

[REDACTED]

Simmons & Blinn
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Thursday July 29, 1999 London

5:00 am

Appropriate that I sit naked, wide awake in bed at the tony Hotel Ritz, still very much in business mode. This in spite of the fact that I am now into Thursday by some 5 hours and left on Tuesday. Yesterday was rather uneventful marked only by my two reconnaissance missions for food, one at 1:30 the last at 6:30. My body is racked with jet lag. As luck or fate would have it however, I was seated on the plane next to a gentleman from London who is part of a group of high net worth investors. They have done some Internet projects and he is interested in ours. We are meeting today. And just think, I was sitting in the wrong seat. There are no accidents.

I am already questioning the wisdom of this wonderful leather journal, visually appealing . but difficult to to in. A pain actually! My room at the Ritz is lovely, sitting room and all. Good thing, as I have been in bed since a quarter to nine yesterday morning. Tonight I leave for Joberg. Trying to reach the Grace Hotel, as I know I will want to fall into bed first thing on arrival. Meeting with Rob today. All extremities are crossed. He loves the project. We will be meeting in New York on the 3rd of September. No coincidences for sure.

Friday July 30, 1999 airborne

Eleven and one half hours scrunched in an airline seat. Even flying first class, this is MISERY. God, my body feels thrashed. The Hotel Grace is quite nice. Tonight I will have dinner with Bill and Theresa Harris. I look forward to seeing them. Just spoke to D. Will call me later. He still gives me butterflies.

Saturday July 31, 1999 Joberg So. Africa

He never ceases to amaze me. No call. Well his behavior certainly adds to my resolve. My focus must be wow and not him. He has changed and so have I in the 3 years since this began. I must move on....without him!

Went on a day trip with a guide, touring around. Interesting the disparity between black and white. I cannot abide the way blacks are treated here. Tomorrow early a.m. I am off to the bush. Yeaaaaah!!!

Sunday August 1, 1999 Maim Botswana

My fathers birthday. A day I never forget. How I wish he were heressssto see me, to know me. It's 6:30a.m. I have been up and down all night. A mixture of excitement and an uncomfortable bed. He finally called. He still rocks my world from half way around

it. I think he's very concerned for me. No reason, fine. In an hour, I head for the airport to fly to Maun and meet Patrick. The adventure begins.

On the small plane headed for Maun met a Canadian couple, Marge and Don, librarians from Calgary. Neat, this is their third trip here. We are going to meet up at the Ilala in Victoria Falls. Mitch's idea about I-net editors being librarians is a great one. Must stop thinking about work and think lions, eles, and warthogs. How about the notion of a private game reserve in Africa? I've been thinking along those lines lately. W4W you are happening..., fully funded and flying high. That pot of gold at the end of the proverbial rainbow. YES!

Monday August 2, 1999 Moremi Botswana

My God Africa is so deeply embedded in my soul. How I love this place. Just a breath and I am energized once more. I was up and down all night as I had visions of a hippo dining on the delicate plants outside my tent. There is a large pool of hippo up the road. Last night I walked up and stood on the edge of the banks a stones throw from the most dangerous animal in Africa... at least the one that causes the most deaths. I thought I had asked Patrick all the correct questions about safety. I just forgot one. *When* Patrick pulled up to get me, 200 feet from camp, I was at the edge of the water and had walked through the opening in the grasses made by the hippo as they leave the water. Patrick said, not good, as they move faster than any human and could have, if they had wanted been out of the water and on me before I could have made my way back up the embankment. A first and last I assure you.

We woke at 5:30 a.m. and were gone by 6:00 a.m. Amazing sighting of a female lion attempting to bring down five different giraffe one at a time, of course. She missed each onethe last kicked her with his rear leg. She was dejected and wandered by us, lying down on a termite mound. Yesterday watched two baby giraffe, one a mere 4' high two or three months old.

The early morning light falls in eerie patterns against the silhouetted trees reaching for the sky. The air is crisp cold. The sun is just coming up behind us. Magnificent burning red ball of flames. The trees are black as coal against this breathtaking backdrop. The animals seem lit as if they were on a movie set. I love it so. I truly can't imagine my life *without* it being filled regularly by Africa. I won't allow anyone or anything to take this from me. I feel great. Bless Allah for that. African air makes me so hungry, can't wait for breakfast.

Just passed a group of vultures feeding on a recently killed baby ele. That made me sad This morning when the lion was trying to bring down those giraffe. I was rooting for the giraffe. I'm sitting in the front of my tent now. African silence is like no other. The sound of the winds whispering through the grasses and leaves, an occasional hippo call, though our water filled with hippos in front of our campsite seems like a ghost pond. Perhaps they are submerged.

It happens to be extremely hot this afternoon. Morning required layer upon layer and I still felt a chill. One o'clock and I am nodding out from the intense heat. It's Winter here! I've zipped off my Banana Republic or Gap pants. That was a great idea. For me...good only *while in camp* in this heat. For me the dress of preference is jeans. Birds call out in the background and a hippo just snorted some water.

They do have the right idea - immersed in H2O. Africa inspires me. A serenity, a peace, a feeling of calm washes over me and words flow easily. Imagine, 3 years ago here in Botswana I wrote about the foundation for relationships. The Synergy required. Now part of that writing is the very important mission statement for our *new project*. Indeed W4W goes to the core of what I have always longed to do. To teach, to help, to empower other women opportunity is before me. W4W is so much more than money. It is an opportunity to make a difference in this world.

Tuesday August 3, 1999 Moremi Botswana

Last night I chuckled as we returned to camp and a hippo rolled over in the water, feet straight up in the air. Camera in my lap of course. During the evening, before dinner, I heard quite a ruckus in the water in front of ca.mp. Patrick threw the spotlight out front and there was a herd of perhaps 25 - 30 eles in the water rousting about. We startled them so they dashed (as eles do) out of the water, splashing and displacing it until moments later none were left. Of course we had long since removed the spot. This morning we went out early in the morning, 6:15 am. The plains were so very empty. No signs of any animals whatsoever. Then, as I remind myself, never expect anything and always expect the unexpected, a fantastic sighting. A pack of NINE hyenas, fat and full from a kill. There they were making their way right in front of us through the tall grasses. The sun was just coming up. at a sight. Then, as the sun came up, a magnificent male lion strolled past us into the bush. Directly behind him was a beautiful silver-backed jackal. Returned to the camp exhilarated and ready for breakfast. About the camp. I have a dining tent, sleeping tent, kitchen tent complete with huge iron pots for cooking over the open fire, a bathroom tent with a medical toilet and a shower tent, open at the top so that I can feast my eyes on the blankets of stars in the sky each night. The Milky Way impressively hangs over the entire blackness like a huge star filled road. After breakfast Patrick and I are going a distance, picnic lunch in tow. We will have a chance to explore some new areas. How very lucky I am. How blessed. A trip like this is beyond amazing. Africa with all of its strength and power... the hippos are bellowing.... has secured a place in my life forever. I shall continue to return always and excitedly greet each new day and each new experience. It is indeed in my blood.

Wednesday, August 4, 1999

Moremi, Botswana

Up all night worried about the baby animals. Yesterday we saw two tiny lion cubs in a den of natural grasses and bushes. They are only 35 days old. Then in the pool in front of the camp a tiny hippo, perhaps two weeks old, crawled up onto its mom. Oh my God,

so cute. Somehow or another we managed to get stuck in the mud. After all no trip to Africa would be complete without getting stuck in the mud, up to the top of the tires! A group of my favorite sighting... turati rejeatatis... actually pulled us out amidst their belt mounted cell phones (force of habit) and movie cameras. The joke of it was that had we not ventured through the seemingly passable flooded out section of dirt road first, it would have been us trying to drag them out. I was of course appreciative and most anxious to get &s far away from them as humanly possible.

This was especially important when they destroyed an amazing male Kudu shot about a half hour after they pulled us out of the mud. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw two of the men out of the corner of my eye walking towards our vehicle as I was trying to shoot this incredible herd of male Kudu. First, they were out of their car, and second they ruined the shot. We are moving this morning to Sevuti so I am up and ready for a g r e a t new day! I a m covered f r o m head to toe in a fine silt on my clothes, face, bag, camera. One cannot avoid the parching heat of the 'can sun nor the talc like dirt that sifts onto everything. My white shirt is now a shade of gray. On our way to Sevuti we stopped at the watering hole, water is being pumped in... it trickles into the muddy pool.

