



## February

So we made our boat ride in **San Juan del Sur** and it was different and fun and everybody was contented and tired. Our new found friend Cindy was watching the bus during we all were gone. He saw us as his family and started to cook inside, but not clean up his mess. So you can imagine what this brings up in Brady and me. After 2 nights of very nice and different shows for pretty good audiences

It was time to leave.

We made a last show in the Bar „Black Wale“ and as well one on the street, made 1500 Corbobas (70 \$ ) and started packing. James had left a few days before, so we also had no video of these shows, rather he got mad at Brady for a stupid argument about where the bicycle lock was, and quickly decided to smash a guitar rather than Brady.

In the morning we were at 10.00 am on the way to Rivas. 30 km to drive.

Our plan was to buy food and store it for Costa Rica



When we arrived at our destination everything was so easy.

No problem to get energy, it just took some time to connect the cables, no problem for water and toilet and shower, no problem for doing shows.

The next morning at 7.00 o'clock a big sound-system was built up 10 meters away from the bus and played special loud music from Nicaragua, to collect toys and food for poor children.

No way to have a normal conversation we had to shout at each other.

We were happy to make our parade through the inner section of

**Rivas** and in the evening there was a nice big crowd waiting for our ESPECTACOLO.

It was fun, we really get it together now, everybody get more and more involved in the show and as well for the build up and build down we are just enough people so nobody has to stand around and wonder what is going on. (except for Kira)

After this show, another 1600 Cordoba, we wanted to celebrate this fun show and went to the Pizza Hot and got 2 big Pizzas for 25 % less.

We could bring our own beer and we were happy.

Next day ... same thing (just no loud music) and a lot of people who enjoyed the show.

We were the attraction of the city, kids and adults watched us from a close distance, living our Bus live. Some did acrobatic with our acrobats, some became fanatic friends, some just keep watching us.

This night we went to the other side of the bus, in another restaurant, with other food and other prices, typical Nicaraguan comida. We went hungry to bed.

Sunday morning, another big sound-system was built up, but not as loud it was just for a short political statement.

For this special moment mas o menos 300 motorbikes parked rite in front of the bus.

At midday it was over and Momo prepared everything for a movie night.

“Lolek and Bolek” for the kids and „Corazon del tiempo“  
Next day was a Monday and on Mondays we relax or move to the next place.

We did all the shopping and we were ready to leave Nicaragua and cross the border to **Costa Rica**.  
30 km to go.

When we got in we showed our Bus Visa to the officer and we could enter the area of the border, where we stayed for the next 30 hours.



Why?

Because the paper what we showed was the one from the Mini Winni.

The Mini and the trailer were still in Granada what was not such a good idea because we only had a visa for a month.

We came in on the 12. January and the date when we entered the border was the 8th of February.

We also thought that the papers got mixed up and were in the Mini Winni.

We had to go back to Granada to get the Mini and the trailer.

Brady wanted to go with the bus but the officials did not like that. As well we were facing a fine from a 100\$ anyway for loosing the visa for the bus.

So Brady and I got on a bus and had a wild bus ride into Granada.

The battery was empty and nobody at the comedy school had cables to connect. Diego left to a meeting.

After 3 hours of waiting a taxi driver came with a fresh battery.

He put the fresh one in the Mini started and than he put the old one in and the car runs.... not long enough.

We tried to get the trailer out and in this process the engine died.

One of Diego's boys called the battery guy again.

He came and as well Diego was back.

With the help of everybody we got out at 10 p.m. and arrived at the border at 1 am, the gates were closed so we slept outside to wake up by people knocking at our door. The wanted to help us to get over the border, haha!

They would not, could not help us.

In the Mini were no papers for the bus, we called James if he had an idea.

He said this piece of paper will be in his stuff in the bus in a black book.

We searched and searched, had showers and breakfast and did many other things beside searching until we decided that we are going to pay the 100 \$

Momo and Pavel went to the Cassa.

Brady, Iza and me searched more.... suddenly Iza said, wait I saw this black thing..... and there it was the most important paper of the day.

I ran to the office and just a second before Momo wanted to give the 100\$ to the counter, we stopped the process.

We could go to the next border COSTA RICA:

For to check into Costa Rica we stood in a long line and in warm rain.

To get the stamp for a person is easy.

Lets go to the next story.

Bus, Mini and Trailer.

Trailer issues for to let us in with the trailer we needed again the authorization from Roberto to drive the trailer through Central America, stamped by a notary.

