

Mumbai – Day 2

Mumbai, India - February 5, 2008

Amy:

After waking up and attempting to remember what we've done for the past few days to blog, we walked downstairs to breakfast. We realized that it was actually lunchtime, so we walked to a vegetarian restaurant that we had passed yesterday called "Samrat". We were going to eat at the revolving restaurant in the Ambassador hotel, but changed our minds.

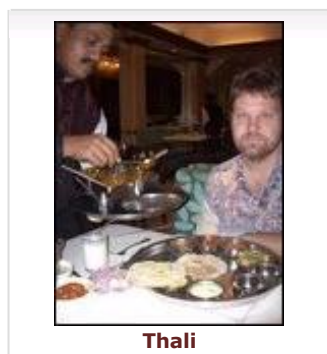
The Samrat restaurant wasn't open 'til noon, so we had 15 minutes to kill. Outside the restaurant was a



yummy yum yums

coffee/cake cafe (part of the restaurant) called "201 degrees Celsius". We ordered snickers cake and coffee – the cake tasted exactly like a snickers bar. Deelish!

When the restaurant opened, we went inside. The restaurant was great – Brent ordered "thali" which means meal in Hindi, I think. It's like an all-you-can-eat sampler platter that is brought by waiters. He didn't know exactly what he was eating, but there was a vegetable dish, garbanzo bean dish, chapatis, roti, a sweet rice dish, buttermilk, curry sauce, and other soupy-saucy dishes. The waiters refilled his plate until he couldn't eat any more; he loved it and was glad he ordered the thali. We were one of the first people in the restaurant, but the place was filled when we left.



Thali

We read in the Lonely Planet book about the Prince of Wales museum, and decided to go. With the surge of nationalism, the name of the museum has changed to "Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj Vastu Sangrahalaya." We walked to the museum, past a place called "Oval Maidan" which means "oval field" where we saw kids playing cricket. We followed part of a Mumbai walking tour from the guidebook, and walked past a cinema (it shows one Bollywood movie at 12:30, only one b/c they last many hours) University of Mumbai, Churchgate train station, a clocktower, and the High Court, a beautiful Victorian building.

We had bought some bottled water on the way, but had to check the bottle before entering the museum. The Prince of Wales museum was impressive outside and in. The building itself looks like an old Victorian building



3 thousand year old art

with a dome on top. We bought tickets for entrance and for an audio tour, which was a great decision. The museum, like many buildings, was an elaborate mixture of influences from different parts of India and different

ages (something old, new, borrowed, and Hindu), built for the prince's visit back when.



art fair

Directly outside the museum was an art fair – one that Avi had mentioned the previous day. We wandered around



cricket in front of legal center

the fair for a while, which was a

mixture of vendors, charity booths selling crafts, and art exhibits. We bought a miniature engraved/ink on pieces of palm leaf and wandered back to our hotel.



Akanksha's shop

On the way back to our hotel, we stopped in a bakery called “Croissants” which was packed, but the food didn't look as good as in other bakeries, so I bought a small chocolate soccer ball. We walked a few more blocks and came to a

bakery/restaurant called “Gaylord” that Avi (and Lonely Planet) had recommended, so we stopped in to take a look. The “look” ended up being several pastries which we took back to the hotel.

Back at the hotel, we napped and blogged and ate our pastries. Very relaxing. I think that I would be content doing nothing else on a vacation.

Our hotel is almost across the street from a pizzeria, so we decided to try that for dinner. By the time we got there, the place was packed. We waited a while for a table, along with other hungry diners. Upstairs from the restaurant is a jazz club called “Not Just Jazz By the Bay”. We ordered onion rings and pizza – both were delicious. There were lots of other tourists/foreigners at the pizza place.



ice cream

After dinner, we decided to walk along Marine Drive (the street on the water) to get ice cream. We had seen a nearby ice cream place (during our tour with Avi) called “Natural” so we

went there. Brent ordered an ice cream called “chickoo” which we're told is a fruit that is indigenous to this region. We ate our ice creams and took pictures of the growth in Brent's eye.



don't drink the water

We walked back to our hotel, smelling the ocean breezes. Brent and I had remarked (during dinner?) that we hadn't been offered drugs once during the trip, even though we had read that drugs were prevalent in Mumbai, esp. in a tourist area called “Colaba”. As we neared our apartment, a man came up to us with a small packet of what looked like oregano and said “drugs? Drugs?” We ignored him and walked to our hotel. How exciting!

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