The train to Thanbyuzayat 1997

(From *Not Going to Vietnam* by Garrie Hutchinson Sceptre 1999 © Garrie Hutchinson 1999)

The railway system is a source of great pride in Burma, and as the main reason I was here was to see the Burmese end of the World War II railway down at Thanbyuzayat, I was going to experience it come what may. I turned up at Central Station an hour before its scheduled 8 am departure. This was a mistake. The train left reluctantly at 10.30, and the intervening hours passed very slowly.

When we eventually lurched out of the station, I found myself on another hard slatted wooden seat in the company of three Burmese women, dressed modestly in white blouses and long skirts. Two were in their thirties perhaps, and opposite me at the always open window sat a 16- or 17-year-old girl with flirty eyes. As the hours passed we shared biscuits and tea, and eventually names and addresses, two of which the girl wrote in English—Cho Sandar Myo and Win Win Htay, from Mandalay. The other lady wrote in scrolling Burmese. I gave them my card, and I was given a small red stone, like a ruby, in exchange, a reminder that gems are the currency of both the black and the white Burmese economies.

What really brought us together was a shared fear of being thrown out of the window when the train hit a piece of track that had subsided a bit more than usual and we were jerked off our seats into the air. They

squealed, I hoped I wasn't going to lose my glasses. They practised English on me, naming bougainvillea, bananas, coconuts, rice and a hop-like plant they called 'bitter'.

At each of half a dozen stops food and water vendors leaped onto the train, with cries, things wrapped in banana leaves, fried crispy things, kebab-like things on bamboo skewers, lollies of various kinds, dried wheat noodle chips, duck eggs, pigeon eggs, water carried in pottery bowls on their heads. They get on, but where do they get off? I wondered.

My friends left the train in the dark, a smile and a secret wave from the girl, at a place I think was Thaton. Dull lamps in a window, platform of silent standing people.

The track bed seemed not to have been maintained since the war, and undulated at the same time as causing the train to sway from side to side alarmingly. I counted ten bridges washed away in the not so distant past, replaced by temporary trestles and long steel spans. We passed over these at walking pace, and saw railway workers repairing the collapsed bridges. I looked out at the thatched asap roofs and woven walls of the houses in the Mon villages, and the endless green and yellow rice fields in various stages of production. The land is so wet and fertile, rice grows all the time. As the sun drifted down into the Andaman Sea, lamps glowed in the huts, people stood still as the train rushed by and pagodas glowed gold. On prayerful vantage points, blue lights were strung up and down a ridge, a shining pagoda on the peak.

The 81 UP was supposed to arrive in Moatama, across the estuary of the Salween River, at 4 pm, so I could catch a ferry to Moulmein on the other side in the daylight. Furthermore, I was planning to find a bus or car to drive the few hours further south to Thanbyuzayat. When it was pitch black at 5.30 with no sign of my destination, I began to resign myself to sleeping at the station.

The bumps in the track grew more frightening now that I was alone in my wooden cubicle. The train seemed to go faster and faster in the dark, hitting great potholes, jumping off the track, and then crashing down on the rails again. I knew that a slight deviation on the way up or down would see the train derailed and me flung through the open window. For the first time I was actually a bit scared, and clutched my camera bag as a talisman. I wasn't going to let go of that—or my notebooks.

The train slowed, travelling for a long time along an embankment above moonlit padi fields, and then stopped. This was Moatama, on the north

bank of the Salween. End of the line. It was 8 pm. It had seemed longer in the dark.

The rail service to Ye, a scheduled ten hours further down the track, began a mile or two away on the other side of the river, too wide to bridge. Thanbyuzayat was three and a half hours away; that was where the line had branched off to the Thai border at Three Pagodas Pass during the war. Thanbyuzayat to Three Pagodas was about 115 kilometres. I'd come the long way round to join up with the train up from Singapore.

The Salween is a big river—about 2,400 kilometres long—roughly the length of the Murray. It rises in Yunnan in China and is only navigable for 150 kilometres or so upstream of Moulmein. Now I had to get across it, but first to see if there was a train back. Seven tomorrow night, the stationmaster said, a train back to Rangoon. Anxious faces looked into his office to see if they could be of service, like bright-faced birds, peering in, then fluttering away. But you will not go to Moulmein tonight. The last ferry has departed.

