



**From the
life of Isa Moore**

CAROL

The first time I noticed carol, was when she showed up at the end of a spiritual meeting. She was dressed in semi-sheer deep green tights, a short purple skirt, and a curt purple jacket with a green blouse under it, I think her shoes were a combo of the same tones of purple and green. Nothing had the look of, “ I just bought this. ” “ It looked more like she was an expert thrift shop connoisseur. It was either that, or she’d been wearing the same clothes for

**about 13 years
and they still looked good.**

**She was congenial with a symmetrical aura around her.
Most of the people in these particular meetings had gaps in
their auras,
They were all in various stages of recovery from packing three
lifetimes of Karma Yoga in to one. Some what like packing ten
lbs. of dudu
in a five pound bag.**

**There was a levity that went with her countenance. I later
learned that
she had recently been absolved of all guilt by her therapist.**

**In the ensuing months I would also learn she was around
forty,
with one a teenager, and one about to be. An estranged
husband, large
dog, medium cat, and a garage full of rather well executed oil-
paintings of houses with nice country yards. Something was
missing
in the paintings, Oh! Yes ! People. There wasn't any people in
any of her paintings.**

**She was on the prowl, in search of her next great love. I
assured her,
One was on his way. And speak of the devil, here was a
handsome young
Argentine I had met at last weeks meeting.“ Carol this is
Marcelo. ▪ “**

**There was an instant connection. She has already told me
that she
was inclined to go for men with that Moroccan look. I sensed
that this was more than seeking out the type. He was it,
the one she was searching for. In private I cautioned her.**

“ Carol this can be a good thing and possibly a bad thing. “ ▪

“ why Is that Jeremiah ? “

“ ▪ In one of your incarnations

**You were brother and sister together in India, poorest of
the poor**

and you died in that situation. He might tend to remind you of

It all. But if you have no karma, left over from that era, there'll be no aftermath. However if you are effected, then it's time to deal With it. ▀ “

Needless to say they got very involved. It lasted around eight months.

Then their unfinished Karma had played it self out.

** Guilt is fear of*

punishment Nothing more.

On numerous occasions Carol was informed by me that I had the ability to declare things and they would manifest. And had even

demonstrated it in some small ways, such as changing the weather.

To me it seemed a small thing, cause there was always the possibility that I was just Perceiving the changes, (which were contrary to the weather man's forecasts) and not causing them by declaring them into universal consciousness.

My teacher was assuring me that I was in fact, doing just that.

Flash Back

Teacher : “ You are doing, and your word is manifesting.

Doing for you is, Project: Perceive: Release. “

“ Wait a minute ! What does that mean ? “

“ It means when you want something to happen,
You make a mental picture of it. You see the picture in your minds eye, Then you release it. “

“ Oh, I see ! Or I think I do. If I’m still thinking about it, It’s a work in progress. So I have to instantly, stop thinking about it. How exactly do I do that ? “

“ Through non-attachment “

“ But if I’m thinking about it to begin with, Isn’t that a form of attachment ? “

“ It doesn’t have to be, If you stop thinking about it. “

So Carol knew that I had this rapport with Universal Consciousness.

On occasion I would declare things for her. And they would manifest

within days and sometimes within hours. As time marched on with her new romance the unfinished Karma between her and Marcelo came into play. Actually the Karma was finished and

Carol didn’t want it to be. That was the problem.

Marcelo hadn’t let go either. He enjoyed Carols continued attraction to him, in spite of herself. It fed his *Ego.

He knew that just by showing up at mutual meeting places, and flirting with other women in the room, would drive her to tears.

having paid

***Ego is resentment of
the Karma.**

She didn’t want him, cause there Karma was over. But she didn’t want anyone else to have him. At least not in front of her.

He impishly played with the situation. It kind of angered me, his enjoyment of taunting her. But it was her Karma not mine.

I didn't have any Karma.

Flash Back

**Teacher : “ You have no Karma. You only have
resentment of having had the Karma. “**

Me : “ What does that mean ? “

**“ This life for you has been a review,
up to this point. “**

“ A review. “

“ Yes. “

**“ You mean I've done all of this life up to this
point before ? “**

“ In a way, Yes. “

**“ So I've done all this Karma already. Then
I don't have any Karma ! If that's so.
Then why is my life such a hassle ? “
Have I been making new Karma ? “**

**“ No that's not it. You're resenting
that Karma. “**

**“ Ok, Resentment means to re-send or relive.
So my hatred, of what ever I had to
go through, is keeping it foremost in my
mind. And my ability to manifest, is
“ is manifesting it in my immediate
future. If this is true. I'm screwed!
“ Wait a minute! Isn't that like
new old Karma ? “**

**“ No, It’s old resentment of Karma.
you have to stop resenting it.
There’s a cycle to the resentment, When you
discover the cycle, you’ll be nearly over it**

Back to Carol

I guess my rescuer button was pushed. I was looking around for a replacement for Marcelo. Carol found one herself, and I thought she was going to be happy. She had good energy. She deserved to be happy. Because when she was, She shared it with everyone.

I decided to take a trip to India to seek out a place at the foot of the Himalayas, where my teacher was reputed to have spent many summers, and even some winters. The spot was mentioned in three books I had read about him. It was called Badrinith, This place was round 15 miles from the Tibetan Red Chinese border. The last book I had read about him had pictures of a village with a small shrine temple, And folk tales about my teachers possible origin. It also claimed that he still lived there at a place very close to the border, with two tiny lakes, one cave and a waterfall. There was one part of the story that didn’t ring true for me. He was supposed to have a sister that laid flowers at his feet every morning. There was an illustration of this. No photos But then again, When you take a picture of this guy, all you get is exposed film, Or what ever the scenery is currently behind him. The bit with the sister didn’t sound like my teacher. Then again he was rather unpredictable. Could be true. It just didn’t feel like it. Anyway I decided to go see this place.

And if it was loaded with spiritual energy, I was ready to get affected by it. In an unguarded moment I mentioned it to Carol, and she promptly said : “ Can I come ? “

My mind raced through the process that it always adhered to when confronted with a dangerous question, The Mark 4 Mental Analyzing process : “ I’ve always traveled alone, And made friends where ever I went. But the last three places I traveled

I was on a mission, at the direction of my teacher. He had told me that what I was to see was : “ For your eyes only. “

But this is a pilgrimage of my own choosing, a quest-full pleasure trip. If the guy in the cave by the lakes turned out to be him, and I got to see him, great.

If not, I was sure I’d discover some fun *Power Spots.

I had already unexpectedly seen the teacher in my first trip to the middle east. And when I go to see him, if it is him. I could leave

her at a nice safe place. Or who knows. Maybe I’m taking this trip for her benefit. Maybe he wants to see her. It doesn’t have to

always be about me. Screw that! If it’s all about her, let her take her own trip. Oh! what am I thinking ? If it’s about her.

She’ll take off towards her goal, and I can go make friends in the village. “

Answering : “ Sure, But I might want to go my own way when we get there. “

*** Power Spot = ground**

permeated with energy,

as a result of numerous meditations

performed on that spot.

. . . . Carol was ecstatic. She ran around telling anyone who would listen, about

what a great time she was going to have traveling in India with her spiritual consultant. As soon as I was informed of all the fun we were going to have from every one I met at the local coffee house, I began to woe the day I said yes to this. My method of travel was to find some place to stay initially, Then kind of feel for the place I was going next.

And I would always end up in some of the neatest places with the nicest people, And some of the most magnificent experiences.

I enjoy other cultures, It's fun learning what other people do to entertain them selves, and search for spiritual meanings to life, through their rituals. I immerse myself in doing things their way, as best as I can comprehend it. Carol had come from that way of thinking when she was a youth in the hippy era.

She'd told me about having booked passage on an oil tanker for a pittance at age seventeen? Or so. The tanker was going to Morocco.

Her description of it was:

“ there was great hash. And I loved seeing all those men walking around in dresses. From there she went to Spain and stayed there for around two yrs. With a background like this, I figured she had experience with just letting it happen with out over management. But that was twenty five years previous. When she was around twenty she married a young actor who did reasonably well in the movie business.

He got lots of third and fourth lead roles. So she got to travel with “ ▪ The Production. on Location. And naturally they had the best hotels, excellent catering.

Etc. Etc. And along with this went the illusion that they were really experiencing the place they were

visiting.

On movie locations no one is encouraged to get very far from the set when the day is over. Missing crew members or actors when it's time to go to work is bad news. Everybody is needed. Nothing gets done if some one vital is missing.

So they tend to be one big happy family till the production is over. This creates an insulated illusionary existence. No matter where you're at you don't get to venture very far from the *illusion* you're being paid to create. Carol had lived under the auspices of this community for two decades.

So when I said : “ you can come. ” She went out and advertised our pending trip, as if she was drumming up interest in a new production. Meanwhile Keith the T-shirt silk screen genius says to me: “ Why does she get to go? You know I'd kind of like to go too. But first I have to make some money. “

I said: “ ▪ Ok I'll wave my hand for lots of jobs to come in for you, so you'll have the money to go. Your going to be up to your ass in work till then, So when we're ready to go, the recommended donation for the hand wave is two hundred. Agreed? “ Sure, you manifest the work, and I'll give you the two hundred before we leave. “
“ Good.”

I was kind of looking forward to Keith coming along he might balance out Carols occasional moodiness. She could zone out sometimes. Maybe I could leave Keith to baby sit her while I went exploring, and cavorting with the natives. They both were very addicted to cigarettes. So I thought they might enjoy each others company. “ ▪ We'll see. That's a couple of months away. I reflected back to what had happened between her and Marcello in the months previous.

Carol had a boy friend for much of this time, who looked real good. I thought she was pretty happy. She had seemingly gotten over Marcelo's occasional appearance on the scene.

Then one day around dusk, we were sitting in her kitchen watching the reflection of the deep gold sunset reflected off the foliage of the back yard through a large window, drinking some very good coffee. It was comfortable and easy to sustain a state of lower (samati)

She looked over at me and said : “ ▪ I want Marcelo back.”

To me it was as if she'd said :“ ▪ I want to have another miscarriage. ”

“ you want me to wave my hand for this ? “

“ ▪ Yes. ”

I thought it over and decided if I told her an unreasonable amount she might change her mind.

“ Ok, five hundred dollars is my recommended donation for this.”

I'd done the weather, on various occasions for a tenth of that, cause I still couldn't completely believe that this was really happening. I would prove it to myself with each undeniable success.

She waved her hand in a little motion with a playful smile.

I'm not kidding, If I manifest this and you don't Pay me, our association will be at it's end! “

She smiled and gave her hand a mini wave again.

“ ▪ Ok, but you've got to pay me! As soon as it happens. ▪ “

“ I want him in my bed.”

“ ▪ Ok, so be it! “

I waved my hand sending her desire off into universal consciousness. As I was doing it I was thinking : “ If this doesn’t work it’s going solve two problems for me.

1. She won’t get Marcelo back and he won’t thrash her.

2. I can quit believing in this stuff, go back to work, and live happily ever after. A day later she handed me two hundred dollars and said: “ ▪ I’ll have the other three hundred for you tomorrow. He called and was in my bed in less than twenty four hours.”

I thought: “ Oh shit ! “

A week went by. I was right, he had a wonderful time thrashing her. She was miserable, and complained about it to me at every opportunity. I thought :

“ ▪ Now what do I do?

I was discussing the dilemma with Tim, a gifted psychic, who could turn into a trans channeler, when in my presence.

“ ▪ I know, I can just wave my hand and declare him out of her life. ” Tim started shaking like a volcano about to erupt. This meant some one powerful was on there way into Tim’s body. When this would happen Tim would vacate the vessel. I could see by the fiendish grin and the raspy voice. It was Ri Baba. He said : “ ▪ you don’t get it.. . . . Now she has to give you five hundred to get rid of him. ”

I burst out laughing. It made perfect metaphysical sense.

She had broken down her resistance to it happening by giving me five hundred units of energy. Or five hundred units of willingness, to have it happen. I just sent it off

to universal consciousness, and the infinite correlating powers of the universe manifested it.

Now to get it un-manifested it would require equal willingness. Equal energy.

But I dreaded telling Carol that.

Tim started shaking again, with his eyes rolling back and turning white. This could mean only one thing. The teacher was coming in.

He said: “ ▪ Hello Isa. “ There was an iridescence in; through; and about; that body now. I smiled and said “ ▪ Hi. “

“ You know things manifest more quickly when they’re Karmicly correct. “

I looked at him like “ ▪ Dua? “ “ ▪ What I want you to do now, when you declare things for people, is to say :

There’s an infinite number of possibilities. One of them is Karmicly correct.

Which one do you think it is ? “

“ Ok, let me write that down, cause when we talk, sometimes my circuits fry and I can’t remember my own name after you leave. “

He just nodded for me to go ahead.

As I wrote : “ Ok, There’s an infinite number of possibilities.

Teacher : “One of them is Karmackly correct.

Writing : “ One of them Is Karmackly correct. “

Teacher : “ Which one, do you think it is ? “

Writing : “ ▪ Which one do You ! Meaning Them ! Think it is ? “

Teacher : “ Correct. “

The teacher left and Tim was fried. It was time to go home.

The next day at one of the spiritual meetings I encountered Bill, an ex army ranger. He was extremely well trained, but was blessed and cursed with no warrior Karma. On a parachute jump, and landing his leg broke in several pieces, pretty much ending his army career. He would never get to do what he was trained for, and was forever hanging around with people who had done the job he was trained for.

Resultantly he was very impressed with the Vietnam veteran he was about to introduce me to. Jeff, Jeff shook my hand then cocked his head to a thirty degree angle and squinted with a look that

said : “ ▪ Is that you? ” A scene flashed in my minds eye. Here was the same man up to his breastplate in swampy water surrounded by jungle with 15 other men most of which were wearing helmets de el Conquistadores.

A slightly different look was on his face, It said: do you have any Idea what your doing? At that time he was looking up. Cause I had already reached the embankment.

I said: “ ▪ I’m hep to where you know me from.” We three went to lunch. It was there, after Bill had left, that I told Jeff of the scene that had flashed into my minds eye. He remembered it.

He said : “ ▪ I got out of the Army a few months ago and now I’m having a hell of a time getting a job.”

“ ▪ Find a mundane nothing job, close to home that you don’t have to go

very far to get to. Something that you wouldn't hesitate to quit. But don't mentally quit it every day. Just do it to fill the day. As soon as the macrocosm feels you working it will send you job offers galore." He said he'd try the method. But you know what? The only job I've been offered is the Army. They want me back. "▪ Well I know the service isn't the same as when I was in. If you wanted to get out. Could you get out without having to wait till a three year hitch is up? "▪ No I can get out any time I want. There's people begging to get in. It's like a regular job these days. They want qualified people." "and you're a specialist, with lots of experience. So they especially want you." "That's right. " "And you can get out just about any time you want? " "Not during the middle of an operation. But any time before or after." "No problema, take the job but ask for a higher rank. " "They'd already offering that." "Sounds like they want you bad enough to treat you right."

In the next couple of weeks when Carol complained about how Marcelo, this and Marcelo that. I said: " Give me five dollars. " She'd give me five bucks and keep on talking. I knew she wouldn't ask me why . So I requested a five every fifteen minutes.

"▪ Why am I giving you five dollars every few minutes? " "▪ Cause eventually it will add up to five hundred. that's how much it will cost to get rid of Marcello now. I've got fifteen dollars.

**85 more fives
and you're home free. " She got pissed and left.**

**She called me in a week or so. And I re-explained the
principle.**

**And that every time we went out to coffee she would have to
give me
five bucks. The only way to get rid of Marcelo now, was to
equal the energy that attracted him .**

**I stopped counting when we got over a hundred and a half.
It was around that time Carol sold two paintings, one small
one large, to the principal owner of Spruzzos Restaurant
for a total of one thousand dollars. He paid five hundred in
cash,
the remainder with an open line of credit for food services up
to five hundred dollars. Carol added my name to the access of
the
credit line. So when ever I went there for coffee or a snack. I
just
signed for it.
It was right in that same period I'd met Jeff.**

**A week later I arrived late at an afternoon spiritual
meeting, At this particular one, people were sharing their
opinions about
the chosen subject. Not all opinions were harmonious. But they
were usually expressed congenially.**

**As I looked in the door, the meeting was ending. Carol filed
out with the others.**

She has a scowl on her face. I walked up to her and said:

" ▪ You look miffed, What's the problem? "

**" ▪ It's That guy over there, He really pisses me off . He's
soo....."**

The guy was Jeff.

I said: " ▪ Let's go to coffee and we can talk about it. "

" ▪ Ok see you at Spruzzos. " ▪

I brought Jeff with me without telling him about Carol. I asked

him to sit with us.
And immediately said to Carol : I want you to tell him
everything that irks
you about him. I knew she would feel perfectly safe to say
what ever
was bothering her with me sitting there. And I knew Jeff
wouldn't be the
least bit threatened by her. He was amused. She started
asking why do you say
this? And why do you say that? He just explained where he
was coming
from. As soon as I heard " Oh I thought you meant. " And
watched there heads
move closer together. I got up and left. They didn't even
notice.

Another couple of weeks went by, Debarkation time
was drawing near,
Carol and Jeff were most defiantly having more than a fling.
Even her kids,
had genuine respect for the man. It was nice to be around
either one of them.
But it was even better to be around both of them. When
they're together,
synergy takes place. Jeff was going on a training course of
some kind in Hawaii,
In that same time line Carol, I, and Keith were going to India.
Marcelo was
out of the picture. He had been eclipsed. I didn't think he had
any attachment
to the situation. He so easily made the acquaintances of a
wide range of women.

I was under the impression that to him one was as good as
another. Kind of like. " This is my playmate now."

Marcello had completed thirty five of the thirty six
spiritual paths in the
Kabala. He was on the thirty sixth path. And appeared to

have a certain
Lightness of being. So It seemed strange but natural, when he
showed up
in my dream: I was walking to the market, a half a mile from
home.

I turned the corner, and there was Marcello wearing a colored
striped shirt,
light blue trousers and brown loafers. “ You know Isa, You had
no right
to come between me and Carol, You should have just let us
work it out
ourselves.”

“ You were done with each other ”..... The dream ended.

I woke up took a shower, got dressed, and headed down
the street

towards the supermarket as I rounded the corner there was
Marcello wearing a
colored striped shirt, light blue trousers and brown loafers.

With out hesitation

he continued the conversation: “ You still shouldn’t have
interfered.”

“ ▪ I interfered! When I introduced you to her. Your Karma with
her is over.

There’s better things down the road for you. Move on to them.
“

I said the last line as I stepped off towards the market and
didn’t look back.

Then I thought Hmm..... “ ▪ I’ve never done that
before.” ▪

I’d talked to several people in their dreams. I didn’t
remember doing
so and some of the dreams were in a time-line when I was not
asleep. But

the folks that had the dreams described them as instructional.
I’d show

up and tell them to get on with it and do something that they
were

procrastinating about. Usually something that they had told me they

wanted to do. But were afraid of doing. Fear of failure.

They'd say things

like: " You came to me in a dream and said " :

" Your permitted more than one failure when you try to do this. " Almost all things that are great

accomplishments are preceded by numerous failures."

For some reason when you tell someone something in a dream they're way more willing to do it the next day.

The day had arrived. India was calling.

I don't remember where we rendezvoused, But I do remember when we

got to the airport at LAX. Thinking : " I wish they had a Starbucks here. "

When traveling I just about always would have a drawing pad with me.

I still like to sit in the terminal with a good cop of coffee and sketch people

walking by while waiting for my flight to be ready.

Keith interrupted my thought with: " Boy next time I want money, I'm just gunna go on a trip. As soon as I made the reservation, all kinds of work came in' "

I said : " " Don't you discount me! Give me my two hundred."

" " Maybe I can give it to you when we get to India. " "

" Nooooo give it to me now. " " He reciprocated. And I went in search of a good cup of coffee.

Soon we were on the plane. I hated our seats.

I like the end seat where you can sneak your foot out in the aisle and

feel that much less like a sardine. We were packed one third of the way into

the middle row which had around nine or ten seats.

I felt like I was sitting in a badly kept small movie where every fifth person had

two or three kids with them one of which was always an infant. And cabin pressure plays hell with the ears of infants. By the time the cabin pressure began building and the plane took flight there was lots of crying and complaining. The babies were crying and Carol was complaining.

“ I’ll never buy plane tickets from your friends travel agency again. ”

I thought : “ She’s right! I’ll never buy from him again either. ”

I said : ” Your right. He could have at least gotten us aisle seats. ”

We landed in Singapore in the morning, hunted up a hotel, got a couple of rooms, Went down to the restaurant attached to the hotel, had brunch. Then we split up to go look the island over. There really wasn’t a hell of a lot to see. Keith stayed in the town and looked through the markets. His idea of a vacation was, find something to buy that is cheap and not plentiful in the States, Then buy a few to not give, but sell to friends, well friendly customers. He enjoyed studying the styles and seeing if there was anything he could reproduce, or even import some of their shirts if the price was right. He did some masterful silk screen work back home in the San Fernando Valley. But he was not entirely married to the idea of being the great craftsman. Making a profit was always primary.

So off in search of the beach was Carol and My mission. We went out on the avenue and looked around. She looked moderately alarmed when I asked directions from some rather tough looking teenagers who didn’t look friendly. They gave me directions.

They said get on the bus, it will take you to the municipal buildings and the beach.

When the light changes and they crossed the street, I explained to Carol :

“ This is a Islamic country. They don’t indulge juvenile violence.

The laws in these places are harsh, so people tend to behave. And tourism

is one of their main sources of income. *It’s probably safer here than almost

anywhere in L. A.” We caught the bus. There was standing room. Carol asked someone about the beach. And was told that the water was kind of murky.

As we rode this bus past the municipal buildings in full view of the beach facing them, I became aware

that this island was very flat, small and at present quite hot, around a hundred Degrees. Oh! I forgot humid. The

municipal buildings looked like they

were doing there best to look British. If I remember correctly the bus was

supposed to loop back through the city after nearing

the seat of government on a hill over looking aqua blue cloudy water.

Carol looked unimpressed, And I was grateful to see that look

on her face.

“ What do you say we stay on the bus, then get off at the first expensive looking hotel we see, and get a cappuccino ? ”

Carol : “ With air-conditioning. “

“ ▪ Right. “

** It was very safe then.
I don't know how safe it is*

now.

Carol spotted a fancy looking coffee house that turned out to have air-conditioning, bad cappuccino, good pastry and some British folks for Carol to chat with. I thought: “ This snack is way over priced for quality this bad.” The place we were in could easily have been transported to a yuppie town in The San Fernando Valley, And no one would know the difference. It made me itch to get to India. Then I went in to use the bathroom. It was similar to most restrooms in Beverly Hills, Punctiliously tiled; nice basin fixtures; clean and tidy. Then I opened the well made stall door and looked in to see a well kept stall with a hole in the floor in the shape of a large key hole. This was the shape of latrines in Egypt and Saudi Arabia. It was familiar to me. I thought: Hmm... “ - I wonder if the johns in India are the same as the ones in Arabia? It’s going to be fun to see Carol and Keith’s reaction to this!

When I exited the restroom I thought: “ The place has good facilities and air-conditioning ” I took my seat at the counter and I almost got comfortable.

It was time to either buy another bad cup of coffee, or jump the next bus back to our hotel. We ran for the bus.

We three met up at the hotel, cleaned up and went searching for a place to have supper. A block and a half away we found a large ally with

a bunch of fast food stands with kitchens in them kind of like you'd find in a shopping mall. Except they weren't all trimmed in plastic and Formica, They were made from wood and they looked like they had been there for a long time. None of the food smelled or looked like it had ever been packaged. The patrons looked to be all local Singapore natives. Behind every stand there was someone that looked like someone's mother. And maybe a couple of fathers. There were cheap chairs of all kinds and make shift tables scattered throughout both sides of the alley. You could choose any of them to sit and dine.

I sampled something from six different stands. The mamas cooking was better. But all of it was good, and Eastern. It was now feeling a little more like I was in the Orient again. Carol and Keith seemed to be having a good time. The people in this ally were warm and friendly. The next day we would be on the plan to India.

We arrived in India in an airport about fifteen miles out side of Delhi, Then found a taxi with the appearance of a large motor driven tricycle with a car seat on the back and a baby-carriage hood over it to keep the rain out. There was no rain. I did most of the interviewing of the driver. Both Carol and Keith were spooked by the place and circumstances in which they found themselves It was very dark outside. We couldn't clearly see the faces of the people we were negotiating the ride with. I pretty well trust my

ability to tap in to
some one, and know if they're basically honest. By initial
appearance,
these two guys looked a little scary. But after talking with
them for a couple of
minutes, I was pretty sure they were just a couple of guys
trying to make
a living. I was ready for what ever was coming if it turned out
to be
otherwise. We got into the cab. One quick look at Keith, and I
knew that he was
ready for the advent of anything. He literally was on the edge
of his seat
bracing to spring into action. I kept the driver engaged in
conversation about the city. It was a ten minute ride through a
very dark countryside.
Then the lights of the city started to come into view. Dim as
they were,
there were lights. It was just before that I was beginning to
kind of like the
guy I was talking to. He was displaying a child like honesty in
his
answering of the questions I was asking him. I was thinking: "
If these guys are robbers, they're very likeable ones.
They brought us to a reasonably priced small Hotel in New
Delhi. We got
three rooms and went down to the street to have our first
meal.
In a Delhi neighborhood restaurant. The food was good. But I
ruined
the taste of it by asking for a cup of coffee. There was no
Starbucks then.
In this part of India something that was to try to pass for
coffee was
not made with coffee beans. It was made with some other kind
of
bean. It should never've been made at all. I forget what they

called this stuff, And what bean it was made from. But contempt prior to investigation leaves one in everlasting ignorance. So I had a cop of it. The young waiter was so sure that it would be well received. He seemed proud of it. I just couldn't hurt his feelings.

I drank the whole cup. Carol took one sip, and abandoned any thought of a second one.

We were tired, and all went right up to bed after supper.

The next morning I woke up with the taste of that coffee substitute in my mouth. For a moment I didn't know where the hell I was. I looked at the medium blue colored walls of the 11 by 15 ft. room. " Oh, I'm hep to why this is happening. I was just dreaming about something that took place in Malibu last week, So I expected to wake up in my room at home.. Ok, I know where I am. "

Keith and Carol were waking up at just about the same time. We met in the hall for a couple of moments, and agreed to be in the lobby in a half hour.

Just as the last of the party of three made his appearance in the lobby, That would be me. The cabdriver from the previous night showed up at the front door of the little hotel. He said he could change money for us. I said that's not as easy as it sounds. Can you change travelers checks? He looked dubious at this thought, and left. Not long after, the Hotel owner said he could change travelers checks.

Carol and Keith changed around a hundred fifty bucks or so each.

I changed three hundred. The rate of exchange was thirty rupees to the dollar.

Keith said: " You shouldn't carry that much cash around you could get mugged.

"I'll be just fine. I'm from the big city, remember?

Then In walks this fellow dressed in khakis wearing

a khaki colored beret, He had a baton in his hand that was about the with of a broom handle. The man was fiftyish slim, with a small mustache and a look on his face like he was scanning the room for evil. Apparently he was the local cop. His partner, a man around twenty years his junior waited on the front steps of the little hotel.

Every one in the lobby, around eight people, stood very still. At this point I was thinking: “ Is it like a major crime to not, go to the bank to change money in this country? And am I the biggest offender cause I’ve just changed the most money? I don’t think I want to be in jail in India. Actually I don’t want to be in jail anywhere. This does not look good “

I sensed the owner was a little worried. But when he noticed that Carol, Keith and I were not about to say one word. He sat comfortably behind his desk and waited. Finally the cop walked over to, and started talking at, the proprietor shooting questions with his continued scowl. It was all in Hindi.

I think he was admonishing him for not letting the cab driver change the money. The cab driver may have been the son of the cop. The hotel guy wasn’t rattled, he probably said “ Don’t worry I’ll give him his share of surcharge.” thereupon the cop said a couple of more words to him. then looked around and left.

This is how I figured it: They all knew each other. When a cab driver brings you to a hotel, It’s probably his uncles. And if the real rate of exchange for rupees is 35 to the dollar, the bank will charge as much as five rupees per dollar. So I get 30 rupees on the dollar. If I change \$100 American the bank makes 500 rupees. But the guy

on the street was willing to trade 32 or 33 or even 34 rupees for an American dollar. He had a source for trading those dollars.

So if he only got a hundred rupees for 7 minutes work. A hundred rupees, was a hundred rupees. It was enough to buy a hundred pounds of rice.

There's another way of calculating this. At that time the price of rupees was fluctuating from 28 to 40 rupees for a dollar. It would go up or down every day. So if a guy had dollars and waited a few days till the rate shot up to near 40 rupees for a dollar he'd make even more money. I think the guy that they were going around the corner and giving the money to was doing that.

