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Jerry Soverinsky

Il bar dell'albergo: interno sera con bambino

07 luglio 2011

di Jerry Soverinsky

Mi piace

00 Commenti



La miglior serata al bar di sempre.

(Potete seguirmi anche tra le *Travel Series* di AOL (la mia si chiama **Bambino on Board**, ovviamente in inglese) oppure su **twitter #bambinoonboard**).

The late-night, hotel bar scene is always the same. Young and old professionals, their faces tired from work and travel, cradling their drinks at 1 a.m. after a day of meetings and conferences.

For me, it was different this time.

I sat there, in my familiar seat, at the back of the bar, only this time, my company and purpose were different: I was reading "Brown Bear, Brown Bear, What Do You See?" to Max.

"Turn the page," I said, searching plaintively for any signs of fatigue but finding none. Max looked up at me, his eyes wide, and shrieked excitedly.

"I see a blue horse looking at me," I whispered quietly, though Max fixed his gaze beyond me, to the massive glass wine tower bar and its two female aerialists, floating effortlessly as they retrieved wine bottles for guests.

It's the end of our second day in Zurich, an unexpected layover, yet our luggage had arrived only that morning and Jana and I decided we could benefit from an extra rest day before our 7-hour drive to Tuscany.

After a leisurely day sightseeing in Zurich, we headed back to our hotel in the early evening, curious to see whether Max's body clock had transitioned to the seven-hour time change. When he fell asleep by 8:30 p.m., Jana and I exchanged a congratulatory look and soon joined him. We were exhausted.

A few minutes past 10 p.m., Max was awake. Not awake as in needing a burp, but awake as in his body clock said it was only 3 p.m. and it was time to play.

So we played.

And we played.

And we played.

By 11 p.m., toys and books were scattered around our room, an obstacle course of diversions that did little to sap Max's energy.

By midnight, Max was belly-down in the middle of our bed, struggling to propel himself forward in what would be his first-ever crawl (so close).

By 1 a.m., sleep was futile, so I headed to the lobby, pushing Max in his stroller as we weaved our way through the hotel's massive atrium lobby bar, settling at a table that allowed us to survey the bustling scene. As I place Max on my lap, only then did I realize that our sleep pants matched (a detail that our server would later compliment).

By 1:30 a.m., I had finished my fourth decaf coffee, and Max and I were on our seventh reading of Brown Bear.

"Teacher, teacher, what do you see?" I said to Max, whose face lit up as he saw Jana approach from the glass elevator.

"I see children looking at me," I said, as Jana joined us at the table.

Max looked up at me and over at Jana and began kicking his feet and laughing.

Best bar night ever.

*(Please also follow my adventures as part of the AOL Travel Series, **Bambino On Board**, as well as all of my tweets at <https://twitter.com/#!/jer>).*