

# Human i 2

## Let the Adventure Begin:

The first 3 days of our trip were designed to be a period of adjustment and recovery. Jet lag, a seventeen-hour time zone change, and a 40-degree Celsius and 70% humidity variance requires a bit of adaptation and that doesn't even consider the fun of cultural differences.



Sitting on our balcony in the pitch black at 5:45 am with the 23-degree temperature softened by the cooling sea breeze tells me that our adjustment is not fully complete, but we are eager to begin our travels. This morning, we will head to Malacca (Melaka) which is a historic Dutch, and then British influenced port and is a Unesco World

**Miles and miles of Palm Plantations. Malaysia is the second largest exporter of Palm Oil in the world.**

Heritage site. Despite all of the history, I am a bit embarrassed to say that we will be staying at a Holiday Inn and then going to what seems to be the most famous thing about Melaka, the Jonkers Street Night Market. Three nights a week the centre of China town, filled with antique stores, shuts down and goes wild with outdoor food and drinks and who knows what. By tonight, we will know and then so will you.

Carol and I have a new name here at the resort. It is 'Canada' and it was given to us by the lead singer in the house band who seem to be following us around. The Malay people we have met so far have a very soft and gentle way about them. When they greet you, they place their right hand to their heart with a slight bow as a demonstration of their sincerity and warmth as they greet you from their heart. I have to admit, it's really nice. A resort like this is a great place to people watch. The patrons are a microcosm of the country as a whole with Chinese, Indian, Malays and Indonesians providing the base and then a few Australians and Europeans sprinkled in for good measure. The standouts are us and a couple from Africa who are both well over 6 feet tall and very dark skinned.

Many of the Malays and Indonesians are Muslim as evidenced by the wardrobes of the women, but unlike our experience in Libya, the women here seem more open and friendly. Perhaps it is because they are on holidays. Some of them even wear t-shirts with writing on them, one of which I found interesting. It simply read 'Woman Power'. You've got to love her optimism.

**The Japanese invaded Malaysia on December 6, 1941, the same day they bombed Pearl Harbor. They landed at Khota Baru and stole bicycles in every town they took on their way to Singapore, making the trip in 45 days.**



**Part of an amazing fire show on the beach at the resort.**