

Delhi (en)counter

Delhi, India - January 19, 2008

Brent:

We'd been warned about the Indian-style toilets, and I knew I'd have to get the hang of them eventually, but hoped my first encounter with one would be after a nice night's rest, morning coffee, and a wholesome breakfast of bran-filled cereal. Instead, I had to rush to the first thing I could find upon landing at the Delhi airport, which was under a lot of construction and made it hard to find in time (something I ate on the plane?) All in all it wasn't so bad (everything came out all right in the end - :). The India-style toilets certainly offer a much larger target for aiming at than some of the holes I scored only a birdy on in West Africa. Easy stuff. Hole in one. Shoots and scores!

We met our "boy" (all the servants at The Master Guest House are called "boys") at the airport holding out a sign with Amy's name (note to Laura, if you're going to pick us up when we return, please be holding a card with our name printed in large letters so we look important) and drove us to The Master Guest House. I'm not sure it's right to say that he "drove" us, because "drive" is what they do in the U.S. and all sane parts of the motorized world (possibly excluding Boston).

Instead he "careened" us through the other careening cars, motorized rickshaws, motorcycles, scooters, pedestrians, and stray dogs and cows



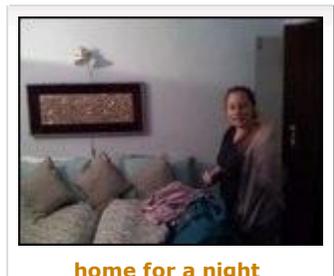
on the road. Amazingly I saw no collisions, probably due to the protective measure they all take which is for everyone to honk their horns constantly (note to Detroit, you can save a lot of money by removing airbags, anti-lock breaks, seat belts, and all the rest of your expensive safety equipment and just tell your customers to keep honking if they want to avoid injurious collisions).

Someone must make this bumper sticker: "Honk if you're in India."



The Master Guest House is in a nice suburb of Delhi. Our room is off a beautiful third-floor open-air garden patio. They supplied us with hot-water

bottles when we went to bed! The toilet is actually a seat!! The shower-bucket holds real hot water.



The neighborhood goes for up to seconds at a time with no horns honking!!! It's wonderfully posh. This morning we woke up to a scene straight out of a movie. That movie is



Oliver, and the scene is the one where the young urchin awakens to a bright street in the ritzy neighborhood to see the street vendors selling their wares while they sing "Who will buy". It's exactly like that

movie scene except that they weren't actually singing, I couldn't always understand what they were selling, and vendors singing in five part harmony were not wearing low-cut dresses displaying their milky-white, heaving, fleshy chests.

A wonderful start to our time in India. The boys treat us well and we've been able to practice our hindi. We're really looking forward to the coming weeks.



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