

16.

Last day in the Jungle.

Dolphins. Pink dolphins and grey dolphins. Apparently they can turn into people and have a habit of making local girls pregnant. They always wear hats to hide their holes. I have stopped wearing a hat.

Went swimming in the Amazon, which is pretty cool. More importantly did not catch a knob fish, and I suspect the girls enjoyed eyeing up my lardy, peeling, burnt and bite ridden body.

Finally we have done Jungle and the endless return to Lima begins.

Lima – Paracas.

We bush camp on the cliffs in Paracas national park. The scenery is stunning, the currents lethal. I get soaked just paddling. I create a scale replica of Chan Chan in sand and offer to give tours. No one is keen. Then its bar-b-que & punch night – It's not pretty or clever. I sleep out on the cliff top. The surf shines in the moonlight and the waves sing me to sleep. Life is good.

Paracas – ballestos islands – some oasis – Nazca.

The sun rises over the cliffs and warms my sleeping bag. It's a nice way to wake up. The others emerge zombie like from their tents. There is a large amount of post punch trauma. What these people need is a boat trip.

First we visit the 'famous' candelabra carving in the cliffs.

17.

According to Mr Van Dankin this is a guide marker for spaceships landing at the Nazca lines. According to the locals Mr Van Dankin is a twat. Then on to the ballestos islands or isle de guano. So worried by the erosion of these islands the government has restricted the guano harvesting to once every four years. The harvest has just happened and still the smell is impressive. Lord knows what it's like pre-harvest. There are a lot of birds and sealions. Red crabs crawl over the rocks and people are shat on by passing cormorants. I take several photos of rocks near penguins. I really enjoy the trip, even more so as many are suffering. On the way back the boat runs out of fuel 100 yards from the key. Getting off the boat I stand on the bottom of my trousers and down they come. The dock workers applaud politely.

Then it's off to some oasis town (Ica apparently) where you can dune surf or ride in mad max style dune buggies. Alternatively if you have a bad shoulder you can sit in the shade eating crab soup and drinking cold beer.

On to Nazca and the famous lines. We stop at the viewing tower. 1 sol seems expensive (20p) but I pay. Half way up I decide it's all too high and go back down. Since I only went half way up I attempt to get half my money back. The girl refuses but shows me some pictures of the lines.

The campsite has a pool, bar, deformed giant tortoise and clean flush toilets. Hooray. In the evening there is a video on the lines. Basically no one has a clue what they were for apart from Mr Van Dankin, who is a loony. I sleep through much of it.

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Nazca.

Did the flight over the lines because you have to. I got to sit in the front because I am 'gardo'. I suspect this does not mean I look like a co-pilot.

Unfortunately you get no sense of perspective with the lines so they're difficult to appreciate – particularly when your main priority is not vomiting.

Finally we landed, green but safe. The rest of the day was spent by the pool. Cold beer, girls in bikinis, sunshine – who needs bloody Temples.

Nazca – Arequipa.

Day in a truck. In the evening the seriously ill went to the doctors & were diagnosed with amoebic dysentery, the rest of us ate lama and got drunk. Lena left the trip (bad back).

Well, my diary is in Arequipa.
I am in La Paz.

Having a fantastic time.

Rich.