All went well, at least until we got to the airport in San José, the capital of Costa Rica, after catching transfer flights from Los Angeles and then from Dallas/Fort Worth. Our plane landed in San José around 9:30 pm our time and then sat on the runway for over an hour. It turned out that the airport authorities were worried that we’d get wet during debarkation because it was raining heavily. Having survived flying through lightning and being cooped up in airports and airplanes for 14 hours, getting wet wasn’t high on our priority list. To add to our frustration, it took more than an hour to clear customs and immigration, and we arrived at our hotel in San José too late to have dinner and too tired to care. But at least we were collected at the airport without problems, and the driver of our shuttle only stopped once to show us some local sights. I perked up when he pointed out a group of four extremely beautiful ladies standing under a streetlight on a corner in downtown San José—but my mood darkened even further when he gleefully announced that they weren’t really women. Val and I had a drink in the hotel’s casino and collapsed around midnight—end of day one. And no, I didn’t get a picture of the “ladies” of the night…

DAY TWO started off on a tired note as well, because our bus to Tortuguero collected us at 7 am—an exhausting pattern that was to continue throughout our travels. San José is in a valley in the “center” of Costa Rica, with mountain ranges on both sides; Tortuguero is on the Caribbean coast, in the northeast of the country. Coast Rica is tiny—about the size of Delaware—but getting anywhere is complicated by the mountains, as well as the fact that most of the roads outside of bigger cities aren’t paved. The transition from the capitol city to our destination in a nature reserve was enchanting, and we forgot our exhaustion in the excitement of seeing the country for the first time. Hedges made of hibiscus, wild orchids, ever present jungle growth, stunning bird life, exotic fruit, and smiling faces of poor but seemingly carefree people were our first impression. Our air conditioned mini bus took us over mountains and through rural villages, often on dirt roads and always at what seemed breakneck speed. We stopped once for an outdoor lunch at a spectacular site and once to see a sloth (that had become a local celebrity by moving less than a few feet in several days), and then the real magic began. No vehicles are allowed into the Tortuguero Reserve, so we went by boat—a leisurely three hour cruise through canals formed by lagoons joined together just inside the Caribbean coastline.
The boat trip was wonderful. We could smell a combination of saltwater and ginger blossom, the heat and humidity was offset by the breeze created by the boat’s progress, and we could see the flora and fauna up close. The captain of the boat stopped several times to point out everything from green iguanas lounging on branches and iridescent blue morpho butterflies flitting along the shore to roseate spoonbills feeding in the shallows and the occasional caiman submerging at the approach of our boat. The rainforest in Costa Rica is all encompassing, only stopping where man has cleared it or a river (or canal) runs through it, and the sounds of exotic birds and unknown animals constantly serenaded us. We arrived at our “hotel” around 3 pm—a series of cabins with all utilities (except air conditioning!) by the docks and adjoining a central restaurant/office area and swimming pool area. We dumped our luggage and met our English speaking tour guide who promptly took us on a short boat trip to the nearest (and only) village.

The tiny village of Tortuguero is really a resettlement area for locals who were dispossessed when the nature reserve was created about 15 years ago. The locals are a blend of Costa Rican natives, Caribbean blacks, and even a smattering of Chinese—and the village survives on government subsidies, tourism, and the same survival skills the locals have always had. It’s isolated, but they have a school, telecommunication, medical services, a church, stores, and even a museum. The latter is dedicated to the reason for the reserve—Tortuguero is famous for being a major breeding ground for several endangered species of sea turtles. We walked the beach with our guide back to our cabin (only a half mile) as the sun was setting, but, sadly, no sign of turtle nesting—it wasn’t the breeding season, but you never know.

Up again early on **DAY THREE** for a boat cruise into the restricted areas of the reserve with our guide and a local wildlife expert who pointed out lizards, otters, caimans, monkeys, exotic birds, and much more that we wouldn’t have spotted on our own. The biodiversity of Costa Rica is astounding, and the country is renowned for its pioneering efforts towards preserving it—an objective that has paid off handsomely in terms of ecotourism. Sure, we could have wandered around the country on our own (if we’d rented a 4 wheel drive vehicle and had nerves of steel), but we would have
missed seeing most of the exotic wildlife. The rainforest jungle is everywhere, and, yep, it’s very green. Wildlife is also everywhere, but it wisely depends on camouflage to survive. The sloth we saw on our way to Tortuguero was hard for our untutored eyes to see, even when pointed out in a green tree, because its hair was pale green due to moss. The aptly named green iguanas we saw on our boat trip were nearly invisible against their green backgrounds—same for the caimans that blended in with the brown and green riverbanks and vegetation along the brown and green water of the canals.