We went to the restaurant across the street from the hotel to see

what they could do with breakfast. I ordered tea.

I thought: ▪ " We're in India, the British drank tea here all the time. I'll bet it's really good. ▪ It was average.

Meanwhile Carol and Keith broke out the maps. And started charting a

course that involved railroads. Here I was thinking they would ask me where I was going and if they could come along.

" ▪ Hmm.....

Must be my ego. Well I'd better ask what they'd planning, If I'm invited, And it is in the general direction of Badrinith, Then I'll

save some money by traveling with them. ▪ "

In the third world countries that I've visited more often than not, you're spending money on cabs to go between bus and train stations.

That's where the real expense is incurred. You split it three

ways
and you've got money to tithe to the less financially endowed
along the way.

I said : ▪ “ ▪ What are you planning? ”

Carol : “ There's a Tibetan monastery in Musoorie. “

Now it made a little sense, There was rhyme and reason to
her coming

to India. Carol had often told me that she knew she'd had
a life as a Tibetan monk. I had sensed two of her previous
lives,

one with her former husband and the one with Marcelo.

I hadn't seen any pictures in my mind when she mentioned
this life.

My thinking was that she probably had no Karma left from it.

But she did have resentment of it. Positive resentment.

Interesting thing about positive resentment. Negative
resentments
tend to be the next link on the chain. Then back to positive.
Etc. etc.

I looked at the map and said: “ Where Is Badrinith on
there?

Keith: “ It's about the same distance north as Musoorie. But
it's way over

here on the right, or the East near China. Carol gave him a
stern look

and said : “ ▪ Tibet ”

“ Ok where's the point where we're parting company.
Cause I'm going to
Badrinith. ”

Keith : “ Why don't you go to Musoorie with us and then
we'll

go to Badrinith with you ? ▪ “

**I thought : Hmm.... The train ride could be a lot of fun with them along.
I know that Keith is in good shape. So is Carol for that matter. But I'm not sure how much inconvenience she'll be willing to put up with. I'm fairly sure he can take some punishment with out
bitching about it too much. ▪ But once we got on those busses loaded with
people. I wasn't sure Carol wouldn't turn critical. “ ▪ Well if it evolves to
that level of dismay, I'll wait it out till there's a safe place to drop her off, and start the run to Badrinith. With or with out Keith.**

“ ▪ OO.....Kaaaa?.... A train ride might be lots of fun. ”

**Keith and Carol had their heads together figuring where the train station was and how we were going to get there. “ ▪ They seem to be having an interesting time working these things out. And were constantly asking each other.
For cigarettes. Carol would run out of smokes and bum a butt from Keith
Then while Keith was studying the map Carol would go to the counter and buy a pack, bring it back to the table and now Keith was out of smokes, so he would mooch 3 or 4 cigarettes from Carol.**

**Around the fourth butt requested Carol said:
Why don't you go over and buy a pack? “ As she handed him the 4th One.**

So Keith gets up, ambles over to the counter and buys another deck of coffin nails, walks back sits down next to her and they agree on how we're going to get to Rishkesh, The closest train stop to Mussoorie.

They looked up at me and said: We have to leave on a bus from Old Delhi to get to town with the closest train station. ”

My first thought was : “ Why didn’t they ask me what I thought about the route they had chosen ?” ▪ I decided to simply let them plan out the moves, and if they ran into a dilemma of some kind, I would just make friends with some one who knew what we needed and they would show me where it was.

I thought : “ ▪ Hmm... This sounds like fun! We were In New Delhi, which didn’t look that new. So Old Delhi’s probably really old! I love seeing very old

places. ” When I had stayed in Old Medina an ancient town In Saudi Arabia

This ancient desert outpost had many old buildings. I had lots of vivid visions while standing in front of them. I had also almost completed the eight days of prayers at the Prophets Mosque, Where he’s entombed. I got too sick to make it through the seventh day. “ ▪ But that’s another story. ▪ “

I asked the restaurant man at the register : “ ▪ How far is it to Old Delhi? “

▪ “ ▪ Oh It’s only a few miles, You can take a cab. ▪ “

Normally if I was alone I’d ask the owner where the local movie was.

In a big or small city, If you can get some one to tell you what there favorite movie is you’ve got a general idea what the rest of their likes

are. And not long after, he’ll want to know where you live in that fascinating

phenomenon called America. Everyone is curious about the place. But if you’re

not interested in him and his people their place and their lives.
He thinks
your just arrogant and rude. I'm always interested cause
almost everyone
that I got to know a little, had something absolutely
astonishing about them,
or they could show me something or some one extraordinary.
And it gave them great pleasure to turn me on to it.
Keith : " ▪ We need a train schedule. ▪ " The local cab driver
said : " ▪ why not take the bus ? "

I said : " Let's go to The Bus station and get a bus schedule.
This way we can check out Old Delhi too ! "

Carol nodded a conservative approval. And we were soon
getting into that
tricycle looking thing again. Next was one of the most
phenomenal sights
I had ever seen. The rush hour was just beginning. We came to
a five way busy intersection. The light changed and the race
was on. It was better
than the climax in " ▪ Ben Hur ▪ "
To our left front, there was a twenty five by eleven foot wagon
with two horses swinging around the corner heading in our
general direction at a gallop. Practically beside him was an
eighteen wheeler gas truck rounding the same corner also
headed in our general direction. In my peripheral vision to the
exact left I saw more cabs like ours; vans; bicycles; several
medium size trucks; and a
couple of small wagons with burros pulling them.
In front of us was a street with lots of cars and hundreds of
bikes with a
men on the front peddling and a women sitting side-saddle on
the
back. On the two adjacent streets were more of the same,
including another
huge gas truck. We all met in the middle and stopped

simultaneously
without crashing. Just prior to this I looked at the expression
on Keith's face. I had never seen him with his mouth wide open
like that
in absolute astonishment almost to the point of horror!
Then everyone began beeping their horns and telling the
other guy to
get out of the way. Finally the jam began to clear and we
headed
down one of the streets. At this point I got a closer look at the
guys with their wife on the back of their bicyclers. It was only
around
nine AM and it was already kind of hot. The women all had a
lot
of material wrapped around them, covered from head to ankle.
Their feet were all in some kind of open sandal like shoes.
And six inches of all their waists were always exposed. After
thinking
about it for a short while I decided that this was their cooling
system. I say ! Clever these Indians Hmmm..... We got to
the Old Delhi bus station area. The place was mobbed, It was
almost a little scary in this
area initially. Lots of the people looked poor by comparison
with
the neighborhood we'd just came from. In the poorer locations
of the
cities I'd lived in the good old USA it was dangerous to be
obviously
more affluent than the multitudes around you. I was assuming
this town
to be similar. I saw no policemen anywhere. By the time I got
into
the bus ticket sales location I was sure it was an ok place to
be, even though it didn't look real good. It reminded me of a
barber shop cause
it was the same size as one. there were rows of men in their
fifties sitting in chairs lining both sides of the walls all talking

with each other. Down through the middle at the end of the two rows was the ticket window.

I'd had a chance to ask how much a bus to Badrinath would cost. Maybe

I'd just head out for Badrinath and let Keith and Carol be happy doing their thing in Mussoorie. Carol and Keith asked about those busses, and learned that they were tour busses. And they seemed kind of expensive.

I started thinking : " - Too bad they don't have a train station right here. And why don't they ? Delhi's a pretty big city ! "

I was going to ask for the price of a tour bus to Mussoorie ? When Carol said something that made real good sense: Why don't we just hire a car and drive there? We can split the fair three ways. "

Keith being ever mindful of money said: " You mean take a car to the nearest train station, don't you ? "

Carol : " No the roads lead more directly to Mussoorie. we'd be wasting

money on taxies to drive tens of miles out of our way just to

get a train that only goes part way there. Then we'd have to hire a car to take us up the mountain anyway. Why not just hire a car

to take us all the way ? "

Keith : " Let me see the map You're right ! It might be a little more expensive, But not much . "

I don't remember whether we had all our stuff with us at the time and

just took a car from there, or if we went back to the hotel and got our

packs and then got the car and driver. But at some time during that day Carol and

I took a walk, cameras in hand. There were parts of that city that

looked like a small city dump. Just lots of rusty rubbish, rotting along the side of the road, not just your average size garbage. There were a couple of totally rusted out busses, and several other large items that had decomposed to the point of non-recognition. On the way back we came across a beggar. I remember telling myself that folks in this land really believed in Karma. And that this guy probably felt that his next life would be a real good one, cause this one was taking its toll. He was probably in his sixties, and looking like he was in his eighties. Sitting on the side walk holding out his soiled hand for a donation, a hand on which was missing the first two joints of each finger. I didn't let myself feel anything about this. I just took out some rupees and dropped them in his hand, being careful not to make the denominations too large. In most places for the unfortunate, large denominations reap bad repercussions. In his next incarnation this leper will probably own the block.

As we left that block I thought : ▪ “ ▪ Had we really lived through this kind of Karma in our former lives ? Or if we didn't do something about it in this life, would this be our Karma in the next one ? ▪ “

Then I remembered, Carol had already lived one or her lives not far from this place, I couldn't see it in my minds eye, But she could have been a leper then. And my teacher had told me numerous times:

Flashback

“ ▪ You have no Karma, only resentment of having served your Karmas. That’s called Ego. “

Then I put in my two cents : “ And if I don’t drop the resentment, I get to manifest the lesson that will make me drop the resentment. “

“ ▪ No It will help you drop the resentment. ”

“ ▪ By making the next lesson more severe. “

“ ▪ You don’t always have to teach your self through pain. ”

“ ▪ Ok so I can teach myself through pleasure ?

You know you’ve got a good point. I’ve taught myself lots of times with pain. It must be a habit. Having been taught as a child by Dominican nuns who made learning a painful experience, I always equate learning with pain, rather than pleasure. “

“ ▪ When are you going to drop that old resentment? “

“ ▪ When I understand it. ”

“ ▪ Understanding comes from acceptance. “ Then he left, Tim’s body as I started to say :

“ ▪ And you get to acceptance through

pa..... “

**Tim’s body was now rattling moderately, and
in came Ri Baba.**

**When ever I was too resistant to learn a new
lesson Ri would show up
to help me break down my resistance.**

“ Wo WO. Say it! Wo WO! “

**I knew from prior experience that he wasn’t
going to leave me alone till
I did it his way, so I just said it.**

“ ▪ Wo wo. ”

“ ▪ No Wo WO ! “

“ Wo WO ! “

“ ▪ That was a good one. Again! Wo WO ! ▪ “

“ ▪ Wo wO ▪ “

▪ “ ▪ NO! Wo WO ! ”

**“ ▪ OK, Wo WO ! Wo WO ! Wo WO ! Wo WO ! “
” That’s good. Now what did the teacher just
tell
you ? “**

**“ I have it written right here. Understanding
comes from acceptance . “**

**“ ▪ Let me show you about acceptance. Take
off one of your shoe. ▪ “**

**I took off one of my shoes. Ri seized the
shoe from my hand**

and dropped it on the floor between us then said:

**“ ▪ This lesson has four parts.
Acknowledgment; Acceptance;
Understanding; and Application.**

Look at the shoe. Ok You're looking at the shoe.

That's Acknowledgment. Now pick it up!

Alright. That's acceptance.

Now put it on ! ▪ “

I put on the shoe.

“ ▪ Now That's!! Understanding. ”

He was right. I was understanding the concept. You don't ever genuinely understand anything you don't accept.

Russia knows better than anyone that

Communism doesn't work.

Cause they accepted it, And applied it.

Ri : “ ▪ And now for the last phase. Walk around. ” ▪

I walked around in the shoe with the laces flopping back and forth.

“ ▪ That's application. If you don't apply the fourth one,

Then you get to do the first three over. But not necessarily in the same order. “

Then he left.

**That's the part that threw me. Daaaaa.....
I guess that means that I could understand something with out accepting the feeling it gives me. But that would mean that I had already gone through it, and now was resented having gone through it. Which translates to : " I don't like that it ever happened to me, And I want revenge over it. "
Or at least an apology! So my judgment upon some of the happenings of the past has been that they should never have transpired.**

**Then comes the immortal words of my teacher : " Drop the judgment! Its not right, its not wrong, its just what happened. "
"**

**It still didn't make sense, Not until a year later, I was in a conversation on the phone with my sister, the subject of our childhoods came up. I recollected her having done some pretty mean things to me in that era, And mentioned a couple.
" I don't remember that. "**

**As soon as she said the words,
I understood the lesson of a year ago.
What happened to me was my Karma.
It didn't matter who dished it out to me.
She was just handy.
And she had no Karma in the situation,
or the lady would have remembered it.**

Ok back to Carol and me on the on the street returning to the hotel, We then meet up with Keith, got a driver and real car, It reminded me of one of those seventies Volvos the kind you'd have to tear apart, and bury the pieces to keep it from running. In a word, reliable.

There was this dry yellow ocher hue over the area as we drove down the road. It was just like you see it in those old movies about India in Eastman Kodak film, It had that yellowish glow about everything.

Around half way there, we saw monkeys sitting on the side of the road watching the cars go by kind of like a form of entertainment. At first I thought they were possibly waiting for a car-less road so they could cross. But after we passed there wasn't a car for miles and they just sat there and when the next one came they turned their heads to follow it with their eyes to see who was in it. Maybe some folks tossed them food out the car windows.

Soon we started a gradual climb up to higher ground. It was a very gradual slope till we got closer to our destination, Then it got way steeper as we switch-backed up the mountain to around ten thousand feet, then we pulled into the town of Mussoorie.

And its time to hustle up a place to stay. I started asking around as soon as we got to the first couple of places that looked like private residences. The second fellow I asked said : “ ▪ this is a hotel. We have rooms here. ▪

“ We went in to the little front office and discussed price. It seemed like a pretty good one.

“ But what exactly would we be getting for this. Could you show me the rooms we would have ? ”

“ Surely, follow me. “

I turned to Keith and Carol and said : “ ▪ I'll go down and take a look, If its at all interesting I'll come back and tell you.

They looked tired and I was afraid that they would take the first place that looked at all like an American structure, with all kinds of down home like amenities, and no character or flavor of the land that we're visiting.

In short I was afraid they'd jump on anything that had British or American folks in it. I desperately wanted to be in India not Club Mussoorie.

Last time I glanced, Keith and Carol were in the lobby looking like :

“ I'm not so sure about this place. ”

I thought : “ well I want to at least see what this guy is offering. ” So he and I went through the door just to the right of the little front counter.

It led down a declining corridor of about thirty steps. As we turned the corner coming out into sunlight I realized two things. This was a three tiered four story complex built into the side of this mountain. I expected something small. We were on a four foot wide balcony that ran sixty ft. then opened up to a marble balcony forty yards in diameter commanding a view of the entire valley. The second thing I realized was that Carol was right behind me. I guess she wasn't as tired as she had looked. We walked up to kind of three room apartment through which we could see the large lower balcony and most of the entire valley below.

I'm thinking : “ Ok, I'm just about sold! Only one thing more I have to check.

That's how well the plumbing works. ”

So I ran around checking the water flow and appearance in the kitchen sink

Then went into the bath, checked the flow in the tub. They both were very good.

“ ▪ I like this place. ”

Carol, looked around the room as if she'd left something in there some where, and wanted it back.

Then she said : " Where's the toilets ? "

I went into the room where the tub was, looked around. And thought : " Duuur.... How did I miss that ? "

" ▪ Oh, There's no toilets here ! "

I thought : " This guys pretty honest. He didn't try to skirt the subject. ▪ "

" ▪ Are there any rooms that have toilets in them. "

" No the toilets are down there. ▪ "

He pointed to an area just before the large balcony.

I said : (Raising one eyebrow) " Are you sure there aren't any rooms

With toilets in them ? "

" ▪ No, Every one uses the ones down there ▪ "

" ▪ Ok, let's take a look at them. ▪ "

They were acceptable. And I knew by now that I was blindly in love with that huge marble balcony. Maybe there were more and better places up the road. But we could move there after staying a couple of nights here. I told him we wanted the place for at least three nights.

Carol said : " ▪ Why not just take it for a week ? "

I was more than pleased with the idea. But it wouldn't be fair not to let Keith put his two cents in. He might come up with a serious

flaw that we both hadn't noticed.

“ ▪ lets ask Keith first. ”

So I go up to the office get Keith and bring him down to see the place.

He skeptically agrees to stay for a week. I was now having second thoughts

about staying for a whole week. I didn't know how long it would take

for the trip to Badrinith. The place was reasonable, very reasonable.

So I had nothing to lose. I had enough money and my time was my own.

Keith and Carol fought over cigarettes daily, They kept bumming them from one another and keeping count.

Central Mussoorie offered no lodgings better than the place we were now staying.

Mussoorie was the spot, folks from Delhi and large towns like it, came to

have a vacation. Carol and I wandered through the small shops

looking for interesting little artifacts.

She would in the next five days become obviously annoyed with me

for no reason apparent to me. At one point I had enough of it. So

instead of going in the same direction as she was headed which was usually what ever direction I was headed,

I veered off up a street in a complete opposite direction. She followed

me up the street. If I spoke to her she would get caustic.

And say that she couldn't stand me.

I thought : “ Ok , It's neuroses time. She's super imposing her ex husband

on me. Maybe this would be a good time to head out of here

and
go see Badrinith. ▪ “

Then her personality would switch to a rational congenial person.
Around the fifth day She said she wanted to go to the area where the Tibetan Monastery was..... I don't know the name of the place. Ask her! Anyway as soon as we got to where we could see the prayer flags,* She starts running up a forty degree grade to get to them. Up until that time she was looking pretty tired, we'd walked around five miles in ninety degrees hunting for this place.

** prayer flags : prayers written on linen rectangles
around the size of a large hanky
Then attached to what looks like
Rows of cloths lines.*

I arrived shortly after her, Wanting to see what was this inspiring.
She practically levitated up that hill. It was like she had four invisible people behind her pushing. The place did have a nice presence about it. There was good energy there. On the top was an alter made of stone. Carol hopped right up on it and began meditating there. I didn't know the customs of these folks. I knew that in Mecca or Media there were certain no no's you just didn't do. And you could be in big trouble if you did them.

I wasn't sure what the Tibetan no no's were. But I kind of thought sitting on the alter might be one of them. I looked around. “ ▪ There's nobody up here but us. I guess it's safe enough.” Never the less I felt that this should be her private

moment to get
in touch with those frequencies she was drawn across the
world to.`
So I went past the alter to a spot around fifty yards away and
looked into the lush valley below. I got a buzz off doing so and
went into a meditation from there.

When we were through there, we went down the other
side of the hill
on a small path that led to the monastery.

There was a row of prayer wheels, We walked around
them spinning
them. They made a low rumbling sound that was very
pleasing,
If you concentrated on it you could feel it transferring that
hum to your stomach. It was fun and therapeutic.

We met a couple of smiling monks who were cutting the
hedges
out side the temple into geometrically pleasing forms. They
seemed to be
happy and pleased with their unhurried existence in this place.

Up to that point I wasn't real impressed with any of the
monks.
They had the same vibration as contented priests in the
Catholic Retreat
monasteries. One exception, With the Catholics they for me,
always
seemed to have a strained, Mellower than thou superiority
necessity,
rumbling deep down under the surface. These guys weren't
worried about
impressing us with their presence, They were just cutting the
hedge
and it didn't matter if it took all day, or all week. What
mattered was they
were having quality time doing it. They looked able bodied, I
could
never understand why any one would want to deny their sex

drive and
go live with a bunch of men..... But that's another
subject.

We passed by the sculpture in progress and came to the
door
of the temple. There was an older monk in there doing a little
tidying.

He motioned us that it was ok to come in. We took off our
shoes and entered.

As soon as we got close enough to the front alter and the
swirling, flowing
figure of what I assumed to be their version of the Buddha
with lots of
bright reds; greens; some purples and blues with bands of gold
running through the mural on the wall behind the alter. Carol
burst into

tears, Crying uncontrollably in deep rasping sobs.

I knew that she had made that unquestionable connection with
what once was her
life in a community much like this one, around a century and a
half ago.

But I wasn't sure that the devoted of this temple would
recognize her connection with this place in that way. It would
have to mean that she was once
one of them. And for some folks that's a long stretch. I know
my Jewish friends
some times look at me strangely when I tell them " I did the
Jewish thing in
around three or four other lives and I was this time born into
captivity
in an Irish Catholic family. And Catholics are nothing more than
lather-day
Jews. The only real difference being the Catholics developed a
great
marketing plane. They got rich selling *Plenary Indulgences* :
get out of

hell and purgatory free dispensations. As far as the guilt thing they really cashed in on that. So if your trying to manipulate me with pre-imposed guilt. Don't waste your time I've been worked over by experts. And I've emerged victoriously guilt free! " Point being most folks don't want to believe that you were there first. Especially if they're *Devoted*.

This congenial old monk in the temple just smiled kindly as Carol spilled water from her eyes over they're nice clean floor. It didn't surprise him that she connected here so deeply. And he wasn't pretending with the " Oh yes isn't it wonderful that you got to meet us and have this experience,"look. He didn't invade her moments of reunification with her self. He just smiled and moved along. I was impressed with that man. The more that I think about it the more it feels like he knew she was coming.

When we went outside Carol talked with that little guy. They discusses the murals on the sides of the entrance to the temple briefly. They were variations of the big one on the inside.

It was time to get down the road. The sun was lower in the sky now and we didn't pay a great deal of attention to how we got here. So we had to leave time for asking directions and stopping at the little grocery store we spotted on the way up to this place.

We said good by and walked around two or three miles down the road,

to that store I just mentioned. There wasn't much in the store to buy.

The local paper; Bags of lentils; some fruits; And in the freezer something unexpected: Ice Pops! Orange and red ones. I think we got the red ones, and continued on our way down the hill in the general direction of Mussoorie.

We were walking down the road and enjoying the scenery it was much like taking a walk in the foot hills of Malibu but a little dryer.

Carol made a muffed sound like a crow. I didn't think anything of it. I imitate those birds all the time. There must be around ten around the little house where I live.

“ ▪ I can't breathe! “

I looked at her.

“ ▪ The stick broke off and I swallowed part of it. “

“ ▪ Don't say anything else. I don't want you to waste the air in your lungs.”

I don't remember where I learned this. But I some how remembered practicing it, cause I just knew exactly what to do. I walked around behind her slid my arms under hers, made a fist grabbed it with my other hand, Placed it at the bottom portion of her solar-plexus.

I pushed my chest out to close the gap between us, then pulled my hands suddenly inward as if thrusting hard on a bellows. The stick

**flew out of her
wind pipe up through her mouth and landed around three foot
away
on the ground.**

“ ▪ it’s out. ▪ “

She said it calmly, but I was in action mode. So I asked:

“ ▪ Are you sure there’s no other pieces in there ? ▪ “

“ ▪ No I’m sure. ”

“ ▪ Let’s be real sure. ▪ “

**We got all the pieces of the popsicle stick and put them
together.**

**Then I was satisfied, but a little shocked at how the center
stick was rotted
wood.**

**“ I guess the quality- control at Ye Old PopSicle factory isn’t
very good
in these parts. That’s my last popsicle in this land. This stuff is
scary.**

Did that stick cut the skin in your throat ? “

“ ▪ No I’m Ok. ▪ “

**We went back to the lodging. The nights on the balcony
were sultry.**

**But I hadn’t gotten to spend any time there yet. I wanted to
go thither**

and meditate to see what impressions I’d get.

**The owner of the complex sent down man in his mid
forties to
tend to our culinary needs. I usually like to go hunt up my own**

**food, But just
as I was about to go do so. In came this fellow with a large
batch of
stuff that Carol had allowed him to lay out all over the kitchen
table.**

**There were all kinds of different vegetable morsels. Carol sat
at the kitchen
table looking out a large window, to a magnificent view of
clouds flying around out there beyond the huge balcony in the
distance.**

**She said: “ Try one of these.” She had already dug into
the assortment,
as I stood there at the open door gaping out towards the
flowing nebula.**

**I thought : “ Hmm.... She went ahead and ordered this stuff. “
Why not ? I’ll taste it before I go out looking for a
good
spot with some local atmosphere. ▪ “**

**I took this chicken Mc Nugget looking thing from her hand
and took a bite.**

**I didn’t want the food to taste that good, cause I wasn’t that
fond
of the guy that brought it in.**

**There was something..... I wasn’t sure, it was subtle. There
was something, in there I didn’t like.**

**“ ▪ Maybe I’m being too sensitive. I’ll densen up when he
comes around. ▪ “**

**The food was really good and the view was what I wanted to
ponder.**

**So I ended up staying there and allowing this guy to treat me
like he was treating Carol, Like a rich tourist. He was the
servant and**

**we were the served. Then Carol did something that pleased
and delighted me. She invited this overly subservient**

fellow to join us. When he agreed to sit down and eat with us. I began to kind of like him. Only one draw back. I didn't speak any

Hindi. And he was just barely able to grasp any English at all.

“ Hm.... She must have arranged this supper spread by asking the owner about Room Service ! ?

Well I guess we can ruff it when we go to Badrinith. Right now we're being pampered. “

I generally liked to mingle with the folks on the street and have them

relate what's going on with them. Not be treated like the foreigner

who's money we want to make our own. It's like you're not human

when that happens. Your not a person, your just a deal they want to close. That's what I sensed about this

fellow delivering all this food. It was a chance to make some over

priced sales. So when Carol asked

him to dine with us. It would force him to think of us

as bona-fide humans, who in some way might have something in

common with him. He did have something in common

with us. Linguistic ignorance. So we ate up and went our separate

ways. I hit the showers and then went towards the balcony but it was taken by three Indian couples in their twenties.

I waited. They weren't going to quit that spot any time soon.

So I went out and around the town, looking in all the little shops I could find, searching for one thing primarily, incense.

In L. A.

On third and Western or there about's was an Indian restaurant, I'm not

sure, but I think the folks that ran it were a denomination of Sikhs.

Which one I couldn't tell you. Most of them were Anglos. They had a little alcove of a souvenir shop in the front of the place where I'd gotten the best incense I had ever experienced. I was looking to top it.

There was no incense anywhere in this village. Every day I would go out on my incense quest, But no one in this town that was the Indian equivalent of Westwood Ca. had any in there little shops.

“ ▪ Well maybe on the road to Badrinith we'll find some there. “

On one of my excursions Carol was going in the same direction and she wasn't looking at me with critical eye. We were kind of getting along. There were monkeys in the trees along the side of the road. There was one as big as a baboon. I don't know what species this fellow was but he was pretty big. I went over to take a look. They came down and sat on the ground, unless I got too close.

Just to the left of them was a very slim dark woman she was handsom, as an older female with good bones tends to look. She smiled and beacons me with her hand “ ▪ Come hither ▪ “

As I approached, She with an impish smile reached into the large burlap bag at her right side, Ever so carefully pulling up and out a six and a half foot python. I think the lady expected me to step back with surprise. I stepped forward with enthusiasm.

“ ▪ Look! She'd got a python! Get out your camera. “

By the time Carol turned to look, The woman was arranging

**the python
around my shoulders. I rearranged my serpent friend slightly
as
not to be situated solely in the region of my throat. I draped
him from
my left four-arm across my left shoulder around my back and
up
under my right arm then along my cocked right for-arm, so
that his head rested gently on my open palm.**

**I raised my palm up to my head so that my face and his, or
hers
were parallel and smiled fiendishly thinking : “ this is going to
be a fun shot. I can’t wait to see it! ▪ “
Then I noticed that Carol was mesmerized. Not in a good way, I
guess petrified would be a better word. She looked like a
mouse
who happened upon two pythons.**

**“ Carol ! Look at me. Take the shot. ▪ “
She turned her head away pointed the camera in the wrong
direction
and clicked it a couple of times. She couldn’t look at us.**

“ ▪ Take the shot ! “

Still with her head pointed away : “ I did. “

**She was too freaked out. And I couldn’t walk over and
reassure her
that everything was hunky-dory, with a python on my shoulder.
Oh well she got a couple of shots of the lady putting the
friendly fellow on my shoulders. I paid the lady for
her time and patients, and thanked her. I really wished that I’d
had someone with us who spoke Hindi at that moment. I really
wanted
to know something more about that woman. There was a
clarity**

between us. Ok time to continue my search for really good incense.

Next day I was hunting for incense Carol was going to the same stores looking for clothes, she discovered a well crafted light brown outfit.

I think it was a cotton weave. When Carol put it on, she appeared from the rear, to be just another Indian women in the market place.

From the front she appeared irreverent. Why ? Cause she had a cigarette between her fingers and was blowing smoke in the face of any man that looked at her too long and got too close. She didn't do it arrogantly, She did it sensually, In a Casa Blanca sort of way.

This was an upper middle class vacation kind of town. A place where the Deli-ites would go to get away from it all. It even had a very small Holiday Inn, It was cheesy looking. It made me shudder to see it. Buying the outfit depleted her rupee supply.

