

Booz in Nepal

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Hoofdstuk 1

Ik ga naar Nepal en neem mee uuh ... tsja ..

Hey you friends that don't read dutch !

You all have some bad luck with this first story. I tried to come up with an idea of automatic translations, but then you'll get sentences like: "It brief lasted but at the end the roof of fluctuations are on the sea of waves within the vulva of colours"so that didn't really work.

Anyway i'll be sure to write my next stories in english !

What is written down below is not really that interesting, briefly it tells how much patience I need to have before my chaotic mind gets something arranged. But most of you probably don't consider that as something new. As usual anything will be fine in the end, and I am leaving on the 7th of may :-)

Het heeft even geduurd, maar eindelijk dan toch een begin van mijn vakantie-verslag. Het besluit om mijn baan op te zeggen, weer te gaan studeren en tussendoor nog een paar maanden op vakantie te willen nam ik vorige zomer. Iets besluiten en het ook waarmaken lukt in mijn hoofd altijd prima, in de praktijk komt het er bij mij op neer dat het eigenlijke regelwerk nu pas wordt gedaan. Ik vraag me af of dat ooit nog veranderd.

2HOOFDSTUK 1. IK GA NAAR NEPAL EN NEEM MEE UUH ... TSJA ..

Ik moest dus mijn baan opzeggen, ticket regelen, verzekeringen opzeggen en afsluiten, spuiten halen, een reisdoel uitzoeken, zorgen dat ik geld heb en een hoop andere praktische zaken waar ik normaal niet zo mee bezig ben. Zo'n beetje alles wat er mis mee kan gaan gaat ook mis, dus de uitdaging is echt begonnen !

Ter illustratie een voorbeeld hoe soepel dingen lopen: Het regelen van een ticket bijvoorbeeld, blijkbaar niet echt mijn specialiteit! uiteraard wilde ik zo goedkoop mogelijk en vond een ticket voor 560 naar Delhi, India. Van daaruit zou ik dan de trein kunnen nemen naar Pokhara in Nepal. Het leek mij in ieder geval een mooie prijs en besloot een optie te nemen op het ticket (vertrek 25 maart!) na een weekje of 2 vroeg het reisburo me of ik het ticket wilde hebben of dat ik de optie wilde verlengen, ik koos voor het laatste en kreeg een fax van ze om het te bevestigen, uiteraard las ik deze fax niet, tekende hem en stuurde hem terug. 4 dagen later kreeg ik de factuur voor het ticket wat ik blijkbaar ongewild gekocht had :-)

Sommige dingen zijn gewoon zoals ze zijn, er zat toch al niet meer zoveel schot in het regelgebeuren, dus een stok achter de deur was wel goed. Probleempje was alleen nog mijn werk, die waren er niet zo blij mee als ik 25 maart al weg zou gaan. Dus maar weer bellen met het reisburo, het ticket omboeken naar een latere datum ging wel maar kost wel geld ... grmbll .. De eerst mogelijke optie was op 7 Mei, nah ja dat moest maar, had ik in ieder geval nog even de tijd. Mooi goed geregeld dacht ik nog ! tot afgelopen maandag (14-03-2003) met een flinke griep op bed kreeg ik een telefoontje van de luchtvaartmaatschappij, met de mededeling dat mijn vlucht op 7 mei geen "doorgang kon gaan vinden" mijn vlucht had een tussenstop in Koeweit en dat komt in deze rommelige tijd niet echt goed uit. Grmbbbl, mopper ...GRRRRrrr.. En ik zat al vol met afschuw over die oorlog van die arrogante K***e Amerikanen. Kom ik ooit weg hier, dacht ik bij mezelf. Gelukkig was de Belgische mevrouw uiterst behulpzaam. Ze vroeg me waar ik naar toe wilde en of ik eventueel mijn geld terug wilde of dat er nog iets te regelen viel. Nou, voor regelen moet je bij mij zijn antwoorde ik cynisch.

resultaat: Ik heb een ticket nog steeds voor 7 mei ! en Gulfair is zo vriendelijk geweest het om te boeken naar een ticket, direct op Kathamandu (tussenstop Abu Dhabi) en ik hoef niets bij te betalen :-) Whoohaaa, het scheelt me zon 2 dagen reizen.

Zo zie je maar weer, alles komt uiteindelijk wel goed ! Nu de rest nog regelen maar dat zal ook wel goed komen.

Via deze site wil ik mijn vrienden en familie een beetje op de hoogte houden. In Nepal hoop ik vooral treks te gaan lopen, dus of het me lukt om de verhalen onderweg goed bij te houden weet ik niet, ik ga er wel mn best voor doen in ieder geval. En de eerste aanzet is er met dit verhaal.

Hieronder voor de liefhebbers mijn vlucht schema (maak je geen zorgen mam :-)

07/05/2003 Vertrek Amsterdam 17:10 BD 0110 07/05/2003 Aankomst London Heathrow 17:20 Uw vlucht wordt verzorgd door British Midland

07/05/2003 Vertrek London Heathrow 20:30 GF 0006 08/05/2003 Aankomst Abu Dhabi 06:35 Uw vlucht wordt verzorgd door Gulf Air

08/05/2003 Vertrek Abu Dhabi 11:40 GF 0208 08/05/2003 Aankomst Kathmandu 17:40

4HOOFDSTUK 1. IK GA NAAR NEPAL EN NEEM MEE UUH ... TSJA ..

Hoofdstuk 2

unemployed and happy ...

While queensday in holland has not only drowned in drunk orange people but also in heavy rainfalls, the sun in my head started shining this morning. Waking up having a massive hangover and being unemployed is something i didn't experience last 8 years, but I can recommend that to everyone. I feel liberated and happy and of course I finally have time to arrange things for my trip.

Last week I started to make up my mind about what I would like to do when I arrive in Kathmandu. I have been surfing and reading a lot about Nepal; the time of the year i am there, the regions i want to visit, the things i still have to buy, the political situation and since I don't really wanna trek totally solo I have tried to come in contact with people also visiting nepal in the same period as I do. Loads of info is available on the internet but that doesn't neccesarly make things easier. A lot of things i read were contradictionary so I guess, though I wanna be well prepared, i will be surprised anyway.

What I found out so far, that due hot weather in may and the monsoon which is coming, the best thing to do is to get my ass up high as soon as possible during may/june and then spend june/july somewhere in the kathmandu valley doing day trips and small treks. I have had a large amount of info from peopele recently visiting Nepal so that should work out fine. With help from some nice but mainly practical internet sites i found some people with the same

intrests and same budget, willing to trek together without porters or guides as well. The plan I have now is to spend the first month doing the classical everest trek. Going to Jiri by bus and trek to the Everst Basecamp passing by Lukla and Namche Bazaar, then go to Gokyo climb the Gokyo Ri there and head for the Cho La Pass then descent a little and go up again to Everest Basecamp to watch the Khumbu Icefall, then go back in the direction of Namche Bazaar making sitesteps for climbing some "easy" peaks which one can climb without having a permit. And then finally go to the Tengpoche monastery and leave Namche Bazaar and go to Lukla. Depending on the state i am in after 20/30 days of walking I'll fly out of Lukla back to Kathmandu or walk back to Jiri and take a bus.