Elephants three deep it for a chance to reach their s up to the source of fresh water. I have just placed a cup of fresh water on the wooden stand outside my tent for a group of Hornbill birds. They look like Toucans. Anyway here we are, picnic table up eating 200' from 30 male elephants - not a care in the world - our vehicle directly behind us. Patrick and I look up and there looming over the car heading directly for it and us is a huge young bull elephant. One would have thought he was a feather floating by he was so quiet. He was less than 6' from us when we finally saw him. Two feet from the car. I was certainly closer than I should have been or wanted to be. Fortunately he walked the length of the car and then onto the ■ IIs. Our lunch would have come to an abrupt end otherwise. A certain catastrophe. We all breathed sighs of relief and continued to eat. It's hotter than hot. The sun is beating down on me. I long for more, more, more. The road (excuse the expression) to Sevuti is like an endless pothole. Dirt, silt, so very hot. The water from Angola long since dried up and now the water is just in small pools and trickled in from underground bore holes. It seems that as long as two years after the water dried up, crocodiles were found in caves alive. They just left them there. Other animals hippo, zebra, giraffe moved north to water. The u m just died, I suppose. I had a difficult time with that. Had an argument with Heather about intervention in nature. After all, they are intervening already by virtue of the bore-holes that have been done. They should have more water....forget the tourists remember the animals....and they should have intervened and moved those crocodiles. No one won the argument.

Finally, Sevuti. I spot 14 ostrich....my first sighting. Oh boy!!! The tent isn't quite set as we were delayed because of another car that we had to stop for... not important. One of the passengers was Jean's daughter of Betsey and Jean of DC. I have decided to do three things about Greg. Yes, he was on my mind during this trip. Without belaboring this issue, suffice it to say that I intend to be a bit proactive in this issue.

Thursday

August 5,

Early morning drive we came upon a beautiful hyena lying in the road. Not one care in the world He looked at us indignantly, rose from his "roadside bed" and walked in front of our vehicle into the grasses. Then a magnificent male lion strolled through the grasses. The sun was hitting this male lion with absolute perfection. We followed him, at a distance. My first Sevuti lion sighting. I obviously need to see cats wherever I am and cannot be satisfied without them. Note to myself I must get past this tourist thing. I find myself really disturbed by their presence. I can be totally charming, if required...i.e. when pulled from the mud or running into a vehicle of Penstone people Jean's daughter and her group, but otherwise I find them totally annoying. I barely even acknowledge passing cars. Must think about this.

We are back for breakfast. On the way, I spot two tiny Steenbok, a male and a female. Great sighting. I have also been mentally involved on this Greg thing. Since I know there are no accidents, I am quite certain that I shouldn't be pushing this out of my mind. Rather, I should welcome these thoughts as a kind of cleansing and a reflection and perhaps, resolution for myself. After all, I have given this matter little thought since I made the decision to remove him from my life.

I suppose I feel that he has been lost to money... and not very much at that. Certainly not to a richness of life, a passion. He lives with a legacy of lies tuated by a father who has no values and a grandmother who likes to control peoples lives. Oh well.... ore on that another time.

It is afternoon and Sevuti is so very hot that I am unable to go out again until 5:30PM. The animals seek shade under the nearly dead trees. Sevuti was once a dise of water with verdant landscape. Now it is a parched desert with animals being fed water through boreholes. Water trickled into manmade disguised holes, not to tip the eco balance, 6 months a year. The eles put their little trunks over the water source hungrily. It breaks my heart.

W4W needs to reach out globally to help. Aha! World4Women4Wildlife.com. Elimination of zoos that do not have excellent breeding programs and remove all wild animals from circus acts. It's time to restore sanity. To keep these beautiful creatures in their ow-n habitats. My feelings about this are deep and include the zoo, circus and water to Sevuti as well as responsible game viewing in the parks. Perhaps solar panels or new motors, standby ones. We can do it...we can.

Tonight the hyenas marched into camp as I was toasting marshmallows over the open fire. Brazen as can be were they. Elephants ripping up the trees outside of my tent kept me awake most of the night. Not that the bed was so comfy. I can rarely bring myself to do the outside bathroom tent in the middle of the night when there are so very many noises going on. I suppose that I am afraid of running head long into a lion or hyena or

some other jungle animal, in my pjs with no more than a tiny Mag flashlight in my hand. Finally fell asleep and woke wondering if my lesson in Botswana this time is about Greg. Oh, I hope not,, .must be something more important than that. I have been having really incredible Technicolor dreams, It's from the larium no doubt. Had one about D. and other assorted weird ones. Giant guides, D. falling over a metal precipice into the depths of darkness. Remembered them, at least the day after anyway.

Friday August 6, 1999

Sevuti Botswana

A bit chilly in the morning here. The weather swings are quite unbelievable. In the afternoon the heat surrounds you like a hundred blankets, wringing the sweat from every pore. I lay in my tent barely clothed with the back and front openings flapping, hoping for some tiny breeze. At night around three in the morning the temperature drops and all the blankets on the bed aren't enough. I wake up leave on my pj bottoms some mornings and pile on layer after layer of tee shirt, cover them with a jacket, hat, Timberlands and heavy socks. Freezing! We have broken camp and are heading to Chobe....thank God, water. The Chobe River rich with elephants, hippos and crocs as well as other game. Verdant landscape. It will be good to be in that environment rather than the parched like terrain of Sevuti.

The road from Sevuti to Chobe is one with loads of character. I am being kind of course. It is barely one car width wide and deep with fine sand and impassable potholes. In places one must divert through the bushes to go around the deep holes. Branches with long thorns snap wildly into the open truck. But then, that is a way of life in Africa and one quickly learns to sit more towards the center of the car. The thorny trees are Acacias which the giraffe love to eat. They use their long tongues to pull off the tender leaves and bypass the thorns. The drive to Chobe took us over 7 hours but at least we didn't get stuck in the sand. Patience is on the top of ones list in Africa. After our arrival in Chobe, Patrick and I drove over to the Chobe Lodge. It's a beautiful spot, albeit much like the Mt Kenya Safari Club I suppose. One look at the chalk board entitled, "James Bond x 18 " schedule of activities sent chills up and down my spine. My God, if it's Tuesday it must be Belgium. I will never understand how people can travel that way...in groups with their activities carefully planned and structured. Slots of two hours for game drive, the hippo pool, a sunset cruise, make fun of Barbara (truthfully). Just my cup of tea. NOT. Cost per day single \$375.00. The lodge is replete with all the pomp and circumstance; wart hogs, banded mongoose on the front lawn. No thanks.

In the middle of the night with the African moon shining into my tent through the netting I had my first thought ofd ger. Here I am, in a tent, in an isolated camp site, with wild animals all around. I went back to sleep, but not before I got up, slipped on my boots and walked outside to the loo, flashlight in hand.

Saturday August 7, 1999

Chobe

I feel great. This morning I woke up at 5:30 AM . The sound of warm water being poured into the canvas wash basin outside of my tent. We took off at 6:15am. Not far from our campsite a mother elephant standing and over a sleeping baby. Watched for a few minutes hoping, that the baby was sleeping and notSuddenly this baby begins to stretch. Just like a baby, with his little feet in the air. at a sight. It wiggled and stretched and then struggled to its feet. The sun was just rising over the golden plains. The light was almost surreal. Last night we stopped for our sundowner on the Chobe River for cocktails. at a breathtaking sight. The crimson red sun sinking below the horizon silhouetting the trees. The sunlight glinting off the river. Fish making big rings as they jumped happily out of the water. The stillness that is Africa.

This morning I experienced my second adrenaline rush. We came upon a huge herd of *cape* buffalo. *Over* one thousand of them had just crossed the Chobe River from Namibia and were coming on land surrounding our vehicle. We were surrounded on three sides. The Only side without buffalo was the river filled with um ! We were searching for lions. That would have been a natural place for them to be. A veritable walking buffet. It was very early and the sun was just rising. If the lions were there, the presence would have surely caused the buffalo to stampede. That could have happened in an instant and we would have been toast. It was a bit unnerving. We watched, the buffalo watched us watching them. I was really getting a bit nervous as cape buffalo are very dangerous and can attack without provocation. I asked Patrick not to go any further forward and we finally turned around. Less than a half an hour later we returned and there was no sign of this enormous herd of buffalo. They had moved into the trees and disappeared. Hard to imagine, but that is what happens in Africa. One minute you see a herd of animals, or a pride of lions and then a blink and they have disappeared into the tall grasses or the acacias or the trees.

During our evening drive we found lions. A male and a female kissing and licking each other. Sorry to say my dislike of "tourati" actually tourati rejectatis (rejected tourists) seems bottomless. Avis car hire drove up to where we were watching the lions with cape buffalo head in his car. Oblivious to the park rules that say "don't take anything... period." My guide as well as another man said, dump it out now or face a huge fine at the gate. He did after much urging. A guinea fowl hit by a car and some mental midget hung the fowl on a tree. Despicable culprit should have been hung on some tree.

