

Finally in L.A.

Fucking woke up at 0345h this morning to get my 0430h ride to the airport to catch my 0610h flight to JFK and then onto LAX. Cool incidents were that I went through security at JFK right behind the Wayans Brothers. That was pretty neat. I'm glad to see that celebrities have to go through the same sort of bullshit that the rest of us do.

After that, we got on the flight to L.A., and proceeded to become bored out of my mind. It was a fucking long flight (~5 hours) and I am too fucking big to fit comfortably in the economy-class seats. But, of course, we eventually make it and disembark. Then comes the crazy cab ride in the handicap cab with the guy who looks like he's strung out on coke. That was fun.

But the best part is coming up. We check into the hotel, and not 5 minutes after I get into the room and attempt to get online, but the power goes out. I think I just blew a fuse or something, but as it turns out, half the city is out. Frosst was theorizing as usual, along with most other people, I'm sure, that it was a terrorist attack, but I believe it just turned out to be some utility problem.

So, my first day at the PDC is tomorrow. Wish me luck.

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