DISCOVER





Spring is surely just

around the corner.

What better time

Paris? On p10-11,

the best places to

stay on the city's

right bank - with

six budget hotels

expensive havens

also some priceless

plus some eye-

of luxury for a

treat. There are

tips for the best

Hotel and dining

(and beer-drinking)

recommendations

also feature in our

readers' guide to

p6-7 to read these

and other tips for

the Czech capital.

Maggie O'Sullivan **Discover editor**

Prague. Turn to

places to eat.

wateringly

to plan a trip to

Fiona Duncan offers a guide to

We saw the sun go down, listening

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

the Swiss driver. He and I crawled about in the red dirt, winding down the secret spare and swapping it for the shredded flat. His wife took pictures of their holiday adventure while unseasonal rain added a little damp

drama of its own. Swiss headlights bouncing in our mirror, we drove on, smugly elated at having taught a lesson in bush survival to ill-attuned Europeans. The gentle pirouette our truck then unexpectedly performed, ending with its nose in what Australians describe as "natural bush" was simply further education, only this time for us.

At the outset in Broome, on a sunset-bathed Cable Beach, Western Australia had seemed defined by the Indian Ocean. Nightly, a parade of 4WDs trundled out to meet the sea, saluting the sun as though upon the eve of battle.

WA's economy is founded on iron ore, though these days finished steel is imported, marked Toyota, Nissan or Mitsubishi and is as likely to be found queuing at a drive-through Chicken Treat as negotiating a remote desert track. That said, the allure of the interior and the red dirt of the outback endures, drawing a mixed bag of home-and-away adventurers to the Gibb River Road every year.

On the veranda at Mount Elizabeth Station, a wallaby reclined languidly on a dog bed. Close by, Pat Lacy, whose father-in-law took the station's first pastoral lease in 1945, observed our arrival. "You're late." She was right. A flat tyre 10 miles beyond Mount Barnett Roadhouse, a cross-threaded wheel nut, a dodgy jack handle, a dubious spare and a temperature of 100F (38C) had made for a taxing last couple of hours. "Do you fancy a beer?" Pat asked. I liked her already. Mount Elizabeth's 500,000

on to him. He just took off."

Pat described the station's

wealth of Aboriginal rock art.

"We had one old Aboriginal

guy who led tourists to the

sites around our little gorge

story. The young guys now

just aren't interested so I've

got permission and try to do

an indigenous guy."

it myself. I just wish we'd find

I mentioned a rumoured

plan to surface the Gibb River

out back. He was great; did it for 15 years, just told 'em the

acres support 6,000 head of cattle, many destined for the dinner tables of southeast Asia. A shout from the kitchen suggested our own dinner was ready.

Road. "Yeah, there's still a "Our last cook lasted three move to metal the surface, said Butch. "It'd be a good thing. Think of all the cars days," Pat said. "He'd skipped parole and the coppers were



and caravans that'd come here. Just a few locals don't want their privacy invaded.' I looked at Pat – she gave nothing away. After a protracted return to Mount Barnett for tyre repairs, we were back on the road. Strangely enticing countdown signs promising

fresh scones prompted a diversion along the threemile access road to Ellenbrae Station. Years ago I'd met Byrne Terry who, together with his wife Anne, had created a travellers' stopover in tune with the bush and its wild inhabitants. It was



a bittersweet return. Byrne had been killed in a motorcycle accident in 2001 – a memorial stone commemorated his life and that of his brother who'd died in an air accident overseas. We brewed our own coffee in the station's outdoor kitchen and listened to the elderly Dutch caretakers' account of early European exploration. We ate the scones as crimson finches mobbed seed feeders suspended over a balustrade. By the time we pulled into Home Valley, another flat lay slung in the back of the truck. In the shadow of the

Cockburn Ranges' flat-topped mesas, on the banks of the Pentecost river, we kept an eye out for Cedric, a large male crocodile, watched the sun go down and listened to tales of bull sharks and big barras. The landscape shouted Australia, indeed Baz Luhrmann's eponymous film, best viewed for its scenery, was shot hereabouts. Chris Fenech from the

station had kindly offered a lift while their workshop judged whether our rubber could be repaired. "We've got a supply run tomorrow if you need a new tyre."

Next day, beyond the neardry Pentecost river crossing, dirt became gravel and then asphalt - the smooth silence of the road akin to stepping ashore following a sea voyage. Now, passing drivers no longer raised a finger in acknowledgement of mutual reliance. At the city limits of Kununurra, population 2,000, we'd reached one of the Kimberley's three main centres. A little sad at having concluded our hopeful travels, we parked the truck, smiled and considered its transformation from pristine white to shades of orange,





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