The only critters that are blatantly obvious are the butterflies, some of the birds (CR is a birder’s paradise), the flowers that want to attract the attention of pollinators, and the monkeys. Well, you can’t see the monkeys very often, but you can sure hear them. Howler monkeys are aptly named—at times they sound like lions roaring; at other times like dogs barking or coughing in falsetto—and they can be heard over two miles away. The dawn and dusk chorus of wildlife is a wild and wonderful cacophony of howler monkeys, exotic birds, and who knows what else!

We found out “what else” when we continued our journey on day three in the afternoon to Arenal which is back in the center of the country but in the northern mountain area. This is volcano land. CR has several volcanoes, six of which are active, and the Arenal volcano is the most spectacular. Like Old Faithful, it regularly spews out molten rocks every few minutes, and the show it puts on at night makes Disneyland fireworks seem tame. We got to Arenal the same way we came—by boat and then a minibus driven by a guy named Max who could have qualified for the Indy 500!

We arrived at our hotel in Arenal around dark, unpacked, and were about to go outside to see the volcano do its stuff when a tropical storm and torrential rain walloped us. We headed to the restaurant in our rain gear in order to have a quiet drink, only to be told that the only bar was the “wet bar” by the swimming pool! Well, the wet bar was truly wet, despite a thatched awning. The bar was sunken alongside the pool so that people in the pool could have poolside drinks, and there was only one guy with two kids in the pool when we
got there. We folded our umbrellas and ordered drinks and began chatting with the bartender when one of the kids began squealing about the volcano. Sure enough, despite the deluge of rain, we could get glimpses of the volcano and see rivulets of fire tumbling down one side. And then we realized that the noise we kept hearing wasn’t thunder or howler monkeys—it was the constant rumbling of the volcano!

In case you’re wondering, the rain wasn’t a big deal. It was, indeed, torrential and deafening at times, but the temperature was still in the 90s and the rain was refreshing. It eased off after an hour or so, and Val and I headed for a nearby hot springs to complete our communion with heat and water. Tabacon Hot Springs is renowned for its spectacular setting near the volcano, its seven different hot spring pools, and its hotel, bathing, and restaurant amenities. The mineral waters are supposed to cure everything from arthritis to cancer, but Val and I just wanted to ease some aching muscles. We only lasted about 15 minutes in the hot water and then waded into the buffet dinner. The latter was spectacular in terms of presentation, but obviously geared towards tourists. There were lots of salads, fruits, veggies, and chicken, but the main emphasis was an extravaganza of desserts which we passed up in favor of seconds of everything else.

**DAY FOUR** found us on the road early once again, this time bound for the Monteverde Cloud Forest higher up in the mountains. We took a minibus over dirt roads to the biggest lake in the country, Lake Arenal, then took a boat across part of the lake, and then took another minibus on terrible dirt roads to our hotel on the outskirts of the nearest town, via a “soda” (the local term for a small and very affordable restaurant). Then it was on to a classy hotel—we had a condo-type cabin with a balcony overlooking the immediate grounds and encroaching forest. This was our first stop of more than one day, but it didn’t really ease the exhaustion factor! We had a disappointing dinner (fillet mignon with the texture of chuck steak) in the deserted dining room the first night, only salvaged by the fact that the owner felt so guilty that he kept us company part of the time and regaled us with his history—born in Corsica, he was an ex-shipping agent who had spent most of his life in the Caribbean and had “retired” in Costa Rica where, he assured us, the women were very accommodating…

**DAY FIVE** was off to a guided tour of the biological reserve in the Cloud Forest of Monteverde. The guide was an American PhD biologist who really knew her stuff, hailed from Pennsylvania, and had met and married a local guy. She wowed us with her knowledge and affability during the two mile hike. The highlight of the
trek was spotting a pair of nesting Resplendent Quetzals—only the second the guide had seen all year. It was a special event, insofar as quetzals are the most spectacular birds of Central America and are all on the endangered species list. Think Quetzalcoatl, Plumed Serpent, Mayan head dresses, the currency of Guatemala, etc. The sighting was on par with seeing a jaguar (well, we did miss that). The reserve has been putting up nest boxes in hopes of bringing the quetzals back from the brink of extinction—less than 1500 are thought to exist.

