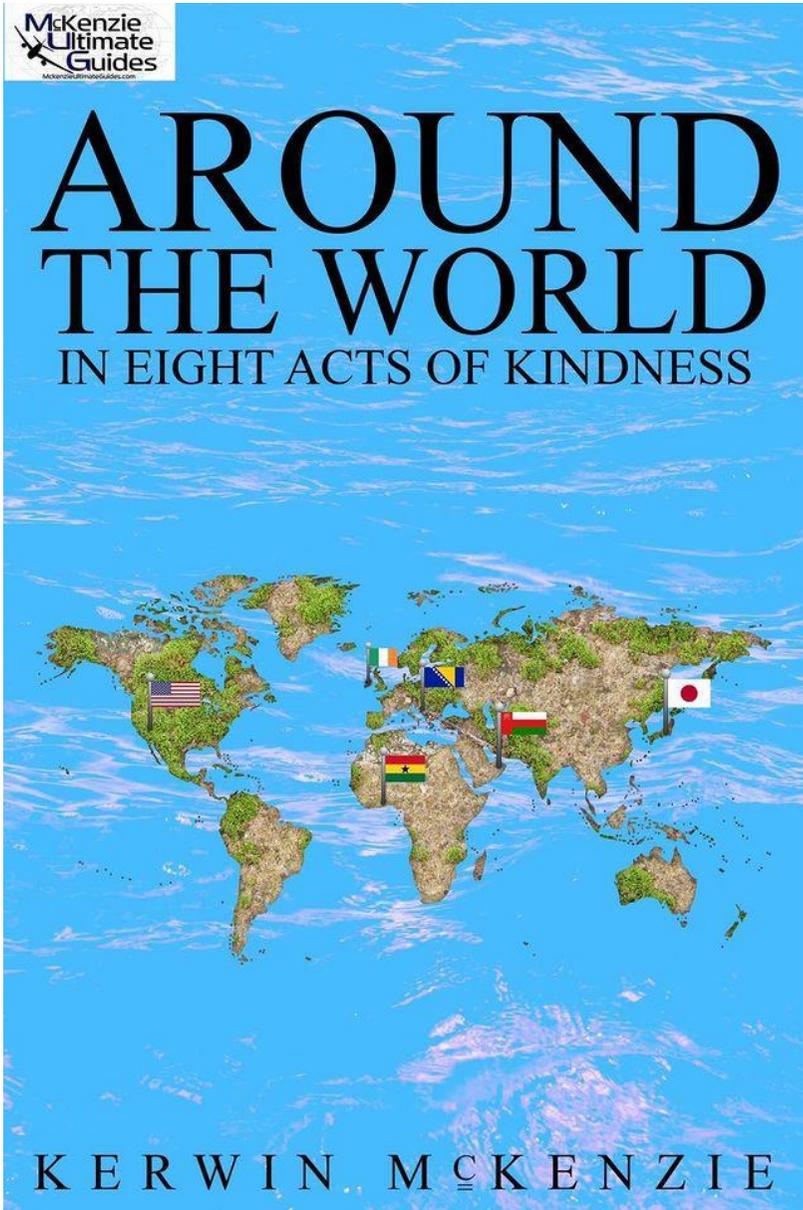


McKenzie Ultimate Guides: Around The World In 8 Acts of
Random Kindness



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About the Author

I left the comforts of my airline job after 14.5 years and hit the road in June 2011. I've not looked back since. 180 airlines and 125 countries and territories later, I'm passionate about ensuring that travelers like you have a great experience when traveling.

Originally from Jamaica, Martinique was the first country I ever visited. Today, I'm a travel content creator working with various travel brands. I manage Passrider.com for airline employees, Cruisinaltitude.com with information primarily about airline travel, Unfamiliardestinations.com with information about 365 under-visited destinations, and DiscoveringHouston.net which provides travel information for Houston, Texas.