So this is the main planning I have for the first month of my visit. I really hope that it will still work out when I get there. I don't have the slightest clue how to arrange this when i am in Kathmandu, if i actual will meet the people I email with right now (an australian and two french girls), and stuff like that. So I have to be pretty flexible about it all, which isn't really a problem for me, saying everything will be fine anyway, always :-). The main concerns for now are the things I still have to do before I go next wednesday. Still haven't fetched my visum, I have to arrange some insurance stuff and make some arrangements for my moneymatters, My first aid kit is about to be completed and the gear I have for trekking is pretty complete. Have to buy lots of stuff though, but I have plenty of time next week, because I am really unemployed and don't have to work for a pretty long time :-). Still my emotions switch between being totally nervous and asking myself why the hell i need to go to Nepal all alone and being totally happy that I have the privelege to quit my job and have this feeling that I am totally free and can do what I want with my life.

I go for a beer now, celebrating Queensday and practising for the monsoon in the rain.

anyway ... i'll keep in touch ..

Hoofdstuk 3

welcome to kakafonia

After a week full of stress and parties back at home, I finally left my house on the 7th of may at 11 o'clock. Though I was not sure if I was awake or sleeping for the whole last week, my auto-pilot together with help from some of my closest friends managed to get everything arranged. All right I still didnt have all of my vaccinations and I the consulate kept on telling me that i should need a visum, but the situation was under control. At schiphol airport I got myself a shot of hepatitis and when i was checking in for my flights I quickly asked about the visum, and they said that it wasnt a problem to buy one at the kathmandu airport. So I was ready to go

The flights were just beautiful, the weather has been clear during all of my fights, so i could see everything ... starting with people sunbading at the zandvoort beach, the city of london with her enormous variety of lights in the dark, little enlightened villages in the alps enormous salt-plaines in the shallow waters of bahrein, enormous sanddunes in the desert near Abu Dhabi and the dry mountains of india and Nepal. Though I really had to chaneg often I really enjoyed the trip.

Coming out of the katmandu airport as a tourist you will be hunted immediatly. everybody wants to bring you to a hotel, sell you stuff or offer you a free ride to a trekking company. the sounds are loud, cars are horning, people shouting and even the colours in the

dry dusty roads are yelling at your eyes It's one big kakafonia of impressions, sounds, smells, people and colours and i loved it right away. Luckily I was picked up by a guy I met through the internet, he arranged me a nice hotel in the Thamel District. And nice it is ! I have a big room on top of the roof of the hotel, having my own private garden with nice flower and birds, a nice marble bathroom with hot water and a big bath. I immedialetly felt asleep yesterday night and i just woke up today at 16.00. The only bad thing so far, is that i have this giant cold, I cough like hell (people think i have SARS so even beggars are afraid of me) and has some fever last night, pretty weird to have cold shivers when its nearly 40 degrees in your room. Anyway I feel better today and I wanted to stay in kathmandu to relax this week anyway, so will be fit next week to trek for one month. This is enough for now I need to go ...

Hoofdstuk 4

Lost in Kathmandu

This will just be a shorty, last 2 days in Kathmandu were really funny. Basically I just enjoyed my Holiday and didn't really do special things. Have been exploring the city, drink beers and whiskey with weird people and have been reading and writing a lot sitting in the sun. Holidays now really started. Right now I am in kind of a hurry since i met up with a few people and we all wanna leave for Jiri in the everest region tomorrow-morning at 6.30. It all came at a sudden but we could get a good price for a ride to Jiri (10 hours) So last hour I speeded through the city to buy trekking stuff like milkpowder, noodles, bottles of water and other stuff I still needed. Pretty hard in this city where every street looks the same, luckily i found back my hotel :-). From Jiri we'll walk up to Lukla so maybe I can make a better story overthere, the walk will last up to a week, so you people will have to be patient and i have to be tough since its a steep run ... I am going to bed right now have to get up early tomorrow. good night ..!

Hoofdstuk 5

Steaming up to Jiri

As I told in the last short message, I found some people who arranged a cheap ride to Jiri. From there they wanted to walk to Namche Bazaar and then to Everest Basecamp and Kalapattar. On our way they told me about their tight timeschedule, they planned to fligh out of Lukla on the 29th of May. It would become a fast trek into Namche of 6 days, they presumed. As always I was fine with that. One of the English already did the itenary 7 years ago and said it was possible to reach Namche in 6 days, the other one had a bad dhiarea, and both of them are called Paul, just to make things easy. Of course the luxurious cheap ride with the Toyota Corolla ended 35 km before Jiri because the driver forgot to refill its engines radiator and since it had been 38Celsius whole day the only thing the engine was able to produce was steam. Luckily the driver didn't know anything about car engines otherwise it wouldn't be an adventurous start pf our trek (He did know a lot about potatoes and rice though) After a few hours and loads of waterbottles we limped in the little vilaage of Jiri at 16.00, we walked a little around the village and went to bed early at 19.00 to make sure we would be fit the next day to walk from Jiri to Bhandhar, a 10 hour walk with a 2800mtr high pass in between the going ups and going downs. Next day we started walking at 7.00 and by the time we arrived the little village of Khasrubaz (3 wooden huts on a steep trail) one of the Paul's was exhausted by his 4 days long dhiarhea, and couldn't go

on anymore. We decided to stick together and walk something more the next day and stayed with a very nice and warm Sherpa family. Everywhere you come you see those families, and everywhere the husbands are either working in Kathmandu for a trekking company or porting loads from Jiri to Namche. So in the evening we ended up with mum, the grandad and 2 little kids around the fireplace in their wooden hut. Next morning we left at 6.00 to head for the little vilaage of Kinja. The walk was beautifull but extremely heavy. I found out my Backpack was way to heavy to carry around, and the Pauls kept oin making fun about the stuff I brought in. Medicins, campinggfear, climbing gear, food and drinks whne they asked me if I coaccendentilly had something the I did have it. Very funny, but I now started paying the bill for my 20 KG backpack. My cold got up again and when we reached Kinja (1630mtr) I was totally exhausted. After this long and hot (40Celsius) day I took a cold clacier shower and in the evening during a big rain I wasn't really looking forward to the next day. A steep climb up to the LamjuraLa of 2000 mtrs and then a descent to Junbesi of 1300 mtrs. I went to bed at 18.00.