On a more mundane note, we saw a tarantula, two types of centipedes, epiphytic plants everywhere, and about a million birds (including several species of hummingbirds) that our guide seemed to be an expert on. But the main attraction, apart from the quetzals, was monkeys. We saw three types—howlers, white-faced, and spiders—none of which were close enough to photograph, but all of which could be seen through the guide’s telescope (which also enabled a great photo of the male quetzal).

During the afternoon we shopped at some local cooperatives. One was run on behalf of women artists and the other was dedicated to promoting CR organic and fair price coffee. We bought stuff at both, spurred by the fact that part of the proceeds went to good causes. We then checked out a couple of “art galleries” that were disappointing and then headed into the nearby town for dinner. The location of the “Moon Shiva” Jewish restaurant was unfortunate (the outdoor seating was alongside a major dirt road), but the food was great and the company sure beat that of the hotel. We then stumbled across a local carnival/festival that was an unscheduled highlight of our trip! It wasn’t advertised by the hotel or mentioned in our itinerary, and that made it all the more special. It had been going on all week and consisted of carousel rides, a rodeo, discos, lots of food and souvenir booths, beer stands, etc.—without a tourist in sight (apart from us).
We got up early (again!) on **DAY SIX** to go on the famous mile-long “Sky Walk” tour above the forest canopy. The seven suspension bridges were intimidating—the longest one was 500 feet above ground—but the views were stunning. About 40% of wildlife lives in the canopy, but we saw very little, apart from birds, butterflies, and plants—so much for not having a guide! That afternoon it was off again, this time to Manuel Antonio which is on the Atlantic in the middle of the west coast.

The trip to Manuel Antonio was less exciting, because we’d already seen a lot of the countryside. Or so we thought when the minibus suddenly pulled over by a bridge over a large river and the driver asked us if we’d like to get out and see the crocodiles. It was an awesome sight. There must have been at least a dozen saltwater crocs lazing in the shallows of the river—all of which were at least 12-15 feet long and probably weighed up to 1000 pounds or more. The contrast between the busy commercial road above and the primeval life below was startling. We then carried on through what seemed like miles of banana and palm plantations and suddenly arrived at the coast which was wall to wall with beach side hotels.

Manuel Antonio is famous for its clean beaches and its proximity to another major rainforest preserve. Our hotel was only a few hundred feet from the beach and had several acres of private grounds bordering the ever encroaching jungle. We arrived early afternoon, and, after unpacking in our room, headed down to the Pacific. I don’t know if it was the cumulative exhaustion or the omnipresent heat (Costa Rica is only 10 degrees north of the equator), but that short walk really hit us hard. Mad dogs and Englishmen—and tourists—go out in the midday sun! Val and I came to our senses and went straight back to the hotel swimming pool to cool off. Being disillusioned with hotel restaurants, we then set off that evening for a “famous” bar/restaurant in the nearby town of Quepos, considered the sport fishing capitol of Central America.

The “Gran Escape” restaurant in Quepos is featured in several guide books as the place to go if you want good and mid-priced food and a place where fishermen hang out and will advise you on fishing trips. Unfortunately, the guide books are a few years out of date. Thanks to their publicity, the Gran Escape is now an over-rated and over-priced tourist trap. Val and I had one drink at the bar, stole a beermat, and headed straight back to Manuel Antonio, where we had a
DAY SEVEN was a treat, at least in the morning. No early bus to catch, no last minute packing. But we did go for a mile long hike through the local nature reserve. The reserve is a mini peninsula where the jungle meets the ocean—you can swim in the ocean under the shade of the forest trees in some areas. The trails were all well marked and even had toilets and rest facilities at points, and Val and I set off to hike around the peninsula. But 90 + degree heat in 90 + humidity sure slows you down, especially on dirt trails that had a lot of steep switchbacks. We didn’t see any wildlife and some very colorful crabs en route, but all the huffing and puffing and sweat was worth it when we reached the beach. It wasn’t deserted as we’d hoped, but it was definitely off the tourist track and sported white sand, warm water, and the promised shade of forest trees. Iguanas up to three feet long were everywhere—they love basking in the sun and weren’t particularly frightened by people. CR locals (known as “Ticas”) call iguanas “tree chickens,” because they’re good to eat and supposedly taste like chicken (no, I never had the chance to eat one!). We enjoyed a leisurely swim and even saw a professional film crew setting up to make a feature film of the area. We then had the sense to take a shortcut through the neck of the peninsula to get back to the reserve entrance. Ironically, we encountered more wildlife on that short trip than on the long one. We saw bats, a basilisk lizard, exotic birds, raccoons, another agouti, and a couple of white faced monkeys that came within touching distance (if you don’t mind losing a finger).