Here are some additional resources:

- Passrider.com – <http://www.Passrider.com>
- Passrider's periodic newsletter – <http://www.passrider.com/signup>
- Cruisinaltitude.com – <https://www.cruisinaltitude.com>
- Cruisinaltitude's periodic newsletter - <https://www.cruisinaltitude.com/signup/>

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- Instagram – <http://www.instagram.com/loyaltytravels>
- Twitter – <http://www.twitter.com/loyaltytravels>
- YouTube – <http://www.youtube.com/cruisinaltitude>



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Dedication

This volume is dedicated to my loving grandmother who passed away in 2004 at the age of 96 years young. She made me who I am today - thanks Mama.

I'd Love to Hear from You!

If you have any comments, please go to <https://passrider.com/contact-us/>, we want to hear from you.

Acknowledgements

Thanks to everyone who provided support and input.

My Book Cover Designers

The cover was designed by two very talented young men; John Kachnowski and Stefan Chong. If you need a cover or any graphics work done, be sure to contact them either via email at johnwkach@yahoo.com or find them on Instagram at <https://www.instagram.com/jkachedits/>.

My Editor

No book is complete without an editor. As a writer, I just put my thoughts on paper; the editor ensures that it is all cohesive and makes sense to the reader.

Davida is my editor for this book, and I want to thank her immensely for being that cohesive factor.

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If you need an editor, I highly recommend that you contact her at <https://www.wondersofwanders.com/contact/>. In addition, she has a blog called Wonders of Wanders (<https://www.wondersofwanders.com/>) which brings you travel stories from around the world.

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Introduction

I meet a lot of people as I travel the world, and I'm often reminded of the kindness of strangers at every turn. This book is a compilation of those random acts that have served to make my travels even better. Here goes...

The Teenager in Jamestown, Ghana

A few years ago, my friend, Dan, and I went to Accra, Ghana. This was my first time in Ghana, so I was super excited. I always feel like a kid in a candy store when I visit a new country. There's often a sense of apprehension over how I'll take to it, but the excitement keeps me going. This trip to Ghana was no different.

Once on the ground, the eagerness kicked in. Accra was hot; hotter than I've felt in Jamaica. We spent the first day exploring the neighborhood of our hotel and making plans to link up with James, a young man whom I had met in an online travel group.

James had mentioned that if I ever came to Accra, I should look him up. Now here I was in Accra, ready to take him up on his offer since we had exchanged contact information.

I told Dan that James was coming to show us around. "Great!" He said. We had no plans and didn't know what to check out first. As airline employees, we travel by the seat of our pants and are always up for adventures on the fly.

Dan asked me if James had a car. I had no idea as we never talked about that before and I'd never met him in person, either.

James showed up at our hotel - and he turned out to be a high schooler! Dan and I looked at each other with quizzical *did-*

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you-know-he-was-a-high-schooler written on our faces. I'd never thought to ask.

We exchanged greetings and set off. James was just incredible. He took us around the city on foot and by trotro, a minibus used as a popular form of public transport.

I had an important lesson in local etiquette as we stopped to buy some street food. I unknowingly offered payment to the vendor with my left hand. She looked at me like I had done something terribly wrong and refused to take the money, so James had to pay.

I was very confused and sad that I had upset this lady.

As we walked away and I reimbursed James, he explained that it's considered taboo to use the left hand to give or receive things in Ghana as that's the hand used to wipe your butt. Boy, did I feel small and stupid. James laughed and said don't worry about it as foreigners make that mistake all the time. But I still felt badly about my faux pas.

We continued our trip by taking a trotro into the city and I almost made the same mistake again with the left hand when it was time to pay, but I caught myself quickly.

After touring the city on foot, the high point of our day was going to see Jamestown, the oldest part of Accra, where James lived with his family. Like any big city, Accra has its poorer areas – Jamestown is one of them. James invited us to his

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home. Standing in the humble abode, we were touched by the family's hospitality as they offered us refreshments. Here was a young man whose family didn't have much, but they opened up their hearts and home and welcomed us. James showed us parts of Accra we would not normally have seen on our own.

We offered to compensate him for his time, but he refused. *You're a guest in my country*, his body language seemed to be saying.

This was a great start to our trip, and it set the tone for another adventure later on in Ghana. Read on for more...

A Stranger in the Night at Ada Foah, Ghana

Next on our Ghana itinerary, we journeyed to Ada Foah, a coastal town located in the southeast of the country.

