J&M4-5

Today is our day for culture. Frankie, our guide met us at 10:00, we had delayed by an out after yesterday's exertions, flights etc.

The Victor the driver was the same guy as from the airport early this morning and will be taking us back to that horror for our next jump.

Our tour of Lima started with one of the man-made pyramids of Lima. Structures built of hand made mud bricks that have survived for hundreds of years primarily because there is no rain in Lima... None.... Ever... Never.... Even though it is right by the Pacific and in fact because it's right by that body of water, and the Humboldt current that flows up from Antarctica.

The water is so cold that little or no evaporation occours over the ocean to provide any rain...

It also means that the sun rarely shines as a blanket of cloud is all that the little evaporation can create.

So, it didn't rain but it was quite sunny with blues skies and pretty high temperatures.

Back to the Pyramid.... Hand made bricks , some still bearing the hand and fingerprints of the folk that turned them out in millions all stacked on edge on top of each other to form wall and terraces.

A lot more of this has only recently been found, as late as the 1980's having been used as a municipal dump for generations.

Human and animal sacrifices were the order of the day... I often wonder when I hear such stories what was going through the minds of the participants....
The victim must surely have been plain terror. The overseer, perhaps nonplussed or some vicarious pleasure in the torment and the individual nominated to do the deed by whatever method they employed. And like all such grisly episodes, what was going through the minds of the witnesses, the throng of the populace either horrified or perhaps howling for more.

Whether it was this gladiators hacking each other to bits, lion and slaves or young girls having their lives taken from them in sacrifice to some deiety....

How did the parents of those children feel about their offsprings demise.....

Yet, whilst we might condemn these histories as ancient evils, we as a species continue to this day in slaughter, war, genocide and ethnic cleansing. Usually at the behest of se self important megalomaniac or some religious doctrine or dogma

We really are an unpleasant species when it comes right down to it. We will probably be responsible for our own destruction in the end. No one will win.

We then moved on to the rest of the city. Where at home we have preservation orders and listed building status, when a building here reaches 100 years, no matter what it is and how ugly or useless it is, it gets automatically preserved.... Nobody wants them but nobody can do anything about them.

They have what's sounds like a true bureaucratic nightmare comprising of about 48 mayors and their respective entourages running (or should that be ruining) the city. Can you imagine trying to get anything sorted out.

Each has his/her town hall, administration and police dept.

We walked among the long dead in the crypts of the local cathedral. 25 thousand sets of bones... Must have been a terrible job counting that lot up.

We returned to the hotel then went in walkabout looking for the "Love Park" and a statue of Paddington.

We walked far to far and missed both the park and the statue. Eventually, we turned on mobile data to find out where we had gone wrong and started to retrace our steps.

As it turned out we had a minor excuse. As we'd been walking, we had seen some paragliders taking off from the clifftop at exactly the spot of the park and we're so engrossed in that spectacle and wishing we were going up that we missed a

blooming great statue of a couple up on a ten foot high plinth surrounded by an auditorium that we actually climbed..... Talk about blind. We had them continued to walk for another forty minutes. Duh!!

The Paddington statue, also past by on our outward journey is slightly less daft. As we approached the park, we diverted into a mall. The statue was just behind that "opportunity"

When we got back to the hotel and prepped ourselves for an early start, we adjourned to the bar so Jess could try a Pico Sour.

I'd been banging on about Pisco and about how myother adored the stuff. I remember trying it as a kid and it was lovely. But this was different. Pisco Liqueur was a sweet not be ery alcoholic drink that, as I recall, tasted vaguely of toffee.

This Pisco is a raw max strength spirit that really does need mixing.

to Puerto Maldonado,

and then by road then boat to Tambopata Research Station