When we got back to the rooms and was eating the various food stuffs that her man Friday had become accustomed to laying out daily around six or seven o'clock, I mentioned to her that she should consider changing more travelers checks for rupees.

Keith was sitting at the opposite side of the table eating only packaged food.

Keith : “ You know you guys are gunna get real sick if you keep eating this food this guy keeps bringing here every night He's not cooking it up him self. He's getting it from

those vendors

out there in the town and those guys aren't clean. “

“ ▪ you know what ? He's got a point ! Oh well I've gotten some kind of stomach bug the other couple of times I've gone to the mystical middle east. Why should this time be any different ? All though I hope it will be. ▪ “

Carol didn't join the debate, she just continued to sample the food. I figured it was all the nice things she told herself she was going to eat in her last life, when she got to her next life, That would be this one.

An interesting phenomenon began to transpire in that place as the sun set.

All of the walls and ceilings in this place were painted white.

The room in which we were spending the most time in- The kitchen over looking the balcony, began to glow with a sparkling white aura.

I'd seen things like this in many places with the folks around me perceiving nothing. But the blissful feeling that went with it was so strong I couldn't believe that they hadn't felt some of it. It was strong and getting stronger. At the end of the following day it was the same except a little more pronounced. It was then I asked Carol :

“ ▪ Do you notice something about this place lately ? “

“ ▪ You mean the whitish glow ? “

“ ▪ Yes, I’m glad that you noticed, I’ve seen stuff like this in Arabia, But I had no one there I could talk about it with. ▪ “

“ ▪ I don’t want to talk. ▪ “

I thought : “ Ok that makes sense. She wants to savor the moments of this phenomena. She may not have had this happen before and she wants to experience it, not discuss an incomplete perception. ▪ “

Keith didn’t seem to notice any difference at all. But I couldn’t be sure of that, cause in the late seventies

I suspected he’d done some acid. And people I’d known from that era that had “ ▪ dropped acid ▪ “ would some times stop

in the mid-sentence to view one of their ▪ “ flash backs. “ ▪ I got so that I could identify the look they would get on their faces when those hallucinations would occur. Keith was having some thing like that look, when he’d walk into the kitchen at the end of the day.

I couldn’t be absolutely sure, cause I had never taken acid. But I did notice that when folks that were hallucinating, the place that they were looking at, had no energy field or aura about it. Keith gave me the impression that he thought he was having a flash back and that if he just ignored it, it would pass and no one would be the wiser. He was returning to the domicile later in the evening.

I was beginning to envy his lone wolf procedure. No matter I would be able to move about, and have my own

personal experiences when I headed out for Badrinith. “ They’ll have had enough of third world accommodations by that time. And I’ll be on my way to seeing one of the places my teacher had made famous with a story or two about him being there “

That was my thinking at the time.

I could see that Carol was going to remain incommunicado. “ Good time to go check out the balcony. ▪ “

The three young Indian couples had stayed up all the previous night singing popular Indian songs. They were out there again tonight.

“ Hmm.....

Must have slept all day. There never going to give up that balcony,

So, If you can’t beat em, join em.“ I walked out to the far right side of the balcony, With the intention of standing there

gazing at the mountains and sky, meditating with my eyes open, unblinking.

I’d used this technique many times before. You begin to see the subtle

energy of the area this way. If there’s spirits ensconced there you’ll

begin to see there forms with this technique. How ever you may not

want to get them interested in you. I didn’t care cause I’ll no fear of them. They’re just people who are stuck in one place for a while.

I began thinking of some years previous when I was ordered by

my teacher, to release

a rather large group of them in Malibu.

Flashback

When I first moved to
Malibu I attended an engagement party for the
son,
of some old friends.

It was there I met this six foot five fellow
named Kevin.

He looked like a young dark haired dark eyed
Scotsman,
But was in fact one American New Englander.
Kevin started right into a metaphysical
conversation.

I sensed him to be in a state of altered
consciousness, and found
it rather amusing. There was a fair assortment
of pretty girls
at this shindig. Kevin and I both wanted to get
up and mingle
with these American beauties,
But the talk we were having took on a life of it's
own, It was
predestine and compelling. Most of what we
covered
I'd spoken about with others numerous times,
Which led me to
believe that Kevin was going to come up with
something
unique. " But when the hell is he going to get to
it !

All the good lookin gals are goin home. "

Then he said : " You know, There's power spots,
here in Malibu. " " I thought : " Ok, There it is !
That's what I've been waiting for. "

He went on to tell me a story of his friend
who had divulged a supposed ritual of sitting

alone in

“ ▪ The Cave ▪ “ nude all night, in order to attain a spiritual experience.

His friend had claimed he had done just that, and had acquired the anticipated experience from it. Kevin was obviously very impressed with this fellow’s courage.

“ ▪ I would like very much to see this cave some time. ▪ “

“ ▪ I’ll show it to you tomorrow ▪ “

“ ▪ Ok , let’s make it in the afternoon I want to get some sleep before going. ▪ “

The next day, which happened to be Christmas Eve day Dec. 24 I called Anna, a girl I had known for many years in Santa Barbara. When I felt a mental nudge from my teacher. I would cross reference it with her, to see if what I was perceiving was entirely accurate.

“ ▪ No answer. Ok I’ll call her tonight. ▪ “

The phone rang. It was Kevin. “ ▪ I’ll drive cause I know the way ▪ “

“ Ok meet you in front of the house in ten minutes.” ▪

Around five miles from where I live there’s a canyon

**that leads up to the top of a small mountain
around three thousand feet above sea level.**

**At the top, it overlooks both the sea, on one
side, and
the west San Fernando Valley on the other, with
lots
of virgin country in-between, Around twenty
miles
of mountains and thick underbrush.
This spot had lots of sandstone cliffs along it's
ridge at the top.**

**It was as if the earth was one big piece of coco
chocolate cake and an earthquake
had split it open exposing
the strata at the top of these mountains
We were walking along between the layers.**

**It was around five O'clock, and a fairly warm
day.**

**But there was a slight eerie ness about the
place**

like something bloody had transpired here,

Some thing

big. I got the feeling it was a Chumash*

genocide I

could sense..... not graves, but death

locations all

around me especially in the ravine between the

monuments of strata. We stopped to spy the

rows

of mountains between us and the valley.

**It was silent..... still. I could feel lots of wild
life out**

**there, but nothing made a sound. It was as
if they were warned that some thing evil was**

***Indian tribe which
Had inhabited the
Malibu vicinity.**

in the area. I kept wondering if we were being perceived as the evil presence.

Or was it something lurking here ?

Resentfully waiting..... waiting.....

I was sure it wasn't someone or thing with an embodiment. It was spirit form and if you let yourself think about it, the hair on the back

of your neck would stand up. I kind of liked that feeling. It meant that I was going to be contacted.

It was around a mile or so over the strata, Then down to the edge of the ravine to a little path

that seemed to dead end at some boulders.

But with a glance to the right I saw a small opening behind some large rocks to my right.

That's where Kevin was headed. I followed and

was surprised to see that after ten feet of duck walking through this tunnel there was just

a big crack in the wall. You had to be first in line to see that the crack widened as you looked

up. We would have to climb up the crack into an area that I could not yet see. It was a little

steep

but only around one story up and I was in " the cave. "

" Are we gunna light a match ? Or maybe

Kevin has a flashlight. " " No, I could now see clearly,

The cave was open at the far end. And roughly dome

shaped.

The dimensions were twenty two by eighteen.

The ceiling was ten feet at it's highest point. At the open opposite end was a two and a half story drop to a thirty degree angle slope slanting it's way down another five stories to the bottom of the first gorge. The view across the rows of small mountains traversing the valley was awesome.

I said : “ God this must be phenomenal at night ! “

No response from Kevin instead he showed me

where his friend had carved his nick name into the sandstone at the edge of the cave. He was very impressed with the man cause

his friend was famous. I sat there looking out over the seen. This place felt friendly. The spirit at the right

side of the cave was just now revealing himself to me. He appeared to be an old Indian man with long gray hair just past the shoulders.

“ Or is that just the way I'm perceiving him? No I really think he's the medicine man of these parts. The spiritual guide of the people that used to come here, And now the subtle guide of many people who come to this place and don't ever sense his presence. ”

“ ▪ What are you looking at over there ? “

“ ▪ The medicine man. ” As I looked externally I

**could
see a mist at the right side of the cave,
simultaneously
internally I could see him as I described him.**

**“ ▪ Yeah, my friend said you can see something
over
there at night. “**

“ ▪ I can see him right now! “ ▪

**Kevin looked in that direction with an eye that
was searching the wall. Not perceiving
what lie in front of it.**

**“ ▪ He may not want to reveal himself to you
yet. “**

**We sat there and took in the pristine
stillness of the mountains leading down to the
valley, it's an easy place to go into
trance. It truly was and is a *power spot.**

**Within forty minutes of sitting in
in place, It was time to head back. I took a good
look around, so I would remember how I'd
arrived there. With all there was to see on the
way, And being in a relaxed trance state
on the way back, it would be easy to
displace some of the path to the cave.**

**We were half way back, I was walking
casually, It was the spot where I became aware
of the massacre in the gorge and surrounding
hills earlier.**

*** A power-spot : It is**

usually

a place where an individual
or a group, has meditated in

one

form or another for some years.
Resultantly creating an energy
Field in that spot.

Kevin : “ ▪ Could you walk just a little bit
faster. . . . I
don't like to be up here at night. “

“ ▪ that's interesting, cause I think I
may be
coming back here tonight. “

**Kevin looked at me with an are you nuts look ?
And
said :** “ ▪ It's Christmas Eve tonight !

“ Oh yeah! It is ! Isn't it ? Hmm. . . . For some
reason I feel like I should come up hear soon.
Maybe in a day or two. ▪ “

**When we got back I called Anna in Santa
Barbara,
This time I got her.
“ I don't know if it's my own desire to know
what's up with that place up there. But I keep
feeling like I'm supposed to go up there. “**

Ana : “ ▪ you are! supposed to. “

“ ▪ Good then I'll go up in a couple of days. “

Ana : “ ▪ You're supposed to go up tonight. “

“ Tonight ? ▪ “

I felt a burning desire to go up there. But I assumed I wouldn't be going alone. I thought within the next couple of days I'd meet some one to take with me. Preferable female well formed and highly enlightened.

“ Oh who'm I kidding. You're on your own kid just like most of your life. You went to Mecca alone. You went to the top of the pyramid in Egypt alone, And you went to the Dome of the Rock alone.

And now tonight you're going to this place alone. ”

“ ▪ Ok Ana, I know your not going to know the answer to this question, But I have to ask. What if anything am I to do when I'm there. “

“ ▪ You'll know when you get there. “

“ ▪ Ok , thanks for the conformation. “

I hung up and went out to buy some food before the stores closed, so I'd have some thing to eat before I went up there. I was new to Malibu and resultantly hadn't any family or friends to do Christmas with. It was just as well. The Gorge was calling.....

As I drove the five miles of winding road to the top of the mountain I felt the same apprehension as when I first walked into the Los Padres Mountains above Santa Barbara alone at night. It was very dark, and kind of intimidating until I looked skyward, There was the “Milky Way,” looking so magnificent that it’s impossible to feel anything but loved by what ever put it there.

I parked the car in the small clearing at the top of the mountain. From this point I could see the whole valley lit up in the far distance.

As usual I began talking to myself :

“ ▪ Ok, Time to get out of the car and do what came here to do. And what’s that ? As I’m looking at the spirits rising from the hills surrounding you, I’d say a couple of hundred in all, I’m pretty sure we’re supposed to release them from this place, they’ve been here long time. I think I better get started before they get any closer.

As soon as exiting the car and walking to a higher point on the strata over looking the gorge,

I opened my arms and began a chant I had read in a book about the Cabala.

“ ▪ This better work ! I don’t think these guys like me. It will work. The teacher didn’t

**send you up here without his protection,
you made it all the way to Mecca and
back, You were probably the only Anglo
American in Mecca at that time, and
you got along fine with everyone. So what's
the big deal with a couple a hundred
disembodied
spirits ? Look they're rising into the sky. ”**

**About half way up they were dissipating
into another realm. Like the Indian in the cave
they mostly appeared as a vapor. It had
occurred to me that if I wanted
to see a more detailed view
of some of them, I could close my eyes and
zero in on what ever individual I'd like to
perceive, But something told me that it
would impede their transition, So I refrained
from it.**

**Some of the more finite ones flew
straight at me and seemingly right through me.
After that happened a few times
I caught on.**

“ ▪ They're flying into the microcosm ”

**I'd learned somewhere that
everything that is, has been or will be, exists
in * “ ▪ universal mind ”. And that's called the
macrocosm.
It is also the nothingness, that all nameable
things, exists in.
It has two natures.
As the microcosm, it exists in ones heart chakra
simultaneously it is also the macrocosm which
exists externally everywhere.**

**It's kind of like in that movie " Star Gate. "
Except that the Star-gate is in the center
of you.**

**So when I said : " ▪ They're flying into the
microcosm, It meant they were taking a short
cut to their next destination.**

**" They're using me for a fucken doorway !
Well it ain't much different than holding
the door open for some one to
go through ahead of you.**

**When the first two went through I had
a thought like : " Am I being possessed ?
Na... The teacher wouldn't allow that. "**

**" ▪ I got it ! They're flying into the microcosm !
▪ "**

**Then I started to get a feel for what
had happened there a few hundred years ago.
No details just that it was very gory.
cause a powder the color of dried blood was
rising from the crevices throughout
the gorge, and from many of the hills behind
me.**

**The entities flew right up through it, like they
were literally rising
above what had happened there.**

**I also got a distinct feeling that I had a hand
in it as a Conquistador. Some young chief
had challenged me. Tempers flared a contest
ensued between he and I and spread**

outward over the whole area like a ripple of

**violence
till there was no Indians standing and some
twenty or so dead Spanish soldiers blood was
pouring into the gorge also.**

**Most of the entities were ready to drop the
resentment**

of this place, And move on.

**There were a couple of real powerful ones
that flat out refused to leave. At the time I
thought**

**it was their disdain for me. But later I realized
it wasn't all about me, me, me.**

They still had things to do here.

**I guess I must have done that chant for an
hour probably longer. Before I became aware
that I was releasing way more than were
in that battle. There were finite bodies
well in excess of the folks I'd had the skirmish
with**

a few hundred years back.

**“ ▪ This place is loaded with entities. I can't
do you all in one night. “**

**I had to come back in a week and release
the rest. But that's another story.**

Back to the balcony.

**“ ▪ Interesting, I was just thinking about the past, but I was
simultaneously
still in a trance.**

**Hmmm... The trance is deeper, and the meditation is more
consuming when I'm thoughtless. But then I'm mindless, and
hours can go by while thinking it was minutes. No matter lets
go deeper.....**

Wait a minute..... something's slithering up on my left side at about eight O'clock. It's coming in low shuffling on all fours. "

I turned my head to the left and focused my eyes. A one and a half year old Indian boy was crawling my way with a big smile on his face. I smiled back, he giggled and changes his course slightly speeding up his crawl to double time. He was heading for the railing made up of little ornate marble pillars with enough space between them for him to easily fit through, the drop on the other side, was three stories to a thirty degree slope which went off into the darkness.

I turned round ran to my left got down on my hands and knees blocking the path to the rail, smiling at him. He turned around laughed and crawled towards his folks, the Indians in their mid twenties.

When I stood up he made another b-line for the railing. I ran interference again. The two couples were taking notice of the dance me and the little fella were doing. They seemed more interested in the fact that the mischievous one instantly liked me so much. It seemed like they trusted that this little fellow wouldn't slide between the pillars and cascade down the mountain. It appeared they trusted he was smart enough to not lean over the edge.

I thought : " Maybe back in Deli he plays on the roof. How do I know ? " "

They were looking like they wanted to make friends.

" " Hi My name is Jeremiah ! "

They all told me their names. There's only one I almost remembered, It had nee, in it, Anane or Manane, I think the first one was closer. She was slim lightly brown and had

the graceful gait of reincarnated royalty.

I did small talk with the group for twenty minutes and made my exit. I had told them a short story of my experiences

in Malibu. They seemed to want to talk more.

But I didn't want to impose. So I made my exit with

the thought in mind that I'd like to chat more

with these people. They all spoke English and would be fun to learn from.

“ I'll come back tomorrow night. If I'm well received, we'll continue the conversation then. “

I remember going to bed that night thinking : “ ▪ I wish that woman was single. She had a mystical elegance expressed through flowing movement.

▪ Am I the only one that can see this. Maybe I'm projecting it on her ?

No it's there, she can feel it. But she hasn't fully come in to total consciousness of it. I'd like to be the one to bring her into

that ! Enough fantasizing go to slee..... “

Another day of hunting for the ultimate incense. I told the stand

keeper I wanted some thing to burn. He tried to sell me something from under the counter, Hashish.

“ ▪ No thanks I don't need something to make me more dense. I want to get more finite. You have no incense ? “

“ No, incense. “

I spent part of that night gabbing with the two couples.

I attempted to invite Carol down to meet them but

She didn't want any part of them. She was

still suffering from the illusion that this was one big movie set, And those Indian people out there were just, extras.

I thought : “ ▪ When is she gonna get ! it ? When is she gonna connect with the people in this country ? Well looker here! Their coming this way. I’m just going to introduce them, and maybe they’ll connect. “

It didn’t work, She blew them off like they were Indian Jehovah

Witnesses darking at her door. I took off with them and kibitized

for a while.

That night Carol let me in on her man

Fridays latest delivery. A tall slender man around sixty

He had just finished working her over. And was standing in the doorway.

Carol : “ ▪ He’s a masseuse. “

“ ▪ I presume he’s good! “

Carol : “ He’s fantastic, Let him work on you I’ll pay for it. ”

I wasn’t about to pass up an offer like that. This man spoke only Hindi.

Again I cursed my lack of linguistic skills. He was as good as any

chiropractor I’d ever known. I wanted to know if it was a skill handed down from father to son ? Did he learn it in the local school?

Unlikely, I felt my first guess was the most probable one. But I would never know for sure.

Then when we invited him for tea. The man Friday arrived and showed his true colors. He admonished the

masseuse

for sitting down to tea with us, And abruptly ushered him out. I wanted to wring the mother-fuckers-neck, But it would ruin Carols comfort zone, after all in her own way she was acclimating.

God ! I wanted to throw that scum-bag out, And tell him.

“ ▪ Not to come back ! “ But..... Nooooooooo..... I had to be civilized. “ Ah.... It’s just as well. His uncle’s probably the chief of police. ”

I looked out the large kitchen window down to the spacious balcony with the young Indians sitting out there talking.

“ ▪ Carol ! You know if we were to invite those Indian folks down there to go shopping with us, You could probably get Neehea to interpret for you with the shop owners. “

Her eye brows went up.

“ That’s a good idea ! “

I finally had one that was working. The next day we all went shopping for our own food together with “ Neehea her little boy and her three friends. Neehea was the directional energy in her little group, Why ? Was I not surprised ?

Where’s Keith ? I had no idea.

Keith will show up when he’s looked in every shop that has fabric probably in this whole little town. Meanwhile Carol had discovered a ” Tibetan shop “

Now these people she couldn’t get enough of. She was doing her

best to communicate with them. And they were nodding their heads and being patient and polite with her. I think the woman was sitting behind the counter of the little shop knitting or crocheting with a boy of two not far from her side at any given time. She would look up from what she was doing to show Carol what she wanted to see. But if this woman had a car, I suspect the bumper-sticker on it would read : “ I’d rather be crocheting “ ▪ She was having a creative moment. And Carol was kind of interrupting it. But Carol was so genuinely enthused with her and her baby, that the woman put down her yarn and started showing her items, such as jewelry.

Neehea had just finished shopping across the street. It shocked me a little when she walked up and started asking the woman questions in Hindi and the woman answered in Hindi. Then I thought : “ Oh yeah ! they would have to learn this country’s language to be able to sell to the Indian tourists here. Neehea to Carol : “ Her Hindi isn’t very good. But I’ll interpret for you. “

I had learned that Neehea wasn’t married, she was just here with her male friend. “ ▪ God I wish she was here alone. I like this woman. ▪ But I like her friend too. Even if I didn’t like him I would make no overtures. I have never in the last thirty years tried to come between a couple. My blood would boil when some goon would approach my girlfriend as if I wasn’t there. If she entertained his advance in the slightest way. I confront the action as soon as we were alone, In case she had a legitimate reason, Like maybe this guy turns out to be her brother. Or I’d simply walk away, and begin hunting for one with conviction and harmonious intent. Anyone who

**doesn't dismiss advances while your
at their side, whether it's conscious or unconscious,
is either taking
applications for your replacement, or is playing vicious
mind games. There not worth the trouble no matter
how good the sex is. Sex goes best with love, and love is a
by-product of trust.**

**So if I can't be trusted to not hit on this fellas lady,
Then I'm not worthy of the trustworthy lady I'm going to meet
in
my future.**

**Carol and I ended up buying a batch of herbs from a little
old
Tibetan man who had these various herbs displayed
out on a blanket such as they would have been
six centuries ago. There was something that was good
for a stomach- ache; something for muscle ache; etc...
etc.....**

**I bought some of the root that was supposed to be good
for ones stomach.**

**We'd been in Mussoorie for six days. It was time to
depart.**

**I wasn't sure where Keith was going to head out to, He
mentioned going down south to Calcutta in Bengal.**

“ Or maybe Sri Lanka. “

**I said : “ ▪ Calcutta might be a good place to look for
Materials but Sri Lanka would be more
to my interest than yours. My teacher spent some
time in that neck of the woods. “**

**Keith : ▪ “ ▪ Maybe I'll get spiritual too. Do you think
they have anything of value up there in Badrinath ? “
He chuckled after he said it, and smiled impishly.**

“ ▪ I think that Badrinith is in a fairly obscure area.

**It's at the foot-hills of the Himalayas
thirty miles of so from Tibet. I'm relatively
sure pilgrims or no pilgrims, this place is going
to be primitive compared to the amenities
we've experienced here. Mussoorie is a vacation spot.**

**Carol : " " You went to our place first. So now we'll
Go to yours. "**

" " Do you really want to go there ? "

Carol : " Sure "

" " Ok, but it's libel to be pretty rough "

Carol : How long will you want to stay there.

**" " Probably three days at the most. " I said this while
thinking : " " If he's there.....
And I feel his presence I'll be going where ever the pull.....
takes me
and for how ever long it takes to do what ever I'm here for.
And like I said to myself before. Maybe I'm here just to
bring her
to see him. After all I'd seen him walk into Tim's body thirty
times
to speak with me. Maybe she'll get to talk to him in
what ever body he's occupying over here.
Whether it's his own or someone he's walked into for
a few minutes to have a chat.
If Carol and Keith want to go, The more the merrier. "**

**In the morning we packed, hired a car and driver, then
headed back down
the reasonably well paved winding mountain road from**

Mussoorie

towards the flatter land way off in the distance.

As we descended I was thinking : “ You-know, This could be fun ! Carol seems to be coming out of her elitist fantasy bubble. All the time we were in Mussoorie she kept on wanting to take pictures with no people in them. This is not so unusual when one is in nature. But in the middle of an interesting town in a foreign country, and you

don't want any pictures of any of it's people, or any people in any of fifty pictures ! “ - Only the Tibetans! None of the Indians.

Ok, I get it ! She had a shitty life here had she doesn't want to bring back anything that would remind her of it. Oh! Wait

a minute ! If this place reminds her of her prior-life circumstances here,

When we get up there, where the luxuries are spar. . . . se Is she gunna wig-out ?! Well like I said before, We can always drop her off at one of the little towns on the way up. And pick her

up on the way back. And maybe Mr. Negative scenario Keith will be so worried about her he'll stay there with her, till I get back. Or maybe they'll head for home. “

I kind of expected them to wimp-out when it came time to

head towards Badrinith. There was a part of me that was probably counting on it, That part that liked to play it totally intuitive, just feel for the next move.

Take basic precautions, but flow with the adventure of the travel and always trade stories with the natives. Explain your culture moderately, and learn more of theirs.

We were all the way down to the flat edge, where the

valley met the incline to the mountains. The car was now turning left and we were heading east, on our way to the railway station Keith and Carol were discussing where it would be from where we were at the present moment.

The day was very hot, We had spent the last four and a half hours in that car.

I said : “ ▪ it’s time to get some water, or any kind of beverage “

Then the cars motor stopped, the driver coasted it over to the curb, got out opened the hood and began studying the engine.

We were fortunate as to where it broke down, In a full size town, at the front of a pretty big hotel. We felt bad for the driver so between the three of us, we gave him tips enough to cover any repairs, and then some.

A fellow driving essentially the same car pulls up and offers to take us the rest of the way to the railroad town, Or it was probably the end of this present town. I just said : “ Do you know your way to a train station from here ? “

Carol and Keith told him which one they wanted.

They were into the petty details.

I didn’t care which station he took us too as long as it wasn’t that far. I had looked at the map, and you could get anywhere

you wanted with relative ease, if you just got to the train station, any train station.

I looked up the driveway of the hotel and said : “ You know ? I’d kind of like to stop at this hotel. “

It looked rather classy and it was totally Indian. I didn’t see

anyone looking like us coming out of it. The place had good energy.

**My intuitive thing was humming, It said : “ Go in there. “
When the intuitive thing goes off this strong I just go with it.**

Keith : “ No we should take this car and get to the station. “

I just slung my pack over my shoulder and started walking up the inclined driveway. I got about halfway up and realized that Carol was not far behind me.

“ ▪ Aren't you going with Keith ?

She waved her head in the direction of the street, and said :

“ ▪ The car broke down. “

I looked down the driveway, and there were two cars, both with their hood's up. The first, with the first driver looking at the motor.

The second with Keith and the other driver, both with their heads under the hood.

I continued up the driveway saying : “ ▪ I think we're supposed to stop here. “

Carol didn't say anything, she just kept walking towards the hotel.

Inside it was cool and dark, a welcome change from the glaring yellow haze that seemed to be everywhere we'd been so far. Kind of a dusty yellow ocher.

Anyway it was nice here. We asked for water , and a menu. A little light lunch might be nice. Keith made his entrance and declared the obvious : “ ▪ Both cars won't start ! “

I was going to say : “ ▪ It is the will of Allah. “ But we were in India

and that might not go over so big.

“ ▪ it’s the will of the Gods. let’s get some dessert and find a car afterwards. “

We had cake or buns or some kind of pastry. The most important thing they were serving was water, and some pretty good tea. We’d been getting dehydrated, and this was a pleasure trip. There was no need to rush “ out into the noon day sun, like mad dog the Englishman. “ ▪ I figured my hardships would come when I headed up the pass to Badrinith. And should they choose to come with me, there’d be enough hardship to go around. No need to manufacture our own brand.

The manager came over and talked with us for a while. He asked the usual polite questions, Where were we coming from ? What’s the weather like there right now ? How do you like living there ? Carol conversed with him politely telling him the weather conditions. And how nice it is living in Malibu at this time of the year. He was dressed in a dark suit. A six foot, fit slim looking forty. I thought : Hmmm..... could be her type. I liked him. He had good vibes.

The man asked if we wanted to convert money ? Carol looked a little put off by this. But I jumped right in and said : “ Yes I would like to. ”

This was a big town and a fairly swank looking hotel. If you’re running a place like this, the last thing you want is bad PR. You want

**to fill
the place with folks that will change money with you, and buy
everything
in the gift shop. Your rep is your living
This was a good spot to do this transaction.**

“ Can you change travelers checks ? “

“ Yes. “

“ ▪ How much can you handle ? “

“ ▪ As much as you wish. “

**That response set me back a second. If a guy was intending to
walk away
with your money and not come back. The more money the
better.**

**I thought : “ ▪ Nope, I was guided here. This guy’s Ok, His
vibe
is excellent. ▪ “**

**“ ▪ I need to change six-hundred American. What’s the rate of
exchange
for that right now ? “**

“ ▪ Between thirty-four to thirty-six rupees to the dollar. “

**At the high end, that’s a twenty percent increase in buying
power.**

“Sounds good to me. “

As I was handing him the money, I said :

“ ▪ Carol ! You and Keith should get some rupees here while

**you've
got the chance. When we get into the more rural areas the
opportunity
to change money may not be so prolific. “**

**Keith : “ ▪ You know..... I think we should wait till we get to
Badrinath and get it at a bank there. “**

**“ ▪ The bank won't give you anywhere near the rate of
exchange
that you can get here. At least change some money here.
You may need it if we have an emergency between here and
the
next big town. “**

I think he changed a hundred and she did around one-fifty.

**After a while, we were having a pretty good time there,
We were hydrated, in good spirits, and enjoying
each others stories and jokes. This was fun.**

**Just after we'd gotten another round of tea, Keith looks up
and says :**

“ ▪ Do you suppose that guy took off with our money ? “

**I said : “ He's only been gone ten minutes. The man had to
Go to the bank to make the exchange. If we went to
the
same bank we'd be getting thirty or twenty-eight rupees
to the dollar. You ever go to a bank
and get in and out, in less than twenty minutes ? “**

I called the waiter over.