Late that evening, we set off from our hotel, taking in the sights and sounds of the city. Accra is a mosh pit of people and cars. Couple that with the heat and it made for an interesting experience that reminded me of my native Jamaica.

As we made our way through the bus station, people pulled us in various directions, asking where we were going. The fact that Dan's white was a dead giveaway that we were tourists, it seemed.

Eventually, we navigated through the heat, noise, vehicles and people before finally making it onto the right trotro.

The ride was just like it is in Jamaica. The middle section of the trotro had a piece of cushioned board across the adjacent seats so they could carry at least four more passengers.

Despite being about two hours from Accra, it took us longer to get to Ada Foah due to the traffic and routine stops to let passengers off and pick up new ones as is customary with trotros.

It was like a never-ending ride, but we both enjoyed it as we got a true taste of local culture, including hawkers selling water, soda and food items like bananas and plantain chips at the traffic lights and on the sides of the streets. It was

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astonishing to see how quickly money and merchandise exchanged hands.

It was pretty obvious that we were visitors as people asked where we were going in a friendly manner. Some might even say they were nosy, as may have been the case. We told them and everyone started giving us directions on how to get there as the trotro didn't go all the way to our final destination. We were heading to the Cocoloko Resort.

People in Ghana, just like in Jamaica, give directions in a similar manner. For example, they will say “it’s just down the road from the school,” which *really* means it is far away from the school.

Or, they may say, “it's a short walk from where I'm getting off, you can't miss it”, when that is far from the case. Nevertheless, they mean well and really want to help.

On the minibus, one gentleman was with his young daughter and offered to take us to the hotel. We tried to say no, but he insisted.

By the time we made it to the area and our stop, it was just after 7pm. The power had gone out, and except for the moonlight, it was pitch black outside.

We alighted with him as the last passengers off the bus. It was still hot and we were really tired from the now almost four-hour journey. The gentleman left his daughter at a nearby

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shop - although I offered to carry her - and walked with us for about 30 minutes to our accommodations.

I couldn't really figure out how he knew where to go. It's as if he had an internal radar or something. Dan and I tried desperately to keep up with him as we didn't want to get lost at all.

It was even more interesting when we got off the main road and cut across a field. We could hear the waves and smell the fresh ocean air, so I guess we were close as Dan had mentioned that the resort was right by the beach.

Sure enough, we arrived soon after. We offered to compensate our Good Samaritan in some way but he respectfully declined, bade us good night and good travels, and disappeared into the night to pick up his daughter and head home.

If not for the kindness of the gentleman, it would have taken us a while to find our destination that night. With no flashlight or knowledge of where we were, Dan and I would certainly have gotten lost a few times.

Japan Train Ticket

Many years ago, I visited Japan for work with a colleague. Now, if you've ever been to Japan, you'll know that the train service is fast, clean and frequent. However, it can also be an overwhelming experience for a new visitor.

We set off early for the office on our first day in Tokyo, keen to avoid the "we couldn't find the place" excuse that often comes with being in a foreign country.

We got to the station and bought our tickets; this was the easy part. While in the process, a ticket agent tried to tell us something in halting English which we didn't quite understand - and it seemed impolite to ask her to repeat herself. Our Japanese language skills were practically nonexistent too, save for Kon'nichiwa (hello), Arigatogozaimasu (thank you), Dōitashimashite (you're welcome - which will impress any Japanese person) and Sayonara (goodbye). So, we pressed on and took the first train.

Looking at the map, it seemed easy to change trains and get to a stop that was much closer to where we needed to go. So we did, not realizing that the tickets we had couldn't let us do so. As we made the switch – or, at least tried to - the agents looked at each other, and then us, saying something in Japanese. I think they were trying to let us know that we had

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the wrong tickets but we didn't realize what was going on at the time.

Eventually, they let us on our way, bowing and smiling as we left. We had difficulty exiting the station when we arrived, but the agents opened the gate for us as our tickets didn't work.

Arriving at the office, we told our Japanese colleagues what had transpired. They looked at each other and laughed in surprise. "You used these tickets?!" They exclaimed, looking at our tickets.

