

The Adventures of a Hard-up, Diabetic Traveller with a Corn Flake Problem

The Supplementary Book - Extra Photos

By Mick Hobday

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Preface

This book contains an extra 400 photos to further enhance your understanding of my favourite experiences from my decade travelling. In case you have bought this book because it's cheaper than the main book, I have included the Introduction to introduce to myself, the book and my style of writing.

The decade starts in September 2002 with me flying to Alaska and ends with me selling baked potatoes to people dressed in medieval body armour from a van near Hastings.

Introduction

Me, Hello

I grew up in the South of England and was diagnosed with diabetes when I was 9, which subconsciously instilled in me a “I’m here for a good time, not a long time” mentality, I guess deep down I thought, that’s it, I’m screwed, might as well enjoy the time I’ve got. I went to college in London, then at the age of 19 went to Nottingham University to study Genetics, intending to cure diseases and build a career in biomedical research. I found the course fascinating but I wasn’t convinced that I wanted to spend my life focusing on such a narrow piece of our reality and when faced with the choice of spending time studying about bacteria or getting drunk and socialising, there was no contest.

One of the most defining moments of my life was during the summer of 2000 when I was studying for my final exams. I was sat in my room, forcing myself to read about the structure of DNA, when I looked out the window and saw people playing football, drinking beer and basking in the sun and from then I knew exactly what I wanted to do with my life, LIVE IT. For my last exam I wrote “this is all very boring and your university is snobby, thank you for your time but I’m off now, Goodbye” then I walked to the pub. With graduation came the prospect of joining the real world, so to avoid that I worked for a year in a call centre doing mundane statistics, before flying to Anchorage on the 2nd September 2002, with a friend I met at Uni.

This was to be a single 16 month trip, from Alaska to Argentina, before settling down to produce my 2.4 kids and begin paying money to the banks. I returned 3 years later after an amazing experience, which turned out to be the springboard for the next ten years. I was then faced with a decision - work 9-5 forever or travel the World. I sat there with a beer mulling it over then my decision was made in an instant when my uncle asked me if I wanted to spend the majority of my waking life working??? And I told him to “Fluff off”.

The Experiences I’ve had

Over the decade I’ve travelled in 60 different countries from 5 different continents and many things have happened, some amazing, some peculiar, some surreal and others disgusting yet memorable. I will go chronologically through the decade, narrating over the less interesting parts and using diary extracts to go into more detail about what I consider to be my highlights.

If I need to convince you to read on, over the years I’ve slept in a Mosque, in a barn, up mountains, in the desert and outside Venice with 200 dogs. I’ve visited ancient sites such as Angkor, Gobekli tepe, Machu Pichu, a lost city in the Colombian jungle and I’ve excavated pyramids in Bosnia. I’ve hang-glided over Rio, Hot-air ballooned over the Valley of the Kings, white water rafted in Ecuador and para-glided in Argentina. I’ve come across a huge variety of animals like hippos, baboons, condors, parrots, llamas, desert foxes, bears, Komodo dragons, loads of different monkeys and an anteater. I’ve been diving with sharks, manta rays, turtles, seahorses, dolphins and I’ve

ridden a camel and an elephant. I've encountered lots of people, the vast majority good and just a few bad (usually immigration and border control). I have received random acts of kindness from shopkeepers, people on buses, an evangelical Christian and in Mauritania a guy even lent me his house.

I've seen huge salt flats, the Sahara, the jungle, walked on glaciers, taken boats down the Amazon, the Nile and the Mekong and I've also cycled over 13000 miles, through 21 European countries, including cycling through the Alps. I've modeled in a fashion show, been interviewed in Spanish on Peruvian radio, I've searched for UFOs in the desert, flown over the Nazca Lines, been to a music festival in the Sahara and I was almost kidnapped by Al-Qaeda.

So locate the safety exits and strap yourself in as I take you through the decade and will hopefully help you appreciate why I do what I do.

The Trips I've made

For the first year of my first trip I travelled from **Alaska to Costa Rica**, followed by 2 years in **South America**, although I returned home from Argentina for 2 months to cycle a famous route from the Northeast tip of Scotland to the Southwest tip of England.

I lived in **New York** for 3 years during which I cycled around **Europe** for 3 ½ months, cycled from Greece to Croatia in 5 weeks, for which I made a documentary called "**Greece Lightning**". I also went on some baby trips to Puerto Rico, to Canada and a 16 day road trip from New York to Texas and back. During my time in the 'Big Apple' I married a tattoo artist in a convertible mustang at a drive-thru chapel in Vegas and worked as a painter/decorator, a doorman, a waiter in a Peruvian restaurant and a cycle courier in the Brooklyn and Manhattan areas.

After New York I went backpacking around **Southeast Asia** for 6 months followed by 5 months living in Barcelona including a 6 week cycle tour of **Spain**.

Next up was 6 months in **West Africa** and a month in **Egypt** before I moved back to the UK to live and work for 18 months.

During the time in the UK I got married for the second time in a castle in Italy followed by a 9 day road trip of Italy, Switzerland and Liechtenstein for our honeymoon. 2012 started with 7 weeks staying with my dad in California then shortly after I took my new wife on her first cycle tour of **Portugal**. Sadly she hated cycling against the wind and up hills so I continued on to Turkey without her and started a 3 month cycle from **Turkey to Croatia**.