Hoofdstuk 6

Lousy stay at Lamjura La (3550)

Last night I slept real good, we got up at 5.00 and after a light breakfast we started walking at 6.00. At first sight I thought that I recovered well during the night, but after 200meters I noticed I had no energy left anymore, my body felt empty and my legs weak as wet towels. Imagine feeling like this and then have the knowledge you have to climb a rocky staircase of a 2000meters high tower with a 20KG backpack on a 35Celsius full sunny side of a mountain. I got up high very slowly, even porters passed me by every now and then. Man, do I respect those people which some of them carry up to 120KG on a 14 day walk. I lost the Pauls pretty fast but we agreed to have a break at Sete (2575meters) together. I was in Sete at 11.00 and they left a note stuck to a hut, which said that they passed at 9.45 and would wait for lunch at Goyam (3200meters). Damned, I feel bad and I was already racing to keep up their fast pace. I had a quick Coke and kept on going step by step getting higher. On my way to Goyam a Sherpa woman tried to stop me and tell me something, but her english didn't make sense to me. She took my hand and brought me in her wooden hut. Here a boy was lying on a bunk with an amazingly big hole in his head just above his right eye. There was a gap of at least 3 cm between the parts of flesh. It was infected and the kid was shaking and having a high fever. I found out that a rock had been fallen on his head 3 days before. Luckily my mother had arranged some high-tech

materials before I left holland. There was no way that I would have the guts to stitch the wound, but something had to be done so I got creative. I cleaned the wound with my last bottle of virus-free water and a whole bottle of Betadine. From some hightech plasters I made little strips to glue the wound together, over that I put some Biogaze to keep it sterile and I covered everything with a piece of bandage which I stole from my grandmothers resthouse. Beside this I made a childrens-receipe for an antibiotics-cure by sticking the pills on a calendar and explaining the mother that she should keep the wound clean (thanks to the lonelyplanet while I gave away my other parts of the antibiotics together with the manual to Paul) I only can hope I did the right thing and that the kid will be fine by now. After an hour of steep climbing I reached the city of Goyam (3200meters) where the English waited nearly 2 hours for me, after they ordered lunch for me they directly left for Junbesi. And I told them that I would make it to Junbesi whatever would happen, they were kind of sceptical but believed me anyway. Then at a sudden the weather changed, it started to rain and soon afterwards it was followed by big hailrocks falling out of the sky. I still didn't reach the 3550 meters high pass when it started to snow real hard, I was too exhausted to change clothes so I was walking there in a shorts a shirt, soaked wet. Pretty stupid of course ! Then a Sherpa woman offered me a cup of warm yak-milk and let me sit by the fire. I kept on shivering and didn't get warm anymore. I changed my clothes put on all of my fleeces, thermals and my jacket and still couldn't get warm. A lot of porters and locals started to look for shelter as well and things really got cosy after a while besides the fire, Nepali music, dancing and hot milk coffees. I decided to stay the night there and get up at 4.00 to walk down. I put up my tent in the snow and spend the night at the pass, I was too tired to go down the same evening, besides it was dark already and had been walking for 12 hours. Damned I slept well that night ! I got up at 4 and speeded down to Junbesi in a dense mist through a misty magnolia forrest, very magical but I also was a bit frightened, what should I

do when a bear is attacking me ? I was in Junbesi very fast :-) The English waited for me and were very happy to see me again. First I wanted to stay in Junbesi i really was broken down till the bone. but after a porridge breakfast and a Coke I decided to come as far as possible. after 30 minutes going up again I couldnt stand on my legs anymore. One of the Pauls had arranged a porter in between so I could regain my strength and still move on with the porter carrying my backpack. The porter a little Sherpaguy was called Arbi-Sherpa and would cost me 300rs and one Dal Bhaat meal a day. I really was happy with him, but still at the village of Ringmu just underneath the Takshindo La I decided to splitt up with the English. Last days more felt like a race to me and thats a pity because the surroundings are so beutifull overhere. I wanna enjoy my stay rather then racing over passes into valleys and only see my feet instead of the roof of the world. I said goodbye to the english and went to bed early in a hotel which was run by some 10 years old kids. The next day I felt so sick that i only could walk 2 hours to the city of Nunthala. I wouldhave a restday here and sleep a lot and try to get rid of my fever by taking some medicines (Coldex, Paracetamol) I still couldnt eat much but in the evening after an 8 hours sleep a woman gave me a can of sour cream onion pringles and this was the turming point in my appetite. I ate the whole can and the evening got very intresting wit some people in the lodge of the Himalyan Trust Foundation. They told me a lot about the region of Solu-Khumbu, the education program they stand for, the development of the region and a lot more. Next day I felt better and felt that I regained some more of my strength, the porter was still with me so I didn't have to carry my bag and really enjoyed my walk up to Bhupsa, I had a real nice room in the YelowTopLodge and saw the first 8000meters+ snowcapped mountains early in the morning from my bed next day. On the way to Chauri Kharka (8 hours walk) we paused in Paiya and I had a play of soccer there with some little kids, after the play they discovered the white hairs on my brown arms and legs and the whole soccerteam started to

pull out the hairs of my body. So I probably come back as a bold white negro. After hugging every single one of them I left to Chauri Kharka together with my Porter.

Hoofdstuk 7

Chang-Bang in Chauri Kharka

Arriving in the village of Chauri Kharka I found a nice lodge, called the buddha lodge, a super nice and little place to stay next to the big Gompa with an enormous prayerwheel inside. My room had large windows at 3 sides and my bed was at the same height as the windows. lying down on my back I saw every amazinly high snowcapped mountain there was to see from here. In the evening there was a big party in the village with all the women (the men work elsewhere, remember!) drinking Chang (local brewed millet beer). They kept on offering me this stuff and my porter was already drunk and had fallen asleep. After a few pitchers of this stuff I felt dazed and confused and even started to dance,I pronounced the party as "the big Chauri Kharka Chang-Bang" and painted a sign for it. After a great night wit lots of fun and meeting weird people I fell asleep very happy and woke up the next day at 5.00 for the climb up to Namche Bazaar. I really looked forward to it, because I wanted to use Namche as my resting place. Get better here, get rid of the sinus infection and meet up with the people I met on my way up to here (they start dropping into Namche as I write this right now) Here in Namche I will plan the rest of my tour, probably going to Kalapatar and the everest Basecamp first (a few days from here) Further it is really nice here in Namche. Since it has been exactly 50 years that the everest had been summited, it is full of festivities a lot of them are rumours (like a rock concert in basecamp on the

29th) but for sure is that most of the great mountaineers still alive are in the region here right now. Gives a very weird feeling when you have read all of the Everest books like I did. People like Messner, Kammeler they are all here right now, maybe in one of the few lodges I stay in. I'll keep you all updated and now I rest, wash and enjoy my holiday in between the mountaineers where I feel really fine.

Big hug to every one from a very happy Boesje !

