

21 March Day Three Tired, but now into it

I am greatly fatigued, and I haven't gone to the bathroom since I left Kathmandu. I know it's in the somewhere. We gained altitude as we followed the river (Charnawati Khola).

A young man offered to pose as we climbed up and around the side of a mountain



Then, we started down again as we approached the Tamba Kosi River - a big, beautiful river. I had my first real bath in ice cold mountain water. We (my Sherpa, me plus the Aussie, New Zealander and another guy) enjoyed the river for about a half an hour. Then, sensing the mountain before us I decided to press on.



Picture: Tamba Kosi River

Note here - although not in the journal, I still remember this river very clearly. I was already very hot, and it was dusty on the trail. As I immersed my head in the water to Shampoo my hair, in a moment, the top of my head was numb...the water was that cold. My legs were numb as well. While exhilarating, I can see why within moments, if submerged in this water, you would die - a rapid loss of body temperature, and you'd be done.

Back to the journal...

Difficult, very difficult, very, very hot with the sun just knifing into my face. It totally sapped me of my strength - when we reached the top in one hour, I was basically through for the day. The porters were about an hour behind us, and we "parked" for the night just above Nambu. From camp you can see our route tomorrow - to Yursa, and up over 8,200 feet.



Picture of that's night's camp

I've developed a problem with my two large toes. Climbing up and out is tough, but going downhill just creates a massive amount of friction between my toes and my toenails. Consequently, I've got two hematomas (blood under the toe nails) brewing which hurt.

It's surely a beautiful, peaceful scene here atop this knoll. You quickly forget the rigors of the past hours when a warm cup of tea sits beside you, and you have nothing to do but unwind. Pastoral a la Nepal!

I should note the particular problem I'm having concerning a bowel movement - it relates directly to the amount of fluid that is going through my body. I crave liquid - I've eaten all but two oranges, and it looks like no more until I get back to Kathmandu.

A quick note on a conversation I had last night with an Aussie "bloke." Quite a nice guy, but definitely patronizing to some extent, plus, anti-war, and he works in some capacity within the present government in Australia. The conversation was loaded with Watergate and spiced with some Agnew and Indian (the country) political/economic problems.