

PART 1
2021 Year-in-Review
Nekose's adventures as a digital nomad!

The Set-Up

Sometime during 2020, my friend Sawida started talking to her group of friends about the concept of “digital nomading,” which simply means doing a job that does not require you to be in a particular location from anywhere you want. We were well into the pandemic, and at the beginning most of us thought we would be back at our desks relatively quickly, but six months later none of us knew when we would be required to physically go back to the office. Sawida suggested living and working abroad. After all, “home” didn’t need to be our places in America. A deadly virus created a once in a lifetime dynamic. Although we had to worry about dying from the ‘rona, for the first time ever, most of our friendship circles were completely untethered from commuting and even living in a particular location.



*Sawida & Nekose & • March 2021
Pyramid Restaurant & Pub
West Coast Demerara, Guyana*

I started to seriously consider the proposition. Every bad thing I could think of had already happened in my life time—multiple wars; the high cost of ‘higher’ education and its accompanying crippling student loan debt; the Great Recession; the first time in history housing prices went *backwards*; my generation being the first to be economically worse off than their parents. Although wages have not kept pace with inflation; high debt levels are the new norm; the rich keep getting richer, typically by exploiting workers; and we were in a global pandemic, with a bunch of idiots that think a mask is an affront to their civil rights, maybe Jesus was officially establishing a bright side for me. I could be anywhere in the world (within time zone reason because my work hours were Eastern Standard Time) and keep my American salary, without actually being in America. I was in.

I started thinking through where I wanted to go even if no one else wanted to join me. Then I was like, wait a minute, the point is for me to have this experience in community, not alone. I have traveled extensively and I’m at an age where I don’t enjoy solo travel the way I once did. I told Sawida I was in because I thought we would have a good year together. That’s what was most important to me. Ultimately, her other friends could not make a commitment to the nomad life, but y’all know me. Once I really set my mind to something, it’s on! In my heart, I am a rule follower (in many regards, unfortunately). I checked in at work and got “don’t ask don’t tell” approval from my boss.

I was at an international company with offices in 14 countries. They had an existing telework infrastructure and a crop of remote workers well before the pandemic. The pandemic was the only reason I was remote, so I didn’t want blow back from anyone who happened to be clocking my IP address! Y’all know how these companies do. I was told as long as I continued to get my work done well (like I had been doing) and I wasn’t making my co-workers jealous with my fabulous nomad life, it was all good. Initially, my boss was the only person from my job I shared my plans with. Besides, my legal address remained the same. Until I buy my own place again, the sisters house in Largo, MD is where I will technically live, even I don’t actually live there!

GUYANA — GOOGLE PHOTO ALBUM LINK



Picking Countries in the Age of the 'Rona

Now it was time for the real logistics to begin. Originally, we were looking at Barbados. I contacted one of my gazillion cousins around the world and it felt like the Bajans were not too thrilled with foreigners coming to stay. I wasn't confident we would have a warm welcome. Plus, Barbados wanted \$2,000 USD for their digital nomad visa, which allowed for a one-year stay with in and out privileges. This meant hassle free exists and entrances during the visa period, but we were still in a pandemic, so who was going to be coming in and out! The more I thought I about it, the more I settled on flexibility as a core value of my digital nomading experience. Being able to go anywhere for a few months at a time, instead of committing to a whole year, would alleviate exorbitant visa fees and allow us to see more countries.

I had not been back to my homeland, Guyana, since my 2004 trip, which was the first and only time I had visited since leaving at the age of four. I wanted to visit in 2020 but the pandemic hit. I figured spending time in Guyana would rejuvenate my soul. It's always good to reconnect with where you (and your people) are from. I told Sawida Guyana was high on my list of places. I still had a lot of family there and knew we would be well cared for (and we definitely were). Guyana became our first stop. Initially, I was thinking we could stay at my Aunt T's house in Cove and John but then I had a conversation with Vanessa, my cousin Lester's wife, who frequently deals with foreigners coming to Guyana for extended stays.

Vanessa was like folks don't realize how important the creature comforts they are used to having are, until they're not there. Then she asked me if Aunt T's house had hot water and my mind was blown. My initial thought was, 'What you talkin' bout? Who don't have hot water?!' Not having hot water never even crossed my stream of consciousness. Although I knew there were plenty of people in the U.S. with no access to water, or with substandard water quality, and the last time I went to Guyana I was taking cold showers at Aunt Joyce's house (mommy's side of the family), I still never organically conceptualized hot water as an option that may not be available! Aunt T's house did not have hot water and was officially out of the running. Although her house didn't have internet either, I saw that as fixable. I figured I could get internet installed as long as it was offered in her area, but I couldn't put hot water into a tap! The mosquitoes were something I also would not have planned for because I never saw window screens as optional. When we went to visit Aunt T's house, Michael took excellent care of us and made us delicious meals, but those mosquitos tore me up!



