



Dagbog over turen til Rarotonga og New Zealand ... dag for dag

01. – Søndag den 17. januar 2010

Min maxi ferie om på den anden side af jordkloden startede med jeg blev hentet på min bopæl i Viborg og kørt til Grenaa. Dette tiltag gjorde jeg alene hvis vejret skulle slå om og blive fygende snevejr. Det blev ikke til mange timers søvn den sidste nat inden afrejsen først mod Rarotonga og senere til New Zealand.

Meget tidligt op søndag morgen og få indtaget lidt morgenmad inden afrejsen. Der var ikke plads til megen morgenmad, måske fordi jeg led af lidt rejsenerv med hensyn til at nå det hele. Efter ankomsten til Kastrup var der ikke megen tid til at finde over i Terminal 1. Inden jeg nåede så langt, mødte jeg Frank Jørgensen, der fik et "held og lykke i Østrig" klap på overarmet med på vejen.

Vi kørte mod Tirstrup (Århus) Lufthavn i enormt god tid. Jeg havde aldrig før rejst på et e-ticket og kendte ikke til denne størrelse. Min kuffert blev checket ind, og fik at vide den først ville dukke op i Los Angeles af hensyn til de amerikanske toldmyndigheder, der krævede at man selv bar sin bagage gennem security checket. Sådan var det bare ikke - alligevel.

Lad mig lige indskyde her ... al den snak og røre omkring amerikanernes udvide toldcheck mærkede jeg ikke meget til. Jeg havde selv pakket kufferten hjemme fra efter en checkliste for ikke at komme i klemme i forbindelse med flyskiftet i Los Angeles. Efter ankomsten til Los Angeles

spurgte jeg en amerikansk tolder om han ville se indholdet af kufferten - fordi han kiggede noget efter mig, men det havde han absolut ingen intentioner om.

For hver gang jeg skulle skifte fly var det af med sko, livrem, pc, kamera og video røg op i en bakke sammen med andre løse effekter fra lommerne, for at blive gennemlyst. Min cowboyjakke gav et kraftig udslag i lufthavnen på Rarotonga. Toldmanden og jeg blev enige om at hans apparatur var for fintfølende overfor mine metalknapper.

Selvfølgelig er det da træls at stå i kø på 50-75 meter med en slangende kø-hale for at vente på at komme igennem tolden. Det gav tid til at snakke lidt med de andre i samme situation.

Turen sydover hvor man som en fortalte på en tidligere arbejdsplads - kigger mod nord for at se solen – gik meget gnid-

Rarotonga ligger midt ude i Stillehavet. • Rarotonga located in the Pacific.



Diary of the trip to Rarotonga of New Zealand ... day by day

01. - Sunday, 17 January 2010

My maxi holiday on the other side of the globe started I was picked up at my home in Viborg and driven to Grenaa. This move did I alone if the weather should turn on and become drifting snow. It was not many hours of sleep the last night before departure, first to Rarotonga and later to New Zealand.

Very early Sunday morning and have taken a little breakfast before departure. There was not much room for breakfast, maybe because I was suffering from a little trip nerves with regard to achieving it all. After arriving in Copenhagen, there was little time to get over to Terminal 1 Before I reached the stage where I met Frank Jørgensen, who got a "good luck in Austria" pat on the arm along the way.

We drove to Tirstrup (Aarhus) Airport in enormously good time. I had never tra-

veled on an e-ticket and knew nothing of this size. My suitcase was checked in and was told it would first show up in Los Angeles for the sake of the U.S. Customs Service, which required that even carried his luggage through the security check. So it was just not - yet.

Let me just say here ... all the talk and move around Americans' duty extended check I noticed not much. I had even packed your suitcase from home after a checklist in order not to get caught on the connecting flight in Los Angeles. After arriving in Los Angeles, I asked an American customs officer if he wanted to see the contents of the suitcase - because he looked anything for me, but he had absolutely no intentions.

Every time I had to change planes, it was with shoes, belts, computer, camera and video smoke up in a tray along with other loose items from pockets, to be screened. My denim jacket gave a strong result in the airport on Rarotonga. Customs husband and I agreed that his apparatus was too sensitive to my metal buttons.

Of course is it hard to stand in line at 50-75 feet with a hose end-tail queue of waiting to get through customs. It gave time to talk with the others in the same situation.

The journey southward where you as a told on a previous workplace - look north to see the sun - went very smoothly. It fits with the sun not quite, the sun is actually just above the neck in a constant. It is pos-

Lufthavnen på Rarotonga. • The airport on Rarotonga.





ningsfrit. Det med solen passer nu ikke helt, solen står faktisk lige over nakken på en hele tiden. Det er muligt, hvis der rejses i november eller i marts, at solen er placeret på himlen lidt anderledes.

Fra Tirstrup mod København var det et mindre Airbus fly, hvor vi sad som sild i en tønde. Fra København mod London røg vi over i et lidt større Airbus fly. Fra London mod Los Angeles var det noget helt andet at sætte sig op i, – en Boeing 747-400 – det var behageligt. Sikken et skub i røven der blev en tildelt, da den lagde fra land, men det var også Air New Zealand der havde tjansen fra London og resten af vejen til Rarotonga og senere igen fra Rarotonga til Auckland. Hvis man ikke vidste det før, får man det bekræftet efter ombord stigningen – Air New Zealand is no. one in the world!

Efter starten fra London gik det syd om Island, henover Sydgrønland og nedover Canada og videre henover USA mod Los Angeles. Det utrolige ved at flyve henover USA var, at der blev ikke fløjet henover en eneste by, ej heller Los Angeles.

Den eneste gang jeg ved et flyskift ikke var helt vågen, var efter landingen på Rarotonga og en dejlig chokoladebrun polynesiske tolder spurgte mig om jeg tilhørte "transitten" – hvilket jeg kom til at bekræfte, hvorved hun tildelte mig et transitskilt. Transitten var dem der skulle videre mod Auckland og New Zealand, og det skulle jeg absolut ikke – før senere. I

den forbindelse måtte jeg igennem containeren-slusen endnu engang og min bagage blev tjekket med et meget stort grin henover ansigtet på en af de indfødte toldere – en gang mere.



02. – Mandag den 18. januar 2010

Flyet landede til den planlagte tid i Avarua Airport på Rarotonga, kl. 6.15 om morgne-

Palm Grove Beach på Rarotonga, beliggende 50 meter fra Palm Grove Resort. • Palm Grove Beach on Rarotonga, located 50 meters from Palm Grove Resort.



sible that the seizure in November or in March, the sun is positioned in the sky just seem different.

From Heathrow to Copenhagen, it was a smaller Airbus aircraft where we were sitting like sardines in a barrel. From Copenhagen to London smoke we are in a slightly larger Airbus aircraft. From London to Los Angeles, it was quite another to sit up in, - a Boeing 747-400 - it was comfortable. What a boost in the ass that was a given,

as it did from country, but it was also Air New Zealand who had manager position from London and the rest of the way to Rarotonga and then again from Rarotonga to Auckland. If you did not know it before you get it confirmed after boarding - Air New Zealand is no. one in the world!

After starting from London went south on Island, across southern Greenland and Canada and then down across the U.S. to Los Angeles. It is incredible to fly over the United States was that there was not flown over a eneste city, nor Los Angeles.

The only time I know a change of aircraft was not fully awake, was after landing on Rarotonga and a lovely chocolate brown Polynesian customs officer asked me if I belonged to "transit" - which I came to confirm, by which she assigned me a transit plate. Transit was them who were on their way to Auckland and New Zealand, and I should absolutely not - until later. In this connection I had through the container lock again and my luggage was checked with a huge grin across the face of one of the native customs officers - one more time.



02. - Monday, 18 January 2010

The plane landed on time in Avarua on Rarotonga Airport, at. 6.15 in the morning. There was a really nice approach to the small airport where you finally during the approach is entirely below the peaks and it moves really well on the plane.



nen. Der var en rigtig flot indflyvning til den lille lufthavn, hvor man til sidst under indflyvningen er helt nede under bjergtoppene og det rykker rigtig godt i flyet. Efter mere end 20 timers flyrejse, var jeg godt og grundig træt. Det skal ikke forstås sådan, at flyveturen var træls. Fra Los Angeles og til Rarotonga, der var en 10 timers "busrejse" i luften, var utrolig behagelig. Denne distance foregik i mellem 11 og 12 kms højde og jeg nåede at se 5 film samt sove lidt ind imellem, fortalte min sidekollega.

Velankommet til Rarotonga stod en person med et skilt, der anviste, at han kørte for Palm Grove Resort. Den første øvelse han foretog var at give mig en blomsterkrans om halsen, der duftede meget frisk og stærk.

Seks andre udover jeg, skulle alle bo på Palm Grove Resort til næste 3 nætter (5 dage), blev kørt til Resortet, en lille køretur på 15-20 min.

Under planlægningen af rejsen blev det pludseligt muligt for mig at gøre et stop-over, enten på vej ud eller på hjemrejsen. Der var mange valgmuligheder: Tonga, Tahiti, Fuji, Peking, Tokio, Sidney, såment også Singapore. Jeg valgte altså Cook Islands og Rarotonga.

Da stop-over kun omfattede 3 overnatninger, måtte jeg ikke få nøglen til værelset udleveret før kl. 12!!! - receptionisten virkede en smule morgensur. Det var også eneste gang på turen jeg mødte lidt uvilje. Det skulle være en god start på turen, så

jeg gad ikke reagere på dette og gik i stedet ned til stranden, der lå mindre end 25 m fra hotellet og vandrede lidt rundt et par timer omkring Palm Grove. Kl. 12 var jeg tilbage for at få nøglen udleveret og denne gang med et stort smil.

Egentlig var jeg utroligt træt efter rejsen, men valgte alligevel at tage indtil Cook Islands hovedstad, Avarua for at kigge lidt på lokaliteterne. Øens busser er noget



After more than 20-hour flight, I was well and thoroughly tired. It should not mean that the flight was annoying. From Los Angeles to Rarotonga, which was a 10-hour "bus ride" in the air was incredibly comfortable. This distance was done in between 11 and 12 kms altitude and I managed to see 5 movies and sleep a little in between, told my colleague page. Once in Rarotonga was a person with a sign that designated that he drove to Palm

Palm Grove Resort, Rarotonga. • Palm Grove Resort, Rarotonga.



Grove Resort. The first exercise he did was to give me a garland around his neck, which smelled very fresh and strong. Six others besides, I had to all stay at the Palm Grove Resort for the next 3 nights (5 days) was taken to the resort, a short drive of 15-20 minutes.

In planning the trip, it was suddenly possible for me to make a stop-over either coming out or on the return journey. There were many options: Tonga, Tahiti, Fuji, Peking, Tokyo, Sidney, såment also Singapore. So I chose Cook Islands and Rarotonga.

When stopping over only included 3 nights, had I not get the room key issued before pm. 12! - The receptionist seemed a bit morgensur. It was also the only time on the trip I met a little resentment. It would be a good start on the trip, so I did not respond to this and instead went to the beach which was less than 25 m from the hotel and wandered around a bit for a few hours around the Palm Grove. Kl. 12, I was back to get the key from, and this time with a big smile.

Actually, I was incredibly tired after the journey, but chose to take until the Cook Islands capital, Avarua to take a look at the sites. The island bus is something of a chapter in itself. Both are old cast-Chinese buses without any affjering. All holes in one of the two roads around the island will be observed by the body. A single ticket cost \$ 4 and \$ 7.50 a round, but then you get a ride all the way around on just



af et kapitel for sig. Begge to er gamle af lagte kinesiske busser uden nogen form for affjering. Samtlige huller i den ene af de to veje øen rundt bliver observeret af kroppen. En enkel billet kostede 4 \$ og en retur 7,50\$, men så får man en tur hele vejen rundt på godt en time, der er nemlig timedrift. Efter et par timer inde i hovedstaden, var det hjem til hotellet og skifte T-shirt for 3. gang denne dag. Jeg havde bestilt mad til aften, hvilket foregik ved at man skrev sig på en liste.

Op til restauranten kl. 19 og indtage en aldeles fortræffelig lokal menu.

Slut på denne dag og på hovedet i send kl 21.



03. – Tirsdag den 19. januar 2010

Dagen startede med jeg vågnede usandsynlig tidligt - kl 3.30 efter 6 timers søvn. Der smuttede lige 4 timer mere til, dagen var ikke startet endnu – det var bældravende mørk udenfor. Ved 6-tiden begyndte det at lysne.

Op i bad lidt i 9 og ned for at indtage en omgang breakfast med en masse dejlig frisk frugt, bogstaveligt plukket direkte fra træerne i haven. Deres bananer, der blev serveret til breakfasten, var af egen avl og smagte fortræffeligt. Under morgenmaden denne første morgen, delte jeg bord med en ældre canadisk dame udstyret med rolator og ikke en pløk i kæften. Hun gik ikke så godt, som hun

fortalte mig, men som hun fortsatte med ... "svømmede hun bedre end hun gik!" Der gik heller ikke lang tid, inden hun lå og plaskede rundt i vandet med rolator parkeret i strandkanten! Hun var et herligt menneske. Jeg mødte hende senere inde i Avarua med rolator.

Efter indtagelsen af breakfast'en besluttede jeg at trave op for at se et af øens højeste vandfald. En lille travetur på 6 km,

over an hour, there's hourly services. After a few hours into the capital, was home to the hotel to change T-shirt for the third once this day. I had ordered food for the evening, which took place at that one wrote on a list.

Up to the restaurant at. 19 and assume a quite excellent pop-up menu.

End of this day and send their heads in at 21st



Fortorvs café i hovedstaden Avarua på Rarotonga. • Sidewalk café in the capital Avarua on Rarotonga.



03. - Tuesday, 19 January 2010

The day started with me waking improbable early - at 3.30 after 6 hours of sleep. It slipped just 4 hours for the day was not started yet - it was bældravende dark outside. At 6-time it began to brighten.

Up in the bath a little 9 and down to play a game breakfast with lots of lovely fresh fruit, literally plucked directly from the trees in the garden. Their bananas were served for breakfast, it was home grown and tasted excellent. During breakfast the first morning, I shared the table with an elderly Canadian lady equipped with rolator and not a peg in his mouth. She did not go well, as she told me, but as she continued ... "She swam better than she went!" It was not long before she stood and splashed around in the water with rolator parked on the beach! She was a wonderful human being. I met her later in Avarua with rolator.

