Eric's Travel Diary

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Chapter 1

Day One Without TV



It's Aunt Matilda's fault. Because of her I won't be watching TV for FOUR WHOLE WEEKS. If only she hadn't come for the holidays. If only she'd stayed on the other side of the world, instead of getting Mum all excited about some place in the Himalayan mountains.

She reckoned our lives would change forever if we went trekking in Nepal. (She does go on!) But the thing is, I HATE walking anywhere.

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"PLEASE don't make me go, Mum," I said. (I got down on my knees and begged.) "I'll stay with Pete," I said. "His mum and dad won't mind."

But I could tell that the worst had happened. Her mind was made up...

So here we are in the plane, on our way.

It hasn't been too bad — yet. I'd seen the movie before, but it was a good one, and lunch was chicken. And I've had LOTS of lemonade.



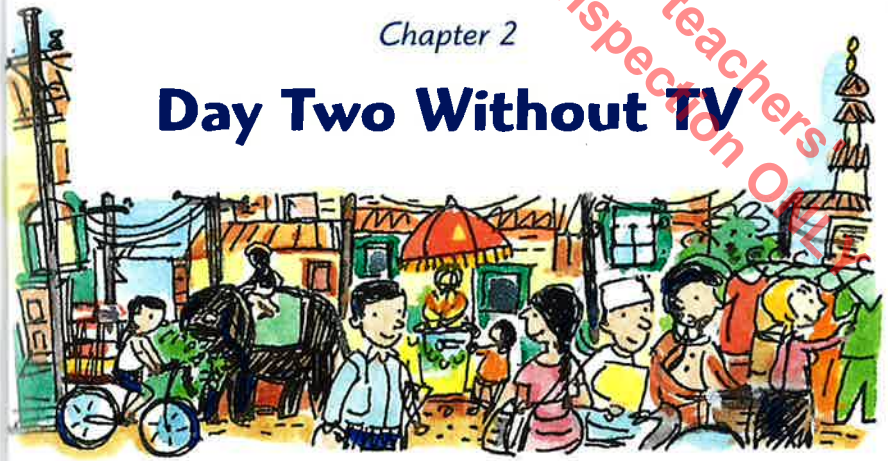
We're sitting on the right side of the plane so we'll see Mt Everest just before we land in Kathmandu. Kathmandu is the capital of Nepal. (In case you didn't know, it's pronounced Cat-man-doo.)

Here come the mountains now. WOW!

(I'll write some more tomorrow. We're about to land.)



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Chapter 2

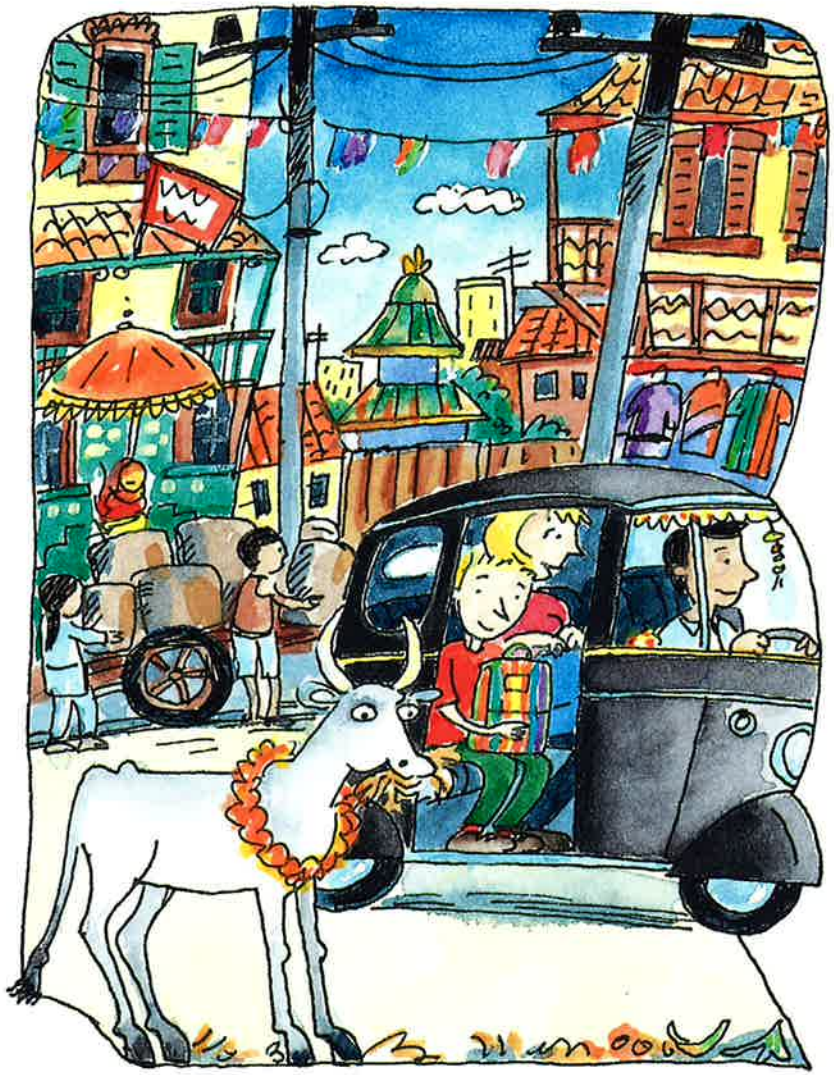
Day Two Without TV

Kathmandu does have TV, and the best hotels have videos, but our lodge is one of the cheap ones, so we're going without. (Mum wants to save money, worse luck!)

We're staying in Freak Street. That's not its real name, but the tourists call it that. (Mum says tourists are the real freaks.)

Kathmandu is the most amazing city. The buildings are ancient and the streets are very narrow. There are lots of temples and on some corners there are stone statues of Hindu gods. There are cars, but most people ride bikes. Cows walk around the streets, too.

Today we rode in a 'tempo' — it's like a toy taxi with three wheels — and I bought a Nepali daypack to put my stuff in. It's very colourful.



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Chapter 3

Day Three Without TV



We got up very early to catch a bus to Pokhara (Pok-a-rah), where we are to begin our trek. Aunt Matilda said the mail bus was worth catching, but only once. Boy, was it crowded!

We had seats, but some people were standing for the whole eight hours. There were people carrying chickens in cages and two men rode on the roof with the bags.

It was uncomfortable, but the view out the window was fantastic.