

Day 1, Thursday, December 4, 2025

I woke up around 8:00 AM, loaded maps onto my GPS, and drove to St. Matthews Church for the Slow Poke Ride. I then rode on Chuck's Portland Cycling Club ride. It was rainy, and only four men showed up. Two of them were on electric bikes and were riding faster than I wanted. We stopped for coffee and I split up with the groups to return home after coffee. Then I bought \$20 worth of gas, so my car would have gas when I returned from Belize. I was back home by 1:00 PM. From then until 5:00 PM, I worked on my Belize trip preparations, reserved final night's hotel, loading maps onto my GPS, organizing paperwork, and finishing my packing. I left my house around 6:00 PM, but shortly after leaving, I realized I had forgotten to put my Samsung SmartTag in my suitcase, so I went back home to get it. Once outside my house I noticed I had left the basement light on and returned to turn it off. When I finally headed out for my walk to the MAX stop, I realized I had not double-checked that the front door was locked, though I was sure it was. When I returned from my trip I found I had the house locked up. I took the max to the airport. I arrived at the airport around 7:00 PM and checked in for my flight to Belize. I did not declare my luggage as sporting goods, even though it contained a bike which was in a standard suitcase, because I did not want to risk a \$150 bike fee. I later found out that American Airlines only charges \$40 for bikes, and I paid \$35 for the bag anyway. So, it would have been just \$5 more to declare it as a bike. Instead, I worried they might discover there was a bike in my suitcase, but they never did. At security, I briefly panicked when I could not find my cell phone and started heading back toward American Airlines, only to discover it was in my coat pocket. After that, I went through security, walked around the airport terminals, and had McDonald's for dinner, my first meal of the day. I spent the rest of the time journaling and charging my devices while waiting for the flight. During boarding, they called my name because they had my credit card. I had left it in the check-in kiosk. I did not sleep well on the flight to Miami. The man next to me was tall, and I felt cramped and uncomfortable, which made it hard to sleep, even though I usually sleep well on airplanes and was very tired. (Daily bike miles 0 miles; Total trip bike miles 0 miles)

Day 2, Friday, December 5, 2025

I arrived at Miami International Airport around 7:20 AM and exchanged some U.S. dollars for Belizean currency. The exchange rate was terrible. I spent some time walking around the airport before boarding my flight to Belize City. This time, I had two empty seats next to me, though one was eventually taken by another passenger. I was comfortable and managed to sleep through most of the short flight, although overall I did not get much sleep that night. After landing in Belize City, I drove to San Ignacio and had a bit of trouble finding my hotel. I parked my rental car in town and stopped at the visitor center to ask for directions to the Maya Bella Downtown Hotel. From there, I walked to the hotel, got instructions for parking from the hotel clerk, and then walked back to my car to confirm the route. The directions from the hotel clerk were a bit vague, but walking the route helped me figure it out. The hotel parking lot was very tight and required several back-and-forth maneuvers to avoid hitting the hotel's pilings. After checking into my room, I drove to the ferry used to cross the Mopan River to

Xunantunich. I wanted to check whether the road would be suitable for cycling. It had a wide shoulder, but traffic was heavy. At the ferry turnoff, I asked an attendant if it was possible to bike from San Ignacio to the ruins, and he said it was very easy all the way. I ended up seeing the same security guard at the ruins the next day. I then returned to the hotel, walked around the town for a bit, and assembled my bike. (Daily bike miles 0 miles; Total trip bike miles 0 miles)

