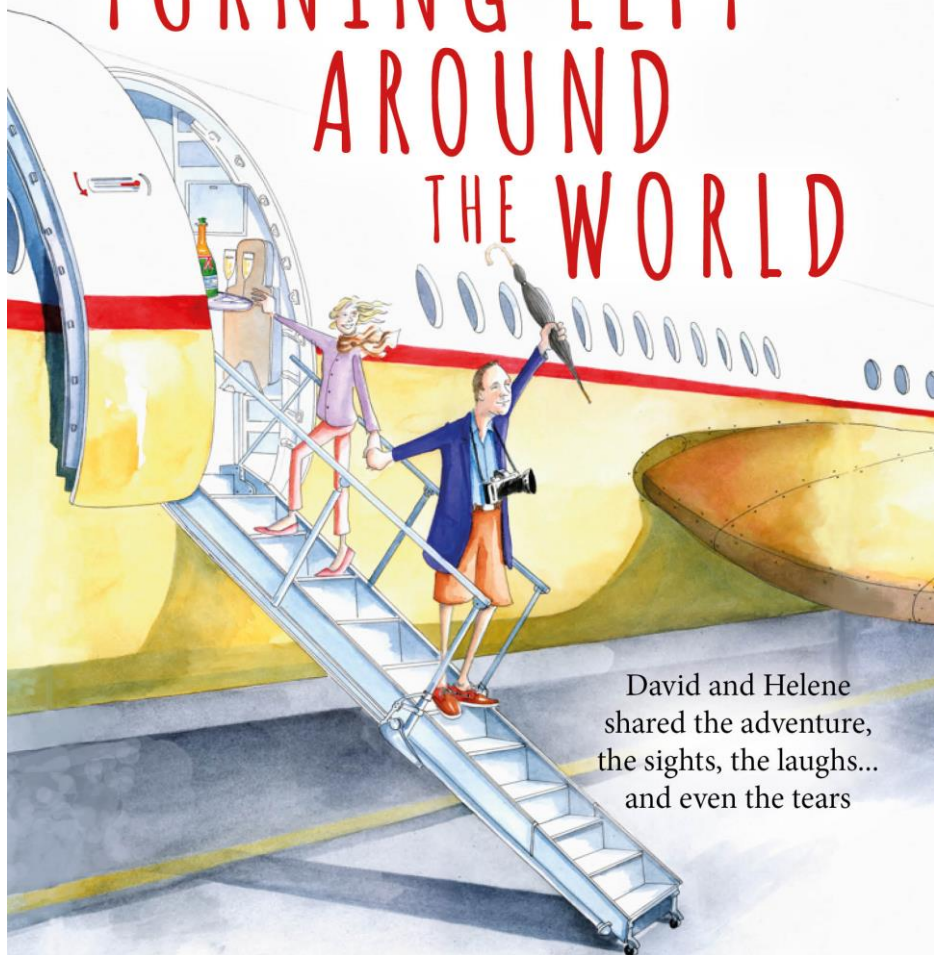


"An entertaining must-read for any discerning traveller"  
- *Audley Traveller* magazine

# TURNING LEFT AROUND THE WORLD



David and Helene  
shared the adventure,  
the sights, the laughs...  
and even the tears

DAVID C MOORE

# TURNING LEFT AROUND THE WORLD



*David and Helene shared the adventure,  
the sights, the laughs... and even the tears*

First Published in Great Britain 2018 by Mirador Publishing

Copyright © 2018 by David C Moore

*All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without permission of the publishers or author. Excepting brief quotes used in reviews.*

First edition: 2018

*This book is taken from the travel diary entries of the author. References to places and people are made with due respect. Any offence caused by references in the narrative is completely unintentional.*

A copy of this work is available through the British Library.

ISBN: 978-1-912601-21-9

Mirador Publishing,  
10 Greenbrook Terrace  
Taunton  
Somerset  
UK  
TA1 1UT

***To my wife, Helene.***

*Thank you for pushing me way out of my comfort zone. Thank you for being head of operations and logistics. But most of all, thank you for being there.*

*What an adventure.*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Many thanks to the wonderful team at Audley Travel who patiently listened to our likes, dislikes and often unusual requests and who worked so hard to make our dream adventure a reality. Particular thanks to Natalie, the concierge team and country specialists who added so much during our visits to the countries they love and we now know so well.