After intake of Breakfast 'I decided to trudge up to see one of the island's highest waterfall. A small hike of 6 km, which ended up being twice the distance, when I took the wrong ascension and landed right on a man plowed field. Luckily I met 3 family members - grandmother, mother and daughter - who besides pm. 11, continued to say good morning, also asked if I was going up to the waterfall. Which I could confirm which mormor'en told I was crazy the way. I had to return to Main Road and approx. 2 km back. The place I'd just passed outside to pay attention to the



som endte med at blive til den dobbelte strækning, da jeg tog den forkerte opstigning og landede helt ude på en vis mands pløjemark. Heldigvis traf jeg 3 familie-medlemmer – mormor, mor og datter – der udover kl. 11, fortsat at sige god morgen, også spurgte om jeg var på vej op til vandfaldet. Hvilket jeg kunne bekræfte, hvortil mormor'en fortalte jeg var på gal vej. Jeg skulle tilbage til Main Road og ca. 2 km tilbage. Stedet havde jeg jo lige passeret uden at ligge mærken til skidtet der viste vej.

Jeg havde gået nok denne dag og besluttede at udsætte udflugten til næste dag.

I stedet tog jeg ind til hovedstaden med bussen igen for at tage den lidt nærmere i øjesyn. Men helt ærligt, der var ikke meget at se. Alligevel blev det til et par minutter igen inden jeg tog hjem til Palm Grove. Det blev også taget et billede og filmklip.

Mens jeg gik rundt i Avarua og forsøge at finde noget interessant, kom en hane med skørterne helt oppe om ørerne farende ud fra en indkørsel med en glammende hund i røven. Det viste sig ved nærmere eftersyn, at der blev holdt fritgående høns i hovedstaden og det virkede som om de fra fredede, biler og 45-scootere holdt da pænt tilbage, når hønsene kom farende og var ved at blive jorden.



04. – Onsdag den 20. januar 2010

Denne dag er den sidste hele dag på Rarotonga, hvilket jeg for så vidt har det godt med, men alligevel lidt bedrøvet over at forlade dette paradis. Personalet var godt nok også kede af, jeg ikke ønskede at opholde mig længere i deres dejlige paradis - Palm Grove Resort, indtil jeg fortalte dem, jeg var nød til at fortsatte til New Zealand, hvor der ventede mig 4 ugers ferie, afholdt i en autocamper rundt i deres

dirt out the way.

I had walked enough that day and decided to postpone the trip until the next day.

Instead I went to the capital by bus again to take it a little closer examination. But honestly, there was not much to see. Yet it was a couple of minutes again before I went home to Palm Grove. It also took a picture and movies.

Vandfaldet forenden af Vaitetoko Road på Rarotonga. • *The waterfall front of Vaitetoko Road on Rarotonga.*



While I walked around in Avarua and try to find something interesting came a tap with her skirt right up around my ears rushing out from a driveway with a barking dogs in the ass. It turned out on closer inspection that were kept free-range chickens in the capital and it seemed as if from protected, cars, and 45-scooters kept as neatly back when the chickens came up and was about to be grounded.



04th - Wednesday 20th January 2010

This day is the last full day on Rarotonga, which I so far feel good, but still a little sad to leave this paradise. The staff was good enough also sorry I did not want to dwell longer in their beautiful paradise - Palm Grove Resort, until I told them I had to go to New Zealand, where I waited 4 weeks holiday, held in a camper around in their lovely country.

Since I never got to see Rarotonga beautiful waterfalls yesterday, it had to happen today. This time they managed to hit the right ascension and after about fifteen minutes, I hit the end of the road, good enough that continued across the island through a very trackless terrain, which I do not even want to move me out of their own. It was also read on a sign, that wanted to use this track, it should be from the north side, then the opposite side from.

On the descent of this unnamed "road", I met a farmer who went and harvested! It



dejlige land.

Da jeg ikke nåede at se Rarotongas flotte vandfald i går, måtte det altså ske i dag. Denne gang lykkedes det at ramme den rigtige opstigning og efter godt et kvarter, ramte jeg enden af vejen, der godt nok fortsatte tværs over øen gennem et meget uvejsom terræn, hvilket jeg ikke ligefrem havde lyst til at bevæge mig ud i alene. Det stod også at læse på et skilt, at ønskede man at anvende dette track, bør det ske fra nordsiden, altså den modsatte side fra. På nedturen af denne unavngivne "vej", traf jeg en bonde der gik og høstede!!! Det viste sig at være hvidkål. Hvidkål midt i janaur måned ...!

En lille indskudt notits – her godt en ½ time før aftensmaden, sidder jeg med solen til højre i nedadgående retning, den sidste aften og kigger udover Stillehavet. Et par hundrede meter ud for Palm Grove Beach brydes Stillehavets bølger af koralrevet. Stillehavets buldren mod revet høres tydeligt i det fjerne – det er fuldstændig stille vejr og en fantastisk aften.

Dagens menu, anbefalet af restauranten, lød på deres lokalt frisk fangede fisk med en kokusmælk sauce smagt til med et noget heavy tilsætningsstof. Det smagte sgu' godt. Da det var sidste aften, kunne jeg godt være god ved mig selv, og indtage en dessert, bestående af vanillieis og nogle af deres friske frugter, hertil røg der ligeledes en irsk whiskey med i købet. Velkomme!



05. – Torsdag den 21. januar 2010

Op kl. 7 - oprydning og pakning af kuffert på værelset, det er sidste dag i dette Paradis.

Inden morgenmaden var der tid til et besøg på stranden og nyde udsigten endnu engang ud mod revet, hvor Stillehavets bølger fortsat brydes mod koralrevet.

Efter morgenmaden, aftale med receptionen om opbevaring af bagagen indtil

turned out to be cabbage. Cabbages mid janaur month ...!

A small note inserted - just over a half hour before dinner, I sit with the sun right in the downward direction on the last night, looking beyond the Pacific. A few hundred meters out of Palm Grove Beach breaking waves of the Pacific coral reef. Pacific rumble at the reef clearly audible in the distance - it is completely calm weather and a fantastic evening.

Udenrigsterminalen ved Avarua Lufthavn på Rarotonga. • *Foreign Terminal at Avarua on Rarotonga Airport.*



Today's menu, recommended by the restaurant, was in their local freshly caught fish with a kokusmælk sauce flavored with a somewhat heavy additive. It tasted damn good. As it was last night, I could be good to myself and to take a dessert consisting of vanilla ice cream and some of their fresh fruits, served with smoked also an Irish whiskey in the bargain. Bon appetite!



05th - Thursday, 21 January 2010

Up pm. 7 - cleanup and packing of the suitcase in the room, this is the last day in this paradise.

Before breakfast there was time for a visit to the beach and enjoy the view once more toward the reef, where Pacific waves still breaking against the coral reef.

After breakfast, agreement with the reception on storing luggage until departure pm. 15 towards the airport. There was a check in 2 hours before the flight that was scheduled at. 17.30.

Even here at. 9 this morning, it was extremely hot over 300 in the shade.

Another bus ride until Avarua instead of sit and fart on the next 5 hours on the beach, although it is pleasant to lie under the palms. But now it's not just me. There was "Rest Sale" of such T-shirt, so that slipped just a few more in emulation bag for later use. At one point I was swea-



afgangen kl. 15 mod lufthavnen. Der var check-in 2 timer før flyafgang, der var fastsat til kl. 17.30.

Allerede her kl. 9 denne morgen var det ekstremt varmt over 30° i skyggen.

Endnu en bustur indtil Avarua i stedet for at sidde og fise den af de næste 5 timer på stranden, selv om det er behageligt at ligge under palmerne. Men nu er det ikke lige mig.

Der var "Rest Sale" af bl.a. T-shirt, så der smuttede lige et par stykker mere i muleposen til senere brug. På et tidspunkt var jeg så svedt i den nederste bagerste halvdel af kroppen, at jeg måtte ind at ha' noget væde i form af isvand. Ud i varmen igen, hvor der nu ude på havet tronedede et krydstogt skib frem. Normal er der torvemarked i Avarua om torsdagen, så jeg vadede derud, men ingen torvedag – den var flyttet til fredag.

Tilbage til Cooks Corner for at tage bussen tilbage til hotellet – for sent til den første bus. Tilbage til isvandsrestauranten og indtage en "letter" frokost i form af grillet kyllingestykker med forskellige salater og andet ikke definérbar tilsætningsstoffer.

Retur til hotellet med bussen. Jeg havde med hånden på hjertet lovet at være tilbage senest kl. 14. Vi var 7 der skulle videre til New Zealand og fik taget en behagelig afsked med værterne på Palm Grove.

Velankommet til lufthavnen i Avarua, var det første der skulle ske at klare afreg-

ningen af udrejseskatten, der viste sig at være steget fra 30 til 55 NZ\$, siden jeg var rejst hjemmefra Danmark. Pyt, det havde været nogle virkelig dejlige dage her på øen Rarotonga.

Op i flyet, afrejse til normal tid, som new zealænderne kalder det. Op i 12.000 m og med en hastighed på knap 900 km i timen, så kunne de 3.014 km snart overstås.

Mit første syn af Auckland og New Zealand, da jeg vågnede om morgenen på hotellet og kliggede ud af vinduet. • My first view of Auckland and New Zealand.



ting in the lower back half of the body that I had to enter to have something wet in the form of ice water. Out into the heat again, where now out at sea was enthroned on a cruise ship forward. Normal is the market square in Avarua on Thursdays, so I waded out there, but no market day - it was moved to Friday.

Back to Cooks Corner to catch the bus back to the hotel - too late for the first bus. Back to ice-water restaurant and take

a "lighter" lunch in the form of grilled chicken pieces with various salads and other indefinite additives.

Return to hotel by bus. I had to honestly promised to be back at last. 14th We were 7 who were en route to New Zealand and took a comfortable parting with the hosts at the Palm Grove.

Once in the airport in Avarua, the first thing that should happen to meet the payment of departure tax, which proved to be increased from 30 to 55 NZ \$, since I had left home Denmark. Never mind, it had some really lovely day here on the island of Rarotonga.

Up in the plane, leaving the normal time, as New Zealanders call it. Up to 12,000 meters and a speed of barely 900 km per hour, so they could 3.014 km soon overcome.

It's a bit special this day, mid-Mon slips over the international date line and from being a Thursday, it becomes suddenly on Friday and when you wake up next day, it's been through Saturday. Not only that, but from being 11 hours behind Denmark, it suddenly to 12 hours in advance!



06th - Friday, 22 January 2010

This is the day that does not actually exist, because crossing the date line between Avarua and Auckland. The flight was planned 3 hours and 20 minutes.



Det er lidt specielt denne dag, midtvejs smutter man over den internationale datolinje og fra at være torsdag, bliver det lige pludseligt fredag og når man vågner næste dag, er det blevet til lørdag. Ikke nok med det, men fra at være 11 timer bagud i forhold til Danmark, bliver det pludseligt til 12 timer forud!



06. – Fredag den 22. januar 2010

Det er denne dag, der reelt ikke eksistere, p.g.a krydsningen af datolinjen mellem Avarua og Auckland. Flyveturen tog de planlagte 3 timer og 20 minutter.

Kabinepersonalet på denne tur var noget af en oplevelse. For 90% af kabinepersonalet var ældre herre på +55 og de gjorde det skide godt alle sammen.

Velankommen til Auckland her ved 22-tiden lokal tid, skulle vi igennem hele told-cirkuset igen. Først en gangtur på vel omkring en km for finde sin kuffert, der efterfølgende skulle "sniffes" for bl.a. animalske produkter. Godt hanket op i kuffert og skuldertaske hen i køen for først at vise pas og indrejsepapirer, forklare endnu engang, hvad ens formål med besøget i New Zealand er. Selvfølgelig var papirerne fra flyet ikke helt udfyldt korrekt, det blev dog rettet af tolderen med et smil. Videre hen og have gennemlyst bagagen. Laptop ud igen, kameraer ligeledes, men sko og livrem skulle ikke af denne gang! Jeg blev godkendt og måtte gerne fort-

sætte rejsen ind i New Zealand! Der var gratis transport til hotellet, men det gad jeg ikke vente på. En taxi holdt klar, den tog jeg.



07. – Lørdag den 23. januar 2010

Som en af mine piger sagde i telefonen, det er så dagen, hvor ferien begynder. Det er i hvert fald dagen, hvor camperen skal

Nord for Auckland oplever man dette flotte syn ved Waivera. • North of Auckland you will experience this beautiful sight at Waivera.



The cabin crew on this trip was quite an experience. For 90% of flight attendants were older gentleman at +55 and they did it damn well all together.

Once in Auckland here by 22-time local time, we had throughout the customs circus again. First a gangtur on well about one kilometer to find his suitcase, which would subsequently be "sniffed" for the animal products. Good handles up suitcase and shoulder bag up in the queue,

only to show passports and travel documents, explain again what your purpose of visit to New Zealand. Of course, the papers from the plane is not completely filled out correctly, but it was directed by the tax collector with a smile. Now go and have a rayed luggage. Notebook again, cameras also but shoes and belt should not this time!

I was well known and might like to continue the journey into New Zealand!

There was free shuttle to the hotel, but I did not want to wait for. A taxi is kept clear, it took me.



07th - Saturday, 23 January 2010

As one of my girls said in the phone, it is the day where the holiday begins. It is certainly the day when the camper must be picked up. I was picked up by 9:30 am and traveled to the United Campers where formelde arranged and where I got an easy review of the "beast", which proved to be a Fiat Ducato 2.3 from 2006 with rudder placed opposite our domestic cars .

After transfer of the key, it was entirely up to me to decide in which direction I wanted to move me! I "would" ha 'driven southward toward the Coromandel, but hit the wrong exit and went instead into Auckland city driving - the left side! You might say that took my manhood in terms of driving driving in the left side the hard way from the start.



afhentes. Jeg blev afhentet ved 9.30-tiden og kørt hen til United Caravans, hvor det formeltes ordnes og hvor jeg fik en let gennemgang af "dyret", der viste sig at være en Fiat Ducato 2,3 fra 2006 med roret placeret modsat vore hjemlige biler. Efter overdragelsen af nøglen, var det helt op til mig selv at beslutte i hvilken retning jeg ville bevæge mig! Jeg "ville" ha' kørt sydover over mod Coromandel, men ramte den forkerte frakørsel og kom i stedet ind i Auckland by at køre – i venstreside! Man kan sige, at tog min manddomskøreprøve hvad angår kørsel i venstreside på den hårde måde fra starten. Inden afgang var der et hold danskere, der skulle ud på samme tur som jeg, blot en uge kortere. Vi fik en lille snak om rejsen og hvad vi hver for sig ville se. Et amerikansk ægtepar læssede ligeledes lidt input af, når jeg nåede ned på det sydligste af Sydøen.

Nå, jeg kom af sted. Jeg var skide nervøs for om jeg nu huskede at holde dyret i venstre side, hele tiden, komme rigtig igennem deres rundkørsler – selv om man kører i venstre side, har man stadig højre vigepligt i disse gode opfindelser. Den eneste forskel er, at roret sidder i modsatte side af vore biler og man skifter gear med venstre hånd frem for højre. Kobling, fodbremse og speeder sidder som i vore biler. Det gik meget bedre end håbet, måske fordi det tog mig mere end 20 km rundt inde i Auckland, inden jeg fandt ud af byen.