**“ ▪ The man that we were talking to before ? He works here,
doesn't he ? “**

“ ▪ Oh, Yes of course. He is the manager here. “

Right on cue, no sooner had the water said his line. And the manager was stepping up to the table reaching in his vest pocket for the envelope with the money in it.

All was well. Once again my intuition had triumphed over my intellect.

I now had a little over thirty-thousand rupees in my pocket. Between Keith and Carol they had changed around half as much as I had.

Keith : “ You could get robbed, carrying all that cash.

“ ▪ I don’t rob easy! “

At that time I was still making my living as an electrician doing construction ten hours a day. I had the muscle development

that goes with the job. “ ▪ Why am I thinking this way ? No body ever attacks me when I go places in the east. Now I remember why I prefer to travel alone. When I travel alone I make friends, and the people like me, cause I like them, instead of casting them in a would be robber role. Keith’s paranoid

Carl Maulden consciousness was beginning to piss me off.

“ ▪ You know what Keith ? It’s six of one, half dozen of the other.

If you keep your money in travelers checks and you’re robbed, you get to redeem your money. And if you run out of rupees half way up those mountains. You get to walk your way out to

the nearest place that takes travelers checks. That could be two-hundred miles. I almost got stranded in Jetta* once cause they didn’t want to take my travelers checks.

Keith looked over to the manager and said : “ Do they have a bank in Badrinith ? “

“ ▪ Not in Badrinith but in one of the towns you pass on your way up there. “ ▪

Keith : “ ▪ We should be able to see the bank as we pass Through the town. “

I thought : “ ▪ Who knows! Maybe he’s right. They might Be able to get money exchanged there. But I’m sure it’s not going to be a rate as good as you can get down here where there’s some competition. Well at least they’ll be able to get some rupees there.

There was a part of my mind that said : “ What if you’re right ? What if the bank only opens on Thursdays ? Then we’ll hang out in that town till the fucken thing opens! I don’t want to think about those kinds of scenarios.

***Jetta Airport of the Hajj**

In Saudi Arabia. 26mi. From Mecca.

Ok I’ll be frugal in case they come up short. But if the merchants have anything rare and precious up there, I’d sure like to pick up at least one small opulent item. ”

It was time to boogie. The manager called a car that took us to the train station, We gave some rupees to the beggars outside, Went in and inquired about passage to the closest town to the road to Badrinith.

Keith disappeared to see what the venders were selling.

Carol wanted first class passage, and I was initially inclined to agree with her, be cause when I rode the train to Aswan in Egypt several years prior, First class had real nice little sleeper compartments in them. I decided to try third class on the way back to Cairo just to see what it would be like. Wooden benches; filthy bathrooms;

No food; no water; just a man walking through selling sodas at half time.

I expected trains in India to be approximately the same.

We asked for first class. And the ticket seller said : “ Why do you want first class ? Second is much better! First class costs four times more, And in second class you get sleepers. “

I said : “ ▪ “ ▪ You don’t get beds in first class ? “

“ ▪ No, no ! You get seats in private compartments. And they’re very small. “

There was a part of me that wondered if this fellow was joking to see if we’d go for it. But his energy didn’t say that. He was being sincere.

I said : “ ▪ Carol ! What do you want to do ? Get the sleepers ? “

Carol : “ The sleepers sound good ! “ ▪

Keith just arriving : “ You know..... I think I kinda want first class.

The clerk : Dis is good, cause we have only, two second class tickets left.

I thought : ” Should I tell him that first class costs four times as

Much ? The clerk wisely left it up to us to tell him if we chose. Hmm..... If we get half way to Badrinith and the bank won’t change his travelers checks. He’ll be depending

on me to pay his lodging and bus fair when he runs out of rupees half way back.

“ ▪ Keith ! The first class tickets cost four times more than second class. “

” ▪ That’s Ok, In first class there’ll be more people that speak English. “

“ ▪ Are you sure you want to sit up all night ? Granted, maybe the seats are great..... but..... ”

The ticket man cut into my sentence : “ ▪ The seats are Not! great! “

I said, to Keith : “ Ok , She and I are getting the second class sleepers.

And if you want to spend four times as much money to sit up all night. I hope you meet some interesting people.

The sleepers were like two very solid shelves at the same height as wide bunk-beds would be. They were attached to the wall by large strong steel brackets.

Opposite to where Carol and I were billeted was an alcove with six of the same type of bunk bed structures, two on each wall. In that alcove was a family of six. The mom and dad were around forty-ish, A boy around nineteen, a girl around seventeen plus two younger siblings, one of each gender. The little boy wasn’t the least bit curious

about us. But the petite four year old girl in the little pink dress was especially charming. She broke the ice between us and her family. By marching straight over and smiling at us impishly. Soon afterwards The family asked if they could take pictures of us. so naturally we did likewise. That was fun. Then it was lights out.

There were no blankets or curtains. Everyone just slept in their cloths.

That night I enjoyed something I hadn't done in years. I let the train rock me to sleep. The only thing that's better is being rocked to sleep at sea.

When I awoke, Carol had already vacated the lower bunk and was outside on the landing watching the backyards of India go by. Then Keith showed up.

Keith : I sat up all night talking to a doctor and a couple of lawyers.

These guy's drank whiskey all night and told some interesting stories.

I said : “ How was the facilities? Plush ? “

Keith : No, They were run down and dirty. It looks like they never cleaned them.

“ ▪ Hmmm... Sounds like us second class citizens, don't like you first class citizens. “

When we departed the train we were again in

a flat area that was adjacent to the mountains that lead to the Himalayas which stood behind Badrinith. Had we been able to fly straight east from Mussoorie across the mountains, a couple of hundred miles we would be almost to Badrinith.

But

that wasn't an option. And heading up this winding pass through the mountains was sure to be more fun. But first we had to get another car. By now I had convinced Keith and Carol

to haggle, and they resultantly voted me the candidate to walk into the travel office and hustle up a car and driver for us. There were four busses pit stopping in front of the store front agency.

I was told it might be possible to get one, or two more people squeezed on to them. Squeeze was not an exaggeration. One of the busses pulled up to let off two people.

“ Look ! “ Said the agent : “ ▪ t here's two spaces open on this one. “

I thought : “ ▪ He must want to horrify me so I'd agree to rent a car and driver from his agency. “

The vehicle looked like a drawing from Mad Magazine, You know, One of those cartoons where the bus has people mashed in it, On top of it. And hanging off all sides of it. Well this was a little more conservative, It only had folks sitting and standing on every square inch inside of the vehicle, and the top. The folks on roof sat atop the baggage which was piled as much as three feet high on the strong looking bus. There was a double railed iron fencing around the roof of the bus to hold the baggage on.

I told him : “ I'll be back in a little while. I want to go get

something to eat. “

Hmmm..... “ If this guy knew he had two more suckers waiting around the corner he’d be walking across the street with me, and hustling them. And they might go for the first deal he proposed cause they were hungry. “ No first we eat then we’ll check and see if there’s some competition in this little corner of the town. “

On my way back I saw a couple of cars with drivers in them. I asked who was available, and what kind of money to go to Badrinith ? They used the Mutt and Jeff routine. One guy quotes real high absurd price. I ignored him and said : “ ▪ what’s your price ? “ to a younger nice looking fellow. Who didn’t present a game face. He just told me it was a days journey. And he’d get us there. But he wouldn’t drive the last thirty miles with out us getting him a room for the night in one of the previous towns. I said : “ why not just drive all the way ? “ “ No! I won’t drive it without sleeping first. I can take you as far as Gopeshwar. There you can get a bus to bring you the rest of the way if you like. ” “ Ok , I suppose we could do that. “

I got a price for the ride and it seemed more than I thought it was probably worth. But I didn’t see any one else with a car that was ready to go within a half hour or so. I could have hunted all over town for a better price. But I kind of liked the guy. I had a feeling that if I did hunt around, We’d end up getting lodging right there in Rudarpur for the night and that would cut into the car and driver funds. I though : “ Why not just get going, it’s just up that pass around a hundred some odd miles or so. “

I went back to where Carol and Keith were waiting near a small grocery store sucking on a couple of half full soda bottles in the dusty heat. I subjected we get some food in the little restaurant next to the small store.

“ I found a driver that wants fifteen hundred rupees to take us to Badrinith. Which sounds a little steep considering how cheap the train ride was to get here. “

I think the ride in second class translated to around four to seven dollars to go around two hundred plus miles and sleep comfortable all the way.

The place that we ate at was the equivalent of a taco stand. Carol and I had rice and vegies. Keith stuck to the products wrapped in plastic. He was eating mostly crackers and soda. If it wasn't sealed, He didn't eat it. He was probably wiser than us. But we had more fun.

The fellow brought round the car, we got in and the adventure began. Down the roa.....d..... No! that's, up! the road we went.

As we began the ascent I thought of the pictures I'd seen of Badrinith in that book with my teachers picture in it. It was at the foot of the Himalayas. The town itself was at about ten thousand feet above sea level.

“ ▪ Hmm..... Maybe I should have brought more warm clothing with me. “

I had my quilted vest. That usually sufficed for winters in Malibu, I figured I could wear that with two long sleeve shirts and my hat to keep the heat from escaping from my body. You lose forty percent of your body heat through the top of your head if you don't wear a hat, or have thick hair. And at this point in my life my hair wouldn't substitute for a hat.

I looked at what the driver was wearing : A khaki shirt and I'm not sure what kind of trousers, But they were dark. It was the medium khaki material, not real heavy and not the light summer kind. I thought. “ It might not be that cold up there.

It's the end of spring, summer is almost upon us. But it could still be partially winter up there. And this guy just drives up and back. Maybe in the last part of the journey he just turns the heater on, and he's in and out of there. “

I said : “ ▪ Are there towns that have places to buy warm clothes on the way ? “

The driver : ” Do you have a little jacket ? Or something like that .”

“ ▪ Yeah I have this “

I showed him my vest.

“ ▪ That should be enough. It gets cold at night but in the days it's

Not bad around fifteen degrees. “

Inside my head one of my ego states screamed : “ Tell him to turn back ! You need to buy warm clothes before venturing into that freezing cold weather ! My God! With a wind chill factor you could freeze to death ! “

**I shifted into a more logical mind mode and said :
“ Is that Fahrenheit or Celsius ? “**

“ ▪ Fahrenheit ! ? No. Of course, it’s Celsius.

Keith : “ I think that’s about sixty degrees. “

“ ▪ Good, that’s exactly what I was hoping for. ”

Carol beat me to my next question.

“ ▪ What about at night. “

“ ▪ Then it get’s colder. ”

Carol and I looked at each other like : “ ▪ What’s his idea of colder ? “ ▪

Then Keith spoke up :

“ ▪ You know we shouldn’t be asking him questions while he’s driving this road. Wait till the road get’s easier. “

Driver : “ The road won’t get easier. It gets worse. ”

We were clipping along on what felt like the wrong side of the road at the edge of a ten story cliff that was steadily gaining in height as the journey progressed. Cars and huge busses were coming around corners towards us, looking like they were going to crash into us and run us off the cliff. They just passed us on the right.

I thought : “ ▪ It’s the fucken English ! They taught these people to drive on the wrong side of the road ! “

Along the road there were pilgrims, Many of them were walking their way to Badrinith. There were to be other spiritual sites on the way, But I paid them little mind till I had the thought, that maybe the teacher stopped at some of these places on this journey to Badrinith. We were now crossing a three block long stretch of dry riverbed. The driver beeped his horn at the pilgrims walking through the rocky surface to get out of his way. It kind of bothered me. It seemed arrogant. Like : “Get out of my way ! I’ve got a car ! “

One man around sixty slim and in good shape, shared my sentiments. He turned defiantly and walked in front of the accelerating car. The driver looked like his life was passing before his eyes. Like : “ Oh my god ! If I hit this guy I’m going to lose my license ! “

He pulled a hard left and a gradual right, and missed the man. Then started shaking his head like he was saying no, a few times over.

I looked back through the rear window thinking : “ ▪ You know? That could have been the teacher. ” The man stood with his staff in his

hand like a defiant John the Baptist.

“ No the teacher wouldn’t bother to appear defiant. He would be casually unattached. “

I turned away, Carol was still looking back. My next thought was that such courage of conviction should be rewarded, maybe we should give him a ride to the next town ? Then again he’s

got the advantage of being able to take his time. He might tell us to go shove our ride. And Carol looked comfortable with lots of room in this back seat.

“ You know? He looked a little like the teacher. “

She looked back again and smirked a : “ ▪ not that much like him ▪ “ look,
Then pointed her concentration to the road through the front window.

We were climbing again. On the right side of the road was what looked like a whole clan of pilgrims with perfectly formed gracile woman among them wearing some what sheer cottons that flowed as they walked most gracefully. I was now wishing the roads could be like in the states, cause then we'd be driving right along side of them. I wanted to catch scent of them. I was also curious if they wore perfumers.

They were applying the walk the road rule. Always face the traffic so you can see where the driver is looking.

Catching the sent of someone while your looking at them is some how rude except for dogs. They're allowed.

So sniffing on the way back was taboo..... Shucks !

We'd been traveling for an hour and a half. The terrain was getting even more rural and the elevation of the cliff to our left had increased to fifteen stories. Then it would start down again. The road kind of seesawed it's way up the pass, coming down to the level of the raging river to pass over ancient rock and wood bridges. We passed some soldiers looking just like the troupes you would see in those old movies about

the British in India. They were inspecting a lorry that had gone head long into the seven foot deep drainage ditch on the right side of the road, Which was bordered by a solid wall of granite stone.

The drivers seat and the dashboard was covered with blood. Some one had possibly died there. Or maybe he just bled a lot. A head injury can spill a lot of blood and not be that serious.

As we continued on our way I realized we'd passed the carcass of one of those huge busses a few minutes back. It was sitting in the rocks ten stories down the cliff quite near the white capped river. It was so rusty that I didn't give it a second thought till now.

“ ▪ HmMMM A lot of folks must have died in that one. ” ▪

Riding on the cliff side of the road with trucks and huge busses barreling down the road hugging that granite wall to our right was now becoming more adventurous than any horror movie you've ever seen. If they hugged the wall too close, they'd bounce off of it. Then God help the guy riding on the cliff side of the road. At present, That would be us !

After watching what appears to the driver as normal driving, and to us as thirty “ near misses ”,* We became some what exhausted by it.

Which led to relaxation. Then we got used to it. It was a little like when I lived in New York as a child. Crossing the street with traffic racing by you in both directions with out slowing down one bit, Judging distance and velocity was just part of life. And it never entered my mind that I could ever be hit. I rarely looked to see what the stop

light was doing, Lots of cabbies didn't obey them. I watched the cars and never the eyes of the drivers. You didn't want to piss them off. It really helps you develop your intuition. You don't pay attention to anything but what that car feels like it's going to do. I like most New Yorkers, was good at it.

“ ▪ I hope our driver is just as good. I suppose my ego could stand him being even a little bit better. That would be nice. ▪ “

Ups ! *** buzz term used by the airline industry. Meaning,**

Keith asked the driver if there were many accidents along this road?

The driver, a man of few words summed it up by saying : “ A whole bus

went over, four months ago. “ ▪ He pointed to a spot around forty miles up

the pass. It seemed I could see large birds circling the spot. I thought :

“ ▪ buzzards ? Am I really seeing buzzards or do they even have

buzzards up in this part of the world? Probably, But am I really seeing this or is it a kind of vision ? “

“ ▪ Carol ? Do you see birds up there where he was pointing ? “

Carol : “ ▪ Clouds. “

“ ▪ Yeah there’s clouds, But just below them, there’s Now they’re gone. “

We rounded another curve in the mountain we were now looking down on a place where the river swept between two enormous rocks. Half of a village was built on one of the rocks. As the water tightly S curved around and between the huge rocks, It looked like it was traveling about forty miles an hour, bubbling up like boiling water. There were no fences that I could see to keep anyone from just walking off the two story edge into the tumultuous water below. “ ▪ I thought : My God ! How would you have kids in a place like that ? What a scary place to live ! “

I imagined a days dialogue.

“ Where’s junior ? “ “ Oh he went to play on the cliff dear.”

Isn’t it wonder-

full he has such good balance. He’s much more sure footed than the other four were. It’s time for supper. Why don’t you go fetch him in here ? ” “Maybe you should.” ”No ! I’m thinking you should go.” “ No you should go! ” “ No! You should gooo Etc. etc. . . .”

Around four hours had passed we were not quite half way to Gopeshwar, the town the driver said he would drop us off at, or was that Kamaprayag ?

He subjected a stop at this little shrine near the river. It was a calmer place, But the river still moved swiftly. I felt no vibration. The place had no juice.* “ ▪ There’s no spiritual energy here. ▪ “

*** It is my experience that when a place is a power spot, You’re going to feel tingling when you’re there. The tingling is the byproduct of the extensive ectoplasm field Residing there. In the east it’s called Prana.**

**In all of the villages, except the one on the big rock, long horned cows wandered freely, But unlike in the cities, Some of the people would shoo them away, Especially when they tried to eat any of the peoples food. The little boys would hit them with a switch and chase them away. On our way down to where the vibeless shrine was I noticed what looked like ground squirrel holes in the earth just off the path. I wondered if cobras might be in some of them. I kept a careful eye out, I never saw one. But later in another village I met a young Israeli newly-wed couple who had just come back from trekking in the mountain valleys. They said that they had met many of them on the path, And that the cobra would swerve forward as a warning, three times before he would try to strike at you. The twenty year old husband said :
“ ▪ When you meet one on the path, all you can do is back track a little, and wait till it wants to move. “**

The bride said : “ ▪ One held us up for two hours ! “

I thought : “ ▪ My God ! These people are brave. ”

They were trekking out there just the two of them with no guide.

Finally we were coming into something that looked a little bigger than a village. More like a small town. Just before we could see there was a town coming up around the bend there were people sitting on the side of the road weaving baskets. Most of them were wearing white muslin cotton cloths that appeared slightly khaki looking because of the dust accumulation.

We rounded the bend and pulled into a half mile long town named Kamaprayag, It was the main village for a farming community. On the way in on the far side of the river we could see lots of terraces carved into the sides of the mountains, cleverly arranged to make use of the rainfall when it came, And a house here or there that had to be the farmers residence.

“ ▪ This town must be the Friday night hot spot !

Look ! There’s a grocery store with sodas ! We gotta stop here. “

Keith agreed, which was a good thing cause he had the ear of the driver.

He pulled over to the wooden building that looked like a small barn with shelves. Outside stood a slightly padded man with a head of

badly dyed red hair. It was normal length for a man, but messed about his head like he just slept with an octopus. He was flagrantly gay,

and wanted you to know it. Ostentatious to the max. He was wearing

earnings in both ears, (five years before it became “ ▪ cool “ in L.A.)

He had an attitude that said : “ you probably don’t like me So kiss my ass. “

Carol went right up to him and began asking questions about he various

vegies he had displayed fruit-market style in front of the store.

At first he snapped answers at her, and turned to talk to

one of the locals who were always hanging around stores like this.

She just kept coming at him with more questions. I think it was when she put her

hand on his arm to get his attention that he immediately warmed up to her.

Then he showered her with attention. This guy was a real innovator.

The way I saw it we were in the equivalent of the deep south in the fifties.

These were little farming towns on the route to major spiritual sites.

None of the women smoked. That's another thing he probably liked about her. The second she hopped out the car her and Keith lit up.

The driver had some of his own shopping to do. So we got to look around the

town a little. In the center of town there was a large tree around six feet in diameter, with lots of thick volunteers

growing up on all sides of it. The tree had roots like several huge dark hands with fingers reaching out and grabbing deep into mama earth

like it will never let go. On top of the roots sat a band of the poorest of

pilgrims. They looked a little like Gypsies in white. The kids were sent out from the tree clinging group to hustle the shop owners and more affluent pilgrims such as ourselves. Of course some of the local

kids got into the act, pretending to be poor. This community wasn't poor. The farmers did a good business from all those busses that stopped there and bought their crops to eat on their way to the holy places. To the kids it was just a fun game.

Sucker the city dwellers on their way to the shrines.

But those folks under the tree were the real thing. They were making the trip all the way by foot, with the hope of having a more affluent life the next time as a result of altering their Karma and improving their path to their Dharma.

Hmmm.... Dharma.....

Flash Back

The Dharma Lesson

The teacher had once again walked into Tim's body. It was always amazing to see in the early days, cause there was still a little resistance in that structure to the presence that entered it. With each

entry

Tim's body seemed to take on a greater degree of levity. It had a finite luminescence when ever the teacher entered it.

When he left, the glow lingered for a while afterwards.

“ Do you know the difference between Dharma and Karma ? “

“ ▪ have a general idea. Dharma is ones fate. “

“ ▪ Dharma is the destination point of your journey. It's God. It's like the spokes on a wheel. They all go to the center. The center is God. The spokes are the Karmic paths. Do you know that you can change peoples Karma ? “

“ ▪ How would I do that ? “

“ ▪ By moving them from one spoke on the wheel to another. All spokes on the wheel lead to god. So it doesn't matter which path they want to take. “

“ ▪ Ok, But if I assisted them on to another spoke, Would they have to start at the end of it, or farther up ? Are some more difficult than others ? ▪ “

“ ▪ No they would be in the same place on the, spoke, But the lessons are different. ▪ “

In my head I thought : “ How do I go about that ? ▪ “

The teacher answered the question as if I had asked it verbally.

“ ▪ How you go about this is you ask them what they want ? Then when they tell you, You explain the spiritual principle involved in getting that thing. There is always a spiritual principle to explain, unless the asker already knows the principle.

Then of course you don't explain it you just say :

There's an infinite number of possibilities. One of them is Karmicly correct.

Which one do you think it is ? They declare what they want, Like for instance a doctor wants to become a lawyer or a lawyer wants to become a rock star. What ever it is. You just wave your hand and the energy to change it is sent.

Me thinking : “ ▪ what if it doesn't work ! “

“ ▪ When you wave your hand it doesn't

**matter
if they're all healed, or they all drop dead.
What matters is that you wave your
hand. Don't deny them. And don't deny
yourself,
Give them what they want.**

Back to the village

Just as Carol was leaving the store a skinny little old man leaped out and danced in front of her like a happy child. He wore no shirt and his smile had holes in it.

She was initially startled by him.

**“ ▪ He's a happy consciousness. Give him a couple of rupees.
“**

As soon as she gave him the rupees he put his hands together and bowed slightly to her.

I thought : “ ▪ could the teacher be hiding inside that little fucker. “

Then a bus loaded with pilgrims stopped not far from where I was standing.

Everyone piled off and broke out their lunch. I had finished my lunch so I broke out my harmonica.

A very persistent little local boy around four and half years of age was having another go at me, to see if I would give him another

rupee. “ ▪ Rupee. . ! Rupee. . ! “ “ No I'm saving them for

the real pilgrims. “ The laddy didn't understand a word I'd said. He spoke only Hindi. So I decided to say it with music. I played him the tune of :

“ ▪ *Are you going away with no word of fair-well ?*

Will you leave not a trace left behind. I could have loved you better. I didn't mean to be.

I looked up and there were fifty people standing there watching me play the song to the little boy.

“ ▪ Hmm.. I wonder if making music on the pilgrimage is an offence punishable by death ? “

I looked at their eyes to read the mood of the crowd. They were smiling. This was beginning to look like a scene from an old Bing Crosby movie.

I thought : “ ▪ You know ? I'll bet most of these folks never seen a harmonica before. ▪ “

I did a little stage time in years past, I enjoy audiences. So I kept on playing. Meanwhile Carol breaks out her camera and starts to position herself, to capture ambience of the scene. Just as Carol's about to take the shot, the whole crowd turns and Smiles for the birdie ! “ It looked like they were all saying cheeeese “ ▪ What a bunch of hams. “ ▪

The little boy was at me again, doing his little act. He was a well clothed, well fed local. The locals did real well in this town.

“ ▪ Rupee..... rupee.....rupee..!

I mimed everything as I said to the boy : “ ▪ I've already given you two rupees. This is the third time your asking me in the last hour. “

I pointed to his belly full of sweets.

“ Look at you your stuffed. If I give you any more rupees, Your gunna

look like this. “ I arched my back, blew up my cheeks and waddled a little bit like a fat guy in a silent movie. The audience roared with laughter. The kid decided I wasn’t worth hustling any more, and went home to eat lunch.

Then one man stepped forward, came up very close to look at my face like he had to get a really good look at me.

I heard Carol in the background saying : “ ▪ He’s Mongolian !

▪ “

His job on the bus was the baggage handler. He’d lash up the luggage on top of the bus. Then take his place up there, with the roof top passengers.

His eyes were clearer than anyone in the town. They were studying my face like I was a rare exotic animal that he might never see again, And he wanted to be sure his description would be accurate, when he told the story of the strange fellow he saw on the way to Badrinith. I wondered if he knew how clear he was. He had

a clarity of aura that surpassed anyone I’d seen in the whole town,

Clearer than anyone I’d met in India as of yet. But he seemed to have no awareness of his radiance. At some future point

he was going to start having those mind shaking psychic experiences that make you know that you’re not what you thought you were.

The Mongolian was called back to work. I almost resented someone giving him orders. Then I told myself : “ He’ll know what he is in a couple of years. Then they’ll be asking, for his direction. “

When the crowd started taking an interest in a man on the opposite side of the street who was banging on a brass

bowl with a shape on the top like a vase. It looked a little like a spittoon. I suspected that he might have a cobra in that thing and so did the crowd. Now being out of the spotlight

I used the opportunity to quietly slip some of the walking pilgrims something in their beggar bowls. They were stealth about taking the rupees.

They sensed I preferred tithing the money to them, rather than to spoiled towns kids who hustled the high-roller pilgrims

as they stop in towns like this one on the way to the shrines.

Keith suddenly appeared. He had wandered to a part of the town a little farther down the road.

“ ▪ Where’ve you been ? “

He had a red and yellow paint spot on his third eye.*

▪ I went up the road to look in the stores. All the people were getting their face painted by this guy sitting on a stoop over there. He pointed up the road to the other side.

“ ▪ Carol I’m going up the road to check out a guy doing initiations. You wanna come ?

“ ▪ No . “

“ Keep an eye out for the driver. I’ll be right back. ▪ “

To Keith : “ Show me this guy. “

Keith as we walked : “ ▪ I gave him money. He’s probably sitting there

laughing at me. ▪ “

“ ▪ Looks to me like he gave you dagjan.* Do you feel at all spacey ? Like maybe a little buzz in the spot where he put the paint ? “

***Third eye : space between your eyes.
* Dagjan : initiation : energizes the third eye
chakara.**

“ ▪ No, I don't think I feel anything. ▪ “

“ ▪ How much did you give him ? ▪ “

“ ▪ I don't know ? A few rupees. There he is there ! ▪ “

As Keith had said there was a stoop of a cement wall that the man was sitting on. There was a line of people waiting to get there third eye painted by this fellow.

I said : “ ▪ He sure looks the part. ▪ “ He had the similar stature to a popular Guru in the states in the seventies named Sacha Denanda, that and a little bit of Moses all rolled into one. He was wearing an orange-ish yellow cotton robe like garment with a red piece of material of courser weave around his shoulders, and was seated cross-legged, but not in a lotus position.

His hair ran down his shoulders and passed his waistline. The beard also past his waistline. It was a mixture or gray and black. He seemed quite confident. But unlike Sacha Denanda he seemed to have no energy around him. Sach had energy I could feel. It had a little sparkle to it.

“ ▪ ▪ I'm gunna give him a whirl, See what I feel up close. ▪ “

When I got there I felt a very nice man just going through the motions

of painting everyone's third eye. Kind of like Catholic priests would put ashes on your head in just the same spot and say in Latin. "▪ Ashes to ashes. And dust to dust. Dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return." ▪

They said they were talking to the body, as opposed to the soul. And that the body was temporary, But the soul was eternal. I felt no energy from them, and none from him. But I kind of liked him.

Keith explained to me that he had then gone into the small courtyard and through the temple doors.

I said : ▪ "▪ Lead on ! Let's go. ▪ "

Keith : ▪ "▪ It's over there ! Through those doors. I'll meet you here in

a few minutes. I don't want to go back in there. ▪ "

" Ok I'll meet you here. ▪ " I headed into the temple it had a couple

of near life size statues one of which looked like a Buddhist monk.

He was the chubbier of the two statues. There was lots of gold paint and red for the garments. These guys might have been local saints

and the fella out front giving dagjan at least a rupee a head, was possibly the equivalent of a freelance monsignor.

I did a meditation, sent out my consciousness to the statues to see if I could

feel the energy of one or both of the local saints. I felt nothing. Maybe they didn't like me !

I came out to see one of the local kids putting on my shoes. Did I mention

that you have to take off your shoes before entering the temples ? Well you do.