Map shows the countries I have eaten corn flakes in

Travelling on a Budget

For me variety is the spice of life, I don't like monotony so I have always funded my travels by doing a variety of different jobs, which, like travelling, provides different experiences. As well as the jobs I had in New York I have also worked as a receptionist, a chef in a supermarket cafe, a night-shift stock replenisher, as a barman, a data analyst, a lab assistant in a cancer research lab, a scuba dive guide, selling spuds from a van and best of all, a leaflet distributor (not all in the last year).

Problem is, if you try different jobs you always find yourself at the bottom of a ladder, earning a low wage so I have generally fought to try and reduce my spending. Over the years I have learnt to be able to travel on a small budget, doing all sorts of things to keep costs low.

I've collected pints worth of beer dregs then taken them back to the bar, saying it tasted funny and exchanging it for a fresh pint. I've always tried to travel overland rather than flying, I've stayed in places for a couple of days to get reduced hotel rates, eaten and travelled with the locals and I've eaten lots of bread as it's cheap. I've cycled a long way, using duct tape to fix things like my bike wheels and I've done a lot of camping, in places such as hotels gardens in Africa or the top of a wall in Rome. If I needed to take a tour I would always look for people to share the cost and when the tours were over-priced I would try and see the attraction myself. I would often travel with somebody to split the cost of a room (and for the companionship of course), so in my diary extracts I will sometimes refer to 'we' and sometimes 'I'.

While writing this book I added up the cost of each trip (Table below) but despite doing all these things to lower my costs I was still surprised to find I had spent so little. £36,800 sounds like a lot but I probably spent a similar amount on alcohol during 3 years at uni and for what I got in

exchange I can't imagine getting better value for money. Out of 3652 days I travelled for 2604 of them, 71.3% of the decade, travelling with an expenditure of £14.13 per travel day.

The Trip	Cost (GBP)
Alaska to Argentina	£21,000
John O' Groats to Landsend	£400
Europe	£1,000
Short Trips from New York	£1,500
Greece Lightning	£500
South East Asia	£4,500
Spain	£600
West Africa	£4,000
Egypt	£700
Portugal	£600
Turkey	£2,000
Total	£36,800

Travelling with Diabetes

My diabetes has always given me strange and confusing experiences, coming from prolonged low blood sugars (I call hypos, short for Hypoglycemia). They just come out of nowhere, with no warning, which has made me look at these diabetic escapades as something interesting rather than something to fear.

When I was younger I did things like head butt a staircase, I threw a bowl of corn flakes at the wall and woke up in a puddle. I've had some trippy experiences too, like when I flew home from Buenos Aires to surprise my family, the house was empty so I fell asleep and had a hypo. I then woke up but not fully conscious and wandered around the house thinking I had died and gone to heaven, which was a pretty emotional experience I can tell you.

I developed diabetes when an ear infection triggered my immune system to attack my pancreas and kill the cells which produce insulin. Ever since that moment I have had to inject synthetic insulin on a daily basis, to enable my body to absorb sugars. I have to pay attention to the amount of carbohydrates and sugars I eat and monitor my blood sugar levels on a regular basis. The reason is the normal blood sugar level ranges from 4.4 - 7.8 mmol/L and anything outside of that leads to complications associated with both low and high blood sugars. The medical profession has always heavily suggested to me that I lead a regular, structured life in order to maintain a controlled blood sugar but I decided early in life that I would be the boss of my diabetes not the other way round. Hypo's and High's happen pretty often as it's easy to mismatch the balance of insulin, food and physical activity and for most of my life beer.

Highs I can handle, they make my muscles feel uncomfortable but about half an hour after injecting, my blood sugar drops and I feel back to normal, although damage is done in the long-term to the nervous and cardiovascular systems. If I don't take any insulin at all, which happened in 1996

when I was drunk for 24 hours and forgot to inject because England beat Holland 4-1 in Euro 96. On this occasion I got acidic blood, Ketoacidosis, and was pretty close to going into a coma but luckily had a doctor's appointment the day after.

Low blood sugars have the most dramatic affect on my life as they affect the brain and my state of consciousness and I can therefore do funny things. A low blood sugar level when I am awake is usually a piece of cake, I have a selection of a number of different symptoms like hunger, weakness, shaking, sweating, confusion, etc, but I eat something sweet and 10 – 15 minutes later I am back to normal. Problems generally occur when I am hypo for a long period of time, i.e. when I'm asleep or drunk and cannot feel my hypo symptoms. My brain is then starved of energy and I can go into a less conscious state of consciousness and survival instincts take over.

When travelling these incidents can create potentially dangerous situations. While on a Balcony in Buenos Aires I developed a twitching body and in Rio I was sat outside a hospital with my gold card in my pocket (I had no insurance), speaking to prostitutes in case I passed out. On several occasions, in Florianopolis, at my friend Robin's house in London and on September 11th 2001, I have suddenly come around and found myself surrounded by medical staff and worried looking people. One great example of a dodgy situation happened when I was travelling through Bolivia and had a hypo while sleeping on a bus. On this occasion and on other occasions, I lost part of my memory and had to **Play Detective to Find My Stuff**, a scary experience but a highlight of the decade.

Below is the diary extract from that day.

"Wednesday 11th February 2004

I didn't sleep very well last night due to some really intense dreams so I just relaxed most of the day in a hammock then jumped on the 6pm bus to Santa Cruz. The journey was pleasant enough although I was asleep for the majority of it, I woke up when the bus arrived so I grabbed my bag and jumped in a hotel right next door to the bus station, in a day-dreamy kind of daze.