Guyana Aunt Joyce

The Prep Work

At the time of our planning, vaccines were not yet readily available, so we did our due diligence checking on infection and death rates. America consistently scored terribly, even as the State Department kept putting everybody else's country on its travel advisory list. Before the mass vaccine roll out in America (and before Omicron), Guyana consistently had better rankings than the States in rates of new infection and death, even after considering population size. As the disconnect between real and fake, and people's fundamental lack of understanding of science continued to grow in America, other countries were putting tangible protocols in place, especially for travel. A clean PCR test became the requirement to enter most countries long before America decided it was prudent to do so.

We looked up all the travel requirements, knew what we needed to do, and got our ducks in a row. I decided to give up my apartment in Takoma Park, MD and ended my month-to-month lease at the end of January 2021! I was not going to be paying a grip for rent on an empty place! I put my stuff in storage and was free as a bird. I had no intention of coming back to the U.S. for the rest of the year. Before I left, I got a new cell phone. I wanted to use my old phone 'in-country,' with a local SIM and keep the new phone with an American

SIM. I also packed my old S7 cell as an additional back up! I wasn't fitting to have Verizon set me up with a high ass bill. I am a firm believer in having access to a local phone network when I'm overseas.

Sawida and I brought business class plane tickets so we could each have two 70-lbs checked bags. We still over packed! I needed a third bag and paid an extra \$100 to carry a 50lb suitcase. We took our PCR tests within 72 hours of departure and settled into our adventurous spirits for 2021! After a year of the 'rona and George Floyd, I was ready to leave the States and be around my people!

Guyana, South America

I was in Guyana from the beginning of February to the middle of June (Sawida left two weeks earlier) and not once was I worried about the police trying to kill me for no reason. The cops were friendly. Some of them were so cute and tiny. I'm 5'4" so if you are shorter than me and my waist is bigger than yours, you're tiny. These tiny men were solid muscle though, like no discernable fat. They easily could have kicked my ass with their little waists. I saw a lot of lean muscle in Guyana. For the most part, people were fit. Lots of people walked or biked in that hot sun! I really expected to see a whole lot of big booty ladies. Nope, that's just my gene pool. I loved being surrounded by Black folks, all day, every day. I'm talking dark chocolate, mocha brown, milk chocolate, black and brown people everywhere. Skin that is touched by the sun all year is truly gorgeous. There was a literal peace I got from my homeland, even when folks were working my nerves! The beauty of Blackness was just what I needed and being out of the States was absolutely refreshing.



Geographically, **Guyana is a country on the continent of South America** (it is NOT Ghana in Africa). Guyana's northern coast is the Atlantic Ocean, and it is bordered by Venezuela, Suriname, and Brazil. It is a warm and tropical country in the Amazon basin. Think tropical jungle or "the bush" because the interior really is the rainforest. Guyana means "land of many waters." Although it is a country, and not an island, its culture is similar to that of a Caribbean island. The similarities end there because there is so much more to do in a country! Guyana has a vast ecosystem and is divided into 10 regions with varying geographies. There are savannahs, islands, and the coastal areas, which have the largest population size. Georgetown is the capital and there is a literal sea wall blocking the Atlantic. You can find waterfalls in the rainforests, including Kaieteur Falls, the world's largest single drop waterfall, and many indigenous communities still inhabit the bush. There was a lot to explore, and we did a lot even though the 'rona shut some things down.

Guyana is the only English speaking country in South America because of imperialism and slavery. It is a mix of primarily Black people (from the slave trade), Indian people (originally from India because after the British decided slavery was bad, but not servitude, and they shipped people in from India), Amerindians (indigenous people), and Dougla (Black and Indian mixed raced people). When we did see white folks, they were typically at the hotels and lodges where white folks like to hang out. What threw me for a loop was seeing Asian and white looking folks with thick Guyanese accents! I can't fake an accent to save my life and clearly these people were Guyanese. Every time I spoke, no one thought I was Guyanese. "I was born here" was my refrain! Ironically, Americans can't place my accent either. I grew up in the DMV (DC, Maryland, Virginia) and still get asked where I'm from, even though I've lived there most of my life!

