

## TREKKING WITH TERESA

### LANGTANG EXPEDITION – OCTOBER 2012



#### MONDAY OCTOBER 15:

After an unpleasant stopover in Doha due to overbooking I spent a great weekend in Kathmandu. It was much warmer than I had anticipated and the monsoon lingered on in the form of evening showers. I caught up with Isabel and Netra then Dorje returned from his big Dolpa expedition. He is certainly carving a niche for himself these days – something I am encouraging. He has taught me so much about trekking but perhaps a little of my business nouse has rubbed off on him. Before the customers arrived I had a job to do at Bright Future. My hairdresser in Germany had given me all her little boy's clothes and shoes and I had raided my local Red Cross shop for more. I hijacked the kindergarten kids and, with Netra's help, kitted everyone out with something new. The two who missed out were taken to the clothing store across the street where we found sturdy black canvass cargo pants and cheerful t-shirts.



Lunchtime sees me out at the airport for Elizabeth Towers (Clifton Springs) who is coming in a day early. We have our lunch in the sunny garden at Muna Cottage and then Liz gets to put her jet-lagged feet up for a few hours while I sort out some trekking gear. Later on Carol Brisbane (Choti), from Geelong, arrives by jeep from Pattale, Dorje's home village, where she has been working at the new medical clinic for a week or so. She described the ride down to Kathmandu as 'hell on wheels'. 14 people in a jeep for 24 hours. Not nice! She looks well though and loved her experience up at Pattale.

TUESDAY OCTOBER 16:

I walked up to Kapan with Liz this morning and then headed out to the airport for two more arrivals. Kathryn Ritchie and Lisa Stevens are both from Perth and had shared a few training sessions and a Bangkok stopover en route to Kathmandu. No delays and traffic almost reasonable. Bulldozing the buildings built illegally around the main Chahabil intersection has certainly helped the

flow of traffic but it is always an eye-popping ride for first -timers. Lunch in the garden at Muna's. Over to Bouda in the evening for a lap or two of the Kora circuit at dusk and then dinner at the Garden Kitchen. Mangal joined us briefly. Good food and easy company. We are five women on this trek and it feels comfortable already.

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 17:

After a pretty squishy jeep-ride into Thamel we had a good coffee and Danish at the Weizen before getting stuck in. We did our banking, gear shopping and permits for a few hours. Super-down jackets for Liz and Kathy and the usual assortment of sleeping bags, poles, over pants, etc. I bought Bir's little boy Tashi (the surviving twin, now 8) a lovely little down jacket. Adorable!!

We took a long slow trawl through the old bazaars of Tahiti Thole, Assan Thole and Indra Chowk, stopping off at the Linen Club on the way. Kathy wants her favourite dress copied. Lisa and Kathy would like traditional kurta-suruwal and have bought the appropriate set of materials. Next stop was the New Om Sri tailor. Up a rickety staircase to a tiny room where they do a consistently good job. I often put my kurta on inside out as the sewing is so good on the seams I just don't notice. We passed by the United Brands shop for some better quality pants for Kathy. We regrouped and found our jeep – eventually.



We had a go at putting all that new gear into our rucksacks – with varying degrees of success. It didn't help that we were working in the failing light and the power was off. We ate at the nearby Shambala and I ran through the pre-trek briefing over dinner and possibly one too many drinks. A last-minute dash to the supermarket – batteries, loo paper, muesli bar, and then home for an early night. I recall having a shower at 11.45 and I still had lots to do. Did you know you can catch a few winks if you shut your eyes while blow-drying your hair! I am usually too excited to sleep on these pre-trek nights and tomorrow is a lovely, long jeep ride in the countryside – nothing too hard there.

#### THURSDAY OCTOBER 18:

With Lahar, Bir, Subas, Sunder and A.G. we are ten people. Two jeeps were rather luxurious. Had to coerce the drivers into putting the luggage on top so that we could spread out inside. It was a really good ride up to Syabrubensi. We had spectacularly clear views of the Langtang and Ganesh Himal ranges right from the first tea stop at Ranipawa. Our lunch stop was at our usual place in Trisuli – not the shabby overpriced dump the driver took us to last year. I ordered lots of aloo paratha with yoghurt to share. They really make it well here. A quick tea stop at a new place in Dunche gave me the idea to check out the rooms. Huge improvement on the other lodges hereabouts so we made a booking for our return trip. A large part of the road has been resurfaced so, apart from the usual appalling landslide areas – which are still really scary – the trip is not as arduous as it once was. We were in Syabrubensi before 4 pm. The old-style Pottala Guesthouse had little single rooms ready for us and it was warm enough to eat outside on the terrace. The sound of the raging river far below us, ceaseless cicadas and a sliver of new moon. Lovely.

