

## Saturday, April 28<sup>th</sup> – Day 7<sup>th</sup>

07:30 a.m. – we took our time getting up into a beautiful Panama City Beach morning. Through a glass in a balcony door we could see the fabulous jade green ocean and the deep blue sky without even one cloud.



08:20 a.m. – even before breakfast Susie went to the reception to ask them about a solution of those blocked balcony doors and they assured her that it would be all right before we came back from our morning meal.

So we set off for breakfast to „Capt. Jack’s Family Buffet’ (<http://www.captjackspcb.com>). It was the self-service restaurant, you paid an amount of money and then you could load what you wanted. So we had scrambled eggs, bacon, muffins, juice, mango. It was great. And your cup of coffee was still full because one waitress took care of it.

Appropos the waitress ... she looked like to be old and she had such a strange, parched like and brown skin on her face and body but Susie told us that she was probably younger than we thought, her look came from that Florida beating down sun that is very inconsiderate especially to women.

We also had a stop at a shop with electronics to buy a card reader and an one-giga card for my camera because I was not able to put my databank into operation. It was a bit problem as it turned out later ...

09:40 a.m. – our return to our condominium, the balcony doors still did not work. It



was too much for Zuzanka and it made her angry. She had promised us sipping wine, hanging out in the balcony and overlooking sunsets ... and it should not come true ?? NO !!! She with Dan left our apartment determined do not come back without any solution. We did not learn what happened in the reception but when they returned after half an hour, they had a key of a new condominium. In the same floor but in next door building. So we again load our baggage on the hotel carts, descended by the elevator, came to the middle house, drove up and move to another condominium. After we entered our new apartment, Susie immediately came to the balcony doors ... whoopee !!! ... both doors were working ! The four of us piled into the balcony and were relishing that wonderfull look at an unbelievable scenery of beaches, water and sky ... the Gulf of Mexico in full rig.

And we also were enjoying the fantastic luxury of a huge living room, with bedrooms along both its sides. And those bedrooms overlooked the beach and ocean through French windows ...

Third bedroom was nearby the entrance, opposite to a kitchen and a technical background. There was everything in that apartment what you need for everyday vacation life and more. And of course every bedroom had its own bathroom and toilet. Shortly speaking our friends really spoiled us ... ☺

10:30 a.m. – our meeting trip to the near beach with almost unreal white sand that was glittering from the beforenoon sun. And Susie told us : „Panama City Beach’s legendary pure white sand resulted from quarz crystals washing down from the Appalachian Mountains centuries ago and being bleached, ground, smoothed and polished until the surf of the Gulf of Mexico deposited the millions of grains of sand on the shoreline. Development on Panama City Beach didn’t start until the 1920’s, and the official opening of the beach was in 1936. Panama City Beach has more than 27 miles of sugary white sand. The average water temperature is 70 degrees and the average temperature of the air is 74 degrees.”

We climbed up onto a high wooden pier, feasted our eyes on a view of the ocean and the beaches with tall outline of hotels and observed a fisherman who fished out a small shark ... yes, exotica and a casual relaxation.

Then we drove to a smallish bird and alligator sanctuary. We got to see a high number of birds of many species but the gators were hidden somewhere in the reed. Afterward we took jump in the car again for moving to a wide open bay, lined in our side with high trees and in the opposite, far away side with hotels. But what was the most interesting attraction there, it was the opportunity to see a big flock of pelicans. Twenty, thirty ... They were nice and they seemed to be tamed and without any fear of people. We watched their plays for a while, we also could see big and nice motorboats of fishermen that were sailing in for fastening to docks even for loading on trailers and moving for another areas ...

After about half an hour we came back to the town, we lost some time looking for the post office and the inquiry office, so we got back to the condominium only at **half past 2 p.m.** Us two quickly packed our beach stuff, Zuzanka lent us her sunshade and ...

**03:00 p.m.** ... „Let's go for swimming !". Next moment we already were lying on our new beautiful beach bath towels on the sugary white, fine grained sand. It was so fine grained that it was quite squeaking under our feet. And jump in the ocean ! Into waves ! What more could we wish ? A pleasantly cooling water, the beating down sun, a warmly moist salty air ... it was like heaven ...



By the way, before we entered the beach we again read information on dangerous rip currents of the Gulf. Yes, we were wary swimmers indeed ☺.

So we were swimming and playing in the waves and also were sunbathing and again into water ... again and again like children.