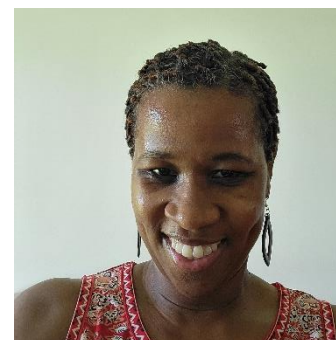
We were very impressed by Guyana's COVID protocols. Every establishment had either an outside sink or one inside by the front door. People washed their hands with soap and water, plus there was still hand sanitizer everywhere. The mall had a full body sanitizing mist you had to walk through before you entered, and temperature checks were mandatory at all establishments. There was an actual person checking temps. This was much more stringent than what I saw in the States. Unfortunately, Guyana's vaccine options were

Russian (Sputnik V), Chinese (Sinopharm), or English (Oxford-AstraZeneca). Plus, the wait in between the first and second shot for the English vaccine was three months! Clearly vaccine hoarding and rich countries snatching things up were at play. When our time in Guyana was nearing its end, we decided the best course of action was to get vaccinated in the U.S. before going anywhere else.

Peter Rose Street

Vanessa's cousin, who was born and raised in England to Guyanese parents, moved back to Guyana to run the family business. He and his sister jointly own a 4-unit building in Georgetown. Each of the two siblings keep a unit for themselves while renting out the other two units to long-term renters. The sister was back in England, so her unit was vacant. Using WhatsApp, we began discussions for residency in a 2-bedroom, 2-bathroom unit on Peter Rose Street in Georgetown. Everything looked great in the pictures and video we saw, and I appreciated the extended family connection. Oil had recently been discovered on Guyana's Atlantic coast; therefore, property owners knew more money could be made on the influx of foreigners looking for rentals. On February 4, 2021, we were picked up at the airport by Rawle, a driver at the taxi service the landlord used, and moved to our new abode. Rawle became our favorite taxi man.

Westernized amenities were standard in the unit. The apartment had hot water, window screens, a washer and dryer, wall A/C units in the bedrooms and kitchen, and internet. We made clear that a stable internet connection was necessary to do our jobs and thus pay rent! The building also had 24/7 security and a locked gate controlled by security. Tenants did not have the gate key and security did not have a key to the building. It was a neat little system. The day guards were two lovely women, Massay and Shondell. We still keep in contact! Shondell even became our hair dresser. She did Sawida's faux locs; Tonia's actual locs when she came to visit; and when my hair grew out enough, I got comb coils! That was the first time in a long time I had hair long enough to style. I even got hair color for the first time ever in Guyana, a strawberry brown.



With my comb coils & greasy forehead

Location Matters

The location was great! We were a few blocks down the street from the [Herdmanston Lodge](#), which had delicious food and drink, a very friendly wait staff, and wifi. We kept telling them they needed to start doing happy hour. We could walk to Aunt Joyce's house in 20 to 25 minutes. There was a bakery literally on the next block and the smell of fresh bread and pastries was a glorious constant. We LOVED the bakery. All the food I was eating prompted me to discover the CrossFit box around the corner. CrossFit was down the street from the coconut man and a KFC, which my trainer caught me walking to one day after my work out! Sawida's mom had a friend from Sierra Leone living in Guyana. Mrs. Adebisi's house was also in walking distance, as was a beauty salon, multiple fruit stands, and the Hot & Spicy Guyanese Creole restaurant which was a few blocks away. Bourda Market, the biggest outdoor grocery market in the area, was also in walking distance, but Lester would pick us up on Saturdays and take us when he did his shopping.

Let me tell y'all about the bakery. The temperature lady was so disgusted with me the first time we went to check out the bakery. I either couldn't figure out how to use the foot pedal sink outside (I had never seen one before and didn't know to look for a foot pedal) and/or the soap dispenser, which had me confounded (It was a push up one). I think temperature lady tried to talk me through the soap and when I didn't get it, without saying a word to me, her whole face said, "you big dummy" in a Sanford & Son voice. The push/pull door got me that day too. Here I was not knowing how to turn on the sink, get soap, or open the door and my people had faces just as expressive as mine!

Sawida showed me how to use the soap dispenser and our love affair with the bakery began. By the end of the stay, me and temperature lady were cool. If I went to the bakery without Sawida, she'd be like, "Where

is your friend today?” We were at the bakery several times a week, on a few occasions more than once a day. Fresh bread and an assortment of Guyanese goodies like salara, pone, cheese straw, and sometimes even cooked food was calling our names. The bakery really liked cheese. A LOT of the pastries had cheese. I’m still lactose intolerant so I tried to keep my cheesy indulgences to a minimum.