Hoofdstuk 8

From Namche to Lobuje via Tengboche

After my luxurious stay in Namches "Khumbu-Lodge", where I slept in a part of the "Jimmy Carter Slept Here Suite" (OK it was a closet with a bed in it, but anyway maybe i slept on the same place where jimmies pants were hanging), I felt much better and healthy again, so I decided to trek to Everest Basecamp. I met many many people in Namche Bazaar who all were heading for either Gokyo (West) or Kalar Patar/everest basecamp (EBC - East) so I was pretty confident about that I would meet up with one of them one my way there. In the morning I left alone to walk to Tengboche (3900mtr). This little village is mainly known for it's monastery and the monks that live here (40 monks). The Head of this monastery is the 2nd reincarnation of Lama Dorje and is called Ringboche (?) at least thats how I understand it, I am not much of an expert on lamas. The story the monks told me, is that one very old lama, Lama Dorje flew out of Tibet and left his footprints somewhere on a stone in Tengboche, pretty nice stories they tell about the history and it was really intresting to listen to. Their religous habits and sanctuary stuff seems much more honoust to me as how the for example the Vatican handles theirs. But probably that is because of the fact that buddhists have wise people as big bosses and the catholics have a senile pope. Anyway, of course where a historical

holy place is, there are a lot of tourist, so the people of Nepal had chosen this sacred spot, to be the place where all the 50th anniversary festivities would take place. And so there was a giant blue partytent standing on the grassfield in front of the monastery. Pretty funny to see all these activities. I checked in in a lodge after meeting a few people I met on the Jiri-trail and went outside to sit on a plastic Curver Gardenset (yes, incredible what they all bring up here, I mean, remember that there are no roads up here and that helicopters can hardly fly here in the mountains and/or in thin air). Sitting in the sun I met 2 australians who didnt wanna go trekking anymore, and one of them was even smoking marlboro's, pretty cool, finally I met a fellow smoker they are getting rare the higher I get. We had a nice cloudless afternoon and the views on Everest were beautiful from here. In the late afternoon, when I was reading I got invited for a cup of tea by an australian girl, who was trekking with a bunch of other aussies and climbed Mera peak as well. I got introduced to their group and spend the whole evening chatting around with them. This is really the nicest group (6persons) I met so far, warm, gentil persons with stories to tell instead of the usual chit/chat. We really got along fine. the next i wanted to leave at 5.00 to go for Periche, but after a morning walk I ran into the australians again, and they told me that there were rumours that there would be a special Puja (ceremony) at the monastery especially for Reinhold Messner and Peter Habeler and that the Ringboche himself would be there too (usually he isnt in public pujas!) so I decided to stay a little and wait for 10.00 to leave. afterwards I had breakfast and while I had some, I told the man next to me the rumours I heard. He looked me into the eyes and started laughing his ass off, I was looking better and saw it was Reinhold Messner. Oooops, there i sat with my big mouth, for the first time this trip I didnt know what to say or do, felt like a little schoolboy and started laughing also. I really felt like i wanted to go away so I did. Later after breakfast I told the story to the australians who also laughed their asses off of course, and met Messner again at the grassfield

outside of the monastery, i asked him to sign my walking-axe and another aussie I met took a picture of me and him. Some later the Canberra connection and I tried going to the puja but we were too late, it was already over. We did go into the monastery though to check up onto this weird paintings they have. Really nice, made me think about Hieronymus Bosch, the earliest cartoonist i know :-) after making some group pictures and saying goodbye I left to go for Periche (4300mtr) this was really a nice walk, and i noticed that the higher I got, th easier the walking became ... in stad of 14 hours days of walking i could easily get where i wanted in 3/4/5 hours, pretty nice, had the whole afternoon for sleeping readng and relaxing. Because of the heighth I decided to acclimatise at this altitude and next day I left for Dingboche (4400mtr) on the other side of the hill, I saw an amazinly big Lammergeier on my way up there and even managed to make a pic of it (which of course doesnt shoe how I saw it) to Dinboche was only a 1,5 hour walk so i relaxed the whole day in th garden of my lodge by talking to the visitors and eating nak-cheese and drinking yakmilktea. In the evening I found out that I left my Petzl headlight in the lodge in Periche ... grrrr..... Next morning i got up at 5.30 and after a milktea i prepared to go back to Periche to get my headlight, I asked the lodgeowner how long it would take and what was the sortest route. He told me that it should be possible in 40 minutes to go there and come back ... the group americans i met the night before started laughing (i took them 3 hours to do it ...grin) and told me that if I could o to Periche and back within 45 minutes they would pay my lodge bill (which was high because i came in early the day before 1600rs-20us\$) If I lost I had to carry their porters backpack to Lobuje too. I accepted the bet and started running to Periche, I was in Periche real fast and asked in the lodge if they found my light, they didnt found it the owner said.... grmbllll ... not nice. i smoked a cigarette and just wanted to go back, when from the HRA post (High Altitude Research Centre) a guy came running with my light in his hand :-) I thanked the guy and took my light and started running back

to the ridge of the mountain (remember this is above 4000 mtrs!) i did had enough time to make it in 45 minutes and since i knew they would atch me with my binnoculars I recalcitrant as I am smoked a cigarette on the ridge as well, I ran down over the trail to the lodge crossing the yakfields with stone fences and made it in time :-) so that was a cheap day :-) afterwards I left for Lobuje (4930mtr) on my way there at the height of Thukla there was a wilde river running that I had to cross, of course I didnt wanna do it the normal way, but wanted to cross over some old trees and stoned just like the Sherpas, I slipped and fell enormously on my elbow and then in the river, a few Sherpa's who were washing took me out 4 meters further. The other Sherpas (30 guys part of a trekking group I guess) all laughed thir ass of about my fall into the river, Luckily I wore my climbing pants and jacket and amazingly, besdides my head everything was dry (including my backpack) the only thing I had was 2,5 numb fingers which I still have today, they are not dead (blood is flowing through them) but I just dont feel them anymore (you can stich needles in it, very funny to do so in company of others especially in bars :-)) according to one of the docs I met it goes away in 4 to 6 weeks and happens often when you get hit on your funnybone (or telephonebone) real hard. well it doesnt really bother me so I will be fine anyway. After Thukla it was a steep way up to Lobuje from 1 hour or so, the landscapes up here are really amazing, the trees have al gone and instead of that there is only sand and rocks and sometimes a little glacier river running through little valleys far below. In Lobuje I met Bob the älways stonedenglishman. He was quiet funny actually and a smoker too, so we became friends right away. He was travelling with a rather international orientated mess of hippies. A few americans just joined their group and even after 1 day of walking together they were already sick and tired of the them so he had to make plan to get rid of them which was pretty hard being so stoned, I bet he is still working on it now. After a quiet night in a bunk I left the next morning early to go to Gorak Shep only a 2 hour walk with

a few people I met from Bangladesh and the 37KG all-equipped-backpack-american Christopher. (he took just about everything, laptop, digital camera, digital video, tent, food but forgot to bring his fitness so other people were carrying his stuff :-)

Hoofdstuk 9

Gorakshep, Kalar Pattar and Everestbasecamp

I arrived in Gorak Shep (5200mtr) pretty early (around 8.00) but since it was a beautiful day it was pretty busy already in the sunroom of one of the two lodges which Gorak Sheps consist of. Gorak Shep was the 1952 Everest Basecamp for the suisse expedition. The lodge I stayed in, was on top of a small sandhill with in front a large sandy landscape. Really very surrealistic, I didn't expect that uphere. On this enormous sandy meadow, there were enormous longhaired yaks walking around, it could easily be a scene from any startrek movie or something like that. In the sunroom there was an Indian Photographer who was working for the times and a guy from AP, both to cover the celebration on the 29th of the 50th anniversary of the sumitting of Everest. Since I was really restless and had enough of the usually small talk and a pot of milkcoffee. I decided to climb the Kalar Patar (True Summit 5700mtr) the group with international hippies left for the climbing an hour before me, so I figured that I would pass them by anyway, I also decided to take my backpack up so I could make a shortcut to the Everest basecamp after the climb and go for some camping there. When I arrived at the summit the group was already there. The view from here was really great, there were no clouds and you could see every big mountain that the Everestregion has. Luckily there was one girl

who brought a camera (haha of the 12 people who were there) after sitting there and enjoying the views I stayed behind with Bob the english rasta guy.