I said I'd go down to the dock for a look. At the end of the platform a rank of trestles bearing food was being packed up. Busy vendors were putting away the strange substances and water bottles for the night. I found what looked like a ticket office at the end of a jetty and a gaggle of disappointed travellers. Clearly they were not happy that the ferry had departed, and they didn't want to spend the night on this side of the water.

A bunch of bright-bloused women standing in front of the dark ferry ticket window recognised me from the train. They sang to me, `No ferry. You must stay here.' I didn't think they were after my body. Here? Moatama isn't even in my guidebook. The line just stops. But in Moulmein, across the water, I had the name of a hotel, the Japan Hotel, from Ko. He'd never been here, but someone had said Japan Hotel, very clean. I just had to find a way to get there.

The women didn't have much idea about what they would do, let alone a large grump from Australia. In the slopping water at the end of the jetty were half a dozen longtails, and twenty or thirty Burmese. Some had six words of English, including, `I speak English very well' and others had ten words, plus 'No understand'. I was taken in hand by a boy who had fifteen words, including `Mawlamyine 100 kyat. He take you.' But a voice from the dark said, `Noo, noon. Too weather.'

I said it didn't look much to me—it wasn't Bass Strait, it wasn't the Dardanelles—let's go! Look, two or three of the cockleshell longtails had

taken off with baggage and goods, and bales of this and that. Perhaps it was money.

`Two hundred kyat.'

`Two hundred kyat,' ruminated a betel-chewing boatman. He spat out a red stream. OK.

As I picked up my pack, and started to walk towards the boats, I was restrained by a young bug-eyed policeman. 'You must wait, please.' I waited. 'Inspector, he come. You go police boat.'

Now we're talking seaworthy. I looked down at the end of the wharf and saw a lightless launch, about seven metres long.

`Inspector he come, you go Mawlamyine.'

The Inspector came, and with half a dozen monks—the other privileged class of travellers—I went to the end of the pier. The monks filled the stern. I was pushed along to the bow, where I sat, clutching my pack and holding onto a rail. Suddenly there were people all over the boat—about fifty of them on a craft that was made for perhaps ten.

I thought, here was a another thing I swore I would never do—travel on an overcrowded boat across an unknown stretch of water in the pitch dark with a bit of weather.

There was a terrific amount of shouting and jabbering. A voice in my ear said, 'Boat no go. Come.' It was my friend the policeman. He helped me to my feet, I saw another boat approaching, a fishing boat. It slipped in expertly next to the police launch, and I was bundled into the wheelhouse, to sit behind the chain-smoking captain.

We set off across the black Salween estuary in a half-metre chop, steering by the light of a pagoda. The journey took about half an hour. The captain said nothing, just steered and smoked, I felt snug in the wheelhouse; it reminded me of another night voyage, out through the Port Phillip heads in a pilot boat to board a freighter years ago. My happy shipmates out on deck made an uproar every time a bit of spray splashed into them—they would be home that night.

It struck me that here was another bottleneck in the plan to link up the Malay, Thai and Burmese railway systems with the Thailand–Burma Railway—a bloody great unbridgeable river. If Rangoon and Bangkok, and the railway itself, were open to bombing later in the war, surely slow-moving barges here on the Salween would be even easier targets.

On the other side we berthed expertly beside the ferry dock—occupied by six empty ferry boats—and clambered out, reaching dry land by

walking through the six ferries and a sort of bridge. There seemed to be a wide promenade beside the river to my right, and dark buildings to my left. A kid materialised on his bike. 'Where you go?' he asked.

`Japan Hotel,' I said, none too confidently.

`I take you,' he said, and wheeled his bike down the sandy `corniche'. He called out something and half a dozen pals came out and we all walked down the road.

Up ahead was a light, which I took to be the Japan Hotel. I opened the door. A bunch of people were watching a video, laughing. They went silent. A bloke got up, walked to the desk, pointed to a sign, which said, 'No Foreigner', and flicked his hand as if I were an unwelcome fly. Well, I didn't want to stay there anyway. Where? I gestured, hands upraised. He pointed out the door and further down the road.

The kids were waiting. We went down the road in search of whatever it was. I wasn't annoyed. I felt that this was what it was all about. New place, nowhere to stay, a bunch of kids and a walk by the riverside. There was not another soul on the street. I noticed light 200 metres further down, a corner streetlight. Just past that corner, a sign: Lay Hnyin Tha Guest House —Breeze Guest House.