Since Honduras, we never printed this next, most important paper out.

We called Roberto to let him know what he have to do for us..... he got right on it.

Momo and Iza looked for a Notary and there was one 800 meters from the border.

He let them use the internet and for 20\$ = 10.000 Colone, he will give us the stamps.

It took a while so we took turns, Momo went to the bus, Iza used the possibility to go into face-book.

The paper came and we went back to the border, he wanted that we write more, who is the driver and the license plate number.

O.K. again, back to the notary another 45 minutes.

The notary gave us the final stamps and this time the papers were acceptable.

Last step was to go to another office where we got the final single paper what said, that we can drive through costa Rica in the next three month.

The night broke in.

The first city we entered, we asked for a nice beach to stay over night and as well do some first Costa Rica shopping.

A little more expensive, especially the cookies.

So we go to the beach.....down hill.

Palm trees, sand, water, little crabs crossing.

In the morning we do what people do at the beach until we pack up and go back, up hill.

400 meter before the top the bus stopped . Sure we try to push it, no chance.



The Mini Winny! Jan and Pavel parked the trailer on the top of the mountain and Jan backs up to the bus.

But the breaks do not work. He start on the right side, than goes to the left side of the street and than a last curve and the Minny sits in a ditch.



Imagine, here we are two days stuck on the border now stuck on a hill.

We wait, a Swiss guy with his dog walks by, offers to call his friend who has a 4 wheel drive, the friend comes and here we go.... pulled by a toyota truck .

Iza, Kira, Jan and me sit in the back of the truck for the weight.

Our helper goes from the first in the second gear, for a second there was to much slack in the pulling chain, it jerked his bumpers off.

He still could pull us until the second jerk, this time the thing just broke and landed under the bus.

Brady stepped on the brakes, just in the right moments.

The bus made it from this point on by itself.

Marcellino and his wife, Monika went into the restaurant and had a beer, we also.

Than he went down to the Mini and offers to pull it out of the ditch by going back wards.

Luckily a bigger truck came and pulled it out and we are with all our vehicles back on the road again. Marcellino invited us to his house to stay there over night instead of going to another beach in the dark. We all could have showers and we made a nice dinner and set around.

Marcellino has an interesting ruff history, what I do not get specific about right now except to say drugs and alcohol many different jobs to stay alive. He lives since 10 years in Costa Rica and is now a guide for tourists to go into the jungle or climb a Volcano.

So later in the night when everybody was starting to fade out, he made the offer to go with us on a walk.

Brady, Jan and I did..... first we thought it would turn out like another nightmare like our Momotombo experience. But it was not.

There was a real trail and we walked in the moonlight to a beautiful place a little up in the mountains with a wide sight over the ocean.

We stayed for an hour, watched the moon set than walked back right into the bed.



Next day.

Another day full of adventures. So get ready for another coffee or whatever you need to stay and read my middle-school english. Marcellino recommended a beach 15 km away from Las Cruz.

Again we were going down hill to this beach. Jan in the Mini was behind us and than not anymore, he turned around and parked the Mini and Trailer on the side of the street. To steep for his breaks.

Brady in the bus turned around as well and we picked them up. After 2 km Jan and Pavel got out to get the Mini. Doing up hill until the bus stopped again.

Out of gas, how is this possible?



My calculations and the unknown level of our gas-tank. Jan and Pavel go and get diesel in the Mini after 2 hours they come back with 40 liters diesel. We pour it in, But the bus do not start, she wants to start but can not, so we turn carefully the diesel filter out and fill it with diesel. Start again.

The pumping process did not work..... at least 6 or 7 times during the afternoon we repeated this procedure, sometimes it sounded that the motor is coming. But no.

Iza, Kira and Momo wanted to go and get a mechanic, they were a little scared after yesterday's disaster and now again.

Bradys philosophy; if we wait long enough there will come a mechanic, if the bus do not start on its own.

Kira and Iza made handstands, Pavel worked on a little bag for the woman of his live, Jan and Brady were smoking and talking, I made a bread, we had showers... the day went by and also a lot of cars. Some were curious some not.

A guy who drove twice by finally was the one who send us a mechanic.

It was getting dark, 6 p.m..

The mechanic came. And he had a magic fluid and a way to suck more air out of the hose from the pump.

Sorry my mechanical language is also not very well developed, maybe after this trip I know more.

Also the battery went low after all the starting attempts from Brady. First we put the Mini in the middle of the other line of the street and we had to stop the cars coming from above and from below.

