

**30
november
2006**

2e Jaargang 2006
Nr. 013
Oplage 409 stuks

- Not for Resale -

Expedition Finchroad
Van Texas via The Northpole naar Tierra del Fuego



**Kilometerstand
112.056**

First love never dies

In dit nummer

First love never dies..... 1

First love never dies ... 2
(continue)

Fist love never dies 3
(continue)

**He
who expets
nothing
will never
be
disappointed**

Laatste Nieuws !!!

**The Finches
reach
the highest point
and
meet with
the Peruvian police.**

We must admit: We are a little bit nervous. Most of the travelers we encountered weren't too positive about our next destination. Customs would be difficult, police persistent, people on the street not friendly (to say the least) and cabdrivers crocks.

Could it be? Would the country which made us fall in love with South America have changed so much? Beyond recognition? The border with Colombia is the most easy one until now. On both sides there is just one per-

son for the passports and just one for the car and fifth wheel. In less than half an hour we're IN! No hassle, no fuzz. 90 days to wander around. The road is good and when we have to ask our way out in villages (signs are very limited and when there are some they're mostly on straight roads, not on cross-roads or very few in the villages themselves) people do their utmost in explaining the route to us. In Spanish, half a

word of English and lot of hand-signs. One couple even drives in front of us for many many miles to get us on the right way. Even though they themselves are going in the wrong direction now. They just wanted to help us.

A police-officer of the drug squat listens to our arguments when we refuse to let him have a 'control' of our compartments, 'searching' for drugs. He smiles and thinks we have a point: That it is quite impossible for him to see what is really in there



First love never dies ... - 2 -

When we only open the compartment without replacing something. With him just looking without any dogs to sniff. Without any gear to search. Just a quick look?! We convince him that although we are Dutch (!) and although we have visited Colombia we have nothing to do with drugs. And we are free to go.

At a gas station we find a place to stay. Even when we tell them that it might take some days before we leave again. We are free to take water whenever we need it and we can even plug in for electricity if we want to (which we declined for safety reasons). All at no cost. Okay, maybe when you compare the Ecuadorian people with the Colombian people the former are more formal. The latter seem to have more "Joy for life", the former seem to have more 'distance' to other people. But...hey isn't that what they say about the Dutch? So we felt right at home. Again. Just like 13 years ago.

The first time we were here, we kind of 'missed' the Ferrocarril from Ibarra going to the coast. We looked in complete disbelief to what was going on and 'forgot' to climb aboard the train. Peo-

ple where shouting, pushing and throwing things, including little children, through open windows, just to make sure they had a place inside. After the holidays everybody wanted to go home, and this was the first opportunity they had. But a lot of backpackers paid a ticket too and they didn't want to miss the spectacular ride through the mountains. We didn't want to be part of the battle just because we paid a couple of euros. For us the train was supposed to be Fun, for the coastal Ecuadorians the only way to get home. So we let it go. We are not thinking to give it another try. There now seems to be a road to the coast and the Ferrocarril (actually a bus more than a train, but on a train rail) is a real tourist attraction rather than a necessity to get somewhere. It is now scheduled only on Saturday and Sunday, that is to say: *when* there are enough (at least 16!) paying passengers. Only to be known at 06.30 hrs in the morning at the station! No matter you made the reservation by buying a ticket or not, 1 paying person short and it's a no go. To be honest; we are not looking forward waking up our two kids quite early only to find ourselves at a deserted railway station with no train leaving for the chosen destination. But one of the best things of

traveling are the unexpected things that are happening along the way.