Her på første dagen i New Zealand kom det til at gå nordpå, op forbi Weelsford op til Uretiti Camp, der ligger helt ud til Bream Bay. Jeg orkede ikke at køre længere denne dag. Campingpladsen var en af disse pladser, hvor man betaler for overnatning. Der var en dejlig strand, toiletter og bad med koldt vand!



"Villa Ducato" der fragtede mig rundt i New Zealand. • "Villa Ducato" who took me around New Zealand.



Before departure, there was a team of Danes who were out on the same trip as I am, just one week shorter. We had a little chat about the trip and what we would each see.

An American couple also loaded some input when I reached down to the southernmost part of South Island.

Well, I came away. I was damn nervous about whether I remembered to keep

the animal in the left side all the time, go right through their roundabouts - even if you drive on the left side, you still have the right give way in those good inventions. The only difference is that the rudder is in the opposite side of our car and changing gears with your left hand over right. Clutch, foot brake and accelerator are sitting in our cars. It went much better than hoped, perhaps because it took me more than 20 km around in Auckland, before I found out the city.

Here on the first day in New Zealand came to go north, up past Weelsford up to Uretiti Camp, located way out to Bream Bay. I could not run longer this day. The campsite was one of those places where you pay for overnight. There was a lovely beach, toilets and bath with cold water!



08th - Sunday the 24th January 2010

No gas for coffee this morning. The German girl who handed me camper day before, thought I ought to fill the gas tank, there was, as she said "not much left in it, maybe for a few days."

Out of the tube at 8 and find a bottle of gas. Nope, down here you drive in and get his gas cylinder filled up at a gas station! After gas tion on towards Whangarei to see the waterfall, if I could then find their way. It went well enough and was an experience. The waterfall, which can be



08. – Søndag den 24. januar 2010

Ingen gas til kaffe denne morgen. Den tyske pige der overdrog mig camperen dagen før, mente jeg burde fylde gas på tanken, der var, som hun sagde "ikke meget tilbage i den, måske til et par dage".

Ud af røret kl. 8 og finde en flaske gas. Næh, hernede kører man ind og får sin gasflaske fyldt op på en tankstation! Efter gastankning videre mod Whangerei for at se vandfaldet, hvis jeg altså kunne finde vej. Det gik nu godt nok og var en oplevelse. Vandfaldet, der kan opleves fra alle sider, hvis man altså følger stierne rundt i parken for at se dette vandfald. Virkelig flot oplevelse.

Jeg havde næsten ikke sat bilen i gear før der igen var et skilt der virkede interessant. Det viste vej ned mod Waiomio Gloves, hvilket oversat til normalt forståeligt sprog, er drybstenshuler med levende selvlvsende orme, der lever i mørke på grotteløftet. Det var en oplevelse at gå de 200 m igennem grotten i mørke, kun lejlighedsvis oplyst af en gaslygte, når guiden havde noget at fortælle. Efter de 200 m og vel ude på den anden side, var der en travetur igennem det de kalder bushen.

Herefter gik turen videre op mod Kawakawa for bl.a. at se byen, hvis bygninger minder meget om jugend-stilen fra 1920-erne og Hundertwassers "offentlige lokum". Det er en by der skal opleves, hver-

ken mere eller mindre. Jeg nåede ikke den oplevelse at få en tur i deres gamle engelske kulminetog, som de påstod var mere end 100 år. Jeg så det 100 år gamle lokomotiv holdende stønnende på peronen.

Jeg kunne ikke dy mig for at besøge et af de lokale værtshuse, der havde et usselt rygerum i baggården. Jeg faldt straks i snak med en af de lokale "bosser" over en øl. Jeg fik forøvrigt at vide, at den loka-

Vandfaldet i Whangerei. • Waterfall in Whangerei.



seen from all sides, if you then follow the paths around the park to see this waterfall. Really nice experience.

I had hardly put the car in gear before the turn was a sign that seemed interesting. It turned way down to Waiomio Gloves, which translated to normal language, is drybstenshuler with vibrant luminous worms that live in darkness on cave ceiling. It was an experience to walk the 200

Tane Mahuta, det 1200 år gamle Kauri træ. • Tane Mahuta, the 1200 year old Kauri wood.



meters through the cave in the dark, only occasionally illuminated by a gas lamp, when the wizard had something to tell. After the 200 m and well out on the other hand, there was a hike through what they call the bush.

Then we went up to Kawakawa to include seeing the city, whose buildings resemble the Art Deco style from 1920-and Hundertwasser "public toilet". It is a city that must be experienced, neither more nor less. I did not get the experience to get a ride in their old English kulminetog which they claimed was more than 100 years. I saw it 100 years old locomotive hesitant panting on the platform.

I could not help me to visit one of the local taverns that had a miserable smoking in the backyard. I immediately fell into conversation with one of the local "bosses" over a beer. I had incidentally told that the local sheriff allowed 3 pint, then smoke the card if I were pulled over to the side.

After the visit to Kawakawa, it was supposed I would run over to and down the west coast to see the big old kauri trees. I chose to follow my alternative plan, now that I have hit Coromandel, so I decided to stay here at Beachside Holiday Park, located approx. 3 km outside of Paihia in the next 2 nights and only then run across the North Island and down along the west coast.



le sherif tillod 3 pint, derefter røg kortet, hvis jeg blev vinket ind til siden.

Efter besøget i Kawakawa, var det meningen jeg ville køre over til og ned langs vestkysten for at se de store gamle kauri træer. Jeg valgte at følge min alternative plan, nu da jeg ikke have ramt Coromandel, så jeg besluttede at blive her på Beachside Holiday Park, beliggende ca. 3 km uden for Paihia de næste 2 nætter og først derefter kører tværs over nordøen og ned langs med vestkysten.



09. – Mandag den 25. januar 2010

Vågnede op – igen - kl. 05.45 til en helt blik stille sø overflade, stadig lidt mørkt i vejret, men med de første spæde strejf af solen på vandoverfalden.

Der er ingen kørsel i dag, alt foregår med de 2 ben som kroppen forsøger at hænger fast ved.

Jeg vil gå de 3 km ind til Paihia og kigge lidt på denne by. Der er tæt ved 28 grader i skyggen, allerede nu på denne dejlige mandag.

Jeg nåede ind til Paihia, inden det hele gik i hat og solbriller.

Ret tidligt på dagen valgte jeg at tage en af "færgerne" over til Russell, for at tage byen mere i øjensyn. På et tidspunkt faldt tankerne pludselig på Italien. Ja, det hele mindede om et stort italiensk marked,

som jeg har oplevet ved Gardasøen et utal af gange.

Færgen der bragte mig over til Russells, var "Den blå færge". Sejlturen varede en lille halv time.

Russells er New Zealands gamle hovedstad. Det var her englænderne sluttede fred med mauri høvdingen.

Russell er en flot gammel lille by, hvor de gamle huse er velbevaret.

Det blev også til et besøg på musset, der

Tidlig morgen ved Paihia på Beach Side Holyday Park. • Early morning at Paihia on Beachside Holyday Park.



09th - Monday, 25 January 2010

Woke up - again - at. 5:45 for a great calm lake surface, still a little dark in the weather, but with the first tentative touch of sun on the water surface.

There is no driving today, everything is done with the 2 leg as the body tries to hang onto.

I will walk the 3 km to Paihia and take a look at this city. There are close to 28 de-

grees in the shade, even now at this lovely Monday.

I reached into the Bay of Islands, before it all went into a hat and sunglasses.

Very early in the day I decided to take a "ferry" over to Russell, to take in the sights of the city more. At one point fell thoughts suddenly on Italy. Yes, it all seemed like a great Italian market, which I have experienced on Lake Garda countless times.

The ferry that brought me over to Russell, was "The Blue Ferry." The trip lasted about half an hour.

Russell is New Zealand's ancient capital. It was here that the British made peace with Mauri chief.

Russell is a beautiful old town, where the old houses are well preserved.

It was also a visit to Musset, who has a copy of the sailing ship Cook discovered New Zealand in the ratio 1:30.

The town church is worth visiting.



10th - Tuesday, 26 January 2010

Woke up at. 6.30 in Villa Dukato and had stacked some breakfast on the legs. Kl. 8, I left the caravan site to run the 6-8 km up to the Kerikeri Stone Store and see where there should be some splendid surroundings, move around in.

After some wandering around Stone Store, I continued to Kaihoe to see large Kauri trees in the Waipoua Forest in charge here.



har en kopi af det sejlskib Cook opdagede New Zealand med i forholdet 1:30. Byens kirke er et besøg værd.



10. – Tirsdag den 26. januar 2010

Vågnede kl. 6.30 i Villa Dukato og fik stablet noget morgenmad på benene. Kl. 8 forlod jeg camperpladsen for at køre de 6-8 km op til Kerikeri og se Stone Store, hvor der skulle være nogle pragtfulde omgivelser, at bevæge sig rundt i.

Efter lidt vandrende rundt ved Stone Store, fortsatte jeg mod Kaihoe for at se store Kauri træer i Waipoua Forest der står her. Fra parkeringspladsen og ind til Tane Mahuta (Skovens Herre) er der små 10 min. gang. Det var imponerende at se dette kæmpe træ, der siges at være 1200 år gammel. For at få et billede af træet måtte billedet tages af tre gange.

Den trafik der var på East Coast ved og omkring Paihia er overhovedet ikke til stede herude ved West Coast og Det Tasmanske Hav. Der er rigtig langt mellem bilerne nu.

Før jeg nåede Waipoua Forest tog jeg en lille time-out ved Oponomi ved fjorden der fortsætter ud i Det Tasmanske Hav. Turen igennem Waipoua Forest er 24 km snoet kørsel, hvor vejen er indrettet efter skovens træer. Efter skoven og oplevelsen at se et 1200 år træ, var det kun en spørgsmål om at ramme Dargaville og en camperplads, hvilket også lykkedes.

Det er vaske dag nu. Efter 10 dage på farten var der lavvande i de rene klude. Jeg fik købt et vaske- og et tørremærke. Det sidste kunne jeg godt have sparet, tøjet var mere vådt efter tørring end før, men så var det da godt solen skinnede fra en skyfri himmel resten af denne dag.



Hells Gate, der ligger lidt nordøst for Rotorua Søen. • Hells Gate, located slightly northeast of Lake Rotorua.



From the parking lot and into the Tane Mahuta (Lord of the Forest) is just under 10 minutes. time. It was impressive to see this giant tree, said to be 1200 years old. To get a picture of the tree had the picture taken by three times.

The traffic there was on the East Coast in and around Paihia is not at present here at West Coast and the Tasman Sea. There are really few and far between cars now.

Before I reached the Waipoua Forest, I took a little time out at Oponomi the fjord that continues out in the Tasman Sea. The walk through the Waipoua Forest is 24 km winding drive where the road is guided by the trees. After the forest and experience to see a tree 1200 years, it was only a matter of hitting Dargaville and a camper space, which also failed.

It's laundry day now. After 10 days on the road, there was low tide in the clean cloths. I had bought a laundry and a dry marker. The last thing I could have saved the clothes were more wet after drying than before, but it was good when the sun shone from a cloudless sky the rest of this day.



11th - Wednesday, 27 January 2010

If I come to take pictures today, it will be more fortunate, it is all about moving Villa Ducato from Dargaville down near Lake Rotorua. What might be of interest in between would be uninteresting if I should run for it.

The day started at. 5.30 with waking up to yet another fantastic morning. It had barely begun to brighten yet. Today's run length is estimated at approx. 450 km. I was past the Auckland!

There were also diesel on the "beast" for the first time. It ate well 49 liters for the price of approx. 3.96 DKK per. liters. "Villa Ducato" has actually been running over



11. – Onsdag den 27. januar 2010

Hvis jeg kommer til at tage billeder i dag vil det være mere et held, det drejer sig nemlig om at flytte Villa Ducato fra Dargaville og ned i nærheden af Lake Rotorua. Hvad der måtte være af interesse her imellem vil være uinteressant, hvis jeg skal køre efter det.

Dagen startede kl. 5.30 med at vågne op til endnu en fantastisk morgen. Det var knap nok begyndt at lysne endnu. Dagens kørelængde er opgjort til ca. 450 km. Jeg skulle forbi Auckland!

Der skulle også diesel på "dyret" for første gang. Den åd godt 49 liter til at pris af ca. 3,96 DKK pr. liter. "Villa Ducato" har faktisk kørt over 12 km/l, hvilket må siges at være flot.

Fra Dargaville gik det støt og roligt ned langs med floden der går indtil Dargaville over mod Brynderwyn hvor SH 1 rammes og videre mod Auckland. Nord for Auckland tog jeg ind på motorvejen gennem Auckland, for ikke at lave det samme stunt, som på vej nordpå, at komme ind og ligge og køre rundt i Auckland City. Skiltet viste jeg skulle holde højre vognbane hele vejen gennem Auckland, hvorved jeg ville ramme vejen til Hamilton og herfra videre de godt 110 km til Rotorua. Det blev en lang dag i Villa Ducato.



12. – Torsdag den 28. januar 2010

Efter i aftes at have været igennem en omgang regn- og tordenvejr, jeg kun har oplevet i Alperne, vågnede jeg som vanligt kl. lidt i 6 op til igen en hel fantastisk dag – skyfrit horisonten rundt.

Første punkt på dagens menu – selvfølgelig efter morgenmad - var de små 14 km ud til Hell's Gate. Hvis jeg ikke var klar over, hvorfor det lugtede så underligt af

12 km / l, which is said to be beautiful.

From Dargaville went steadily down along the river that goes up to Dargaville towards Brynderwyn where SH 1 hit and on to Auckland. North of Auckland I went on motorvejen through Auckland, for not doing the same stunt on the way north, to come in and lie down and run around in Auckland City. The sign showed me to keep the right lane all the way through Auckland, so I would hit the road to Ha-

Huka Falls, der ligger lidt nord for Taupo søen. • Huka Falls, located just north of Taupo Lake.



milton and from there on the more than 110 km from Rotorua. It was a long day in Villa Ducato.



12th - Thursday, 28 January 2010

After last night, having been through a game of rain and thunderstorms, I have only seen in the Alps, I awoke as usual. slightly up to 6 again a fantastic day - cloudless horizon.

First item on the menu of the day - of course after breakfast - was the small 14 km out to Hell's Gate. If I did not know why it smelled so weird to sulfur, it was certainly confirmed at Hells Gate. It's hard to tell if the Hells Gate, it must be seen and experienced, but the closest I can get a comparison - no sulfur smell - Soby lignite deposits south of Herning. The hall is done, you can move around in Hell's Gate on the designated trails and really exciting to walk around among bubbling ponds and a perpetual steam.