You see, although the Japan train system looks like one operation, it is actually a network of various companies, each requiring different ticket types. We didn't realize that. We gathered this must have been what the lady was trying to tell us when we first got our tickets, prompting the confusion when we switched trains later and exited the station at our destination.

The agents were so professional, and instead of making us pay, they just nicely allowed us to ride the other line without the correct ticket.

On the way back, our Japanese colleagues explained the system and helped us get the correct tickets. The next morning, we made the right journey without any issues.

A Man, His Partner and Their Hostel in Ireland

I arrived in Dublin for a conference and it happened to be the same time as the finals of the Hurling Championships. Being a typical last-minute traveler, I kept my plans fluid and didn't book a place to stay for the next night. I checked almost every hotel and hostel on foot but couldn't find anything for the next night. Turns out everyone and their mother was in Dublin that weekend for the Championships.

Eventually, a guy at the hostel I was staying, told me there was a place in Drogheda called [Spoon and the Stars](#) that had availability. Relieved, I got the address and directions to the place and decided that would be my task first thing in the morning.

I researched transportation options and figured I could take a bus or train. If there's one thing about me when I travel, it's that I take advantage of multiple modes of transport available – especially trains. My parents tell me I took my first train journey at 7 months old. And so it was that I decided to take the bus to Drogheda and return by train to Dublin the following day. The beautiful thing about Ireland is that you can get a bus to pretty much anywhere and it's cheap enough.

Drogheda is a little over an hour north of Dublin, straddling the River Boyne. I arrived there bright and early, setting off

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on a brisk uphill walk from the bus station to the Spoon and the Stars hostel.

I saw two people heading downhill and asked them if they had stayed at the hostel. They said yes, and that it was nice. “Great,” I said, continuing on.

I got to the brightly colored yellow door of the hostel and knocked. An energetic young man opened the door. He looked surprised, but invited me in anyway. He wore a shirt with the Riddler on it.

“Good morning,” I said to him. He introduced himself as Rory. I asked if he had any rooms. He smiled. “Well, we do, but we are not open today as we had no bookings.”

“Oops,” I said, “sorry about that. I didn’t even think about making a booking.”

“No worries,” he said, “we have plenty of room as you are the only guest. You can take the 10-bed dorm and just pick any bed. How long are you here for?” One night, I explained.

“Oh, short stay,” Rory commented.

I must mention that Rory met me at the door with a drink in his hand, and when he introduced me to his partner, Hannah, she had a glass of wine. I love Ireland!

Remember, they weren’t expecting any guests today; so I was intruding on their day off.

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I was shown my room and got settled in. Later, Rory came up.

“You know, we are headed to the local pub...want to come?”

I had nothing going on, except to take a walk around the town, so I said yes. A bit later, he closed up the hostel and we all headed to The Railway Tavern, a pub located close to the Drogheda train station.

The tavern was full of old relics and had a smell to suit. You could tell the walls had seen a lot over the years. As in most taverns, it was dimly lit, but felt like home - with a welcoming bartender to boot.

I ended up spending almost the entire day at the tavern. Rory called a bunch of his friends and they all came over to meet the Jamaican guy - me. It was funny as each of them wanted me to speak “Jamaican” over the phone. They were fascinated with how I spoke and expressed genuine interest in hearing more about me and life in Jamaica. I was equally fascinated to hear about them too. It was so much fun.

I even wanted to pay for my own Guinness and they said no each time I tried, reminding me that my money was no good there. They called what we were experiencing “the craic”, which is an Irish expression for fun or enjoyment.

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We were initially in the main part of the pub, but eventually, we went downstairs to a semi-outdoor area and continued drinking Guinness.

At one point, I took a photo with them all; it was me lying across their laps! You'd think I'd known them all since childhood.

Eventually, I got hungry and hinted that I had to go find some real food. They weren't too happy about that as we were having a good craic, but I was able to exit gracefully, saying goodbyes with hugs as I left. Rory gave me the keys to the hostel since he had locked it before we left.

I got some fish and chips and then let myself into the hostel. It was strange to be the only person in the entire building. I still can't believe they just gave me the keys!

It was such a thrilling day experiencing the Irish hospitality. I don't know what time Rory and Hannah returned. They were both in the kitchen and had breakfast ready when I got up in the morning. Unbelievable!