I decided not to go to basecamp today and go back to Gorak Shep with Bob to just have some fun, so I took my backpack up there for nothing grrmbbl ... The day after I left with Cristopher and his porters to the Everest Basecamp. The walk towards is was pretty hard actually, I really didn't like that walk, over the glacier, up and down, ukalo, orala (as the nepali say) I was walking far beyond christopher and his porters so had to look for my own route over the glacier, luckily they put up loads of stonemen but it still seemed a mess to me. The first sight on everest basecamp was really funny. Since most of the expeditions come already in the beginnnig of april to acclimatise and put up the camp, the tents were standing of little isles of ice up int he air for 2 metres and everything around it melted it away. everything is full with rocks and finding your way around is pretty hard (they should make a map of it) I immediately by coincedence ran into the spot where Mark had his tent put up, and there was place for another next to it (it is pretty hard to find a nice flat spot up there) after he showed me around basecamp. I put up my little tent, and tried to isolate the spot. In the evening some nepalese guys saw that I had cigarettes and they became my closest friend right away :-)) the pretty youg guys seemed to be the icefall doctors, these people work for the SPPC (sagarmatha park organisation) and get a little bonus on top of their normal nepalese salary to fix and maintani the Khumbu Icefall, the most dangerous part of the mountain Everest ! I really respect those people who make it the expeditions a lot easier to cross the Icefall on a safe way. They put up ladders against drifting ice seracs, fix ropes the whole way of the icefall to into the CWM (a 5 hour climb) and they tie ladders together to cross crevasses of which some are 100's of meters deep. A part of the permits money (60.000US\$ per expedition 10 members + 7000 US\$ p.p. when it exceeds 10) goes to the SPCC but the Icefalldoctors dont

see much of that I guess. Anyway through them i came in contact with the Japanese Team who already summited and who gained respect from the icefallguys because they did according to their stories nearly all of the rope fixing above CAMP II. Four of their team-members were flown out of basecamp because of frostbitten limbs, and the ones left wanted to clean up their advanced basecamp because they brought everything they brought up the weeks before to the advanced basecamp (CAMP II-AdvancedBaseCamp)) Since I wanted to climb anyway and everything was fixed by ropes I agreed in doing a load for them from ABC down to Basecamp on the 28th but they had to fix me up with the gear (-Crampons because I lost one by a stupid iceclimb and it broke off right away, they were rented so didnt really mind.-Jumars because I didnt have them and never used them before, and a head light because I lost it in Gorak Shep (I think the american bitch Brad stole it anyway !) but all of this was not a problem so on the 28th at 4.30 in the morning I left together with Mark, who climbed the icefall before, into this labyrinth of towers of ice and roaring cracks and swirling riversounds. The plan was to take +/-30 KG a person from the advanced basecamp down, this should mean that with the 7 persons we were with, we could get al their stuff down in 1 ferry. the climb up to the icefall to camp would take appr. 5 hours, we then sleep in the tents of the japanese in camp I, leave very early (like 3.30) into the western Cwm and get the stuff from campII, and return to basecamp right away .. To go up into the icefall was actually pretty hard, but by use of the Jumars on the fixed ropes it was amazingly easy but really tiring to gain height for the first 2 hours I was really surprised how smooth everything was going, and the nerves I had about it disappeared right away. The sun was shining and believe it or not even though we nearly reached the 6000 mtr it was hot like hell in the icefall. On my way up I saw a lot of dumpplaces from previous expedition and couldnt leave it to take some souvenirs (very old foodtins, icepegs, icefall rope ...grin) Though it was really scary sometimes to cross the ladders which were over the crevasses. I didn't really feel that

things could be really dangerous out here (maybe it was the lack of oxygen ?) Instead it felt more like a thrill to be here (i mean how many people come here anyway ?) When we nearly reached the end of the fall some Sherpas from another expedition passed us by, struggling with a dead body in a down sleeping bag. The head of the body came out of the bag as they passed us, and I was pretty impressed by that sight. Suddenly I did get a little scared, we waited to they were down a few hundred meters and then Mark took a pic of them. After another hour or so we reached camp I at 11.00 in the morning. Just before we saw a MI-17 russian helicopter crashing in the basecamp, just a few 100 meters of our tents. we didnt know what was exactly going on then by that time. In the camp we got some hot Tang (sinas-instant powder-drinks) and ate some granolabars and smoked a cigarette. tried to do some chatting with some expeditionmembers and I went into the tent at 15.00 trying to sleep a little, with next to me a japanese who kept on coughing his lungs out. that night i 1st noticed the weird things that happen without oxygen, I never had paddos or LSD but I guess the effects are quite similar. you just start seeing things that are not there while you think you are in full consciousness, pretty weird but easily to accept. At 3.00 After a long and very very cold night I was woken up by Mark, my alarm clock didnt go off, because my watch was didnt work anymore because of the freezing cold (-20 celsius) hurrying at this altitude is pretty impossible so it took me another hour to get my stuff together and wake up. The walk to ABC (campII) was pretty nice, soon the sun warmed up everything and it got very and very hot up there. You walk over an enormous glacier named The Western Cwm (by Mallory when he first saw it from the Tibetan side) to the foot of the Lhotse-Face just a few hundred of meters under the Everest South Col. Because it was such a very nice day the walk was real easy, we couldnt make pics anymore because my disposable camera was frozen the night before and Mark didnt have pics anymore left on his cam because we made the pic to prove we were up there, but we'll get some from the japanese

guys. In camp II we loaded our bags mainly with gear and some unused ropes and descended after some tea and chocalat granola bars, every step made here hurted and the Khumbucough (becuase of the dry air in high altitude), which I thought I wouldn't suffer from started also to give my lungs a feeling that I had swallowed rasorblades. Going down being so tired was not really nice, but after all we managed to be down in Basecamp at around 16.00. I went to my tent right away, so tired was I and fell in a long and deep coma. The next day the japanese left of to go all the way down again, we got thanked very much and they asked us if we wanted to have some of their gear. I got a new pretty cool scientific super watch of one of them, because he didnt need it anymore he said and mine froze down (actually it is suddenly working again since 3 days (?)), kept the crampons, the Jumars and got two real great Charles -Moser Quatar iceaxes who actually were nearly on the summit (-) for the rest we got some clothing stuff and a lot of thank you's. On the day of the anniversery (29th) we expected a party going on in basecamp but there was nothing to do actually, we had forgotten about the helicopter crash already and since it was Marks is birthday we decided to go back to Gorak Shep to have some beers for his birthday. Back there in the afternoon we met the group of Suisse we met before and found out that the one trekker who got injured by the crashing helicopter was part of the group we met earlier, Kris, a german girl, got knocked out of her shoes by the crashing chopper, they were jus about to leave basecamp and on their way down to Gorak Shep. if they would have been there 2 minutes later nothing would have happend to her, anyway the impact of the falling amchine was so hard that it knocked her literally out of her boots and she was uinconsciousness right away. Along with the 2 dead bodies, she was choppered out to Kathmandu right away in a coma. Hans the suisse guy got the landing gear of the chopper against his leg, but could still walk so they didnt want to fly him out of basecamp. together with the everest basecamp doctor of the suisse expedition they tried getting a helicopter in Gorak Shep