At Hell's Gate went further, just south of Rotorua to take Buried Village in the sights. Buried Village is an area which in 1886 were suddenly surprised by the earth's internal forces. As from a cloudless sky toppled entire city sammem and all houses were smashed. Today there is a park where it is possible to walk around and see some of the things that were subsequently excavated. A very nice tour of the park also contains a fascinating and beautiful waterfalls.



svovl, blev det i hvert fald bekræftet ved Hells Gate. Det er svært at berette om Hells Gate, det skal ses og opleves, men det nærmeste jeg kan komme en sammenligning er – uden svovllugten – Søby Brunkulslejr syd for Herning. Efter entréen er klaret, kan man bevæge sig rundt i Hell's Gate på de anviste stier og der virkelig spændene at trave rundt blandt boblende vandhuller og en evig damp. Efter Hells Gate gik det videre, lidt syd for Rotorua for at tage Buried Village i øjensyn. Buried Village er et område der i 1886 pludselig blev overrasket af jordens indre kræfter. Som fra en skyfri himmel væltede hele byen sammem og alle huse blev smadret. I dag er der en park, hvor det er muligt at gå rundt og se nogle af de ting der efterfølgende er blevet udgravet. En meget flot rundtur i den park der også indeholder et spændende og flot vandfald.

Videre i dagens takst for at nå Huka Falls lidt nord for Taupo. I andet hug lykkedes det at finde vejen ned til vandfaldet. Det var absolut også værd at ofre tiden på vandfaldet. Vandfaldet er ikke særligt højt, men der vælter så meget vand ned gennem kløften, at det kan fylde to olympiske svømmebassiner på 1 sekund.

Det var efter Huka Falls meningen jeg ville have taget over for se Moon Crater, der ligger i samme område som Huka Falls. Vor Herre var ikke stemt for dette tiltag. Han åbnede lige for sluserne – og der kom bare vand ned, skal jeg hilse!

Derfor fortsatte jeg mod Turangi, der ligger for enden af Lake Taupo og fandt en camperplads for natten godt midtvejs nede af søen.



13. – Fredag den 29. januar 2010

Planen for i dag er at fortsætte ned langs floden Lake Taupo mod Desert Road og

Moving forward in today's rate to reach Huka Falls just north of Taupo. In another blow succeeded in finding the way down to the waterfall. It was definitely also worth sacrificing time at the waterfall. The waterfall is not very high, but fall over so much water through a gap that could fill two Olympic swimming pools of 1 second.

It was after Huka Falls meant I would have taken to see Moon Crater, located in the same area as the Huka Falls. Our Lord had not voted for this approach. He just opened the floodgates - and there was just water down, I say hello!

Therefore, I continued to Turangi, which lie at the end of Lake Taupo and found a camper space for the night well midway down the lake.



13th - Friday the 29th January 2010

The plan for today is to continue down the river from Lake Taupo Desert Road and drive into the Tongariro National Park with the 3 active volcanoes, one volcano has eternal snow around the top.

I had been told at the exit from Auckland that there could be few and far between gas stations, so I decided to fill the diesel beast - surprised it actually runs 12.6 to the gallon and it is very mixed driving. The day started on the lakeshore of Lake Taupo to roll at a slow pace south. After passing Turangi went slowly started Desert Road, although it has nothing with a desert to do. It's very desolate stretch, but it is not worse than the desolate stretches in western Jutland. But it was an exciting trip down to Waitahanui. The road offered little of everything, strejle descents, streamers swing a la the French Alps, steep ascents - there was all the way to go. A very large part of which runs through is the military training area.



Tre billeder fra området i forbindelse med Desert Road. • Three images from the area in connection with the Desert Road.





køre ind i Tongariro National Park med de 3 aktive vulkaner, hvoraf den ene vulkan har evig sne omkring toppen.

Jeg havde fået at vide ved afgang fra Auckland, at der kunne være langt mellem tankstationerne, så jeg besluttede at fylde diesel på dyret – overrasket, den kører faktisk 12,6 på literen og det er ved meget blandet kørsel.

Dagen startede ved søbredden af Lake Taupo med at trille i et roligt tempo sydover. Efter at have passeret Turangi gik det så småt igang med Desert Road, selv om den intet har med en ørken at gøre. Det er meget øde stræk, men det er ikke værre end de øde strækninger i Vestjylland. Men det var en spændende tur ned til Waitahanui. Vejen bød på lidt af hvert, strejle nedkørsler, serpenter sving a'la de franske alper, stejle opstigninger - der var alt på det stykke vej.

En meget stor del af området der køres igennem er militært øvelsesareal.

Ved Waitahanui svingede jeg til højre mod Ohakune for her at køre op til Mount Ruapeha og trave en tur op mod kraterkanten. Men en tankpasser i Ohakune, forklarede mig at vejen var i meget ringe stand pt. og han ville ikke anbefale mig at køre derop i camperen. Det undlod jeg så efter hans råd og fortsatte i stedet ud SH4 for at fortsætte mod Wanganui.

Fra Wanganui og ned mod Palmerston North kom jeg igen på prøve i bjergkørsel, der fik Dukatoen til at arbejde for føden. Et helt fantastisk flot landskab med alt

hvad øjet magtede at følge, samtidig med at dyret skulle helt frem til målet – ca. 50 km nord for Wellington. Her bliver jeg de næste 3 nætter, jeg orker ikke køre mere før på mandag, når jeg skal med færgen over til Picton på Sydøen ved 10.30-tiden. En lille by der blev passeret ved 15-tiden, havde et termometer på kirkespiret, der viste 30 grader i skyggen.



Den arbejdende mølle i Foxton. • *The working windmill in Foxton.*



By Waitahanui I swung right towards Ohakune here for driving up to Mount Ruapeha and trudge a trip up to the crater rim. But a gas station attendant in Ohakune, explained to me that the road was in very poor condition at present. and he would not recommend me to run upstairs to the camper. It failed I looked for his advice and went instead out SH4 to proceed against Wanganui.

From Wanganui and down to Palmerston North, I came again to the test in mountain driving, receiving Dukato to work for a living. A fantastically beautiful landscape with everything magtede eye to follow, while the animal was up to the target - approx. 50 km north of Wellington. Here I get the next 3 nights, I can not bear to run more before next Monday, when I go with the ferry to Picton on the South Island at 10.30-times.

A small town that was passed by 15-time, had a thermometer on the church spire, which showed 30 degrees in the shade.



14th - Saturday the 30th January 2010

It was a great run today, when the sun baked down to 34 degrees in the shade. It was the day when there was slung a pair of New Zealand beers down with little round hand, directly from the freezer.

I tried at one time of day to have to wade around a bit to see on the sites, but these are very outnumbered here. Instead I read a bit of an old BT from 17 January, amazing how an old Danish newspaper can be useful abroad. Have still Jyllands-Posten on the same date, I still have to beat through - again.



15th - Sunday, 31 January 2010

Last day at this place.

It has actually been quite liberating to



14. – Lørdag den 30. januar 2010

Det blev en rigtig driver dag, hvor solen bagte ned med 34 grader i skyggen. Det var dagen, hvor der blev slynget et par New Zealandske bajere ned med megen rund hånd, direkte fra fryseren.

Jeg prøvede på et tidspunkt af dagen at at vade lidt rundt for at se på lokaliteterne, men disse er meget i undertal her. I stedet fik jeg læst lidt i en gammel BT fra 17. januar, utroligt hvordan en gammel dansk avis kan gøre nytte i udlandet. Har stadigvæk Jyllands-Posten fra samme dato, jeg mangler at tæske igennem – igen.



15. – Søndag den 31. januar 2010

Sidste dag på denne plads. Det har egentligt været helt befriende at rykke 2 dage ud af kalenderen og tage en slapper efter næsten 14 dage med fuld tryk på alle kedler.

Som et amerikansk ægtepar jeg faldt i snak med ved at de vækkede mig af min morfar, spurgte om jeg havde set car museet, for ellers måtte jeg ikke snyde mig selv for det. Det blev i dag jeg kørte de knap 3 km hen til Southward Car Museum.

Lad mig sige, amerikanerne overdrev ikke, snare tværtimod. Det var helt outstanding at gå rundt iblandt automobiler fra 1896 og fremefter. Der er alt hvad øjet kunne kapere og lidt til på dette museum.



Alle køretøjer var mobile og deltog af og til i film og ved veteranløb.



16. – Mandag den 1. februar 2010

Op kl. 6 - igen, morgenmad i bad og af sted kl. 7. Sådan lød dagens parole denne morgen for at nå de 50 km indtil færgelejet i Wellington.

Det meste af søndagen stormede det med

move 2 days out of the calendar and take a breather after nearly 14 days with full pressure of all boilers.

As an American married couple I chatted with know that they woke me from my grandfather asked me if I had seen the car museum, otherwise I would not cheat myself for it. It was the day I drove almost 3 km to the Southward Car Museum.

Southward Car Museum er en oplevelse at besøge. • Southward Car Museum is a treat to visit.



Let me say that Americans are not exaggerated, rather the contrary. It was quite outstanding to go around among cars from 1896 onwards. There is everything the eye could grasp and slightly to the museum.

All vehicles were mobile and participated occasionally in films and veteranløb.



16th - Monday, 1 February 2010

Up pm. 6 - Again, breakfast in the bath and place at. 7th That was the day parole this morning to reach the 50 km until the ferry landing in Wellington.

Most of Sunday stormed it with a little rain, but the evening took it and seemed almost like a hurricane - sometimes. It was damn cold this morning, so for the first time they had long pants and a shirt too.

The 50 km took a half hour to cover. There was a queue as it was Copenhagen you had to enter on a workday. I was at least at the ferry in good time about 2 hours before departure.

There were far from land and came out of the harbor to almost normal time - as New Zealanders call it - but this time a little too late.

The entrance to Queen Charlotte Sound, which is most of this cruise can offer would be enjoyed from the deck - the last hour before the ferry is located in Picton - was fantastic to experience. Yes,



lidt regn, men om aftenen tog det til og virkede næsten som en orkan – indimellem. Det var skide koldt denne morgen, så for første gang måtte de lange bukser på og en trøje ligeså.

De 50 km tog halvanden time at tilbagelægge. Der var kø, som det var København man skulle ind til på en arbejdsdag. Jeg var i hvert fald ved færgelejet i god tid, omkring 2 timer før afgang.

Der blev langt fra land og kom ud af havnen til næsten normal tid – som New Zealanderne kalder det – men denne gang lidt for sent.

Indsejlingen til Queen Charlotte Sound, der er det meste denne sejltur kan byde på skulle nydes fra dækket – den sidste time inden færgen ligger til i Picton – var fantastisk flot at opleve. Ja, det skal opleves ellers tror man ikke sine egne øjne, så flot er denne sejltur.

Efter landingen i Picton ville jeg foretage lidt indkøb, inden jeg ville køre videre mod Nelson. Jeg fandt ingen dagligvarebutik i Picton, så jeg fortsatte til Blenheim, hvor der var af indkøbsmuligheder, jeg skulle bruge til lives ophold.

Herfra var meningen jeg ville køre op omkring Nelson og tage et par overnatninger, men mens jeg gik rundt og fyldte indkøbsvognen op med varer, besluttede jeg at køre direkte til Westport for at tjene en dag til senere anvendelse, nede ved Franz Josef.

Fra Blenheim startede landskabet med vinmarker og gik efterfølgende over i

mere eller mindre bjergkørsel, inden det kort før Westport fladede helt ud. Ingen dårlig oplevelse denne køretur på tværs af den nordlige del af Sydøen.

Mit indkøb blev foretaget i New World. Jeg havde ingen øl tilbage efter lørdagens indhug. Det endte med jeg faldt over vel nok det største special øls sortiment for et enkelt land, jeg nogensinde har set.

Her er de 4 jeg købte til senere smagning:

På vej ned ad Charlotte Sound mod Picton på Sydøen. • On the way down Charlotte Sound to Picton on the South Island.



it must be experienced otherwise no one believes her own eyes, so beautiful is this cruise.

After landing in Picton would I make a little shopping before I would continue to run against Nelson. I found no grocery store in Picton, so I went to Blenheim, where there was shopping, I needed to stay lives.

From here were meant I would run around Nelson and take a few nights, but

while I walked around and filled the cart with items, I decided to drive directly to Westport to serve one day for later use, down by Franz Joseph.

From Blenheim started countryside with vineyards and was followed by more or less mountain driving, before shortly before Westport flattened out completely. No bad experience this journey across the northern part of South Island.

My purchases were made in the New World. I had no beer left after Saturday's inroads. Eventually I came across probably the largest specialty beer selection for a single country I've ever seen.

Here are the 4 I bought for later tasting: First Renaissance Brewing Ltd., Blenheim. Porter Ale, 0.5 liter, 6%. A dark, rich and mellow balance of hops and roasted malts. Second Invercargill Brewery, 0.33 liter, 4.5%, Premium Stout from New Zealand's southernmost city.

Third Three Boys Brewery Ltd., 0.33 liter, 5.2%, the content described as pure porter. Batch no. 1167, do not know where the breweries are located.

4th Tuatara Brewery, Akatarawa Road, Reikorangi - do not know where it is. 0.33 liter, 5.0%, Indian Pale Ale, an English tradition.

Overnight after this long day in Villa Ducato was in Westport. There is no doubt that I have ended up in a different climate.



1. Reinaissance Brewing Ltd., Blenheim. Porter Ale, 0,5 liter, 6%. A dark, rich and mellow balnce pg hops and roasted malts.
2. Invercargill Brewery, 0,33 liter, 4,5 %, Premium Stout fra New Zealands sydligste by.
3. Three Boys Brewery Ltd., 0,33 liter, 5,2%, indholdet betegnes som ren porter. Batch no. 1167, ved ikke hvor bryggerier ligger.
4. Tuatara Brewery, Akatarawa Road, Reikorangi – ved ikke hvor det er. 0,33 liter, 5,0%, Indian Pale Ale, an english tradition. Overnatningen efter denne lange dag i Villa Ducato blev i Westport. Der er ingen tvivl om jeg er havnet i et andet klima.



17. – Tirsdag den 2. februar 2010

Jeg havde næsten ikke fået Ducatoen sat i gear ved Westport, før den første oplevelse skulle tages nøjere i øjesyn. Det var ude ved Cape Foulwind, der har en flot kyststrækning med mange klipper. Blandt andet er det muligt at opleve sælerne udfolde sig et af stederne. De var nu en smule dovne i tidsrum, jeg var der. Her traf jeg to hold danskere, dog ude at give mig til kende, men det var sjovt at høre dem kommentere de små nuttede "sælunger", der lå nede i det brusende hav. Det var også her, ved en overgang - et hegn der skulle skræves over - jeg mødte to danske piger der var i bus rundt på Sydøen sammen med en international skole. Ved en tilfældighed kom jeg til at sige, "værs'go, jer først"! Hvortil den ene af pigerne efter

et stykke tid, fremstammede, "jamen vi er ikke de eneste danskere i New Zealand"! Det blev til en god vandretur langs med havet og denne utrolig flotte natur.