I chitchatted with them over breakfast before packing up, paying and heading for the train station. I don't really stay at hostels anymore, but I'll tell you this: if I'm ever in Drogheda again, I know where I'm staying. You should too.

The funny thing is the response from most Irish people I've told this story to:

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“Drogheda? You went to Drogheda? No one goes to
Drogheda!”

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The Early Morning Encounter At The Bus Station In Sarajevo

My friend Alexis is an air traffic controller. True story: I wanted to be an air traffic controller too. However, President Reagan fired all the air traffic controllers many years ago and then the Federal Aviation Administration had a hiring freeze after that. Unfortunately, the freeze was lifted just after I turned 30 and at the time you had to be under 30 to be eligible for consideration as an air traffic controller. So, that ended my air traffic controller career before it ever started. Who knows, life would have been so different...

What does that have to do with anything, you are perhaps asking? Well, whenever Alexis travels the world for Air Traffic Control conferences, he tells me and I meet him there. It's a great time to catch up and reminisce as we are college buddies who created the first ever newsletter for our University in the '80s. In other words, we go way back.

One time, Alexis' meeting was in Belgrade, Serbia, and he told me to meet him there. I did, flying Yat Airways, which is sadly now out of business. It was renamed Air Serbia in 2013. Being a physics geek, it was fun flying into the Nikola Tesla Airport. When you mention Tesla today, most people think you're only referring to the car, but tesla was a unit of measure long before it became synonymous with the electric vehicle brand.

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For most of the 20th century, this part of the world was known as Yugoslavia and made up of several regions: Bosnia and Herzegovina, Croatia, Macedonia, Montenegro, Serbia (including the regions of Kosovo and Vojvodina) and Slovenia. You can read more about the history of the region at <https://history.state.gov/milestones/1989-1992/breakup-yugoslavia>.

I was already in this region before visiting Cavtat in Croatia a few years earlier as Alexis had an ATC conference there. This is a town not many visit as they often head straight across the bay or drive the winding road to the walled city of Dubrovnik. If you're in the region, I highly recommend visiting.

At the time, I did not get a chance to visit Bosnia and Herzegovina which is about a mile away from the Dubrovnik airport, so now since I was in the region again, I wanted to do it.

So this time, I devised a plan on how to get from Belgrade to Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and avoid a hotel night by taking the night bus. This is a typical way to save money when traveling on a shoestring budget.

I got to the bus station around 10pm, stocking up on snacks for the trip. Settling into a comfy seat, the road soon gave way to scenic glimpses twinkling in the light. It made me wish I'd done a day journey to better enjoy the passing scenery.

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When we crossed over into Bosnia and Herzegovina, border patrol officers came on the bus to check our passports and ID cards. We all groggily presented our documents, rubbing the sleep from our eyes as the documents were inspected, then the officers left the bus. They didn't seem very happy about this as it was really early in the morning - we weren't either, for that matter!

After a total travel time of six hours or so, I arrived at the Istočno Sarajevo Bus Station at 5:03am. It was cold and the bus station did not open until 6:00am. I ducked into a coffee shop next door where it looked like the drivers were whiling away time until the station opened.

I didn't realize that this bus station was actually not in the City Center, but about 8km away. So, I had no idea where I was. Yeah, I'm a weird traveler at times; it makes for fun trips.

I ordered a cup of mint tea, asking the lady what currency she accepted. In broken but understandable English, she explained that Serbian Dinars would do fine. I read some books on my iPad Kindle for about 45 minutes, pairing the tea with some pastry I had bought in Belgrade, while the lady kindly charged my phone for me.

Everyone who entered was smoking a cigarette, and soon, the little shop had a cloud of smoke just hanging there. It was interesting to see the smoke leave as soon as the door opened

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each time, doing a dance as it closed. I might have been the only one who noticed that, I think.

I stepped out for a breath of fresh air. A guy stopped me as I was leaving, asking where I was headed. I had asked the lady in charge how to get to the central train station in Sarajevo and she had a look of horror on her face. So, she must have told him to help me.