The boys waved me in, and a man in his seventies, dressed in a crisp white shirt and the inevitable longyi, said, 'Can I help you, sir?'

I wondered whether he took foreigners in.

`Foreigners, sir? We accept only guests.' And with that he produced a large ledger to record my details in an excellent copperplate script. 'My apologies for the formalities.'

Reception was a room with a refrigeration cabinet, a glass case with a few pictures and bottles, a couple of couches and the desk. The tariff was to be seven dollars a night, including breakfast, in what turned out to be a clean cream-painted cubicle or cell with no windows (of course), a hard bed and pillow, and an intermittent fan. Shower up the corridor, breakfast in the converted garage in the other direction.

By now I was hungry and anxious for a Mandalay beer. I asked whether anywhere in Moulmein would still be open.

`Well, you might try the Chinese.' He gestured around the corner with the streetlight, and one block back.

I set off. It was very quiet. No one in sight. Dark. I stumbled down a block, turned left, and surprised a man and his family by walking into what I thought was a restaurant. It might have been their home, open to the

breeze should one ever spring up. I think it was a beer joint because that is all he had, two tables, and his wife washing up in the kitchen. I paid for the beer and went the other way down the street. Here there was a restaurant, apparently nameless, with half a dozen tables, welcoming faces. The young waiter had no English but the proprietor knew what I meant when I said Mandalay—and a scooping food gesture. A kind of chicken curry with rice soon arrived. I feared that the English rather than the Indian had influenced the curry, but another big bottle of Mandalay did the trick.

Next morning at six: the sound of the ferry whistle, heavy machinery pumping nearby, and a thunderstorm of hawking and spitting from the cubicle next door. Over breakfast of `coffeermix', a mixture of instant coffee, whitener and sugar 'for that American taste', I arranged with Khin, the Breeze's proprietor, for a car to Thanbyuzayat. He said it wasn't far away, and that it would be impossible to get there and back in a day by train and bus. I believed him.

While waiting for the car, I went for a walk to see what the Salween looked like by day (greeny-browny-choppy). At the ferry dock I saw the white ferries still tied up, as they had been last night, and a gantry bridge from the last one to the shore. Blackbirds fluttered around, hungry for scraps. Upriver the Dawna hills hazed in the thudding early morning sun. It was hot—it was always hot in Burma.

The road by the river was almost empty, except for a horse-drawn taxicart whose large wooden wheels carried solid rubber tyres, and a small tormented pony. It picked up two women wearing longyis and pink blouses, and headed for the market, which was just inland of the ferries. A wooden, three-wheeled water carrier with a device remarkably like an Australian furphy slung between the wheels was pushed by a woman in an orange longyi, white blouse and thongs. Everyone in Burma wears thongs, except the SLORC.

Moulmein was once a thriving teak port—the logs were floated down the river from the Thai border, and milled and exported from the port here. There was little evidence of that now—the only trees I could see were a few straggly date palms, and there were no port facilities, at least in this part of the river.

The market was two or three blocks of corrugated-iron sheds, with a series of pitched tin roofs shading the sellers of just about everything you could think of. Plumbing parts, old rope and new, miscellaneous car and truck parts to repair the ferocious looking buses and trucks that may well have been recycled remnants of British and Japanese World War II trucks, watermelons (in season), endless longyi materials, coconuts, bolts of cloth, big springs, buckets and coconuts. And a variety of army and ex-army helmets, much used by safety-conscious motorcycle riders.

The streets are well-kept dirt—with the occasional stretch of tarmac; the buildings, dusty colonial; some shop houses, a lurid turquoise Victorian office building with three cupola'd towers and an attendant standing guard before steel mesh gates. Perhaps this was the municipal offices. I found the Mi Khin Café where I had eaten the previous night, a three-storey shop house with white and weathered wood verandahs, a few plants, a worn awning and a couple of motorbikes outside. A small boy sat at a table waiting to usher in breakfast customers, or for something to happen. Like the whole of Moulmein it looked done in by the weather.

