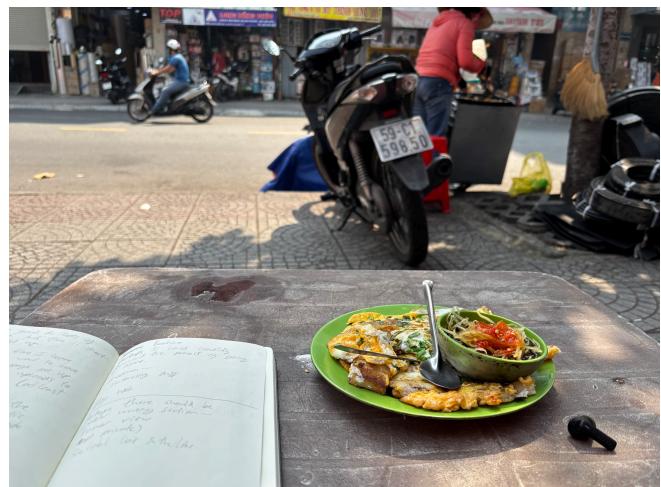


Ho Chi Minh, first few days

Orientation

What day is it today. Something tells me it's Friday, and oh its 10 to 6am. Have I been up all night again? What are we doing and why do I feel so ill?

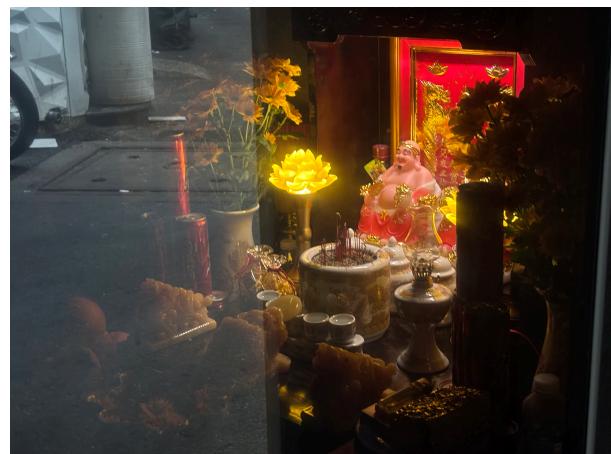
It's been a crazy few days. I arrived in Saigon on the 7th early in the morning. The time since then has been a steadily thickening blur of late nights bright lights and early morning starts without more than a couple of hours of sleep.



Complete disorientation, before it came to a head last night. I collapsed in bed with a fever, feeling unable to move. The antibiotics and paracetamol I'd bought just a few hours earlier were nowhere to be seen. Left somewhere in a taxi on the way out into town with new and over-enthusiastic friends. We got home at 7, then after just a couple of hours sleeping on the hard floor outside, I managed to crawl back to the room and into bed for a 20hr hibernation.

Images flashing before my eyes of bright lights, multiplicitous drinks, and a surreal juxtaposition of Buddhist idols and debauchery.

Now, after 20 hours in bed, and a little less of a fever, things are beginning to seem more clear. That is, the state of utter disorder and chaos has been cast into clarity...



Fat Buddha idol in a Japan town bar

It's time to start picking up the pieces, putting them back together and making plans for the up and coming movements to Hanoi. Note to self: don't stay in a party hostel there.

Zainab is coming to Hanoi on the 16th. I should be there before that, but there is just the point of figuring out how to get there with the bike. The options are basically bus or train. Apparently, bikes can be taken on the train, but they have to be taken as cargo, going on a different carriage, or even a different train to the one you travel on. In theory, a bus might be favourable with the bike going in the luggage compartment. There's just the question of whether they will take it or not. Only one way to find out.



Bue Vien Street at 7am after night
with Liam and the two Indian
Americans

So the plan is simple: get some more antibiotics, look for advice about busses, and sort out all your stuff.



Where this was written