JULY 15 1988

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Category: Africa

A mixed day, mostly bad but some good. Rather inauspiciously, Sue woke up with a headache and a slight fever, both of which point to malaria. A Nivaquine treatment seemed to do the trick, it seems that she needs to recognise the symptoms early on, so as to knock it on the head. Moving out to the village, coupled with being tired out from the cold have left her wide open to it. Fortunately I havenâ€™t been at all prone to it so far.

The morning was more or less evenly divided between listening to our Kouya recordings and working on the fridge. Perhaps I should just give up on it, at the moment it is only a little cooler than room temperature and our meat is slowly going off.

The doodle-doo bit the dust this afternoon (and very nice it was too). Unlike her, I had a very good afternoon walking round the village. I spent a good while talking to a friend of Sueâ€™s, Colette, who speaks very little French. Itâ€™s amazing how much you can communicate with a few gestures, lots of smiles and a tiny spattering of Kouya. Later on I joined a couple of guys who were roasting peanuts, very pleasant! Bokassa turned up obviously the worse for wear, I refused the proffered beer (although it would have gone well with the peanuts) in deference to the local church view on alcohol.

Around seven the electricity people came round to see about hooking us up to the mains (imagine British electricity board men turning up at seven on a Friday evening).Â Apparently much of the wiring will have to be redone if it is to meet Ivorian safety standards. Just the sort of news we were hoping to have! We are sitting on an awful lot of equipment that we canâ€™t use at the moment, expecting to have power, we didnâ€™t invest
heavily in solar panels or what have you. I feel like Iâ€™m up a gum tree without a panel.