J&M4-16

We're in the Sacred Valley though frankly not much sacred about it so far.

Jessa has a textile exhibition/lesson/”have a go” thing going on today in one of the outlying villages.

Met up with the organiser eventually in the market square. Hampered by the fact that the square is closed for market day. Thought we were looking for a bus not a person. Much more comfortable with this as the idea of her getting on a random bus and disappearing into the Andean mountains was a worry.

The town is a plethora of little gift shops and market stalls all selling the self same thing, hats, scarves, belts and colourful poncho's. I might get one of the latter.

Inevitably I guess, although right it's tipping down, having walked Jessa to the town square and had a wander round, I'm now sitting having (what is supposed to be) an oat latte.
Shall return to the hotel and catch up on blogs and jandmtrek.com upload.

Jessa returns triumphant and replete from a traditionally cooked meal made in the local way on hot stones.
Stones are heated over a fire, put into a pit in the ground, put food over the top cover with a sheet or cardboard then soil. An hour later, literally dig for you dinner…. Simples.

We went round the hotel farm and garden, had a tour of the in-house distillery and coffee roast house(not sure of the technical term).

Really chatty guys, pleased to see someone interested in their work.
We also saw pens of Guinea pigs, staple of the Andean culture though we've not tried it…. Yet, or at least knowingly 😕.

We've booked the hotel restaurant again if for no other reason, it's easy and close. Jessa has of course eaten (see above) already today so neither of us will eat very much