Day 3, Saturday, December 6, 2025

I woke up around 7:00 AM, got ready for the day, and left the hotel around 7:30 AM to cycle to Xunantunich. I reached the hand-cranked ferry that crosses the Mopan River at about 8:10 AM. After taking the ferry across the river, I cycled to the entrance of the Xunantunich site and spent a few hours walking around. It is an impressive archaeological site, where climbing to the tops of the pyramid ruins is permitted. I climbed to the top of all the allowed structures. Afterward, I cycled back to the ferry, where the operator allowed me to run the hand crank Mopan River ferry myself. I then continued cycling to the Guatemala border, on to Georgeville, and finally back to San Ignacio. I stopped by the office for my Actun Tunichil Muknal (ATM) cave tour, where the guide told me he had sent me a WhatsApp message about canceling my original booking and moving me to a different tour. I had been the only person signed up for the late 10:00 AM tour. Consequently, I went to the office to see if I could join an earlier group. He ended up changing my reservation from the 10:00 AM tour to the 7:00 AM tour. Later, I went to the riverfront in San Ignacio and saw some beautiful birds, but I could not zoom in with my camera before they flew away. The night before, I had sent Namecheap a message about repeated lockout alerts on my website. Their response included confusing links that did not clearly answer my question, and it kept me awake most of the night. I only managed about four hours of sleep. (Daily bike miles 42.9 miles; Total trip bike miles 42.9 miles)

Day 4, Sunday, December 7, 2025

I woke up around 5:30 AM and could not get back to sleep. I got ready for my ATM tour and went to the tour company's office to wait for my guide. The guide was scheduled to pick me up at 9:00 AM but arrived around 9:15 AM. After picking me up, we collected one more participant and then they drove us to the ATM cave. Cameras are not allowed inside the cave. In 2012, someone dropped a camera and damaged one of the skulls, leaving a hole in it, so cameras have been banned ever since. The tour began with a 30-minute hike that included wading through waist-deep water three times. We then entered the cave and went about 300 meters wading and swimming through water before climbing a rope up to a ledge. At that point, we removed our shoes and walked about 200 meters through the cave in our socks, passing artifacts and human skeletal remains dating back to around 900 A.D. On the return route, we exited through narrower passages and deeper water. The cave experience was incredible. As we walked back to the shuttle, it began raining heavily, and some of the river crossings became deeper. We returned to the van and had lunch. The van was the only place on the tour where we were allowed to retrieve our cameras and take photos. We were driven back

to San Ignacio and dropped off by about 2:00 PM. Afterward, I got my bike and cycled up to the Guatemala border. While be driven to the ATM cave earlier, I realized I had not set my GPS to tracking mode, so it did not save the track from Belize City international airport (BZE), although it did record the total miles. It rained lightly on the ride to the Guatemala border, but nothing like the downpour at the cave. I cycled back to my hotel, worked on my journal, walked around town, bought groceries, and had dinner in my room while continuing to write. I went to bed around 9:00 PM and slept well for most of the night. (Daily bike miles 23.3 miles; Total trip bike miles 66.2 miles)

Day 5, Monday, December 8, 2025

I woke up around 6:00 AM, packed up my rental car, and left the hotel by about 7:00 AM. The traffic was steady but moved well overall, though it became more congested and slower near Belmopan. I arrived at Altun Ha a little after 9:00 AM, climbed the ruins, and hiked out to the pond. I left Altun Ha shortly after 11:00 AM and drove to Crooked Tree Wildlife Sanctuary. When I reached the reserve, I found the entrance unmanned with a sign instructing visitors to stop and purchase an entrance ticket. There was no one there and no way to pay, so I drove to Bird's Eye View Lodge & Tours to ask about getting an immediate tour. They told me they could reserve a tour for the following day, but nothing was available right away. I had lunch at the lodge and then hiked the Limpkin Trail back toward the park entrance. This time, someone was at the visitor center entrance, so I paid my fee. The man working at the visitor center explained the history of the area and was very friendly. He said he had been at lunch earlier when I first arrived. He also mentioned that Jabiru storks were difficult to find at this time because the water levels were too high. They need lower water to feed. Jabiru storks are a highlight of Crooked Tree and the largest type of stork found the Americas. He suggested a location where I might see some, but there were none there. After that, I headed to my hotel in Tower Hill. I drove past it at first and could not find it, so I asked the people nearby. They pointed to the building close to where I had parked. I moved my car into the hotel parking lot, checked into my room, and unloaded my gear. I asked the hotel operator about cycling to Orange Walk, but he strongly advised against it. I think he believed I would not be able to complete the ride and return before dark. I decided to drive to Orange Walk to check it out myself. I found, I could have easily done the ride and returned before dark. The hotel owner seemed very concerned about safety, mentioning bad roads and crazy traffic, but that was not how it looked. Traffic was well behaved, and most of the road had wide, good shoulders. The shoulder was excellent until I reaching town. In Orange Walk itself, the shoulder disappeared, but riding would still have been manageable at a slower pace due to parked cars and pedestrians. Overall, it really would not have been that bad of a ride. I ended the day by having dinner at the restaurant and working on my journal. (Daily bike miles 0 miles; Total trip bike miles 66.2 miles)

