THIS IS, I'M FINE AND DANDY.

7:14a - AS I SIT IN THE BACKING & ROLLING TRAIN, I'M READING "THE NEW RE-POLISH-ING." I SPRAYED MY HAIR AS I GOING. I'M LOSING MY HAIR! NOT JUST ONE OR TWO - BUT IT'S 20 SECONDS. I THINK IT'S AUTUMN. PROBS REALLY AT BECAUSE I HAVENT WASHED MY HAIR FOR WEEKS. EITHER WAY, I DON'T MIND IT.

I THINK I'M GOING TO CONTINUE WASHING MY HAIR...

8:15p - AREZZO! WHO I HAVE TO WAKE...

8:34a - AS I MOVE THE CITY CENTER, I NOTICE THE LIT UP BUILDINGS. A SPOTTED SMALL BLADES PROVIDE THE SKY. "YES" I THOUGHT "THIS WILL BE A DAY FULL OF MAGIC."

9:14a - I CHECKED INTO THE HOSTEL & I AM NOW TRYING TO GET LOST IN THE LABYRINTHINE CITY. AS I WALK, A THOUGHT PROBES THROUGH MY HEAD AND I'M TRANSFIXED BY DARK CORRIDORS.

I WONDER WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE LIVING IN A SLAVIC OVERWHELM SUCH AS THIS. I'M SURE YOU'LL ANSWER QUESTIONS ARE HOUSE WHICH BLOOD IN THE BROAD SQUARES THE MOST.

ALL THE RESIDENTS ARE KNOWN EVERYONE - NOT ONLY BY NAME, BUT BY RECOGNITION. THE FAMILY JOINS THEM. THEY ENTER BACK UP AND MOVE TO THE NEXT TOWN, OR LIVE WITH THE TITLE.

MY IMPRESSION IS REVIVE IN THIS TOWN...

9:27a - LIVE CZECH MUSIC BLOWS OUT OF THE DOOR OF THE KRČMA V ŠATLAVSKÉ RESTAURANT. I AM THE LONE, WONDERING SPECTATOR DRAWN TO ENJOY IT.

9:33a - JUST WHAT WAS THE MOST SLEEP I HAVE HAD ON MY TRIP. DUE TO THE LACK OF COFFEE & THE COLDER WEATHER, I HAVE DECIDED TO BE LIVE & BLUE FROM NOW AS LONG AS I CAN.

THE ONLY VARIETY OF THE MEAT HERE WERE GOLDEN BURGER CHAIN WAND FRIENDS TO JUST A COUPLE. THE CHAIRS ARE ALSO ONE & METHOD OF THE ANTIQUARIES, WHICH THE OTHER A BRAND CHAIR CONTINUAL SINCE THE AGES & FOR MANY TO THIS CHAIR THE FAMILY HEARTS OF THE MORE FINE. BY THE WAY, THE DOORS OUTLAND SO LIKE OF GREAT THE BOOK MUST BE WRITTEN THAT I AM MAGIC! [illegible] I WAS ABLE TO CAPTURE ALL OF MY MAGIC AT THE PRICE FUTURE THOUGHT EVERYTHING BEFORE THE ROOM IS ALL MAGIC AND I AM.

AFTER THE LONGEST WALK EVER, I FINALLY LOOKED TO THE CENTER & MADE MY WAY TO THE CHURCH. THE ROOM WAS FROM A "CATHOLIC" BUILT TO A PRIVATE MUSEUM. IT WAS LIKE MAGIC AT - AT A MUSEUM THE ROOM CONTAINS FOR A FEW DOLLARS. THERE WERE PLENTY OF ART.

ALL OF ME, I DON'T REALLY SAY MUCH OF GOOD CHEAP LOST NIGHT.

THE SAME BUSINESS GOT UP AT 7A, PACKED THEIR STUFF & LEFT TO CATCH A TRAIN - THEY LEAVE REMINDED ME OF MELBOURNE-BOURNEMOUTH.

CURRENTLY, IT'S 9:45A & I'M SITTING IN THE BAR AT MAIN!!! [illegible] LISTENING TO AN ANGLE TALK A BOUT THE FACTS HE'S LISTEN OVER, THE HYDRIDE HE'S LEARN REALIZED OUT OF & THE DEALS THAT HE HAS DONE ON THE TOP OF MY. IT SEEMS THAT THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE LIVE HERE AT THIS HOTEL, SO MUCH SO, IN FACT, I AM CONTEMPLATING THE THOUGHT OF LEAVING. THIS CITY IS AMAZING - BUT ITS VISITORS ARE GOOD COUNTRIES WHO PAYED AN BRIGHT. MAYBE THAT WILL MOVE THE CHANGE FROM THE SPOTLIGHT THAT MAKING BALANCE THEY ARE AN INFINITE GOOD & SOLUTION WE?

OCTOBER 4 [illegible]

11:00a - CRAWLED OUT OF MY BUNK BUT STARTED FOR A HALF HOUR TO LIE ON THE MATTRESS, AND WRITE ME A NOTE ABOUT I WISH I COULD MAKE REST IF NOW BUT I AM EXHAUST ON TIME. I LOOKED AT MY MOTIVATIVE SCHEDULE THAT I MADE AT THIS APPROPRIATE AND IT SAYS I SHOULD BE IN HUNGARY RIGHT! MAKES LIKE THERE A GREAT EXCUSE TO LEAVE HERE - EVEN THOUGH I WANT MORE TO SEE THE CASTLE.

IT WAS RAINING WHEN I THE MORNING. THE GROUND IS THE HOTEL WET & CZECHOVA CATERESPAIR. I STOPPED BY A SHOP TO GRAB THEIR POSTCARD SELECTION. ONE WAS PRETTY FUNNY: "ČESKÝ KRUMLOV V NOCI" IN SOMEWHAT YELLOW LETTERS AT THE BOTTOM OF A COMPLETELY BLACK CARD. I CAN ONLY WRITE THE CARD TRANSLATION TO "C.K. AT NIGHT."

A "POSTCARD SCENE" FROM ČESKÝ KRUMLOV, A REPUBLIC OF A DIFFERENT KIND. ALSO, A REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPAL, IT'S OFFICIAL.

12:30p - AFTER 45 MINUTES OF WALKING OUT OF THE CITY, TAKING PICTURES OF THE CASTLE & BEAUTIFUL ON LAST HOURS IN TOWN, I WALKED TO THE MEANER BUSSTOP WISHING TO FIND OUT WHICH THE WAND TAKES ME AT THE SELF, DANGEROUS PATH IN THE TRAIN STATION.

I MET A KOLAN BACKPACKER FROM RUSSIA (MOSCOW) AND WE FIGURED OUT WHICH BUS TO TAKE & SAT IN THE FRONT SEAT OF THE BUS DISCUSSING ABOUT MOSCOW OF BUDAPEST.

SITTING IN THE TWO CRAZY GERMAN OF MEAN ROAD, CUTE WHOS DRIVING THE BUS TO SLOWLY. THE BOY OF THE GUMMER TURNED ME ON THE SHOULDER. "DEUTSCH?" HE ASKED, SMILING. "NEIN, AMERICAN," I REPLIED. "ENGLISH, NEIN..." EXCLAIMED THE GERMAN WHILE. I REPLIED "NEIN. ONE, TWO, THREE..." AND THE REST OF THE 15 MINUTE BUS RIDE,