Thanks also to all the guides who kept us away from the crowds, did our queuing for us when the occasional need arose and answered every one of our hundreds of questions. Particularly, Saiber who introduced me to the wonderful world of Pachacutec in Peru and Grace for her infectious enthusiasm on the Galapagos Islands.

Thanks to Sarah Luddington the Mirador editor and publisher for the faith she showed in me and the encouragement to “keep writing and enjoy it” throughout the adventure.

Thanks to Tim Bulmer for the front cover illustration, letting me get the brief wrong a few times and the wonderful interpretation of Helene and I, “with the tighter chin.”

Thanks of course to Helene, Charlotte and Elliot who keep my feet on the ground and my foot out of my mouth when I get carried away with it all.

Finally, thank you for reading my book, I hope it inspires you to plan your own adventure.

*“Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things you didn’t do, than by the ones you did do. So, throw off the bowlines, sail away from the safe harbour. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore. Dream. Discover.”*

- H. Jackson Brown, Jr.







# CONTENTS:

## Prologue

1. **Day 1 – 5: CHILE.**  
Santiago – *On the Wagon*
2. **Day 6 – 10: CHILE.**  
Easter Island – *“I am Rapa Nui”*
3. **Day 11 – 14: CHILE.**  
The Atacama Desert – *The Sweetest Death*
4. **Day 15 – 17: CHILE.**  
The Casablanca Valley – *Hello Luchito*
5. **Day 18 – 22: ECUADOR.**  
Quito and Mashpi Lodge – *Hugging, Howling and Humming*
6. **Day 23 – 27: ECUADOR.**  
Hacienda Zuleta – *That Condor Moment*
7. **Day 28 – 34: ECUADOR.**  
The Galápagos Islands – *Lonesome George and other New Friends*
8. **Day 35 – 42: PERU.**  
Lima, Arequipa and Colca Canyon – *Dancing in the Streets*
9. **Day 43 – 50: PERU.**  
Lake Titicaca and the Sacred Valley – *The Incredible Mr. Pachacutec*
10. **Day 51 – 55: PERU.**  
Machu Picchu – *There’s a Hidden Castle in the Sky where Kings Live*

11. **Day 56 – 60: PERU.**  
The Amazon Jungle – *Intrepid Explorers*
12. **Day 61 – 78: USA.**  
Hawaii – *ALOHA!*
13. **Day 79 – 87: FIJI.**  
Tokoriki – *Paradise Found*
14. **Day 88 – 99: FIJI.**  
Fiji Island Cruise – *Who puts the Ah! In Relaxation?*
15. **Day 100 – 112: NEW ZEALAND.**  
North Island – *Rolling Back the Years*
16. **Day 113 – 127: NEW ZEALAND.**  
South Island – *Wails, Whales, Wales*
17. **Day 128 – 140: AUSTRALIA.**  
Cairns and the Great Barrier Reef – *Friends shaking hands*
18. **Day 141 – 155: AUSTRALIA.**  
The Sunshine Coast – *In the Rain*
19. **Day 156 – 172: AUSTRALIA.**  
Ayers Rock – *A Black Bridge, a Red Rock and a Blue Mountain*
20. **Day 173 – 185: AUSTRALIA.**  
Sydney and Melbourne – *A Wonderful Christmas Time*

21. **Day 186 – 192: MALAYSIA.**  
Kuala Lumpur and Singapore – *Entry to the Orient*
22. **Day 193 – 211: THAILAND.**  
Bangkok and Ko Phra Thong – *Remember us?*
23. **Day 212 – 233: CAMBODIA.**  
Otres and Phnom Penh – *A Remarkable Encounter*
24. **Day 234 – 240: CAMBODIA.**  
Siem Reap – *A Look Back in Anger*
25. **Day 241 – 244: VIETNAM.**  
Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City – *A Long, Long Legacy*
26. **Day 245 – 263: VIETNAM.**  
Hoi An, Da Nang and Hue – *Good Morning Glory*
27. **Day 264 – 273: MYANMAR.**  
Yangon, Mandalay and Bagan – *Where China meets India*
28. **Day 274 – 281: CHINA.**  
Hong Kong and Beijing – *“We’re gonna build a wall”*
29. **Day 282 – 291: CHINA.**  
X’ian, Guilin and Shanghai – *The Emperor of Two Miracles*
30. **Day 292 – 306: JAPAN.**  
Tokyo, Kanazawa and Kyoto – *A Final Hurrah*

## PROLOGUE:

‘What on earth is this?’ I asked my wife Helene, as she presented me with a large tube accompanied by two boxes of pins, one blue the other pink. ‘It’s not more DIY is it? You know I don’t like DIY.’

