

5:Kwazulu Natal, swimming , monkeys.....

And here we are in Kwazulu Natal where the slick humid air that sticks to you and sucks the life out of your soul. God its hot! The monkeys are hot, the humans are hot and the beaches are crawling with holiday makers.



So we decided to try the Olympic pool. I was pleasantly surprised at the state of the pool but rather horrified at the state of the establishment. Only in Africa can you have non-swimming lifeguards who, if present at the side of the pool, are obsorbed in social media.It's every man for himself here!

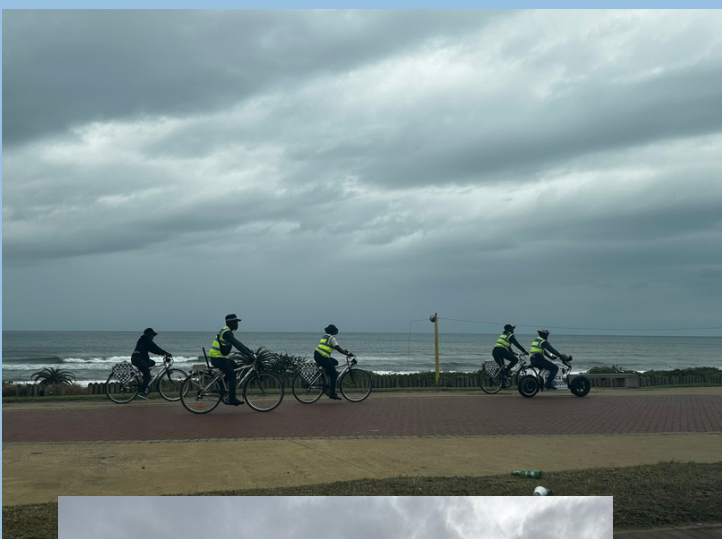
Mom says I need to toughen up my African skin and do like all South Africans do and SURVIVE. And she is right.

I temporarily forgot the 'workaround' mentality. I need to get my head on. So, I walk everyday. When I walk, I hide my phone, I wear one EarPod and I have a "sjambok" or an "ukuhamba" A sjambok is a heavy leather whip and an ukuhamba is a walking stick. My walking stick belonged to grandpa. It is 100 yrs old.



I am sure I look intimidating with this paraphernalia. The walkways and kerb sides are pretty well manicured even though every single house is hidden behind huge gates, walls, and electric fences. Most streets in affluent areas have security huts on the corners.

In three days ,I have been to two African markets.
These markets pride themselves on selling only African homemade goods. This market is under ancient mango trees and is an eclectic mix of antiques, vintage, homemade baked goods and plants.
A visit to the beach is an hilarious mix of many police on bikes trolling the beach front, monkeys and local exercisers. The police enforcements ride around in a tight wad clearly missing the concept of spanning out for greater impact!



And of course... coffee... many opportunities to indulge and enjoy....