Then all of a sudden I am on the street, talking to a security guard dressed only in a pair of shorts, no shoes, no top, just shorts and I couldn't remember how I got there. It took me a while to be able to think straight but my first thought was that I had been drugged on the bus and all my things had been stolen. The security guard (who I was trying to get information from) was trying to help me but there wasn't that much he could do, I had about \$3 in my pocket and my bus ticket and didn't really know what to do, I couldn't even remember what town I was in. A policeman came along and was useless, didn't help and wasn't at all interested.

The security guard found someone to sell me some flip-flops for a \$1 then I flagged down a cab and explained to the driver that I really needed his help, obvious because this wasn't the sort of place many tourists come too, let alone walk around half naked in the middle of the night. I persuaded him to accept the rest of the cash to take me to the bus station, which took about 15 minutes to drive about 20-25 blocks. I asked people at the

station if they had seen me before or knew where my stuff was but nobody had seen me or my stuff before.

I was starting to panic a bit and starting to think what the hell would I do, I didn't even know if there was a UK embassy but if there was it would be in La Paz, a 24 hour bus ride away and I had no clothes, no money, no insulin, well except my shorts and two flip flops, I had nothing. Since I had started to come around from my trance/coma state of mind probably 2 hours had passed, while finding sugar and trying to working out what was going on.

I sat there in the bus station weighing up what I could do and trying to remember what happened to me. I figured I must have arrived in the town with my stuff, most probably at the bus station so thought that I would probably have checked into the nearest cheap hotel. I went to the hotel next to the bus station and asked the woman at reception if she had seen my stuff. She nonchalantly got up from her bed, opened the door to one of the rooms and there spread out all over the room was my bag and my stuff. Words don't do justice to the amount of relief I felt at that time, I think I kissed the woman there, and the taxi driver, who was still kindly trying to help me. I then ate some more sugar and passed out on the bed.

It was such a confusing experience, really messed with my head"

The next day I worked out that I must have had a hypo on the bus and then hours later from my hotel room, woke up and went looking for sugar, wandering the streets looking for an open shop. The next day was very confusing, still a bit like a dream and from that moment on I have always travelled with a tub of sugar in my bag.

Another problem I have faced related to my diabetes is the sell by dates on the insulin and the easily breakable glass capsules they come in. My insulin stopped working in Ecuador as it was out of date so I had to inject more to try and compensate for its reduced effectiveness. In Southeast Asia I smashed some capsules and consequently ran out in Vietnam, I asked in many pharmacies and most didn't stock insulin but I eventually found one which did. Annoyingly it was a different type, as they have fast acting, slow acting and mixtures of them both. I don't know what type the one I bought was but I just injected plenty in the hope that it would stop me getting ketoacidosis again, and it did.

Travelling with Corn Flakes

During the hours of time travelling on buses I wondered if anybody has every visited every country on the planet and as my love for travelling grew I decided I would try and do it. I am sure that somebody must have achieved it throughout the ages so to try and be unique I added some spice to my cause. My aim in life developed into 'eating a bowl of corn flakes in every country in the world', which I figured was probably a unique feat in the entire universe.

The idea developed when I was stoned in Mexico and I devoured a box of corn flakes but I didn't start taking it seriously or taking photos until the end of my European cycle. Now, at the end of the decade, I am choosing beautiful locations or typical scenes from that country and having a full-on photo shoot while I eat.

The Book

As I mentioned I have written this book to inspire people to travel more and to show that it doesn't have to cost that much. I also want to show young diabetics, who are encouraged to lead a structured life, that there are ways to do whatever you want, it's just going to be a little more complicated. And with modern day eating habits going the way they are most people will be diabetic in another decade and I can inspire the world!!

Although I want it to inspire you I must emphasize that this isn't a travel guide, it's more about my experiences, to encourage anyone who is nervous about adventure that anything is possible.

I have kept a daily diary on all my travels (although I sometimes summarize a week) so the experiences are recollect and told from the night that they happened, often written in a tent or a dingy hotel room. I'm re-telling the day to myself, which has helped me to give details about the stories without needing to embellish or make things up. And that's how to see this book, as a collection of short stories told in chronological order, with bits of text to fill in the gaps and talk you through the trips.

There may also be gaps within my trips, where I might have just stayed somewhere for a week or month, relaxing on the beach, partying and meeting locals. For instance I was a socialite in Buenos Aires and in New York, where I didn't write much and probably wouldn't have remembered much the day after anyway. In these cases I will briefly mention them if they include highlights of the decade.

I would like to emphasise that what I say about places and trips are from my point of view; I'm telling things from my experience, some people might read it and disagree with something I say, I might have been somewhere and loved it, you might have been there and hated it. How you feel and what you do can really dictate how you perceive a place, I have visited many places on separate occasions and had different experiences. The first time I went to Cuzco I was treated like a walking wallet so didn't like it very much but when I returned a year later, I spent more time, got to know people and liked it a lot.

The diary extracts are "*in italics and quoted*", the highlights of the decade will be **in Bold**, like **Play Detective to Find My Stuff**, mentioned before the extract you have just read.

I would also like to emphasize that I am not a writer but I wish to exercise my right to write. My language and grammar will not be perfect, I may use words that don't exist, if one needs to be created to fit and there may be some words that I have taken from a guide book at the time, but not many. I apologize in advance for the minor swearing if it offends you, I have removed the vast majority but have left some in when I think they are necessary, although subtly disguised.