Sunday August 8, 1999

Chobe Botswana

Africa is magic. After breakfast we drove to the old gate in search of lions. My endless search for the cats. I simply cannot, will not ever get enough of them. I must interject that I am having somewhat of a problem with Heather. I find her very argumentative and confrontational. I resent her coming on game drives. Well here she is again. It annoys

me to the end. But I will work it out. This is my vacation and nearly my last day in Botswana. This is their last year in the safari business. The time is right for her to leave the work. Had two Larium inspired dreams. I saw lions. Two female and one young male... they were magnificent. Earlier I watched as 4 elephants swam across the Chobe River. Then another mother ele gave here tiny baby a dust bath. I just love to watch then. Tomorrow its off to Vic Falls. Washing my hair. I think they have a dryer. Will meet up with Margi and Don, the Canadian couple that I met in Maim on the plane. The wind is whistling through the trees. Last night I could barely sleep what with the eles trumpeting at the lions, the lions roaring, eles tearing down the trees near my tent. All the activity last night and this morning there was a deafening quiet. The lions had killed a buffalo.

Evening drive

We went in search of the lion from earlier to no avail. Adequate doses of elephant and giraffe who love to make their presence known after 5:00PM. Had our sundowner and were heading back to the camp, a bit late but in any event on our way. The sun had set when in the distance I saw the silhouette of what I thought was a wart hog. It wasn't....it was a male lion walking along the sand road right past us. A slight distance behind him was a second beautiful male. at a sight. It was as if they knew that all tourists should be back in camp and they could just meander along the road as if they had no cares. No one was there but us.

Middle of the night the crunch of leaves and twigs. The sounds of branches being broken off. Eles behind the tent. All night long the deep roar of the lion. All night where was she? About 3:00am I heard the sound of gunshots. Two times the unmistakable ping, ping, ping in rapid succession. Was it the military exercising their shoot on sight no questions asked policy for anyone coming across the Chobe River. This to ward off potential poachers. I must ask Patrick about this. Had two more Larium dreams...a lion jumping up on the top of a mountain and the crash of an L train with a Japanese guy covered in soot who asked me to kiss and hold him... more noises.

Monday August 9, 1999

Chobe, Botswana

Ran out of my tent at 6:30 **am**. A herd of elephants passing by and through. Slowly and methodically like oil. In three minutes there was no longer any sight or sounds remaining. They had completely disappeared into the forest from whence they came.

at fantastic creatures they are. We are breaking *camp this morning as I am on my way* to the border and into Zimbabwe. On our way out of camp this morning, never expect anything and there she was a female lion lying at the side of the bush. She was fully stuffed from a cape buffalo kill that was across the road. She posed and then disappeared into the bush. But even that wasn't the end. Near the gate we came upon five lion in a dry pan. They were just lying still when suddenly each one of their heads turned and they were off running. They had obviously heard what we hadn't. It was unbelievable all five running out of the pan.

I arrived at Victoria Falls and arranged to fly in the helicopter in the morning. I am leaving tomorrow afternoon as luck and my plane flight would have it. I am overnighing in Harare on my way to Nairobi. This afternoon I climbed Victoria Falls and stood swept away with energy at the power of this amazing sight. No picture can capture the panorama that sweeps deep and wide. From the bottom of the falls a heavy rain *like mist* covers you and *the* sounds of the water crashing onto the rocks below bellows like a bass drum in your ears, The thunder of the water, the powerful presence, the TRIPLE rainbows that one can see. Truly a sight to behold. I affirmed the powerful presence of the falls and of W4W.com. The energy rush was incredible. Went to the Carnivore in Vic Falls for dinner. Ate worms as a snack! Of course, I didn't know they were worms when I ate them. They were okay, really.

Tuesday, August 10, 1999

Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe

I didn't sleep well at all. Went to bed at 9:30 p.m. then woke up at 1 hour intervals. There are bush bucks outside my window eating the grass along with a small family of wart hogs. I moved my socks inside and closed the window. I am going helicoptering this morning over the falls and the game park. Sent out some postcards as it will be most difficult to post from now on. Made my way to the helicopter area and was as luck would have it placed with the pilot. at a view. From the front and under my feet. A full frontal panorama of Plexiglas. The Falls were even more spectacular than I remember and certainly seven times greater in size than any picture I had taken. It must be over a mile wide. Adjusted my bush eyes so that I could spot game from the copter.

at a thrill! The water a mile wide crashing into a narrow gorge. Rainbows dancing in between the water and the rocks. Spectacular!

I went back to the Croc Ranch, location of Carnivore Restaurant and ended up running into Betsey of BJ Adventures. I purchased a service of fantastic African art made into dinnerware. Penzo is the artist and they are fabulous....being shipped.

Wednesday, August 11, 1999

Harare, Zimbabwe

Yes the things we take for granted. Africa truly is the great leveler, The Miekles Hotel is very beautiful. 5 stars in Zimbabwe. I spoke to the States....and couldn't wait to hear Mitch's voice. I miss him. Actually it was wonderful hearing all the voices. I go into the bush tomorrow and won't be accessible again until the 30th so a dose of voices was really needed.

Thursday, August 12, 1999

Nairobi Kenya

Said my farewells to all and made my way to the airport. Arrived in the Mara at the strip this morning. A tiny bit of confusion as my driver wasn't there! Another driver was taking me back to the camp when we ran into Ledede (John) midway. So I switched cars

and off we went. Decided to game drive back to the camp. Found a lone cape buffalo hiding in the grasses. Was sort of like hiding a VW! They are of course as always dangerous and not to be trusted. Then 6 lions 3 females and 3 cubs just relaxing after the early meal. Got some fantastic shots. The light coupled with the wheat colored grass and the tawny animals with trees the shape of gnarled limbs. No green. Well it makes an outstanding composition. The dark brown hues of the cape buffalo head tucked neatly beneath the pale wheaten shades of a field of grasses. Wow! Enough said. So on the way to camp, as if that wasn't enough, another sleeping very fully stuffed lion. Then Ester the Masai woman *whose house I was in 3 years ago. Her jewelry in out on the island.* We hugged. I will be going to see her and Simon tomorrow

I continue saying the appropriate number of Hail Marys as thanks that I had the foresight to get my own car and driver. Enough said. There are children in the camp 7 and 9... the tent next door. But God is good. Maybe they will continue running in circles and go to bed early. Our tents face the river. I spotted a hippo there a moment ago. Not meant to do anything... just informational.

Our evening drive found me smack dab in front of a pride of lion dining on a Hartebeest. There were 3 little cubs. Kenya is a magnificent country. Different in so many ways from Botswana. The incredible hues of the grassy plains blend with the stark almost movie set trees placed with sheer perfection equidistant from ones life, yet standing alone in perfect symmetry. Large boulders dot the plains. Blue sky meets the hungry Savannah and then, add the animals. Any animals. How can one fail to take great pictures with perfect composition. How does this sound? A private game reserve in Kenya. Land Rover, guide, house..say 40,000 acres with stock including predators. Sounds heavenly. Tomorrow, I have a wake up call at 4:30 am folks. Going to Governors Camp for hot air ballooning. at a rush that is. There is a hot water bottle in my bed and I am turning in. at could be so bad about this. Great surroundings, great food, a hot water bottle in bed and the sounds of the hippo outside my tent. God is good.

Friday, August 13, 1999

Masai Mara Kenya

Oh my, Friday the 13th. It's 4:30 am and I am up. Just one tiny hitch. The car will be here at 5:00 am and not 5:15 am as I was told. Why am I not surprised? I am eating so *much. This* being outside every moment makes one very hungry I will have to diet on my return. The road to Governors Camp, which is the balloon launch site, is unbelievable. There are ruts in the road the size of states and bumps like mountains. I kid you not. As I said earlier Africa is the endless pothole....but some as make even that picture a joke. Sometimes I think I am riding on the bottom of a 5,000 year old dry river bed. This is not for the whiners. It's pitch black and I am in a tiny boat being hauled hand over hand to camp. The rope pulley and a canoe. Well, good news, it worked. I got to the site and wow....the cute pilot Greg from my last trip. He now has a cuter than cute 2 year old tow head, platinum hair and blue eyes. A little bush baby who can game drive for 4 hours, no whining, loves the animals and had champagne for

breakfast. I was one of the 16 guinea pigs using the new `16 person basket sans rubber runners. In theory when the balloon lands it is crashed into a termite mound. To fully appreciate this process one must understand that termite mounds are often 4 - 5 feet high. The riders sit down in the basket, four with their backs against the basket, four more in front with their backs against the basket. In our case we were 8 across divided into fours. I was as luck would have it on the side that was to break the flight. So we crash into a termite mound and then, if there are rubber runners, the back of the basket with riders skids with the riders on their backs to a stop. Since we had no runners we just kept crashing into termite mounds until we finally came to a stop. More on my right arm and the tiny tendon problem later. Whined a bit internally as I am having a great deal of problems picking up my camera. Anyway I made it which really is the point anyway. The migration is just starting and we flew very low over the trees as tens and tens of thousands of wildebeest gathered below us. Every place looked like swarming ant colonies with wildebeest and zebra. It was unreal. Breakfast in the Serengeti offers every single food group that has the words high fat content on it. Canadian bacon, beans, cheese, sausage pork of course, eggs, breads, butter, jam. Fried things, fat things. And lo and behold some fruit. Of course champagne at 7:30 am. But I did it anyway. It will be part of my diet on return. Hate myself. We are game driving back to the camp with some people from Houston and a couple from Paris and their sons.