We needed more power, so the mechanic got his battery out of the car.

We needed more power, so we got both of our house batteries out.

A last trip of magic fluid and a last sucking and she started.

We paid the mechanic a 100\$ included tip and started to go to our next target, LIBERIA.

Thats where we could leave the Mini and the trailer at Kevin's house.

43 km's to go with 40 liter..... we made that.

But Kevin our contact person did not answer the phone.

We arrived in Liberia and filled the tank.

422.000. Colones are 451\$ for 418 liter.

We drove to a shopping area and did some anti stress shopping, Chips, Rum, Beer, chocolate and some carrots and ciggarets.

Iza had more telephone numbers from friends in **Liberia**, all the contacts she made at Diego's place at the Barrinche Festival in Granada.

She reached Manfred, yes Manfred a Costa Rica guy named Manfred, because of his Grandfather who is from Germany.

He came to the bus and brought us to his house. We parked, ate and said good bye.

It was already 10 p.m. and we had still to go another 230 km to **San Jose** where we had a Show at 3 p.m. the next day at the Plaza Cultural.



Brady drove, we made coffee and some went to sleep.

To save a little money, by not going on the expensive highway, we went recommended way by Sebastian from San Jose.

Costa Rica has a lot of rivers what bring the water from the Rain-forests direction ocean, so there is many valleys. the road goes up and down.

Around 1 am in the morning the bus stopped on such a steep hill right after a bridge.

The steep hills are not very long, mostly just 200 or 300 meters.

Everybody got up and pushed, we made it and the bus made it

Now everybody was awake again and we were watching the street situation. And sure there was another steep 300 meter.

We pushed and the bus was over the hill.

At 4 am we stopped 30 km for San Jose and slept a deep short sleep.

next morning we entered San Jose, we went to Sebastian's house got muy rico comida and a shower. Than back into the inner-city.

James was already there and filmed right away the shortened show. Jan was sick and not able to do his acrobatic with Kira.

We also met Aga and Nico who were on their way back to Granada and then Mexico.

They were already in Panama and fulfilled Brady's dream on their own.

During the show we had three or four policemen asking for a permit and a tow truck was waiting to pull the bus away.

We had two permits.

I guess they just tried to do a very good job.



Back to Sebastian's house what is a very nice place, James cooked some food, we used the Wireless Internet and the room was full of smoke from all the different things people smoke. James let Brady know in his special way that he was not coming back to the tour, he was going back and forth from Sebastian's to film monkeys and nature.



After a short night sleep, we started at 8 am to go to Jaco a village on the Pacific Ocean, Sebastian and Tao with us in the bus.

We exchanged a gas bottle on the way and got bags full of fruit, Pineapple, Avocados, Mango, Plantains, Bananas and honey.

Costa Rica is beautiful. The nature seems so powerful, monster big leaves and a deep healthy green. Rain comes along and gives you a nice shower in unexpected moments, very nice.

**Jaco:** Hugo welcomed us with tickets for lunch, so we first went to a restaurant and ate Costa Rican colorful food.

The park was made for the bus and the show.... it was perfect.: Humming Birds were surrounding us and Parrots had their conversations up in the trees.

We got fresh water and electricity and the ocean 200 meters away from us. From 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. a ballet school was doing their things on stage. We started at six and the place was crowded, full, packed, stuffed....



Jan was in again and we could do the whole circle of the show which gets more and more a tight team show. Sebastian was part of it as well with his funny numbers. Tao was filming with Momos camera. So we are back into the social documentary, yeah.

And Tao had a surprise for us as well.

When he heard that our tour is named: The Big Underwear Social Tour... his heart made a jump.

He has a bag with handmade underwear with him. A friend in Spain and himself are making this underwear, they are very cool. I got 4 pair.

Hey I was not shopping for 4 and 1/2 month.

Very nice and wearable underwear, all different and they fit very well.

And a special remark for my special friend Gabriele Kortmann, no „Arsch frisst Hose“.

He put them to our T-Shirt table and as well Pavel whipped his nice leather craft and jewelry out.

This night we made 171.000 Colones this is 342 \$ so thats a good hat.

Brady and I went swimming after the show, something you should not do, the beach is a dangerous place in the night. It was not.



Momo and Pavel went with the bikes to the restaurant and got the food, we hanged out quite late.

Brady climbed like a drunk monkey up the trapeze structure and crossed over the top.

Later Momo, Pavel, Sebastian, Brady and I went for a volley ball game.