I also apologise in advance if I use amazing, great or lovely too much but I have seen a lot of amazing and brilliant stuff and there are years between the extracts in this book, oh and watch out as I love hills covered in jungle. I will just describe something as brilliant or amazing, like an amazing view, well, when it comes to nice scenery, you need to look at photos. For me “great and lovely” mean look at photos so for you I guess they mean ‘for more info Google it’, and if something is amazingly amazing you should go there ASAP.

I have taken thousands and thousands of photos and when choosing ones to include with the book I could only narrow it down to about 600, which I hope will help you live my experiences a little better. Due to size requirements for e-books I have had to put just under 400 in a supplementary book but I have included around 180 in the main book, the ones that divulge the most. They will come after the diary extract (or extracts, if I am re-telling successive days) and I warn you that earlier photos are of a lesser quality, as I started travelling with a film camera. The quality of the photos is also reduced due to editing the size but I have a blog with many photos at a higher resolution.

Below is an example of me eating corn flakes in Malaysia



On the beach, on one of the Perhentian Islands

When people are mentioned I have changed their names, for example my investment banker friend who had to call an ambulance to his house on my behalf, is called ‘Robin Banks’ and if I was to anthropomorphize this book, it would be a man called ‘Paige Turner’.

I might say ‘we’ and you think it should be ‘I’ but I am probably travelling with someone that I haven’t mentioned. I will also throw 2 words together on purpose, like my right to write, a little playing with words to help the world go round. Basically my aim is to communicate what I’ve done so if you understand me then I’ve achieved my goal and I ask you to not be too fussy or pernickety.

I've always tried to travel slowly, to take it all in and to explore places thoroughly, so I hope you enjoy my tales and remember if I can do it, you can too, you don't have to be rich, and people with illnesses shouldn't be put off either.

Chapters with Photos

1. 1 - Alaska to Costa Rica



Flying over Alaska...



...at the start of the decade



Wilderness hiking...



...in Denali Nat.Park



Standing next to Exit glacier, close to Seward



The Harding Ice Field viewpoint from above Exit glacier



Looking out from the Mendenhall Glacier ice cave



The river flowing under the Mendenhall Glacier



On the ferry...



...with the scenic Alaskan coast



The trout struggling to jump up the waterfall



Climbing Mt St Helens – the top



Crater Lake



Huge, 1000 year old redwood trees



Yosemite Nat.Park



Beautiful Utah – Zion Nat.Park



Beautiful Utah – Capitol Reef Nat.Park



Beautiful Utah – Natural Bridges Monument



Diving on Utila, Honduras



An underwater shot, Utila



The Trip to the Corn Islands – the town full of Crack heads



The Trip to the Corn Islands - Sailing along the river, 3 days there...



...45mins back

1.2 - South America



Inca Trail – our group at the start of the trail



Inca Trail – our first view of Machu Pichu



Machu Pichu – getting closer to the ruins



Inca Trail – View of Machu Pichu from Huayna Pichu



Lake Titicaca, Bolivia – one of the reed boats



Lake Titicaca, Bolivia – Floating Islands



Lake Titicaca, Bolivia – the son of the family we stayed with, wearing one of the colourful hats the locals wear



Lake Titicaca, Bolivia – Guinea pig on the BBQ



Flying over the Nazca Lines, Peru



The Candelabra/Big man, Peru



Huancayo – the family I visited after leaving an answer phone message



Banos – the waterfall and laundry



Banos – twisting the sweet stuff



Banos – Rafting when we fell from the boat



Riding on the train roof, Ecuador



Boating down Amazon River – we were usually quite far from the jungle



Boating down Amazon River – the railway museum, Porto Velho



The bus which took 42 hours to reach Trinidad, Bolivia



Pantanal Tour – going horse riding



Pantanal Tour – a tree eating another tree



Pantanal Tour – the caiman the guide caught



Pantanal Tour – the beautiful sunset



Rio – one of the famous beaches



Rio – a street carnival



Rio – Hang-gliding over the city



Sao Paulo – the MASP building



Foz do Iguazu – my first taste of the amazing waterfalls



U.K Cycle Trip – camping next to Ben Nevis



U.K Cycle Trip – at the top of Ben Nevis



Buenos Aires - Back to South America with all the protesting



Paragliding in Cordoba, Argentina



Paragliding – taken while I was flying



Siete colores, North Argentina – a valley with 7 different coloured rocks



Mine Tour, Potosi – cerro rico, the heavily mined hill



Mine Tour, Potosi – buying the TNT and dynamite in the market



Mine Tour, Potosi – the offering to the spirit of cerro rico



Cabo Polonio, Uruguay – the view from our beach hut for over a week



Foz do Iguazu, Brazil – the beautiful falls...



...this time from the Argentinean side



Che Guevara country – the launderette where they displayed his body



Che Guevara country – me doing the porn-star pose I did when I was tranquilized



La Paz, Bolivia – cycling the most dangerous road in the world



Dangerous Road Cycle – starting in the mountains...



Dangerous Road Cycle – ...with a 64km descent



Dangerous Road Cycle – a thin road and a long drop



Dangerous Road Cycle – many vehicles have fallen



Dangerous Road Cycle – at the end of the 64km trip



Tiwanaku – the ancient ruins



La Paz – passengers fighting protestors at the train station



Catching the train to the Uyuni Salt Flats



Uyuni Salt Flats...



...with the mountains reflecting in the flooded salt flat



Uyuni Salt Flats – the salt hotel



Uyuni Salt Flats – the beautiful scenery



Uyuni Salt Flats – made me think of Salvador Dali



Uyuni Salt Flats – some lakes...