At last. Three beautiful cheetah lying on a rock surrounded by grass. I finished the last pictures on the roll, slapped in a new roll and shot away with my new 500 mm lens smartly in place. Two males and a female in heat. Mating mode. When the camera showed 40 pics I knew I had a problem. The film hadn't advanced. Set it again, shot more...left the cheetah...shot more. At 39 pictures I threw the roll into my camera bag marked BAD. So sad. Moped a bit. Whined internally at my bad luck. Then some lions appeared to cheer me up. I took some pics and hope to hell this roll is good. What could be better. Cheetah and Simon later today.

God is good indeed. I spent two hours at the Masai village with Simon and other members of his extended family trying to arrange for his schooling. He arrived. I haven't seen him for 3 years. He is so tall and so handsome. Huge disarming dimples. He is 12 now. I spent over an hour in the house of Ester. She built it herself out of soil, cow dung and branches. Tanned cow leather covers each bed. One bed is for the children and one bed (now separated by a wall) is for Ester and I suppose her husband. She wants me to help her with the circumcision of her daughters!!!! I will not be able to do that for her. I have yet to tell her, but everyone will come to camp tomorrow. I met with Simon's teacher, Helen. She will help me. After we left the village, I saw another Cheetah and took some pics. Hope these are good shots. What a magnificent animal. I think it is perhaps the most beautiful. Met some interesting guys from Kenya Wildlife Service. Alan, Brent and his brother Woody, Americans, but Brent and Alan live in Nairobi. Interesting how of all the people I see and don't speak to, these guys were from Kenya Wildlife. There are no accidents.

Saturday, August 14, 1999

Masai Kenya

I am up early... as usual. It is warmer today but I am still layered. Better to take off than not to have enough on. I am eating too much, but the food tastes so good. The fruits and vegetables are great, vibrant reds and greens, not waxed to look better. So this morning we made our way to where a mother lion supposedly had some very tiny cubs. Two vehicles were already there and the mother was in the front of the grassy area, just lying in a clearing. I already know how this works. Tourists get antsy and want to see everything so their patience level is usually zero and they *leave after just a few* minutes of no cubs. We wait and wait and wait and wait...if necessary. I quietly snapped her. This regal creature tawny and lean in the morning sunlight posed *before* moving into the bush. Then, she rose and slipped into the tall grasses. The other cars were gone and only I was there staring at an empty clearing. I could see her ears and she moved deeper into the grasses. A few moments later she started back and then abruptly laid down in the tall grasses behind the clearing and out of sight of my probing camera. Suddenly I saw some movement and could make out the shape of a tiny cub. He appeared through the bush and into the clearing directly in front of me. Oh my God!!! Then another cub and my stars a third baby stumbled out and lined up in a row right in front of me. Like three little monkeys there they were; posing, staring, playing, biting a bit. I snapped away and all the while mother stayed behind the grasses. I could see her watching them pose for my pleasure. She had most kindly given us a peek at her precious lot. Suddenly, as it happens during moments of incredible game viewing, a vehicle roared up and one by one the tots hurried into the bush. Oh how I hate tourists. I was overflowing emotionally for the day. Later we saw a male lion, stuffed to the brim with wildebeest, the daily special during migration. Went to the river hoping for a crossing but instead saw many many dead wildebeest and hoards of hungry vultures. They perched themselves on the carcasses of those *terrible* animals who had lost the battle of the crossing. Hundreds were floating and bloated in the river.

Just had a meeting with Simon, his father, brother and Helen his teacher. His father was so thankful that he could only hold his heart and smile. Simon is a lovely boy and I'm glad I can help. The evening here is most incredible.

A blue hue falls over the pale grasses. The gnarled trunks of the fig tree gray and black against the blue sky and the pale tawny colored fields of miles and miles of grasses. Drop into this any wild animal and it is pure heaven. Our evening game drive handed me more magnificent cheetah. Singularly beautiful against a pale backdrop that is Kenya and the Mara. A hippo just cannonballed into the river in front of my tent. It reminded me of Fantasia with the hippo dancing in little tutus. Why I don't know.

Sunday August 15, 1999
Kenya

Mara River Club Masai Mara

My last day at the Mara River Club. Up early this morning and off we went. Our very first sighting a pride of 13 lions all sitting for a group photo atop a large mound. The light was sheer perfection and I shot and shot until **one** by one the lions moved away leaving only 3 cubs atop the soil. They proceeded to try to bring down 2 cape buffalo who chased the lions away. One seemed to be wounded but nonetheless he pushed the lions back. A few minutes later, after the lions had disappeared into the tall grasses, we moved our vehicle down into the area where we had last seen them and lo and behold the pride had killed 2 water buck in the grasses and were feeding. at a sight! At one point one of the cubs picked up a leg and hoof which was as big as he was! Later we saw the 6 day old baby elephant. Its trunk came weaving out of the grasses. So adorable. Tiny enough to run under another larger baby elephant. Tomorrow morning I go to Lewa Downs in a private charter plane.

Monday August 16, 1999

I chose to wake up a bit later, 7:00 am as I will game drive to the air strip. Last night on the evening drive we found the lion babies once again. First we spotted the big male lying sound asleep in the grasses. Then as we were pulling around we noticed that mama wasn't in the clearing. Then suddenly I looked down into the ravine directly below the clearing and covered in plants and grasses. There was her beautiful face staring up at me from the shady gorge. At first I couldn't see the babies. A little later my patience paid off and she walked a few feet forward in the gorge. I could see her cleaning three little cubs. One got himself upside down and was so cute, his snow white tummy and those beautiful eyes. He struggled and struggled until he finally turned himself right side up. Finally she came up the side of the gorge and went to the grassy part of the clearing to nurse. When she was finished two of the cubs came out and graced me with their presence. First one little baby poked through the grass, then another. They sat together wide eyed, trying to figure out just who and what we were. I shot many pics until the tots went to sleep and we had to return to the camp.

Simon came to say goodbye yesterday with his teacher and his uncle Joseph. We have now discussed an alternative to regular school. Boarding school for Simon. At first I resisted but now I do agree. This is much better for him. He will begin in January. Helen will send me the particulars. I am feeling that I could have shortened this trip a bit. I am halfway through today and I feel like there is so much more to go. Well that is how we learn. One was too short and one too long. Next trip will be just the right length, which is, who knows. I will see when I get there. Simon is such a good boy, I feel good about my decision.

Flew out of the Mara this morning on a Cessna plane. Just me and the pilot who had something in his eye. There I was, bad weather consuming the plane in gray clouds and rain, the pilot poking and prodding his eye as we catapulted from one rain cloud to

another; me examining the instruments just in case I would have to land the plane! No kidding, I actually was watching very carefully in the event my services were required. Marc was flying and blinking as I was practicing my mayday. Figured if need be I could be talked down and land. No need though. Just as we were landing I heard someone say over the radio something about an elephant. Lo and behold on our arrival there was a little baby elephant on the side of the airstrip. I went over at once and touched her. Hair like bristles. It seems the poor little thing had fallen down a well and its mum and the others had tried in vain to rescue her but couldn't. Luckily someone happened by saw her as mum and the herd had abandoned the baby. The little baby was rescued and was waiting to be airlifted to Daphne Sheldricks Orphanage in Nairobi.

Griffis didn't pick me up at the airstrip, but someone else did. My first sighting at Lewa was of two white rhino, greveys zebra and reticulated giraffe. I met Griffis once I had checked in.

Tuesday August 17, 1999

Lewa Downs Kenya

Left early this morning for Samburu as I cannot go more than one day without seeing cats of some sort. The roads simply couldn't be any worse. Africa, the endless pothole. Actually this gives new meaning to 40 miles of bad road. Last night we saw a black rhino mother and baby. Incredible creatures without parallel. Then after waiting ever so patiently I saw the first ever baby hyena. They are black with little spots. What a find. The females are so unbelievably protective and spent more than 30 minutes assessing the situation before finally one little black head poked out of the hole. She ended up cleaning them right in front of us.

Samburu was very very hot and dusty. I felt at times like I could hardly breathe. The winds were strong and the terrain is parched like the desert. On the way back I bought some beautiful fabrics in the marketplace in Isiolo as well as some Sambm jewelry. The fabrics are unbelievable and I will have some of them made into tablecloths.

