

Studebaker Truck

Blackness creeps down from the mountains. The cold is beginning to alarm him. Shivering, he starts rummaging through a box to find his camping tent. A sound. He looks up the road to see a strange vehicle growling in a low gear toward him. After some time he sees an old beat-up six-wheel Studebaker military truck. It stops next to him.

The driver wears olive drab and a rag turban. He is tall with a long grey beard down to his chest. He studies Mark carefully, then smiles and asks, "are you Mr. Joff?" "Yes. I am. I'm very happy to see you. I am freezing my buns off." "Buns, sir?" After a short pause he says "I am putting your back pack behind the seat." "Thanks. Will you help me load the boxes into the back of your truck?" "Yes - Yes, I will help you put them in the lorry." "Lorry? Oh, yes. OK." After the boxes are loaded, Mark climbs into the passenger seat. The lorry chugs into the dark.

"Thanks. Are you driving to Mt. Kailas?" "I take you to holy valley at foot of mountain." "How can you see? The dark is impenetrable. Are you going to turn on your lights?" "No lights, broke. I see good. Know way to valley."