Our Peter Rose Street apartment was spacious with very high ceilings. You needed a ladder to reach the ceilings. However, upkeep was clearly handled by a man. That place was MUSTY as a mofo when we moved in!! It smelled like it had been locked up the whole pandemic, even though there was another short term renter (another man) who had stayed for a few weeks before our arrival. The irony of the mustiness was, THE BREEZE was the best part of the apartment. There was a glorious cross breeze when the front patio doors and the back door were open at the same time. That breeze was everything. Work getting on your nerves, the breeze would blow through, and all would be right with the world. Uncertainty about what was next in life, the breeze would wash over you, and all would be right with the world. The breeze was amazing and even nicer at the sea wall. It was a cleansing breeze.

First Impressions

When we first walked in to the building that night there was all this junk under the stairs that led up to the two units on the top level. Unsightliness was the first thing we saw. The apartment had been sanitized after the last renter and then “cleaned” before we moved in, but no one actually checked to make sure it was really clean. Somebody got paid to half-heartedly wipe some stuff down, then clog Sawida’s toilet with that paper. Our shower curtains were subpar, the bath tubs had a layer of dirt, and only Jesus knows the last time the window curtains were washed. My toilet brush looked like it was from 1982 and there was other random shit too. We actually spent our first night cleaning! We got some Guyanese dollars from the landlord, waked to the nearest store and bought a ton of cleaning supplies. We continued to clean throughout our stay and cleaned almost everything in that joint, and my name ain’t Jemima.

One time I nearly killed Sawida Pine-Soling the floor. Early one morning, I decided to mop my bedroom floor, then I was like let me go ahead and mop the whole apartment. Sawida had to take all her medications y’all. The smell of Pine-Sol woke her up from sleep and irritated her lungs, but them floors were clean! The leather couches were the primary source of the mustiness. At one point a long time ago they were new, now they were old, cracked and holding in the funk. It took a few weeks to make the mustiness not be the first thing you smelled when you walked in the door. We achieved that the old fashion way—letting fresh air circulate. We could never get the mustiness out of the couches, but we kept our bootleg couch covers clean.

My biggest beef was that I had ONE sheet set for the entire duration and I used the term “set” loosely. I had a non-matching fitted sheet, top sheet, and blanket style sheet that were all well-worn. I was in the master bedroom in Guyana because Sawida bought her special sheets from home that fit a queen size bed. The bed in the master was king sized (it could fit five people). I would have actually preferred a smaller bed with more space to move about the room. I asked the landlord for another set of sheets and he said that was an unreasonable request! How sway? Let me tell you how. It was his sister’s apartment, and he was not going to pay for anything that he wasn’t getting reimbursed for. My bed at home was queen sized so what I was not going to do was buy a sheet set that I couldn’t take with me. Every week, I washed them janky ass sheets and returned them to the bed.

When I left in June, the landlord had finally cleaned up the eyesore under the stairs that looked pitiful for most of our stay. He was trying to get that Airbnb money and knew he had to step up his game. Them folks will trash-talk you hard online, not just to your face and in their annual newsletter. [In Part 2 of *Nekose’s adventures as a digital nomad*, I’ll talk about how nice our Airbnb in Sint Maarten was. There was no arrival cleaning necessary.] We definitively left the apartment



The duck family in the garden

in much better shape than we found it. It was clear that external upkeep was a priority. The lawn and building itself had curb appeal. The garden was beautiful, well maintained, and attracted a bunch of wildlife. There were many different species of birds and butterflies, and a variety of other creatures. In general, the wildlife in Guyana was remarkable. One day an entire duck family was just chilling in the garden, a mom and maybe 10 ducklings. They were adorable, except when I found duck poop in the yard!

Adjusting to the Surroundings

The birds were also pretty, but their 5:00 am chirping got on my nerves! There was a nest in a hollowed out tree outside my window and those birds would chirp their little hearts out, waking me up every single day. Another species of birds were these tiny things that sounded like a car alarm. All the birdies would start talking to each other and it would be a racket around sunrise and sunset every day. Still, I would much rather awake to the sounds of nature than the sounds of cars! If I managed to sleep through the birds, or my toilet running at a ridiculously loud volume (before it finally got fixed), a man on a bicycle would wake me up with his boom box speakers. That speaker was as loud as the speakers in a night club. The ice cream man had a similar sound system for his non-motorized cart! Even with the noises, I was sleeping good in Guyana and getting in my 8 hours!