This evening as I sat around the fireplace I started chatting with a couple that had just arrived. It turned out to be Werner Erhardt. I was blown away. The father of metaphysics. The person who was responsible for jargon that is used every day. The pioneer of taking responsibility for ones life. I knew there was a story there somewhere before I realized who he was. He said he lived in the Caymans, there is a story for sure. I just can't remember what I read. The woman with him, Hanukah, has been with him for 32 years.

Wednesday August 18, 1999

Lewa Downs Kenya

This morning I gave up a sighting of white rhino on the road due to the rude behavior of another group of tourists who chose to pursue the rhino and block my view. Rather than get upset so early I chose to leave. Its all about responsible game viewing. We were rewarded. There were 5 rhino feeding together.

We spent nearly 2 hours watching them, alone! To hell with those guests who chased the rhino. Now they aren't even saying hello to me. So, now instead of being minimally cordial, a mumbled hello, a nod of the head, I will **no** longer acknowledge them. This place should have been only three nights.

After breakfast I went back down to the town of Isiolo and bought some more fabrics. Don't have a clue as to how I will get these into my suitcase. About 40 yards. Oh well, somehow all will work out. In the distance I can see the prehistoric black rhino looming once again. Wandering among the dense acacia this shy but dangerous creature is both elusive and magnificent. The new 500 mm lens brings him closer than close. At 6:00 p.m. we posted ourselves at the hyena holes patiently waiting. Thirty minutes later as the sun was dropping down to the horizon behind the majestic plains, one appeared. I assume it was the mother. Griffis had walked around the large openings to see if there was any sign that the babies were gone. Mama picked up his scent loud and clear as she circled apprehensively. She walked around and up and down. Two more hyena approached. They laid down in the road out of my field of vision. Suddenly a little head poked up from behind the shrub. A baby emerged, then t . ed into another hole before gracing us with his or her presence. Then the mother walked down into a gorge leaving the baby on top. I tried to shoot pies but the light was **or. Soon** mama returned and a few minutes later another baby appeared and she began to nurse them both right in front of us. She still seemed very spooked though and a few minutes later made her way down to the gorge, babies in tow.

I spent the better part of the evening pondering the EST training. Werner's importance to so much of today. Terms as well as disciplines. He truly was a pioneer who paved the way for Tony Robbins, Shakti Gwaim and others. Just think: I need some space, evolved, empowered, finding myself and much more. I would like to acknowledge his contribution, to my life and others. I will see how this unfolds.

Thursday August 19, 1999

Lewa Downs Kenya

As the sun was rising over the acacia trees and the date palms, Mt. Kenya rising majestically as a magnificent backdrop for the grassy plains. A sight to behold. A family of cheetah rising from the grasses. One ran streaked by the rays of sun along the road. They were skittish and shy. We watched as they watched. Our patience was rewarded by the arrival of another vehicle. As luck would have it the other vehicle carried the group that mixed with me like oil and water. The irresponsible louts who had only the day before stood between me and the white rhino. The ones who I no longer acknowledged. The driver waved us over and streaked past hurtling closer to the shy cheetah. He settled in on our right a hundred feet ahead. Of course the cheetah had moved to get away. We moved. I found the next moments aggravating at best as the driver radioed their location and vehicles began to descend. Prior to that alert the family of beauties drank water and sat majestically on the rocks. We were afraid to scare them so remained static. No more to be said save for the fact that they are the most exquisite graceful creatures I have ever seen.

Friday August 20, 1999

Lewa Downs

Yesterday was really unbelievable. As if seeing the 4 cheetah in the morning wasn't enough, our afternoon drive netted them again thanks to the careful monitoring of a few rangers. We drove with the rangers in tow over for a closer glimpse of these very skittish cats. I must admit that this trip is too long. Next time I will shorten it by at least one week. As evening approached we pulled up near the hyena home and saw one female out, leaving for a nature *walk with her* two cubs in tow. So we sat. The bright sun was welcome for a photographer who had been trying to snap the babes before dusk. We waited and waited for mom to return with the babes. Suddenly out of the corner of my eye I saw a head pop up from the hole. A baby. Warily he emerged but not too far. Then he laid down. Ten more minutes passed and another baby emerged. Oh my God there were 4 and they were all alive. We waited and waited until the other hyenas approached with caution. The last followed through the thick acacia trees by two babies. The waiting pups toddled over to meet mom. Two moms with two cubs each. Then came the cleaning and nursing secreted partially from us of course. At one point mom walked up the road and stood glaring at us. I snapped that shot. On to Tanzania today.

Saturday August 21, 1999

Tanzania Lake Taringiere

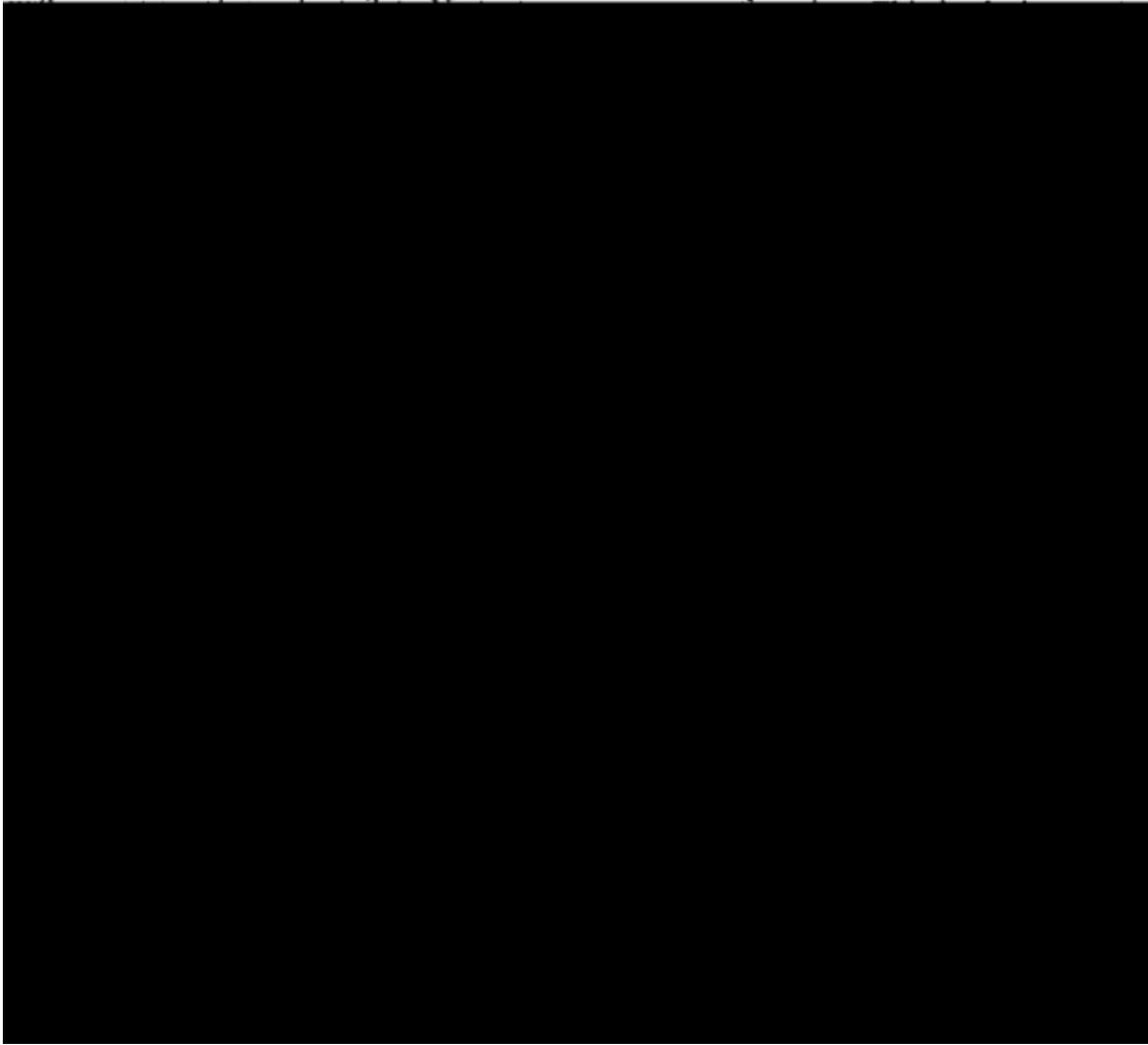
Yesterday was spent flying and driving as well as shopping. Returned to Cultural Heritage and of course proceeded to select one of the most expensive items they had. Managed to leave without buying it, however it preys on my mind. If I can figure out where to put it, maybe. Homesick a little. Miss the boys and Mitch, sushi, telephone, business, my own bed. Don't know whether I miss anything else at the moment or not. I'm not very fond of this Taringiere Safari Lodge. Poor lighting, horrid shower, water is off now. Food not very good, staff so so, a lizard ran out of my toilet today. No hot water bottle in bed. Anyway I will be out early, 6:30 am so whatever. Got charged by a furious elephant at a way to begin my day. Actually charged me a half dozen times.

at luck! Found a pride of 18 lions lying around. They weren't doing much of anything when we got there short of crossing the road one at a time. At least the e viewing is responsible in Tanzania. Then find of all finds, Haguy spots a leopard in a tree. Amazing. It's tail hanging down as it majestically perched on a large limb. He sensed our presence, but not before I had snapped him getting up heading down the tree and off into the tawny y . as. at a sight. We leave early in the morning and game drive to Gibbs Farm. We plan to hike the falls in the afternoon. There is simply no rest. I have been eating far too much lately, This glorious outdoor air, the early mornings makes me soooooo hungry. Remind myself to buy Instance at the Fingerpost by Ian Pears. Must to some cards at Gibbs Farm.