We dined across from the beach again that night at another restaurant and had great seafood. Val tucked in to a whole red snapper baked in banana leaves, and I had sea bass filet marinated in tequila. Then it was back to the hotel and, for once, not
having to get up early! We took a bus to Quepos in the morning of **DAY EIGHT** and explored the town and its old port, which is now a launch area for its famous sport fishing. We returned to our hotel around noon and then caught an afternoon minibus for our trip back to San José, arriving in time for a leisurely dinner and an early night.

We needed the early night, because we had to catch our transfer to the airport at 4:45 am on **DAY NINE** to get our flight to the southern tip of Mexico (the Yucatan). Getting there meant visiting another foreign country, namely Florida (get your Atlas out!). We flew from San José to Miami and then on to the airport near Cancun in Mexico. We finally arrived at our hotel late at night and collapsed after enjoying a Japanese dinner—the best meal we had on our trip! Our hotel was near Playa del Carmen which is about 50 miles south of Cancun and sort of opposite of the island of Cozumel. The hotel was huge—over 350 units—and we kept getting lost. But then, I work in the Geography Department…

**DAY 10** was a trip to Chichen Itza to see the Mayan ruins. It took 3 ½ hours for our minibus to collect all the tour members from their respective hotels, meet our tour guides, and then drive 100 miles to the inland site. Stepping out of the air conditioned minibus into near 100 degree noon day heat was a shock. The site dates from 250-900 AD and covers over 14 acres, most of which are still unexcavated. The excavations of the main attractions (the “pyramid”—El Castillo, the astronomy tower—El Caracol, and the Great Ball Court) were done in the 1920s and were major undertakings, considering the isolation of the site, the technology available at the time, and the stifling heat—though that effort pales in comparison with the original construction. The Mayans were masters of astronomy, and many of their major edifices are giant clocks/calendars/observatories that were constructed with amazing precision and accuracy, despite the fact that the Mayans never discovered the wheel or iron tools. We spent about three hours...
there, in slow motion, and were relieved to find that the pyramid was off limits—those 91 steep steps might have been our undoing…

We stopped at a restaurant near a famous “cenote” on our way back. The Yucatan peninsula has no mountains, lakes, or rivers above ground, and all the rain soaks into the limestone strata and ends up in underground rivers and lakes. Occasionally, the “roof” over an underground body of water will collapse, revealing a sink hole with water down below. The one we visited was 150 feet from ground to water level, and the turquoise pool below was 50 feet deep and about 70 degrees warm. We didn’t have the time or energy to take a swim, but the site was gorgeous—and refreshingly cool. The ground opening was about 300 feet across with trees bordering it, lianas dropping down into the water below, ferns and flowers lining the walls, and exotic birds swooping in and out and creating musical echoes with their calls.

We got back to the hotel early evening, had a mundane Mexican buffet dinner, packed, took a last look at the beach, and, yet again, headed off early on the morning DAY 11 to catch our 14 hours of flights home, again via the foreign countries of Florida and Texas. The highlight of that last day occurred while packing up. I had all the main bags zipped up when I heard a shriek from the bathroom. It turned out that Val was about to close up the toilet kit when a gecko popped its head out and ran off. Needless to say, we opened our luggage carefully when we finally got home to Santa Barbara!

Would we go again? You betcha—especially to Costa Rica!

To quote Wikipedia,

The phrase that embodies the Tico lifestyle is *Pura Vida*, literally translated as *Pure Life*, meaning roughly “This is living!” or “Cool!” Friends often greet or salute each other with *Pura vida mae* (or *Pure life, dude*, which could be rendered as “This is living, dude!”). Another translation might be something like “distilled life!” suggesting “I am experiencing the best in life,” and since life is about friendship, relaxation, flirting, happiness, and good fun, this means you are having a wonderful time.

We did.
CR Addenda

Food:
“You don’t go to Costa Rica for the food,” as our friend Jasmine pointed out. The main staple seems to be “Gallo Pinto” (literally, “painted rooster”) which consists of rice and black beans flavored with onion, garlic, bell pepper, and coriander and which is often served with eggs for breakfast and chicken for lunch and dinner. The fresh fruit was spectacular, and we loved the fish, The beef was disappointingly tough—they use Brahma cattle for meat. Pork was also available occasionally, and iguana (“chicken of the trees”) was reputedly delicious, though we never had a chance to taste it.

