

Human i 2

Spicy Breakfasts and Orangutans:

I would like to apologize to the Holiday Inn if my comments yesterday seemed somewhat negative. Our entire experience here has vastly exceeded my expectations. When I booked the hotel on-line I opted to pay the extra \$8/night to include breakfast for two. We aren't really breakfast people, especially at 7 am. I mean really, what's the big deal? An egg, a piece of toast and a pancake.



Smart people just wait until lunch and get real food. Well, not in Asia! Sure, those things are 3 of the 40 options available, but why go there when you can enjoy curried chicken, baked pumpkin, spicy noodles with sambal sauce, and of course the ever popular spicy noodle and vegetable soup. This is

**The view of Melaka
from our fantastic
Holiday Inn room.**

traditionally served with either a chicken or a curry broth, but really, who just wants chicken broth for breakfast. Curry is definitely the way to go. In Melaka, however, they have a third option, called Latka, which I discovered is a dense spicy broth that seems to be the final resting place of any chilis left in the kitchen that have nowhere else to be. In retrospect, it shouldn't have been the first thing I put into my stomach this morning. I should have started with a nice coating of fried chili noodles. Oh well, after adding fruit, yogurt, and some chocolate pastries and drowning it all in fresh orange juice, all was well and I was ready to hit the streets. In Asia, breakfast truly is the most important and gigantic meal of the day. After that, it's just too hot to eat.

So, last night, as advertised, we went to Jonkers Walk. It was fun, but not life-changing. Along the way, we decided to stop for a massage, opting for the 30 minute back and shoulder treatment. We were led up some stairs to a darkened room with two massage tables. I was attacked by a female sumo wrestler who must have mistaken me for a white piece of lard needing to be pounded. With my oval face pushed into a round hole, I couldn't actually see who was abusing me, but it felt pretty good overall. Meanwhile, somewhere beside me, Carol was being trampled by what I assumed was an orangutan on meth. All I could hear was grunting and squeaking as her massage table seemed on the verge of

The Malacca Strait is the 2nd busiest shipping channel in the world behind only the English Channel, and much of that traffic goes across, not through.

collapse from the abundance of activity taking place on it. Afterward, Carol informed me that her service provider spent most of the time on the table with her, standing, kneeling, elbowing and a reported but failed triple salchow, whatever that is. Fortunately, I believe, my sumo lady couldn't, or wasn't insured to gain positioning on top of me and remained floor-bound. Next door, some other activities were occurring that consisted primarily of slapping and moaning. I guess you get what you pay for. While I may have been slightly less than convinced that I got my ten dollars worth, Carol was simultaneously fulfilled and exhausted, only concerned that she may never be able to walk again. Spoiler alert: this morning she felt great and had seconds of vegetable curry with sambal. All in all, it's been another great day in Malaysia.



Jonkers Walk Night Market, Melaka