This kid was around six or seven. I grabbed him and told him to take off the shoes. "▪ Give me rupee ! "

"▪ Take off the shoes. " The laces weren't ties and the shoes were twice the size of his feet. In his mind he was just having some fun with

the pilgrims. I repeated my self again. Then a man around twenty eight or so walked up and kicked the kid in the leg and told him to take off the shoes. At first I was a little shocked. Then I realized he hadn't hurt him.

He said some things to the man in Hindi, and the man to him. I put on my shoes and stayed for a few minutes to talk with him. He spoke English Meanwhile the kid kept trying to grab my hat. The man rose his hand like he was going to hit the kid. The kid dodged and came in for another pass but the hat was safely in my shirt by then, So he decided to smack me on the top of the head. At this point I mimicked the the fella sitting next to me's action. I raised my hand like : " Now I'm going to hit you back ! " I figured that would bluff him off. But the motion upset the guy sitting next to me. He gave me a : " Don't YOU hit him ! " look .

It didn't occur to me till later that the man and the boy were related.

He was either his brother or his father.

I got up and said : " Nice to have met you. " And walked out of the little courtyard past the far-head painter and just then spotted Keith coming back from his further excursion.

" Where'd you venture to ? "

" More shops. "

" Anything interesting ? "

" Not very. I'm looking for something to make this trip worth it. "

" If there's a spiritual experience waiting for you in Badrinith, It

will be
more than worth it. But if not, or in addition to, You might have
some
luck with what ever they have in the way of stones they find in
them thar mountains pilgrim. I'll bet there's something of
value up there if you ask about stones.

“ ▪ You know that's a good idea. We are going to the foot of the
Himalayas.
Looking for stones is a good idea. ▪ “

We decided to walk farther up the road, It was just that moment
that Carol
caught up with us.

“ ▪ Where'd you get the red and yellow paint on your faces ? “ ▪

I said : “ ▪ From that fellow over there ! Would you like to see that
temple ?
There's no vibes, that I can ascertain.

She looked back at the local sage looking man and the small
temple
beyond the stoop size wall surrounding the court yard. Then father
up the
road we were standing on.

“ ▪ What's up there ? “

“ ▪ Let's go see ! ▪ “

There really wasn't much more, just some houses. And a small
store.
So I got a soda. As I exited the quaint store around the size of a
closet.

I could spy Carol and Keith
negotiating cigarettes from one and other. They were on the
opposite side
of the road with their backs to me standing at the edge of a block

wide gap between buildings. It was a big long lot that descended down a thirty degree grade, filled with what looked to me like rag-weeds with a moderate amount of trash between them.

As I arrived Keith took a drag on his fag, and said to Carol :
Keith : “ ▪ Carol ? Isn't that Marijuana ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Yes I think that is ! ▪ “

“ ▪ Look at that ! I'll bet it's growing all over these hills around this place.

I said : Ok, That makes sense. Those weavers we saw at the bend in the

Road ? They were weaving this stuff. If you bought a hat in this town, you'll probably get nailed at customs. This better not be your big find, that makes the trip pay for it self.

Keith smiling with tongue in cheek : “ ▪ Well I was looking for something.
This could be a real seller.

“ ▪ Yeah till they cart you away. “

Carol walked off like she's had enough of us.

I was glad that she was gaining confidence. Instead of following me around

and telling me to shut up when I talked to her. She would walk off and explore a little on her own. I thought : “ ▪ This is a good thing, unless

she wanders off and gets in trouble ! That's dumb. What kind of trouble could she get into ? Women need a little female energy around them. They can't handle male energy continuously. I should have got another gal to come and keep her company. Oh ! Sure !

That's a great idea. Then you'd have two of them bitching at

you ! Besides if she needed feline energy around her. Why didn't

she warm up to Neehea till I told her she would be able to talk to the shop keepers for her ? Oh, Yeah, That's right. She was having a neurotic episode about having lived here before.

Ok Ok ! Everything's going just the way it was supposed to.

Keith : “ ▪ You know she's heading in the right direction. it's probably time to get back on the road. We don't want that driver to leave without us. “

**“ ▪ You've got a good point there. You ought to sit on it. ▪ “
You've got a point in your head. ▪ “**

“ ▪ You're right I have many points in my head, yet to be made. But fortunately none are on my head. ▪ “

“ ▪ I meant to say on your head. ▪ “

“ ▪ Too late now. ”

We walked briskly down the road passed many cows coming up the road. I never did feel completely comfortable watching those long sharp horns, with a half a ton of beef behind them swaggering head on in my direction. Carol was oblivious to them. In Mussoorie I remembered her and I coming upon a huge cow, long sharp horns, with a very young calf in front of her.

Carol to spite my subjection to be real careful, walked up within eight foot of them, to take a couple of pictures When she got to her closest, the cow started to look alarmed. Then Carol walked back and said : “ ▪ I got a couple of good ones. ▪ “

“ ▪ Yeah! they've have made the papers, if you'd taken

one more step towards that calf. ▪ “

Ok back to Ranikhet

**.
We picked up a couple of snacks. Cookies mostly, got back in the car munched away while we viewed a continuous spectrum of terraced farm lands as we spun round the curves at the edge of the cliff with a row of giant busses passing us on the right. I started to nod out.....**

“ ▪ Hmm this feeling is familiar.... Cliffs falling asleep.... or passing out !

Yeah I remember 1960 It was me and four Other Marines In a kama cazi cab.

The cab driver kept banging his head against the side of the door to keep himself.. a..wake. “

We were coming back from partying all night in Cosa. A little town In Okinawa. It was a long drive around a mountain road with cliffs two hundred feet high. As I plummeted into slumber My thoughts then, were the same as this time.

“ ▪ What if the driver falls asleep ? ! I guesswe'll wake up on the way down..... or when we hit..... ” ▪

I woke gradually, I think it was the sound of Keith's voice saying : ▪ “ This is it ! We're here. ▪ “

Carol : “ ▪ We're where ? ▪ “

I thought : “ Badrinith ! ? I couldn't of slept that long !

“ ▪ Gopeshwar , We have to find lodging. ▪ “

I said : “ ▪ Oh shit ! The sun's down. We'd better buggie.

Keith : “ ▪ The driver says there’s a place that rent’s rooms up this Street. ▪ “

Thinking to myself : “ ▪ You know. I though they’d start whining and bitching, and want to go home by now. But they’re hanging right in there. I’m impressed !

They’ve got more balls than I gave them credit for.

Hmmm. . . We’re gunna have to take the first place offered, and hope

they don’t soak us too much. Were farther up the mountain now. And I’m not

sure how cold it gets here at night. ▪ “

A lodging owner ran out to meet us in the street and started telling us he had rooms for us.

Keith : “ ▪ Well.... How big is the rooms ? ▪ “

I said : “ ▪ Let’s look at them. Show me where they are. ▪ “

As we walked up the dark hill behind this fellow my first thought was security. “ ▪ nice place for an ambush. ▪ “ Then we got to a landing

that had a kind of motel on the hill sort or feel about it.

But the rooms had thick solid walls, possible concrete.

Proprietor : “ ▪ Here’s one for, one of you. ▪ “

logically the single would be Carols. But It was not a place I would like to have

dropped her off, all by herself. It was too dark and easily accessible through the window.

“ ▪ Do you have one big enough for all of us. “ ▪ I looked at Carol to see if she was going to want to go back to that not so good single. Then said :

“ ▪ Or big enough for two of us ? ▪ “

**“ I have one here. And I have a bigger one up there in the back.
But for
that one you have to wait a while for us to clean it up.**

I said : “ ▪ let’s look at all of them. ▪ “

**We looked at the one in the back. It was rectangular about twelve
ft. by
twenty, with the bathroom through a door at the far end.
No windows. Security wise, this was good.
There was some wood and a couple of boxes stored in it.**

“ ▪ Come ! I’ll show you the other room. ▪ “

We followed him down one story down and to the right.

**The room looked much alike the single he showed us the first time,
except
this one had no windows, and maybe two extra feet.**

I said : ” How much is this place here ? ▪ “

“ ▪ This one is one hundred rupees. “

**I’d already done some calculations in my head before I’d ever asked
the question. A hundred rupees, was a little over three bucks.
Not bad ! Considering the sun was already down and
we were in unfamiliar territory.**

**Keith beat me to my next line : “ ▪ How much is the one above ?
The bigger
one. ▪ “**

**I thought : “ ▪ Bo Bo ! He shouldn’t have said : Bigger one. Well
with
luck the most it will cost is double, two-hundred
rupees,
equaling six bucks.**

“ ▪ That one costs one-hundred and fifty rupees. ▪ ▪ “

Keith : “ that’s for all three of us. ▪ “

“ ▪ Oh yes. Of course. ▪ “

“ ▪ Do you have three beds to put in there for us ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Oh yes, yes of course. ▪ “

“ ▪ Will three beds fit in there ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Sure no problem. They’ll fit. ▪ “

By this time I’m real pleased with Keith’s negotiations. But my paranoid streak is saying : “ When he said all three of us ? Did the proprietor mean

Apiece ! Mean while Carol asks : “ ▪ Is there a temple near by here ?

**“ ▪ Yes there is one up the hill there. It’s right up this path here. You take that path it goes right to it. The path has some turns and twists,
But it goes right to it. “**

The owner sent a man up to empty out the room.

“ ▪ We have people here from all over. There is three people from Germany, and two from Sweden here they come now. ▪ “

A couple of tall athletic looking blond guys came flying down the stairs past us. They waved hello as they passed.

“ ▪ I said : “ Those were the ?..... “

“ ▪ Sweedens . ▪ “

“ ▪ Oh “

I was surprised they didn't stop to try to talk with us. I would have though they would have been impressed to see folks that looked somewhat like themselves this far off the beaten path. They were in a hurry to get to some where. Maybe their favorite eating place was about to close.

They couldn't be late for a movie or a rave or something. it's pitch black out.

Maybe they just discovered that the grass in these parts isn't Kentucky Blue.

“ ▪ Your room is ready . “

Keith was the first one up the stairs with Carol behind him. I was back to

thinking monetarily as I brought up the rear : “ ▪ If it turns out to be 150 apiece I'm going to insist that he let me negotiate our next lodging.

The manager started back down the hill to his office. Keith and Carol

walked into the room and ran back out.

“ ▪ There's a huge spider in there !! ▪ “

“ ▪ How big is it ? “

Both of them : “ ▪ It's . . . It's. . . Big !! “

“ ▪ Three inches ? Six inches ? Three feet ! ? How fucken big is it ?

Ah lets see, Where's there a stick or something I can hit it with.

**Is it in a web ? Is it up high is it down low.
Where exactly did you see it ? “**

Keith : “ ▪ You shouldn't go in there ! ▪ “

**I wasn't the least bit worried. When I was in the marines in
camp Pendleton
out in the boonies , doing war games I dug a rattler and a
tarantula out
of the fox hole I was digging. And slept in that same hole that
night.**

**If he'd just tell me which direction to look for it. No problem
I'll just go see what we got there. You don't always have
to kill them. Some times you just move them to a more
suitable
area. And we all live happily ever after.**

**Meanwhile the manager runs past me while saying : “ I'll Kill
It, I'll Kill It ! “**

**He runs into the room. It must have taken him a full two
seconds to find the spider and kill it.
By the time I started through the door he had it
killed and deposed of. I think he flushed it. As he exited the
door
to the room I said : “ What did it look like ? “ He shrugged
and said : “ It was just a spider. “**

“ ▪ Oh, Ok ▪ “

**But I'm really thinking : “ If that was “ Just a spider “ Then
why did he run in there
like he was putting out a fire ? ▪ “ I was going to ask for more
details from
Keith and Carol But thought better of it. Maybe it would be
best not to remind them of the spider in the room,
or they might sit up all night**

watching for spiders. “

“ ▪ Wait a minute ! There’s only one bed in here ! “

“ ▪ No problem, No problem. My man is bringing two more beds up right now. ▪ “

He no sooner said the words and the guy was dragging in two fold-up single beds into the room.

I thought : ▪ “ ▪ Oh shit ! Fold up beds. There always the lumpiest , worst things on earth to sleep on. ▪ “

These fold-ups were different, Instead of a lumpy mattress jammed in half between two brackets with springs. It was kind of like a three part fold out table. Three thick boards klunked together to make one nice flat surface. And on top of that went a firm cotton padding around three inches thick . No springs. Nice and flat, the way I like it. I laid down on one to try it out.

“ ▪ This ones mine ! ▪ “

The manager and his man had left. Keith was standing there looking in his wallet pensively. Then he said : “ ▪ I paid the rent. “ ▪

I said : “ A hundred en fifty rupees. Right ! ▪ “

He was thinking : “ ▪ Hund..... fif..... He gets five dollars for this for this dump ! “

At this point I’m thinking that Keith has certainly made the

transition

from easy going “ here’s my money “ ▪ tourist, To Mr. ruthless stingy bargain hunter.

“ Keith you’ve getting to be a really good negotiator. But don’t turn into the ugly American. People like it when you haggle with them. It makes them feel like you value their currency. These people like you.

You’re respected !

Don’t blow it by getting arrogant.

Five bucks ! For three people ? That’s a pretty good price ! If we were in Egypt, they’d be trying to hustle a charge, on each bed ! “

He started to giggle a little.

“ ▪ That *is* a good price isn’t it. ▪ “

“ ▪ Yeah and this manager seems pretty decent to me. Considering it’s dark and we don’t know the area he could have tried to hustled us but he didn’t.

Carol : “ Let’s go check out the temple “

“ ▪ you think it might be too late ? Think they might be closed ? “

Carol : “ Let’s go ask. “

“ ▪ I’m up for that. ▪ “

Keith : “ ▪ I gunna go down and see what else is in this town. “

“ ▪ I think they already rolled up the sidewalks Keith. What are you going to see down there ? It’s pitch black .

**Keith : “ There’s stuff down there. I’m going to check it out and see
what it is. “**

**“ ▪ All I saw down there was shadows of dark closed buildings
If you find any food bring us some back too Ok ? ▪ “**

“ ▪ sure if I find any. ▪ “

“ ▪ Ok , temple time. ▪ “

**We went down the dark slope leading to the almost
indiscernible
square cement bungalow, Reputed to be the managers office.**

**The manager was standing outside talking to someone. It was
probably his helper, but I couldn’t tell ya. It was really dark . I
could just
about make out the managers features at a span of five feet.
And I’ve
rather good night vision.**

**▪ All right. He’s becoming clearer, My eyes are adjusting. I
looked up
to see that a few stars were showing through an opening in
some
rather dark clouds.**

**While I was concentrating on the heavens, Carol was
getting
directions as to where the path to the temple was. It turned
out to
be real close to where our pad was. About a block up a small**

path that led
between some houses to a dirt street which wound its way
right to the temple. On this excursion we passed by one of
those trees that look
like a giant chunk of broccoli with roots like boney octopus-
legs
reaching out in all directions. It was very wide.

“ ▪ I’m coming back here tomorrow and get a better look at
that
tree. There might be some energy there. At the very least it’s
interesting. “

Carol : “ It does look interesting. “
Ok here we were at a little shrine with another of what I
assumed
was a statue of one of their local saints. A chubby statue of a
fellow
sitting cross-legged wearing a red garment edged
with some ceramic gold glaze. Some one had dressed the
statue
with the exact same red garment over the ceramic
garment. There was another smaller statue along side of him
which looked like a smaller version of the same man.

There was three Indian fellows there one around fifty or so
with two cymbals on a stick when he struck the but of the stick
to the
ground the cymbals would clamp to together, making a
muffed cymbal sound which accompanied his song. He
appeared
to be singing directly to the statue. Pretty soon the two men
accompanying
him joined in and naturally to me it sounded like the Hari
Krishna
trio. But once they got warmed up, they were getting some
vibe

going. I was tempted to join in but I didn't know the words and that usually pisses folks off. It ruins their vibe.

So after standing there for a about four minutes Carol gave me that : “ ▪ Are you staying here ? Cause I'm moving on ” Look. I gave her my “ Na...” Look. And was ready to turn left and go down the hill. But she turned right. We walked father up the road soon it curved round to the left. I didn't think we'd encounter anything else. But maybe.

“ ▪ Oh there's something. I wonder if Carol knew for sure that this was here ? ▪ “

To our right there was a faint glow barely perceivable. Fifteen yards away it could have been a hundred. Distance was not perceivable except in retrospect. As we got closer it took the shape of a large doorway. I kept on expecting eight foot doorways to be arched. But it wasn't, it was rectangular 8x 6. Because of the pervasive blackness the entree looked like a portal to the twilight zone. Only much dimmer, It was dream-like.

“ ▪ I thought : ▪ “ Could we be invading some-ones private residence ? ▪ “

Anywhere in the world if a man walks into a private residence unannounced, He's viewed with suspicion. If a woman does the same.

It's assumed she's lost. Carol went through the door first. The ceiling was around fourteen feet high. Width wise it was double that. Around thirty feet wide. There was a thread bare thin

rug on the floor. So I started to take off my shoes. Then decided against it. It wasn't particularly cold out maybe 65 degrees. That might be still warm enough for

scorpions.

And the floor was scarcely perceivable.

The two small wide candles eighty feet away on the four foot platform at the far front of the room, was the only light in or near this place. Between those candles was a chair.

On

the chair at first glance sat a person. “ ▪ Whoo.... Dude..! ▪ “

But upon closer inspection I realized it was an other statue.

This one

was life size, and not pudgy like most of the others.

He wore a leopard skin in addition to his other cloths. Slim and trim and

evil looking. I almost liked him. There was energy in the room. But with this kind of lighting I could see energy in any room. And it was about the same as I would see in an average room.

I thought : “ Ok , this was fun. Now let’s get out of here before somebody starts yelling we’ve desecrated the temple with our shoes. Carol was satisfied that this wasn’t quite it also.

We said good by to the local leopard skin deity, and headed out

the door. Carol started towards the road. But I just stood there.

Something was pulling from the right. It was even more pitch black

in that direction.

“ ▪ There’s something over here. It’s pulling at me. I’ve got to go there. You can wait here if you want, but I’ve got..... “

Carol : “ Let’s go ! ▪ “

She followed as I walked carefully through the blackness towards

the pull. I couldn't believe it ! We had apparently past a lot of shrubbery that obscured the entrance of another shrine. An ancient cave. A couple a thousand years old.

How do I know ? The plaque just inside the door said so.

This place was a little better lit. It had a few more candles.

The alter

was natural. It was part of the cave. At the back of the cave was

a slightly elevated platform with another thread-bare rug.

I went up to the two statues almost life size. Hmmm.... unless originally they were little guys. . . . Anyway I stared into the eyes of the larger one.

“ ▪ These guys ‘ev got some juice ! “

I felt like getting up on the alter and sitting next to them and meditating.

Carol went back to the platform with the rug and laid flat on her back on it.

Thinking : “ If I get up there and start meditating and a few of those guys

With the cymbals and drums wander in..... Na maybe

I'll just lie down and meditate the way she is. Or is she just resting ? No. She's meditating. “ ▪

Meditating lying down is not usually my preference, Too much opportunity to fall asleep.

“ ▪ There's room enough for four people on that rug. I don't think I'll

be crowding her. If you can't beat em, Join em ! ▪ “

I laid down in the same manner Carol was flat on my back with my hands at my side. And closed my eyes. Didn't even have to concentrate on my third eye. Swoosh ! I was out of the body and flying the same route up the pass as our car took to reach this town.

At an altitude of fifty to a hundred feet I soared steadily around the mountain cliffs following the river. I was on automatic pilot. It was unnecessary for me to make any effort to steer. However after what seemed like around twenty minutes of auto pilot
“ ▪ Is that our car down there ? “ Well like I was saying after 20 min. of auto pilot I decided to steer for more altitude. It was like putting your hands on the soles of your feet and trying to jump three feet in the air.

With great effort I managed to get up to the tops of the mountains. Then I was pulled swiftly back down to the former course. that's when I decided to come in for a landing. I sunk back into my body and opened my eyes. Carol came around directly after.

“ ▪ were you flying ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Yeah I was way out there beyond the clouds ▪ “

“ I couldn't get much above a hundred feet. I perpetually flew through the pass, Like something was trying to keep me under the radar. “

“ ▪ I was way out there, almost into outer space. ▪ “

**RECENT TIME
(Meaning Right Now)**

I just had an epiphany. It's common knowledge that when we sleep our astral body floats around two meters above our bodies.

We were floating higher.

I realize now, that when Carol and I fell asleep in the car, right then! was when we were doing all that astral flying.

When we laid down on the rug in the cave* It triggered an instant replay. We were just reliving the experience we had already had, and didn't remember.

It all makes sense to me now. It would be my nature to fly a little ahead and make sure that there were no surprises on the road. While I was riding shotgun. Carol was flying high in the sky. She was possibly looking farther up the road.

Back to the cave

“ ▪ I tried to get up there but couldn't budge off the course I was on.

I've only been out a few times that I can remember. You probably have more experience flying. ▪ ‘

Carol : ▪ “ ▪ I have flying dreams all the time. ▪ “

“ ▪ That explains it. You’re a more experienced aviator. ▪ “

Carol : “ ▪ I’m tired let’s go back to the bunker. ▪ “

As we headed back down the hill I thought : “ I’m gunna have to

check the walls of that place to make sure there’s no cracks. or ways for little intruders to enter the domicile, When the lights

go out in that room, It’s going to be blacker than the La Brea tar pits.

If I check the perimeter, I’ll sleep more soundly.

I slept like a rock for around two hours. It was like getting nine hours sleep in two. I got up and ready to see this town in the day light.

It wasn’t much different than the last town. We found a tiny restaurant. You’re sitting practically at the guys elbow who’s

doing the cooking. Curry rice with a mix of veggies and a sauce of some kind, with lots of spices in it. I had to have some,

even though unpackaged food was the reason I got two hours sleep

instead of seven like Keith and Carol. She was fairing well. She’d eaten just about everything I’d eaten, Maybe more.

But hadn’t had any adverse effects yet. I couldn’t finish the meal. I was off to the can.

When I came back I got some bottled water. A few swigs out of that was breakfast.

We looked the town over a little. I actually found a minimal grocery shop that had what looked like incense way up on one of its top shelves.

I asked the slender owner in his mid thirties wearing a muted blue colored

Neru hat on the back of his head :

“ ▪ Is that what I think it is up there ? Is that incense ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Vare are you looking ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Up there behind your head, Way up on the top. ▪ “

“ ▪ Yes I think so, that’s incense. ▪ “

“ ▪ Aaaah . . . Could I smell it ? ▪ “

He didn’t answer he just started climbing on top of his chair to try to reach it. Then he put a book on top of the chair and stood on it. That made him tall enough.

Meanwhile customers were stacking up behind me. The proprietor

came down with one pack of incense. As soon as I smelled it I thought : “ ▪ God ! I wish he’d brought the whole shoe box full

down. “ It had an awesomely delicious scent to it. It was the best quality money could buy. And the price was eleven rupees. I decided

it was worth the slightly annoyed looks I was getting from the waiting customers.

“ ▪ Could I have two more packs of this ? ▪ “

As he's climbing his stool with the book on it again : " That's a lot of incense. I hope your not intending to burn too much at one time. " "

I thought : " " Is this stuff caustic ? Ok I'll burn some, Smell it.

If it gives me a sour throat, I'll throw it away. If not. On our way back down the pass I' drop in here and buy the rest of the box. "

Then the humanitarian side of my brain kicked in : " But what about the rest

of the people that might want to buy some of this good stuff ? Wouldn't that be a little selfish ? Yeah sure it's a good price. But you might be buying up the full supply

of incense for the whole town . " " Well then I'll come back and

buy another ten packs. That won't deplete the towns supply. " " Ok that's reasonable. "

At around thirty four cents a package, it was a magnificent buy. I felt a little guilty. I'd delayed around six people

for ten minutes just so I could spend around a dollar.

" " Le-me atta here ! Before I go on a guilt binge. "

All right, So now it's time for lunch. Carol has checked out the places she wanted to browse and is already sitting at one of the small

tables in the minuscule restaurant near our dwelling She was eating lunch. A mixture much like breakfast was.

Keith was nowhere to be seen.

The food smelled pretty good. But I'd dare not indulge.

Carol : “ ▪ the cook wants to know if you want anything. “

“ ▪ Maybe I can get away with some rice. “

Carol had picked up an Indian outfit In Mussoorie. You know, the long flowing getup with matching scarf that goes over the head like a an oversized kerchief. From the back I couldn't tell her from any similarly structured Indian woman in town.

She was American Italian. Brown eyed olive complexion, brown hair.

Thinking : “ ▪ My god ! Some of these people might think she's Indian !

This could pose a problem. Folks in this country Don't approve of women smoking. Foreign women wearing their own countries clothes styles would not nessa-rally be approved of. But they wouldn't be leered at like street-walkers. Oh, Shit ! All those Indian guys that were sitting at the other tables in this restaurant and blatantly wiggling their eyebrows at her this morning, think she's a common slut !

Oh well. As long as the guys behave themselves a little flirtatiousness will do wonders for Carols ego.

Like I said earlier the place was small and the five or six little wooden tables they had in this eatery were situated very close together.

Carol sat there eating her lunch like Mata Hari, cigarette poised between her fingers pointing upward, While blowing smoke across the room towards what ever man was lecherously smiling at her.

One fellow sat down at the table directly in front of Carol just about the time I sat down next to her. He began an indignant stare, four feet away directly at Carol. Meanwhile her gaze was on one of the cuter light hearted guys in the back. The irate one's stare intensified.

This made her notice him.

She blew a large puff of smoke in his face in the form of dismissal, and returned her gaze to the sweet looking young guy in the back.

Mr. Indignant now took on the countenance of a horny enraged preacher. He began positioning himself to lunge out of the chair and grab her.

Thinking : Hmmm. . . . This would be so much easier if Jeff could have come along. He'd just rip this guy's face off and wipe his ass with it. Jeff's pretty tough.

I leaned slightly forward into the man's hateful stare. He had some juice.

Waves of energy were resounding around his head and shoulders four inches high, three echelons deep. He focused his hatred at me now, with a momentary glare at Carol which said : " I'm going to get, her. " I sent him one back.

" You touch her, I'll kill you. " "

It was not so long ago in a little town much like this one, half the town participated in hanging two lovers for marrying out of their caste.

This chap was that kind of fanatic.

He decided to terrify me with his malevolent intense psychic

gaze.

We locked eyes. He poured on the juice.

**This was reminiscent of six months earlier in a large Italian restaurant
Nine zealots from some evangelist group decided I was evil, cause they could feel my presence from across the room.
So they lined up in a V formation projected their energy through their point man and leader. He directed a steady forceful stream of ectoplasm laced with absolute malice.**

I remembered what my teacher had taught me.

“ It’s all just energy. Don’t put a judgment on it. Just accept it. “

So I opened my heart chackra wide and absorbed it. They kept pouring it on, I kept absorbing, till the Point Man began to look like Dracula had drank two quarts of his blood. He began to stagger and almost fell. Then looked like he feared retaliation. He didn’t realize that giving me that energy was like throwing dirty money at me. All I had to do was wash it with none judgment. I was well buzzed on their energy It was like I’d been meditating for an hour and hit lower Samati with a boost. I wanted to thank them. But they

wouldn't have taken it positively. The kindest thing I could do was say nothing as they quietly exited the restaurant.

This chap in the village restaurant was a different story. His energy didn't need to be absorbed. It needed to be augmented. His eyes looked like hot coals projecting as much heat in my direction as the body behind them could muster.

I glared directly back into his face in general, which made him respond by turning on even more energy I could literally feel it pushing against my external body.

“ ▪ Ok, ready or not ! Here I come. ▪ “

I focused pinpointedly on his pupils, and began sending a concentrated surge of energy, which displaced what he was sending.

It was like traveling through the eye of a storm. Except on the other

side was the inside of his head. The energy was flowing into him for around six seconds. Suddenly he broke away, pushed

away from the table and held his left hand to the left side of his head with a look of : “ Oh My God ! What's in my head ! Carol was totally oblivious of what was going on.

She was still visually flirting with the cute guy in the back. But he was too shy to come up and say hello.

Carol : “ I'm leaving. “ ▪

I was looking back to be sure the protagonist wasn't regrouping for an all

out physical attack : “ ▪ Yeah, Me too. ▪ “

I began to be a little alarmed to see the man still holding his head. He now looked dazed. And wasn't concerned with me.

Then I saw that light cloud of energy start to emit like a muted halo from his head on all sides, And knew he was alright.