The car alarm bird

I loved our neighbors across the hall, particularly the kids and their mom. I had to side eye the husband though. The mom was home with the kids almost *all of the time* and the dad had a full life. He was going to work every day, hanging out at night, taking his ATV out on the weekend. It seemed like he got to be fun auntie. He played with the kids if he came home before their bedtime, while she was the teacher, the nanny, the cook, the cleaning lady, and the laundress. She was homeschooling because of the ‘rona and it never seemed like SHE got a break. I kept reminding myself this could be their arrangement that they are happy with and I should not be judging. I shared my side-eyes with Sawida, and she had been thinking the same thing! Sawida had noted how often he came home late or came home at a decent hour, then left and came back home late. We wondered if he was busy being community penis and she was ready to beat him in the street at that thought! That right there was why I knew we would be living compatible.

The two kids were my buddies. The boy was 5 or 6 and the little girl was about 3. They were so sweet and well mannered. The little boy would come to the patio door and ask, “Would you like to play in the garden?” How could I say no to that adorable little voice asking so nicely. We played hide and seek, tag, and jumped rope. One day I heard the little girl crying for a longer period than normal. I went to their patio door to see what was wrong. She was home with a caregiver while her brother and mom were at the dentist. That baby was bereft. We had a conversation where I told her they would only be gone a short time and she would see them again very soon. Then I introduced her to “Don’t Worry Be Happy” by Bobby McFerrin. “In every life we have some trouble, if you worry you make it double.” She felt better and stopped crying. Auntie Kose was in full effect, hugging babies with her words. I enjoyed hearing their little voices and really appreciated that about the apartment.

Working out the Kinks

At first, we kept having internet issues. But you know who never had a single internet issue, the landlord. His internet stayed working. Until we got our own internet fully situated, the cost of which was included in the rent, we frequently used his network, which was only strong in certain places in our unit. After the last of the internet woes, we were finally settled, except for the time when the generator switch in our unit started melting and smoking, on a work day, and we had to leave the apartment and go work from Aunt Joyce’s house, who had recently gotten her own internet.

The second time we used the generator switch, a part of the unit housing broke off. The generator switch controls the flow of electricity from external generator into the apartment during a power outage. It should have been replaced when it initially broke, but because we could still move the lever, and only cared about functionality, it didn't get fixed until it nearly caused a fire. It was a complete fluke that the handyman was there. I believe he was replacing the baseboard wood in my room. The wood had rotted on the inside of the boards and the ants kept eating it and leaving these little piles on my floor. I thought was dirt. These were not even termites or wood ants; they were regular ants that eat anything. On his way to my room, he saw the box was melting and smoking a little. I didn't notice it. Now we understood why the lights in the living room started flickering earlier in the week. We had to contact the landlord so frequently that we were tired of talking to that negro and ignored the flickering. Now the electrician that didn't fix the box the first time, had to come out again.

There were a lot of geckos, especially in the house. They were quick and scared the crap out of us. Plus, they left poop on the walls, window sills, and even the roof! Solid or streaky, these geckos were poopers. When we moved in there was dried gecko poop on the wall, frickin' geckos. I had two A/C units in my room because the original one was broken, and a newer was one installed on the opposite side of the same wall. I swear the geckos had a nest in the broken one. I had an unfortunate gecko murder. My janky ass window fell and trapped one of them in between the panes of glass. It was a sad and traumatic day. Both of my windows needed a piece of wood to stay open and one morning when I was getting the wood situated, a gecko came from nowhere and scared me. I dropped the window and its body got trapped. I tried to open the window again and the body separated from its head. There was a male security guard working that day and I had to ask him to remove the gecko. I was traumatized. The guard was like, well the gecko had to learn the hard way, something my parents often said. The geckos did avoid my window for a few weeks though.



Family

My family is the best. They made our Guyana experience. Aunt Joyce cooked for us SEVERAL times per week and Dick (her son and one of my gazillion cousins), would bicycle the food over on his way home from work. I know Aunt Joyce strong armed him into stopping by to pick up food for us on days he wasn't planning on visiting her, but we sure did appreciate it! Lester was always willing to take us somewhere, the mall, the market, Mattai grocery store, a family member's house, and he kept filling us up with dahl phouri. He was the first person to take us to the sea wall for that breeze! Vanessa helped us figure out the lay of the land, including Sawida's visa extension and food ordering from Maggie's, which we did at least once a week. Maggie's delivered lunch to our door!

