

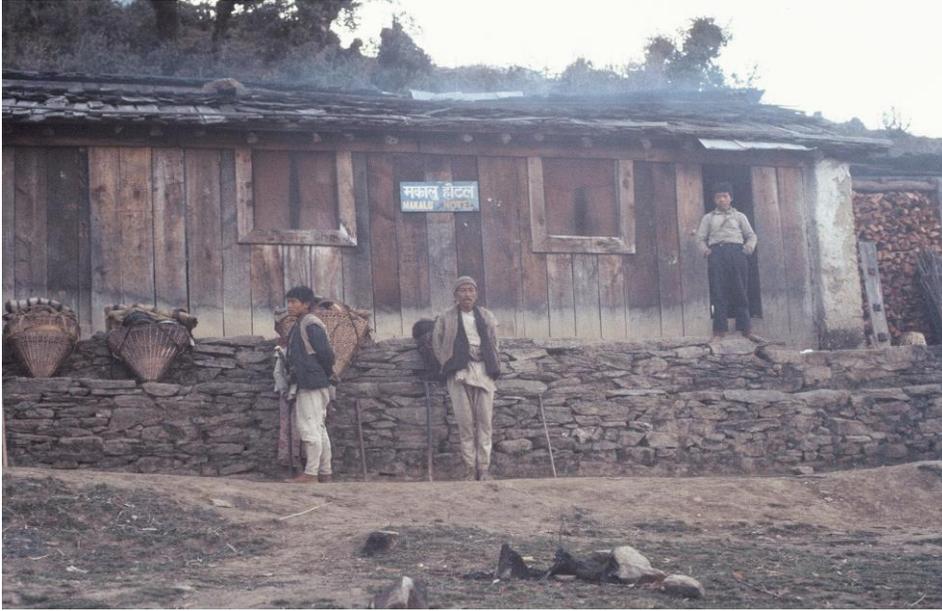
27 March Day nine Beauty all around Morning

It's 0815 (8:15 AM), and I'm looking at pure, raw, natural God-made beauty. The peaks around me in their splendor. We've just finished a one hour climb out from Kharte to Bupsa Tasn. I think this is actually the 9,200 foot location marked on the map.



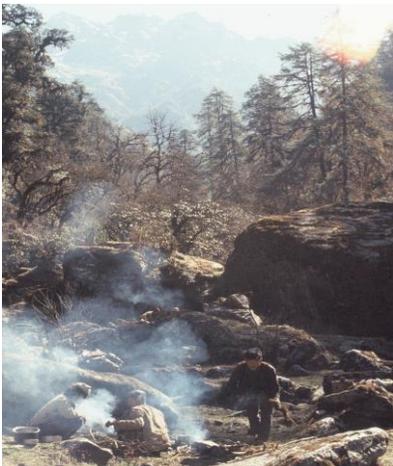
There's frost on the ground, but big Red is shining brightly warming up everything its rays touch (including me) very quickly. I can't see Everest yet as it sits around behind the smaller peaks directly in front of me. I can look down the valley of the Dudh Kosi and see the Everest View Motel at Shyangboche. The sky has capped it off by showing its regal blue this morning. After a disastrous night, i.e. hard bed, dog barking, Kids crying, people moving about (the floor, the bed, everything moved when someone walked)...this morning has been spectacular!

Break in flow of journal: Note at top of page. I've just remembered Goudi sunga as the mountain of the first several days.



The Makalu Motel—one tough night's rest.

I should also note that I treated a man (Sherpa) last night for a smashed finger. It is interesting to note that as an American, you are expected to be able to do just about everything. The people seem to associate Americans (perhaps any foreigner) as a doctor. Well, I simply am not equipped with what I needed for him. Apparently, a stone had fallen on the middle finger of his left hand while building a house. It smashed open the skin badly and from the second to the third knuckle he was really swollen. I had him soak it (the finger) in a warm soap water solution for about 20 minutes, then added some warm tea (tannic acid). I then had him dry it carefully and gave him quite a bit of Ungentine first aid cream to smear all through the wound - I'm afraid infection may cause him to lose it if he doesn't get good treatment soon. Lastly, I made a splint and taped two fingers to it. He's heading towards Namche for the market Saturday. I certainly hope he makes out alright. Oh, I also gave him a vitamin pill to boost his natural body resistance--!



27 March Evening

We've stopped for the day at Chaunri kharta. It is a fair size village below and up the valley from Lukla. Since this morning, I've gained several pieces of good news. One, I'm not absolutely dead tonight. Two, we might make Namche tomorrow. Third, I've got more oranges. All absolutely glorious pieces of news to a weary traveler of the Nepalese hillsides. It warmed up fairly nicely so that by the end of the day I was back into my shorts and jerseys. I've noted my left shoulder usually begins to bother me about mid afternoon - it's nothing really bad, just bothersome. I think the small things really become large when trekking because your mind has little to occupy it while working your way up and down and around.



Above: rough walking and impossible in the rainy season.

Right: a trekkers staple - tangerines!

Facing the camera is our last Porter, and my Sherpa is reaching in the woman's bag to chose tangerines.



One other good bit of news - I procured a walking cane last night. I just found it abandoned in the "motel" yard and scarfed it up. (Toklang is Sherpa for this cane and Takma is Nepalese). It, along with my Khukuri, (Khurpa is Sherpa), the curved blade knife familiar to most who know anything about Nepal, form the backbone of the equipment used by the men and women traveling the trails.



Sherpa hospitality: boiled potatoes and lots of smiles - genuine smiles. Our abode for the evening. Note all the brass cooking utensils in the background. One of the porters is standing on the left.