleep, nice shower, and felt like we were ready to hit the next leg of the journey, the long overnight flight to Johannesburg. Heck, we survived the first long flight from SFO to Frankfurt, so how bad could it be?

Perhaps the safety video should have been a warning. Positively eerie; just one guy and maybe, in a couple of the shots, just one other passenger on the entire plane... a plane done entirely in ghost-white. Kind of ominous if you ask me! At least ghost-white had some heavenly connotations, an implication that you were headed to the right place. Then again, when that 747 hit the tarmac at Johannesburg, my goodness did it hit hard! Thought the nose gear was going to collapse. Thought at the time I ought to look at the tires and see if any flattened, but the lack of sleep rendered me unable to carry a very long string of thought.

Johannesburg transfers are intense. Think of LHR (London Heathrow), getting from one terminal to another, with all the walking and bussing as if you're heading to an entirely different city. Johannesburg is like that, except there's no bus, it's entirely walking. But eventually you get there, and that last hour and a half flight seems so nice.



Zimbabwe customs line Customs/immigration at Victoria Falls? That's another thing entirely. Word to the wise- in less-developed countries, when you get off the plane, RUN to the terminal. You want to be one of the first processed, or you might have wasted that night's hotel stay 'cuz you'll be spending so much time at the airport. I can't even put a finger on what makes it so slow. But eventually we get through and on to our hotel, the pretty-nice A'Zambezi River Lodge. That's where I had the Crocodile tail steak dinner shown above. Karen had something more conventional; peppered beef filet. Both were actually pretty good, and reasonable. The amount of beef she got for \$14 was impressive, far more than she could eat on her own.

Tomorrow it's up at 5:30am for morning game drive, then an "authentic" village tour (I'm skeptical) and a dinner cruise later in the evening. That's one of our less-full days. More soon. Meantime happy that Becky and Kevin and MikeF can keep things running at

the shop so my wife and I can get away and "relax" for a bit. Whatever "relax" means.