Sunday August 22, 1999

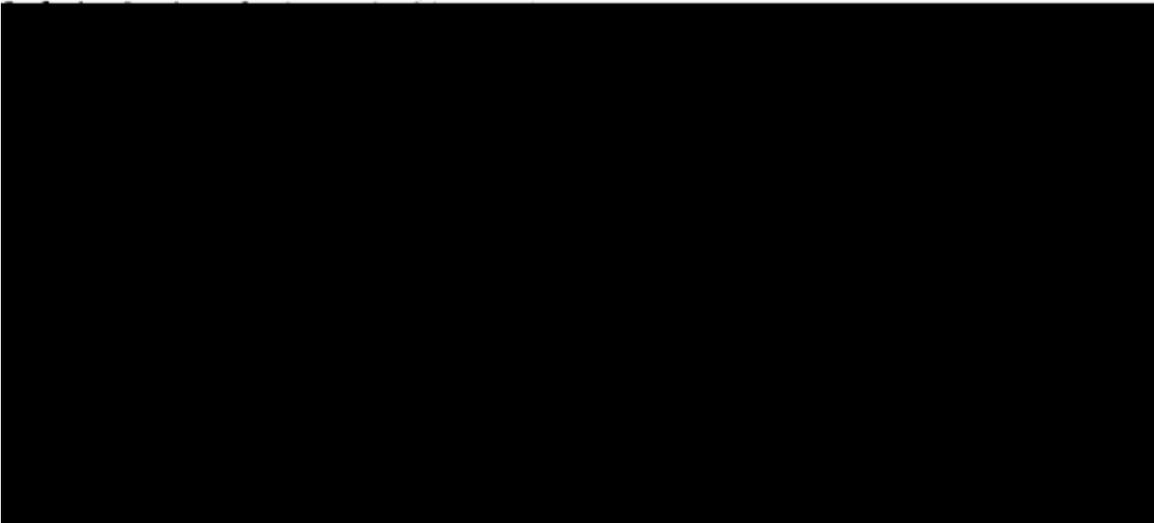
Gibbs Farm, Tanzania

This place is a veritable Garden of Eden. Nestled in the coffee covered hills resplendent with lush vegetation. My room, yes folks a real authentic room - looks out over a beautiful flower laden garden. Birds signing and actual bed, fireplace and a bathroom



Monday August 23, 1999

Out of the Garden of Eden, Tanzania



mile or so into the brush a small child suddenly appeared and the next thing I knew, there they were, Bushmen in their "homes." They wore the skins of animals they had killed on their heads and bodies. The "homes" were cleared areas of a large bush. The ground was cleared within the bush and it was open in the front a C shape. There was nothing overhead to provide protection against the elements. Fires were burning, skins were adorning the ground, other pelts were hanging. There were 5 or 6 "homes" in this little Bushman village, home to about 20 people including a baby of unknown age. She was perhaps 6 months old and wearing nothing but some beads around her little belly and neck. Haguy was told in Swahili that other men had gone into the bush to hunt early that morning. They make their own bows and arrows which are coated in poison from some tree; start their own fires using a stick (I couldn't help but think that it takes me matches and a duraflame and even then I have a problem getting a real fire going).

Here they are in the middle of nowhere with a stick, some piece of metal, grasses. They twist and twist the stick against the grasses, blow on the stick until a hot ember appears. Add some dry sticks and presto, a fire to cook on or keep warm around. They also smoke grass, the real stuff which some people brought to them as a gift. It was sort of a hunting offering. Take us with you and here's some grass. It worked! Imagine this: just standing around, 8:00 am watching a group of Bushmen around the fire and these people arrive, about 6 adults and two kids. I as always remained wary, but in actuality it turned out pretty great. One was a lawyer from Luxembourg named William and his friend Daniel from Paris. A French girl who lives in Arusha and speaks Swahili and her kids (they were a tad annoying but okay) and another couple or two. So off we went following behind three Bushmen with their bows and arrows. It was incredible watching them stalk birds, dik dik and other small creatures. Their favorite food apparently is monkey. We walked behind them for over an hour, through gorges and brush. I laughed as I thought of how very difficult it must be to hunt on command so to speak. To be followed by a group and hunt, especially when there were two small kids (natives in a sense but still kids) following so close. Then suddenly one of the Bushmen shot a bushbaby in a tree. They are so cute I went through an amazingly painful process between them knocking the bushbaby out of the tree, shooting one of them again with another arrow and *realizing that this was* their life cycle. They used and ate everything they killed, unlike most hunters who do it for the sheer sport of it. More on that later.

The first one of course didn't die right away and they brought it down from the tree using a very long stick to knock it out of the tree. When it finally came into view, he shot it again. It was on two arrows still moving, huge eyes staring right at me. Oh my God I am in such pain over this. I know intellectually that this is necessary, but it hurts to my core. I had to keep reminding myself that this is life revisited from 10,000 years ago. But, I love the bushbaby. They now had two bushbabys on arrows. One of the Bushmen hit the bushbaby, to kill it more I suppose; then they started one of their miracle fires using the stick on the knife with the grasses; lay green leaves down as placemats on the ground; and then they bite the back legs of the bushbaby before placing it for the first grilling on the now blazing fire. I stood mesmerized by what I was witnessing and had to continuously remind myself that this was 1999!. I said what about the fur? As the

bushbabies charred the fur was gone. They took them from the fire and used a knife to open them up a bit, so that they would cook better I suppose. They used an acacia thorn to prick the eyeballs and release some kind of poison that was in the eyes. Then, back onto the fire. One they were done they laid out more fresh green leaves from the nearby trees like plates. They took the animals off the fire and began to eat them, putting back any parts that were not quite done. Once they were finished, they washed their hands with leaves, used some fine dirt to put out the fire and we were on our way once again.

at an amazing experience. They do not want to change nor do they want to get socially involved with others in the nearby villages. Most of them have never even been into a village.

The Masai cow dung huts are like mansions to the Bushmen. They hunt giraffe, cape buffalo anything that moves but lion. I suppose there is a mutual respect that exists. The women dig for roots and berries, take care of the children and find large rodents, rats and other ground animals to eat. No stress, no bills, no problems. They have no idea how old they are as one day just goes into the next seamlessly. The French girl had asked in Swahili if they would ever want to leave and go to the village and they said no that they couldn't bear to give up eating monkey. I came away covered in red dust and awe. Nothing could top this event today.

We arrived at the Ngorongoro Crater at 3:00 PM. at a sight! I will rest and then see the Masai dance before dinner. Tomorrow, we will set out early with picnic lunch so that we can have the entire day in the crater. In the meantime, hot water, electric lights 24 hours a day, and guess what else... a hair dryer. Oh boy!

Tuesday August 24, 1999

Serena Lodge Ngorongoro Crater Tanzania

Wow what a sight. The clouds cascading like a huge waterfall over the inside of this incredible crater. No less overwhelming then it was the first time I saw this wonder of the world. We started off down into the crater at 6:30 am and within an hour had spotted five elusive black rhino. Three and one baby crossed the road right in front of us, together. Then we found a lioness with four cubs locked in an amazing drama. The lioness was being chased by cape buffalo, they hate one another. It seems that the cubs and the mother had been feeding on a zebra since yesterday. The buffaloes charged and the cubs went flying in all directions eventually finding their way across the dirt road and into the brush. The lioness was a formidable enemy as it turned out. One cub had been separated from the others and I held my breath as the buffalo approached. This buffalo would have killed the cub instantly and the lioness alone against the buffaloes was not a match. The lioness roared, the buffalo stopped, the cub ran. The lone cub finally slipped out of the brush and crossed the road to join his siblings as the drama continued to unfold.