I thought I was in the city. No, he explained, you have to take the local bus or a taxi there. He proceeded to tell me, in halting English, how to do so. I had no local currency, no exchange place at the bus station and no ATM. So he took me back inside and I gave my bus driver 100 Serbian dinars in exchange for 1.50 Marka (the local currency). I asked if it was enough for the bus, but they all looked confused and sent me on my way.

I made it to the city bus station 200m down the road just as dawn was making its way over the mountains, chasing the fog out. Approaching a guy at the bus stop, I soon learned through various comical gesticulations that I didn't have enough money for the bus. I applaud everyone I met as they really made a lot of effort to communicate with me – with lots of pointing and smiling going on.

He went and told the driver to allow me onboard since the bus was due to leave in eight minutes and it was pretty cold out.

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I later found out that the guy and the driver did me a huge favor as the fare was actually 1.60 Marka.

Getting A Ride in Oman

Not many people go to Oman as they aren't aware of this emerging destination in the Middle East. If you get the chance, you should visit as it has a lot to offer, with welcoming people, an abundance of sunshine and plenty of affordable options for vacationers.

Oman sits on the coast of the Arabian Sea, sharing land borders with the United Arab Emirates, Yemen, and Saudi Arabia. It's quite easy to get a nonstop flight from Dubai on flyDubai or the local airline, Oman Air. I got there flying the Dubai-based airline, flyDubai.

A friend of mine was in Oman for work, so I decided to join him and explore the country a bit since I'd not yet been there. In my quest to visit all the countries in the world, this worked well.

On our explorations one day, we walked a very significant part of the city's main area, Mutrah, and then took a minibus as far as it would take us before continuing on foot to the Al Bustan Palace, a Ritz Carlton Hotel. To put the entire journey in perspective, if you were to drive from the Mutrah area of Muscat, the country's capital, to where we were, it is about 11.1 km/6.89 miles.

As you can imagine, the hotel was immaculate, beautifully decorated and pristine. It was a Ritz Carlton, after all. By the

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way, they offer tours if you're there and want to check it out. It's worth it.

We checked out the beach and the facilities for a while and then decided to head back to our hotel which was located on the other side of town near the Muscat airport.

We hadn't quite figured out our return journey when we decided on this spontaneous detour. At the time, we'd thought how difficult would it be? At worst, we'd just have a long walk back.

There is no public transit that passes by the hotel, so it would be a taxi. It was a beautiful sunny day, so it wasn't going to be an issue if we decided to walk back. We would just need to get a few bottles of water first.

As we exited the hotel, we noticed that a tour operator had just dropped off some customers.

I turned to my friend. "Dude, let's see if he'll give us a ride back closer to the city." Nothing ventured, nothing gained, I thought. Plus, I didn't really feel like walking back despite the beautiful day.

We asked and the guy said yes! Elated, we jumped in and started talking with him, discovering more about him, Oman, and his business.

He had an interesting story too and we learned a lot more about Omanis and their culture. I implore you to talk to people

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when you travel as you'll find that they are not that different from you. We typically all have the same dreams and desires; we just accomplish them in different ways. In my travels, I've learned not to judge by appearance, but to learn by asking and immersion.

Our new Omani friend dropped us exactly where we needed to be - despite our mentioning that he didn't have to do so - and even offered up his complimentary service if we needed to get anywhere else. He went out of his way to do this and was very happy to do it.

One thing about kindness, is that you have to recognize when to say thank you and leave it at that - which is what we did. It would have been an insult to this guy had we offered to pay him.

Scoring An Upgrade In Las Vegas

I visit Las Vegas a few times a year for conferences and stay at select hotels so I can get points in my loyalty program accounts. As a traveler, try not to leave points on the table. I recommend researching and joining the loyalty programs of the brands you use.

I've stayed at the Excalibur several times to accrue miles in my Hyatt account. I had to go online at the Hyatt website and indicate that I wanted to receive the equivalent tiers in the M life Rewards program at the Excalibur, based on my World of Hyatt status. This is due to the synergy between the two programs. This means that I don't have to go to the regular check-in desk on arrival and can use the VIP check-in areas among other perks. If you've visited Las Vegas, this is a plus as check-in lines are quite long at times.

