

Post



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In our hotel room, at last - February 27, 2023

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Once off the plane we and the other passengers snake our way towards the terminal. We expect to find customs and immigration but instead there is just an airport. Apparently, those staying in Singapore would head to the immigration counters, but for the rest of us it's just shops, restaurants and gates to connecting flights. Ours isn't until the afternoon, so we seek out a lounge to which we believe have access.

Enroute, we stop at the connections desk. We have boarding passes for our Scoot Airlines flight to Krabi on our phones but no actual paper. Also, we're concerned that our combined luggage may be more than we're allowed on the plane. At our gate (early though it is) we're directed back to the connections desk a half-mile walk back. After ricocheting back and forth we give up and head to the lounge.

The lounge is spacious with comfortable seating and electricity for our devices. The food is plentiful though exotic, lots of noodles and soups. There's coffee, which we happily take, and lots of alcohol, which we forgo.

Eventually we head back to the gate for our arrival. After so long flying from the U.S. we figure we need exercise. Our luggage is a bit of a burden, but the wheels help. The Singapore Airport has an amazing "natural" area around a spectacular 40-meter high (seven story) waterfall. We eventually locate it, but only from a distance. It's on the other side of immigration. We'll see it later in our trip but for now we don't want to mess with customs and such just to have to go back through airport security.

Awaiting our flight an announcement says the plane will be full and luggage storage scarce, we can give up our carry-on for free. Tired and groggy we shrug and agree. It'll be nice not to mess with our bags for a bit. We leave them on the jet bridge, board the plane and quickly fret at the possibility of our bags not making it. We'd spent weeks picking and procuring the exact right matching clothes that weighed the right amount for our two-plus month adventure. What were we thinking?? They wouldn't let me off the plane to re-collect our bags, so we waited and hoped for the best.

In Krabi, 90 minutes later, our iPhones hear from luggages' Apple AirTags that we're all in the same city. Reconnected, we head to immigration. The plane was full but the lines are short. There's a small hiccup where the security machine once again confirms that Karen has essentially no fingerprints. We consider for what crime that might come in handy.

Kitchy shops and café's line the corridor leading from the airport and taxi companies vie for our business. A driver tells us they'll take us to our hotel for 1,200 Thai Bhat (about \$35). We know that's too much, and decline. Further along a driver doesn't take no for an answer and we end up in a clean Toyota for 600 Bhat. The taxi, like all vehicles in the former British colony, has its steering wheel on the right.

It's a 30-minute ride during which we see shops and businesses, temples and houses. It's not a wealthy country, at least not here. Thankfully the drivers are sane, including many on motor bikes, transporting goods and family members. Thoughts of "would we eat there" and "would we shop there" race through our minds, normally with the reply of "probably not", but it's early days.

Our hotel is high on a hill, with a lovey view of islands out of the water in the direction of Phuket. A few long-tail boats zip along going north and south. We're driven to our room and our host turns on the A/C. It's obviously not been on but thankfully it works and we envision a cooler room soon.

After we unpack, freshen up, and familiarize ourselves with the layout, we split a beer from the mini-fridge and head to the hotel restaurant. It has a similar view as our room which we enjoy as we sip our wine. At sunset the Muslim call to prayer wails, echoing off the amazing rock hills in the near distance. As we try each new dish we exclaim something to the effect of "Holy crap is that's [spicy] hot!!" It was all good, though we (sadly) avoid all fresh produce, beautiful though it looked.

In bed we read and try to stay awake a bit longer but are no match for how tired we are. We're asleep in no time.

Photos



The "Jewel" at the Singapore Airport (that we didn't see... this time)



On our bed. A welcome to "K, Scott + Party" from our hotel



The view from our room and "our pool".
Phuket is either too far, or too haze-
obscured, to be seen.



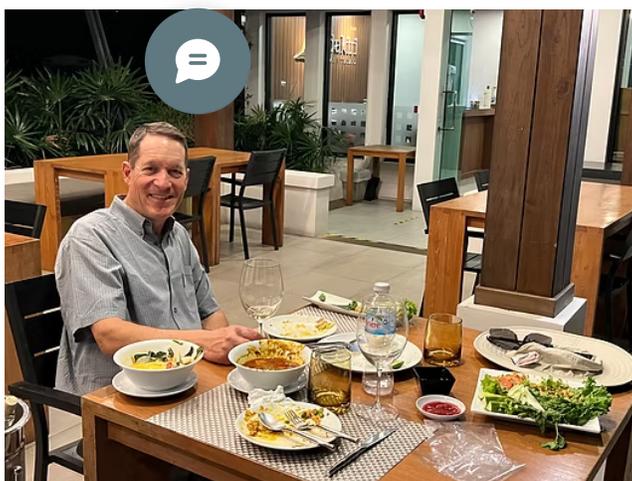
Visible from our room. Sling-back beach chairs? No, a temple. Buddhist?



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Nearby buildings with boats zipping by in the distance.



Absolutely exhausted, but happy from a delicious, albeit spicy hot, dinner.

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