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- Not for Resale -



**Milage**

***This is where the devil lives***

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In a hurry we say goodbye to those nice hot steamy baths of Uruguay. Grimaldi told us there was a possibility we could ship on the 4th of August. That leaves us 1 week! We still have a lot of miles to go and even more work has to be done to make everything ready for shipment. Seems like Argentinean government loves conflicts with their neighbors. Uruguay is no exception. Her it is about a paper factory from Finland.

Finland decided for Uruguay to build the factory, in favor of its "Big Brother Argentina". All of a sudden Argentina a deeply concerned about the environment. Specially when it comes to the river on which banks the factory is (to be) build and which also runs into Argentina. So Argentina decided to close 3 of 5 borders with Uruguay. At the 4th border post they have strikes and slow down actions on a frequently bases since then. The only proper functioning border

crossing is the Ferry which runs from BA to Montevideo. For us it means driving all the way back to Concordia. And Carla doesn't like that a bit. Concordia is at the province Entre Rios where corruption among police officers is widely spread. Concordia is the place where we had the most trouble on our way up towards Brazil. For Carla this part isn't exactly a pleasure trip.

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**Being Dutch  
What is so  
exited  
about the  
weather  
in  
Buenos Aires**



## *This is where the devil lives - 2 -*

In the end it all turns out fine and without 'incidents' although getting into Buenos Aires is not for today any more and then again we don't have enough pesos on us any way. So as usually we make a stop for the night at a parking lot of a gas station. It is a very busy parking lot and trucks come and go. A lot of trucks go. In fact not to many stay for the night. They all seem to be in a hurry and only stay here for a couple of hours of rest. This is one of the most noisy places where we've parked. And may be one of the most dark parking lots. Very busy, very noisy, very dark ....

All of a sudden .... The Fifth Wheel is shaking, a bang is heard, a scratching sound. What the h... is going on here? Fabian, in bed already, scares himself 'half to dead' but Mighalle never notices a thing and sleeps like a rose. Klarin and me (Carla) take a run to the door.

An Argentinean truck driver backed up a little to close to our fiver. He just barely past the bedroom slide but hits the living room slide. Dammed!!!

I don't believe this. For over 2,5years on the road nothing happens (with the fiver) now on barely 60 miles to go .... Aaarrghh ... The truck driver calls his boss while Klarin calls the police at the gas station. The police station isn't far, may be a 100mtr before the entrance of the parking lot. An officer arrives quickly. Interested in what happened he isn't. He has an attitude as if he couldn't care less. He doesn't want to waste his time making a report. That's not the way they work up here. Reports of accidents are something for "The First World", he tells us, and leaves. Do it yourself! Get your money if you can.

But apparently truck drivers don't need money when they are working. He doesn't have a peso on him, he says. But he is insured, he assures us. We take everything down on paper and try to collect tomorrow, well at least we going to contact the insurance company tomorrow. It all seems a little bit strange. Just this morning we ourselves hit a car when we went into reverse to back up. Insurance was to complicated and would take to long time, they all claimed.

For us there was no way to go unless it was settled on the spot. In other words: PAGAR!!! (Just: PAY!!!) And now what???

Police isn't interested and leaves us "hanging", the truck driver keeps telling us he has no money what so ever on him. The only change we have is trying to get in contact with is insurance.

Needless to say it's a short night. Next morning, with the help of some Brazilian mechanics, we try to fix the damage done. On to the internet café to try and contact the insurance company. Back home, my heart skips a beat. This can't be true. What is this???? What are the wood-block doing besides the front gear? Why are the leveler blocks between the tires and not underneath them. What is going on here?

Our Fifth Wheel has moved!!! Without *our* truck!!! Unvollerarerly!!!! The bedroom slide has a scratch of green paint almost as long as the slide itself. The pins we'd straightened this morning are even more bended now. The damage is much more then is was by yesterday's hit.

Miraculously, this time around nobody, absolutely nobody on this busy parking lot, seemed to have seen nor heard anything.



