good morning, vietnam

Jessica Tibbits DISCOVERS exotic luxury way out EAST



between flights, I decided to explore my surroundings and staggered to the taxi rank still half asleep. Five minutes later I was wide awake, jaw hanging open - driving through the heaving streets of Ho Chi Minh is an assault on the senses. Chinese-style pagodas fight with French colonial architecture and the noise of honking scooters is relentless (as the cheapest way to get around, scooters are by far the most popular mode of transport here). Plus, the smell of fresh food cooking at every street corner is mouthwatering. I jumped out at Cho Ben Thanh market, a sprawling mass of traders selling clothes, crafts, food and drink. The smell of squid next to freshly ground coffee was a tad overwhelming in my jet-lagged state, so I made my way to the crafts section and spent a few hours hunting through the piles of silks and trinkets before heading back to the airport for the second leg of my trip.