Day 6, Tuesday, December 9, 2025

I woke up around 6:30 AM, got ready for my boat trip, and finished drafting an email to send to Namecheap. After that, I walked around the small town of Tower Hill and returned to the hotel around 9:00 AM. My guided Lamanai Mayan Ruins and New River

Tour with Lunch was scheduled to start at 9:00 AM. I did see a guide for my tour in town. He told me they would likely arrive at my hotel around 9:15 AM. The boat eventually arrived at about 9:30 AM. We had an interesting group on the tour. There was a 71-year-old man and his 70-year-old wife from Riverside, California. He was very friendly and still working, while his wife did volunteer work. There was also a newlywed couple from near San Antonio, Texas, and a woman from Germany who looked to be in her 30s and had traveled and worked all over the world. Another member of the group was a man from Uganda who worked training people as missionaries. He seemed to be a U.S. citizen and mentioned that his mother lived in Boulder, Colorado. Our guide Brenda was local, her parents had left Guatemala and found refuge in Belize before she was born. She shared a few stories about the area, including claims that one couple nearby had 21 children and that Mr. Bat, who runs Bat's Landing, had 27 children with 21 different women. I could not confirm whether these stories were true or just local tales, though our guide had lived in the area her entire life. The tour itself was excellent. We climbed the Jaguar Temple, the High Temple, and the Face Temple. After returning from the tour, I cycled to Orange Walk, then on to Carmelita Village, and finally back to the Lamanai Landings Hotel and Marina. That evening, I packed my bike into a suitcase to get ready for my flight to Caye Caulker the next day. I worked on my journal and other things until after midnight. (Daily bike miles 23.3 miles; Total trip bike miles 89.5 miles)

Day 7, Wednesday, December 10, 2025

I woke up around 5:45 AM and worked on some computer tasks. Around 8:00 AM, I went to check out of the hotel, but the manager was not there. I gave the key to the bartender, agreed to wait for the manager, and had some complimentary hotel coffee. At about 8:45 AM, the owner still had not arrived, and the bartender told me it was fine to leave. I then drove to Crooked Tree but decided not to pay the entrance fee and only spent about 30 minutes in the town of Crooked Tree. After that, I headed toward Philip Goldson International Airport (BZE). The road began looking different from the drive to Tower Hill, I realized I must be getting close to the airport, since that was the only stretch, I had not driven between Tower Hill and the airport. I struggled to navigate using my handheld GPS and wished I had done what the German traveler I met on the Lamanai Mayan Ruins tour said she did. She told me she had downloaded Google Maps of Belize to her cell phone for offline use and used it to find the Sugar mill. I eventually stopped at a gas station to ask for directions and found out I was very close to the airport. It was just one right turn and then straight to the airport from that gas station. I'm glad I asked, since there was no sign indicating where to turn. I had plenty of time and drove around the airport to figure out where to return the rental car. Afterward, I went back to the gas station to fill up with gas and then returned the car, which went smoothly. My flight was not scheduled to leave until 2:40 PM, and it was only about 11:30 AM. They were able to put me on a 12:40 PM flight. I checked in and was required to check my carry-on bag. They assured me the carry-on would be fine, even though it is not a very sturdy bag. I went through security, walked to my gate, and worked on my journal. When I checked in for my flight, I was told to watch the flight monitor for gate information, but there was no monitor near my gate. I sat where I could see a flight

