

Kevin can sleep anywhere. Anytime. I hate him.



I should be asleep too! But of course that's not going to happen. Too many things to get taken care of while flying 36,000ft over... I think we're over the Atlantic by now. Pleasant-enough flight; empty seat next to me, and Kevin's across the aisle, also with an empty adjacent seat. The food, well, this is not a gourmet flight to be sure! Kevin had the chicken, I had the manicotti. Can't wait for breakfast. United's been doing this promo about their new improved food menu in economy; apparently, for TATL (that's short for Transatlantic) flights, before landing in Europe you don't just get a cold plastic-packaged dinner roll for breakfast anymore. Nope. You now get a WARMED dinner roll (they call it a croissant but let's get real, it looks like one of those poppin-fresh easy-bake dinner rolls but tastes even worse) and if I recall correctly, maybe some yogurt too? But what I'm really looking forward to is their new, improved coffee. No more "Fresh Brew" brand (frequently derided as "Fresh Poo") but now much-higher-quality ILLY offered up. We'll see. Coffee is the last thing I should be thinking about now...

...I should be trying to emulate Kevin and sleep! In 5 or so hours we land in Paris, collect our stuff and take a bus to Montparnasse train station where we take the TGV to Lourdes. This is one of those long travel days, to be sure. --Mike--