We love the Ocean, we love laid back time in the South ... Dan came to us to take pictures and we all waved back at Zuzanka who remained on the hotel balcony to enjoy her lazy time with reading, sipping wine and overlooking that wonderful sceneries. Then Dan returned to Susie and they both, Zuzanka with a glass of wine and Dan with Corona waved to us down on the beach from the height of six floor. It was similar to that case when parents are waving to children ☺.



Yes, we all were relishing that beautiful afternoon our way ...

**05:15 p.m.** – dinner in the ‚Boatyard‘ restaurant (<http://www.boatyardclub.com>), in a covered but to a harbor open hall with tall chairs. It was a nice place but dinner was even better ☺. ‚Penne Pasta‘ for Hana, ‚Buffalo Shrimps and French Fries‘ for me. And Coronas for drink.

After dinner we wander around the restaurant for a moment and then we headed again for our luxurious staying to catch the sunset on the balcony with glass of wine in our hands. We sat in chairs and watched the going down sun, sipping wine and talking. We remembered our stories from a childhood and some our roguish tricks. I began : „When I was about nine years, I got a stupid idea ... My father had prepared a roll of a tar paper to cover a roof of a garage that he was building at that time. The roll stood in a basement. Those days I had been playing with my new knife to learn throwing it onto a target, it means onto a wooden board. When I saw the roll, I got that idea to throw my knife onto the roll because it was so soft and so good for digging in it. So I did it ... maybe ten times ! So you can imagine how it looked like ... Then I left it for another play outside in our yard and I forgot about it. But when I heard father's loud curses I immediately knew what happened. My Dad ran out of the basement and run at me. I also started running like a rabbit around our house. Fortunately I was a better runner and I was still at the same distance. When Dad stopped running for his rest and stayed round the house corner, I rushed into the cellar and I hid myself behind bags of potatoes in a dark and narrow small room under stairs. My father tried to find me some time but than he gave it up. I stayed in my hiding place more than three hours and I left my shelter only when I heard my mother to assure me that Dad calmed down and I could go home. You know, my

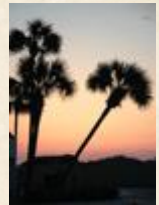
*father was a nice and kind man and he liked me but we didn't have any money to waste so he flared up when he saw my monkey business ... However I learned the hard way and I didn't do anything like that no more. And that story became gradually very popular in our family ☺”.*

And Zuzanka continued our narration telling her event of dishes :

*„When I was about ten years old, I thought I had the greatest invention. It seemed so great that I couldn't believe someone hadn't thought of it before. Because there were seven of us at the dinner table each night, there were always at least seven glasses to wash after dinner. One night, I washed and rinsed the glasses and set them along the edge of the counter. Then I took seven towels out of the drawer. I'm sure they'd been freshly washed and put away ... but that couldn't get in the way of my great invention. Into the top of each glass, I put a towel and pushed it all the way down into the glass so there was only a piece of towel sticking out. Then I proceeded to turn the towels in each glass down the line. I'm sure I thought it was going to be some really great time-saving invention, but it all went up in smoke when my mother walked into the room. As soon as I saw her face and heard her say, 'What in the world are you doing!!!!', my great invention no longer looked like a great invention, it looked just as my mother saw it, a row of wet glasses with her freshly washed towels sticking out of the top. To this day, I don't remember why I thought it was such a great idea.”*

Then I reminded Susie a dry humor of her father, what she had mentioned during one our casual talking during their visit in the Czech Republic in 2004. It was that Dad used to give them rail screws and nuts wrapped into glittering paper as Christmas gifts ... Zuzanka was surprised we had remembered that and she added another example of jokes of the old man. The title role in this play belonged to an old metal lamp that was given by him to all children, one by one, to birthdays. It was fun but only for father and others not for the birthday boy or girl ... *„Yes, it's our Dad. A big joker and teaser!”.*

And Dan kept his talking about his ,teens' : *„As I said before, I was born when my Mom was about forty, so at my teens I was to wild for my parents to control me. I was a bad boy, Mirek, really the bad boy. And my buddies were wild too. There were alcohol, car stealing, changing girls. New Orleans was so close and everything was so easy. Once during the night my friend woke me up knocking on the window : 'Do you want to give a lift in my car ?'. I knew, he hadn't had any his own car. But it was so exciting ... The day after a town sheriff came to my father at his work and told him if I would stay in Pascagoula and if I would keep meeting my tomboyish friends I would be arested very soon. So my sister Vera saved me to take me to Omaha.”*



09:40 p.m. – *„Good night, friends, sleep well !”.*