

## A few days in Ladakh

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Ladakh is an isolated part of India, hidden behind a chain of the Himalayas, "easily available" and so interesting and intriguing. But it only 1.5 hour flight from Delhi or quite a long journey by bus and can be found in a completely different environment. Where people are kind and have not yet mannered by mass tourism, where the air is clean and crisp, and everything else than in other parts of India.

### Trip to Lake Pangong

Wake up at 5.30. Promised to be beautiful weather (and this was the whole day). Ok. 6.30 prearranged car arrived, the terrain Toyota. We set out to Lake Pangong. At the beginning, we went to refuel our car. The gas station is located next to the airport. Just landed the plane from Delhi. He looked very picturesque in the background Spituk monastery. Then she prepared the sleeping little valley, we drove along the Indus. Weather so beautiful palace in SHEY presented in a very richly sharp morning sun. A bit further but the monastery Thikse just in the shade. On the way there was nothing particularly interesting. Only in one place, there was plenty of, large and small and all very destroyed. We passed the residence of the Dalai Lama. Beautifully maintained park in a row at the entrance stood a few nicely restored stupas, in the depths of the palace with numerous gold ornaments main road from Leh - Manali and stopped at the first control post, where we put a copy of the passage. Foreigners traveling to the border area (Pangong Lake lies within this area) are required to hold a license. It's a formality, a permit is issued for min. 4 people, if you do not have as many officials willing to enter "dead souls" and after the trouble. Of course, you must pay for it (100 Rs / person). Then I turned off the main road and next to the monastery appeared Chemre, all beautifully lit by the morning sun. Fabulous view, not without reason that the monastery is considered the finest in the area, may not the most important in terms of religion but by far the most handsome. Next we drove the green and yellow this time of year the valley, surrounded by tall, sterile hills, all the time against the backdrop of snow-capped peaks. In Sakti turned the road into the lake. Began arduous climb, many winding higher and higher. While the sun rose quickly, it was getting colder. Yellow-green valley decline more and eventually disappeared completely. We were among the barren hills. Around the emptiness. Sometimes, sitting at the roadside, people huddled in the cold, waiting for the bus (for information: Local bus from Leh to Durbuk going 9 hours) What is above the road was more damaged, and sometimes was not at all hard surfaces. Our Toyota wrote down the well and after 3 hours of driving we arrived at Chang La. This pass at an altitude of 5200 meters above sea level Around a little light snow and frost. We got to take some photos my head and nearly fell. This has led to laughter from the soldiers of the local police station. By adding lean on tight, take a few deep breaths, and after the trouble. After a brief photo session we went on. Another valley and the next checkpoint where you have to give another copy of the permit. Just someone a large flock of sheep. It is a species of the local because it was never anything to eat (for sheep) out, quantitatively modest growths but the sheep looked pretty good. Moments later on the way there are sizeable yak herd. One of them apparently did not like our car horns because he attacked the door. Created a big dent as he went on. Still drove among the barren hills. At the foot of one of these poles were them with prayer flags. It was one of two places along the way, where these flags are to the next valley beginning at the Durbuk. Such a road and a neighborhood that is the valley of the river and the high, steep hill. Tangtse way for a renewed and valley (the same) changing. Were, therefore, cows and horses in pastures, yellow sand, white sand, and other curiosities. It's all surrounded by steep hills. Since the rim of the valley route leads over her piled up fabulously colored rock. On the passing of one of which grazed meadows. Ran a nice animals like marmots. Shortly before the target fragment of the valley we passed a lake with white sand dunes, something like the Nubra Valley in miniature. Shortly thereafter, the lake appeared. Fabulous view. Almost any green only yellow-brown rocks reflected in the intense green-blue depths of the lake. On the bank were also sticks with flags. The whole formed a very vividpicture.