Water
There’s a lot of it in CR! The tap water is safe and sweet to drink, but river water is definitely off limits because most of the sewage outside the large cities ends up there. As an aside, toilet facilities were perfectly adequate, but some places asked you to put your soiled toilet paper in a trash can by the toilet because the plumbing and septic system couldn’t cope with it. Water is a blessing and a curse in CR. The rainfall (and heat) defines the tropical climate, but it also constantly undermines the roads and silts up river mouths and inland canals.

Birds
CR boasts one-tenth of the world’s total species, including one-sixth of the world’s hummingbird species. The Montezuma Oropendola was one of the most remarkable birds we heard and learned about. It has a loud and piercing bubbly metallic call which is very striking; it builds large hanging nests with several chambers for other females to lay eggs in; and it acts like a trapeze artist at times, holding on to a branch and falling forward until it’s upside down and then swinging back upright again—hence the “pendola” part of its name (the “oro” refers to its golden tail feathers). Other birds that we loved hearing included one that sounded like a high pitched bell and, Val’s favorite, one that sounded like a very musical squeaky gate. In Monteverde, we heard and saw the rare “Resplendent Quetzal” which also had a distinctive call, though nothing to rival its spectacular plumage. But we didn’t see or hear Macaws in the regions we visited—a mixed blessing!
Lizards

They were everywhere, except on menus! Iguanas were the most common, though often hard to spot (despite being up to 3-6 feet long), because they blend in so well with whatever they’re perching on. Green iguanas are even harder to see, because they blend in so well with green leaves. We also saw Basilisk lizards, geckoes, and small varieties that we couldn’t identify. Young green iguanas and Basilisk lizards are sometimes called “Jesus Christ lizards” because they can literally walk/run on the surface of the water when frightened. Caimans, the local “alligators” rarely get over six feet, but the saltwater crocodiles reach 20 feet and well over 1000 pounds.

Frogs

We only say one frog on the entire trip. Evidently, they’re nocturnal, not to mention shy. The one we saw was a tiny mundane brown critter, well-camouflaged in a tree trunk depression near ground level. Our guide in Monteverdi said she’d only seen three frogs during daytime in five years. You need to go into the jungle at night to find them (CR has a huge number of them, though many are becoming extinct), and we were always too pooped, not to mention timid, to do so. As an aside, and to Val’s relief, we didn’t see a single snake, but there were plenty of toads.

Crime

All of the guide books about CR and the Yucatan warned us to use money pouches, never to leave valuables in a vehicle, and to put all valuables in safes when using hotels. We took those precautions, but, in retrospect, we felt that the warnings were geared to the major cities such as San José—as would be appropriate anywhere else in the world. The closest we came to “crime” was in Manuel Antonio, CR, when a scruffy and pushy guy accosted Val, asking if she could spare a cigarette, if she wanted a taxi, if she spoke Spanish, and on and on. Val is a savvy lady and responded only in Welsh, which definitely threw the hustler off his stride! When I appeared, he took me to one side and asked if I “wanted weed.” We saw him harass a couple of other tourists that first night, but he’d either moved on or been moved on by the next night. No biggie, and certainly not as threatening as Santa Barbara can be. Indeed, all the other Ticos (and Ticas!) we met were polite and friendly and went out of their way to be helpful.
Currency and tipping

The “colon” is the monetary unit, and the exchange rate during our visit was 528 colons to the US dollar. Dollars are accepted everywhere, but your change is always given in colons. If you’re really on a tight budget and worried about the exchange rate, it’s best to use the local currency. Service charges and a tip are automatically added to your bill at restaurants and hotels, so add about 20% to the advertised prices. Tipping isn’t automatically expected, but it’s certainly appreciated. We tipped bellhops, taxi drivers, and outstanding waiters and staff $1-2 and gave tour guides about $5 per day—not much by US standards, but it was certainly appreciated and worth the “investment” in terms of being remembered and getting extra help.