status screen instead. I heard something over the PA system that vaguely sounded like my name, but it was hard to understand and still 30 minutes before departure, so I did not think much of it. About 20 minutes before the scheduled departure time, I walked to the gate and was told they had been calling for me and the flight had already left. The monitor still showed the flight departing later than the current time, and the monitor was never updated. Other flights showed status changes, but not the one I was supposed to get on. To make matters worse, my checked bags were on that flight, which I confirmed using my SmartTag tracker. I sat right by the gate after that. I could not believe the plane had left 30 minutes early while the monitors still showed an on-time departure. I've never experienced an early departure before, but I guess that's part of local life in Belize. In the future, I will wait at the gate instead of relying on the monitors for local flights in Belize. I eventually boarded another flight to Caye Caulker. It was a fun flight in a small 12-seat propeller plane, and they even let a passenger sit up front with the pilot. After arriving I found my luggage was already there and easy to get. I started walking to my hotel but realized the path was grassy, so I returned to the airport and took an overpriced shuttle for the half-mile ride to my hotel. With help from the hotel clerk, I found the location of my first snorkeling tour, which was not listed on my ticket or online. The ticket only had the tour company name. I also located a water taxi terminal to San Pedro, though the posted times did not match my ticket. The next day, I learned there are two different water taxi companies in Caye Caulker with separate terminals. I bought groceries, worked on my computer at the hotel, and took a shower. At first, I thought the hotel had no hot water, but later discovered it just took a long time for the water to warm up. Originally, I had assumed that the hot adjustment was for the cold water. (Daily bike miles 5.6 miles; Total trip bike miles 95.1 miles)

Day 8, Thursday, December 11, 2025

I woke up around 7:00 AM and got ready for the day. At about 7:45 AM, I headed out on foot to locate the meeting point for the next day's snorkeling trip (Let's snorkel Hol Chan tour) and the San Pedro Express Water Taxi terminal. Shortly after, I went on this day's snorkeling tour. Most of the people on the tour appeared to be in their 20s or 30s. There were three women from the United States, each from a different place (Virginia, Washington, D.C., and one whose state I did not catch). They already knew each other and had met up in Belize. There was also a couple from Singapore; the woman was very friendly, while the man was quiet. In addition, there were five kids from the local hostel, one woman from Australia, two women from the UK, one woman from Scotland, and a very fit guy from Brazil. During the tour, we saw turtles, eels, and many other colorful fish. We snorkeled at the Hol Chan Marine Reserve, where our guide pointed out and named different fish. At one point, the guide dove down and swam through a cave arch and said we could try it if we wanted. I went for it, but the water pressure hurt my ears. When I was younger, I could dive much deeper without any issues. Next, we stopped at Shark Ray Alley. They had us enter the water on one side of the boat while feeding the sharks from the other side. The sharks swarmed the feeding area, and we swam around the opposite side of the boat to watch them. We were warned not to get too close because grabbing them could result in a shark bite. I noticed one snorkeler getting very

close the sharks, and I followed to get a bit closer, I drifting into the middle of the sharks and lightly bumping into them. It was not scary, just a bad decision. I heard someone on the boat tell us to back off, so I moved away. We also snorkeled over a shipwreck (a barge). After that, we hand fed large tarpon fish sardines. One of the fish bit a woman's hand, causing it to bleed. She said her entire hand had gone into the fish's mouth. We then fed sardines to frigatebirds. At first, we held the sardines a few feet above the water and the Tarpon fish jumped out of the water and ate the sardines from our hands. Then the guide told me to hold a sardine up higher in the air. I expected a fish to jump up, but instead, a frigatebird swooped down and snatched the sardines right off the stick I was holding. After the tour, we returned to the starting point on Caye Caulker. I went back to my hotel, grabbed my bike, and cycled to the Split ferry. I took a water taxi to the north side of the Split, biked to the Caye Caulker Forest Reserve, and then returned to the ferry. I took the water taxi back to the south side and went to the San Pedro Water Taxi terminal to ask about taking my bike on the ferry and whether they had luggage storage. I learned there was no luggage storage, but bringing a bike on the ferry was inexpensive. After that, I biked to Iguana Reef and pet the stingrays. On my way back to the hotel, I picked up a burrito to go. Once I got to my room, I realized I had left my hotel towel on the snorkeling boat. I left my burrito in the room and quickly biked back to the snorkeling tour office, but it was already closed. Luckily, Kilven, the tour sales agent, happened to bike by. I asked him about the towel, and he confirmed they had it and was able to retrieve it for me from the closed office. Finally, I returned to my hotel, ate my burrito, took a shower, and spent some time journaling. (Daily bike miles 11 miles; Total trip bike miles 106.1 miles)

