

Day 10 – Late arrival in Auckland, NZ [Monday 31-Jan-2011]

The 31st was a very short day for us since we just crossed the international time line during this flight. By the time we arrived, it was already 10PM. Lilli forgot her passport in the plane, so we lost or advanced place in the line to get through customs. Immigration was easy, although there were quite a few questions to answer. We got an automatic 3 month visa.

After we were through there, we picked up our luggage and headed for customs. With all of our gear, we automatically got into the line where we had things to declare (camping gear, medication, camping food, diving equipment, etc). The things they were most interested in were related to our camping gear, including the camping food. In the end they asked to conduct a special examination of our tent for soil residue. That took quite a while since they appeared to be short staffed at the hour we arrived. While that was taking place, I went to an ATM machine and got some NZ cash. I could not get the phone to work, despite it being GSM. But the phone did update the time so I imagined that GSM was available. No sooner had we walked outside the terminal that we saw a 60s Airstream!

It seemed like the easiest way to get into town, at this hour, with our luggage, was with something called a SuperBus. It was sort of a mid size van and a trailer. The city center is only about 20Km away from the airport so the ride in was fairly quick. He took us all the way to the door. Only \$37 NZD, no tip needed since that is not customary.

We rang the doorbell to the building where we were supposed to stay, but did not hear back. After a while, a man appeared with a smile and helped us in. It did not take long to get registered. I also bought a 24 hour pass to their WiFi.



What? An Airstream at the Auckland Airport? And, the Fantastic fans are sideways!



Not an Airstream! A RetroESPRESSO machine ☺



We are finally checked into our apartment just after midnight local time.

We are staying at a place called City Travellers. I watched a British version of Cops for a little while, as I decompressed from the travels. Honestly, there are not enough stupid people in their version of the program and their cops say “fuck” a lot. We then went to bed.