Sun, bugs, and rain

Being sunburned is pure misery, especially when you’re traveling a lot. We saw several extreme cases of sunburned tourists and went out of our way to avoid the problem. CR is only 10 degrees north of the equator, and clouds or even tee shirts are no protection from the sun. We wore wide brimmed hats to protect our heads and faces, we used sun lotion when swimming or hiking for long periods, and we always carried our own supply of water. We also came armed with heavy duty mosquito repellent, but didn’t really have a problem. I got bitten a few times when hiking around the jungle areas early in the morning and some evenings, but the mosquitoes seemed to disappear during the heat of the day. We also brought two small umbrellas along and only used them once (during a major downpour). The locals never seemed to use umbrellas, except, occasionally, as sunshades.

Shopping and Sipping

We didn’t have much time to shop, but, as anywhere, shopping facilities are generally proportional to the size of the town you’re in. However, roadside stands offering dizzying arrays of fresh fruit were everywhere, and, of course, the souvenir vendors were ubiquitous. We noticed that a lot of the sidewalk souvenirs are semi mass-produced and not necessarily from CR, and we were warned to buy silver only in “proper” stores if we didn’t want to end up with base metal. Wine (mostly from Chile)
was reasonably priced, and the local beers were relatively cheap and extremely good. I particularly liked Bavaria and Imperial. The latter seems to be the national drink and is so widely advertised that some tourists have assumed that its logo is the national symbol of CR! I also had a run in with the local firewater, Guaro—a potent, rum-like liquor distilled from fermented sugarcane which is very cheap and very dangerous!

CR is home to over 9000 identified species of plants, including over 900 different species of trees and 1500 species of orchids. One of the most common orchids, *cattleya skinneri*, was voted the national flower in 1937—but it must have been a tough choice, considering all of the stunning alternatives. Val and I recognized some flowers that also thrive in Santa Barbara, such as bougainvillea, hibiscus, jacaranda, orchid trees, and flame trees—as well as some of the hot house plants available in our local nurseries, such as bromeliads and heliconias. Recognized or not, the beauty, the fragrance, and overwhelming variety of the flowers was one of the things we enjoyed the most about CR.
Fishing
Sadly, I didn’t have time to try. With all the water, it’s not surprising that CR has some great freshwater fishing. But it’s really famous for its saltwater sport fishing. Quepos on the west coast was once a major shipping port but is now renowned as a sport fishing center which hosts big game international competitions. A booking on a deep water charter trip starts at $450 a day, but I gather that one can share costs with other addicts and pay as little as $150. I’m not into trophy marlin, but I was tempted to try tarpon fishing in Tortuguero, would have liked to tackle the so-called “rainbow bass” in Lake Arenal, and wish I’d brought a rod and reel to simply experiment with “lucky dip” river fishing or surf fishing. Next time…

FYI:
Included highlights:
• 1 night at Amon Plaza Clarion Hotel - Standard Room in San Jose (Buffet Breakfast) DBL (1 rooms - 2 pax)
• 1 night at Laguna Lodge - Standard Room in Tortuguero (Buffet Breakfast, Dinner) (1 rooms - 2 pax)
• Boat Transfer & Tour in Tortuguero
• Naturalist English Guide in Tortuguero
• 1 night at Arenal Paraiso Hotel - Standard Room in Arenal (Buffet Breakfast) DBL (1 rooms - 2 pax)
• Half Day (night) Tabacon Hot Spring w/Dinner in Arenal (SIB)
• Scenic Transfer from Arenal to Monteverde by Boat (Lake Arenal) & Jeep (SIB)
• 2 nights at Montaña Monteverde Hotel - Standard Room in Monteverde (Breakfast) DBL (1 rooms - 2 pax)
• Half Day Cloud Forest Reserve Guided Walking Tour in Monteverde (SIB)
• 2 nights at Playa Espadilla Hotel - Standard Room in Manuel Antonio (Buffet Breakfast) DBL (1 rooms - 2 pax)
• 1 night at Amon Plaza Clarion Hotel - Standard Room in San Jose (Buffet Breakfast) DBL (1 rooms - 2 pax)
• 2 nights at the El Mandarin hotel and resort Hotel in Riviera Maya (all inclusive)
• Chichen Itza plus tour: deluxe a/c motor coach with English-speaking guide, entrance fee, soft drinks, buffet lunch. Visit to the archaeological site with a visit to the ik-kil cenote where you can swim
• Ground Transfers Throughout the Itinerary
• Meals: Daily Breakfast; 2 Lunches; 1 Dinner at Laguna Lodge; El Mandarin all inclusive
• Taxes Included
Total Final Sale Price $ 2249 for 2 Pax—not including air fare.