...of the coloured



Geysers in Chile



Geysers in Chile – me standing on one



La ciudad perdida, Colombia – the cocaine factory



La ciudad perdida, Colombia – the farmer demonstrating how to make it



La ciudad perdida, Colombia – the indigenous village



La ciudad perdida, Colombia – 1200 steps up to the ruins



La ciudad perdida, Colombia – markings on the rocks, maps we were told



The Mud Volcano near Cartagena, Colombia



The Mud Volcano – getting in



Back stage at the Fashion Show, Colombia



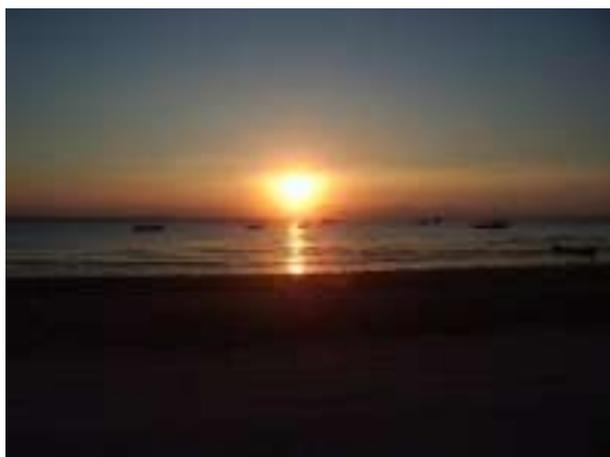
Tango with Dad...



...and the professionals



Speedboat Brazil – fresh fish



Speedboat Brazil – a great sunset

2 - New York



From Top of the Empire States Building...



...the people look like ants



Working on door in Manhattan



Shoot the Freak, Coney Island



"Big" Piano



Road trip 2005 – Elvis's house



Road trip 2005 – New Orleans after Katrina



Road trip 2005 – Even this Rich restaurant was wrecked by the storm



Puerto Rico – on the beach finding and eating coconuts



Canada 2007 – the hunters room



Canada 2007 – shooting in the woods



Canada 2007 – the big freeze



The Big Freeze



Niagra Falls – beautiful falls...



...and tacky tourist stuff



Wedding Photo – taken outside the drive-thru chapel



Manu Chao playing in the Park, 2007



Me and Robin outside the Federal Reserve

3 - European Cycle



Starting the trip in Cherbourg, France



5 Days of Horrible Conditions – the rain coming into my tent



The Loire Valley, France



Cutting my hair with scissors and taking photos to spot the bits I missed



Cinque del Terre Nat.Park



Cinque del Terre Nat.Park – one of the 5 towns



Pisa , Italy



Tuscany



Rome – the Colosseum



Rome – the Pantheon



San Marino – the statue of liberty



Venice



Lying in field sick and accused of fishing close to Slovenia



Lying in field sick – the view



Crossing the Alps, Austria



Entering the Lake District



Halstatt – the Austrian Lake District



Prague - torture museum



Schloss Castle POW Camp – the tunnel they escaped through



Germany World Cup – Korean TV being filmed on the street



Germany World Cup – a fan fest



Germany World Cup – celebrating with the Germans in Berlin



Germany World Cup – the Berlin wall



Germany World Cup – a photo from one of the excellent Berlin museums



Germany World Cup – a church with no roof



The Festival – that ended with a big storm

4 - Greece Lightning



My Equipment



Athens – the acropolis



Leaving Athens – crossing the Corinth Canal



The 15 mile climb – the steep roads



The 15 mile climb – the monastery built into the cliff, on the way up



The Burnt Countryside after the Greek fires in 2009



The huge bridge I cycled across...



...the crossing



Waking Up to Olive Harvesting



Delphi – the fantastic view



Delphi – some of the interesting artefacts



Meteora – monasteries on top of huge rock pillars



Meteora – two of the many monasteries in the area



Blizzard mountain crossing, Metsovo



Skinning sheep on the side of the road, Albania



Oil pumps were all over the place, Albania



The Very Friendly locals – this guy lent me his phone and bought me a beer



Albania - Bars in petrol stations



Albania – the truck ride to capital



Albania – my beer with the evangelical Christian



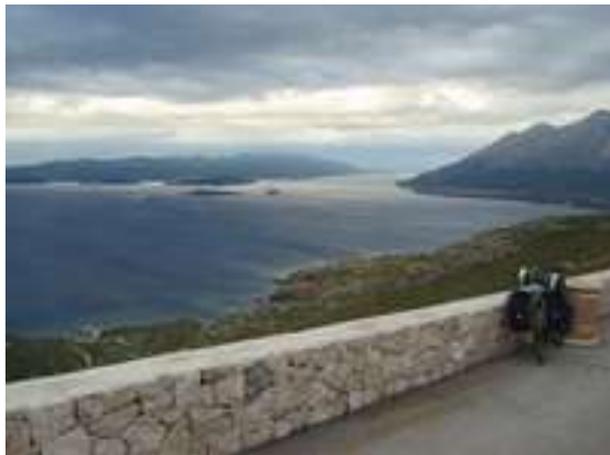
The view before descending in to Kotor, Montenegro



Dubrovnik, Croatia



The Adriatic Coastline – a lovely part of the world



The Adriatic Coastline – Overlooking the island of Korcula



The Field I was lying in for 2 days, Croatia

5 - Southeast Asia



Bangkok – amazing temples



Bangkok – Thai boxing



Bangkok – Buddha's



Eating insects near Chiang Mai



Jungle Tour – riding an elephant



Jungle Tour – kissing an elephant



The Elephant Sanctuary – an elephant painting



The Elephant Sanctuary – an elephant in hospital, on an I.V



The town of Lopburi, Thailand, full of monkeys



Getting My Bamboo tattoo



Ladyboy waiter(ess), Thailand



Golden Triangle, Thailand – a local smoking opium



Golden Triangle, Thailand – poppies oozing opium



Golden Triangle, Thailand – a poppy field



Boat to Luang Prabang – the scenery



Boat to Luang Prabang – the boat



Boat to Luang Prabang – sitting at the back with plenty of room



Luang Prabang – a temple



Temple – some great detail



Luang Prabang – the bike I hired



Luang Prabang – the Mekong flowing through the valley



Luang Prabang – the monks, begging...