Day 9, Friday, December 12, 2025

I woke up around 6:00 AM to finish getting ready for my snorkeling trip out of Caye Caulker and to check out of my hotel. The hotel stored my luggage for me while I went snorkeling (Hol Chan Full-Day Bucket List Snorkeling tour). After checking out, I cycled to the snorkeling tour meetup location leaving my hotel around 8:20 AM. I cycled there and locked my bike to a wooden bike rack. It did not seem very secure, but it was not easy to see from the road, and in Caye Caulker most bikes are barely locked (or not locked at all). The snorkeling trip officially started at 9:00 AM, but they wanted everyone there by 8:30 AM. By the time I locked my bike, it was about 8:35 AM, and many of the snorkelers were already checking in. There were over 20 people on the tour, so they used two boats. I felt like I ended up on the "boring-looking" boat, though it turned out fine. Four people on our boat did not even know how to swim, but they wore life vests and the guide helped them a lot, so they did well. We started at the tarpon feeding area. This time they did not provide sardines to feed the Tarpon fish like they had on the previous day's trip. Instead, you teased the fish with your hands, and the tarpon fish would jump out of the water and snap at your hand. After that, we looked at turtles and searched for manatees. Then we went to the Hol Chan Marine Reserve for a guided snorkel, where the guides pointed out different fish and told us the fish names. This was like the tour the day before. They stopped again at the same cave arch I had swum through the previous day, but this time I decided not to go because it had hurt my ears briefly the

first time. After that, we had lunch and rum punch. Then we headed to Shark Ray Alley. When we first arrived, the sharks swam right up to the boat, but since they were not feeding them on this tour, the sharks moved away from the boat more quickly than the day before. Next, we swam through Shark Ray Alley, which we had not done on the previous tour. The day before, we fed the sharks, got in the water, and then left without doing that swim. As before, we also swam over the shipwreck and then went back to look for manatees. The guide did find one, but it was far away. We only briefly saw its back when it surfaced, kind of like whale watching. Overall, the tour was very similar to the previous day, though I felt the previous day's tour was slightly better. We returned to shore around 3:00 PM. I tipped the crew, as the guide suggested at the end of the trip. He mentioned that I was the only one who tipped them. I then cycled to the water taxi terminal and found out that if I returned by 3:30 PM, I could catch the 3:45 PM boat to San Pedro. I hurried back to the hotel to grab my luggage. Instead of folding my bike and packing it into my suitcase, I paid \$5 USD to have it transported on the boat. When I arrived in San Pedro, I thought the water taxi would drop me about 0.3 miles from my hotel, but I had the wrong location in my GPS. There are two different water taxi terminals in San Pedro, operated by different companies, and the one I arrived at was about a mile from my hotel. Rather than paying for a golf cart taxi, I moved the heavy items from my suitcase into my backpack and cycled to the hotel while carrying the suitcase and wearing the heavy backpack. I arrived at my hotel slightly after sunset, went for a walk along the beach, and then walked back to my hotel via the road. San Pedro is very crowded, with lots of golf cart traffic, while life in Caye Caulker is much more laid back. In both Caye Caulker and San Pedro, someone tried to sell me marijuana, but that is not something I do. (Daily bike miles 2 miles; Total trip bike miles 108.1 miles)

Day 10, Saturday, December 13, 2025

I woke up around 7:00 AM and started biking north on Ambergris Caye around 8:00 AM. The roads were full of puddles from earlier rain, and I often lifted my feet and coasted through them to keep my shoes dry. Just past Caribeville, the pavement ended and the road turned to dirt. I reached Secret Beach around 9:00 AM and spent some time exploring. I also watched some ibis birds, which were interesting. As I was leaving Secret Beach, I stopped at a store. A drunk man was trying to buy beer with only \$1 USD, even though it cost \$5. The cashier let me go ahead of him, and my snack came to 6 BZD. I paid with coins without taking out my wallet. After that, the man buying beer tried to get money from me, but I said no. He gave me dirty looks and said he had seen me in town and would see me again the next day. He made me uneasy, so I biked away and never saw him again. I continued riding north until I reached private property with a no trespassing sign, then turned around and headed south, riding past San Pedro. It had rained briefly with a short downpour while up north of San Pedro. Once I was south of town and the pavement ended, it rained for a couple of hours, mostly light rain with a few heavier downpours. I got very wet, but I had a raincoat, and my wallet and cameras were sealed in plastic, so nothing important got wet. I did get extremely muddy, though. I rode south until I reached private property again, then turned around and headed back north to San Pedro. Throughout the day I saw many interesting birds, especially in the