‘No, and you’re not very good at it either. This is about us, now you’re planning to retire.’

I had briefly mentioned that the wheels of industry may continue to turn if I was to put myself out to pasture in my sixtieth year. Never one to procrastinate about these things Helene had been planning how best to ease her occasionally stubborn and stuffy husband into engaging with a project we had often discussed but never progressed.

I should have known from previous experience. When Helene moved in some 15 years ago her packing boxes were marked up as expected: bathroom, bedroom, dining room etc. But they also included some a little more unexpected.

‘Where do these go, Guv?’ asked one of the removal men.

‘What does it say on the boxes? They’re all clearly marked.’

‘Spanish kitchen, Guv.’

‘Spanish kitchen? We don’t have a Spanish kitchen.’

We do now.

I pulled out the contents of the tube and unfurled a huge colourful map of the world, well over a metre and a half across.

‘It’s a map of the world,’ I said, stating the obvious and hoping for a bit more of a clue here. ‘And pins.’

‘Yes, the blue ones are for you and the pink for me,’ said Helene, taking back the pink box I was holding. ‘All you have to do is put the map up and start sticking pins in the places you’ve always wanted to go.’

‘Why?’ I wasn’t quite sure where this was headed yet, but felt as if I had taken the first step on an escalator that would inevitably take me to a

predetermined destination, predetermined by Helene, perhaps many of them

‘It’ll be fun,’ she said.

‘Why?’

‘Come on, you can go first, darling,’ she said, clutching my hand and leading me to the wine cellar where the map was apparently destined to be sited.

And so, the plan was hatched. I somehow agreed to a strategy that was not to include any locations we had previously visited, which immediately excluded most of Europe, Scandinavia and some of the US, and our research began. I have to say it was a lot of fun. Helene revisiting the 10 years of Conde Nast’s Traveller magazine back issues she had accumulated and me working out where and when the Rugby Sevens, Ashes and British Lions’ tours may be.

A few weeks later we stood together examining our work, the map of the world was littered with the colourful pins, surprisingly most were in pairs of blue and pink.

‘We have our route,’ announced Helene, ‘let’s follow the sun and go west.’

Examining the map, it appeared we were to start in South America. Not the obvious Brazil and Argentina but the more challenging Peru, Ecuador and Chile. I cheated slightly with two pins on the Galápagos – I’m a sucker for Attenborough’s nature programmes and have always wanted to go – there was also a pink pin virtually obscuring an island way out in the Pacific that on closer inspection turned out to be Easter Island.

The route would take us via the cluster of islands that is Hawaii and on to Fiji, we had both been recommended to visit. New Zealand north and south islands were a unanimous selection and Australia was covered in pink pins around Sydney and a blue one right in the centre where I guessed Ayers Rock may be. Sydney was now the home of Helene’s “bestest friend” from school and the invitation had been outstanding for 10 years or more. This apparently was not up for debate; fair enough.

South East Asia had a variety of pins in countries that would have been impossible to visit only 30 years ago. Cambodia, Vietnam and Burma, to my surprise now called Myanmar, alongside Singapore, Malaysia and Thailand.

Hong Kong, China and Japan were all sitting comfortably with two coloured pins in each. But there were some that didn’t make the cut: Egypt, Moscow, India and the Maasai Mara, but as Helene explained, ‘We can do those on a normal holiday.’

‘Normal holiday?’ I said. ‘Well what’s this we’re planning?’

‘This, David, is a once-in-a-lifetime adventure,’ she replied.

I’m not quite sure when I came up with the idea of a 10 month around the world adventure, but as we surveyed our course around the globe it seemed like a great plan nevertheless.

We had our route just about identified, what remained seemed like the Rubik’s cube of holiday planning, and even with Helene’s 2 metre tower of Traveller magazines we would struggle to solve the flights, accommodation and “must-sees” conundrum. We needed to search for a specialist who understood our purpose, our dream and us. We found Audley Travel – *tailor-made journeys for the discerning traveller*.

What a splendid approach they take. Before any discussion around the route and destinations began they spent time getting to know our likes and dislikes before tailoring an itinerary specifically for us. Lots of adventure, but no bungee jumping, plenty of access to the culture of the indigenous people, time in the deserts, rainforest and jungle, with big cities in-between, opportunities to meet the wildlife and importantly discover the foods and wines of each country we visit. We were beginning to get very excited.

