



Week 2

The week started off with the kayaking in Xochimilco while picking up trash in the canals. It was of educational purposes, said the staffs of the kayaking club, as most of the rubbish in the canal was produced by the villagers lived by the river, but also a considerable amount by those who held yacht party over here. And they were hoping to raise the environmental consciousness by picking up the trash.

The second week was highlighted by the “leadership camp” in Las Estacas. It was similar to the summer camp that I attended as a child—bunker beds, shared room, the whistle as the symbol of command and authority, with penetrating sun aggressively declared its presence. We were grouped into teams, and I was in “Barbie and Ken”. My body has been alienated from physical activities for so long that I was intimidated by the games that involved considerable amount of running and physical strength and was constantly haunted by the possibility of falling down. In the afternoon, we were asked to build a raft from scratch and carry it to the starting points of next activity as a team. I learnt to tie a balloon tie, to fix the lumbers with the tyres. Though miles away from my comfort zone, the sense of accomplishment somehow overpowered the sting of sweat. I believed it was due to my always-encouraging teammates, both Barbies and Ken.

It was an demanding week. Due to health reason, I failed to attend the visit to Mazahua Community on Saturday. I still regret that I miss this opportunities to visit and appreciate the distinct culture of indigenous communities in Mexico City. According to the recount of my roommate, it was a extremely rewarding experience.

