



Already a week. Only a week.

Description

What day is it today? Friday? Then it means we left home a week ago! Wow, so long time ago? Wow, so little time ago??

I sit on the veranda of the bungalow we rented here (15,000 Baht a month â€” about 450 US Dollars, in case you were wondering), a tropical jungle in front of me. Writing. The air is already humid but pleasant, there is a slight breeze and the sweet light spills over our world.



Banâ€™s Resort. Here we would live during the next month in Koh Tao.



View from our veranda

The One does his scuba dives. The children and I got up, ate breakfast and then sat down to study a little. The Eldest wrote a book report about a book he just finished reading, the Petite made a small progress with her math and then refused to go through the language booklet “ so I sent her to read a book instead, and the Central progressed a little with his math booklet and then lost his temper (â€œbecause of meâ€œ) and relaxed by watching â€œa bit violent video of Lord of the Ringsâ€œ in his tablet. Oh well, whatever, never mind.

Yesterday was a bit more difficult. The Central got mad at me (there is a repeating motive here in case you have not yet paid attention ..) and was grumpy all day long, including stating that â€œI ruined his dayâ€œ after we got to the Thai boxing club he wants to practice, only to realize that it was closed. It turns out that training is from 8 to 10 am and from 4 to 6 pm, which is obviously my fault. The Petite dragged her legs along the village. The Eldest nagged my brain out to the brink of unconsciousness. What turned eventually out of this trip may as well be declared a mass casualties incident because the boxing club was closed (it was my fault as I mentioned) and the bag of vegetables I purchased for 50 baht at the, letâ€™s call it for this matter, local greengrocer, was absolutely forgotten by me in the

smoothies stand due to the state of complete unfocused and unbalanced mental situation I was in during those moments, since my Natives demanded a fruit shake from the stand that is next to the house and not from the one we found on the way and was standing right in front of us. And so it happened that my brain collapsed into itself. It's really annoying that the format called "kids" does not come with a feature called "logic". Annoying and even life-threatening, I dare say.

Back to the greengrocer. I wanted to buy vegetables since I'm a little worried about the fact that we do not eat fresh vegetables here. The feature "fresh vegetables" is not installed on the format called "Thailand", if I paraphrase myself. So it worries me a little. In general we do not eat here a lot, and the menu in general is fine nutritionally, except of the theme of no fresh vegetables as stated. So I bought some tomatoes and cucumbers, onions and cilantro and some bananas (yes, I know it's a fruit) and dreamed on a vegetables salad and now I really hope the owner of the smoothies stand made himself a nice salad from the vegetables I had forgotten at his place. I predict another trip to the greengrocer in the very near future.

A feature that is definitely installed well here is "insects and arthropods". So large, colorful butterflies is completely cool, but with the part of centipedes and spiders I feel less comfortable. We've already had encounters with spiders that were really big and repulsive, both when we got into the hotel room (where we had the first two nights) and when we got to the bungalow which is our home for the coming month (at least). The One said he thinks it's considered good luck to see a spider in the house, kind of welcome, but I now am asking: a. Cool, but why such a big spider ??? And b. Both scenes are shot on video and if The One ever wants to blackmail me then let's say he has some strong materials.

So I wish a Sabbath of strong materials to you as well!

PS, We have a cat. The children called her she-Shmulik. She lives here on the veranda of the bungalow and not too upset with the fact that we live here too. So if you have a pet, you actually have a home. Isn't it??

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