



# PRAGUE BOHEMIA'S Rhapsody

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# PRAGUE Rhapsody

in the local culture.

Then I made my way towards Prague Castle complex. Up a long flight of stairs on the right are the castles and if you continue walking towards the left, you will see the signature red roofed Prague houses down below. The whole area was flooded with tourists. It's no exaggeration when I say that, Prague is probably the most crowded city I have visited on this trip.

There was a tremendously long queue inside the castle complex for tickets. Starting from the security checks to finally obtaining a ticket took me about an hour. After that some more waiting for the guided tour to start. Initially, I was a little confused about how the tickets worked. There are numerous churches, halls, towers, palaces and gardens inside the area. Depending on which ticket you buy, you have access to some specific places. St. Vitus Cathedral and the Old Royal Palace can be taken with the licensed castle guides. Due to my love for guided tours, I went ahead and got another look at the St. Vitus Cathedral, having already explored it by myself.

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After the most traumatic academic year of my postgraduate legal studies, I decided to reward myself with a budget friendly Europe trip. Being a borderline obsessive meticulous organiser, I had my trips planned down to the last minute. All my buses, flights, and hotels were booked. I knew every step I was going to take, leaving me more prepared for that trip than any law school exam.

What I didn't foresee was Prague blowing my mind.

I got on a bus from Vienna which arrived in Prague at 6.30am in the morning. When I figured out how to reach the hostel, I made my way towards the metro station. Less than an hour into Prague and things started going downhill as I realised the metro ticket kiosks don't accept anything but Czech koruna, to make matters worse, you have to insert coins to get tickets even Czech banknotes will not work. I was exhausted and quite paranoid at that point as I went from shop to shop trying to purchase a breakfast sandwich so that I could get some loose change. No one at the crack of dawn wanted to sell a small item for euros or 2,000 CZK banknotes. So, I did what I had to do—but I will not be confessing that here. All I can say is that there were no CCTV cameras right above where one has to punch in the ticket. Desperate times, indeed.

My enthusiasm about Prague was exponentially decreasing with each passing minute. I had to stand for some time before I could check into the hostel where the manager was unimaginably rude to a group of teenagers who arrived a couple of minutes after me. I checked in, went to the washroom, freshened up and left to explore the city. But first, I made a stop at the town's tourism centre to see if there were any guided tours I could join. Personally, I think guided tours are a great way to know about the history of a city unless you are staying there long enough to immerse yourself