Efter dette lille intermesso, gik det videre mod Greymouth, men inden stødte jeg ind i Mitchel's Gold Mine, godt nok nedlagt, men med en masse gamle minder fra dengang, der var guldrus på disse kanter. Han påstod der fortsat guld i gangene, så



17th - Tuesday 2 February 2010

I had hardly got Ducato put in gear at Westport before the first experience should be further examination. It was out at Cape Foulwind who has a beautiful coastline with many rocks. Among others, it is possible to see seals unfold one of them. They were now a bit lazy in the time I was there. Here I met two teams Danes, however, out to give me to know, but it was fun to hear them comment on the adorable

Pancake Rock - et fantastisk sted at opleve. • Pancake Rock - a great place to experience.



little "pups" that lay down in the roaring sea. It was also here, a transition - a fence that would straddle - I met two Danish girls who were in a bus around the South Island with an international school. By chance I came to say "værs'go, you first!" To which one of the girls after a while, stammered, "Well we're not the only Danes in New Zealand"! It was a good walk along the ocean and this incredibly beautiful scenery.

After this little intermesso, went on towards Greymouth, but before I came into Mitchel's Gold Mine, good enough killing, but with a lot of old memories from back then, there was guldrus in these parts. He claimed there is still gold in the aisle, so if I found something I had to take home with me to Denmark.

Forward to Greymouth, but before then, the Pancake Rocks and Blow Holes just viewed. A small hike of 10-15 min. And you're out at pancake rocks. It's hard to tell about the place. It just needs to be experienced. Now I was so lucky that the weather was brilliant sunshine, it could equally have been the rain and sleet, so it had probably been less fun to be there, but it was exciting.

So did I finally Greymouth and wanted something to eat. I had parked Ducato little outside the center of Greymouth and walked the short distance back and found a café.



hvis jeg fandt noget måtte jeg tage med mig hjem til Danmark.

Videre mod Greymouth, men inden da, skal Pancake Rocks og Blow Holes lige besigtiges. En lille travetur på 10-15 min., og man er ude ved pandekage klipperne. Det er svært at berette om stedet. Det skal bare også opleves. Nu var jeg så heldig at vejret var fremragende solskin, det kunne ligeså have været regn og rusk, så havde det nok været mindre sjovt at være der, men spændende var det.

Så nåede jeg langt om længe Greymouth og fik lyst lidt at spise. Jeg fik parkeret Ducatoen lidt uden for centrum af Greymouth og travede det lille stykke retur og fandt en café.

Efter Greymouth var der kun godt 10 km til det næste og absolut sidste denne dag, Shantytown. Shantytown er en mellemting mellem Hjel Hede og den Gamle By i Aarhus. Det var egentlig mere interessant end forventet at trave rundt blandt de gamle huse, hvoraf nogle var fra 1860, hvilket viste sig at være meget gammelt på disse breddegrader.

I Shantytown sluttede jeg dagen af med en lille togtur i det gamle skotske lokomotiv.

Herefter gik det så over stok og sten ned mod Hokitika for at finde en campingplads, hvilket også lykkedes.

Fra pladsen og indtil Hokitika var der en god km, som jeg vandrede for at finde et

sted og få noget at spise. Hjem til pladsen igen og opleve en hel fantastisk solnedgang over Det Tasmanske Hav.



18. – Onsdag den 3. februar 2010

Ja, denne dag er lidt specielt, det drejer sig i al sin enkelhed om at flytte Dukato'en fra Hokitika til Franz Josef i så roligt et tempo som muligt.

Solnedgang over Det Tasmanske Hav ved Hokitika. • Sunset over the Tasman Sea at Hokitika.



At Greymouth, there were only about 10 km to the next and very last that day, Shantytown. Shantytown is a cross between helmet Heath and Old Town in Aarhus. It was actually more interesting than expected to walk around among the old houses, some of which were from 1860, which proved to be very old in these latitudes.

In Shantytown I finished the day with a little train ride in the old Scottish locomotive.

Then it went so head over heels down towards Hokitika to find a campsite, which also failed.

From site and up to Hokitika was a good km, as I walked to find a place and get something to eat. Home to the site again and to experience a fantastic sunset over the Tasman Sea.



18th - Wednesday, 3 February 2010

Yes, this day is a bit special, it comes in its simplicity of moving Dukato'en from Hokitika to Franz Josef in so quiet a pace as possible.

The 138 km the pressure of just over 2 hours, then at. 12.10 I undertook bookings on Rainforest Retreat in Franz Josef for the first 2 nights. I considered taking an extra night here to see Fox Glacier, but it was at Franz Josef Glacier.

After booking into the city and find the way to Franz Josef Glacier. There was a new backpack for the first one was purchased in Avarua on Rarotonga and rundown.



19th - Thursday, 4 February 2010

After a long time with sun from early morning, it is this day managed to get a light cloud cover. It should not now prevent me from trudging up to see the Franz Josef Glacier, a hike of 14-16 km all incl.



De 138 km blev rykket af på lige godt 2 timer, så kl. 12.10 foretog jeg booking på Rainforest Retreat i Franz Josef for i første omgang 2 nætter. Jeg overvejede at tage en ekstra nat her for se Fox Glacier, men det blev ved Franz Josef Glacier. Efter bookingen ud i byen og finde vejen ud til Franz Josef Glacier. Der skulle en ny rygsæk til, den første der var indkøbt i Avarua på Rarotonga og nedslidt.



19. – Torsdag den 4. februar 2010

Efter lang tid med sol fra tidlig morgen, er det denne dag lykkedes at få et let skydække. Det skal nu ikke forhindre mig i at trave op for at se Franz Josef Glacier, en rask travetur på 14-16 km alt incl.

Ved 9-tiden er jeg klar til "opstigningen" mod Franz Josef Glacier. Fra byen ud til gangbroen over floden er der godt 1,5 km. Herfra er der 4 km ud til P-pladsen, herfra igen er der fortsat 1,5 km at trave ad en ryddet vandresti for større sten og afmærket med pæle til bunden af gletcheren. Det tætteste man kommer på bunden af glacier er 50-75 m.

Gangturen derud var en naturoplevelse. Fra Bailey-Bridge og de 4 km ud til P-pladsen vandrer man med en fossende flod til venstre for sig og ikke at foragte en stump regnskov til højre. Jeg prøvede at komme ind i regnskoven for at se hvad den indeholdt, men selv med kædesav må det

være umuligt. Det var flot at få lov at se regnskovens mange væltede døde træer, hvor der blev dannet nyt liv blandt dem. Det må på en anden måde kan sammenlignes med de gamle ege skove i Danmark, der får lov at regulere sig selv – en naturskov. Efter en god ½ times traven, rundes et sving og ud af ingenting dukker det første vue op af Franz Josef Glacier og solen er dukket op på toppen. Sådan forløber



At the 9-moment, I am ready to "climb" to Franz Josef Glacier. From the city to the footbridge over the river is just over 1.5 km. From here it is 4 km to the parking lot, here again there are still 1.5 kilometers to walk along a cleared footpath for larger stones and marked with stakes to the bottom of the glacier. The closest you get to the bottom of the glacier is 50-75 m.

Walking tour also was a natural experi-

Bunden af Franz Josef Glacier. • The bottom of the Franz Josef Glacier.



ence. From Bailey Bridge and the 4 km to the parking area walk Mon with a gushing river to his left and not to despise a blunt rainforest right. I tried to get into the rainforest to see what it contained, but even with a chainsaw may be impossible. It was nice to be able to see the rain forest's many fallen dead trees, which formed a new life among them. It must be another way comparable to the old oak forests in Denmark, who are allowed to regulate itself - a natural forest.

After a good half hour's trot, round a bend and out of nowhere comes the first vue up the Franz Josef Glacier and the sun appeared on the top. How to proceed the next half hour with little attraction to come closer and the camera are already red hot.

Parking area is reached and a path leads down to the river basin, which gets a half km to the Franz Josef Glacier, formed a marked path that winds along with melt water from the Glacier.

It was a nice hike in a wonderful nature - and I must admit that the bars were a little tired when I got back to Franz Josef town. Today's wage is a good cup of New Zealand beer or two.



20th - Friday, 5 February 2010

Departure already at 7.30 from Franz Josef. It was overcast and it was drizzling lightly.

Ad SH6 went first to the Fox Glacier. It



den næste lille ½ time med at attraktionen kommer tættere på og kameraet er allerede godt rødglødende.

P-pladsen nås og en sti fører videre ned mod flodsænkningen, hvor der er godt halvanden km ud til selve Franz Josef Glacier, der er dannet en afmærket sti, der snor sig sammen med smeltevand fra Glacieren.

Det var en flot vandretur i en fantastisk natur – og jeg må indrømme at stængerne var lidt trætte, da jeg nåede tilbage til Franz Josef by.

Dagens løn er en kop god new zealandsk øl eller to.



20. – Fredag den 5. februar 2010

Afgang allerede kl. 7.30 fra Franz Josef. Det var overskyet og det småregnede let. Ad SH6 gik det først mod Fox Glacier. Det lyder så flot ad SH6, men det skal lige tilføjes, selv om det er en af hovedlinjerne i New Zealand, svarer vejen mange steder i tilstand som fra Tapdrup over Vejrumbro til Randers. Selve vejen er ikke meget breddere.

Efter Fox Glacier kom jeg ned over Jacobs River og ud forbi Bruce Bay. Indtil da var kameraet godt i gang. Herfra gik det først mod Haast Village – som ikke er en by, men 3 huse, 2 hoteller og et fælles – videre op til Haast Pass, hvor jeg lod mig overtale af et skilt til en 30 min. travetur til et udkigspunkt. Havde lunger og stænger

ikke været på overarbejde før, så kom de det så sandelig på denne tur. Det gik op, op, rundt, op, op og endelig en bæk. Et ældre par mennesker på vej ned, fortalte jeg var lidt over halvvejs! Op kom jeg dog og ned igen.

Herefter var planen, at jeg bare skulle videre mod Wanaka og derfra til Queenstown og finde et overnatningssted. Sådan gik det ikke. Det tog sin tid at komme



sounds so nice along SH6, but it must just add, though it is one of the main lines in New Zealand, similar way in many places in the state as from Tapdrup of Weather Umbro to Randers. The road is not much wider.

After the Fox Glacier, I came down on Jacobs River and past the Bruce Bay. Until then, the camera was well underway. From there it went first to the Haast Villa-

ge - not a city but 3 houses, 2 hotels and a joint - Further up to Haast Pass, where I let myself be persuaded by a sign for a 30 min. hike to a lookout point. Did lungs and rods not been working overtime before, so they got it indeed on this trip. It went up, up, around, up, up and finally a brook. An elderly couple people on the way down, told I was a little over halfway! Up I went, however, and down again.

After this plan was that I should just continue towards Wanaka and thence to Queenstown and a video. It did not happen. It took a while to get past, only the upper section of Lake Wanaka and since the bottom of Lake Hawea. When I finally reached Wanaka town I'd not run anymore. Kl. was 15 and I found a nice camper space for the night, a Top 10 Holyday Park - the first lying in my way.

Then there was time for a game of laundry. Not because it manages to be dirty, but the heat makes the sweat of me. The clothes were washed twice, the second time I missed it was not a clothes dryer slipped in, but then it became clean.

The day had started cloudy, but at 11 morning clouds lifted over mountain peaks and the temperature crept up in the air and landed at 34 degrees here at 15 afternoon after landing here in Wanaka.



Et imponerende vue ned over Knights Point. • An impressive vistas over Knights Point.





forbi, først det øverste stykke af Lake Wanaka og siden det nederste af Lake Hawea. Da jeg endelig nåede Wanaka by gad jeg ikke køre længere. Kl. er blevet 15 og jeg fandt en dejlig camperplads for natten, en Top 10 Holyday Park – den første der lå i vejen for mig.

Herefter var der tid til en omgang tøjvask. Ikke fordi det når at blive beskidt, men varmen gør sveden driver af mig. Tøjet blev vasket to gange, anden gang overså jeg det ikke var en tørretumbler tøjet smuttede i, men så blev det da rent.

Dagen var startet overskyet, men kl. 11 formiddag lettede skyerne over bjergtoppene, og temperaturen sneg sig i vejret og landede på 34 grader her kl. 15 eftermiddag efter landingen her i Wanaka.



21. – Lørdag den 6. februar 2010

Dagen startede med en fantastisk flot morgen, vindstille, skyfrit og med en sol der langsomt hævede sig over bjergtoppen bag ved Villa Ducato.

Fra Wanaka fortsatte rundturen i New Zealand ned gennem Gardrona Valley forbi Gardronas gamle historiske hotel. Gardrona er et meget stort skiområde om vinteren. Turen gennem Gardrona Valley bringer Dukato'en op over New Zealands højeste vej - 1100 m.o.h. Det kan bekræftes, at denne stump vej sagtens kan måle

sig med de italienske og franske bjergveje.

Efter Gardrona gik turen videre mod Queenstown med diverse fotoophold. Kort før Queenstown svingede jeg af for at se Arrowtown og dens gamle historiske bydel.

Som jeg var ved at parkere "sommerhuset", stod der et grinende ansigt udenfor bildøren. Det var de 2 danskere jeg var



21st - Saturday, 6 February 2010

The day started with an absolutely beautiful morning, calm, blue sky and a sun slowly rose over the mountain top behind Villa Ducato.