#### FRIDAY OCTOBER 19:

A new sign on the second bridge out of Syabrubensi says 'don't take the bridge' with an arrow pointing straight ahead. We checked with the locals and sure enough there was landslide damage to the regular trail. The trail on the West bank was beautiful. An older, little-used 'local trail' with grass underfoot and, best of all, on the shady side of the valley. In mid-October this is a big deal. A new teashop, still under construction, made us morning tea but we still took a short break at Dovan under the huge waterfall. The climbing got

more serious after that but by now we were in the shade of the forest (jungle). The little collection of lodges that is Landslide was a welcome sight and we devoured huge plates of potatoes. Love those carbs!

It was very steep again after lunch but only took about an hour and a half to Bambu. Most people make it to Lama Hotel on their first day but I find it a bit much, especially given the deterioration of the trail above Bambu. 'Tired' is no way to do that section. Bambu is a great location with sunny terraces right beside the raging river. We spent a very pleasant afternoon in the sun reading.

I admit to being a bit worried about my ability to do this trek. I'd dropped a big metal weight on my foot in late July. I couldn't put a normal shoe on till three weeks before the trek and even then, long walks hurt my toe. I hurriedly did two Zumba classes a week (without shoes) and hoped for the best. At the end of the first day I thought – slow but ok.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 20:



The going is pretty steep in the forest above Bambu but there are lots of pretty places to rest a while. We took tea at the first bridge where the water tumbles out of the hills at an amazing angle. Not quite a waterfall, a 'cataract' maybe? Certainly a huge volume of fast-moving water. Oh to have such a river in Victoria. After tea the trail clings to the riverbank with a few really dodgy landslide areas and broken trails from monsoon rains. It was not as wet as last year (we are two weeks later) and clear skies afforded some tantalising glimpses of snowy peaks up ahead. We stopped at the lovely little Langtang View lodge for lunch. Cold Sprite and Coca-Cola (while it's still affordable) and delicious veg omelettes in soft chapattis.





After lunch it was a very steep climb indeed up to Rimche but after that the trail opened up out of the forest for half an hour. Down lots of stone stairs – such a pity to lose all that lovely altitude – and there was Lama Hotel. Being nestled in the woods it is unfortunately a bit on the cool side. The booked-out Original Lama Hotel sent me off to find an alternative but then their booking phoned to cancel. Perfect timing. We were very happy to have the stove lit in the dining room tonight.

SUNDAY OCTOBER 21:

Pretty much up, up, up all day today. Our first rest was at the riverside beach where we built a stone chorten to rival the others there already. On horribly broken trails we reached Riverside Lodge for tea and a welcome rest. So hot in the sunshine. So cool in the forest.

We made it to Gora Tabela for lunch. Extremely good going. We normally overnight here but it felt way too early to stop. We walked another hour or so to Tyangsyapu. We stayed at the lodge where we normally have our morning tea next day. It was pretty basic and the food was not very good. However,

the rooms were well-made and the stove was a little cracker. Lisa was feeling a bit under the weather but managed some chips in bed. Well done.

MONDAY OCTOBER 22:

Boiled eggs with chapattis made a nice change for breakfast this morning. Another perfect day weather-wise. We made it easily to Langtang in time for lunch. The Eco Lodge was full so we tried the new Sunrise Lodge next door. Great lodge. Really hot showers and excellent cooking. Brand new building. I was prepared to recommend it anyway when I realised we were staying at our friend Nirup's new lodge. He had asked me to stay by phone a few days earlier but I'd said 'No, we have a loyalty to the Eco Lodge'. After dinner there was a big party of singing and dancing organised. I expected the usual Nepali folk songs from local youngsters. Nothing like it. Seven big strong guys with voices to match wearing traditional Tibetan white felt jackets sang in peeling harmonies, joined by the women. I had never heard anything quite like it. Antonio and Tanya (ex Shambala) were staying there by chance too. We all ended up dancing. Could have done without the rancid yak butter on my hair (for luck didi!!!???)



