


A murky river pdf

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It's been five weeks since we came to Costa Rica. We settled in our new home in a small town near the Pacific coast. Our daughters go to school, Ragna is busy with various projects, and I continue to work on solar, wind and battery projects. Sounds almost like our life in Freiburg. Really? Well, that's different. It's really tropical, deep green, much hotter and there are many, really many more animals. Birds, monkeys, sloths, butterflies, dolphins and whales to just name a few. But there are also large predators. On the way to our village we passed a bridge where many spectators looked down into the water below. We stopped to find out what the noise was all about. About 10 meters below us, a few crocodiles lazily enjoyed the sun. Not a cut, a small caiman, but full-size American crocodiles. I watched in awe as one swam furiously along and then, with the powerful swings of his scaly tail, began to dive. Within seconds, the predator, 3 meters long, could not be seen. Tatiana did not like the spectacle. The real crocodiles in the river, not far from where we're going to live, weren't what I expected either. Fortunately, not many of the many rivers here are tiny habitats. Most rivers have crystal clear water, must be steep, rocky and fast flowing for crocodiles to feel very cozy. At least I hope so. The day after arriving in our village, Ragna asked our daughters at school about access to the nearest beach. The main access to the beautiful and wild Playa Tortuga is on the river about 2 kilom meters from here. You can access the beach at low tide. Just wade across the river and through a small dune. In addition, you can walk through the jungle at any time. We were hot and sweaty that day and really ready for the beach. The kids didn't want a jungle hike just then and the tide was low. So we go on our electronic bikes to the river. Once outside the city, we cross the Costanera Highway and shortly after the roll on a rocky dirt road on the other side. Ragna and I have kids in front and back on bikes and manoeuvre around the biggest potholes and rocks. I continue to be distracted by the fascinating variety of plants and sounds of this rainforest. Then the forest opens to the river and somewhere behind it, still invisible though, was the ocean. We stay in a sandy area used as a parking lot. The next thing I see is a sign with a crocodile on it. Are you kidding me?! Crocodiles on our nearest beach and no one even mentioned anything? Two cars are parked here, but no one can be seen. Amaya now also sees a picture of a crocodile, reads a sign and looks at me with his eyes wide open. We are going across this river, aren't we? I try to make appear relaxed and and No one at school said anything about crocodiles and even recommended to go down this path. Let me take a look around. I turn my head to Ragna and say. Maybe it's another insurance protection against U.S. visitors who like big lawsuits. The slow and dark river in front of us looks very much like that it could be home to these ancient reptiles. The water and the river bed meand through the jungle and then takes a wide bend in front of us. In addition to the dune and behind there is an ocean. Most of the river bed is without water. In order to get to the dunes and beach on the other side, we will have to go through a hundred or more meters of mud and will definitely have to cross parts of the river. I lift Amay's baby saddle in front of me and park my red bike. I look around. The place feels really wild. The jungle behind me, the dark river in front of me. I go to the muddy bank of the river and stop just a meter or two from the water's edge. There are crocodiles, you can't go there! Amaya Teams. I narrow my eyes and scan the water. I just watch, comes my answer, while I slowly walk along the river. I hear parrots cawing and the thick sound of cicadas everywhere. And suddenly Tatiana screams. AUAAAAA. I rotate around as if a stung adder, adrenaline rushes through my veins, and each muscle becomes hyper tense. Ants bite me! My muscles relax and I take a deep breath. Ragna picks up Tatiana. I want to go home. Right away! Tatiana shouts. Me too. I don't like this place! There's no beach. It's all messy, sticky and hot,' added Amaya with a disappointing look. Ragna and I exchange puzzled looks, and then Ragna says. Don't worry, we're not going there if we see someone walking across or we can ask someone. I walk further down the muddy riverbed in search of any signs of crocodiles. Then a man in swimming pants suddenly walks along the riverbeds and heads straight for the water. I stop where I am and watch. It goes further downstream to a place where the river is wider than where I stand. There is also a small sandy shore in the middle. He takes off his shoes and goes straight into the water. I focus and try to detect any movement anywhere. While he calmly goes to the other side, he goes deeper and deeper until the water is above the knees. Suddenly in my memory there is an image of a powerful movement forward crocodile. I'm trying to push him away. Now he has passed the first segment and steps on the sand wash. Just a few meters more to safety, that's what I think. It comes out of the water and up onto the dune. He walks away as if it were an everyday