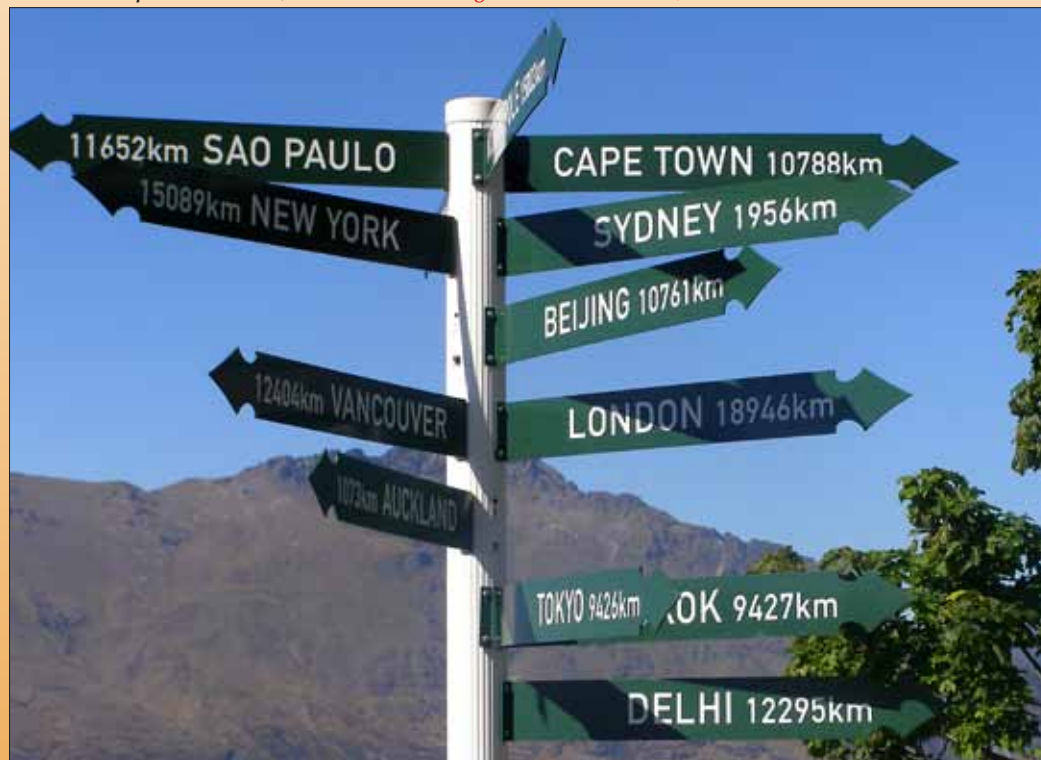
From Wanaka continued the tour of New Zealand down through Gardrona Valley past Gardronas old historic hotel. Gardrona is a very large ski area in winter. The trip through Gardrona Valley brings Du-

kato'en up of New Zealand's highest road - 1100 masl It can be confirmed that this piece of road can easily compare with the Italian and French mountain roads.

After Gardrona went on towards Queenstown with various photo stays. Shortly before Queenstown I swung by to see Arrowtown and its historic old town. As I was about to park "summer house" stood a grinning face outside the door. It was the 2 Danes I had been sent out in the New Zealand færdreland together with the Saturday when we landed in Auckland. They had come from Singapore and I from Rarotonga. We had exchanged some experience and then parted our ways otherwise again. It should just be that we have more or less run in rumpeten of each other.

After Arrowtown's historic old town is turn has now come to visit Queenstown and include Gondola. Queenstown is a great toy circus for all ages. My choice was to come up and see the view from Ben Lomond approximately 800 m high. It can visually confirm that there is an amazing view from this point. It is possible to walk a little farther up, it only makes the prospect even nicer. After this beautiful experience we continued south down past Lake Wakatipu still with various photo stays. Gradually change the landscape character and was a bit more flat and desolate. I've decided to land in Manapouri, where

Dette skilt er placeret over Queenstown. • This sign is located above Queenstown.





blevet sendt ud i det new zealandske færreland sammen med den lørdag, da vi landede i Auckland. De var kommet fra Singapore og jeg fra Rarotonga. Vi fik udvekslet lidt oplevelser og så skiltes vore veje ellers igen. Det skal lige med, at vi har mere eller mindre kørt i rumpetten af hinanden.

Efter Arrowtowns historiske gamle bydel er turen nu kommet til at besøge Queenstown og blandt andet Gondolaen. Queenstown er et stort legecirrus for alle aldre.

Mit valg var at komme op og se udsigten fra Ben Lomond godt 800 m oppe. Det kan svagt bekræftes, at der er en helt fantastisk udsigt fra dette punkt. Det er muligt at trave lidt længere op, det gør kun udsigten endnu flottere.

Efter denne flotte oplevelse gik det videre sydover ned forbi Lake Wakatipu stadig med diverse fotoophold.

Efterhånden ændre landskabet karakter og blev en smule mere flat og øde. Jeg har besluttet at lande i Manapouri, hvor jeg vil tage ophold på en byens camperpladser. Det skulle senere vise sig at blive rejsens dyreste sted 30 \$ pr. nat at overnatte.

Samtidig med indlogeringen fik jeg booket en sejltur på Doubtfull Sound, pris 275\$, men den sejltur vil jeg have med. I stedet skipper jeg færgeturen til Stewart Island og tidsmæssige årsager.

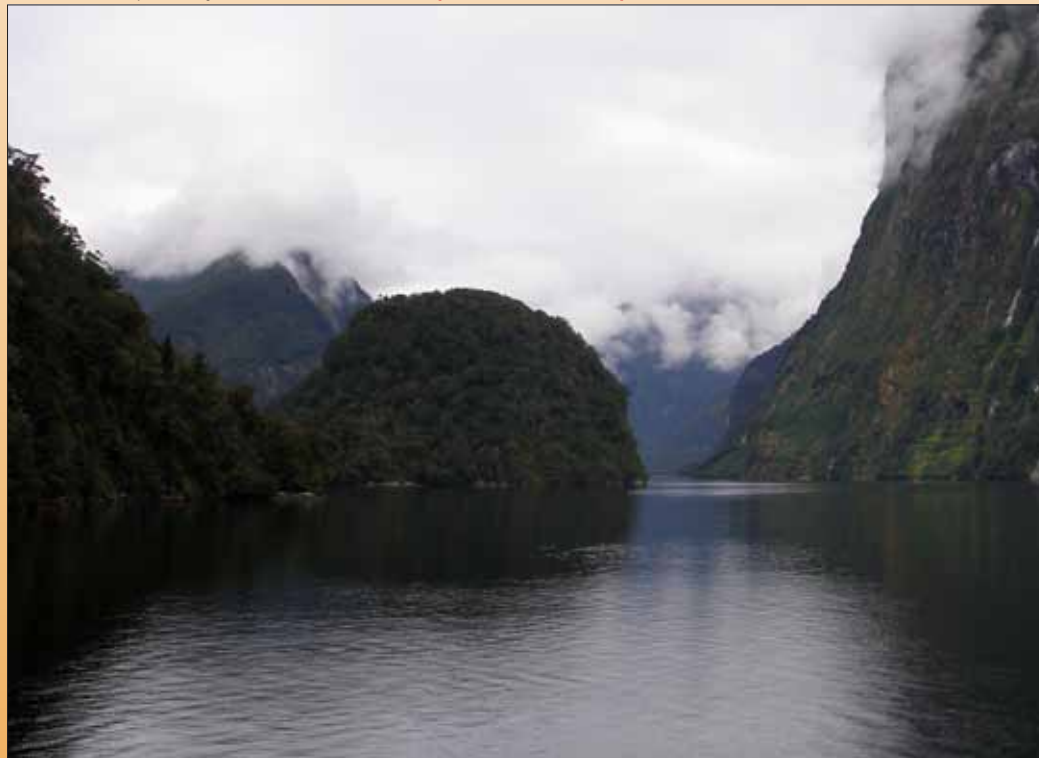


22. – Søndag den 7. februar 2010

Denne søndags oplevelser er en af de svære opgaver og beskrive. Måske derfor der blev omkring 50 fotos og 40 filmstumper.

Dagen startede tidligt ved halv syvtiden med at vågne efter en rædselsfuld nat. Køreturen og alle de oplevelser der fulgte med, varmen og i tilgift for lidt at drikke, fik mig til at gå ned med flaget meget tidligt aftenen før.

Et billed fra sejlturen på Doubtfull Sound. • A picture from the trip on Doubt Full Sound.



I will stay at a city camper pitches. It later turned out to be the most expensive trip location \$ 30 per. night to sleep.

While the accommodation I had booked a cruise on Doubt Full Sound, price \$ 275, but the boat I want to. Instead skipper I ferry trip to Stewart Island ag timing reasons.



22nd - Sunday, 7 February 2010

This Sunday's experiences is one of the most difficult tasks and describe. Maybe that's why there were about 50 photos and 40 movie stubs.

The day started early at half past six in waking up after a horrific night. The drive and all the experiences that came with the heat and the addition of something to drink, got me to go down with the flag very early the night before.

The day started with us - who had chosen this trip - gathered to sail at half eight o'clock, first across Lake Manapouri, which would be New Zealand's most beautiful lake, but not in this weather, this morning welcomed us.

After one and half hours of sailing, we landed at Underground Power Station. Here we were put in 2 buses and driven 230 meters underground. Down here came a little lecture on the construction of Power Station and its function. The station generates electricity for the equivalent of 62,000 houses. It may well advised to take this experience with his travel plans.

Up on the buses again and out on a 26 km long drive on gravel roads, where we came across Wilmot Pass and ended at Deep Cove.

It was now near 12 and the clouds had split up and we started at a 3.5 to 4 hour long cruise on Doubt Full Sound, where the terminus was at the entrance of the Tasman Sea in Doubt Full Sound. Absolutely highly on a small rocky outcrops so



Dagen startede med vi - der havde valgt denne sejltur - samledes for at sejle ved halv ottetiden, først over Lake Manapouri, der skulle være New Zealands flotteste sø, men ikke i det vejr, denne morgen bød os på.

Efter halvanden timers sejlads, landede vi ved Underground Power Station. Her blev vi sat i 2 busser og kørt 230 meter ned under jorden. Hernede fulgte en lille foredrag om opbygningen af Power Station og dens funktion. Stationen laver strøm til hvad der svarer til 62.000 enfamiliehus. Det kan godt anbefales at tage denne oplevelsen med sine rejseplaner.

Op i busserne igen og ud på en 26 km lang køretur på grusvej, hvor vi kom over Wilmot Pass og endte ved Deep Cove.

Klokken var nu i nærheden af 12 og skyerne havde delt sig og vi startede på en 3,5-4 timers lang sejltur på Doubtfull Sound, hvor endestationen var indsejlingen ved Det Tasmanske Hav i Doubtfull Sound. Helt yderst på et lille klippeskær så vi sorte sæler og guløjene pingviner.

På et tidspunkt under hjemturen ude fra Det Tasmanske Have, sejlede kaptajnen ind i et aflukke, og bad alle om at være helt stille, nu skulle vi høre "The Sound". Total stilhed, kun fuglene og vinden høres. "The Sound" er, når vinden rammer bjergsiderne hvorved der opstår toner på grund af bjergsidens beskaffenhed - det var flot at opleve.

Hele dagen startede kl. 8.30 og vi var tilbage ved udgangspunktet igen kl. 17.

Et helt igennem fantastisk oplevelse og endnu en god dag i New Zealand.



23. – Mandag den 8. februar 2010

Dagens etape startede fra Manapouri ved 8.30-tiden med stille og roligt at køre sydpå mod Tuatapere og nå sydkysten. Jo nærmere jeg kom sydkysten jo fladere blev landskabet og bjergene forsvandt

Clifden Suspension Bridge, en af verdens første hængebroer. • Clifden Suspension Bridge, one of the world's first suspension bridges.



we black seals and penguins guløjene.

At one point during the trip home away from the Tasman Garden, captain sailed into a cubicle and asked everyone to be completely still, now we hear "The Sound". Total silence, only the birds and the wind is heard. "The Sound" is when it hits the hillsides which generates tones due to the hillside nature - it was nice to experience.

The whole day started at. 8.30 and we were back to square one again at. 17th A truly amazing experience and yet another good day in New Zealand.



23rd - Monday, 8 February 2010

Today's stage started from Manapouri at 8:30 o'clock with quietly running south towards the Tuatapere and reach the south coast. The closer I came south coast the flatter the landscape and the mountains disappeared more and more.

By Clifden Suspension Bridge, I did a small stay to see if not the world's first, then New Zealand's first suspension bridge over the Waiau River. It was really fun to see it in reality, after I had seen it on Google Earth. All the way down to the south coast runs almost in Fiordland continued snowy mountain chains on his right hand.

After a little back-and-back ride at walking in Riverton to find an ATM and do some shopping went I ended up later in Invercargill. Here I took the one less time out in one of the city's many parks and got some lunch. Got some photos of the park and its flowers and decided I did not go any further that day. I drove a few km back along the road to Queenstown and is held into the Top 10 Holyday Park, probably the nicest of the camper spots I stayed on until now. They have certainly earned their \$ 26 per. night.

On the way down to Invercargill I gave into a few villages to take some pictures



mere og mere.

Ved Cliffden Suspension Bridge gjorde jeg et mindre ophold for se om ikke verdens første, så New Zealands første hængebro over Waiau River. Det var egentlig sjovt at se den i virkeligheden efter jeg havde set den på Google Earth. Hele vejen ned til sydkysten kører man næsten med Fiordlands fortsatte sneklædte bjergkæder på sin højre hånd.

Efter en lille frem-og-tilbage-tur pr. gåben i Riverton for at finde en hæveautomat og foretage lidt indkøb fortsatte jeg endte senere i Invercargill. Her tog jeg en mindre time-out i en af byens mange parker og fik lidt frokost. Fik taget et par billeder af parken og dens blomster og besluttede, jeg gad ikke køre længere denne dag. Jeg kørte et par km tilbage ad vejen mod Queenstown og er holdt ind på Top 10 Holyday Park, vel nok det flotteste af de camperpladser jeg overnattede på indtil nu. De har virkelig fortjent deres 26 \$ pr. nat.

På vejen ned til Invercargill holdt jeg ind i et par småbyer for at tage nogle billeder af deres huse. Det er lidt Western-agtigt over området på den måde de opbygger deres facader. Nogle byer har endda en saloon. Der er noget specielt over disse småbyer her på sydkysten.



24. – Tirsdag den 9. februar 2010

I dag vil jeg køre – det de så flot kalder – The Southern Scenic Route, der udgår fra



Invercargill og går langs sydøstkysten op mod Dunedin med afstikkere omkring nogle bugter og vandfald.

Dagen startede sent i forhold til mange andre dage. Det var lidt koldt at kaste stængerne uden for dynen her til morgen, der måtte en del forsøg til før det lykkedes.

Kl. 9.30 forlod jeg camperpladsen i Inver-

of their houses. It's a little Western-style of the area in the way they build their facades. Some cities have even a saloon. There is something special about these little towns here on the south coast.



24th - Tuesday, 9 February 2010

Today I will run - it is so nicely called - The South Scenic Route, beginning at Inver-

Skiltene taler vist for sig selv. • The signs speak for themselves.



cargill and walk along the south coast up to Dunedin with detours around some bays and waterfalls.

The day started late compared to many other days. It was a bit cold to cast the rods out of the duvet this morning who had some attempts before he succeeded.

Kl. 9.30 I left the caravan site in Invercargill and drove south. The site I had stayed at was one of the best places I stayed at during the whole time.

Invercargill is built as Fredericia with straight streets. A scenario on a beer crate at one end of town, it is possible to see the other end. Their store-fronts down here south is also a separate chapter.

After being let go easily through town and found the road to Fortrose, was today's only one problem just to remember what sights should be kept. There are many on this day.

Today's first point was to frame Slope Point, South Island's southernmost point, and lies almost equidistant from the equator and south pole. It was blowing a little bit out there today.