Another reason for staying at the Excalibur is that the other properties in the MGM hotel line-up are usually more expensive, and all I really need is a place to sleep when I come for these conferences. CES, the Consumer Electronics Show; the largest one in Las Vegas, with its many meetings, parties and walking, I'm usually so tired that I crash when I get back to the hotel.

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On one such visit, I checked into the Excalibur and got a room on the 4th floor. I was slightly aghast as I'd never stayed on such a low floor before. I always request higher floors, away from the elevators - despite the fact that I'd never hear it when asleep. In case I need to do some work, staying away from the elevator is much easier than deciphering all the elevator waiting talk. It's actually in my hotel profiles, and you can add that as well. When the hotel assigns you a room, they do review your special requests with a view to satisfy them as much as they can.

Having stayed in many hotels, and especially this one multiple times, I knew the room wouldn't be a good one. What to do? I was told that was all they had.

Sure enough, I got there and it was a crap room that had no windows. As a matter of fact, it did have a window, but it had a view of a wall. When you pressed your face close to the window, you could see that there was a light at the end. For some reason, they built two buildings next to each other and left a space between them. Needless to say, I was not very happy about all this, but there was nothing I could do. Luckily, I wasn't spending much time in the room anyway.

A few months later, I checked into the Excalibur once more. The lady asked me how my last stay was and I proceeded to

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tell her about my room with the “special window”. Well, she asked, right?

She apologized profusely, promising to make it up to me. Handing me the keys to my room, she smiled and said, “I hope you enjoy your room.” I said thank you and headed for the elevators, trying to sidestep all the machines waiting to take my hard-earned money.

I got off the elevator on one of the higher floors and made my way to the room. To my pleasant surprise, I had a room with a view of the Las Vegas Strip corner. This is the corner at the major intersection of Tropicana Boulevard and Las Vegas Boulevard. You could clearly see the New York New York Hotel, MGM Grand Hotel and the Tropicana Hotel all at the same time. This is prime real estate! I had hit the jackpot and I wasn't even gambling.

Plus, get this, my room had a jacuzzi!

I immediately went back downstairs and waited to speak to the lady again. She looked at me and said, “how do you like your room?”

“Thank you for the upgrade!” I said.

She smiled again. “My pleasure. Have a pleasant stay.”

Daily Conversations With My Housekeeper At A Hotel In Las Vegas

On one of my few trips a year out to Las Vegas, I was at the Excalibur again; my go-to inexpensive hotel in Las Vegas. I always leave tips for the people who take care of my room and this trip was no exception. One driving factor in this is that my mother cleaned hotel rooms, including in Las Vegas. She also cleaned classrooms and offices at the university where she worked, and this job helped to support my family. As such, I'm super sensitive to how people in the service industry are treated.

I returned at the end of one work day to a little surprise. Now, I say work because every time I'm in Vegas, it's usually for a conference. I rarely go for pleasure as I'm not a fan of gambling - while not the only attraction in Las Vegas, it's the main one. But I digress.

As I entered my tidy room, I noticed that there was a message written on a piece of paper on the table. Without putting my stuff down, I walked over, picked it up and read it.

It was from the lady who cleaned my room. She had left me a nice note saying thank you for the tip. I welled up for a bit as I don't think that had ever happened to me before.

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So, the next day, I decided to leave her a message, thanking her for cleaning my room. When I returned later that day, there was another thank you note from her.

The next morning, I left her a message again. And that night, I had another message which I read in earnest. It was sweet as each night I got back, I looked forward to my messages. It made me wonder if she was looking forward to mine too.

I never met her in person, so I had no idea who she was. On the day I was leaving, I saw a lady housekeeper in the hallway and said hello.

She gave me a knowing look that just said, “Thank you.” I mouthed “Thank you” to her as well and continued on my way...

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Epilogue

I hope these eight acts of random kindness from perfect strangers during my worldwide travels serve to remind you that humanity is still intact and that there are more exceptional people in the world than not.

Too often, it is very easy to mention the bad things that happen to us when we travel, overlooking all the good things that occur.

Travel is an adventure, so things are going to happen. It's how you handle them with the parties involved that really matter.

As you travel, I implore you to treat others with dignity and respect, accentuate the positive and spread a little love and kindness to your fellow humans along the way.