Burma's third largest city, Moulmein retains something of its long British heritage—it was the British administrative capital of (Lower) Burma after the first Burmese War between 1827 and 1852—not simply in the architecture but also in the friendliness shown towards British-looking foreigners, even if the British have some problems with their feelings about the place. George Orwell had served here in the police force in 1926, and to me it seemed that little had changed. You could feel in an hour or two just how the weather, the ennui and the torpor and the stuck-at-the-

end-of-the-worldness (there's probably a word in German for this feeling) might get to a fellow. But when Rohan Rivett, the Australian journalist and POW, was in town in 1942 he wrote that the Moulmein jail was a 'jail de luxe' compared to what he had experienced before—a bloke could lie down and roll over without touching the next man.

Back at the Breeze my driver, Win, and his friend Khin had between them settled on 2,500 kyat for the day—less than $10. But with this came the disadvantage that he understood only three words of English, which were, Khin said, 'Stop, go and eat.' As long as I saw Thanbyuzayat and the end of the railway I would be happy enough.

We slipped quietly away, past solid but weedy red brick churches, and the gateways to nine or ten army camps, including the headquarters of South East Area Command. This was the headquarters of the battle against the Mon and Karen insurgents. The refugee camp of Mae Sot was only fifty or sixty kilometres due west in Thailand, as the helicopter flew.

Rivett and the Australians had a more surprising and spectacular departure, one 'indelibly printed' on his memory. As the POWs marched across town to the railway station they were swamped by 'the most spontaneous and generous demonstration of sympathy' Rivett had ever witnessed.

> 'The people of Moulmein had no word of our coming, but as soon as we appeared on the streets in the first hour of daylight, they started to tear tobacco, cheroots, fruit and foodstuffs of all kinds from the stalls. Disregarding the guards they ran up to us and thrust them into our hands. Whatever the strength of the irredentist movement in other parts of Burma, there could be no shadow of doubt that in the hour of acid test, with nothing to gain and much to lose at the hands of the Japanese occupying forces, the people of Moulmein gave a demonstration of loyalty and adherence to the British cause that could not have been bettered in the streets of any British city.'

That was just about the last pleasant thing to happen to Rivett and the Black Force men as they journeyed to Thanbyuzayat and then up the line as far as the infamous 105-kilometre camp, just short of Three Pagodas Pass. For the POWs of A Force and other prisoners who joined them it was a journey through most of the circles of hell.

Today the road to Thanbyuzayat is kept in reasonable order, for military purposes. The train line to Ye is still running, but the old spur from Thanbyuzayat to Three Pagodas was taken up after the war. A road now follows the same route to Three Pagodas, though it is 'not permitted' to travel on it.

I suppose I could have forced the issue with Khin, but it was my strong feeling in Burma that if I showed too much curiosity I risked getting my Burmese friends into trouble. What would I see driving up there? I could probably tell, after my training from Rod Beattie in Thailand, where the railway had been in some places. I might be able to find a railway spike to add to the collection. But aside from saying I'd 'been there' it wasn't worth the aggravation. I would go as far as Thanbyuzayat and walk around the

cemetery and the town, and look for the beginning of the end of the railway.

We found the cemetery, a haven of green on the dusty outskirts of Thanbyuzayat, 800 metres from the roundabout at the centre of town. It was a smaller, flatter version of Moulmein, with a Victorian clock tower. The road outside the cemetery crosses the main railway line to Ye. The cemetery is outlined on two sides by tree-lined paths. Across the road a Burmese general from 1948 is commemorated by a monastery and memorial stone. Buffalo grazed peaceably at the back.

Two people had visited this month, including me, the head gardener told me in his small office— he gave me strong coffee and watermelon, and a cloth to wipe my sweat-streaming face.

There are 3,800 burials here, including those of 1,828 Australians, brought back to this site, not far from the site of the wartime camp/

hospital cemetery, from all the burial sites up the line beyond Three Pagodas Pass.

The Thanbyuzayat camp was deliberately located near the rail yards and marshalling area, and was bombed three times by Allied aircraft between March and June 1943, killing a number of POWs.

`Too young, and too many,' I said to the gardener.

`Yassir,' he replied as he walked with me, around his immaculate cemetery, treading as softly as he could.

The white magnolias were in bloom, the dead and their stories rest among a million butterflies: small yellow ones, white and yellow ones, brown speckled types, and big fast black-bodied brown and tan. Low neat hedges form a perimeter around the sections of the cemetery. The only sound comes from the temple across the road, bells and a hum of chanting.