TUESDAY OCTOBER 23:

Sun cream was the order of the day as we set off on another cloudless morning. Walking up to Kyanjin Gomba isn't so demanding but altitude makes

it feel so. Even a gentle climb is an effort as we close in on 3900 metres. We ate our own bread and cheese from the factory at Langtang for lunch. By the time we staggered over the last boulder-strewn ridge into Kyanjin Gomba we were all pretty pooped. Altitude is a great leveller. (Why is that funny?).

Kyanjin Gomba is nestled in a ring of mountains, which keeps some of the cold wind out. Behind a terminal moraine, backed up against Kyanjin Ri with Dorje Lagpa blocking weather from the south. The open valley does continue northwards but takes a sharp left turn which blocks severe north winds. Cosy and beautiful in the extreme.



Just above Langtang this morning Lisa found a camera sitting on a wall. Nobody we passed seemed to be asking so we hung onto it. After arriving at the Norling Lodge for a big mug of hot tea and boots off we set off to do the rounds of lodges in the village. They are mercifully very close together. At the first lodge the staff appeared not to understand a word of my Nepali (that could possibly be my fault). At the second lodge a young porter whooped for

joy and led us to his young American customer. She was over the moon to have her precious camera (with her pictures on it) back safely in her hands. We felt like Santa's little helpers.

The food was good tonight but the dining room was stifling. Quite a lot of Europeans, who like to shut the windows, turn up the heat and then wear hats, down jackets and scarves to dinner. I live in Germany. They are like that at home too. Try opening your car window even a smidge during October to March and you will just about get your hands slapped.

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 24:

Though several of us now have colds we were undeterred this morning. We took our breakfast in the yard in front of the lodge. Far warmer in the sun than anywhere indoors. About ten o'clock we set off up the valley in the direction of Langshisha Kharka. We started off with a cold wind at our backs and the weather just seemed to close in around us as we walked. You only need to get about one hour up the valley from Kyanjin Gomba to see how much more of the Langtang Valley there is. It stretches out for miles in front of you with a great wall of ice and snow forming the border with Tibet across the end (Langtang Ri 7200m). It was great to be out in such rugged alpine terrain but too risky to go further in worsening conditions. The cold wind in our faces on the return trip was horrible in the extreme. I think my cold was getting a bit of a hold on me and the return walk seemed interminable. After we got back to the lodge the weather did close in. It snowed a bit. I bailed out on the day's activities and went to bed with a book. I heard it was an early night.



THURSDAY OCTOBER 25:

Back to beautiful weather today. Early breakfast and then off up Kyanjin Ri around 8 am. I decided not to push my luck health-wise and stayed home to catch up on this journal. I seriously wished I felt better. The view will be fabulous today. Might make it over to the glacier this afternoon.

The women had a great time. They said it was tough but the views were 'awesome'. The front peak is 4400 metres so they climbed well over 500 metres, most of it above 4,000m. Good effort.



The group still had enough energy to join me for a walk out to the glacier after lunch. We didn't go as far as last year's group but Carol and Liz persuaded Subas to take them rock-hopping to look over the top of the ridge. They'd seen a lake there from the top of Kyanjin Ri this morning. Once again – 'tough

but worth it' was the consensus. Subas did the whole thing in a pair of flip flops. Ate chips and drank coca cola for dinner tonight and didn't give a fig!

#### FRIDAY OCTOBER 26:

It was a long way down to Gora Tabela today. Fourteen kilometres actually. It flew by really quickly at first and we were easily in Langtang by eleven. Really hot basking in the sunshine waiting for our lunch order. The descent started to drag on a bit after lunch though the walking was fairly easy. The steep gullies across terminal moraines were hot and dusty but it was cold enough to put your warm hat on over the more exposed ridges. My feet had had enough by Tyangsyapu but we still had a good hour to go. The lower trail was beautiful. Green with lush grasses and all the yaks, cows and horses down from the high pasture for the winter enjoying the bounty.

Our lodge of choice was full up on arrival. Bugger! They reckon I said 25<sup>th</sup>. I am 'almost' certain I didn't. Anyway, we are in the rather down-market lodge next door. Typical old-style lodge with short-cut timber floors, gaps everywhere and rooms you can scarcely turn around in. It will have to do. There are plenty of gardens and woodlands around the house for those (me included) who find the outdoor loo a 'bit much'. Hope my knees and hip hold up ok on the steeper descents tomorrow. This is the most under-prepared I think I have ever been for a trek since the first time in 2000 when I arrived in Manang (at least I got to Manang) with a crappy sleeping bag, useless jacket and no real idea of what I was doing. Just knew that I really liked it.