northern part of the island. When I returned to the hotel, I asked the owner if there was a place to wash my bike. He showed me a hose, and I cleaned my bike off in the dirt parking lot. That evening, I went out for my only restaurant meal of the trip. I do not enjoy eating alone in restaurants. I brought my laptop and worked on my journal while waiting for my food, which helped pass the time. After dinner, I walked back to the hotel and spent the rest of the night packing and journaling. Going to sleep about midnight. (Daily bike miles 52.3 miles; Total trip bike miles 160.4 miles)

Day 11, Sunday, December 14, 2025

I woke up around 7:00 AM, spent about two hours walking around San Pedro, and left my hotel at 10:15 AM. I cycled to the water taxi terminal while carrying my suitcase, which was about three-quarters of a mile from the hotel. The previous day was probably the rainiest day of the trip, while this day may have been the sunniest day. While checking my bike in for the ferry to Belize City, I mentioned to the attendant that I had ridden to the northern end of the island, stopping at a private property "No Trespassing" sign. He told me I could have gone another 20 miles farther north. He explained that near the "No Trespassing" sign there was a trail leading to the beach. From the beach it was more of a beach trail than a normal road, it was possible to continue riding along the beach for about 20 more miles. I took the water taxi to Belize City. During the ride, the woman sitting next to me became sick and vomited out the window, so I moved to another seat afterward. Once we docked in Belize City, I cycled to my hotel while carrying my suitcase. The hotel was only about a third of a mile from the ferry terminal. When I arrived, I could not find the hotel reception or figure out how to enter the building. I was about to call the hotel when a man approached from across the street and explained that the reception office was on the opposite side of the road. He turned out to be the hotel's security guard. I went to the office to check in, but it was just before 2:00 PM and check-in was not until 4:00 PM, so my room was not ready yet. I then decided to go biking while I waited. First, I rode to the south side of the city, which my guidebook does not recommend due to higher crime. However, one of the main Belize City attractions, St. John's Cathedral, is located south of the bridge, so I wanted to see it. The south side of Belize City reminded me of Detroit, poorer overall and with a few tourist attractions. After visiting the cathedral, I also passed by the courthouse and town hall. The area was not particularly exciting. It did not feel especially dangerous, just more run-down. I then crossed the bridge to the north side of the city, which felt slightly safer. I rode to the Belize Sign Monument Park, though it was not much of a park. The sidewalk trail had large missing sections of concrete and was not suitable for cycling. The Belize sign there also was not any better than the one near my hotel. After that, I followed the waterfront back toward my hotel, passed by the museum, and then returned to check into my room. Once in my room, I dropped off my belongings and then cycled back out to a shopping center I had noticed earlier. It was more like a large store divided into sections, each with its own cashier. I bought groceries and a chicken sandwich and ate dinner in my room. Someday I may learn to travel like other people, maybe what I really need is a travel companion. (Daily bike miles 17.5 miles; Total trip bike miles 177.9 miles)