to fly him out to Kathmandu, so he could be treated and that there was someone with the girl. Of course this was a massive operation, because no helicopter wants to fly to an altitude of 5200 mtr without being paid a lot of money in cash (the prices varied from 25.000 us\$ to 5000us\$) to make things easier there was no telephone in Gorak Shep because the SIM-card of the satelitephone was not valid anymore. So they had to make arrangements through an intercom connection down to Lobuje where was telephone (yeah, its pretty hard to be injured up here) of course Mark and I had to celebrate his birthday and decided to try a beer, pretty tough descision at this altitude but anyway, of course things got really cosy and after a few hours we ended up in the sunroom (it was dark already and cold but anyway) with 4 bottles of Everst Whisky a drunk Mark and a very healthy American all californian blond chick called Brad (at least she told me that all the californians are healthy) in the end we were pissed like hell, something which isnt really hard when you are at 5200 meter :-) was a very nice evening cheers Mark :-)

The next day I woke up pretty early considering my giant hangover, and the suisse mentioned that they arranged a chopper for Hans, but it was only possible to take one person and no luggage. They tried to arrange porters but since every porter already had a job by carrying down stuff from basecamp they couldn't find one at all, according to another guy there should be porters available in Lobuje so suddenly I said with my hangover: well, i can carry a few bags down to Lobuje for you and then return to Gorak Shep again if you cant find a porter before 11.00 :-) stupid, stupid stupid. I had this giant hangover and didnt really feel fit. but anyway they were pretty happy about it. at 11.00 the helicopter showed up and Peter the suisse doctor escorted Hans to the chopper. From beside the other suisse saw the same thing happening as what had happened in Basecamp, the chopper could lift, the air was too thin and started spinning, one of the Suisse couldn't look at it, while Peter kept on filming the whole thing for the insurance company. finally, the plane got some air and lifted. Afterwards the others wanted to rush down

to Periche to try getting a chopper overthere. So I carried down 2 backpacks for them to Lobuje and returned afterwards to Gorak Shep where Mark was still sleeping. Surprisingly it went really well, i got rid of my hangover and was back in 3 hours. We decided to stay this day in Gorakshep and take this as a resting day, and we would make that up by next day to leave for Lobuje and go on immediately to Dzongla, a little place at the east-side of the Cho La-Pas in the hope that there would be a lodge still open (there are only 2 lodges and we heard they were both closed) The next day we left for Dzongla, and had a little stop in Lobuje again. Here a lodge owner had some trouble with his generator and Mark thought he would be able to repair it. I was just looking to it, and had no idea what the problem was. Mark just found out that the part that goes from the bougie to the carburator was broken and that it couldnt be fixed. I said to Mark: maybe we can attach a coppercable from the bougie to the carburator by drilling a whole in the carburator ??? we both laughed about it, and called ourself macgyvers, the funny thing about it all was, that it did actual we worked, we laughed our asses off and the whole village was coming over to watch what we build. Mark also brought some tie-ribs and we kind of tied the engine together again. The machine was running but only at very high RPM making a lot of noise, first we got some daal bhat and milk-teas from the very happy lodge owner and then we did something really stupid: in the engine there are like 20 screws you can adjust to give the engine more air, more fuele or I dont know what more and we started finetuning the engine ... hahahaha ... within 5 minutes the engine wouldnt start anymore. oops sorry !!! we told the guys that the motor got drowned in fuel because of the choking (???) and left to Dzongla ... well we did what we could didn't we ...

Hoofdstuk 10

Crossing Cho La from Dzongla-side to Gokyo

Heres a story coming

Hoofdstuk 11

Maddness in Kathmandu

After an awesome flight in a very small airplane with only 12 passenger seats and a takeoff from the 200mtr long Lukla Airstrip we arrived in Katmandu at 7.30 in the morning. At around 8.00 we checked in in hotel Ganesh-Himal which is run by the oncle of a guy who happens to work for Mark in Australia, so we both got a double de-luxe suite for the prive of a standard single room. The hotel really is marvelous, marble floors, fontaines, a big garden and rooms wih airco, hot water and bath and satellite television, 24/7 room service and this all for a few dollars a night, way to go ! After a few weeks of trekking with no showers, the same menu everyday and heavy walks this felt like heaven immediately. Directly after we checked in, I took a hot shower and tried shaving myself which was actually pretty hard, I had to cut of the hairs with my nailscissors first, before my specially saved Gillette Mach3 shaving blades would have any function. Anyway after long time the bathroom was full wit hairs and I finally got rid of the beard and was really happy about it, since I didnt like the thing at all, it's itchy and looks weird but luckily I didnt see that :-)

At 11.00 we were sitting on the terrace of the Kathmandu Guesthouse having fruitsalades, sandwiches, chicken massalas and beers and we felt like we were the ancient Rome having this giant bachinal feast and a few hours later we probably were drunk, but i can't recall that ... The next day we decided to get lost in one of the gettos of Kathmandu, at least try

to get lost, since Kathmandu isn't really that big. We have been walking whole day through the outskirts of the city and saw daily live of the people who live in this city, cows running around the dirty streets, million of waterbottles in the nearly dried up river which floats through the city, loads of religious sites, altars on every corner of the street and children either working or playing, old women washing and dead people burning at the Ghats near the river. We ate at a very local restaurant where they slaughter the chicken in front of your eyes and saw a million other things that were amazing in our eyes. In the late afternoon we got back in Thamel, the part of the city where most of the tourists stay. Thamel is a funky and vivid neighbourhood, of just a few blocks full with shouting advertisements for restaurants and clubs, honking cars, cracking rikshaws and a lot of people who wanna sell you things. Of course we ended up on a terrace again. the few days afterwards were pretty intensive, we visited every single touristic site there was in the neighbourhood of Kathmandu and saw a lot of the city, in the night we discovered the Kathmandu's touristic nightlife by going to pubs and clubs till late in the morning, and due to the guys who work for our hotel we also got involved in the local nightlife, they took us to bars and clubs far from the centre of Thamel where we were the only westerns ever been there. Those evenings were really the most fun of all. After Mark left back to Australia last week I just kept on doing the same thing we were doing before. Sleeping late every day, waking up with a good movie, having breakfast around 14.00 and meet people in the evening for having a beer or just watch movies. After 2 weeks this gets a little boring by now, and is also getting pretty tiring but still seems fun to do, every day you meet other people and another opportunities will pop up just when you have made a decision to do something else. For example, I bought myself a bus-ticket to Pokhara 2 days ago but then I got invited to come to a wedding of the cousin of a girl I met here, and right now they are making a suit for me so that I look slick enough :-) So the plan for now is that I go to the wedding tonight, and leave to the little village of

Dulche tommorrow morning at 6.00 to do a part of the Lantang trek and afterwards do a 5 day course of wildwater kayaking, but then again, maybe things change anyway. I still didnt finish my previous trekking stories but I got them al written down. thought it would be better just continuing from Kathmandu since I dont write much here :-) I probably forgot to tell a lot about past 2 weeks but basically Kathmandu is jus a madplace, the weirdest situation I have been in ever and with the nicest locals I met. It's just a madhouse here and everyone should come over to Kathamndu at least once in their lives :-)

Hoofdstuk 12

Kathmandu Orphanage -Donate Now !!!