#### SATURDAY OCTOBER 27:

Last night's lodge was a bit basic and the food was nothing to write home about. However, I slept like a log on a thin mattress; once the yaks had stopped thundering past my window!

It was downhill all day today. Always in the deep, dark 'Hobbit country' forest. Moss-covered boulders strewn about the forest floor and vines, now in Autumn colours, strung from the treetops. Below Lama Hotel, where we collected our stored gear, the trail really is awful. Bad enough coming up but very demanding downhill. It is particularly disappointing when the permit fee for this area has risen from 1,000 rupees to 3,000 rupees in one go and

absolutely nothing has been done to fix the dozens of landslides across the trail except temporary and barely-usable repairs. On the worst corner, where missed footing could lead to disaster, we were especially careful. We learned later that two women, one German and one French, died here a few weeks earlier. We counted our blessings that we had fantastic porters. A strong hand to grasp on a dodgy corner was a treasure. Something needs to be done here. Can we all please write to the Nepali Consulate or the Tourism Board. I will find some email address. Stay tuned.

Bambu lodge had the same rooms ready for us and the food was great. Veggie spring rolls with perfect chips and tins of tuna. The apple pies were so good we plan to have them for breakfast tomorrow. I love the sound of the river rushing by here. I checked it out by moonlight and it was gorgeous.

SUNDAY OCTOBER 28:

It was cool when we set out at 8 am for a descent through the forest to Landslide and then the Thulo Syabru turnoff. Lahar set a cracking pace; I found myself almost jogging at the back to keep up. It didn't take long to find the uphill turnoff and that slowed things down a bit as we spent the next hour slogging up through dense bambu jungle. Lisa and I gradually fell off the pace and then stopped altogether for a while to watch a family of languor monkeys playing in the treetops. We reached the teashop on the ridge way too early for lunch. In fact we were at the huge bridge by 11 am. Unheard of speed. I found it a hard slog up to the village of Thulo Syabru. It didn't help that it was hot and sunny and I couldn't find my hat. I don't think the rest of the group found it too bad, especially 'Fit Liz' as we call Liz Towers, as distinct from 'Favourite Liz' as we refer to my friend Lizzie Dobson.

The Snowfall Lodge is FANTASTIC! Finally, a great place to stay in Thulo Syabru. The rooms are well-furnished, attached bathrooms are clean and function properly with hot water. When I finally flopped down on my bed I burst out laughing at how soft the mattress was. I am writing this in our warm dining room having eaten spaghetti with wild mushroom and tomato sauce. We met some interesting people today.

MONDAY OCTOBER 29:

Free Day. Late breakfast, reading in the sun, washing clothes, gazing at the scenery – bliss!

TUESDAY OCTOBER 30:



A 1000 metre climb today. It was our hardest day so far. Steep uphill right from the off and hot too as we are only at 1900 metres. We arrived panting at the Beautiful View lodge for morning tea. The name says it all. Once we entered the forest of huge oaks and hemlocks the shade was much better but it was still hard work. When you break out into the sun again on the far side of the woods you know you are on the 'home stretch'. The final third of the 'big climb'. Of course, now you are tired so it really hurts. The day was fabulously clear as we mounted the saddle at Chalangpatti where two indistinguishably grotty lodges serve a reasonably good lunch. The food took ages to prepare which was a good thing for us. The views were wonderful on both sides of the narrow ridge and the rest did us good. Fed, watered and rested we easily walked the hour or so to Sin Gomba. This part of the trail is relatively easy and wanders through a forest of giant cedars and rhododendrons. Autumn leaves underfoot made the going pleasant. The Red Panda was full up so we tried the brand new Yak and Nak. It turned out to be a great choice. The rooms all had

attached bathrooms with hot showers, the family were really friendly. The electric stove in the kitchen was churning out fresh bread and cinnamon rolls. I bought a huge lump of excellent yak cheese from the local dairy. Pre-dinner rum and coke with bread and cheese. Too good.



Subas, A.G., Sunder, Bir, Kathryn, Carol, Liz, Lisa, me and Lahar.