After having inspected Slope Point I continued along Gravel Road, which down here translated into Danish means "dirt road" against Curie Bay to take the petrifying forest in sight. Actually, you can see toppled tree trunks are petrified over time.



cargill og kørte mod syd. Pladsen jeg havde overnattet på var en af de bedste pladser jeg overnattede på under hele tiden. Invercargill er opbygget som Fredericia med snorlige gader. Stiller man sig på en ølkasse i den ene ende af byen, er det muligt at se den anden ende. Deres forretningsfacader hernede sydpå er også et kapitel for sig.

Efter at være sluppet let igennem byen og fundet vejen mod Fortrose, var dagens eneste problem blot at huske hvilke seværdigheder der skulle holdes øje med. Der er mange denne dag.

Dagens første punkt var at ramme Slope Point, der er syddøns sydligste punkt, og ligger næsten lige langt fra ækvator og sydpolen. Det blæste en lille smule derude i dag.

Efter at have besøgt Slope Point fortsatte jeg ad Gravel Road, hvilket hernede oversat til dansk betyder "grusvej" mod Curie Bay for at tage den forstenede skov i øjesyn. Faktisk kan man se væltede træstammer der er forstenet med tiden.

Vejret er i dag med halv solskin og let blæst er det optimalt at vandre derud, samtidig med det var muligt at se søløver og sæler ligge på klipperne ud mod havet. Ved Nugget Point var det ikke muligt at komme ned på stranden, men en dejlig travetur ud til fyret var også godt nok.

Efter en 7 timers "arbejdsdag" og 230 km, er jeg landet i Balclutha på byens eneste

plads beliggende ned til floden. Efter parkering af camper, travede jeg ind i byen for at se om ikke de skulle have en pub. Og sandelig om de ikke havde det. Jeg bad værten om den største fadøl det var muligt at få. Det skulle jeg aldrig have gjort. Han skænkede 2 liter TUI-øl op i en kande og stillede et lille Coca Cola glas foran mig, og spurgte efterfølgende om tingene var OK? Ja, der var ikke meget at brokke sig over, da jeg fik oplyst at prisen

Vandfaldet Purakaunui Falls på sydkysten af Sydøen. • Waterfall Purakaunui Falls on the south coast of South Island.



The weather today with half sunshine and light winds it is best to walk there, while it was possible to see sea lions and seals lying on rocks facing the sea. At Nugget Point was not possible to get down to the beach, but a nice hike to the lighthouse was also good enough.

After a 7-hour "day" and 230 km, I landed in Balclutha on the city's only room located down the river. After parking the

camper, I walked into town to see if they have a pub. And indeed if they had it. I asked the host of the largest beer it was possible to get. I should never have done. He poured 2 liters of TUI beer into a jug and put a little Coca Cola glasses in front of me, and asked then if things were OK? Yes, there was not much to complain about when I was told that the price was 36 Dkr. But it took a while to get through the jug. Reached also getting a little talk with two local people in the pub over a beer. They were curious to know what I think of New Zealand. Many New Zealanders I met and talked with were interested in hearing my views on their country. They wish I had set for the day's experiences were clearly fulfilled today.



25th - Wednesday, 10 February 2010

It will be a short day, so there is no urgency to reach Dunedin.

From Balclutha I drove up to Waiholo and followed thence South Scenic Route to the Taleri Mouth on the Pacific and continued up to Dunedin, where I first drove onto the tip of Otago Peninsula, where albatross sanctuary is located.

After a little wander around the area, I went in and ordered a 60 min. tour, where we just talk about albatrosses and film, walked up the hill to inspect the animals in an enclosure. For starters, it was possible to see 3 albatross, which lay brooding on their eggs.



var 36 dkr., men det tog sin tid at komme igennem kanden. Nåede også at få en lille snak med to lokale personer på pubben over en øl. De var nysgerrige efter at vide hvad jeg synes om New Zealand. Mange new zealændere jeg mødte og snakkede med var alle interesserede i at høre min mening om deres land. De ønsker jeg havde opstillet for dagens oplevelser, blev klart opfyldt i dag.



25. – Onsdag den 10. februar 2010

Det bliver en kort dag, så der er ingen hast for at nå frem til Dunedin.

Fra Balchutha kørte jeg op til Waiholo og fulgte derfra Southen Scenic Route ud til Taleri Mouth ved Stillehavet og fortsatte videre op mod Dunedin, hvor jeg først kørte ud på spidsen af Otago Peninsula, hvor albatros reservatet er beliggende.

Efter lidt vandren rundt i området gik jeg ind og bestilte en 60 min. rundvisning, hvor vi efter lidt foredrag om albatrosser og film, vandrede op ad bakken for at besøgte dyrene i et aflukke. Til at starte med var det muligt at se 3 albatrosser, der lå og rugede på deres æg.

Hen mod slutningen kom der pludselig en albatros svævende hen forbi den platform vi var i. Så fatter man omfanget af denne fugl, kroppen er 1 m lang og fra vingespids til vingespids er der 3 m på en fuldt udviklet fugl.

Lige inden det var slut lettede en af de rugende fugle godt 15 m fra for at strække

vingerne. I reden lå der en nyudklækket albatros unge.

Tilbage til kørslen ud til reservatet. På vej derud fulgte jeg vejen langs med Otago Harbour, der bugter sig vildt meget langs indsejlingen til Dunedin. De 22 km ud til spidsen varede lige omkring 3 kvarter, så det siger lidt om vejens beskaffenhed derud. Tilbage fra reservatet havde jeg læst mig frem til, at det var muligt at køre



Toward the end came suddenly an albatross hovering over past the platform we were in. So Father Mon extent of this bird, the body is 1 m long, from wing tip to wing tip is 3 m on a fully grown bird.

Just before it was over took off one of the nesting birds about 15 m off to stretch their wings. The nest was a fledgling albatross young.

Back to driving out to the sanctuary. On the way out there, I followed the road

along the Otago Harbour, which meanders game much along the entrance to Dunedin. The 22 km off the tip lasted about 3 minutes, then it says little about the road conditions there. Back from the reserve I had read me that it was possible to go back along Highcliff Road. The name alone should have led me to other thoughts, but no. My curiosity won. I got down alive, but I am quite sure if Annette had one Springer sat beside, had she been good to toil up the spine!

I chose to stay here in Dunedin for 2 nights at a place situated 3-4 minutes walk from City, Leith Valley Touring Park is its full name and an excellent place.

Tomorrow will certainly be on a visit to the local brewery Speight's. And if otherwise the weather is like, even around town and look at some of the attractions it is alleged they have.



26th - Thursday 11th February 2010

At 9:00 o'clock I started the trek towards the Dunedin City and landed there after a good half hour hike. Mainly I had gone in to inspect the local brewery, but also as much the city itself. During my search for the brewery I hit a street that would something that Street View was called. Down it was to have sea anchors out, so steep was the street.

I found the brewery and endorsed me for

Nugget Point, hvor det var muligt at se hvalrosser. • *Nugget Point, where it was possible to see walruses.*





tilbage ad High Cliff Road. Navnet alene burde have fået mig på andre tanker, men nej. Min nysgerrighed vandt. Jeg slap levende ned, men jeg er helt sikker på hvis Annette havde siddet ved siden af, havde hun været godt møjet til op ad ryggen!

Jeg har valgt at blive her i Dunedin i 2 nætter på en plads der ligger 3-4 kvarters gang fra City, Leith Valley Touring Park er dens fulde navn og en udmærket plads.

Morgendagen vil i hvert fald stå på et besøg på det lokale bryggeri Speight's. Og hvis ellers vejret arter sig, også rundt i byen og se på nogle af de attraktioner det påstås de har.



26. – Torsdag den 11. februar 2010

Ved 9.00-tiden startede jeg vandringen ind mod Dunedin City og landede derinde efter godt en halv times travetur. Primært var jeg gået ind for at besigtige det lokale bryggeri, men også lige så meget selve byen. Under min søgen efter bryggeriet ramte jeg en gade der ville noget, View Street hed den. Nedad var det med at have drivankret ude, så stejl var gaden. Jeg fandt bryggeriet og påtegnet mig til en rundvisning "at none".

Der var godt halvanden time inden jeg skulle vende tilbage kl. 10 i 12, som jeg havde fået besked på. Først sad jeg i en park og kiggede lidt på at en statue af

Victorie 1. fik trykspulet soklen. Derefter vandrede jeg lidt rundt. Pludselig stod jeg foran Den Kinesiske Have, der lå i forblindelse med havnen, den kunne jeg ikke lade forbigå. Jeg havde en lille halv time i have, måske for lidt, men jeg kom ind og fik også set haven.

Herefter var det tilbage til bryggeriet 10 i 12 for at se om andre havde fået samme idé. Heldigvis var der ca. 15 andre til rund-



a tour to "none".

There was a good half hour before I had to return pm. 10 of 12, which I had been told. First, I sat in a park and glanced at the statue of Victorie first was pressure washed the base. Then I wandered around a bit. Suddenly I stood in front of the Chinese Garden, located in infatuation with the marina, I could not ignore. I had half an hour in the garden, perhaps too little, but I came in and had also seen the garden.

View Street i Dunedin. • [View Street in Dunedin.](#)



Then it was back to the brewery 10 of 12 to see if others had the same idea. Fortunately, there were approx. 15 others for the tour. We got a tour and a good story around the brewery that turned out to be from 1876 and half hours to taste 6 different of their beer from the tap.

Then into a place and get some lunch. But food is good enough, not their strong point here. Perhaps fish, otherwise it's something something to call home about. The food is as good enough, but does not taste of anything.

I ended the day by getting washed the dirty clothes. And this time the smoke it in the washing machine again, but in the dryer.

Dunedin is an exciting city with many young people because of its many educational sites. It was also where I first ran into The Bog - the Irish Pub, which later became my stampub in Christchurch.

But tomorrow is a new day and I have decided to break the norm.



27th - Friday the 12th February 2010

After about 70 km I decided to fill diesel at Villa Dukato. In light of the drive has been, I can only say "she" has indeed made it incredibly well. Since last refueling, I have been good at home and hang nails on a few roads. Despite it has "she" ran 13.9 km / l - at Jutland, it's fucking not bad again.



visningen. Vi fik en rundvisning og en god historie omkring bryggeriet der viste sig at være fra 1876 og en halv time til at smage 6 forskellige af deres øl fra hane. Herefter ind et sted og få lidt frokost. Men mad er godt nok ikke deres stærke side hernede. Måske fisk, ellers er det noget noget at ringe hjem om. Maden er som god nok, men smager ikke af noget. Jeg sluttede dagen af med at få vasket det snavsede tøj. Og denne gang røg det ikke i vaskemaskinen igen, men i tørretumbleren.

Dunedin er en spændende by med mange unge mennesker på grund af dens mange undervisningssteder. Det var også her jeg første gang stødte ind i The Bog - den irske pub, som senere blev min stampub i Christchurch.

Men i morgen er der en ny dag og jeg har besluttet at bryde normen.



27. – Fredag den 12. februar 2010

Efter omkring 70 km besluttede jeg at fylde diesel på Villa Dukato. Set i lyset af den kørsel der har været, kan jeg kun sige "hun" har godt nok gjort det utroligt godt. Siden sidste tankning har jeg været godt ude og hænge i neglene på et par veje. Trods det har "hun" kørt 13,9 km/l – på jydsk, det er fandme ikke så ringe igen.

Jeg havde en indvundet dag fra tidligere og har derfor besluttet at køre omkring

Twizel og Mount Cook, fremfor af den slagne vej op mod Christchurch. Derfor fik dagen en del oplevelser jeg ikke helt havde regnet med. De første oplevelser gav sig selv, fordi de lå i forbindelse med State Highway 1, men da jeg drejede ind i landet igen fik dagen en hel anden drejning.

Jeg startede allerede kl. 8. Hvis vejret i Dunedin var godt, kunne jeg have blevet et



I had gained a day from the past and therefore decided to run around Twizel and Mount Cook, instead of the beaten path up towards Christchurch. Therefore, beat day some experiences I had not fully anticipated. The first experiences gave themselves because they were in connection with State Highway 1, but when I turn the date into the country again was the day a whole different twist.

I started already at. 8th If the weather in

De fantastiske "kugler" ved Moeraki Boulders. • *The fantastic "balls" at Moeraki Boulders.*



Dunedin was good, I might have been a day longer. No, out of the tube and a 60-70 km north to hit the Moeraki Boulders. Before I got this far, should I just add, if you think the road north from Dunedin is flat, then think. The road is very similar to the start of Kassel hills.

Shortly before the Moeraki Boulders, I gave in at a bay called Shag Point, small 6 km from Moeraki.

At Moeraki located right next to the Pacific coast, there was a small hike of 2 x 10 min. to see this mystery. So there is no hocus-pocus here, the stones are damn good enough round.

From Moeraki would I pass Oamaru to swing into the country up to Twizel and Mount Cook. Unfortunately I let my wild danger to the plate against a colony of penguins, but ended up landing in the city's old working class district, where both the camera had used. It succeeded for me to get out of town - there is definitely a visit to each.

I had swung in the right place and a sign confirmed me in it soon after - 114 km to Oamaru. Fine so it can not go wrong. Villa Dukato såment was no more than begun, before a new sign said there was nothing to look at.

This place is pretty interesting place called Mauri Rocks, and yielded 3-4 different cave-drawings should be in open caves. There was also a little story about how Mauri people had come from the north in



døgn længere. Nej, ud af røret og nordpå en 60-70 km for at ramme Moeraki Boulders.

Inden jeg nåede så langt, skal jeg lige indføje, hvis man tror vejen mod nord fra Dunedin er flad, så tro om. Vejen minder meget om starten på Kassel-bakkerne.

Kort før Moeraki Boulders holdt jeg ind ved en bugt der hed Shag Point, små 6 km fra Moeraki.

Ved Moeraki der ligger helt ude ved Stillehavs kysten, var der en lille travetur på 2 x 10 min. for at se dette mysterium. Der er altså ingen hokus-pokus her, stenene er sgu' godt nok runde.

Fra Moeraki skulle jeg forbi Oamaru for at svinge ind i landet op mod Twizel og Mount Cook. Desværre lod jeg mig vildfare at et skilt mod en koloni Pingviner, men endte med at lande i byens gamle arbejderkvarter, hvor begge kamera måtte i brug. Det lykkedes for mig at slippe ud af byen – der absolut er et besøg hver.

Jeg fik svinget i landet det rigtige sted og et skilt bekræftede mig i det kort efter – 114 km til Omarama. Fint så kan det ikke gå helt galt. Villa Dukato var såment ikke mere end kommet i gang, før et nyt skilt fortalte, at der var noget at kigge på.

Dette sted er ret så interessant, stedet hed Mauri Rocks, og viste 3-4 forskellige hule-boer-tegninger i åbne grotter. Der var også en lille historie om, hvordan mauri-folket var kommet fra nord i deres krigskanoer og havde gjort landgang for-

skellige steder på østkysten af Sydøen.