The messages on the headstones here seems more personal, more Australian, even more political:

> A true Australian who gave all for freedom.
> In sunshine and perfect peace a silent thought brings many a tear.
> He gave his life that we might be free—Proudly remembered.
> His spirit lives in the land he loved.
> He heard the call and answered. He died open eyed and unafraid.

> To live in the hearts of those who love is not to die.
> He loved life laughter and his fellow men. For these he died.
> Pax.

Unforgiving Tom Morris tells a story of one bloke buried at Thanbyuzayat, which—after I read it in Gavan McCormack and Hank Nelson's book The Burma Thailand Railway—was a big factor in making me want to come to this spot. Morris himself began work on the railway in October 1942, at Thanbyuzayat, and had a terrible time in 1943 when many of those now buried here perished from cholera, overwork, malnutrition, tropical ulcers, beatings and executions—the whole litany of railway horrors. One of them was Private John Durkin, who was working on railway maintenance in 1945. Not all POWs were sent back to Changi or to China or Japan when the railway was opened.

One day he went out to work and collapsed. The next day he was sent out again, assisted by his mates. On the third day he lagged behind the work party, and when they arrived at the line he was missing. The next day the Japanese told the group that Durkin must be wandering somewhere in the jungle, and that they wanted to find him so he could be helped. Several days later Durkin was brought back—with a rope around his neck held by a Japanese guard, who was hitting him with a rifle butt. Durkin was tied to a post. He was kept there for three weeks, allowed a little rice and water and to visit the latrine. He was often beaten as well if he slumped down. He was then taken away by a few Japanese with rifles and bayonets. Cries were heard and the Japanese returned without Durkin. A burial party of prisoners found a newly dug grave shortly afterwards. The Japanese returned his clothes saying they were no longer needed.

Morris concludes: 'What is the significance of this story you might well ask. The date of the death on Private Durkin's headstone in the Thanbyuzayat War Cemetery is: 14th August 1945. That was the day Japan agreed to surrender to the Allies.'

I sat among the butterflies on the stone of remembrance, and meditated in the heat for a while. This was the end of the line. I felt a great tiredness come and go.

We drove back to the roundabout and then, following the railway line, came to a branch in the track to the east from the big main line. A brown grassy field had been ploughed when wet, now it was clumpy. I stepped through the barbed wire and walked towards the engine, a C56 numbered

CO522, painted green and pulling a tender, standing on a length of track. Inside the boiler was painted black, a few rods welded and bolted against the kids of Thanbyuzayat. In front of it were three cement statues: a four-foot-high man wielding a pick, a man on his knees belting a stick with another stick and a Japanese guard leaning on his rifle. Further down the track, a cement sign marking the beginning of the railway: 'Myanmar Thailand Japanese Death Railway 1942-1945'.

There were about 100 metres of track—it was hard to tell whether it was original or had been relaid for this Myanmar government 'memorial'. The sleepers were soft and rotten. I kicked out a souvenir railway spike, which seemed genuine. The rails were rusty, the rail bed had been cleared but seemed to go further after the rails ended. I thought that they might be newish rails laid on the site of the original path when the locomotive was

put here and the tatty memorials erected. More likely at this point the main line to Ye and the old railway had run on the same track, and they diverged further on. There was no one to ask.

Rohan Rivett passed this way on a train in 1943, on his way to a camp further up the track.

> It was our first opportunity to taste the delights of travel on our own railroad. By the end of the trip most of us were convinced the next time we should much prefer to walk. The ballast had

> been laid only at intervals, and the sleepers were all over the place. The train seemed to bounce from rail to rail, and at corners there was a lurching and a groaning which was ominous in the extreme. But the real fun came at the bridges, forty to sixty feet above the swollen rivers swirling through the shaky piles below … There was much evidence of the haste and the carelessness with which the buttresses and embankments leading from the bridges had been constructed.

This was a sad and meaningless place. I had no sense that anyone had been here—that this was the track. A road branched east, crossing the track at the end of the field. I took that to be the road to Three Pagodas.

It was hot.