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 31:

This morning was a perfect walk. A few short climbs to warm up then an easy ridge trail which dove into the deep, dark pine woods after about an hour. Langtang Lirung glistened through the pines as we climbed on a well-made trail with a gentle gradient. Chandanbari opened up ahead of us well before midday. This is another saddle with super views on both sides. We took a long lunch break. Sitting in the sun with crows cawing overhead ‘up, up, up’.

No matter how many times I climb the trail from Chandanbari to Laurebinayak, I always forget how hard it is. Mercifully, it only took an hour and a half for the back-markers; considerably less at the front I suspect. The lodge at Laurebinayak was over-run with loud French trekkers – aka The Storm troopers. Seats around the fire were closely guarded. You have to watch those ‘frogs’ The sunset was lovely this evening.



#### THURSDAY NOVEMBER 1:

By the time we got outside to see the sunrise on the Langtang range we hated the French. How 15 people could make that much noise was beyond me. Banging doors, stomping boots in the corridors and hysterical conversation – ooh la la!! That was the French going to the bathroom en masse at 4.30 am!

Once we were up we made the best of it and were soon schlepping steeply uphill for the last big push – Gossainkund. Straight up out of the lodge was painful. The climb to the top of the ridge with the Binayak (Ganesh) temple seemed endless.





Just over the top we threw ourselves on a grassy ridge and shared some cheese and crackers. There is a sense amongst the group that we are going to make it. The last section up to Gossainkund is so spectacular you hardly notice the degree of difficulty. The altitude becomes a factor again as we close in on 4350 metres. One lake after another comes into view as we climb around impossible craggy ridges of lichen-covered rocks. This afternoon I circled the holy lake with Lisa, Kathy, Carol, Lahar and Sunder ( a huge boost to your karma). Meanwhile, Fit Liz has gone up the actual pass at 4600 metres with Bir. An inspiring effort. They took a rock-hopping short cut to the lake trail which may have been more of a challenge than either of them expected.



#### FRIDAY NOVEMBER 2:

The lodge was full to capacity last night and most of our fellow-trekkers rose at 4.30 am to do the pass. Quite a few of the trekkers seem to use space blankets. Understandable, but they do make a racket packing up in the morning. We ate hot, sticky rice pudding for breakfast (my personal favourite) while a soft dawn crept over the lake below us. We had a beautiful EASY day today. The lakes were calm, the sky streaked with thin cloud and absolutely no wind at all. Best of all – it was all downhill and facing the beautiful mountain scenery. I love this day. Clothes were being peeled off one layer after another and we were soon taking tea on the terrace at Laurebinayak. The gully down to Chandanbari was almost hot as the air became richer in oxygen with each hundred metres of descent. The trees became bigger and the air was full of birds and butterflies. Lizards scampered out of our way. Back at Sin Gomba the Yak and Nak was familiar territory. The solar hot water was great – the cinnamon rolls even better.

#### SATURDAY NOVEMBER 3:

Being a bit sore from yesterdays huge descent (1450 metres) there was some trepidation as we prepared for a similar effort today. It was a warm, sunny day but we started off in the woods and therefore in the shade. It took a fair degree of concentration to remain sure-footed over tree roots and uneven steps. The tea-break at Deorali was a welcome chance to cool down a bit. My legs had been going like pistons for an hour and I was HOT! After a cuppa or

three it was off downhill again. I think we stopped once for five minutes between Deorali and the bottom. I did stop for a moment at the spring to splash some cold water over my neck and arms, but that was it. The little teahouse at the bottom was deserted – unlike last year when a dozen French women sprawled over every available bench while Devi and I huddled in the shade. The sweet-natured young woman cooked us very tasty fried rice in an extremely basic kitchen. Soft drinks were a lovely treat. Apparently Bir made the veg curry for the boys' daal bhat. The last hour or so is fairly easy, unless you take the high road. (Isn't it ALWAYS the high road?). Lisa, Sunder and I finally sought directions when I realised that we had lost the main road. It didn't help that I was on the phone to Eric in Germany. No worries. A couple of local lads showed us the shortcut back to Dunche Tala (lower), a couple of hundred stone stairs – and us with our legs worn down to bleeding stumps already! 'Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!!!'