**He was on the threshold of a state of heightened awareness. He soon would be questioning dogma, instead of devoting himself to it. Either that, or he'll be worse than ever. He's got more energy now. Law of Darma :
" ▪ All roads lead to God. " Some lead straight down to him.**

**Keith was headed up the road as we were headed down .
Carol : " ▪ That little restaurant over there is really good. "**

**Keith : " ▪ I don't eat unpackaged food. " Smiling at me : " I don't
Want to end up like him. You got a couple of fags ?
▪ "**

**Carol : " ▪ You want fags go to Hollywood. If you want some Cigarettes, You have to pay me back the three..... No five..
You owe me.
You owed me two, and I gave you three more when we stopped at the first shrine on the road. "**

**Keith : " Shesh .. ! What a miser ! She remembers everything.
All right, I have a couple of decks of Marborls in my pack
Back at the crash pad. I'll give you one when we get back there.**

**As he accepted the three smokes she offered he gave an impish little smile, and added : ▪ “
But you have to let me bum the other twelve back later. “**

She gave him the evil eye. “ ▪ I’m going back and take a nap “

Keith : “ I don’t think you ought to do that yet. ▪ “

“ ▪ And why is that ? ▪ “

“ ▪ If you sleep right after you’ve eaten, Your gunna gain weight.

And besides, I think we should find a bank. And get some more rupees.

I said : “ A bank ! Up here ? !

Keith : “ A guy down the road told me there was one up the road around a half a mile.

I said : “ Really ! I stand corrected. I didn’t think there was one this far up

The pass. You’re not likely to get the same rate that I got down below. But at least you guys will have rupees and you’ll not be borrowing them from me. This sets my mind at ease. I had visions of you two running out of rupees and I’d end up being the guy having to watch the purse strings till we got back down the mountain. “

So up the road we went. “ ▪ Hay ! Maybe they’ll have a good rate. I’ll get some more rupees and if we see something like a precious stone or two up there for sale..... .

As we walked up the road Keith interrogated directions out of

several patient people.

Finally, we came upon a square building approximately the size of a two car garage. The whole thing made out of cement, with walls two foot thick. It was up on a little knoll. As we approached I saw what was once a familiar sight in the Philippines. Men standing guard with shotguns outside the building. They started looking alive as we started up the hill.

When we were a quarter of the way up the hill, one of them yelled some thing down to us. I wasn't sure what language he was using, But it sounded like : “ ▪ What do you want ? “

When I stopped, Keith stopped. “ ▪ Er.... Carol. . . . ? ▪ “ Carol kept right on walking up the hill. When she was half way, Keith resumed following.

To myself : “ Ok, Maybe I'm paranoid. But the vibe I'm getting here,

Is : “ Were not friendly ! ▪ “

I don't think Carol noticed, But as we approached the building the other two fellas were bringing their shotguns to the ready. I was sure those two didn't speak a word of English. If one of them panicked we would have been spending the rest of our lives in India. All three to ten seconds of it.

As Carol reached the door, Out stepped a stout fellow with a little rent a cop hat on, a size too small for his head.

“ ▪ What you want ? ▪ “

“ ▪ I want to see the manager. “

She walked around his bulky frame and through the door. Had to hand it to her. The man looked eclipsed.

I said : “ ▪ We want to change money ▪ “ ▪ as Keith and I followed her in.

We could barely fit the place was small. The guy with the cap brought up the rear saying : “ ▪ We don't do that here. ▪ “

My thoughts : “ ▪ This place reminds me of a jail more than a bank.

I think I'll wait outside. ▪ “

Carol had found who ever was in charge and he explained to her that this bank didn't change international curacy. She came out after around ten minutes and made me aware of those facts.

Internally : ▪ “ God damit ! I knew they should have picked up more

Rupees at that hotel. Now I've got to be extra careful not to spend too much money on anything up here. Cause in all likely hood. There gunna run out. And I'm gunna have to get us back down this batch of mountains.

Now if we do, find some fantastic bargains up here, they'll have to stay up here..... If there's anything really that good, I'll come back ! “

We stopped off at our humble abode so Keith could make good on his vow to refurbish Carols tobacco supply, and pick up an other pack to fortify his confidence for the walk he was about to ask me to take.

“ ▪ Would you take a little walk with me ? ▪ “

I thought : ▪ “ My God ! I’m being invited on one of his excursions.

Let’s see what’s going on with Carol.

Hmmm She appears to be taking a nap. She’s probably sick of being around us.

This is good . I get to see what Keith has discovered. Who knows ?

Maybe it’s a power spot. We can turn Carol on to it later when she’s rested and has lots of energy. ▪ “

“ ▪ Ok, Where we going ? “

As we stepped off : “ It’s just down the road a piece. “

“ ▪ How big a piece down the road ? ▪ “ I didn’t really care. He was acting a little insecure like a kid who wanted something from his parent. So I played the amused parent.

“ ▪ Oh, Maybe about four blocks. ▪ “

He made small talk as we walked.

“ ▪ How are you holding up ? Has she bit your head off recently ? ▪ “

“ ▪ No, Actually she seems pretty present. In Mussoorie she was given to fits of anger when I opened my mouth to say anything. She hasn’t snapped at me in at least three days now.

“ ▪ I have to stay away from her. ▪ “

Kidding : “ Ah.. That’s only cause you owed her cigarettes !
“

“ No, We don’t get along. “

“ I see no evidence of that. When you’re fighting about cigarettes, You sound like an old married couple.

And the rest of the time you get along rather nicely from what I’ve witnessed.

I’m the one who’s head she was biting off when ever I would

break into her virtual catatonia with a bit of Be here, Be now enthusiasm like : Hay you know this food is pretty good. I’d get something like : Oh will you shut up ! I can’t stand

listening to you ! I’d say Ok, see you later.

After about six or eight of these verbal shootings. I was

ready to say fuck you guys and just slip down the

road and head out to Badrinith. Then you’d come around.

And she’d start acting normal. I think that maybe she’s used to

arguing with someone once or twice a day.

And when you two have your nicotine fit fights,

That satisfies her quota for the day. “

Keith : “ Always analyzing. “

“ Why not ? I’m good at it. You know those mother fuckers back at that so called bank almost shot us. “

“ You think they would have shot us ? “

“ fuck, Yeah ! Let me make a suggestion for future reference.

When your walking up a hill and a guy holding a shotgun at the ready says, quote. What are you doing here ? You stop.

**Preferably while your still out of range of the weapon.
And you tell him what your doing here. You don't argue with
the guy
with the gun. You just get the fuck out of his kill zone, muy
pronto.**

**Smiling : “ ▪ Yeah those guys were some real characters
Back there. ▪ “**

**I changed the subject : ▪ “ ▪ Did you meet those Israeli kids
back at the dwellings ? “**

**“ ▪ No, Did they speak English ? Yeah, better than us !
The girl had the most beautiful skin. God she was fine. It was
hard not to
stare at her.**

Keith smiled impishly and said : “ ▪ I'd just stare. ▪ “

**“ ▪ No you wouldn't you're to polite for that. They were just
married
Both of them are like twenty years old. Nice couple.
They've been trekking in the mountains around here.
God !
She was beautiful.
. All right ! Change of subject.
We've been walking for around six and a half to seven blocks.
Why don't you tell me how far it really is to where
we're going. What is it ? Around a half mile ?
You know, I don't mind walking I like it. It would be ok with
me if it was
two or three miles. ▪ “**

“ ▪ That's good. It's not that far. “

“ ▪ Oh, Now I'm almost disappointed. I thought we might be

**taking
a real walk. ▪ “**

“ ▪ Here it is. This is it ! ▪ “

**“ ▪ A hotel ? Keith ! What the fuck do we need with a hotel ?
We have a good room at a good price. Not far from a pretty
good power-spot.
You haven't been there yet, have you ? You ought to check it
out.**

**Did Carol ask for a fancier place. If so she'll just have to
settle for her own room at the place where we're staying.**

**I want to get to Badrinith. I don't want to get stuck in this
town and then have to go back down the hill. I'm going to
Badrinith,
and you guys are not gunna cut me off from that, with
superfluous expenses.**

**“ ▪ No, no. You don't understand. I needed to stay here for one
night. “**

“ ▪ Errrr Why ? ▪ “

**He pointed to the roof of the three story building with about
twelve
rooms in it.**

“ ▪ They have a dish. “ It was a good size dish on the roof.

“ ▪ I need to watch some Hawaii 5 O, or some I Love Lucy. ▪ “

**“ ▪ Your suffering from culture shock. You need some
focal point
to remind you there's an America someplace. “**

“ ▪ Yeah I need this. ▪ “

“ ▪ And you brought me along cause your running out of rupees. And you don't have enough to buy one night in this place, cause it's fancy smanci with T V's in the rooms.

“ ▪ It's only in a couple of the rooms. But there a little expensive. “

“ ▪ If you seriously need this, I can kick in five hundred rupees and not worry too much how we've going to get back down the pass when we have to go. “

I looked at his face. He still looked a little desperate, But not as bad as a moment ago.

“ ▪ Six hundred max ! “

Keith : “ ▪ That's enough. “ ▪

“ ▪ Ok, Let's go talk to these guys and see if I can bargain with them some. “

I walked in the front door and was moderately impressed with the neat little parlor they had in the place. A little ostentatious for

a farming community, But they didn't go all out and scare folks away by looking so expensive that no one dares even enter the place.

And now here comes the manager. As he walked up to me. I had realized the catch 22 futility of the situation. But Keith was not yet aware. Well he soon would be.

I said : ▪ “ ▪ Hi . Do you have TV's in our rooms ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Yes ! Ve have them. But not in all rooms. Only four of them. “

“ ▪ Are any of the four available ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Yes we have three available. “

“ ▪ Is there a lot of channels ? ▪ “

“ Oh, Yes ! There's lots of channels, Forty seven of them. ▪ “

“ Really ! With lots of TV shows, right ?

Keith's eyes glistened with the possibilities.

“ ▪ Oh, lots and lots of TV shows, Loads of them. “

“ ▪ And there all Indian TV shows. Right ! ▪ “

“ ▪ Oh Yes, They're all Indian shows. “

“ No shows from England ? Or America ? “

“ Oh no ! They’re all Indian. “

Naturally Keith’s face showed a little shock. He had been hustling,

and been being hustled by Indian merchants all day long

everyday for around ten days. And he’d been avoiding Carol and I for

most of that time, Keith had experienced total immersion in to a world with

no familiarities. That’s a lot of utterly new data to process.

And he needed something to ground himself with. Something customary. Something that he didn’t have to think about.

Something

mundanely familiar. Something that required not one conscious thought.

Meditation helps, when the panic that your world may no longer

exist, sets in. But Keith didn’t meditate.

I suppose his form of meditation was swimming, Or surfing.

“ ▪ What about American films. ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Sometimes, But not very often. But ve have plenty, of Indian films. ▪ “

Keith giving up hope : “ ▪ That won’t do it. “

“ ▪ He needs to see something American. But thank you for

your time.

It's nice to know that you're here in case we should like to drop in on the way back. " I was schmoozing I had no intention of ever going to a place with a TV in India. We left and headed back down the road.

" ▪ Alright, look ! You can get past this vapor-lock with a little meditation. I got through the same thing when I went to Old Medina in Saudi Arabia. Absolutely nothing was familiar. I was on the Hajj and everyone was wearing robes. Most of the houses looked like they were in the time of Hajji Baba . I knew one man that spoke English, nothing was written in my language. The only thing American in the whole place was Me ! The energy there was exceptionally intense, And I'd been bombarded with all of the above for eighteen days. Without the meditations I would most likely wiggled out. It was like walking around in a dream. When I slept at night my dreams were of being back in Santa Barbara and

going about my routine daily life, with one difference. When I touched a table I could feel the table more solidly than I could in my waking state walking around in Medina. Medina had this white sparkling nebula permeating the whole place.

I didn't lose my marbles. And you won't lose yours. ▪ “

Keith : ▪ “ ▪ Sleep ! That's the answer. I'm just going to go to sleep for a lot of hours. ▪ “

▪ That makes sense. It'll give your brain time to categorize everything you've seen and heard. Thus getting rid of the overload. Good idea ! ▪

Internally : ▪ “ ▪ I meditate. He sleeps. I wonder if he'll dream boring old TV shows ? ▪ “

Keith was just fine when I saw him the next day. This was the day that I was determined to find transportation the rest of the way to Badrinith, Two days previous I'd made some casual inquires at the restaurant. The owner there told me he'd have a car available on that day. It turned out to be a something I had half

expected.

**The big hustle. Only a quarter of the journey remained,
And he wanted two and a half times the price it took us to get
this far.**

politely declined.

**Today we were eating at that same little restaurant. I
should say**

**Carol was eating. I think I had
a small piece of bread. Anyway. The restaurant owner
says : “ ▪ You know you could be here for a very long time. ▪ “
“ ▪ That’s alright. I like it here. For the price you want to get
to Badrinith.**

**I can afford to stay here the rest of spring and all summer.
I’m sure that in that amount of time I’ll find someone who will
be
willing to take me there. “**

**He knew I wasn’t ever going to go for the price he’d
quoted.**

Then he did something slightly illogical.

“ ▪ Well, You could always take the bus. ▪ “

I tilted my head, and looked at him.

“ ▪ There’s a bus ! Ok, Where is it ? ▪ “

He just smiled.

**Internally : Alright if I jump up and run out the door to ask
Everyone and anyone, if there’s a bus station ?**

And there isn't one.

I will probably want to hurt this guy.

And not doing so, But constantly thinking about it would ruin my next three days. So I'll go about the process of elimination. But not frantically. We'll just check matter a fact-ly. I'm just on an other fact finding mission. Is there a bus station in this town ? Or isn't there one ?

I'll casually walk down the road and ask. Keeping in mind that there could very well be one in this town and in order to keep

you hanging around and spending money, Maybe the town folks won't readily tell you about it. Oh. . . . That's just my paranoia flaring up again. If there's a bus station in this elongated village, I'll find it.

Carol : “ ▪ Did he say there's a bus terminal in this town ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Yeah, But don't get too excited about it. It could be a tactic to demoralize

us should we search all over town and find nothing.

I'm gunna just leisurely stroll the town to the south and ask around

a little. ▪ “

“ I want to go with you. “

“ ▪ Are you sure ? This could just be a wild goose chase. I fear

you

might not be in good humor when we get back, If that should be the case.

“ ▪ No, I think there is one. ▪ “

As we left the restaurant : ▪ “ ▪ Did some one other than the owner

tell you there was one ? ▪ “

“ ▪ No “

“ ▪ Ok maybe it' your intuition. If that's the case.

we're gonna find one. ▪ “

We had looked for around two and a half hrs. Then on the way back we noticed a road parallel to what we thought was the only road in the town, cause after all, the town was little more than a thoroughfare with a few buildings on either side of it.

The river was to the west the mountain to the east. There was usually only a little distance between the mountain and the road.

The principal road must have curved out towards the west wider than usual, leaving enough room for another road to cut through

that curve and meet back up with the main route within two blocks.

This side road also dipped down around fifteen feet, And could only be seen when approached from the south. I was just about half way sure that there wasn't anything to find in this town, when we came upon it. There were small buildings on each side of the inlet. I took the right. Carol took the left. I was just about to inquire in one of the shops, when I heard Carol a half a block away : “ ▪ Here it is. “

Usually I can feel a place that I'm looking for I was just starting to open up to see if I could do that, when she called.

Thinking : “ ▪ Am I getting slow on the perceptive draw ? No ! She's had a couple to three incarnations here. So don't be expecting to know more about this place than her. Yeah but that was down in the city, I had pictures of it in my head. I don't think she was ever up this way before. She was expecting to find it. You were half expecting the restaurant guy to be lying to you, that would cut your perception time in half. Ok, that makes sense.

▪ “

When I arrived at the exact spot where she was standing, I expected

to see a little shop with folks waiting inside like the one in Deli.

This was an out door kind of operation. There was a sign saying that the bus stopped there and, lo and behold here came

a couple of busses. We started to ask if they were going to Badrinith ?

“ And do they have room for three ? ”

The driver of the second bus : ▪ “ ▪ We have room for two on this one ! ▪ “

“ ▪ What about later ones today ? “

“ ▪ We have room for two, on this bus. I can't tell you about tomorrow's bus. ▪ “

“ ▪ Are there seats ?

“ ▪ Only standing room. ▪ “

“ ▪ How much is it ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Eighty rupees. “

Carol and I looked at each other.

Bus driver : ▪ “ ▪ Apiece ! ▪ “

We're both thinking : “ ▪ That's like five or six bucks, to take both of us ! “

“ ▪ We have to go get our gear. How long are you going to be stopping here ?

“ ▪ About twenty-five minutes. “

Carol : “ ▪ Let’s go get our gear.....

Me : “ And hope that Keith is at the pad so we can try to talk the driver into taking the three of us on the bus. “

We took off at a gallop. Ironically and luckily, the crash pad was only two and a half blocks away. That was the good news. The bad news was that Keith was nowhere around.

Carol : ▪ “ ▪ I told the manager to tell Keith we’re at the bus station. ▪ “

Mean while I’m thinking : ▪ “ ▪ Their ain’t much chance we’re gunna make it to day. ▪ “

As I’m packing : “ ▪ The chances of us getting back before that bus leaves is slim. The prospects of Keith showing up on time, And us all getting on the bus, are gracile to the max. “

We made it. The bus was standing there waiting.

Carol : “ ▪ Let’s get on the bus. Keith will follow us up there. ▪ “

I asked the bus-driver : ▪ Is this definitely the last bus ? We

**have one
more guy coming. ▪ “**

**“ There may be one or two more behind me. But I think
they're full. ▪ “**

**Carol : “ We could be here another week. Let's just go.
He'll catch up. “**

**“ ▪ Yeah but I'm not sure he's got enough rupees. If he doesn't
find us**

in Badrinith, He'll be up shit's-creek. ▪ “

**Carol : “ ▪ He's got travelers checks. That manager back there
Knows what travelers checks are. He can stay there,
till we
get back.**

**“ God damit. He said he'd be back by noon ! That son of a
bitch.**

**Now I'm gunna be worrying about him. Shit ! Alright, Fuck it.
I'm not going to be his victim. Let's go. ▪ “**

I started to get on to the bus. The driver waved me back.

▪ “ ▪ No you have to wait for the others to board first. ▪ “

**That seemed logical and fair. After all, those folks had been
traveling**

for lots of miles already. They had priority.

**It took ten minutes, Then it was our turn to board. If
you've ever**

**been to New York and ridden the subway during
rush hour at Christmas time,
Then you've had some good training for boarding and
sustaining
yourself on an Indian tour bus. Carol and I having both been
born in New York were at least semi trained for the long
journey, consisting
of hanging by one hand like a monkey from a steel hoop, while
the
bus swayed like a boat on the high seas. Incidentally I'll bet ya
dollars
to donuts, That most New Yorkers don't ever get sea sick.**

**As we're passing the lodging area : ▪ " Carol ! There's Keith !
"**

He was watching the bus as it passed.

**" ▪ Keith ! We're going to Badrinith ! Do you think he heard
me ? ▪ "**

**Carol : ▪ " ▪ Where else would we be going ? Don't worry, he
saw us. ▪ "**

" ▪ You're sure ? ! ▪ "

" ▪ I'm pretty sure. ▪ "

" ▪ Shit ! Pretty sure. ▪ "

" ▪ No. I'm, sure. "

" ▪ Alright, Alright, I'll stop worrying about it. ▪ "

There was something else to fret about. Before we had left on this trip I had sprained my wrist. Now hanging from it for the next seven hours was not a pleasant thought.

There was the usual interesting collection of folks on the bus. Like in most places I've visited there was the standard assemblage of plump little women sitting next to a taller skinny man. I often wondered when I was a kid if the woman was eating the mans food, when he wasn't looking.

One of those plump little gals was directly below me. I turned slightly around and checked to make sure my fly was zipped all the way up. All was secure. As usual the river flowed angrily past our left side just off the embankment. We began climbing gradually higher up the mountain. After around two hours of bobbing and weaving. I noticed my wrist wasn't hurting anymore. Maybe all it needed was to be stretched out a little. Or maybe I was experiencing a little miracle. Sometimes it's hard to tell, cause miracles to me are commonplace. A little past the third

**hour,
verbal conflicts began breaking out near the front of the bus.
We were near the rear door. A man and wife as near as I could
tell.**

**It sounded pretty vicious, And went on for a good six minutes.
Then it died down and two other couples started in.**

“ ▪ Hmmm. . . What’s this the antithesis of happy-hour ? ▪ “

Carol : ▪ “ ▪ They’re just letting off steam. ▪ “

**By the fourth hour a medium tall man in his early sixties
across the aisle from us began pontificating to the people in his
immediate**

vicinity. They gave him all the attentive response rendered to

**Introspective N.Y.C. subway rant-ers. When he realized he
was being ignored,**

He spoke louder.

Till the man sitting behind him asked him to pipe down.

Then naturally they had to have a little altercation.

**The older fellow sitting next to his plump wife, seemed to be
enjoying**

the negative attention. The younger man in his mid thirties

was a somewhat affluent city dweller. His clothes

were more western style of good material and well cut.

He had a boy of about two on his lap asleep.

It wasn’t long before their conversation stabilized to a civil

tone.

My guess is that in this country twenty years ago these two men wouldn't have spoken to each other at all. The caste system was still pretty strong in this nation at that time. I think the old man was one of the many victims of that system, And was expressing that resentment towards what obviously would have been one of the ruling cast in the prior era.

By the fifth hour we were in higher colder country. I had read how bitter cold it could get on the other side of those huge mountains to our right. I began to worry that we hadn't brought enough warm clothes.

The old man across the isle began to look like he'd been harboring a bug that was waiting for a little coolness to make it's presence felt. He began coughing in all directions spreading germs like a disdainful Rain-bird. I pulled my arm in front of my face to block what ever he was inclined to share with his fellow passengers. Ya know ! After observing the guy for a little while longer. I got the impression that this man hadn't any concept of what a germ, or a virus would be. I

**made a point
of looking out the window on my side of the bus with my
back to him for a while. The little plump woman below me was
not staring at my crotch this time. She was looking out the
window at the many streams coming down the mountain from
the east.**

**The snow caps and the clouds around the mountains looked
some
what foreboding.**

**Thinking : ▪ “ ▪ It’s spring ! But is it early spring ? Medium
spring ? Or**

**Late spring ? I don’t know the seasons in this
country. I think
when we’re having winter, South and Central America’s having
summer. I presume that’s right I’m not totally sure. But
about this country. . . . I ain’t got a clue !**

**We could be in early spring right now. And that could be a
not
so good thing. If those clouds got their buddies together and
had a powwow.**

**We could be in Badrinith for two weeks. I think we’d probably
survive. But for once, on one of these spiritual enhancing
journeys,**

**I’d like to not, have to almost die. Well maybe I’ll get over my
hatred**

of the cold. ▪ “

Speaking of cold the old man was looking pretty bad. The good news was that the younger fellow seated behind him was giving him medicine for it. The gratitude for his assistance made them almost friends.

It was close to the seventh hour. To our right, the east side was a blanket of white that seemed to reach from way up the mountains right down to the edge of the road. There was about five foot of embankment on top of it was a chunk of white ice twelve foot high and a quarter a block long with a four foot wide gush of water flowing out from under it, And we had just stopped in front of this thing.

This part of the road was nothing but rocks, water was flowing down the mountains over those rocks, then over the three story embankment into the river on our left.

We looked to the front of the bus to see why we had stopped. A half a block in front of us was a lorry stuck in the middle of a stream the mouth of which spread clear back to our present position There were four or five people attempting to rock

it forward with one in the drivers seat spinning the wheels too fast.

“ ▪ I wish they’d open the doors. I don’t like sitting here with that big hunk of ice looming over us. If a chunk that thing breaks loose, It’ll take this bus right over the edge down into the river. And we’ll all be history. “

Right about then the door opened.

“ ▪ I’m going out and see what I can see. ▪ “

I couldn’t go very far with out getting wet. But I could get a better view of them continuously taking the same action and expecting different results. In a little while Carol came out.

“ ▪ Are we going to be here much longer ? ▪ “

“ ▪ That lorry’s wheel is bogged pretty good. Could take a while.

They could probably wedge a jack between the rocks and jack it

up, Then put some smaller rocks in to fill that hole, Let it back down and take off. But nobody’s thought of that yet. ▪ “

“ ▪ Good I’ve got to go potty. ▪ “

“ ▪ Be back here quick. I don’t want this bus taking off without us.

This is not a place to chance being stranded. ▪ “

She didn't bother to assure me, she just stepped around the bus and started walking up the side of the mountain that looked like a cornucopia of rocks. I looked up ten minutes later and she was still climbing.

By now lots of folks were taking advantage of the opportunity to stretch their legs. I went back to my vantage point to see how they were doing in the quest to get the vehicle out of the rut. Those chaps were still doing the exact same action, pushing the vehicle forward while spinning the wheels.

Thinking : “ ▪ this is fucken ridiculous. I'm goin over there and see what the problem is. No ! Wait a minute. I can't do that ! If I come up with a solution, The bus will take off without Carol. And I'll have to stay here and wait for her. Then we'll both be standing here. And I'd probably have partially wet clothes on with nightfall coming on. Let no good deed go unpunished. Screw that ! I'll wait.

A. . . oh ! Somebody up there by the lorry's thinking. They're all pushing on the front of the vehicle and running it backwards. Oh . . . Shit ! It's out of the rut.

I ran around the other side of the bus. I looked up to see Carol squatting way off in the distance, up on the mountain.

“ ▪ Christ ! Doesn't she know she can be seen from this angle ? I'll wait twenty seconds before I Start yelling. Could be kind of embarrassing to have everyone gaping in that direction.

People started getting back on to the bus. I waited eighteen seconds and then started yelling : Carol the buss is leaving. C A R O L L L L L . . . The bus is leaving. C A R O L The . . . BUS . . . is leaving.

Just after my forth oration, and do to my marvelous good diction.

The whole bus rang out in chorus three times in succession :

CAROL THE BUS IS LEAVING !

CAROL THE BUS IS LEAVING

CAROL THE BUS IS LEAVING !

I was amused and impressed. They said the words perfectly. These weren't English speaking people. They all spoke Hindi.

“ ▪ Well I guess they all know she's up there now. Annnnd.... She knows the bus is leaving. ▪ “

I waited just outside the door. Knowing that if the doors were to close,

**and the bus took off. I would have to stay there.
All of both our gear, was with me in preparation for that
moment,
should it transpire.**

“ ▪ Oh, Thank God !! She’s here. ▪ “

**“ ▪ Come on ! Come on. I thought they were going to leave
without us. ▪ “**

**A few more miles down the road and the whole front of
the bus broke out in song. A religious one I presume. This
went on for about twenty minutes. It stopped when the bus
started up a switch-back
road at about a thirty degree angle. It looked like Zorro had
taken a giant rapier and carved his initials into the mountain
several
times in an upward row.**

**I didn’t know it at the time, But this was the last
leg of the journey. There was six busses in front of us. From
wherein
they came, I know not. We arrived at the top of an elongated
plateau on which sat Badrinith with a large gray snow capped
mountain
behind it to the east. I’m pretty sure on the other side of that
mountain was Tibetan territory.**

**It was just starting to get dark as we stepped off the bus.
“ ▪ They can’t all live here. Let’s follow the crowd and find**

lodging. ▪ “

I no sooner made the statement and everyone dispersed in all different directions. Then came up two young boys around

eight and ten years old. The ten year old said : ▪ “ ▪ Are you English ? “

Carol : ▪ “ ▪ No, We’re Americans. ▪ “

“ ▪ Oh ! Americans. Are You looking for a place to stay ? ▪ “

I said : “ Yup, that’s exactly what we’re looking for. Do you know of someplace reasonable ? “

“ ▪ We’ll take you to a place. ▪ “

“ ▪ I want to go to where there are lots of places to stay that are near

to each other. ▪ “

shorter boy : “ They’re not too close to each other. But they’re

Not too far away. Let me carry your pack for you. “

“That’s ok, I can carry it. I need the practice. It keeps me in shape.

By the way you guys speak really clear English. Where’d jer learn it ? ▪ “

“ ▪ In school ! “ ▪

Internally : “ Hmmm. . . . We’re morons compared to these

kids.

There not even in their teens and I'll bet they speak at least three languages. “

Our young guides took us to what they referred to as the hotel.

It was about the size of the place we stayed at in Deli but it looked like a bomb shelter.

“ ▪ Wonder why every things made out of cement. ▪ “

Carol : “ probably so it doesn't wash away. ▪ “

“ ▪ you've got a good point there. There's a huge mountain to the east,

a raging river to the west and everything looks wet. ▪ “

Shorter boy : “ ▪ that's cause the snow's melted. “

We were guided to two more places the second one was ▪ “ The Ashram . “ Another concrete building much like the shape of an

school auditorium, except that the floors were cement like the rest of the building.

**I don't remember the names of the kids,
So I going to call the littler one Remi and the older one I'll call Raj.**

Raj went to ask the folks that ran the place if there was room on the floor for us.

To Remi : ▪ “ You mean everybody sleeps right here on this

floor ? “

“ ▪ Oh yes. Later tonight everyone will come in here to sleep.

▪ “

There were shallow puddles in various spots around the floor.

