

Experiencing the Good and the Bad and Some More Good in Valparaiso, Chile.

We were on our way home from London, South Africa, and Antarctica, having debarked from our ship in Chile, and having taking up residence in a Bed and Breakfast Inn high on a Valparaiso hill. Painted yellow, it was easy to see from below. From there the harbor view was spectacular, and we particularly enjoyed the sight of the ship we had boarded at Cape Town, South Africa.



One day as we walked toward a Cable Car that would get us up the steep slope to the Inn, a young man approached me from straight ahead, but a bit on my left. He was walking rapidly, but I paid no attention.

He struck my body with his, from shoulder to knee, spinning me counterclockwise.

Two things were in my favor; I was using my cane in my right hand, and I had put a strip of Velcro on my billfold. When I was spun, my cane spun with me, and I was able to give the young man a very good blow. The Velcro caused my pants to move with the billfold; the two would not separate.

So I still had my pants, and billfold.

I yelled extremely loudly, to no effect. The young man was already several yards away.

The next day my forearm was swollen, but the bruise seemed quite un-noteworthy. The swelling persisted, and that was odd. It was to be some days before we arrived in Loveland, and the swelling never went down.

At home I promptly reported to the Doctor. He cut a big pad of cancer from my arm, and subsequently we had to move a principal nerve, but otherwise I recovered quite well, always comforting for an old man.

Pickpockets in Chile are apparently not all that bad a deal.