Audley took over the tour logistics supported by Helene, so all we had to do now was work out the timing, the finance, what to do with the house and its contents, and our cars, arrange insurances, inoculations and visas, select what clothes to pack and a thousand other incidentals, perhaps the most important of which was how to tell our friends and family.

Telling the kids – okay, 27 and 30 year-old son and daughter – that we were spending nearly a year mostly on the other side of the world, was going to be the most difficult; apparently not.

‘You’re going around the world, not being posted to Afghanistan,’ said Charlotte, always the voice of reason. ‘Everyone does it now, and we’ll keep in touch by WhatsApp and Instagram.’

‘What’s what and Insta who?’ It appeared I was about to enter the digital world of social media, or vice versa.

There was then the broader family and friends to consider, so we decided to throw a party.

‘Let’s have a “drink us dry” party,’ suggested Helene, ‘then we won’t need to put all your wine into storage.’ On the face of it this seemed like a good idea, wine storage is expensive, and I could hide the good stuff, so a few people over for drinks and some nibbles to say cheerio, perfect.

It turned out to be “a hundred of our closest friends” as Helene put it. I

didn't think we knew a hundred people let alone invite them to the house for a drink and nibbles. A band was booked, apparently a must for a real party, the marquee ordered – “what happens if it rains?” asked Helene and we were nibbling on a gluten free 75lb pig roast; obviously crisps and nuts just won't do.

The problem with parties is that everyone brings a bottle or two of fizz or something equally celebratory, usually more than they could possibly drink. So, the upshot was that the “drink us dry” party had the opposite effect by adding to the bottle volume I had to put into storage.

After months of planning, budgeting, organising and drafting more lists and spreadsheets than we could possibly pin on the fridge, we were at last about to embark on our 10 month adventure around the world. We were unsure of what awaited us as we prepared to leave our comfort-zone in leafy Berkshire.

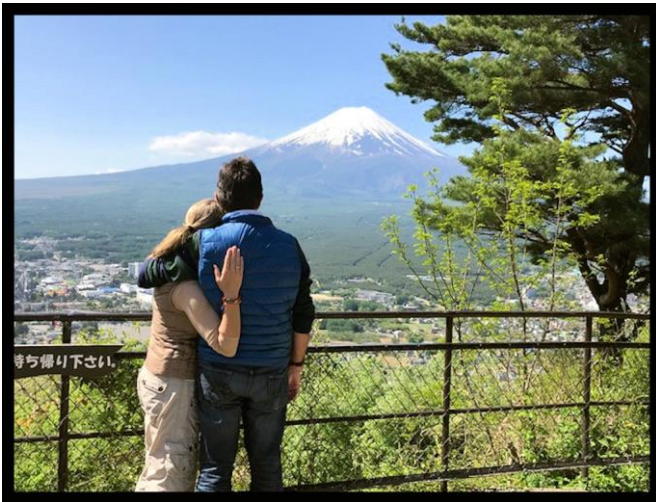
How we were supposed to pack 10 months of clothes for climates that would vary from below freezing to well over 30 degrees, all in a maximum of 23 kilos, was beyond me, but not Helene. Little and large zippy-uppy travel bags arrived to make it all easier by segregating our clothes into single packs: shirts in one, shorts in another and a small one for smalls – brilliant. All packed into a large case and a cabin bag each; well packed Helene.

It's one of the three questions most people asked when we were quizzed over the adventure; “How on earth do you pack for 10 months?” usually from female friends. “How did you plan it?” asked by the men and the slightly more worrying from both, “Do you think you'll still be talking to each other at the end of it?”

Thanks to friends and family we would not see until May the next year, they delivered us to Heathrow with a generous but acceptable 3 hours to spare. With two First Class seats still available we took the opportunity to upgrade from Business and start our adventure the way we meant to go on, turning left around the world. So, it was the Concorde Lounge for Helene and a great night's sleep on the 14 hour flight to Santiago for me.

And so the adventure begins...

# TURNING LEFT AROUND THE WORLD



I hope you enjoyed the introduction to our adventure. The book will be available from the 24th September 2018 and you can pre-order at Amazon now, just search for the title.

There are also a limited number of signed copies you can order from the website; [www.davidcmoore-author.com](http://www.davidcmoore-author.com)

*Happy travels*

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "David Moore".