Day 12, Monday, December 15, 2025

I woke up around 7:00 AM and spent some time walking around Belize City. I learned that a shared shuttle to the airport cost \$25 USD and departed about 15 minutes after a water taxi arrived at the Belize City ferry terminal. I also found out that a regular taxi charged the same amount, with an additional \$15 USD for a city tour. While wondering around, I bought a Belize button up shirt at the Water Taxi/ Ferry terminal and a wooden mask at the art market. On my way back to the hotel, a taxi driver named Richard offered to give me a city tour and take me to the Philip S.W. Goldson International Airport Philip S.W. Goldson International Airport (BZE) airport for \$50 USD. I talked him down to \$40 USD. I then went back to my hotel and finished getting ready to head to the airport. I checked out of my hotel just before 11:00 AM and headed out to find Richard for my airport ride. Along the way, another taxi driver approached me and asked if I needed a ride. I told him I already had one and then he asked how much I was paying. When I told him, he said he needed the money, showed me his van, and offered to beat Richard's price. I probably could have negotiated more, but I did get him to lower the price slightly and decided to go with him. Using the new driver also meant I did not have to carry my luggage as far. The taxi driver gave me a brief city tour and shared some local history. In the end, I paid him the same amount I would have paid Richard, and honestly, both felt a bit expensive. I had expected the airport to be far from town, but it was only about 10 miles away. Essentially, they matched the \$25 USD Water Taxi shuttle fare and added \$15 USD for a short city tour. For comparison, my hotel would have charged \$35 USD for an airport ride, Richard charged \$25 USD for just the airport, and the Water Taxi shared shuttle was also \$25 USD. The driver I used told me he had five children who all live in the USA. Four daughters in California and a son somewhere else in the USA. He shared a lot about the history of Belize City. He asked if Oregon was where all the marijuana was grown. We determined he was thinking of Humboldt County in Northern California. I arrived at the BZE airport around 11:30 AM, even though my flight was not until 4:20 PM. I took my time going through security, spent most of my remaining Belize currency, ate lunch, and walked around the very small airport. When boarding the plane, I initially sat in the wrong seat. It was a roomy exit-row seat that I had not paid extra for. I usually pay to select a seat but not the additional fee for an exit row seats. After checking my boarding pass, I realized my mistake and moved to my assigned seat, which had less legroom. After the flight boarded, I noticed the exit-row seat I initially sat in was still empty, so I could have stayed there. No big deal, it was a short flight, and I had an empty middle seat in my row. The flight went smoothly, and when I arrived in Miami, I experienced the fastest customs process I have ever seen. There was a line of about 7 to 10 people using facial-recognition cameras. After a few brief questions, I was waved through. There were no declaration forms, and when asked if I had anything to declare, I mentioned a couple of masks and was allowed to proceed. By the time I got through customs it was only a little past 8:00 PM and I had about 9 more hours until my next flight. I wondered around the airport and had dinner for the evening. (Daily bike miles 0 miles; Total trip bike miles 177.9 miles)

Day 13, Tuesday, December 16, 2025

After midnight, I was still wandering around the airport, stopping occasionally to work on my trip journal. I boarded my next flight to Dallas–Fort Worth (DFW) just before 5:00 AM. After settling into my seat, I took my wallet out of my pocket and my bike odometer slipped out and fell between the seats. I could not find it before the flight departed, and the passenger behind me did not see it from her side either. I spent much of the flight thinking about the missing odometer, unsure whether I would be able to recover it. Once we landed in DFW, I waited until everyone had deplaned the airplane and then checked under my seat. Fortunately, I found and recovered my bike odometer, which made me very happy. I had only a short layover at DFW before my next flight to Portland International Airport (PDX). On the flight to Portland, I had a window seat, and once again the middle seat stayed empty, even though the airplane was mostly full. It may have been the only empty seat on the aircraft. That meant two out of three flights since leaving Belize City had an empty middle seat, making for some very comfortable travel. Because my hearing is not very good and these flights require using your own device for entertainment, I tried to watch a movie. I turned the volume up and thought my headphones were plugged in, but I still could not hear anything. A flight attendant told me the headphones were not connected properly. I guess she and other passengers could hear my PC sounds, just not me. I could not get the sound to work with my headset, probably the wrong headset connection. So, I could not watch any movies on the airplane. Instead, I spent most of the flight working on my trip journal. After arriving in Portland, I took the TriMet MAX train from the airport to the Rosa Parks Transit Center, then walked about half a mile with my suitcase to my house. Once home, I went grocery shopping, partially unpacked, and then went for a bike ride to the Mazama ramble hike. Later, I met my hiking friends at the Lucky Lab for dinner and beers. Afterward, I cycled home and went to sleep around midnight. (Daily bike miles 0 miles; Total trip bike miles 177.9 miles)