

Day 26 –Little India in Kuala Lumpur [Wednesday 16-Feb-2011]

I got up early and worked on the diary for yesterday and then had a call with GSN in Waltham. Lilli did some research on places to stay in Phuket. I then reserved. After a shower, we headed out on town. First we bought a book about Phuket at the KL City Center. After that we headed to the Indian part of KL.



Southern Indian food on a banana leaf at Lakshmi Vilas in Little India



Muslim women headscarf mannequins in Little India



A common sight is groups of traditionally dressed women



Very cute street light decorations in Little India



Dresses for Indian women



This building was part of the complex used by the former British Colonial government

It was pretty hot outside (upper 80s) so we decided to head back to the guest house around 2PM. We got back outside again around 6PM and looked for a place to eat. We tried an Indian place near the train station, where much of the local blue collar workers eat. We had lamb and rice. It tasted fine.



Dinner: Rice and lamb curry. I picked the weirdest drinks I could find.

Since they did not sell alcohol at the place where we had dinner, we thought we'd find a place in Chinatown. We walked around a bit in the market alleys and did not really find anything of interest. They have a lot of fake brand name goods. There are tons of little stands but the merchandise repeats itself with many vendors. We found a place where we had a beer. We watched people walk by as we enjoyed the beer. After that we headed back to the guest house and watched a bad movie.



Evening market in Kuala Lumpur's Chinatown

I should point out that Kuala Lumpur is really a vibrant and cool place where you get total sensory input on the streets:

- Eyes: A very interesting mix of buildings, places, people, things. Relative to our part of the world, this place is packed with people.
- Skin: Hot and muggy and occasional gushes of cool air coming out of stores onto the sidewalks.
- Nose: Incent sticks, curry, sewer, diesel fumes, nice perfume, hot vomit like smells
- Ears: Constant droning sound. Cars, buses, mopeds, really loud horns, people promoting products by playing their favorite music (Bollywood Pop, Chinese, Malaysian, English, Middle Eastern, etc).

Needless to say, you can comfortably blow a very nasty and loud fart on the street and nobody would hear it or smell it.

Overall I find the Malaysians to be friendly and helpful. Many Malaysians that I asked had a hard time reading a map, so when you get instructions, be prepared for a challenge, since some of the roads have very similar names. It is a fun mystery solving challenge. You do not always know where you are going to end up.

Crossing roads can be a challenge. They drive on the other side of the road, so normal reflexes from back home do not help. It's like dodging bullets from three directions while running. There is always the same relief that you made it to the other side, alive.