

# Yumbai

Mumbai, India - February 6, 2018

Naresh's Stomach:

Amy and Naresh are sleeping. Not me. I'm Naresh's Stomach and I'm not sleeping because I've got a lot of work to do digesting everything Naresh has been stuffing down his big chai-hole. As long as I can't sleep I may as well write about what I've been up to today. (I'm now nearly as big as Amy's whole body, so deserve to write almost as much as she does.)

I tried to sleep in late this morning. I'd been forced to eat 5/8 of a big cheese pizza last night, and so deserved my rest. But Hands had woken up early in a hot and itchy state, because they'd made the mistake of handling that jacket that was washed a few days ago in the detergent that Skin is very allergic to. So Hands got us up at 5 AM to swallow a benadryl and put us back to sleep.

So, like I was saying, I was trying to sleep late, but Amy was very eager to get a breakfast (she had only eaten 3/8 of the pizza, and no huge beer, so Amy's Stomach deserved a breakfast). So we all (Amy, Naresh, and I) went a short way down the street to the little bakery where we'd got some snacks the day before. I soon had the task of digesting half a donut, half a hot onion-filled pastry, and half a small slice of pizza, along with all of the coffee that both Brent and Amy ordered. This was at the front of a restaurant that was called Gaylord, and the waiter told Amy it was the same Gaylord that was in San Francisco (and Palo Alto, I think). Anyway, the food



Breakfast time

was terrific and it was a pleasure to receive it from Mouth & Esophagus.

Over the next couple of hours I got a lot of

help in digesting as Brent and Amy wandered for a few miles around the city, without a map. First they walked to the gigantic train station (Chhatrapati Shivaji Terminus/Victoria Station) where



How do we get across this street?

they'll be catching train tomorrow night. They did this to try to confirm that their internet-purchased tickets were valid, and to find out what their assigned seats will be. After asking at a couple of windows they learned that

they can't assignments until two hours before the train leaves. This made Amy peeved because she likes to be certain about such things (Amy's Stomach gets knots when she doesn't have seats confirmed) but she soon got over it and walked through some areas of market and busy streets. We looked at lots of this and that, but only bought a small set of clippers from a guy



Gaylord of Mumbai



Video  
Asia's largest  
train station

on the sidewalk because Nails have been getting kind of long, and getting dirt stuck under them, and that grosses me out.

After a while and several miles, we were all getting kind of hot and bothered, so we stopped into a small restaurant where Naresh dumped a cold orange soda into me and let Bladder empty itself in the nice clean toilet they kept there. Much refreshed we continued our wandering toward the beach (called Chowpatty or something like that). When it was time to rest again we sat at a bench for a while watching guys play some (cricket while Naresh and Amy clipped their nails.



cricket break

The next bright spot was a gelato shop, where Tongue got to taste a lot of different flavors, and I was able to receive a small cup of gelato and half of a pastry, cheesy, sandwichy thing.

Across from the gelato shop was the beach we'd been searching for for so long, and we all sat in the sand for a while to rest, Face got a little sunburned (even though Mumbai had record cold temps that day) but not me because I was covered the whole time. Guys were walking up and down the beach selling something they called "ice cream" from buckets, and I'm very glad that Naresh resisted the urge to buy someone because the cleanliness seemed a little questionable to me, and you know who always pays the price when unclean food is consumed.



amy on the beach

We all rode a bus (nope, not a double-decker) from the beach back to our hotel for what I thought would be some rest and relaxation, but it turned out that once again I wasn't allowed any rest because Amy had bought a giant chocolate-covered brownie at the gelato stand and she now brought it out. So I soon had more digestion work to do while the rest of Naresh rested.

After a rest break of a few hours it was time to do... Come one, guess what it was time to do... Right, it was time to eat again; so it was back to Gaylord's for the second time that day and lots and lots of food (lamb, a corn dish, rice, garlic naan, and of course another giant beer).



view in Gaylord during dinner

I was positively positive sure that that would be it for me for the day. How could Naresh give me anything else to do? But then there was one final weird incident where I'd be called to handle things once again. It went like this: We got back to the hotel and an elevator guy jumped into the elevator to bring us up. I really wanted Naresh to walk up instead of talking the elevator, but elevator guy was so eager to bring us all up. On the way elevator guy kept mentioning

that he wouldn't be working the next day, and wouldn't see us again, then dropped us off. Naresh's Brain wasn't understanding the clues that elevator guy was hinting that this was our last chance to give him a tip, but I understood perfectly and so initiated that butterfly feeling so that Brain would know there was something wrong and figure it out. But by then we were already back in the room. So Brain came up with the silly idea of going next door to the sweets shop to buy some sugary, oily, nutty Indian deserts simply as an excuse to leave the building so we'd have to come back and use the elevator again. The wacky scheme worked, and we all felt better about it, but then there we were with all these sweets.

Of course it's always Stomach who has to do the dirty work. So here I am, full on top of full, and I'm not getting any sleep like the rest of Naresh. Sigh. So I watch TV waiting to nod off, thinking about all I've got to do tonight... thinking about the beggars we pass in the street asking for a little something while I hurt from too much... It's a lot to digest.



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