

Salud Juntos 2010 Eye Brigade to Punta Ocote



Sunday 3 January 2010

So where are we anyway?



The day started with a geography lesson, with Dale showing the route from El Progreso to Punta de Ocote (see sign above). So where are we anyway? Our Host, Ramon, tells us the sign was made by somebody that doesn't know any better... That the name is Punta Ocote.

Dale initially is a little skeptical, having read many maps and guides of the area. This discussion occurred after being brought up to date on the biggest news to hit Punta (de?) Ocote in some time- the crash of a cocaine laden aircraft that ran out of fuel, and attempted to land on the main street of town and that of our

hosts.



The debate on just where we are holding this eye brigade will likely continue-



for here we see Dale pointing out the dateline to the story of the plane crash-



Ramon, speaking with the authority of a physician, said “the newspaper got it wrong too!”

Some Sights on the Road from El Progreso-



We were circling El Progreso searching for an ATM when we came across this team in the fast lane of traffic.

Regular readers will recall the spectacular washouts on the road from El Progreso-



I am pleased to report that since last year, a load of sand and gravel has been delivered.



Not all the transportation has four wheels, and the most interesting addition to the scene is to

find Tuk Tuks relocated to Honduras-



Our vehicle (above) looks downright pedestrian in comparison.

We made it to Punta (de?) Ocote in time for coffee with Jessica and Ramon, and enjoyed some chance to visit. It was delightful to have two native Spanish speakers along – Carmen and Leslie are right in tune with what is going

on- and on close comparison, it looks like Jessica and Leslie might be distant relatives- **Primas?**



Some final shots from the road-



Laura was nearly decapitated after being mistaken for a zombie by Carmen;



Our missing Alcon donated supplies were found;



Joe rediscovered how good a hammock is for the lower back;



Leslie demonstrates the proper form for preparing fried plantains for eating (you have to shake the bag to get the salt back onto the chips

uniformly);



If you are worried about being mistaken for a zombie, it might be best to stay in the bus;



Where we will be setting up shop tomorrow:



And fried plantains can make an attractive accessory.

Dale has loaned us two additional phones for our use down here.



And goodnight from Yoro, known in the Lonely Planet guide as “a dusty city on the road to nowhere”- but where we know it as the city that rains fish...

All our best,

The Salud Juntos Eye Brigade 2010