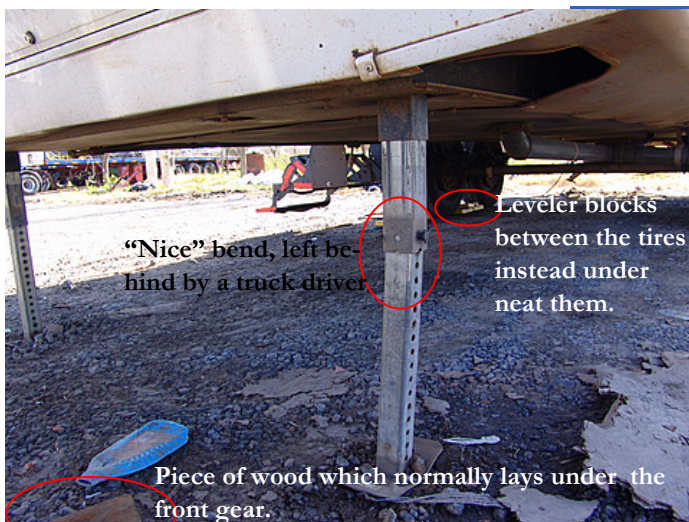
Damage after the nightly hit



Damage done the next day, after we'd fixed the previous nights damage.



Wanna scroll? Straighten this first!!!!



"Nice" bend, left behind by a truck driver

Leveler blocks between the tires instead under neat them.

Piece of wood which normally lays under the front gear.



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now we are not shipping on the 4th but have to bring our "House on Wheels" in on the 12th we clean up and try to make every thing burglar resistance.

We also have to visit the notary office. Shipping out of BA you'll need copies of your passport. Of ALL the pages, including blanc ones and the front and the back. You're not allowed to copy it yourself. Here is where the notaries office comes in. They copy and stamp all the copies. And that's where your money starts flowing. A copied, stamped passport needed to ship your car, costs about US \$ 100,00!

But who are we to complain? Argentinean truck drivers who are bringing in trailers to the docks to ship out of Argentina have to hand in their passport!

Because we've done our 'homework', with the assistance of a very nice cab driver, according to the documents needed for the shipment, on August 11, we have a relatively

easy time on Thursday August 12. Basically all we do is following instructions of harbor personal on how to get to the place we want to be. (But even then we don't think we've gotten there by the short cut).

So, this is it?!

Here we leave behind 2,5years of our live.

Here we leave behind almost all our earthly belongings we've gathered the past two and a half years.

As from now we are "homeless" and gonna live out of backpacks and bags once again.

This is the beginning of the end of our trip.

The end of the way of living we made our own.

What's left is not exactly what we call: Traveling and we even doubt if it is: Holliday.

For us it is more like: A Family visit.

## ¿To ship, or not to ship? Esta es la pregunta.

Another 60 miles to go and the journey with own transportation ends. We have mixed feelings about it. On one hand we are sad it ends, on the other hand, 3 hits in 2 days .... Makes you wonder: "Is it time to stop?"

At Grimaldi they tell us it's a no go on the 4th. It will be as originally spoken about on the 9th. Or may be ... No, the ship has been delayed. It's going to be the 12th. No even later. August 16!!!

16!!! That's not good, not good at all. Argentinean government demands of all foreigners who are shipping their vehicle (by boat) and not getting on the boat themselves, that they have prove they are going to leave the country as well. They demand a plane ticket. We have on. We fly on Sunday, August ... 15!!! Great!!!

Inez, from the Grimaldi office arranges that we can bring in the truck and Fifth Wheel at the docks on Thursday August 12. This way we have time enough when any things goes wrong to come back on Friday. (12 years ago we've sent back our motorbikes from the harbor and all and all it took us 2 days to get the bike into the container. We want to avoid having shortage of time by starting early, as they don't work at the harbor (office) on Saturdays.) Don't think we're there yet. There is another delay. Ship won't be here 16 but 20! Not that it would matter much to us, we are gone any way, being the 16th or the 20th, the problem is harbor only allows 5 days Free of Charge for load at their docks. After that: \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ We're glad Inez arrange once again. Having "all the time in the world"

But then again ...

Even a quick birthday visit won't be something we will be doing the next couple of years to come.

Klarin's brother lives in Bele'm near the Amazon mouth.

We are sure we still have some enjoyable moments to go the last couple of weeks of our extended trip on exploring the America's.

To start with seeing family members again.