There were a lot of tourists crowding near the access road. The lake is salty, so the edge is white and gray with salt bit further, so that peace and tranquility to enjoy the unique beauty of the lake and its surroundings. After relaxing photo shoot session ended we had to come back. The road, although the same, the sun lit up the other side looked a bit "differently". Along the way, we had a little break due to road works. It was necessary to wait until the workers blow up some rocks. Afterwards we returned to the familiar path Tangtse. We stopped for a moment because the road ran close to a flock of Marmite (that is called nice animals like marmots). This time I managed to take a picture. Because earlier I asked the driver of the traditional Tibetan salt tea, so we stopped at the Guest House Tangtse his friends. There, the driver ate Chinese soup and we got a cup of tea. Although not "mashed" in a special dish just brewed a standard but still tasted very different than a traditional tea. Tea, of course, what with the addition of butter. So we returned without hindrance nourished already known by passing the beautiful monasteries that we visited the next day of our stay in Ladakh. The day was very successful, what has greatly contributed to the beautiful weather. We met other Poles who were less fortunate. Chosen over the other lake, which also led the way by located high pass. Unfortunately there was bad weather at the pass and hit the "all the ills of the world." Snow, rain, cold and gusty wind momentarily turned the narrow road on the ice rink. It took some time before they unloaded the stopper formed mainly from the trucks. When I arrived to the lake, the weather that caused almost nothing could be seen. They had beaten back by the weather. On the large square, pompously called the bus station in Leh, we came around 9.40. I asked what time does the bus to Basgo indicated, I heard that about 9.30. The bus was still in the square and the roof loaded with various items. We set off about 10.00 but just to stop after a few dozen meters under some warehouse where he once again began loading the

next goods. Then to a nearby garage because it turned out that one must air to the wheels. It has almost everything. Almost, because you have to refuel fuel. We arrived at the service station. Distributor was on the crank so filling up about 100 liters of fuel it took a little time. After all these endeavors we went from over an hour late. The bus company mixed, mostly young people (a local girl with beautiful eyes), but also a few older. There were also three monks, one of them in an interesting hat. We passed Spituk and drove the almost desert, barren terrain. From time to time could be seen rapidly flowing Indus. Climbed higher and higher. Rose around the increasingly severe hills. In the distance behind them loomed the snow-capped mountain peaks. Drove on the highest ground and then started a number of corners fast descent to the deep valley, from time to time appeared fantastic view of the swiftly flowing Indus cavernous ravine. On one of the many inequities in the way, the bus jumped up and poured the contents of the container standing on the floor beside me. It was gasoline. Fortunately, nobody in the bus just do not smoke cigarettes. After some time, petrol and the issue faded ceased to exist. We went down and stopped at the impossible. The driver announced a break for tea. Passengers dispersed to a number of "bars" for a brief meal. This stop is a chance to "look" different people with other buses. I asked the monk in the cap for a picture. Agreed to and did "operetta" serious face.

The whole company's most beautifully presented by women dressed in traditional costumes everyday. After a break for tea, we went ahead and after a few minutes we drove to Basgo. The village is stretched along the road next to which was very much. Large and small, old and new and all more or less destroyed. Nevertheless, a very interesting view. Towered above the village monastery and the ruins of an old fortress. It was noon, and looked like a deserted village. What is striking in comparison with other villages, it is a very large number of stupas. They are everywhere, both on the outskirts of the village and in its center. Accidentally he met the woman pointed to us the path to the monastery (it is a roundabout way, which can be reached by car). Same monastery and the ruins of the fortress are not distinguishable unusual. The beauty of their location high above the village what they could look at different angles. At the very long wall "men" lay a lot of stones, engraved with texts. Most of them are flat pebbles with short texts but there was also a lot of flat slate with longer texts, some of them were quite large. The temptation to take the memory of a small "stone" is a big but ... Walk we returned to the main road where, after a brief delay, rode terribly crowded bus. Somehow thrust up to him and we went on our way back. Although again we stopped for tea in the impossible but this time there was no one interesting. After a short stop we set off on his journey, and after an hour drive we arrived in Leh. The next day we took a tour of the surrounding monasteries, including a fantastic experience (quite unintentionally) in Chemrey stumbled on "creating" the mandala, in another place the plowing and the image and many other unexpected sights. All this makes it a completely different Ladakh India.