

Never so happy to leave mountains behind



Think it's time to get off this bus! The past several days have seen my wife and I traveling pretty big distances across the Atlas Mountains in Morocco, required if you want to see the desert and, of course, the mountains. But sometimes you can spend too much time on a bus seeing too much mountain through bus windows. Thus it's a huge relief that we're now in Marrakech, spending three nights in one hotel (and not a bad hotel at that).

Saturday we leave Marrakech for Casablanca, then very early Sunday morning Karen and I head back to Marrakech, via train, to catch a flight to Geneva. One night there, then the next day, fly home to SFO via Zurich. It's been a great trip but I'm sure I'll be very happy to be home again. And instead of riding a bus through the mountains, I'll be riding up them on a bicycle. Much preferable! Although I do admit the mountains of Morocco look like a pretty nice place to ride.