...and a local giving them food



The Plain of Jars – carved rocks like jars



The Plain of Jars – with lids



The Plain of Jars – lids with markings on them



The Plain of Jars – fields and fields of them



Tubing Down the Mekong...



...in Vang Vieng, Laos



7km long cave – sailing through the mountain



7km long cave – the usual cave formations



7km long cave – coming out the other side



The Ruins of Champasak - animal carvings on rock



Animal Carvings on Rock – an elephant



Some Paddy fields...



...and some women working them



Getting everything from their vehicles



S21 Tuol Sleng Genocide Museum – an art piece from one of the survivors



S21 Tuol Sleng Genocide Museum – class rooms turned to prison cells



A Monument - for those who lost their lives...



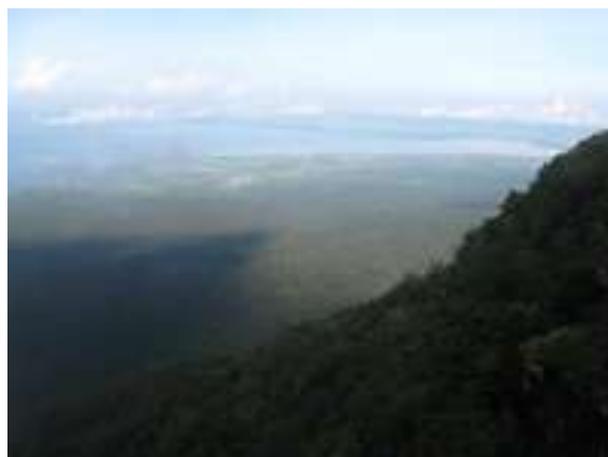
...full of Skulls



One of many decapitated people in Cambodia



Bokor Hill Station – the abandoned town



Bokor Hill Station – the view the casino



Bokor Hill Station – the water tank that looked like a UFO in the clouds



The Angkor Complex – Angkor Wat



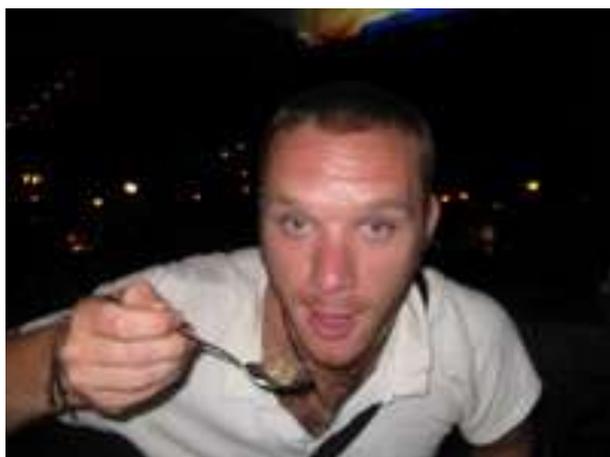
The Angkor Complex – one of the many temples



