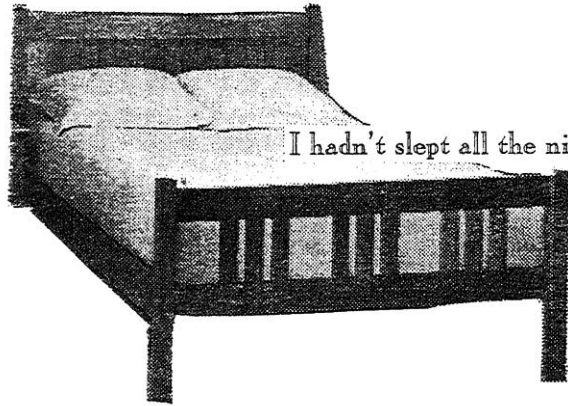
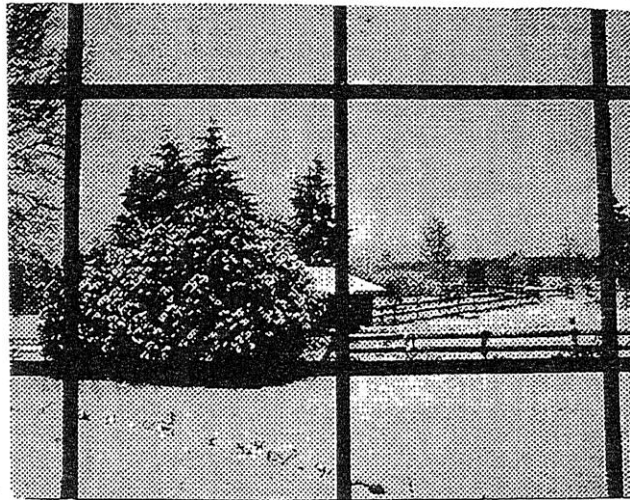


In Transit



I hadn't slept all the night before.



It was an overcast winter morning.

The light of day was just breaking as we zoomed to the airport in his dark blue Beamer. Some 70's oldie was playing, that song about a little boy born on a blue something morning... Was that Elvis? We joked a bit. We shared a 'fun' relationship -



LIPCH I was wearing the black hat he had given me for Christmas at his mother's house. And now, he was taking me off to catch my plane to see my other, "more serious" boyfriend across the Atlantic Ocean.

We parked, checked in my luggage. I must admit, I had been kind of paranoid about losing my ticket. "You'll be catching Flight 804 at 8:20pm," the TWA agent explained. "It has a changeover in Paris." Another joke or two, and Boyfriend 1 and I parted, before passing security. Level 4, the highest level of airport security, was in place. The Gulf War had started just 3 weeks before.

Lugging my bulky backpack towards the gate, I thought about the schedule. It was 8:00am now, I wouldn't be in New York until 5:00pm, then I would have a 3 hour-plus wait until boarding the connecting flight. I wouldn't be in Zurich until 12:30pm the next day.

What the hell was I doing?

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The first leg of the flight was fine, if tedious. Flying cross-country always is, though I had only done this trip by air once before; Bus and Train once each, too.

I chatted with some businesswoman next to me who was heading to Madrid. For a vacation, she said. I'm going to Switzerland, I said, and backpacking across Europe... That was the extent of our conversation.



The cloche hat sat in my lap; I wanted to look like something out of a 1930's movie as I took my first transcontinental journey.

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