The lioness and the single buffalo stood practically head to head, zebra in the middle. At one point the buffalo actually lifted up the zebra carcass with his horns. He charged she growled. This standoff went on for a long while, at one point the lioness chased a jackal that tried to get this now tiny zebra carcass. Haguy commented that this lioness was

pretty amazing as she still had all four cubs, which was a feat in itself. Finally the buffaloes tired of the standoff and moved away.

Later we saw two fabulous male lions, the fathers of the six I had seen at the water hole three years ago. It was so wild watching as they chased away their own offspring. Then we saw some baby hyena from afar but still a great sighting. They were only a few weeks old and all black. Final kudos for the cheetah mom. I saw two tiny cheetah cubs about 2 or 3 weeks old. They were so adorable and smart. At first they had been right by the roadside waiting for mom to return from the hunt. A car was parked right in front of their pathway to mom for the longest time taking pies. They finally moved after Haguy and I drove back and told them we were from WWF and they should not block the mother from her cubs. Just another example of brain-dead tourists. Later when we returned to see if they had moved, we saw them about twenty feet from the road, well hidden f r o m prying eyes. Actually Haguy had to make cheetah sounds so that they poked their little heads up. I took two pies.

Wednesday August 25, 1999

Ngomgoro Crater Tanzania

Today began with mental and physical fog. We started off with a bang when for the second day in a row the crater gatekeeper rolled in to place late. I get up at 5:00 am so that we can be first into the crater and she rolls in 30 minutes late with attitude. The closing times as we know are enforced even before they should be. So if **one** arrives at the gate even 15 minutes before the final car may enter, it's likely that the gatekeeper has gone. One can be subjected to penalties or even locked inside if you are not out of the park by 6pm.

Unfortunately, one can't complain about anyone because then a person can be locked out of the park by the gatekeeper, So the abuse continues. So on that note we limped into the crater through the pea soup thick fog. I saw the cheetah mom and the babies jumping up through the grasses. I was so very glad that she was reunited with them. Also saw a baby rhino and mom from a distance.

Saw the lioness with the four cubs again. Once again protecting her kill and cubs against a huge pack of hungry hyenas that wanted to move in on what was left of her zebra kill. The pack moved slowly to the bottom of the hill surrounding one side of the lone lioness. But as they moved in, she was up and after all of them in a flash. All she appears to be protecting at this moment is the rib cage and a small amount of *flesh*. *But as Haguy said*, the reason she still has all four cubs is because she is so very aggressive. Finally the hyenas gave up and went away. A pack of that size should have been able to take over the remainder of the kill from a lone lioness.

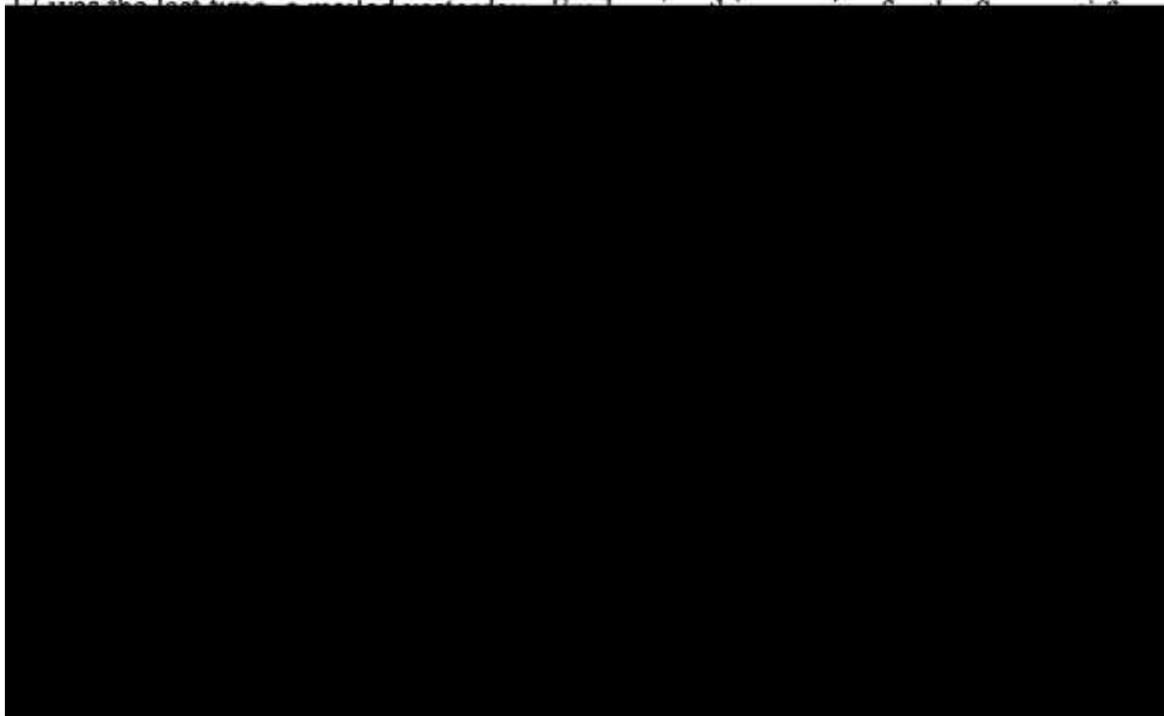
I forgot to mention that yesterday we watched as a lone cape buffalo immersed himself thigh high in mud. He had waded into the mud as he was munching some delectable grasses and found that he was stuck. So he just continued to move around in the mud a few inches at a time, eating and eating. Meanwhile small white birds and pink pelicans

stood around in near Iscination. Certainly an example of making the best of a bad situation. So he munched and moved and munched and moved. We went back there today and he was out, so I guess he munched his way out of the mud.

Thursday August 26, 1999

Ngorongoro Crater Tanzania

I can't sleep. My mind is racing with thoughts about W4W. I'm really ready to jump back into business. I need to. Although admittedly I have been faxing when possible, 8-12 was the last time I mailed a postcard. I had a lot of things to do in the morning.



Back at camp my staff built an incredible fire and after my evening shower I sat having a glass of wine and some appetizers. What great food! Each day something different. For lunch cook prepared fantastic pizzas with fresh salads each day. Dinner was served by candlelight with wine and in a lovely dining tent. The sounds of the elephants and lions filled the air. The eyes of the hyenas surrounding our camp flashed in the light of the fire.

Friday, August 27, 1999

Serengeti, Tanzania



the tree. I saw her lithe . all the way down. She hit the ground silently, looked over one shoulder and disappeared into the . as the car arrived. Only the tip of her tail could be seen and she moved into the distance, leaving her kill in the tree. I can't believe our good fortune.

The cook is really fantastic. This pizza that he makes is cooked over an open fire. The dough is put in a pot. The vegetables are cooked separately and then put on the dough, covered with cheese, placed on the hot coals and cooked for 25 minutes. The last 10 the pot is covered to melt the cheese. Wow! It's the best pizza ever, moist and delicious. Last night we had Talapia fish in a spicy tomato sauce with coconut rice and fresh green beans and carrots with flan for dessert. Eating too much. No scale. When I get home, I am dieting, for at least a week and not getting on the scale until I'm sure I have lost a few pounds.

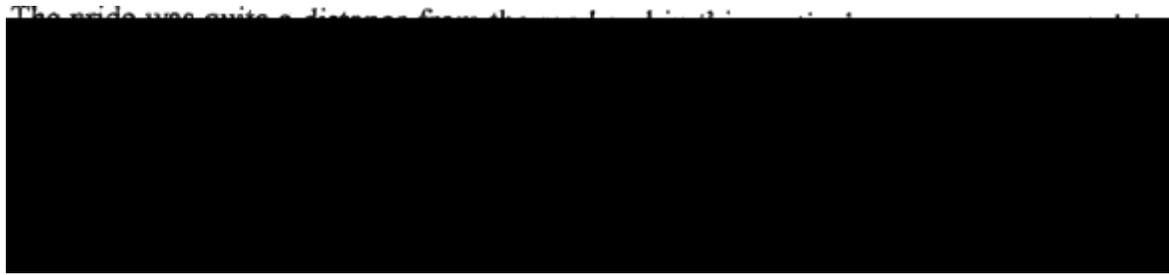
More wondrous sights. Two lioness with 6 cubs in the tawny .y se& Found them in the morning and then again as the sun was going down, Also followed a beautiful leopard through the grasses and watched as he walked dangerously **close to some** Hartebeest.

