

Abercrombie River

20 November 2012

Participants:

Nigel Ward – Trip Leader

Markov's – all five of them

The arrangement with Nigel was to meet him 9am on Saturday at Black Springs where he and a mate were camping. We got at the site on time, circled around for a while and decided that there must be another camping ground down the road, so we drove off while trying to make a contact on the radio. Eventually Nigel answered and we knew soon enough that we are getting further away as the signal in our handheld got weaker. So it turned out that even a big bordeaux (red-ish) car on a flat green meadow can pass unnoticed from a distance of a few meters...

We started the trip on time at 9.30am and got our fun on Nigel's back by strictly complying with the convoy procedures as tailing Charlie, acknowledging all the communications and reporting "all turned" on every turn. And it wasn't long, before we annoyed our Leader. Being told that he can sure see us turning in his rear view mirror, we went into radio silence.

The drive in the park was beautiful with some nice steep tracks and river crossings along the forest. When we arrived at the Beach camp site it was a little disappointing that it was crowded and there was not enough space for us. But it was to our benefit as we ended up in a very nice cul-de-sac near closed for regeneration grounds.



It was our first night out with this tent, dubbed "The Taj Mahal" by Nagel.

After we got it all set in about an hour, it was time to prepare for the camp-fire, so we swept the river banks for fire-wood.



The kids enjoyed playing around. A fallen tree across the river was a favorite spot, but challenging for some to get on.



As it is said that since ancient times the women are responsible for the hearth, we left Michaela do the chopping, starting and feeding the fire, while the men were enjoying the drinks.



In the dark, a few scary stories were thrown at the kids, followed by ghost-jumping when they were on the way to the toilet, but all that only resulted in each of them going into the dark and waiting to be scared again and again. It is a fact that the adults don't have as much energy, so the play got reversed and the kids took on Nigel, who decided that it is getting too dangerous for him, ran away, hid in his tent and soon started snoring to keep the wombats away.

In the morning we packed, did some more driving in the forest and got out just in time for the rain, which washed away the only marks that we made in the park...



Thanks Nigel for the nice weekend!

We are looking forward to do the same trip again.

Marian.