Life is so different when it is warm in the night.

Next day we got another surprise.



Iza made her final decision to leave us and the tour now. The plans she had for after the tour did not work out so she just needed some time to figure out what to do. And it would be difficult for her to do this between shows, dishwashing and hanging out in the nature.

We had a little meeting behind the bus in the shadow.... and Iza told everybody.

Brady and Iza started to hug. And continued to hug...

Momo said: seems like I can still get the camera and film this emotional moment.

It was the longest hug at the tour.

The last Show with Iza.

The audience was tired, on sunday nights you have this sometimes, we gave our best and had a fun time.

We wanted to give Iza a last good bye present, so we set her into the final scene.

First, my name was called for the final, I poured cold water over me, that when Iza came on stage, she also got some cold water and Kira covered her with confetti.

Than she got a nice pair of underwear from Tao.

She did not like the water and the confetti, she liked the underwear...

We all thought is is funny and nice this way she will not forget us.

Brady tried to explain and as well everybody else tried to make her laugh about it.

Finally after everybody else packed everything away she came back to enjoying herself and us as well.

We locked the bus and walked to the restaurant for our dinner.



Back at the bus.

Live was back to normal, a few Party drinks and talks.

Tao asked if he can travel with us to Baruka and since Iza was standing with her back pack and unicycle outside the bus door to go on her own way, we could give Tao a bed and a home.

It was a special moment to see her go, when she left the tour in Leon it was more aggressive and full of confused emotions, this time she was clear and enjoyed to step out and look forward to new friends and new adventures on her own. our princess was gone.

We started the bus and looked for the beach, Playa Bailena

We arrived in the early afternoon at the most beautiful beach we have seen to this point. The water was warm, the palm trees surrounded us, there was free fresh water showers, toilettes and monkeys. Pavel cooked a nice dinner and we ate it.

We played games, Pavel and Jan worked on their fakir show, we watched what Momo filmed in Jako.... opened a bottle of rum from Panama had it with mango juice or coca cola. It was a very peaceful moment with the sound of waves and strange animals saying good night.



We could only stay a half more day, before we start driving to Baruka.

A little village with indigenous people who make the most beautiful and scary masks.

We found a bag of carrots on the way got gas and start going up hill..... first hill should be the worse from what we heard from cars which were going there.

We had to push the bus....

The next hill was another worse and our pushing helped again.

One more worse hill, it was not possible we tried two times... no way.

So we stayed at the hill, asked a farmer if we can pull into his driveway, what was more a ride way because he only had horses.

It start to rain a lot.

Some people stopped and asked and one of them said that he is going o tell the responsible person in Baruka that we can not make it tonight for a show and that we are stuck.

We ate our found carrots and yucca with a nice mayo dip from Tao and went early to sleep.

Next morning Pavel and Jan start walking up the hill direction Baruka, an hour later Brady and I as well.



Beautiful area, still very foggy from the rain, fresh air and colorful butterflies and Toucans....

everything is like the book say.

Jan and Pavel were coming down in a bus and had no news because they did not go to the person who was in charge for us.

We walked back.

Momo, Kira and Tao went to the village below where they talked to the people and the result, we could do show there and as well go fishing over the day.

Hmmmm..... we turned around, did not go to the little village below.



In Bradys mind was fishing and our sound-system what did not charge anymore. We drove to Buenos Aires what was 30 minutes away , bought some munchies and water , got 5 pineapples as a present from a man (we blocked his driveway) and looked for a person with an electrical knowledge, we found one.

Time to go to the river.

Tao called the guy in Boruca, and he said that the political situation had changed just a few days ago and he is not in charge any more..... so we did not feel so bad anymore that we did not go there.

A little success-less fishing, a little food, back to the electrician. He could not repair it but maybe his friend.

He also not, meanwhile it was late and we decided to stay in Buenos Aires, use the internet and the shopping possibility before we go to the next beach, what is Povenes.

Where we are now.

Today is the 20th of February.

Yesterday we did a fire-show included Kira on the tissue. She was hanging in a big tree what is also our parking spot.

Costa Rica has very big trees, next time i will bring a tree identification book and than name them.....

Mostly surfers are here, because the waves are the 4th best surfing waves from the left.

Jepppp?!!!

To come here was a little horror-trip. First of all Brady has a bad ear-infection ( maybe from not listening to bus-maids) The beach is only 45 Kilometers from the border. It took us 3 and 1/2 hours.