Our lodge was the usual concrete bunker style one finds here, but a big improvement on the last two visits to Dunche, a grubby little town. The French were having their last night party so we joined in the singing and dancing a little. I can't not mention the mattresses. What were they made of? Looked like a mattress; felt like wood. Barking dogs added to the sensation of being back in civilization. We slept well regardless.

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 4:

A good breakfast though we didn't get away till after 8 am. No drama on the road – unless you count hideous landslides with stupefyingly steep drop offs. The drivers inspired confidence and we arrived at Trisuli for lunch at 10.30! Our driver dropped the car keys into the drain but Lahar fashioned a hook out of stiff wire and soon hooked them out. We ate outside in the sunshine.

The scenery just flew by and we reached Muna Cottage before 4 pm. And such lovely scenery it was too. The Trisuli Valley is massive in scale and intensively terraced with rice. We were lucky to be driving through at harvest time when symmetrical rows of cut rice are laid out to dry. The rice is golden and most of the women harvesting, in groups of a dozen or more, are dressed in red. We did stop once more and bought enough oranges and bananas to snack on all the way home.

Once home at Kapan we raided the supermarket for snacks, chocolate, wine, moisturiser, tissues and nice soap – all the little luxuries we'd missed for 18 days. We feasted for dinner on Muna's wonderful fried rice, chockablock full of vegies. I made a massive fruit salad and Muna served it with thick yoghurt. A bottle of Nottage Hill Cabernet Sauvignon was a real find. Very drinkable.

As I write this it is 9 pm. The BBC World Service is wittering on in the background. People are apparently still treating each other abominably all over the world. What Billy Bragg calls 'the grey men grinding axes' seem to dominate the airwaves along with an inordinate amount of financial news. Ho hum! Plus ca change...

#### MONDAY NOVEMBER 5:

I can hardly remember this day as I write the report weeks later. My notes say we shopped and shopped and shopped. Sounds about right. I remember going to the tailor and collecting the Punjabi suits. Lisa's raspberry raw silk kurta looked fantastic. That reminds me; I have to pick up Kathy's dress which was left for alterations (they made it a bit too big for the slimline, post-trekking Kathy). We squeezed in a lassi at Indra Chowk. Lunch with our guys at the Roadhouse was delicious. Many silk patchwork bedcovers were taken home from Amrita Craft. Carol, Liz and Kathy shared a taxi home. It got lost. This was not the first time this has happened and I am sure it won't be the last. Honesty is not your Kathmandu taxi driver's strong suit. 'Sure, I know that place'!!

#### TUESDAY NOVEMBER 6:

Lisa and Liz did the Everest Mountain Flight. Dorje took them which was lovely for me. Must remember to do that again. Thanks Dorje.

Homeward bound for Kathy and Carol. I am sure I will catch up with both of them in Australia in the New Year. Meanwhile Lisa, Liz and I caught a taxi over to Swayambunath. We had picked a good day to visit. Lots of locals visiting the temples, and loads of monkeys looning around.



Naturally, we called in at Bina's little jewellery shop in Kimdol Bazaar – just to say hullo! I bought silver ear-rings with pearls – not my usual style but nice and bright I thought. Lisa bought a coral ring with similar ear-rings and Liz bought three pendants for her daughters-in law. Liz also replaced her lost (?)

singing bowl with five new ones from a lovely vendor who remembered me from twelve years ago. Uncanny. We rounded off our outing with another great meal at the Roadhouse in Thamel. In the evening we walked over to Bouda just on dusk for a last visit. We were delighted to find the stupa illuminated with thousands of coloured lights and butter lamps. Wonderful.

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 7:

Even Lisa and Liz had to go home today. I got dropped off on my way home from the airport at the new 'KL Tower'; a modern shopping complex in Chahabil. I did buy a lovely new wool kurta (black and red) for winter but it was no use trying to shop. I bailed out, got a taxi home and then slept and slept and slept.....

Thank you ladies – you were great! It never felt like work to me.

Cheers,

Teresa didi

p.s. my own camera was on the fritz during this trek. I got off a few good ones but thanks to Lisa and Elizabeth for contributions. T.

Interested in a trek like this next October? [teresadb@hotmail.com](mailto:teresadb@hotmail.com) or check out the website at [www.slowtrekking.com](http://www.slowtrekking.com) for more info and great pictures.

I am back in Australia till the end of March, mostly in Melbourne but visiting Perth in February. Call me on 0412 54 11 43 or (03) 9315 6980.



See ya !