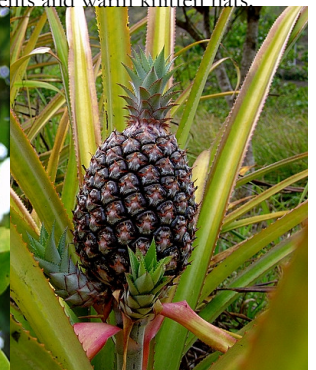
Belgium born Piet Sabbe saw our Fifth Wheel at the gas station, when he was filling up on gasoline. Piet lives in Ecuador for 17 years now, just about 65km of Ibarra in El Limon. He runs a Tropical Garden and Fruit Farm and Lodge called: De Bospas. (www.bospas.org) He organizes trips (through the tropical forest) and you can work and live at the small Fruit Farm too.

When Piet came to live here in El Limon, 7 years ago (the first 10y. He lived elsewhere in Ecuador) there was nothing but a sandy empty hill side. Now it's green and full of fruit and flowers everywhere you look. He created his own little Tropical Paradise. Naomi, his oldest daughter of 4, understands Dutch perfectly but prefers to answer in Spanish. That's quite confusing for Fabian and Mighalle but in the end it turns out, just like everywhere else, that kids don't need a language to make themselves understood perfectly well and have a great time playing with each other.

Because we missed the train 13y ago, we then took a cab to a small village along the railway road. Then it was an adventure, the road being unpaved and all. Now it's paved and the "romance" gone. So we look for an alternative. Not too difficult to be found around Ibarra.



Mirre Candles, Ecuadorian
Jan Klaassen and Katrijn, musical instruments and warm knitted hats.



Expedition Finchroad
 Van Texas via The Northpole naar Tierra del Fuego

First love never dies..

Contact us @
 Vink, Family
 207, Rainbow Drive # 10710
 Livingston, Texas 77399-2007 USA
 U.S.A

Phone: 00-31-1-2069483742
 Skype : klarinink
 E-mail: Finchroad@gmail.com



Claudia-Brigitta(2j) en Margarita (7j)(Ibarra)

We are not only getting that gorgeous view but also a big stone between the dual tires. Klarin has to take one of the tires off to get rid of it. At Ibarra you can find the most famous ice cream shop of whole Ecuador. Rosalie Suarez opened it 90y ago and the ice cream is still made in the traditional way, in front of the customers. Which makes it double fun for the kids to have a delicious ice cream here. The Indian Market at Otavalo is just as color full as we can remember. But a lot bigger. And more expensive. Besides that there seem to be more salesmen than tourists/buyers. We wonder how in the world all these people can still earn a living? When you are in Ecuador you are bound to visit: Ciudad Mitad del Mundo, although you know perfectly well: This is *not* the real equator! But as of now we left the Northern part of the Globe behind us and will be traveling on the Southern part of our Blue Planet called: Earth.



In a small village we can see how a local candy is made. Even for the kids this candy is too sweet, but maybe worse; its hard as stone. Not to be bitten in if you want to keep your teeth. At a nearby Church cars are blessed by a Prior and for that reason 'dressed up' with color full rosettes and lot of lints. According to the way they drive up here we would suggest they take driving lessons instead of trusting on the almighty. The outer wall of the Church building is covered with all kind of plates saying thanks for what ever favor you can think off. Getting married, not being killed in a accident, having a baby, getting better and so on and so fort. The chicken salesman on this market let the kids hold the young baby chickens. The one Fabian is holding is probably a bit scared 'cause he's giving a little present Fabian isn't too happy with. Everybody else has a big laugh over it. In Baños we end up in cold mineral



baths first, and although it's for free because it's the first day of the opening season and they have the pool all to themselves, they prefer the hot water baths. So within 15min we're out again trying to find the bath called The Virgin. Which turns out to be really hot and they need a cold water bath every 10 or 15 min. or so. Being on the road for so long also means you have to visit a doctor or dentist every now and then. In Ecuador all 4 of us are the "lucky" ones. And of course schoolwork also continues for the kids. Ever since Quito Fabian is a hardworking 5th grader. Than there is another border. Also an easy one. No more Central America hours! Simple crossings here. Half an hour out and in. On to our next country; Peru.



Dracula ^ and The Butterfly



Mighalle want *all* the dresses.