Fern took us to get our phones situated and was our general Georgetown knowledge source. Cousin Nickey and Baby cooked us a delicious meal when we hung out at Nickey's house, shooting the breeze in the breeze. Nickey invited us to a late night party but the next day was a school (work) day for me. It was a holiday for the rest of the country, and I did not take a party nap, so I had to roll out early. I was introduced to the El Dorado there, that was a delicious rum and coke! Now I know I should take off work in conjunction with the local holidays! We visited Auntie Malva, spent a few days in Linden with Aunt Eileen and Uncle Vic, went to Haslington and saw Johnny and Joy, saw Michael again, and met all of Uncle Allen's sisters and some of their kids / grandkids—so more cousins. **A HUGE THANK YOU to my whole family.**



Fun Times in Georgetown

One day we heard the ice cream man and frantically started looking for our money and unlocking the doors. Why were we running for some ice cream like 10 year-olds. I'm talking full on Flo Jo. The quality of the ice cream was superb, but my lactose issues meant I could rarely indulge! Another day I really wanted some breakfast before my 10 a.m. meeting. It was 9:50 and I was like I can make it to this bakery and back in time! I put on my sneaks and took off. Everyone I ran past told me to slow down. I was officially in the Caribbean where the pace of life is slower, and running is unnecessary! The only other folks I ever saw running were the white people in the neighborhood who were running to exercise, not to get some fatness from the bakery!

Walking around Georgetown was experience in itself. I got called sexy baldhead by one of the street vendors. I had never been called sexy baldhead before, but I took it as a complement. When we walked with my cousin, Fern, I noticed how the men were drawn to her statuesque beauty. They were eyeing Fern up and saying hello! Mommy's side of the family definitely walks with an air of confidence. We out in these streets knowing we cute! One day shortly after we arrived, I put on this cute little dress I got on super clearance from the Old Navy but had never worn. It was perfect for the Caribbean. In the boob area it was well layered and snuggly, so a bra was unnecessary, and had a flowy bottom that came to about mid-thigh. In Guyana, it was hot in February and I had just come from the cold U.S.A. It was time for me to put on my spaghetti strap sun dress and walk to Aunt Joyce's house.

I considered putting on my breezy undies that day too, but then my Granny (who has long passed on) popped into my head talking 'bout, "Kose must always were your slip." At first I was begrudging, like 'Granny it's hot, I don't want to wear my slip, I really just want to wear my ventilation panties,' but I capitulated and put on my slip shorts. Then me and Sawida set out. That breeze I loved so much came out of nowhere and kept blowing up my dress. Granny prevented the streets of Georgetown from a cheek-plosion. This old dude on a bike rode past and was like, "You must hold you down your skirt." Thank you sir, now can you make the wind cooperate because it's much stronger than my two hands, mmmmm. After that I only wore that dress in the house and then left it Anguilla for my tiny cousin.

Georgetown has an *extraordinary* number of churches of ALL denominations, everywhere. I had not seen that many places of worship for so many different religious branches in so few city blocks before. There was Apostolic, Catholic, Jehovah's Witness, Baptist, Seventh Day Adventist, Methodist, Pentecostal, Church of Christ, Reformers, Redeemers, Evangelical. I'm pretty sure I saw the Presbyterians too. There were temples, tabernacles, houses of worship, a Salvation Army. There were also several masjids (mosques) and even a Baha'i faith place. The only group I did not see represented was the Jewish faith, but I wouldn't be surprised to find a synagogue the next time I go back. If you were looking for a deity, you could find one in GT!

Additionally, Georgetown definitely has a trench issue, the whole country does. It is the sewer system left over from Dutch colonial rule and it gets super stinky, especially when the water is stagnant and folks dump garbage into the trench. It's worse in Georgetown because so many people live there. There is also a lack of recycling, trash collection problems, and a disputed 2020 election. The U.S. is accused of meddling in the election and folks think the oil has something to do with that. Everywhere in the world is going to have its stuff, but any woes, housing or otherwise, were outweighed by our proximity to family, the location of Peter Rose Street in Georgetown, and that breeze that was giving us life!

Stay tuned for Part 2, deployed to your inbox by January 31.

The Conclusion of Nekose's adventures as a digital nomad will include:

- The visitors & excursions in Guyana • Dating in the Caribbean • Vaccination hiatus in the U.S.
- Anguilla & Sint Maarten / Saint Martin (SXM) • Shenanigans at work
 - Home for good in October '21•