The Angkor Complex – detailed carvings



The Angkor Complex – trees growing on top of some temples



Trying Ox testicles in Cambodia



Cycling a Rickshaw in Melaka, Malaysia



Singapore – having a Singapore sling



Singapore – the deathstar I bought for Hammond



Singapore – no chewing gum



Singapore – All the ships in one of world's biggest ports



Borneo – Baku Nat.Park



Borneo – Niah Caves



Borneo – Niah Cave petroglyphs



Longhouses – driving the boat



Longhouses – smoking natural tobacco nearly sent me to sleep



Longhouses – women with blue arms and big ear lobes



Longhouses – a lovely meal cooked for us



Longhouses – wearing a wedding dress



Ferry Ride to Indonesia– drawing on one of the locals



Ferry Ride to Indonesia – friendly people



Sulawesi – boat roofs



Sulawesi – dolls outside the burial chambers



Sulawesi – coffins full of bones



Sulawesi – coffins up on the cliff



Bali - Magic mushrooms in shops



Sumba – a big carved tomb



One of the 3 coloured lakes on Kelimutu Volcano



Me and the Boys on the Boat Trip



Komodo Dragons in Indonesia



Komodo Dragons – there were 9 in this area



Bali – a traditional dance



A Traditional Dance – stamping out the fire barefoot



Mt Bromo, Java



Dieng Plateau – pipes coming from the ground



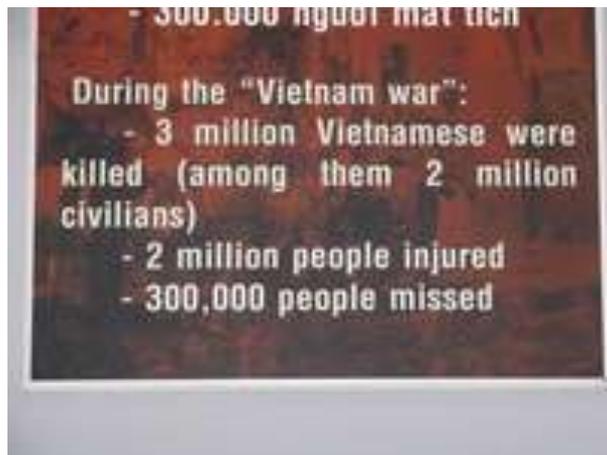
Dieng Plateau – boiling mud



Evidence of atrocious American behavior during the Vietnam War



The Effects of Agent Orange



Some Interesting Stats

6 - Spain



las fallas Festival – the caricatures in the light



las fallas Festival – the caricatures alight



Benidorm – chips and mushy peas



La ruta de las pueblos blancos – mountains covered in white towns



La ruta de las pueblos blancos – one of the towns



Weird Gibraltar – English road signs



Weird Gibraltar – English roads



The Seville Festival



To Remember my Cow Piss Story



Avila – the castle town



Harsh Conditions After Madrid – drying my wet tent in the wind



Harsh Conditions After Madrid – seeing what faces me ahead



Harsh Conditions After Madrid – not having fun



Using budget ways to fix my bike



Approaching Montes de Leon



Las medulas - Roman Gold Mine



Picos de Europa – beautiful scenery



Picos de Europa – a brilliant descent...



...following the river



The tunnel I was lucky enough to get a lift through



Following the Camino del Santiago



The Pyrenees Mountains

7 - West Africa



Chefchaoen – a lovely mountain town



Fes – dyeing skins in a tannery



Ait Benhaddou – a little mud village



Ait Benhaddou – buildings made of mud



Drinking outside a warehouse selling alcohol



The Sahara – a camel at Erg Chebbi



The Sahara – flying my kite



The Sahara – the sunrise



Climbing Mount Toubkal – on the way up



Climbing Mount Toubkal – where I camped at the refuge



The Blue and Red Rocks



Crossing the border with burnt out cars



Commando's Shanty Town House



Inside the House, where I slept the night



Climbing on to the Iron ore train ride



Riding the train East...



...with one coming back full of ore



Cheikh – a very nice hotel owner we stayed with



The Sahara in Chinguetti...



...beautiful scenery for some flakes



Dogon Country – a fairy tale place for some flakes



Dogon Country – a little friend I made



Dogon Country – a hunter's trophies



The Festival in the Sahara – the crowd assembling near Timbuktu



The Festival in the Sahara – a band



The Festival in the Sahara – a local



The Festival in the Sahara – another local



Djenne Mosque



A Really Old Car – typical of the journeys



Termite Mounds – in the pays bissari



Gambia boat Ride – we saw lots of hippos



A Beach Full of Crabs – in Senegal

8 - Egypt



The White desert...



...spectacular scenery



The White desert – great formations



Great Formations...



...as the sun was setting



Roman Mummies in the Desert...



...my brother looking inside



Karnak Temple - pillars



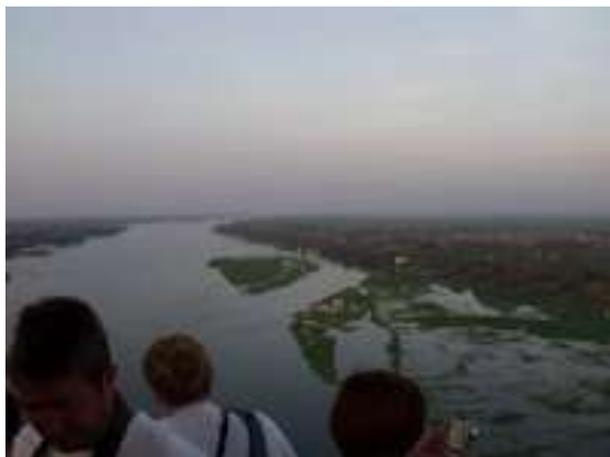
Karnak Temple - statues



Hot air balloon Ride over Valley of the Kings...



...and over farm land...



...and the Nile



Taking a felucca down the Nile...



...and steering the ship



Taking a felucca down the Nile – trying on clothes with the Captain



Having Some Flakes at Giza...



...and sharing some with the sphinx



Giza - Pyramid with the capstone



The Step Pyramid – in Saqqara



Inside the Red Pyramid



Inside the Red Pyramid – looking out



The Red Pyramid



The Bent Pyramid

9 - Wedding in Italy to Portugal



Malcesine on Lake Garda, Italy



Malcesine – walking down from the castle where our wedding ceremony was



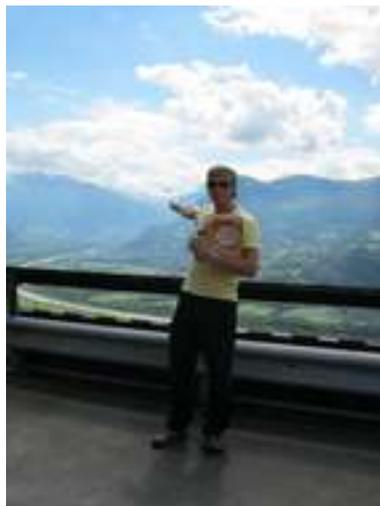
Malcesine – outside the castle



Malcesine – champagne toast by the lake



Malcesine – the evening bash



Our Honeymoon – Corn Flakes in Liechtenstein



Our Honeymoon – the Swiss lake district



The Chem Trails – over Sedona, Arizona



The Chem Trails – looking very dirty hours later



UFO Tour – the diner we went to



Monument valley...