The road was dusty and we had to go over mountains and very scary bridges with holes on the edges. A few times the bus was as wide as the bridge.

All this in the night.



We arrived and parked under this wonderful big Mango tree, the ocean is 100 or 250 meters away it depends what tide it is. It is an ugly beach, not for swimmers, you get slammed on the beach what is mostly rocks, very uncomfortable rocks. I know because I made the experiment.

Today Carlos came by, he heard from our show and invited us to his place.

We will have free water electricity and a beach where swimming is possible. In the night we will be attacked by Mosquitos and this is also the name of the beach, Playa Zancudo.

This morning we packed and drove to the Mosquito Beach.

Nice weather and still close to the ocean just no waves and no surfers.

On the way a french guy with his bike stopped us and said if we would like to play in a school tomorrow.

We agreed it is to difficult for the bus to go on the road so we

could arrange it that with some help and some money from us and also Carlos we could transport the school-kids to Playa Zancudo.

Now we will have Costa Rican Wine made from oranges from another traveler we gave a ride from Playa There to Playa Here.

Tuesday the 23. February..... started with another meeting.

Who is doing a lot and who not.

It is something what will always be a theme in communities, families, camps and big underwear tours. Everybody has a different level of keeping things clean and in shape.

Bus live is special. It is only a small space what we share. As soon we park everybody is happy to get out of it. And get some space.

Understandable.

We drive on dusty roads, park on sandy beaches, in grass. stones or on pavement. It all finds a secret way into the bus and leave some tracks.

If there is nobody who takes a broom and fights against it..... stones, grass, sand, dust will settle down in your bed, in the food cup-boards, etc.....

Over the last month after so many people left the tour, first Nick and Paul, than Sara, Val and Alfredo, than Mantega, Anaelle and Arnoud, (Iza, but she came back), than Nico and Aga, than James and Iza again, we found a lot of things in the shelves from them. A rotten orange, dirty socks and towels, sweaters, underwear, big underwear t-shirts, cables and electrical stuff, parts of costumes e.t.c. and sand and grass and stones.

Today is the 25th and we are still here at the Playa Zankudo.

We had a amazing great show.

Sometimes I can not believe that we always get such a wonderful response from the people.

Jan and Pavel had their premiere with their Funny Fakir Show.

Pavel as a girl in pink and Jan the tuff guy in light blue.

The house was full, the complete city was here included all the americans and europeans who live here and on top of this a bus full of school kids from another city 30 km away was chartered to see the show.

Next day we had to say good bye to Tao, he was going back to San Jose to work with a friend, he took a boat to Golfito and we enjoyed the nice breakfast we got invited to, by Nelly who has a restaurant in town (Tao was there early in the morning, around 6.45).

Tao has a wonderful spirit it was much pleasure to be share this short time with him and as well we will not forget his wonderful underwear.....



The rest of the day we visited the beach, the sun, did laundry and had great long cold showers.

Here in Costa Rica they have a lot of water, we filled our water-tank and the shower tank and yes we could take showers all day long.

At 6 p.m. Momo set up the screen to show some of her movies.

The Ticos communicate per face-book and news gets around fast.

Also Robert, Anita and Andrew showed up, three americans who watched the show the night before and they had a very special treat for us six.

They go on kayak rides into the mangroves waters..... and this is what we did the next day together with them.

Each one of us in a kayak looking out for crocodiles and other nature.



There is a lot of nature and the first who saw a crocodile was Brady. It just gave him the crocodile look than it dived down into the water like a submarine.

The second big one slid down into the river right in-front of Momo, Kira and Anita....a big one.

I was too late or at a different spot when things like this happened.... but I had a little fish what jumped over the front of my kayak

We were out for 4 hours, it was hot and it was something no one of us did before (except Brady) so all our butts were hurting a little after we got out of the kayaks.



Later in the afternoon, Kira and Momo gave a workshop for the kids and later later, more movies were on the schedule announced by face-book.



Again it was time to leave, because we wanted to go to Panama to finish the tour and do our last shows.

Time to cross one time more the border – finally without any problems ;)



We also got an invitation for that, Doris and Mauritius have a similar place like Carlos in Santa Marta. And arranged everything for the next Wednesday.

So chackchack boom.

**Santa Marta** is only 28 km away from the boarder so we got some time to kill and go to another bigger city. In this case it was David.

We still had to repair our amplifier and sure were excited to do some wild shopping.