This was more grim than even I had anticipated. I had a sleeping bag with me just incase something like this was to happen. But now I was wishing I'd brought an air mattress too.

Who knows ? Maybe we can get some thing to insulate us from that floor.

Remi : “ ▪ Want to see the deities ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Sure. But shouldn't we wait here for your brother ? ▪ “

Remi pointing through a doorway. : “ ▪ He'll find us. He knows we won't leave the building without him. ▪ “

“ ▪ Ok, Is it close ? We don't want to get too far from this spot.

It's not a good idea to make it too hard for him to find us. ▪ “

“ ▪ We can start right over there. Don't worry he'll see us. “

Remi brought us to the beginning of a row of alcoves. They were

in a corridor that circumvented the auditorium. The layout was much

like the stations of the cross in a catholic church.

The alcoves varied in size. All of them had two or three statues in them. I remembered the words of our travel agent/personal friend :

“ ▪ In that part of the world there a mixture of Hindus and Buddhists.

The shrines up there are used by both. They're very liberal. They won't even mind that you're a Irish Muslim. ▪ “

In the first few alcoves there were statues quite similar to the duo we had seen in the cave with the magic carpet back in Gopeshwar.

As a matter of fact I was sure I'd seen those two in one of the alcoves. But then I saw something that made me wonder if Genghis Khan was one of their Deities. In one of the alcoves a standing man statue looking like Fu Manchu had just cut off the head of another man statue sitting in a gold colored chair.

There was a third statue in the rear. It was a woman reacting to the seen with horror.

I had read that the Tibetan Deities prior to turning Buddhist, were a fearsome and vindictive lot.

“ ▪ Could this guy be one of their former popular super star Deities ?

Search me ! I don't know for sure. ▪ “

“ ▪ Remi . . How many alcoves with Deity statues are there in this place ? ▪ “

“ ▪ there are eighty three. ▪ “

Naturally I wanted to take a look at all of them. There's be five alcoves with mellow statues meditating and looking pleasant. Then the sixth would have a guy with fangs wide eyed and vicious looking. Go another seven with mister or misses meditative mellow, and the next three were like something out of a horror movie. The guy with the fangs or someone like him was now tearing the throats out of other statues. They even went so far as to paint bright red blood dripping down off the statue on to the floor of the alcove.

“ ▪ Who's he ? ▪ “

Remi read the name off the plaque. If I could've pronounced it I would have remembered it.

Right about then Remi's oldest brother Barry showed up. His name wasn't really Barry. It was a name that sounded a little

like Barry. He must have known other Americans or English who had trouble remembering his name. So he just called himself Barry to make it easy on us.

I asked what his real name was. And made a point of calling him

it. This required frequent correction. I think by the time we left, I just gave up and called him Barry. Barry was about seventeen or eighteen. He had the bearing of a man, coupled with the congenial clarity of a boy. Barry took over answering the questions about

the Deity statues. Revi didn't mind being eclipsed. He liked and

admired his brother. Then Raj shows up.

“ ▪ They say there's no room for you here, all the spaces are taken. ▪ “

Barry sprung into action. ▪ “ ▪ I will find you a place to stay. Don't worry I know all the places. ▪ “

So the three of them were on a mission. A quest to find us a place to stay. Remi asked again if he could carry my pack for me.

Again, as we exited the Ashram.

“ ▪ I need the exercise more than you do. Tell you what I'll give you five rupees not to carry it. I really need the exercise.

▪ “

“ I don’t want money. ▪ “

“ ▪ When you’re giving your time to be a guide, you should get something.

Here at least take that much. “

Revi took the rupees more to please me than any reason that I could ascertain. When offered to Raj, He refused.

Barry : ▪ “ ▪ We help you because we want to. Not for money. ▪ “

Hearing this statement. Carol shot me a skeptical glance.

Barry sent Raj off to check on another place that might have vacancies

while us remaining four walked on to the next prospect.

Barry was sure, this place had a vacancy. He came out a little bewildered.

I once again glanced around at the soggy surroundings thinking :

“ I beginning to know how that Jewish guy the with the knocked up virgin must have felt a couple of thousand years ago. I was hoping to maybe find a cave where my teacher might have meditated. At this rate we’ll be lucky to be sleeping in one. ▪ “

Barry : “ You can stay at my house tonight ! ▪ “

I'm thinking : ▪ “ ▪ This is cool. ▪ “

Barry : ▪ “ ▪ I'm sure my father won't mind. ▪ “

Think : ▪ “ ▪ Oh, Shit ! Well who knows ? Maybe his father won't mind. “

So off we go down some narrow dark alleyway like places. In single file cause the ally is that narrow. I have a collection of thoughts

as we go deeper into the darkness. Some how I know that should

this turn out to be a robbery. That I'm going to come out victorious. That invincible feeling is coming over me like I can do

no wrong, and every one of my actions will be perfect.

Then Raj put his arm around me and said : ▪ “ ▪ I really like you.

I can feel it. You're a good person. You're a good guy. ▪ “

Right then my calculative logistical mind gave way to my empathic capability.

“ ▪ Hmmm.... This kid really means it. He can sense the energy.

Ok , I'm sure that everything's fine. But I wonder if Carol is freaking out back there. This is a very dark and rural place. ▪ “

Barry : “ ▪ We’re here. I’ll go in and tell my mother your with us. “

Now that snapped me into my former paranoid mind set. I imagined mama to be a guy with a club just inside the door. But then

Raj went past me and went in the door. Revi stayed at my side.

If it was a setup the baggiest fellow would be in the rear to block any egress. I bobbed my head through the door way and swiftly

back out again catching a glimpse of a woman in her early sixties wearing a brown scarf that hooded out past her face so it was barely perceivable in the amber glow of the lantern light.

As I was employing my urban combat tactic. Carol walked past me and through the door. The older woman waved her on to “Come in come in. “ Nobody walloped Carol, So I filed in after her.

Thinking : “ My God ! This is just one mid-size room. They’re Inviting

us to sleep in the family-living room/ bedroom where apparently they all sleep.

Revi : “ ▪ You can put your sleeping bag right there. And I’m going to sleep right here. He rolled his bed role to the

left of mine. Carol began rolling hers out on the right side of mine.

Mean while my mind's saying : " In an Islamic country, She sleeping in a room full of males would be a definite no, no. Maybe the woman sleep in the kitchen. No. . . That's stupid. But Carol might want her own corner of the room. " "

" " Do you want your own corner in the room ? We could ask. " "

Carol : " " If I wanted my own corner of the room I'd say so. Why don't

You just shut up ! " "

No ! I will not shut up ! I ask you a simple question. And you retort with a caustic statement. I'm not putting up with it any more. You get verbally abusive to me-I gunna do it right back . How about YOU Shut up !

Carol : " " You're an asshole ! " "

Me : " " Oh, don't you like being talked to that way ? Tough shit !

Cause that's the way I'll be addressing you from now on. " "

Carol : " " You dopy son of a bitch ! Why don't you ever shut

up ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Cause people are talking to me and I am responding to them.

Try it some time.

You might make a friend or two instead of living in your head all the
ti

I was cut off by the old woman putting her arm around Carol and ushering her in the only other room, The kitchen, Which I assumed was off limits to anyone but the mama.

Thinking : ▪ “ ▪ Hmm... to bad, damit I wanted to finish that altercation and clear the air. Maybe she'd of spit out what ever she's been bottling up.

We'd get some closure and all live happily ever after.

(In the voice of the late John Baluchi) But. . NOOOOOooOO !
Oh well, Maybe she's connecting with the old woman. ▪ “

“ ▪ What to play cards ? “ ▪ It was Remi with his child like levity.

“ ▪ Sure, What are we playing ? “

“ ▪ You pick the game. ▪ “

“ ▪ Do you know how to play Red Dog ? ▪ “

“ ▪ No I never heard of that game. ▪ “

“ ▪ It's a good one to exercise your Intuition with. ▪ “

“ ▪ I have six fingers ! ▪ “

“ You do ? ! Let me see. Can you use the extra one or is it. . .

he showed me his left hand on which he had grown an almost full size extra pinky. I took it in my fingers to feel it's structure. It reminded me of a pruned limb on a tree.

“ ▪ Can you bend it ? ▪ “

“ ▪ No, It just sort of sits out there. ▪ “

“ ▪ If you could use it, It would possibly indicate that you're the next step in evolution. Dan. . . ta . . . tan . A superior being ! We might all be your subjects some day. But first you gotta learn red dog.

" You probably shouldn't teach him that game. “

Carol was back and sounding more congenial.

“ ▪ She's probably right I shouldn't corrupt you. That's a gamblers game. Let's play an alcoholics game, Gin Rummy ! ▪ “

Revi : “ I know that game. “

And here comes the mama with a batch of those cookie like mini muffin things that Carols man Friday used to serve us.

She was a real sweet heart. I hated to disappoint her by not eating anymore than a quarter a bite of one. The kids dug right in to them. I hadn't eaten more than a spoon full of rice in around three days now I felt fine and wanted to keep it that way.

She didn't seem disappointed.

Carol started to get ready to crash. She took off her shoes and slid halfway into her sleeping bag.

I was not willing to be that presumptuous, I'd wait till the dad got home. Rag; Revi and I were on our third game when Barry and he arrived.

Barry : “ ▪ Every things fine ! My dad says you can stay as long as you want. ▪ “

Amen Amen I say to you. Even in Jerusalem had I not found this much acceptance. Although I was well received at the Dome of the Rock. But that's another story.

The dad was a barreled chest-ed man with a congenial smile. He shook hands with us both. Then sat down at the other side of the room

And ate supper with Barry I don't remember seeing the mama sit down to eat with them.

We were offered another round of the little bread things with various veggie dishes. I couldn't touch any of it.

Carol ate sparingly, The mama had fed her in the kitchen, wisely knowing that with a little food in her Carols temperament would mellow.

Almost directly after eating, maybe one more game of cards and it was time for lights out. The dad went around and tucked all the kids in effeminately pulling their covers up to their chins. In turn he smiled and did the same for us.

I smiled and said to Carol : “ ▪ It doesn't get any better than this ! ▪ “

I woke the next morning without any symptoms. I felt very strong, like I'd adjusted something in my system, and

now it was as if I lived here. I didn't have any desire for food, I felt like I'd both eaten and slept.

▪ Man! I'm ready to go look up that pass over there to see if there's a cave.

Carol : ▪ “ ▪ I don't feel so good. I think I'm coming down with Something, It's so damp in here. “

That's when I noticed there was a small crack in the foundation of the floor where we were and I had slept in a small puddle all night and woke up warm so warm that I was evaporating the water which had penetrated my sleeping bag. I hadn't eaten in three days, This was the was the first time I'd had more that two hours sleep in four days. I'd slept the whole night through generating enough heat to evaporate the water saturating the sleeping bag I felt Awesomely ! Good.

Carol : “ ▪ I don't think I can stay here another day. I'm felling sick in my Stomach. ▪ “

Thinking : ▪ “ ▪ Hmmm I was wondering when she was going to Feel the effects of all that local food she was eating.

We rose skipped breakfast. Or at least I did, Said good by to the Mama and went with Barry to the Badrinath temple shrine.

There was one line of people six deep a block and a half long.

Carol and I stepped into line and assumed the “ ▪ This is going to be a two hour wait “ ▪ stance.

Barry : ▪ “ ▪ Vut are you doing ? Come with me. My father's the head guard at the temple. “

He brought us to a concession stand near the side of the temple.

Barry : “ Wait here. I’m going to get my father to let you in through the side door.

I responded : “ We can wait in line with everyone else. “

“ No, no. You don’t have to. “

He went up to the temple and was talking to his father at the side door. His dad was shaking his head “ no “ And I began to think

that Barry’s overzealousness was going to get us in Dutch.

Barry came back and said : “ There’s some officials in there right

now. I will ask him again in a few minutes. He talked to the shop keeper for a while. Meanwhile I was at a loss to figure out what this shop keeper was selling. Every thing was wrapped in little neat square packages in different colored tissue paper.

I was just about to ask when Barry said : “ The guard to the side door is signaling me ! “

Barry started taking off his shoes.

“ Take off your shoes and leave them with this man. We’ll pick them up, back when we return from the temple. “

As we’re walking barefoot towards the side door to the temple : “ We can’t leave our shoes the same place everyone else leaves there’s, cause we’re not coming through the front door, we’re coming through the side door. “

I smiled and said good-naturedly : “ Ok , But tell him not to sell

our shoes while we're gone. "

Barry : " He'd better not sell mine ! I like those ones. "

Carol gave me a look that said : " Corny very corny. " We nodded to the guard at the side door of the temple and walked in.

There was probably a hundred people in a space that should hold thirty.

We made our way to the main altar. And there again sat the images of those two guys sitting side by side meditating. Almost the exact same statue dimensions as was in the cave at Gopeshwar. Defiantly the same two deities. We got up close to the two statues did a little meditation and left.

" Carol, Did you feel anything in there ? "

" No. "

" I didn't either. "

Thinking : " maybe the vibe is so finite that you can't feel it. No !

Let's not BS our self. There was no vibe. I think if there's a power spot up here, It's at what ever cave the teacher chose to sit in. Probably a small one that no one has paid much attention to. "

We went back to the merchant thanked him and retrieved our shoes. Carol tipped him some rupees.

Barry : “ That’s not necessary, He’s my friend. ”

I said : “ Barry it makes her happy, Let her do it. ”

As we were walking away it occurred to me that the merchant had a charming smile When casting an eye in her direction. I normally would have tipped the man, but Carol beat me to it.

Our new found friend and guide was now giving us the Tour of the village there were little tiny shops where men were smelting every kind of metal and forming it into what ever needed replacing. If you wanted a hinge for your door or a specially designed bracelet. Or some car parts. In that little section of the village you could get it.

As we left the shops and walked down towards the rapid river I noticed a building that caught my eye when we first entered Badrineth. It looked like it might be a modernistic new temple. It was a three stories high clean white building with a dome on top. I recall thinking : “ That must be a current temple of some kind. ”

**I pointed the place out and said : “ What’s that ? ”
“ Oh, That’s the generals house. ”
“ He’s a very big general.**

Barry then showed us where the sulphur hot springs baths were. The place was right next to the murky milky bubbling river flying by at about forty miles per hour. Large stone slabs were laid into the

side of it's banks like giant playing cards. To stave off erosion.
Just ten feet from
the milky rapid river was a tin roof structure with no walls.
Under
that roof was a pool around three feet deep, approximately the
size of a three car garage. In the pool was lots of pilgrim
men most of which appeared to be folks who had
walked to this place, And the majority of them had their dirty
clothes on
while wading around the sulfur saturated water. I considered
going
in just to see if there was a vibration there. But the water
looked dirty, and it was wall to wall people in there.

Barry : ▪ “ ▪ would you like to go in ? I'll wait for you.

“ ▪ Nah, I think I'll skip this one. It looks a little to crowded in
there. “

actually thinking : ▪ “ ▪ Some of these people might
be in that hot spring hoping for a cure
for their
contagious disease.

I'm feeling great right now and I ain't interested in not,
feeling great. ▪ “

“ ▪ Barry ! Where can we get a bus to go back down the
mountain ? ▪ “

“ ▪ You're not staying another night ? ▪ “

“ ▪ I want to, but Carol isn't feeling well. We'd better split
today
incase she should need medical attention. “

Carol : ▪ “ ▪ My stomach has been bothering me the last couple

of days and I think it might be getting worse.

Thinking : ▪ “ ▪ I guess the microorganisms have really to her.
I have a sure fire way
of dealing with that. I just won't eat. “

FLASH BACK

Teacher : “ ▪ You don't need to eat, You
don't need to sleep,
and you don't need to go to the bathroom. ▪ “

“ ▪ But I like eating ! ▪ “

“ ▪ Yes but you don't have to. ▪ “

“ ▪ I like sleeping too. It's my escape from this
realm.

I meet people in my dreams. Why would I want
to give
that up ? ▪ “ ▪

“ You will be able to do all of that in your waking
state.“ ▪

“ ▪ I will ? When will that happen ? ▪ “

“ ▪ It's already happening. You're just not
remembering it. “

“ ▪ And I'll start remembering it as time goes
By? “

“ ▪ Yes. Eating is an attachment. With you
It's

Just a resentment. You have no need of it.
▪ “

“ ▪ I could function with out eating at all ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Yes, It's only a resentment. ▪ “

“ ▪ Then my eating karma is over ? ▪ “

“ All of your Karma is over. You're just resenting it. “

“ ▪ And resentment of having served the Karma is
ego. So if I resent it, I get to reproduce it.
Because
mine is a consciousness of manifestation.

**So in a relatively short time I can manifest
most things
or situations that I've enjoyed in the past and
want to experience again.**

**It's even easier to manifest a distasteful
situation
that I have resented having been in, by
focusing
on it in my minds eye. And making a re-
manifestation by
saying, This always happens to me ! “**

“ Why don't you just decide what you want.
Then
go and manifest it ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Because in the past you have told me that
to *want*

**Is a position of lack. And that wanters are
Winners, And needers are losers.
There both a position of lack. “**

**“ ▪ Good. You don't need to eat.
You don't need to sleep.
You don't need to go to the
bathroom. “**

BACK TO BADRINITH

**Barry showed us where the busses left from, They left
every
couple of hours. I gave him a mountaineering stove I had
bought just incase we went someplace high and needed to
have
tea; soup or something warm. It would come in handy
were he to go trekking in the mountains some time. He said
fair well,
And we were on our own again.**

**“ ▪ We've got two hours before the next bus leaves. Let's see
if
Keith made it up here. ▪ “
Carol rolled her eyes obliquely towards her crown chakra.**

“ ▪ How yer going to find him ? ▪ “

**She no sooner said the words and I was asking the first man
that was walking by : Do you speak English ? ▪ “**

“ ▪ Yes I do ! ▪ “

Now there was a stroke of luck.

“ ▪ Have you seen a tall guy who looks like me anywhere up

here ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Yes, He’s three squares down this road. Turn right, then he would be in the fourth cabin. ▪ “

“ ▪ Thank you. ▪ “

“ ▪ Better hurry I think he’s going some where. ▪ “

“ ▪ Thanks again. “

To a town full of brown eyed brown skinned folks, us blue eyed white skinned types all look quite similar.

He was just locking the door to his little shack as we arrived.

“ ▪ I see you made it here. ▪ “

As he turned around : “ Oh, There you are. I was just going to tour the rest of town and look for you.

We’ve already see the temple, and the hot springs. We’re ready to leave.

Keith : Is the temple any good.

“ ▪ In my opinion, No! It kind of sucked. But we had no trouble getting in. We know the head guards family. ▪ “

“ ▪ I kind of looked it over this morning. It didn’t impress me much either. I had a great nights sleep though, In a real king size bed. “

“ ▪ What is that shack like wall to wall bed ? “ ▪

“ ▪ No, Not here I just rented this place. ▪ “

“ ▪ You see that white house up there ▪ “

My tone was skeptical.

“ ▪ You slept in the Generals house. ▪ “

“ ▪ Yeah, It’s a real nice house. I slept in his bed. ▪ “

“ ▪ Wait a minute, Wait a minute !

Why the fuck ! Would this guy let you sleep in his bed ? ▪ “

I was actually thinking maybe I didn’t take Keith’s culture shock episode seriously enough.

“ ▪ His house man let me in. I traded a bottle of Schenlies to sleep

In the Generals bed. ▪ “

A shot of adrenaline shot into my system.

“ ▪ Did anyone see you enter or leave the place ? “

“ ▪ Na, I was real careful. ▪ “

“ ▪ Keith we’re in a foreign country ! Out in the middle of, nowhere. Had it occurred to you that the rules out here might

be a little different than in the United States of America ?

Think about it. Suppose you’d snuck into the house of a high

ranking general in the U S. If he had anything classified lying around that you might possibly had glanced at,

**You'd be a national security risk.
God knows what the consequences would be in this country.
They might be instantaneous. “**

Carol : “ Let's just go get on the bus. ▪ “

**“ ▪ Alright maybe I'm being paranoid. But she's right.
Let's get the fuck out of here ! ▪ “**

**The bus was now waiting at the spot in the road that Barry
said
it would be. We boarded. I don't remember for sure,
but this time I think Carol got a seat.**

**Now we were on the big bus driving down the mountain
hugging the curves to the left, or inboard side of the road.
The on coming traffic was on the outboard cliff side.**

**The bus drivers would beep their horn when
approaching a blind curve in order to warn the traffic coming
up the road
not to veer too far to the right on the turn, because avoiding
driving close to the cliff could get you into a head-on collision.**

**There was a tense moment when our bus and another, were
both rounding a hairpin curve simultaneously.
When the bus on the cliff side pulled round us I watched the
drivers face turn
from surprise to determination as he skirted the edge of
the cliff so closely, that it seemed he was driving on air.
Every ones heart was in their mouth as they listened for
the enviable crash on the valley floor fifteen hundred feet
below.**

**We couldn't stop to see if they were sailing to their death.
There
was no place to stop. Just road and cliff. When we rounded
the fourth curve and heard no explosion, we knew they had
made it. Till then you could have cut the tension in the**

air with a knife.

I said : “ ▪ Hmm this is interesting, My wrist is stronger than ever now. ▪ “

Carol didn't answer. But she did look amused.

**Soon we were pulling into Kamaprayag,
The town with kids who hounded us constantly for rupees,
spelled by**

**venders trying to get us to buy what ever they were
selling weather we wanted it or not.**

**If you didn't know how to meditate when
the opportunity availed itself .**

You'd better have nerves of steal.

**Or be on the verge of catatonia as Carol seemed
periodically to be. One needed a buffer between them and the
constant solicitation. Mine was meditation. In Gopeshwar
no one hustled us. But in Camaprayag it was pretty constant
for the**

**first hour or so. Then it settled down when the merchants
saw that we were waiting to get on the bus. I imagined what
they might be thinking : ▪ “ ▪ Oh , look ! There getting on the
bus.**

They must have spent all their money. ▪ “

**“ ▪ Hay Keith ! What if none of these busses have any room for
us. ▪ “**

“ ▪ I'm gunna rent a room and board it up ! ▪ “

**“ Well if worst comes to worst, we all have sleeping bags and
it's warmer down here. The only thing that worries me
is those holes in the ground around here. ▪ “**

Keith looking at the ground : “ Holes ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Yeah, they look like ground squirrel holes, But some of them could have cobras in them. ▪ “

“ ▪ Cobras here ? “

“ ▪ I know for sure there out there in those hills cause that Israeli couple told me they would run into them on the path while trekking up there. They said they would have to just wait around till the cobra left the path.

He said they would sway back and forth three times as a warning before striking. My thinking is, It just might have been the personality of that particular cobra. But who knows ? Could be a genuine rule. ▪ “

Keith : “ ▪ I’m going to go find us a car. “

“ Check in with us every fifteen or twenty minutes if you can. We might get lucky and nail a bus. They’re cheaper I know that appeals to you. “

▪

Keith : “ Getting out of this town appeals to me. ▪ “

“ ▪ Alright, good luck. ▪ “

The town didn’t bother me much, The air was cleaner up on the mountain pass than down below in the flat land cities. It was pretty filthy down there. The atmosphere was always filled with the smell of diesel fuel.

Carol was better but I didn’t know how much better.

Thinking : “ Hmmm . . . I’ll be best if I keeping to my self for a while.

I know ! I’ll read this data about altitudes. I probably should have read this before we headed out for this place, But I hadn’t found it

till just now. Ok any thing above five thousand feet is considered high altitude. But wooo. . . wait a minute what’s this ? People don’t generally get altitude sickness below eight thousand feet.

That means they could get altitude sickness, above eight thousand feet.

And we drove over nine thousand feet in the first day.

Oh ! this is interesting. Anything above 11, 500 ft. is considered to be Very High Altitude ! And Badrinith is at 11,400 ft.

above sea level.

In Badrinith, walk up the hill ten more stories and your at Very High Altitude. I guess we weren’t in the foot hills there of, But actually in the Himalayas “

When that restaurant owner back in Gopeshwar was essentially refusing to arrange a ride for us into Badrinath he was possibly saving our lives. Had we not stayed a couple of days in Gopeshwar to acclimate before going up to Badrinath, we might have gotten altitude sickness. I thought he was just being a wise ass.

I wondered what he seemed always to be amused by.

I know now, that it was my ignorance. Duuuuur...

Well who ever he was, and where ever he is. He has my apology for thinking ill of him. And my gratitude for not letting us

kill ourselves.

“ ▪ Here comes Keith. “

Carol and I were indulging in the local grub. She had a

plate of
the foods the local street cook was frying and selling in
front of the bus stop. I had to taste it cause it smelled so
good.

I swallowed as much as you could put in a level table spoon.
It was delicious. Keith arrived just as I was putting
it in my mouth.

“ ▪ You guys are crazy, eating that stuff. “

He was still eating only packaged food, and no worse the
wear for it.

But he wouldn't really have a feel for the flavor of India
with out tasting the food of it's people. I and Carol were
willing
to get sick for that privilege, And it was worth it.

Keith : Come on ! I got us a car.

“ ▪ What kind of money is he asking ? ▪ “

Keith smiling impishly : ▪ “ ▪ Don't care what he's asking I'll
pay it. “

Thinking : ▪ “ ▪ Easy for him to say, He's probably out of
rupees and

He knows, I'm going to have to pay for the
car initially.

I said : “ ▪ Ok, you can reimburse me your share when we
happen on a bank in the
low lands. How much is it ? ▪ “

Keith : ▪ “ ▪ eight hundred rupees. ▪ “

“ pretty good price. The fact that we're waiting at a bus stop
probably
augmented your bargaining position. ▪ “

Keith kidding : “ Here comes the driver, let’s get in the car before he changes his mind. “

We had one more stop in a farming town on the way back, Ranikhet elevation approximately 6,000 ft. On the way there the sky that looked ominous in Badrinath was now beginning to seem down right threatening with the dark and darker clouds assembling above us as we sped towards our next stop on the mountain pass.

Upon pulling into Ranikhet I noticed that same little skinny happy man from last time we were here. The one who danced about with a big smile, he was missing three front teeth at random.

As the child like fellow approached I gave him a couple of rupees.

Carol : “ Don’t give him anything I gave him money on the way up !

“ Jesus, Carol. You’ve turned into a hard ass. We gave this guy a couple of rupees almost a week ago. Don’t you think he’s spent all two rupees by now ? “

She laughed and said : Ok, your right. I may be getting a little stingy, I’m running low. “

I looked up at the sky : “ well, weather permitting we’ll be down this mountain to what you’d term civilization in around three more hours.

Then the little shirtless man said something to me in Hindi.

He acted like I would know his meaning.

I said : “ What ? “ Then he repeated his words and pointed

to the clouds above us, They seemed to be flowing up the pass

in the direction of Badrinath. “ ▪ Hmmm. . . . If we hadn't left today we probably wouldn't have gotten out for another week. “
I noticed a small medallion hanging from a well made chain on his neck.

“ ▪ Whose picture is on the medal. “ ▪ It wouldn't have surprised me too much if it was Saint Christopher cause I had one that looked like it when I was a kid.
He held it close to my face so I could see it clearly.

“ ▪ Oh, It's Krishna on one side and Shiva on the other. ▪ “

I pointed to the writing on the medal and said : “ ▪ What does this writing say ? “
He understood me.

“ ▪ OM Nama Shivar ▪ “

To Carol who watched with amusement : “ Sounds like a chant. ▪ “

The little old guy pointed to the clouds and motioned with both hands like he wanted them to come down here to us.

“ Oh ! He wants me to make it rain. The clouds are getting away. “

To the little man : ▪ “ ▪ Ok , we'll do it America Indian style, And ask Shiva* for help. Ok, dance with me.

I swayed my arms back and forth to the sky, turning round in wide circles chanting : ▪ OM Nama Shivar Om Nama Shivar Om Nama Shivar Om nama Shivar Om Nama Shivar Om Nama

Shiva

The little man danced right along with me chanting : Om Nama Shivar

Om Nama Shivar Om Nama Shivar Om Nama Shivar

Two seconds after we started the clouds slowed down and it drizzled

The people from all around the market and down the block began to

assemble around us to see what we were doing. When we had a crowd

of about fifty, then clouds burst, and everyone but me and the little man ran for cover. I stood there with my hands out

as if addressing an audience and said : ▪ “ ▪ Be Be Be Be Be . . . Be

That’s all folks. “ It was FUN.

Flash Back

Miracles Are Commonplace

The teacher : ▪ “ In your life miracles are commonplace.

Don’t deny them just accept them. Repeat after me : In my life miracles are commonplace. “

“ Ok, In my life miracles are commonplace. “

“ Again. “

“ ▪ In my life miracles are commonplace.

I’ve accepted this to be true. But my resistive mind

keeps saying things like : Did that really happen ? ▪ “

“ ▪ Very well, I want you to write a list of the miracles you’ve done in the last six months. This will make you accept them. ▪ “

**“ ▪ You don’t need to eat.
You don’t need to sleep.
And you don’t need to go to the bathroom. ▪ “**

Then he left.