Today one of our group spent a part of the day, trying to get clothes for an orphanage here in Kathmandu which is run by 2 Nepalese woman. There are 35 little children overthere hardly having any food and clothing, the orphanage is just a shelter place and looks really depressingly terrible. Everything is grey and dark and we decided to make it look a bit better, isolate the walls with newspapers and make it liveable for the kids, so next wednesday we are going to put old newspapers to the concrete walls and all of the ceilings. Today we made up this plan to paint everything in more child friendly colours together with the kids that live there. What we want, is to raise money to buy the paint for painting just the whole place up (we are with 5 people now, but i guess that will be more soon) We also wanna buy some cooking stoves and mattresses or something for the kids to sleep on. So we kind of agreed that everyone of the five of us, is trying to raise 250US\$ from friends and family back home, this shouldnt be too hard I think, I know from a lot of you that you can easily miss 10EUR or 20EUR. If you wanna support our little project just let me know by email how much you wanna donate before next tuesday (24th of June) then I pay the money now myself and collect it from you people when I get back to Holland. To paint up the place and give them some basic stuff

is really badly needed ! The 5 of us surely will have fun painting up the whole place with the kids, and we will make some nice pics so you will see the money is spend well in the end. Anyway, I hope for your support !!!!!

greetings Boesje

Hoofdstuk 13

Kayaking down Bhote Kosi River

At 6.00 in the morning the four of us were awaited at the office of Equator trekking agency in Kathmandu to head for a 5 day kayak-course on the Bhote Kosi river, one of the steepests in the world and especially now in the monsoon season it would going to be a down swirling thrill which we never would forget according to the director of the company. Of course we did bargain a good price and got a discount of 60free beers a day per person and a fixed beer price of 80rs for the evenings. We got a private car to bring us about 70km north of Kathmundu. after a 3 hour drive along rivers and through amazingly green hills we arrived at our destination around lunchtime. And beautiful it was, the resort which would be our base for the next days looked awesome, it was like a tropical paradise with wooden huts to sleep in a large bar with no walls just some bamboo poles with a straw roof large banana and palmtrees, a beach with a volleybalplayground and all situated at the banks of the raging Bhote Kosi river which looked really fast and furious because of the large amount of waters dropping down in this monsoon period. Then I could not believe i would ever go out there in a smal unbalanced kayak, no way!! Just after lunch we started immediately with the classes , first in the little swimming pool they had, in between the weirdest and biggest butterflies and

insects I had ever seen. Starting off to learn basic stuff like paddle handling, boat balance, self rescues and the T-rescue. All of this seemed pretty easy in a nice sunny swimmingpool. at the end of the day we all handled the kayaks well and we started off with the first thrill: the eskimo-roll, which you really have to know because you don't want to do a self or T-rescue when you are out there on the river. The roll is really the best thing to do when you and your kayak flips over (something that later in this trip seems to happen more often then one want) Its hard to learn something that you have to feel, its like skiing or snowboarding, you cann talk about putting weight on certain legs or moving your hips on a certain way, buyt you have to feel it I think, and luckily it worked out pretty fast for me. I think that afternoon I did a 100+ of rolls and really liked doing so and experiment with the kayak. Basically what you have to do when you are on the river when you flip, is remain calm, you'll hang in your boat upside down in the water, you put your paddles in the right position and flip up again, if this is not working out well then you wait for another kayak to come near your boat so you can pull your self up (t-rescue) and if this don't work you do a self-rescue. The last option is the worst, after a selfrescue you have to get out of the river, empty your boat and get back in again something thats pretty easy in a pool but not on a river in between rapids, fast waterfalls and a lot of hurting rocks. So you really want the roll to work out and stay calm when you flipped over when you are on the river. Something that i tried remembering hard the next day but which was going to be very hard with a 300p/m heartbeat and raging river. In the night we got eaten by all kinds of weird insect and bugs while playing pool and drinking beer, and tired but satisfied we fell a sleep. The next day would be a big day, for the first time we would go into the river, I was really nervous about it and found out that i really can be a scary rabbit chickenshit. I didn't like the idea of throwing myself in that water with my little plastic boat, even though everybody wore protection like wetsuits, helmets and vests. Once in the water everything tur-

ned out to be different, make a roll out here is much more stressfull, remaining calm was hardly possible because once your underwater you get knocked to rocks and everything starts swirling around. No the first day was like hell to me, and I could hardly enjoy it, at least it lasted a few hours before I felt confident enough to know what I was doing. The rest of the group had kind of the same feeling (except canadian cameron who was always stoned and really loved the thrill) Luckily the next days we became more aware of the fact that its hard to drown even when the river is that fast as now, and that our 2 instructors are nearly always there when you need them for a t-rescue. As confidence grew also the skills became better and it turned out that we had a real good group with fast learning skills. On the third day our instructor asked me to teach a group of 6 Irish rafters the basic poolskills and I was really flattered by it. so that morning I instructed them for 6 hours earning 500rs (6 beers :-) in all of the excitement I did something very very stupid, I forgot to put on sunscreen, something which is a ritual in the morning for nearly 2 months now. so I ended up that day still wearing my wetsuit (I still wear it now :-) even when I put it off, by now the blisters are fading away and my shoulders are not hurting that much anymore, but it really sucked being burnt like that. Every night in the resort we had a big party going on dancing and playin pool and talk some exagerating stories about the rides down the river of that day. the one bailing the most of time had to pay for the first round of beer. In the end everybody was broozed, ahd cuts and wounds everywhere and Jarrod even had his head smaked up to some rocks really bad. Cameron was stuck in the middle of a wicked rapid in the middle of the river without his boat and no peddles, just shouting: help me, help me, I got stuck once in my boat in between some rocks, trying to hold on and keep my head above the water while I waited a rescue i noticed everybody just chatting a littlebit and waiting for me to come over, they just didnt see that i got stuck really bad and I thought I was drowning there :-)) I can tell you a million of stories like this, but you better wait for the pictures (we bought a little

waterproof cam) Kayaking is really fun, especially when you have a chance to learn it really well from instructors that kayakked one of the fastest rivers in the world and know what they are talking about. Now I am back in Kathmandu trying to arrange things for the orphanage, the money raising was a huge succes. And we try to figure out what to do with the money to find some sustainable solution but i'll inform you later about this I have a meeting right now with them. so thanks for all your donations !

