

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

FEBRUARY 27, 2020 BY MIKE T

A sketchy host, parking rip off, and the best BBQ ever

Ok, first things first, we had been communicating with this host all day, not unlike other AirBnb check in days. You know, things like where is the key, where can we park, what time can we check in. It started with the “where can we park” question; the answer? “There is on site parking, like the listing on line says, it is on the street.”

Mrs.T in her specific fashion says, wait, on site and on the street are two different things!

Host: there is on site parking on the street

Mrs. T: perhaps you didn't understand my question, where is the ON SITE parking

Host: there is on site parking on the street

Well, this was getting nowhere. When we researched the neighborhood further, there was off site parking on the street, so perhaps what we have here, in the words of Boss Hog, is a failure to communicate. The street parking turned out to be a three hour maximum and no overnight parking. Back into the fray...

Mrs. T: there is no onsite parking and the street parking is only three hours and not overnight

Host: there is on site parking on the street

Here we go again...

Mrs. T: let's try this another way, where can we park the car overnight?

Host: there is a municipal parking lot one block away where you can pay to park for only \$21 a day

Ok, we give up and plan that little exercise. The car with all of our belongings was to be left in the municipal lot for two days unattended. No problem, we schlepped most of our bags in just in case we were pillaged (remember the storage unit?). We were just a bit paranoid, not my usual mindset. This is a guy who, when the lovely Mrs. T became such, had to search frantically for a front door key because in 20 years he had yet to lock the door! All is seemingly well as we approach the lovely downtown of Austin when we get a text from the host telling us "Please do not let anyone else at the apartments know you are renting AirBnb because it is frowned on by the property management." Holy hell, we were renegade vagabonds! With this bit of info in mind we crept into the apartment and discovered it was little more than a dorm room out of a second rate state college somewhere in the outskirts of North Dakota. I give you pictures of this joint:





You are seeing, dear friends, the sum total of the carefully decorated apartment. No wait, there was a clock on one wall not shown... it was stopped at 10:45.

Will not bore you any longer with this except to say when we went to the municipal parking structure it was listed at \$30 a day and not \$21, and finally, when we pulled out after being there for two days the charge was \$90. Don't ask me how, I was told this by the display screen on the unattended pay station with six angry Texans lined up behind me, no doubt taking full advantage of the open carry laws.

On to brighter things. We had a great time exploring Austin, a fabulous city in the throws of massive revitalization. High rise apartments going up everywhere. Mrs T and I gazing longingly at the beautiful balconied apartments, imagining what wonders they held as we returned to our cell. The BBQ lunch at Coopers BBQ hosted by one of Mrs. T's former employers was nothing short of amazing, at least until we drove out of town at the insistence of one of her friends to taste the world famous Salt Lick BBQ. That was even better! See below:



Coopers BBQ downtown Austin





salt lick BBQ just outside of Austin

We had planned to visit another much publicized BBQ basilica inside the city, and seeing it was that famous and seeing it opened at 11, we figured getting there half hour before it opened would be just fine. Oh no dear reader, remember we are in Texas, where BBQ is a sacrament. It seems we were a bit late for mass.



the line in front of Franklin BBQ Austin

That night in keeping with the dormitory experience, I prepared a feast of old french bread with tomatoes I had dried in the oven (had to invest in some aluminum foil from Whole Foods, a mere two miles from the apartment (Mrs. T was thrilled with the chance to pidgeon walk me through the streets of Austin).

Well, so much for that. After a night at the basement jazz club, The Elephant Room, we awoke like it was Christmas morning, excited to pack up, make many trips with luggage, and get out of town and out of the AirBnb which, did I fail to mention, had a kitchen with no pots or pans, no utensils, and no paper towels. The last completely incensed Mrs. T for some unknown reason.

As we left passing the lovely rivers and, my favorite, Lady Bird Lake, we made our breakfast stop the Cracker Barrel, my favorite and a completely new experience for Mrs. T. She just could not get her head around the fact that no matter what you order it come with biscuits, gravy and grits... what's not to like about that? The waiter was so nice... I am talking creepy deacon at your church nice.

On to our three night stay in San Antonio. Surely this will be a step up from our Soledad minimum security accommodations in Austin...

UNCATEGORIZED

3 Replies to “A sketchy host, parking rip off, and the best BBQ ever”



Linda

FEBRUARY 27, 2020 AT 2:18 PM

You should publish a book Mike! We love following your journey – so entertainingly describes. Reminds me of some of the inns I've booked us at in places like Augusta, KY. Keep on having fun!



Amelia

 **MARCH 5, 2020 AT 10:36 PM**

This is the most fun I've had sitting in front of a computer! Your writing is great, I can hear you saying every word and the little conversations with Mrs T are perfect. What a great adventure for both of you.

Love you both,
Amelia

**Terry and Paul Gregory****MARCH 13, 2020 AT 4:16 PM**

Hi guys, we've been off the computer for a while as the office was under construction. During this last episode of moving back in our monitor took a face plant. Everything fixed now and we are enjoying traveling with you guys, Lots of fun and man the food. Hoping you will bring some recipes back with you for a little taste testing. Can't wait to hear about New Orleans.

Comments are closed.