

Brrrrr. This is not Egypt. It's cold here!

Yesterday morning my wife and I were in the land of a pervasive warm sun and relatively long days and drinks that were rarely as cold as you'd like (I don't think Egyptians have an aversion to ice like the French; rather, I think it's at best a concept for them, something maybe they've seen in commercials). By the afternoon we had more ice than we knew what to do with, mostly under our feet as we walked the streets of a London that Rush Limbaugh would point to as proof that global warming is a myth.

Of course our room in London is stiflingly hot, on the fifth floor of a hotel that I think was originally just four stories (the elevator only goes to the 4th floor and the ceiling slopes like an attic such that I have to duck to get in on one side of the bed). But after spending a few hours out in the cold today, I've decided I prefer too-hot to too-cold.

My kids would think our hotel is located in paradise, being across the street from both a "Paul" (exceptional chain of French bakery/sandwich shop) and a Starbucks! We chose Paul this morning for breakfast, and their Mocha and Hot Chocolate did not disappoint!

Then we were off on the Underground to Leicester Square to pick up last-minute discounted theater tickets to "Love Never Dies" (the sequel to Phantom of the Opera) tonight, and in-between catch a train to Solisbury to see the most-incredible cathedral and then a short bus ride from there to Stonehenge.

Rest? I'll rest plenty when I'm six feet under. Besides, if I keep moving, I won't freeze in place! I've already warned my daughter (Becky, who's holding down the shop in Redwood City) that, if we see a forecast for cold weather back home, she's going to have to stall the credit card companies for awhile because we're going to spend the rest of the winter in Australia!

I don't think the cold would be so bad if I was more active, meaning out on a bike. Which a surprising number of Londoners are, at all hours and most clearly in all weather. These are dedicated cyclists, no question! And what a difference between traffic I'n Egypt (totally chaotic) and England, where the manner in which people ride & drive defines orderly. In Egypt, horns are used almost like a greeting (the reality is that I think they use horns like some bats use screeches; a sort of sonar that tells them their position relative to others). In England, if you hear a car horn I think you're supposed to report it to the police as an emergency.

Not sure yet what's on tap for tomorrow; in some ways this trip reminds me of when I travel I'n France with my son, refining each upcoming day on the night before. Not so easy on me, but gives the illusion I know what I'm doing.

More soon- --Mike--