...amazing scenery



Utah Again – Canyonlands Nat.Park



Utah Again – Arches Nat.Park



Utah Again – Bryce Nat.Park



The Douro Valley – lots of tiered vinyards...



...and beautiful scenery...



...this was taken from the train



Monsanto – a town built around boulders



Monsanto – with houses on top of some of them



Cromeleque dos Almendres - A Henge in Portugal



Cromeleque dos Almendres – the best place we camped on the cycle trip...



...and a great place to watch the sunrise

10 - Turkey to Croatia



Camping in a Mosque – the building site that took me 5 minutes to walk across



Camping in a Mosque – my bed for the night



Ephesus – the library



Ephesus – Roman ruins in Turkey



Kaya Koyu – the abandoned town



Kaya Koyu – abandoned houses



Myra – rock cut temples



Flames coming from the Ground near Antalya...



...there were people cooking on them



Pammukkale – a beautiful area with mineral deposits...



...a great place for sunset



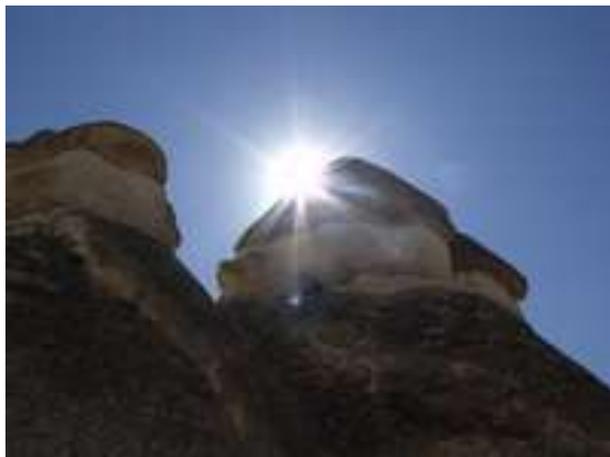
Cappadocia - Kaymakli the underground city



Cappadocia – some flakes



Cappadocia - great rock formations...



...of all sorts of shapes



Cappadocia – a cathedral cut in to the rock



A Cathedral – some of the frescoes



Nemrut Dagı – remains of some huge statues at the top of a mountain



Gobekli Tepe – interesting statues...



...looks alien to me



Gobekli Tepe – there are four 11,000 year old henges in the desert near Syria



Gobekli Tepe – with carvings on them



Hasankeyf – a soon to be buried town



Bazda Cave – there were refugees living inside



Bazda Cave – again carved with right-angular walls



Bazda Cave – the refugees



Perperikon – hilltop ruins in Bulgaria



Perperikon – with some amazing shapes carved into the rocks



Some of the shapes



Some of the shapes



Some of the shapes



Lift Up the Mountain - from a policeman on a tractor...



...heading towards the mountains



Cycling from Montenegro to Bosnia – the beautiful coloured lake...



...and then after a dam, a river



Bosnian Pyramids Experience – a corn flake shot with Dr. Sam Semir Osmanagich



Bosnian Pyramids Experience – removing part of the Pyramid of the Sun



Bosnian Pyramids Experience – the Dragon Pyramid

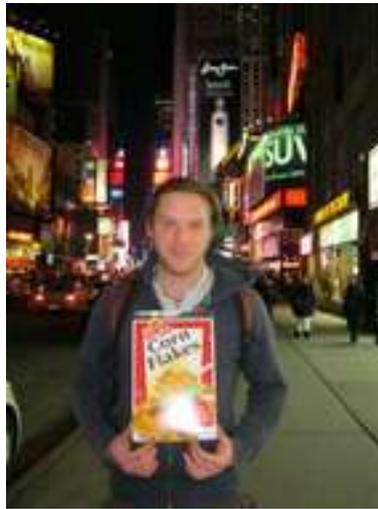


Bosnian Pyramids Experience – excavating with some flakes



Medieval Festival – the van we were selling potatoes from

11 - Extra Corn Flakes Shots



Corn Flakes In U.S.A – Times Square, New York



Corn Flakes In Bulgaria – next to one of many fields full of sunflowers



Corn Flakes In Morocco – at Ait Benhaddou



Corn Flakes In Portugal – one of many hilltop castle towns



Corn Flakes In Senegal – next to some typical boats



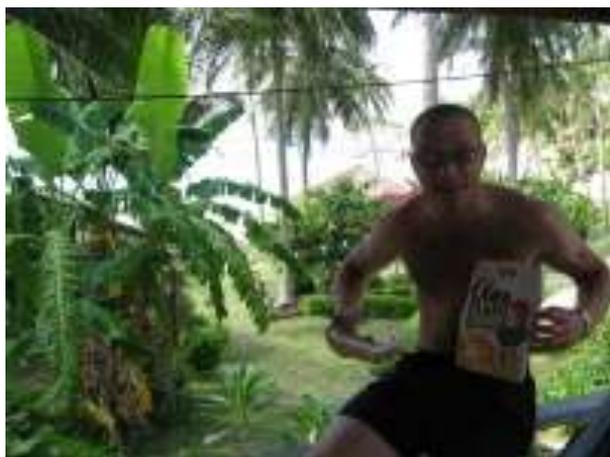
Corn Flakes In Singapore – amongst the tall buildings



Corn Flakes In Spain – in Barcelona



Corn Flakes In Switzerland – annoyed as the Matterhorn was in the clouds



Corn Flakes In Thailand – on one of the islands



Corn Flakes In the U.K – at the famous Stone Henge