That bell person who carries your luggage to your room, the person who cleans your room, the flight attendant who serves your meal, the pilot who is flying your plane, the janitor who keeps the trash can clean, the shuttle driver...all these individuals play a vital part in our world. Don't overlook them, be kind to them.

Together, we can all make this world an even more stunning place.

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Resources

If you enjoy this book, consider buying me a cup of tea. Go to <https://www.paypal.me/passrider>. Thank you in advance.

Curious about the destinations mentioned in this book? Here are some resources to check out more details about them at your leisure.

Accra, Ghana

Where: Accra is the capital of Ghana, located in the western part of the African continent.

How To Get Here: You can fly via the major European airlines' hubs as well as the Middle East. The airport is the Kotoka International Airport (ACC).

Tourism Board: Visit Ghana - <https://visitghana.com/>

Additional Information: Check out <https://www.unfamiliardestinations.com/accraghana/>.

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Ada Foah, Ghana

Where: Ada Foah is a small seaside town sitting on the coast of the Gulf of Guinea in Ghana. It is slightly northeast of Accra, the country's capital.

How To Get Here: From the city of Accra, take a trotro for the almost 4-hour drive to this seaside town.

Tourism Board: Visit Ghana - <https://visitghana.com/>

Additional Information: Check out <https://www.unfamiliardestinations.com/adafoahghana/>.

Drogheda, Ireland

Where: Drogheda is a small town located an hour or so north of Dublin, the capital of Ireland. It is actually in two counties, County Louth and County Meath, with the River Boyne running through the town.

How To Get Here: Take a bus or a train (Irish Rail - <https://www.irishrail.ie/en-ie/>).

Tourism Board: Tourism Ireland - <https://www.tourismireland.com/>

Additional Information: Check out <https://www.unfamiliardestinations.com/droghedaireland/>.

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Las Vegas, Nevada

Where: Located in the western part of the U.S. in the state of Nevada, Las Vegas is the gambling capital of the U.S.

However, gambling is not the only thing you can do here. The city sits in the desert just over the California, Oregon, Idaho and Utah borders. It's in the south eastern part of the state.

Contrary to popular beliefs, Las Vegas is not the capital of Nevada - that honor goes to Carson City.

How To Get Here: All the major U.S. airlines and some international ones serve this city. The airport is the McCarran International Airport (LAS). You can also access the city by bus.

Tourism Board: Visit Las Vegas -

<https://www.visitlasvegas.com/>

Additional Information: Check out

<https://www.cruisinaltitude.com/how-to-get-the-most-out-of-your-las-vegas-stay/>.

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Muscat, Oman

Where: Oman is a small country located in the Middle East.

How To Get Here: Muscat has its own international airport, Muscat International Airport (MCT)

Tourism Board: Experience Oman -

<https://experienceoman.om/>

Additional Information: Check out

<https://www.unfamiliardestinations.com/muscatoman/>.

Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina

Where: Sarajevo is the capital of Bosnia and Herzegovina and the largest city in the country. It is land locked between Croatia, Serbia and Montenegro. The country's borders come close to the Adriatic coast, but never see the ocean. The city is located in the southeastern part of the country, north of the other famous city in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Mostar.

How To Get Here: Sarajevo has its own airport (Sarajevo International Airport (SJJ)), a train station and a bus station.

Tourism Board: Destination Sarajevo -

<https://sarajevo.travel/en#>

Additional Information: Check out

<https://www.unfamiliardestinations.com/sarajevobosniaandherzegovina/>.

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Tokyo, Japan

Where: Tokyo is the capital of Japan which is located in the continent of Asia.

How To Get Here: The city has two international airports; Tokyo-Haneda (HND) and Tokyo-Narita (NRT). Haneda is the airport that is closest to the city. Both are accessible by trains and buses.

Tourism Board: Visit Tokyo - <https://www.gotokyo.org/>

Additional Information: Check out

<https://www.unfamiliardestinations.com/naritajapan/>.

Hotels

If booking a hotel consider using my affiliate link:

<https://www.passrider.com/hotelscombined>.

Travel Insurance

If looking for travel insurance, start at

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