BACK TO RANIKHET

The little man and I were amused with the whole thing. I gave him some more rupees, he put his hands together, I followed suit, We bowed and went our separate ways.

On the rest of our journey down the pass. The driver had to stop once. He was having trouble with the brakes. After climbing under the car and checking how bad the damage was. He got back in and said : “ I think we can make it. “

Needless to say this was very reassuring. But praise be to Allah.

There was only one more hour of driving and we were on the flat-lands.

The driver looked especially relieved to be on un-slanted ground a again. He pulled over and said : “ There is other

cars

in this town to rent. And the hotel you wish to go to is five miles .

that way. I have to go fix this car. “ He had pointed south, across town.

We tipped him enough to fix his brakes. Then hunted up another vehicle. It turned out to be one of those motorized three wheeler giant baby carriage things.

Carol : “ do you know where the surprise is ? “

Drive : “ Yes it is across town, I’ll take you there.

Keith : “ The surprise ? “

Me : “ Is that , that the hotel you looked up in that 3 yr. old guide book

you’ve been carrying around. ? “

Carol : “ Yes it sounds like a really good hotel. “

“ Is it Indian ?

“ Yes, It’s not a chain hotel. It’s an Indian one with a good rating. “

Thinking : “ Ah oh, good rating means, fleece the foreigners. Ok , I’m exercising contempt prior to investigation.

I’ll wait and see what the hotel is like. Maybe it’s as good as it’s rating. “

This large three wheeler thing that we were riding in was like a backwards baby carriage. It was open in the front, So all the dust off the dirt roads we were frequenting was collected in the carriage as we drove. by the time we reached the

” Surprise “ The three of us were completely covered with soil from head to foot.

No one noticed it until exiting the vehicle. We pointed at each other and started laughing. The scene was like three kids coming home from playing in the mud. I got this three musketeer sort of feeling from that episode. We were all wearing the same

uniform, Mud.

Ok so here we are at the Surprise Hotel. About an eight story building, dark and rustic. Looked like the whole front was made of terracotta.

Like I expected, The lobby was large well furnished with an antique flavor to it.

Thinking : “ High ceilings, nicely lit. something’s missing though . . . People !

There’s no people in the lobby. How can there be no people in the lobby ? This is India, The second most populated place on earth. You know what I think ? There’s no people in this hotel. sarcastically : I wonder why that would be ? “

As we walked up to the desk Carol starts asking about a room on the highest floor they have.

One of the two clerks says : “ The upper floors cost more. “

He said it like he was having a good idea.

Keith : “ Do you take travelers checks ? “

2nd clerk : “ Yes, of course. “

My cynical Irish Catholic side was beginning to rear it’s ugly head. That part of me that hated to be lied to. And was looking for something to be indignant about.

I said : “ And which of those upper floors is the more expensive ones ? “

Clerk : “ All of them. “

“ Now when you say all of them. Do you mean from the the vestibule on up ? Or . . .

Keith cutting in : “ Let’s just go up and look at the room. “

“ Ok, Let’s do that. “ As I said the words I was looking at

Carols

face. She looked beat.

Carol : “ I want my own room. “

Thinking : “ Ok, If she likes this place and It’s not that expensive, I suppose Keith and I can take one or two of the lower less expensive rooms. And everyone can be reasonably content. But I’m not spending more than one night in this place. I don’t like the people running it. “

As we’re starting up the stairs I hear the first clerk say at us : “ There is only rooms available on that eight floor. “

I’m already poised to walk out right then. But I figure I’ll wait till they quote the price they’re working their way up to.

Eight stories later clerk two, opens the door. As Carol initially peeped in she slowly turned and looked back at me like a dog who’d been given only one milk bone for supper. Or like she’d come home to her house tired, and found no furniture. The room was a third smaller and in worse shape than the one we had in Gopeshwar for five bucks and in the Gopeshwas domicile the walls were clean. In this place they had an unkempt yellow haze to them.

The clerk sensing the dismay said : “ would all three of you be taking this room ? “

My retort : “ ? No she wants her own room.

Me To carol : Do you want This ? “

She just stood there dazed without answering.

Keith : “ How much for this room. “

Cautiously : “ About seventeen hundred rupees. “

Keith to me : “ You and I can take one of the other rooms. “

The calculator in my head began clicking.

“ Let’s see seventeen hundred, Half of that is eight fifty.

Round that off to nine hundred Hmm. . Comes

to a little less than thirty bucks apiece.

That’s double what we paid for individual rooms in Deli,

I’m not crazy about it, But I’ll put up with it for

one night. “

To the clerk : “ On what floor is the other room ? “

“ Ve have to ask that fellow down in the lobby for that . “

Now I’m thinking that maybe it’ll work out all right. Especially

if there really is, some other rooms at lower levels, And

he can offer them at a more reasonable price.

So we go down the eight flights into the lobby.

Keith asks the number one clerk at the front desk : “ How

much for

a room on one of the lower floors ? “

Clerk : “ Ve have no rooms for you on the lower floors. You

have to take three separate rooms on that upper

floor. And they are nineteen hundred and fifty apiece.

Keith was beginning to Say : “ What about if

When I said to the clerk : “ You know what ? Screw You ! “

Threw my pack over my shoulders. And marched straight

for

the door.

Clerk number ones voice rang after me like a cheap siren :

**“ But there’s a religious festival, The whole town is filled,
There won’t be a place for you anywhere ! “
Over my shoulder : “ I’ll sleep on the street before I give you
sixty five bucks for that piece of crap you call a room. “**

**I was stepping at a good healthy pace while thinking :
“ Carol is safe, She’s with Keith in “ The Surprise. “**

**Never liked the sound of the place from the
first time she showed it to me, in that
3 yr. old travel guide to India book.**

**The second I heard the name a little voice said : “ The
Surprise!**

not a pleasant one. “

**No matter now, I was down their stairs off their grounds
and on the street. I suddenly felt free.**

**“ Now I can feel, for the right direction, and go there. “
There was no one to second guess my intuition with their
intellect. It was a good feeling.**

“ Where are we going. “

**I looked over my shoulder. Keith and Carol were right behind
me**

trying to keep up.

I slowed the pace, But continued to walk.

“ I thought you guys were staying in that place. “

Keith : “ I thought maybe I could barter him down.

But then you ran out. “

**Retort : “ When someone quotes a totally unreasonable price,
there**

**showing contempt for you. Why feed into that contempt
by humoring them ? I’m sure there’s people in this
town that don’t have contempt for us.**

I’d like to do business with them.

Carol almost under her breath : “ If you can find them. “

**“ The first thing we do is get us a taxi. we’ll ask him where
there’s**

some other places to stay. I’m betting the majority of people

in this town aren't paying any more than five bucks a night to stay in most of these places.

Keith : “ Your right, that place was pretty steep. “

“ That place was a pit. We could have stayed in Gopeshwar

for a month and a half for that price. If all else fails we get a guy with

a car, and drive to a town that isn't having a festival, and rent a place there.

Keith light heartedly : “ That's an idea ! We'll go to where ever all

these people are coming from. That place will have lots of space for rent. “

That at least got a smile from Carol.

“ Look there's a cab. “ It was one of those three wheeler things

again with two young guys in the front wearing those baggie white tunics. We got in. They appeared to not speak

much English. Maybe none, cause when given

instructions they would both listen attentively then discuss the problem among themselves in Hindi.

“ Do you understand what we're saying here ? We want to find

a hotel. Or a place that rents rooms.

The driver : “ We know one. “

I said : “ Ok, I think he has a place in mind. If he can't find anything, we'll get a regular car and make the run to another

town. “

We were heading into the main part of town now just two blocks

from where the river ran slow, almost stagnant.

this was one of those places that you see in the news

clips where scads of people wade out into the waters of the river saying prayers, And because the waters are

considered sacred, it is legend that healings take place.

It's early evening. The outdoor markets are doing a brisk

business.

everything's lit up in a rather pleasant Naples Yellow glow, with just a touch of Burnt Siena mixed in. With the summer warmth, it was dream like. I was beginning to enjoy this.

Just then we came to a central hub. A place where all the traffic converges as if on spokes of a wheel. It's a central point from which you can go north; south; east; west.

There's generally eight roads converging at the hub. So you can also choose to go North East ; North West;

South East;

South west. Etc. I think it might be a Roman design cause it shows

up in Latin language countries like Mexico.

Hmm..... Maybe the Romans ripped off the idea from this place.

Well anyway. Here we are stuck in traffic at the center of this hub. Standing at the absolute center of the hub on a small

round platform is an Indian Policeman with a magnificent thick handle bar mustache. He looked like British Royalty at it's best.

Great posture great sense of purpose, great authority.

Our three wheeled vehicle pulls right up beside him and the traffic stops. The two men in the front of the vehicle begin to look like a couple of gipsy cab drivers about to get caught

doing something illegal. Their eyes are showing strain and fear.

I lean my head out the vehicle, And in my best New York stage diction I say : " pardon me sir. Do you speak English ? "

He replied : " Why yes sir I do. "

I continued : " Sir, Might you know a reasonable hotel in this town, where we might find lodging ?

Police man : " Yes I do. " He then turned to the verge-ily panic stricken navigators and in Hindi,

snapped orders

at them as if he was talking to a dog who just stolen his lunch.

upon finishing he turned back to me and said : “ They will take you

to a reasonable hotel now. “

“ Thank you very much. I’m extremely grateful sir. “

With a smile he said : “ Your welcome “ And turned his full attention back to directing traffic :

Our still frightened but partially relieved hosts deposited us in front of a four story building not more than three and a half

blocks away. The street looked similar to one I recalled from old Medina in Saudi Arabia. It was just a little narrower. and the

lighting was as previously mentioned, rather yellow.

We paid the cab drivers, They pulled away with a sigh of relief, before we could ask them to wait in case the place was full. The foyer was filled with people wearing those muted baby blue light tan and white cotton tunics, made slightly more muted by the dust of the day. children ran between them playing tag with each other.

Just slightly to the right if you looked straight up it was like looking

inside of a mini kaleidoscope there was a large square with a slightly smaller square inside of it, then another inside of it and another inside of that. The building was like a big square white donut with fifteen foot wide landings encircling each floor, with kids playing on each of those landings.

Carol : “ Get a place high up above all this sound. “

Me : “ Do you have rooms available ? “

Man behind the small counter : “ Yes we have one on the fourth floor and one on the second floor. “

Keith : “ how much is it ? “

Clerk : One hundred sixty rupee a night

**Me Thinking : “ That cop wouldn’t steer us wrong. “
“ We’ll take it. “**

Clerk : “ No, no, You have to see the room first. “

**Keith is looking like he wants to discuss life and the price of
rooms.**

**Meanwhile I’m noticing this Indian fellow in his late thirties
looking concerned, then anxious as he stands
waiting at the same counter. I wondered what he was
anxious about ? Then up walked a shorter older fellow and
the clerk pointed to him and said : “ this man will take you
up to show you the room. So I follow this little fellow
who casually walks up the stairs with me and the
formally anxious looking fellow who is now looking
something else, Pensive. As we reach the fourth landing the
Indian**

in his thirties asks the little guy a question in Hindi.

**The little fellow points to the third door up the landing
in front of us. Suddenly the inquirer bolts toward
the open door, sticks his head in, looks North ; South; East
and west, Then turns on his heel, runs right past us
and starts down the stairs.**

**I have an epiphany : “ That mother fucker’s after the
same room. “ I started after him. It was like Robin chasing
Batman. I was a just little too far behind. If only there was a
fireman’s**

**pole on that forth landing, I could have saved the day. But ...
Noooooooooo!**

We took the room on the second floor.

**As the three of us reached the second landing and walked
between the kids to get to our door, Carol glanced at me
with her “ I wish you were dead look. “ just before she
walked through the threshold. I entered last.**

**The room was comparable to the one in Gopeshwar, but not
quite as**

**big. Other wise it was quite similar in that it had no windows.
and there were three beds in a row about three feet apart**

in the center of the room. Had they been three different sizes I'd have suspected that Goldie Locks had stayed here. But fortunately they were all of equal size, and appropriately firm.

Keith was already putting his gear on the farthest bed closest to the bathroom.

Me : “ Carol which one of these beds do you want ? “

She just sat down in the middle one, threw the sheet over her

whole body so she looked like Casper the unfriendly ghost and said : “ I'm not here ! “

Keith and I went quietly about unpacking our gear and washing up while she sat very straight and silent for around twenty minutes.

Just around the time Keith and I were about to leave, to give her some alone time. A voice came through the sheet.

“ I've been trying to reach a bliss state for over a year. And here in the middle of all this turmoil, I get it !

I thought : “ All right ! I did do the right thing. It was kind of spiritually predestined.

Often the best time to meditate is when your about to explode.

When there's no way out of the trouble. And your mind is assaulting you with worst case scenarios.

flash back

Tim and I are sitting in a booth in Trancas restaurant.

My Head is playing the “ your going to be living on the street. “ tape. I'm just about to declare bankruptcy, And every muscle in my body is ridged.

“ I've got to get some relief from this potent energy dominating my body. Feeling this way at this intensity can't be very healthy. “

It was like the energy was running around my body looking

**for a way out. What with the continuous negative
thought
patterns condemning me to absolute physical
damnation
fueling it. All that energy did was become more intense
with
each revolution.**

**I decided what to do about it.
To myself : “ Ok it’s just energy, Right !
I sat in a half lotus, closed my eyes and began
collecting
this energy as if I was a magnetic shaft running
through
my own body and out the top of my head.**

**I drew the turbulence to the white hot shaft of
light I’d created at my center running straight down
to the kundalini and directly up through the crown
chakara. It was interesting to actually feel this
energy on all sides being pulled down into the
center. At which point. . . . It was like a silent
explosion.**

All I could feel was Bliss.

**When I was a kid I
went on a ride at an amusement park
that pinned you to the wall with
centrifugal force, Then dropped the floor
out. You’d spin there two stories above the
ground, When you got used to it, You didn’t
Mind being twenty feet off the deck.
It was a little like that, Except instead of
staying there you floated farther and farther
outward. No pain of any kind was
capable of existing in this place
but yet the G force seemed to increase
as I went out farther and father
Creating a similar sensation to that
orgasmic after-glow magnified a hundred times**

and rising.

- “ Isa ! “ The sound was far away and I did not care to acknowledge it.**
- “ There’s nothing out there more important than letting go and going the distance. I’m going all the way to where ever this takes me.**
- “ Isa ... Isa !! Isa !!!!!**
- Tim was screaming now. Generally when I meditate he as most other folks, leave me alone. They just wait until your done. Especially if I don’t respond to their mentioning my name. They figure he’s in deep. Leave him alone. Tim knew this rule better than anyone.**
- Coming out, but still heavily tranced :**
- “ What is so important that you would bother me when I’m in that deep ? “**
- “ You were levitating ! “**
- “ So fucking, What ? Why not just leave me there, till I come out ? “**
- I didn’t think I was levitating my physical body, I thought I was getting out there with my *Causal Body, into that place where everlasting bliss exists. My attitude was : “ Ok, I’m ready. Let’s do it. Let’s get out there. “**
- Tim : “ You were levitating ! “**
- “ Tim you were probably seeing my *astro-body or even my *causal body rising out of my physical body. And to you ! with your extreme perception it may have looked like it was happening on this plane of existence. “**
- “ No ! You were levitating. “**
- “ Your that sure ? Well why didn’t you**
- “ just leave me there ? Instead of screaming**

at me ? “
“ The beams of the roof began to groan. “

The higher you rose the more the roof beams groaned. “

*Causal Body = The next more finite body residing inside the Astral Body, and simultaneously outside of it, in that It vibrates clear into an other realm.

“ **Ok so how high did I raise up ? “**

“ **About five inches. “**

“ **God I wish I could do that at will. Then take a step farther and fly ! “ So your really sure that you saw me sitting there in mid air ? I sure wish you’d have left me there. “**

Emphatically : “ I told you ! you would have caved the roof in on us. “

Back To India

Carol didn’t levitate but I wouldn’t have been but a little bit surprised if she had. Keith and I started for the door, assuming that she wanted to continue with her meditation. As the door opened the voice under the sheet said : “ Where are you going ? “

Keith : “ Out to get a bite to eat. “

The sheet got up and headed fore the bathroom.

“ Wait till I wash. I’m coming too. “

“ Ok, We’ll be down in the lobby. “

The lobby wasn’t very big in this living complex so we waited out on the street where we looked through the stands sitting in front of the small shops for a anything cheap unique that you couldn’t find back in the states. I had just found a new batch of hats with the basic formation of a soldiers cap the kind that comes to a point in the front and back, and folds up into a simple rectangle. These had

the same basic shape but with a closely cropped

**Deep red velour with crisscross patterns of
a gold material running through it.**

**It then segued into another cotton pattern
on the opposite side of the hat, black
with little blue speckles in it.**

**Thinking : “ My God, this thing is kind of a neat looking hat.
I wonder if I’ve got the balls to wear it ?
you know what ? It feels right ! “**

I picked out six of them.

**Thinking : “ I can always give some of them away as
presents. Nah! I’m gunna ware em myself.**

Carol just arriving : “ Let’s find a nice restaurant. “

She and Keith began discussing which way to look.

**My thoughts : “ I got to pick the hotel, So they
want to pick the eating facility. “**

**As far as I could see, There wasn’t anything
I would call a restaurant in this town.**

**But they seemed to think they were going to
find one, so I followed their lead, with cloaked skepticism.**

**The town was as dark as a night shot, in an
old black and white movie, Except everything had
that aforementioned yellow orange glow
to it. They chose an eating place with a medium size
dark room, with cloths over the tables and small
dim candles at their center. It was so dark you couldn’t
quite tell the actual color of the tablecloth.**

**My thoughts went to the town in which I normally resided,
Which is a fairly up scale town. But at this one restaurant
with similar lighting had a bad roach problem and
the dim lighting was ensued in order to
hide that fact. I’d of bet house odds that this
place was the same, Or worse.**

**But Carol and Keith were acting like this spot was
A-ok. Keith went so far as to say to me : “ Now, This is a
real restaurant ! “**

There was nice glasses nice plates and all

the silverware matched but just two blocks down the road I remembered seeing rats eating out of a dumpster just like the one sitting outside the back door of this establishment. Made no never mind to me. I wasn't eating anything.

I didn't need food. I was probably fifteen pounds lighter than when we started this trip and I felt great. No way I'm eating anything I can't see clearly in this town. I asked for some bottled water. And I think I had a half of bread stick. About half way through the meal, I looked towards the rear of the room and saw a rat peak in under the partition that blocked the view of the alley through the open back door. When he saw me looking at him he popped back out.

“ Hmm Hmm I thought so. “

Keith : “ You should eat something this is real good food.

What were you HmMMM . . . ing about ?

“ Wellll . . . This is a very warm night so all the doors in this place are open. And I just saw a rat step in and back out that exit, when I looked at him. “

Keith's face took on the appearance of a king who's food taster had just dropped dead.

Keith : “ Are you serious ? You're not kidding are you ? “

“ No, I'm not kidding. But don't get too alarmed.

I had to deal with rats in that place that I had in Selmar.

They got in through the vent. I had a hell of a time

getting rid of them, The good news is, I don't

have any fear of them any more. What bothers

me is I can't see if they have any cockroaches in this place

it's too dark in here ! “ Oh Shoot ! I'm sorry

I'm beginning to sound like Anna Danna Rosanna.

Lightheartedly : “ well you know ! It's always something. “

I figured kidding around would lightened the

blow. He was looking really freaked-out.

After all this was the first food in this country he'd

eaten that wasn't vacuum sealed in plastic.

“ No problem, Eat up, the most you’ll get is Bubonic Plague. “
He started laughing : “ Fuck you Jeremiah. “
“ No Keith I was kidding about the Bubonic Plague.
You have to get that from a flea that’s transported by rats. “
Keith : “ No, Seriously, Did you really see a
rat back there. “

“ Yeah but don’t worry. Your gonna live. He looked healthy. “
Keith continuing eating : “ Yeah, Well this is good food. He
probably
eats here regularly.

No, really ! Did you see a rat ? “

“ No, Really. I did. “

Smiling : “ Well maybe they serve rat here. What ever it was
we ate, it sure tasted good.

Carol mildly amused : “ Enough with the rat jokes already. “

We left the darkest of restaurant and rummaged through
some of the stands in front of the little stores.

Not much in the way of pickens. Just the basics.

tooth paste, Brushes of all kinds. Etc... etc..

Ok, enough shopping. It was time to get back to the room.

On the way up to our floor

an amazing revelation. You could hear a pin drop.

All the landings were void of human inhabitation. All the doors
were closed.

As we passed them there wasn’t a sound emitting from
any one of them. In our absence the whole place

had buttoned up and gone to sleep. Time to do the

same. Accept now I was feeling like maybe just a small
cracker or two. So twenty minutes later I went

down stairs to slip out and get a little

package of crackers, Except that was not to be.

When I reached the front door I came to realize that it

wasn’t a door, It was a gate. A big strong scissor gate with a
thick

chain and a huge lock securing it.

Thinking : “ Holly shit ! We’re locked in ! I guess they do

it to keep the thieves out. This is a little scary. If this place went up in flames our chances of getting out would not be good. “

Then a little old guy who was apparently the front door guard showed up and offered to let me out. My instinct told me that he would probably be napping when I came back and I'd have to make a lot of noise to get back in.

Thinking : “ The hell with it. I'll get something to eat tomorrow.

Who knows maybe I'll quit eating all together tomorrow. “ I told the little guy I'd changed my mind and went back up to bed.

All three of us woke well rested. They grabbed a snack at a local stand. And were now ready to look for the train station. But I bought some crackers for later just incase.

Keith to the stand owner : : “ Which way is the train station ? “

“ It is that way. “ He pointed east.

So we started walking, Pretty soon we had traveled around Ten blocks and, no railroad. I said : “ Ok, no sense in going any farther in this direction without askin.....

Keith : “ We need to ask someone for directions. “

“ Right ! “

Keith approached the first man on the street headed past us.

“ Do you know where the train station is ? “ He was a typical working man in his late forties wearing a slightly dusty white tunic, and a little white cap.

The expression on the rather patient man's face was : “ What ?

Keith just a smigen louder this time : “ Do you know where the train

station is ? “ The man took a little more interest in what he was saying this time. The expression now was : “ What the hell is this guy talking about ? “

Keith : 5 times as loud : Loco- motiv **Loco- motiv, Loco- motiv !**

“ Keith, quit yelling. Just hold on, let me talk to him. “ I smiled

At the fellow and cupped my hands together in front of my mouth

And went : “ Woo woo..... Chuga chuga chuga chuga. Then sticking my hand out like it was a train going round a bend,

I repeated : Woo Woo Chuga chuga chuga chuga.

Immediately the man went : “ Oh ! You mean such and such

Thing in such and such place ! “ But it was all in Hindi.

He said a lot of words we didn't understand and aimed us in the right direction. Three blocks down the road in the direction he

pointed, A look to the left, And there it was. Just another block and a half down the road, With teams of people coming and

going in and out of it's doors, of which there was about six, Preceding them was six steps, on which at the sides, and in the center, at varying intervals were seated beggars.

When in Rome do as the Romans do.

While ascended the steps

We gave small denominations of rupees to the beggars sitting on them near the center of the building.

By the time we'd reached the top step the thirty or so people sitting on the sides-lines started converging on the center. At that point we headed through the door.

It was late afternoon we'd made good time getting down the

pass. No point in asking for sleepers, the only thing

availed was third class. As we waited on the platform adjacent to one of the biggest long horn cows I've ever seen. It just kind of hung out, like it was waiting for a train or something. I wondered what third class was going to be like.

Keith : “ I wonder what third class is gonna to be like ? “

I said : “ It will probably be better than first class. I just hope it's not as bad as Egypt. “

It was almost the same as the seating you'd get on a ferry in the US.
Not great. But not bad.

We sat on the wooden benches for a couple of hours and dozed.

At some point I realized I was alone. As usual Keith was wandering around the train looking for someone to talk bis with. So he was nowhere to be seen. Well at least he's more than acclimated.

“ Hmm.... Wonder where Carol is ? “ The train really was a little like a ferry cause when you stepped through the door at the end of the car it led out to a small balcony at the side of the train. Standing out there watching the country go by was Carol. We were closer to Deli now so there were houses around two blocks away, on slightly higher ground. Between the housed and the train was an expanse of empty lots with sprinklings of young boys ages six to ten playing much as I did when I was the same age In Brooklyn. As the train past some kids would wave to it, And a few of the people standing on the little balconies would throw them rupees in coin form.

“ I thought : “ That's a good idea ! “
I had a fair number on them in my pocket. I was considering saving some and bringing them home.

**But this would be a much better place to deposit them.
Carol was already tossing hers to kids waving at her.
There were mostly Indian people doing this.
So I assumes it to be a custom in this area. Kind of a way of
saying : “ Hello Deli ! “ As the train slowed rounding a turn I
began to
wish I’d accumulated more coins. The lots were smaller now,
And closer to the train. When I was a kid I constantly build
huts
in the local lots with what ever I found laying around in those
land parcels.
I once built one out of sod squares of rye grass.
It’s easy, You just place one on top of the other
like bricks, The weeds continue to grow and you’ve got
yourself
a camouflage hide out. These people were doing
something similar. But they were building the hut out of
fresh cow dung. There was a whole little neighborhood of cow
dung
houses. The eyes of the children were tired eyes.
This was the kind of existence that Carol had experienced in
this
country in her former sojourn. I couldn’t believe that this
pathetic Karma was still available.
Thinking : “ I knew there was poverty here but I can’t make
myself imagine living in a hut made of shit. “
I had a hard life when I was a kid. It was not easy Karma.
Resultantly
I had little or no sympathy for those that complained
about their childhood, and I usually
silenced them with my story when I tired of their whining.
These little kids had my story beat. The potentiality for
dying
of various diseases in that place was enormous. My intuition
was telling
me that eighty percent of those people living in that place
were going to die of the diseases festering there.**

The train chugged slowly by. My reactive mind wanted to get out and do something about this. In other lives I'd come through this part of the world numerous times, uniting people through war.

It was not so different than a hostile business take over. Instead of taking corporations we were taking cities. We learned their tricks and taught them ours. Prior to this insertion, there wasn't much change in the world.

My reasoning at the time was. " Better to die in combat swiftly, than having a slow repetitive uneventful life, ending in gradual fatal decay. I was kind of dense back then, and didn't have much patience.

In the present day I couldn't fathom dealing with the enormity of this problem. Thinking : " There's nothing I can do that would make a dent in this. For some reason I don't have a clue what to declare. "

Keith showed up as I was pensively watching the city go by.

Keith : " You know what this country needs ? A minimum wage.

Thinking : " Deh ! Why didn't I think of that ? "

" Doing for you , is Project , Perceive, Release. "

I made the declaration.

I'm still waiting to see if it was Karmickly correct. That which is Karmickly correct manifests much quicker cause. the most Karmackly correct thing is the one that helps the largest number of people. So on a Universal Consciousness level all those people are in agreement with the declaration. Their synergistic energy manifests the declaration very

quickly.

The train pulled into Old deli.

Keith : “ I think we should go straight to the airport. After we do

some shopping of course. The dollar is up and the rupee is down. It's like thirty seven rupees to the dollar so we're better off spending our rupees here. “

We were not as dirty as the previous night , But we did have the basic dust of traveling.

“ Let's find a place in New Deli to wash up and eat. Then check the airport schedules and see when there's a flight. and if there is one, we can adjust our schedule around it. “

We found a place to wash up on the main boulevard a Merillot five star hotel if I'm not mistaken. We're covered with the

dirt of the road. A uniformed doorman opens a large ornate door as we walk into the foyer. Carol B-lines straight for the fastidiously decorated

dining room, picks a table well into the center, and drops her pack next

to it, with a finality that says : “ this spots mine ! “ Throws her coat over

the cloth covered dining chair Then addresses a passing waiter : “ Would

you watch this please.” “ Waiter : “ Certainly madam. “ She hence struts

off to the lady's room like a “ star. “ Keith and I look at each-other

like : “ Well, They didn't throw *her* out. So we followed suit. With one

exception. Keith : “ Do you want to go to head first and I'll watch the

gear ? “ “ No you go. My paranoia will keep our packs under continuous

suvalance.” Soon we were all seated. They ate moderately and I ate

more moderately, a piece and a half of toast and a smigen of chicken.

That was all I dared. Then came the ride to the airport. We stopped on the boulevard and bought what ever we could find that would be appreciated by folks at home. Then we went into the airport and went our separate ways. Keith went on to Indonesia and Bali, Carol Went to rendezvous with Jeff in Hawaii, and I just went home and recuperated from the food I'd eaten. The good news was me being twenty pounds lighter and I looked great. " It's time to save up for another trip.