walk, no crocodile signage or no dark water. I'll go back to Ragna, and she says. I think it's safe. As else the teacher could casually say, but just cross the river at low tide. Why was the parking lot? Don't go into the river! The sign says beware of crocodiles! Amaya reminds me. I really think this signage is a bad joke. As maybe one day at high tide someone bathes in a river and crocodile rocks and nibbles a little . Amaya gives me a critical look. Not a very convincing statement I have to admit. I go downstream to the place where the man safely crossed the river. Ragna and the children are walking behind me, but stop a few meters from the river. I take my flip-flops in my hands and step into the water. The water is warm and muddy. First I see the ground. As I continue the water gets deeper, I see less and less until I rely on my sense of touch to maintain a balance between mud, sand and pebbles at the bottom of the river. I concentrate and walk as fast as I can without losing my balance in the water. As soon as I reach the sandy shore, I turn with a big smile and call: I see the second section on the other side, it is much smaller and shorter, I'll come back and carry you. When I lift Amaya in her arms, she looks suspiciously at me. How do you know there are no crocodiles? Your teachers told us to come here and we just saw a man walk through. Then why is the sign there? I start walking and reacting evasively. It is nice and refreshing at sea on the other side. I'm going back into the water, carried Amaya to the sandy shore. Ragna follows soon after with Tayanika on his arm. By now I'm very hot and sticky. The second section of water is really short and shallow. Do you see anything? Yes, Amaya replies, pointing to a semi-aquatic log with branches. It's not a crocodile, I think you can walk through a small stretch yourself. Let me take a look first! comes her answer. Of course, I say in a few minutes we are finally on the other side, safe and sound. Children immediately run to some tide pools on a wide beach and splash happily in the warm tropical water. My nerves ease and I feel suddenly quite tired. I hugged Ragna. She speaks with relief. What an adventure. We hear and then see a couple of scarlet macaws flying over the forest canopy. I'm answering. I knew the beach would be wild but I had no idea how pristine and really wild this place would be. It feels like a remote tropical national park. Yes, he does. And now we live here, Ragna said. As we go further, I see two other people come our way. This time I really want to ask about crocodiles. I go to the elders and the younger gentlemen who talk cheerfully. Hello, how are you?, I ask. Ok thank you. How about myself? Fine, but tell me, there are crocodiles in this river, as the sign suggests? The young man replies with a smile: Maybe some little, they'll float away from you. Well, I respond with an uncertain look. He then raises his right hand and points to the south of the river. Big ones out there. I turn my head in that direction too and try to take in what he just said... Big ones out there. A flurry of questions run through my head How far is it for it? Do they come here sometimes? Has anything ever happened here? Before I can decide what to ask first, the two kept walking towards the river. Of course it's safe, isn't it?! BIG ONES OUT THERE. in 2020 / America / Costa Rica / Latin America Godfrey Kalimugo BornGodfrey Mvene Kalimugogo (1943-01-01)January 1, 1943Kabale, UgandaDied25 January 2015 (2015-01-25) (age 72) OccupationDiplomat, writerNationalOganaImalma MaterMakere University, University of Dar es SalaamGenregationNthor workSang, Prince Godfrey Mwen Kalimugo (1943 - January 25, 2015) was a novelist and diplomat from Uganda. He also worked as a diplomat, representing Uganda in Tanzania and Ethiopia. He retired from the Foreign Service in 2003. Early life of Kalimugogo was born in the village of Kyoceso, Kabale district, circa 1943 in southwestern Uganda near the Rwandan border. Kalimugo was educated at the Kihanga Boys' School in Mparok, Rukiga District, from where he enrolled at Nyakasura School in Fort Portal, Cabarole district. In 1968, he graduated with honors from the University of Makerere At the University of East Africa with a degree in English and Classical Literature. He holds a master's degree from dar es Salaam University. His first book was published in 1972. A number of Kalimugogo's novels are devoted to the way of life of a greedy hedonist and the consequences associated with an apparent love of sex, booze and money. Kalimugogo's first book, Dare to Die, was released in 1972, but it was his third novel, Trials and Tribulations in the House of Sandu, released in 1974, which distinguished him as a witty writer. It was put on a literary program. At the time of his death, he had published fifteen books. In 2004 and 2010, respectively, a visitor without a mission and bury me in a simple grave earned him honors from the National Book Foundation of Uganda. Dare to Die works. East African Literary Bureau. 1972. Pulse of the forest. East African Literary Bureau. 1974. East African Literary Bureau. 1976. Trials and tribulations in the house of Sandu. East African Literary Bureau. 1976. ISBN 978-0860704089. Prodigal Chairman. Uzima's press. 1979. 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