We were not really aware that we wanted to do a lot of shopping but this town is loaded with shops which are loaded with shoes, shirts, cups, plastic, aryl, underwear, tools, clue, snacks, soda, cookies, papayas, advocates, lime.....



We got hot and tired from this kind of work out and wanted to take a shower outside of the bus with our special bus shower construction. In Panama you can not take your shirt of. So Brady in his swimming panties was something the police did not want to see. You also can not smoke in the Centro of the city and pop pimples. But you can shop for 24 hours... also for cigarettes. So the smokers were finally content as long they smoked them hidden.

We found a electro shop what repairs the amplifier. Monday morning, the 28th of February we brought it there, at 3 p.m. it was repaired.

We could leave to the Playa Las Olas.

It was only 15 km outside David,

A big parking connected to a restaurant right and left from us gated communities. It would not be possible to enter from the street but from the beach there was no border.

Brady and Jan got there surfboards out and went for a surf, the rest went wave hopping. What is a lot of fun.

Playa Las Olas were a little dangerous, ruff when they get you.

We finished the last day of February with a nice meal, yucca in Taos style, chicken, salad, music from the repaired amplifier

But the tour will be finally finished after the last show in Santa Marta.

Where we are now.

In front of Doris and Mauritius house.

Momo who took over the filming will leave us here as well and start to go with a friend her way back to Mexico and than Germany making her own documentary.

One last show and the final interviews from us six will be conserved on her camera.



After this last newsletter from the tour we will write a summery.

We would like if our baibaibus members also want to write something and send it to us.

We are not afraid of complaints and honesty or complements, because this is a part of social interaction. We enjoyed the tour from the beginning to the end. Brady and I maybe realized or feel that the younger folks on the tour did not realize they were just as much assholes as they thought brady was,

But this is understandable with youth-full spirits. Nick and Paul we probly will never understand what ticked them off the tour, maybe just age and being perfect english gentlemen.

## Brady's cry for love:

Howdy Folks, Feb. 2011 (actually its march 2nd) and we are in Panama. Last night we did our first show here, arranged by Doris a friend we made in Zacundo. Momo filmed the show, and before that did interviews with all the artists, and one with herself.

she will move on with another projekt she has been planning for sometime, so we are going to miss her as she is the longest lasting B.U.S.T. member. She slid in while others were building up the nerve to slide out. The only one of the others we have really heard from is Alfredo he wrote a really nice letter letting us know what he is up to. actually

Val also let us know that she arrived safely back in Scotland. When James was keeping in kontakt, he was letting me know that he had had kontakt with most of the other X busters, Sara and Arnaud, and Nick and Paul and oh yea,, we saw Anaele and Monty in rivas, for about 5 minutes, but they had to catch a bus (had to) We also saw Niko and Agie in San Jose they also had to catch a bus (folks still riding on Buses)

I am conected with some of the X busters on face book, so I see some of the pictures and remarks that are made, concerning central amerika. its such a great hobby to study social interaction and behavior, I am not terribly attached to stuff that happend, though I can be quite emotional, I use the emotion part to help me get thru the attachment part, and then try try to let it go. most of the tme it works!.

When Irmi and I had to go back to Granada to pick up the minnie winnie we saw that monty and Anaele had slept in the minnie winnie, cause they forgot a few things there, this was cute, cause they had told someone that they had stayed in a hotel in Granada and they didnt tell us anything about that. its funny how the behind the back talk and actions still go on with B.U.S.T. folk. It makes me remember when I was young and felt that I knew so much about life and about people. And also how right I was and how wrong others were.

Aggie and Niko left stuff in the minnie winnie and some of this stuff got put in Diegos, and some of it stayed in the minnie winnie,, and now the minnie winnie is in Liberia. most of the X busters will be leaving Central amerika in this time, we hope to see some of them down the road in Europe, hopefully we can all laugh about some of the funny stuff that happend. Hopefully there are no real bad feelings,, hopefully its not as serious as chimpanzees can be sometimes.

Jan ad Kira are still with us now, and Pavel also, so we are 5 folks who will adventure a little bit farther into Panama, and make a few more shows,, and surf, and fish,, and hike around and see the amazing nature of Panama.

How is it that we folks just accept the status quo,,,, how is it that we as a collective just dont do any real thing about social problems,,, I just dont get it. how can capitolizm pacify us into such a state of mind as to more or less only care about ourselves. how did this work out.

cry and the world doesnt nescesarily cry with you.  
Laugh and the world sometimes gets angry with you.  
make enough money, and the rest can fuck off.