Hoofdstuk 14

Orphans and Helpless Children Development Society Kathmandu

What started as a silly idea after a few beers in Helena's Restaurant, nearly 2 weeks ago, has turned into a massive operation due to all of your contributions. We managed to raise a lot of money with the five of us and so our plan to only paint 1 orphanage has changed in the last 12 days into something else. We now support 2 orphanages, 1 having 36 children and the other one having 49 children, all in the range from 1 month to 15 years. The past weeks we made our headquarters in Thamel Kathmandu (Pumpernickel Bakery) and every evening around 6 someone of our group is sitting there collecting either clothes or books from tourists, things we can easily change for children books and toys. The day after we started collecting the money we already noticed that we could easily raise money from friends and family so since that day, we also discuss and argue a lot about what to do with the money. 1st thing to do was to obtain lists from the orphanages with on there the stuff they wanted to have themselves in order of priority. This sounds very easy and shouldnt take to much time in Europe but the things are different overhere, we got lots of lists, had discussions with the chairmen of the orphanages, did a lot of talking between the 5 of us and after visiting the orphanages and the children on a daily basis we ended up with 2 lists; 1 for orphanage A and 1 for orphanage B.

Then the part of most difficulty came: look for prices for the things we wanted to buy and how to arrange the transport, masters of discussion in this part of the adventure were Jerry and Kerry, they are each others biggest friends but argue about everything, you really should hear them they are very funny. This morning, very early, after a final visit to the childrens homes, we started to divide the tasks for buying stuff. I shall scan some of the lists we and the orphanages made so you can get an expression how hard it is to come up with some definite lists. The number of kids kept on changing, they said it were 42 kids and when we counted it were 49 kids, they wanted things like underwear and clothing and then we wanted to have the sizes of the kids, something they never thought of. For example we wanted to buy them all a pair of sandals so we needed footsizes, practical as people are overhere, they had the kids lined up, and one by one they had to put their feet on a piece of paper, so that the cahirman could make an outline in the notebook, we had to go to buy 85 pair of sandals with drawings of childrenfeet, this was really hillarious and everybody laughed their ass off. Anyway today we found out that nearly everything worked out fine. The things we bought today: 2 x 1000liter watertanks 4x 15liter waterfilters 85x sets of schoolbooks (for the next 2 years) underwaeear (inc. shirt/vest) for everyone sandals for everyone 160 notebooks (math/writing) pencil/pen/eraser/sharpener for everyone 4x football 4x badminton sets 4x cricketsets matrasses for everyone towels for everyone toothbrus/toothpaste/soap for every one mosquitonets for everyone plates/glasses for everyone wall paint (dif. colours) and lots of little stuff they needed to fix up things in the orphanage. I'll scan the full list of stuff we bought with the figures of costs later on this week. But as you see we managed to raise a lot and tried spending it in the right way, we are all no social workers nor did we studied things like that, so we did all of the buying just by intuition. I personally think we did a goo job and hope all of you will feel the same about it. The least I can do is thank you all very much for your donations, I can assure you that you made a lot of childrens

lives a little less complicated and more healthy for the next few years. We found another woman here in Kathmandu who will monitor the orphanages for the next 2 years, and I really wanna try keep on collecting stuff for them, even when I am back in Holland next week. I will update you soon again !

I already put some pictures online more will follow soon, go to:
[http://gallery.reisavonturen.net/booz en kies Kathmandu Orphanage](http://gallery.reisavonturen.net/booz%20en%20kies%20Kathmandu%20Orphanage) -Donate Now !!!

Hoofdstuk 15

Orphanage D-Day: Monsoon madness

. The last few weeks have been really hectic concerning the Orphanage Project which we accidentally started after a few beers. we had to make , visit the orphanages to check what they needed, raise the money, check on prices, buy all the goods (one of the most funny parts) and as final moment had to deliver it to the childrens homes. Our coregroup exsisted of several people: Kerry, Odel (israel) Jerry, cameron (canada) adam (england) booz and yoko (holland) and we were all happily assisted by other travellers who had some time joining us for a few days. Since the beginning we started to have meetings in the pumpernickel bakery and discuss about things to do and stuff to buy and throughout the whole period this hasnt been changing. in between the "doing-things" we, of course, had lots of fun, the nights out after a long day mostly started in Tom & Jerry's pub and ended ritual in The Fireclub; dancing and jumping around like idiots. At some nights it was so bad that in the morning some of us were so drunk that they couldnt stay seated in a riks-haw, someone even shitted not only his pants, but also the whole hotel-hallway, the walls of the room and afterwards coaccidentally dragged another person through because this guy fell asleep in the staircase (I can't tell names, i will be executed :-). So as you read it was not only hard work, we really had a nice group, talked loads of

bullshit but also were eager to finish the project in the right way. We called the project Monsoon Madness, because it really was madness to arrange everything and because of the monsoon finally started in a right way, bringing huge rainshowers into Kathmandu. On the 1st of july everybody, except me, was supposed to do a overland-trek in a landrover to Tibet (1st july was the date the border opened again) I tried changing my tickets to jkoin them, but this wasnt possible. I had to buy a new ticket and would have needed a visaextension, and that was way too expensive for me. Thing was that we really needed to hurry last week because they all left pretty soon. Things really started to work out then, action in kathmandu ! I already informed you about the days we were buying things but I scanned the I made, so you can see yourself what we have been doing overhere. The buying days were really nice but also very tiring, you have to bargain about everything (we bought all the stuff in local markets) and no one had the amounts of things we needed. Imagine 2 tall blond dutch guys wandering over the Kathmandu Chinese Bazar to get 85 pieces of girls and boys underwear ! People laughed their asses off. Hotel Puskar in Thamel (one of the cheapest in town and the best quality/price rate) was so kind to give us a to store all the stuff. Once we got everything we picked a day and that day will go into the history books as our personal D-Day: 29th of june 2003 At 8.00 in the morning we had breakfast with selfmade israelian cheese at Hotel Puskar and divided the tasks for that day. We still had some stuff to buy, we had to arrange vans for transport distributi-onlists had to be made and we came up with the idea to give every child in it. when all of this would be ready we had to go to Sujana & Usha, the 2 socialworkers. They invited us to have a nice self-made nepali/indian lunch. Though our timeschedule was tight we managed to go there and had a wonderful great lunch, afterwards we really had to hurry to get on moving. The women presented us some , which really gave me a warm feeling (tibetian tradition; when someone leaves you liked or wanna wish all the best)

and after the usual photoshootings we left back to hotel puskar,

overthere Jerry already arranged 4 mini-vans and we all started to bring the stuff down into the little alley, hotel puskar is situated in one of the busiest streets of Thamel so our 4 minivans caused a trafficjam for about one hour since nearly every street is a one-way street :-) after we had stuffed the buses we left for the 1st orophanage at 5 o'clock ...tobecontinuedthe spacebar doesnt workon this computer