I lunched on warm Mandalay beer and curry rice in a wooden falling-down café by the roundabout—the proprietor would not let Win sit with me, or let me sit outside in the main room. A special tablecloth was brought out, red and white gingham, a glass with a flower put in it, and a bunch of curious children came to gaze on the red-faced bearded giant. The service was superb. I had a bell to summon more beer, my beer glass was wiped for me (with a dirty cloth, of course) but the food was all right—chicken fried with noodles and an egg on top.

Driving back to Moulmein, we passed under an archway boasting a pair of dinosaurs, ancient Burmese warriors, a Buddha-as-king leading a horse and being wai'd by a lady disciple, and nats, or angels on umbrellas, plus a little pagoda. Two or three kilometres up the road we stopped and Win pointed and said his first words, 'All Buddha'. He was right. For kilometres in front of and along the range of hills were dozens of white and gold pagodas and Buddhas of all descriptions, sitting and standing in a variety of mudras, and seemingly acting out aspects of the stories from the life of the Buddha. And ahead, a giant construction in cement. This turned out to be a Very Big Reclining Buddha. A worker was proud to tell me all about it as I walked up to an entrance somewhere near His right knee. It was 200 metres long, had been five years already in the building, and would have 124 rooms in another five years. I was impressed. This was surely the biggest Buddha in the world.

In Moulmein I bought 50 kyat of gold leaf at the Kyaikthanian Pagoda, Kipling's Old Moulmein Pagoda, and received an elaborately written receipt. My gold would go on one of the Buddha images around the

perimeter. It was a clean and empty place, not neglected but lonely. No one there except the monk selling the gold leaf and reading a book.

Back at the Breeze, Khin made me take a shower, and we had a chat over a bottle of water. He'd been in the guesthouse business for fifteen years and had received his 'foreigner licence' eighteen months ago. He'd had one other guest in the last month. He'd been to India meditating for a month and had been to four countries. He was especially pleased that he had been to two countries that I had not—India and Nepal. He'd also travelled to Singapore and Thailand but thought Burma was the place to be. 'Burma is building,' he said.

Before catching the train back to Rangoon I spent an idle hour down the Strand at the Coral Princess Beer Garden, run by a chatty bloke whose card said his name was RAYRAY. More Mandalay (since 1886) and nuts with sesame seeds and cloves of garlic. I sat on a beer crate under an umbrella and watched the world go down the Strand. Chinese light, hazy early and late, a palette of greys, the Salween merges with the sky. Smiling boys brought more beer, and gazed at the strange script of the notes I took.

Time to wander down and catch the ferry, then chat to the stationmaster in Moatama about that ticket on the eight o'clock train. I walked up to the ferry, trailing children, finding a squat against the bulkhead on the upper deck at the stern so I could see the pagoda as I left. A small boy sat next to me and asked if I spoke English. He said he 'need much practice' and brought out his textbook to test my grasp of the subject. He told me that the dark shape over there was Evil Island—'no humans is there'. On the other side he escorts me past the stalls to the stationmaster's office where there was a long queue of supplicants.

I stood obediently at the back until the stationmaster caught my eye and gestured me to the head the queue, dismissed a man and sat me down.

He told me he had an aunty in Torr. While he dispensed wisdom and information to his standing petitioners I worked out that he meant Perth.

`Yes, I am visiting her there and I will come on the train to visit you if you would be so kind as to show me your card.' I did.

`Perth is a long way from Melbourne,' I said.

`Distance is no object to the railway man,' he replied.

My ticket: Upper Class 3A $20. On train 82 DOWN.

I found my seat and had a good chat with a railway worker who wanted to know all about the 'climatic distributions in Australia', and what month the monsoon came to Melbourne. I drew a map in my notebook and tried

to explain where Australia was, 'past Singapore, past Indonesia'. He looked at me as if I was mad.

At one minute to eight the whistle blasted and the train rattled off. The seats were no more comfortable in upper class than they were in ordinary class, and the sprawling and snuffling Burman next to me made even dozing impossible. The dim lights flickered on and off erratically so reading was also impossible. Instead I watched the stations go by, like a chant of alien planets: Kywegyan. Paung. Zingyaik. Yinnyein. Thaton... Some we stopped at. I saw monks curled up on benches like small brown furry creatures. Monks, not soldiers, get priority in trains. There were three rows of them in the front of this carriage.

I was back at Rangoon station at 5.30 am, just an hour late. A taxi took me through the somnolent and misty streets to the Silver Star, for a shower and a sleep.