Saturday August 28, 1999

Western Corridor Tanzania

Just some thoughts... driving 120 km today to the Western Corridor of the Serengeti. It is mid-day, the sun is beating **down on** my head. My skin is dry, my hands are cut and chapped. Thorny acacia branches have whacked so hard against the open windows that I must constantly be alert or risk serious injury. Getting hit in the face with a springy thorny acacia is not a good thing. The dust and dirt are in my **lungs, on** my clothes, in my hair, my eyes and mouth. Yes, I'm tired. Yes, I am so hot that I pour water on my clothes to cool off It dries instantly! Yes I miss my bed, my clothes, my dogs, my friends, but the passion I feel... .the overwhelming excitement...the rush when coming up to 'a tree where 4 gorgeous cheetah are resting at its base; or finding a male lion sleeping in the middle of a thorny acacia bush and growls at us to get lost; or seeing a leopard draped over a tree branch the first or one hundredth time; or a thousand other incredible experiences makes it all worthwhile. It's like the driving force behind finishing another page of a book. I feel the same passion about Africa **as** I do about my writing. The return of the endless potholes, rocks and dirt; my insides are jumbled. My passion for animals is greater than my discomfort,

Yes it's true, this trip is not the French Riviera, not even close. For what it cost I could have a full carat set of diamond earrings from Tiffany, a face lift and a week in Cap Fenat. Yes my hair needs color, my hands are red and cut, my skin is dry as dirt. I can't quite get the fine dirt out of anything. Everything is covered with a sort of red silt. My nails and feet are worse than a washerwoman's. I know I've gained at least 5 pounds and refuse to get on a scale until at least a week after I return and start my diet. But let me tell you, at 6:30am as we left the campsite in the distance and Haguy spotted this pride of lions nothing else ever came close to mattering. All I cared about was getting as close to them as possible.



On the road to the Western Corridor we found four cheetahs lying under a tree. A fifth one approached. A mother with 4 large cubs, My God every bruise, every broken nail, my flat hair- -41 worth it VVe sat and watched these amazing creatures for an hour until they finally got spooked at the sound of a car approaching and left.

We pulled off the road (okay where we were) for lunch and both of us were outside the car chatting it up, when suddenly Haguy looks at me and says something like my God. He is always quite careful with eyes like an eagle. But here we were, doors to the car wide open and we are eating, Haguy outside on the left and there 250' away under a tree is a male lion sitting up. Here we had been searching and searching for the lions all around this area getting repeatedly whacked by the acacias for over an hour and here he was. Haguy got into the car! After lunch we drove around looking for the rest of the pride and there stuck in the middle of a thorny acacia bush was the other male. He was quite put out that I was there and growled three times. Finally he got up and exited through the back side of the bush indignantly. He walked over to lay down with the other male but not before a few complaints. Within a short while the two males were lying upside down, big paws nearly touching, sound asleep. What a sight that was!

We found a crocodile pool that had a rickety suspension bridge over the water with 15' crocs underneath. Well yes, you bet I was worried. Well yes, I was scared. Well yes, I crossed the bridge. But of course, I did so after Haguy went over. I made my way one foot at a time watching the crocodiles watching me and hoping. Once on the other side, we took some pictures and then Haguy made me go first so that he could take a pic of me crossing. I was glad to get on firm ground and thankful not to be lunch.

I am already mentally planning my next trip. Talk about passionate! Africa is in my blood and there is no going back I'm afraid. This is my soul and my spirit. The dirt of Africa, the water, the animals, the people they are all in my blood.

Tomorrow is my last full (Jay. Now I am quite sad. This country is in my blood.

Sunday August 29, 1999

Serengeti, Tanzania

Well, now that it is drawing to a close, I feel so very sad that I am leaving. First it seemed such a long time to be a w l, K[ow I passionately grasp each moment as if it were my last. It is for this year. I will be happy to leave the food as I have eaten far too much.

This morning **we sat** in the magnificent scenery that is the African Sunrise only to see a beautiful male lion heading towards us in search of water. He regally ignored us. I got pies of his royal rump as he bent into a pool of cool water. Then the sight of two more males down in the he grasses. Finally around 8:00 am a pride of around 23 lions. Cubs and 8 moms. This was a different pride. We stayed with them for nearly 3 hours as the sun tried to peek through the clouds. Rain fell. I donned my hat and stayed up on top of the car, watching. Three babies fought one another for nursing rights. As the cars finally began to arrive....called by others in their "tour"....we left. I like to be first on the scene and then leave when anyone else gets there. One caveat is if the other ear practices responsible game viewing, then I will stay. Shortly later this morning we found four more cheetah sitting on a termite mound. The sun glinted off their beautiful coats.

Then a herd of zebra in the water. You hardly see them in the water *as they are fearful of* the lions. They kept stampeding out each time they heard a sound and then moving back. Their fear is so great that they move very quickly in and out of the water. As we drove back to camp for lunch, what do we see? Well what else? A leopard hanging over a branch with a kill on a lower branch half eaten. We watched her for a while, the elusive leopard, then drove to camp to eat. (As if I couldn't have done without).

As we drove I began to think about my goals over the next 5 year:

1. To increase my personal net worth by 250 fold.
2. To have made a serious difference in the world with humanitarian efforts and social programs
3. To speak to women around the world and empower them
4. To be a published author

I also want to give Greg one more opportunity to get his life together and for us to get together.

Monday August 30, 1999

Serengeti Tanzania

Well never expect anything and always expect the unexpected. Headed out for my last game drive and decided after seeing the leopard in the tree again and a few sleeping lions, to search out the pride of lion. So as I am sitting watching what amounted to 1/3 block long of upside down sleeping lions, and a vehicle pulls up next to me. My driver is chatting with his driver, a lone guy. Normally I wouldn't speak to anyone... just a simple nod and smile, if that. I thought about why I do that and realized that because I am such a giving person, I then feel sort of responsible and find that I. I invite people to join me when their driver is gone or sick or whatever 2. I spend time talking rather than watching animals 3. I get involved and can't get free and then am unhappy. But since it was my last night and the lions in question were sleeping far from the cameras eye, I spoke to this person. One word led to another and it turned out that he is from Utah and owns a medical rehab company. He has a ranch in Jackson Hole. His daughter is married to the son of the man who founded Word Perfect and he is friends with the woman who

founded Nu-Skin. So we talked about W4W and invited us to have dinner at the lodge mAre hewas staying. I declined and invited he and his driver to dinner at nay camp.

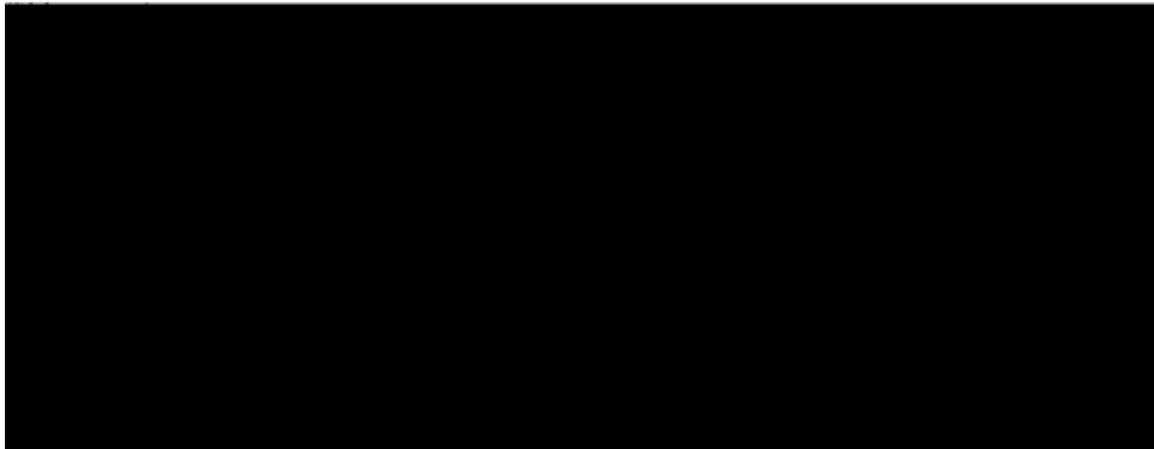
Phoned cook and he is going to make some yummy food for me. So then I went to


Monday August 30, 1999

My last day. My God it's here already. I am very saddened by the arrival of this day. We game drove to the airstrip and spotted the leopard hanging on the branch . She had shifted for the third time and now was over another branch. How passionate I am about this place. I will be back hopefully next year. If not the year after. Tonight I will stay in Nairobi. Flying over clouds whipped up like cotton candy so beautifully. Remarkable....Africa is in my veins pounding like the surf. Land below. First stop is Lake Manyara then Arusha then Kilimanjaro. The topography from the air is simply amazing.

As I am at the air strip waiting for the arrival of my charter plane, he arrived with an ebony gift. It was very sweet.

Tuesday August 31, 1999



I am glad that I raced to get to the Orphanage. It was worth it, Now I must leave, but on a wonderful note I will return in two years and I can hardly wait for that. Video camera this time as well as stills. Boy am I jazzed.