Herefter var klokken altså blevet 13 og jeg mente det ville være godt, med den varme dagen bød på, at afholde en lille øl-siesta.

Her på Sydøen – tro det eller lad være – holder mange siesta fra 1-3 PM! Når, der smuttede en lokal Speights Old Dark with 5 malt ale ned.



their war canoes and had made ashore in different places on the east coast of South Island.

After that time thus had 13 and I thought it would be good with the warm days offered to hold a small beer-siesta.

Here on the South Island - believe it or not - keeps many siesta from 1-3 PM! When, who slipped a local Speights Old Dark with 5 malt ale down.

As time passes, along with a fantastic lake, suddenly a opstemningsværk up the landscape. Multiple digital images.

Locally at 15 (3 PM) I landed in Twizel and is staying at a place here with views up towards Mount Cook mountain range. There are 300 km from Christchurch to be burned on Sunday morning. I'll stay here in the last two nights with Villa Ducato.



Solopgang ved Twizel Holyday Park. • *Sunrise at Twizel Holyday Park.*



28th - Saturday the 13th February 2010

When I awoke it was with a minor hurricane on the ears. Here the square smoke a few conifers on the fly. Yes, there was already promised a storm yesterday, Friday, therefore came as no huge surprise. Up the morning calmed down somewhat, and I decided to drive up to Mount Cook and take it a little closer examination.

This is the last day of camper and I had driven up into the highlands again, hoping that the weather would turn out. The weather was better up the morning and at 11-times drove Villa Dukato with drifts in the New Zealand native land again.

Up to Mount Cook Village is just 60 km and the trip starts when Twizel is left in the foreground and the mountains come closer and closer.

Kl. 13 lands me at Mount Cook Village, where a center is named after Sir Ed. Hil-



Som tiden går, langs med en fantastisk flot sø dukker der pludselig et opstemningsværk op i landskabet. Flere digitale billeder.

Lokalt kl 15 (3 PM) landede jeg i Twizel og er indlogeret på en plads her med udsigt op mod Mount Cook bjergkæden. Der er 300 km til Christchurch, som skal brændes af på søndag formiddag. Jeg bliver her i de sidste to nætter sammen med Villa Ducato.



28. – Lørdag den 13. februar 2010

Da jeg vågnede var det med en mindre orkan om ørerne. Her på pladsen røg der et par nåletræer med i farten. Ja, der var lovet et uvejr allerede i går fredag, derfor kom det ikke som den store overraskelse. Op af formiddagen stilnede det noget af, og jeg besluttede at køre op til Mount Cook og tage det lidt nøjere i øjesyn. Det er sidste dag med camperen og jeg var kørt op i højlandet igen i håb om at vejret ville arte sig. Vejret blev bedre op af formiddagen og ved 11-tiden kørte Villa Dukato med driver ud i det new zealand-ske fædreland igen.

Op til Mount Cook Village er der blot 60 km og selve turen starter allerede, når Twizel er forladt og bjergene i forgrunden kommer nærmere og nærmere.

Kl. 13 lander jeg ved Mount Cook Village, hvor et center er opkaldt efter Sir Ed. Hil-

lery, det første mennesker der besteg Mount Everest. Hillery havde trænet og øvet sig i bjergene her ved Mount Cook. Tilbage til turen. De lidt over 60 km er noget af et udstillingsvindue. Det er uden sammenligning en eventyrlig flot køretur. Et meget langt stykke vej foregår langs Lake Pukadi, der med sin smaragh-grønne farve kan slå næsten alt ned hvad turen hidtil har budt på.

Mount Cook kort før skyerne lukkede sig omkring toppen. • Mount Cook shortly before the clouds closing around the top.



lery, the first man who climbed Mount Everest. Hillery had trained and practiced in the hills here at Mount Cook. Back to the trip. The slightly over 60 km is something of a showcase. It is beyond comparison a beautiful adventurous journey. A very long way to go is along Lake Pukadi, who with his smaragh-green color can turn almost anything into what the trip so far has offered.

Instead I will take a quantum leap from New Zealand's very beautiful scenery and for something they get out of this nature. I want my friends in Brick Markens Brewer's Guild make a little beer tasting. I have purchased 3 different beers, I'd been watching for a while and in and with this is the last day camper in New Zealand, I will try these.

First From Emerson brewery in Dunedin. The product is called Anytime / Book Binder and described as "Refreshing New World Ale". The beer is brewed from malt and Refreshing Canterbury NZ Hops. Bring out the BBQ. Elegant foam that lasts long, very nice golden color, smells really of the malt used is a slightly sweet taste. An easy-drinking beer that tastes like more. Keeps 3.7%. Price: \$ 6.89.

Second From Harrington in Christchurch and it's called "Classy Red", is an American Pale Ale.

Brewers of Fine Beers & Ales since the 1991st Proudly handcrafted Using the finest quality malts, with five varieties of premium hops, efterfulgt with a Period of traditionel dry hopping to maturation. Let me see if it delivers what is promised. Starts with a nice skumhat and color approaching amber. Uh ha, uh ha, which is good. A real U.S. Pale Ale. Flavors are really nice compound. Second sip, it's the best Pale Ale I've ever tasted. Hope Harrington forgive me drink their beer from



I stedet vil jeg tage et kvante spring fra New Zealands meget flotte natur og til noget de får ud af denne natur.

Jeg vil for mine venner i Teglmarkens Bryggerlaug foretage en lille ølsmagning. Jeg har indkøbt 3 forskellige øl, jeg havde kigget på et stykke tid samt i og med det er sidste dag med camper i New Zealand, vil jeg afprøve disse.

1. Fra bryggeriet Emersons i Dunedin. Produktet hedder Anytime/Bookbinder og betegnes som "Refreshing New World Ale". Øllen er brygget på Canterbury Malt og refreshingt NZ Hops.

Bring out the BBQ.

Flot skum, der holder længe, meget flot gylden farve, dufter faktisk af den malt der er anvendt, en smule sød i smagen. En let drikkelig øl, der smager af flere. Holder 3,7 %. Pris: \$ 6,89.

2. Fra Harrington i Christchurch og den hedder "Classy Red", er en American Pale Ale.

Brewers of Fine Beers & Ales since 1991. Proudly handcrafted using the finest quality malts, with five varieties of premium hops, followed with a period of traditional dry hopping at maturation.

Lad mig så se om den holder hvad der loves. Starter med en flot skumhat, og farven nærmer sig ravgulden. Uh ha, uh ha, hvor er den god. En rigtig US Pale Ale. Smagsnuancerne er virkelig flot sammensatte. Anden slurk, det er den bedste Pale Ale jeg nogensinde har smagt. Håber Har-

ington tilgiver jeg drikker deres øl af et glas fra Speighs i Dunedin.

Holder 5% - Koster \$ 6,19.

3. Harrington, Christchurch. Den hedder "Clydesdale Stout", og holder 5%.

Naturally brewed with no additives or preservatives. The full Clydesdale Stout is really full flavoured with distinct aromas of roasted Barley. Batch brewed with water, malt, hops and yeast.



a glass from Speighs in Dunedin.

Keeps 5% - Costs \$ 6.19.

Third Harrington, Christchurch. It's called "Clydesdale Stout", and holds 5%.

Naturally brewed with no additives or preservatives. The full Clydesdale Stout is really full flavored with aromas of roasted DISTINCT Barley. Batch brewed with water, malt, hops and yeast.

Let me taste the product!

Tre fantastisk gode new zealandske øl. • Three extremely good New Zealand beer.



Beautiful skumhat, although rapid declines. The color is black, the smell is pleasant, a touch of grated jernbanesveller - maybe, but a stout they may be familiar to advertise. Price: \$ 6.18.

Subsequently, and on top of this tasting, I took a small Grandpa. It was 28 degrees in the shade when I made this session.

Dear Clay Markens Brewer's Guild, I'm no beer to take home, which you can taste - it must live or die!



29th - Sunday, 14 February 2010

Woke up unusually early, at 4.30 o'clock, but this time there was something to stay awake for a fantastically beautiful starry sky. I had good enough read to the starry sky, especially here on the South Island would be incredibly nice, and I can confirm.

Today's plan was otherwise only reach Christchurch, preferably at a little before. 14 local time and get handed "Villa Dukato" and then a taxi to the hotel and in a proper bath.

I started already at 7.30 running and it went out fine, I could imagine I would land before pm. 12 in Christchurch. It had to be advised somewhat mitigated. So I decided at some point to run away from the State Highway I had started and instead continue on the "Inland Scenic



Lad mig så smage produktet!
Flot skumhat, der dog hurtig aftager. Farven er sort, duften er behagelig, en snert af reven jernbanesvle – måske, men en stout de kan være bekendt at reklamere for. Pris: \$ 6,18.

Efterfølgende og oven på denne smagning, tog jeg mig en mindre morfar. Der var 28 grader i skyggen, da jeg foretog denne seance.

Kære Teglmærkens Bryggerlaug, jeg tager ingen øl med hjem, som I kan smage – det må I leve eller dø med!



29. – Søndag den 14. februar 2010

Vågnede usædvanligt tidligt, ved 4.30-tiden, men denne gang var der noget at holde sig vågen for, en helt fantastisk flot stjernehimmel. Jeg havde godt nok læst at stjernehimlen, især her på Sydøen skulle være helt utroligt flot, og det kan jeg bekræfte.

Dagens plan var ellers blot at nå Christchurch, helst lidt før kl. 14 lokal tid og få afleveret "Villa Dukato" og derefter en taxa ind til hotellet og i et ordentligt bad.

Jeg startede allerede kl. 7.30 med at køre og som det gik derudad, kunne jeg godt forestille mig jeg ville lande før kl. 12 i Christchurch. Det måtte der rædes lidt bod på. Derfor valgte jeg på et tidspunkt at køre væk fra den State Highway jeg var

Hotel Rydges i Christchurch, der var mit logi i tre nætter. • Rydges Hotel in Christchurch, which was my lodging for three nights.



Road 72". The first 50 km was very straight, but then began to happen a little at the landscape and Rakura Gorge was keeping tread carefully, because here it went down.

I landed in Christchurch just over 13 and shortly after delivery was completed and commissioned a taxi arranged for I came to the Hotel Rydges.

After a shower and shave a game, I set out to look at the city and find a place to eat. It is St. Valentins Day!



30th - Monday, 15 February 2010

Equipped with a very primitive city maps with longer distances than sincere, I went after breakfast by 10-time based in Christchurch to see the city itself. I followed the map and after 5-10 min. hike I landed out near the Botanical Gardens. On a cloudy day may not be the right time, but it was more than 3 hours' stay, hiking and adventure in the garden.

Should I choose one thing that struck me was when I watched an elderly Chinese man who sat and shaped bonsai trees. By his side was his wife, who swept clean when he had cut. It was really nice to follow his work despite his thrifty English, yet had shot to answer any questions relating.



begyndt på og i stedet fortsætte på "Inland Scenic Road 72". De første 50 km var meget lige, men så begyndte der at ske lidt ved landskabet og ved Rakura Gorge var det med at holde tungen lige i munden, for her gik det nedad.

Jeg landede i Christchurch lidt over 13 og kort efter var afleveringen afsluttet og en bestilt taxi sørgede for jeg kom ind til Hotel Rydges.

Efter et bad og en omgang barbering vil jeg ud for at se lidt på byen og finde et sted at spise.

Det er St. Valentins Day!



30. – Mandag den 15. februar 2010

Udstyret med et meget primitivt bykort med længere afstande end oprigtigt, drog jeg efter morgenmaden ved 10-tiden ud i Christchurch for at se på selve byen. Jeg fulgte kortet og efter 5-10 min. travetur landede jeg ude ved Botanisk Have. På en overskyet dag måske ikke det rigtige tidspunkt, men det blev til mere end 3 timers ophold, vandring og oplevelser i haven.

Skal jeg vælge en ting der ramte mig, var det da jeg overværede en ældre kineser, der sad og formede bonzai-træer. Ved sin side havde han konen, som fejede rent, når han havde klippet. Det var virkelig flot at følge hans arbejde, der trods hans sparsommelige engelske, alligevel havde

overskudt til at besvare spørgsmål. Der var meget andet at kigge på i Botanisk Have, fx. den lille regnskov og deres kaktus-hus.

Ved indgangen til parken var der et museum for Christchurch og omegn, hvor der blev fortalt om forfædrene. Historien går egentligt ikke så mange år tilbage i tiden, 7-800 år. New Zealand har noget der minder om vor stenalder, men betydelig nyere.

Avon floden, der gennemløber en botaniske have i Christchurch. • Avon River that runs through a botanical garden in Christchurch.



There was much else to look at the Botanical Garden, for example. the small rain-forest and their cactus house.

At the entrance to the park there was a museum of Christchurch and surrounding areas, which were told about their ancestors. The story is really not that many years back in time, 7-800 years. New Zealand has something similar to our Stone Age, but considerably later.

The Botanic Garden, I climbed on Tram'en

to get the few hundred yards into the town. Then it stood at an Irish beer at The Bog.

Tonight I find a reputable place to eat.



31st - Tuesday, 16 February 2010

Glorious morning to wake up to. Slightly cloudy and nice views to the mountains inland from the hotel room.

My day started to get some international breakfast - they can do down here. Then by 10-time try to find a busholdested for bus No. 28 that would carry me out to Gondola'en. Gondola is a cable car up to a high mountain under the circumstances. At Colombo Street, I managed to find the bus stop. For \$ 2.80 I could come back if I managed to get on the bus from the Gondola before noon. 12.22.

It took just about fifteen minutes to reach the cable car, which dragged himself quietly up the mountainside, with small stops in between. After fifteen minutes I was at the top where I could move me around 360 degrees and enjoy the view inwards Christchurch and beyond the Peninsula Bank Peninsula.

At the top it was possible to move down the hillside towards a volcanic crater.

After an hour on top, I decided to float down again and go back to the center. Local people in these latitudes with lunch at. 13, so why should I not also. I found The Bok I ordered a local beer.



Efter Botanisk Have, steg jeg på Tram'en for at komme de par hundrede meter ind til byen. Herefter stod den på en irsk øl på The Bog.

I aften vil jeg finde en seriøs sted at spise.



31. – Tirsdag den 16. februar 2010

Herlig morgen at vågne op til. Svagt overskyet og flot udsigt til bjergene inde i landet fra hotelværelset.

Min dag startede med at få noget internationalt morgenmad – det kan de lave hernede. Derefter ved 10-tiden prøve at finde et busholdested for bus nr. 28, der ville kunne fragte mig ud til Gondola'en. Gondola er en svævebane op til et efter forholdene højt bjerg. På Colombo Street lykkedes det mig at finde busholdepladsen. For \$ 2,80 ville jeg kunne komme retur, hvis jeg nåede at stige på bussen fra Gondola inden kl. 12.22.

Det tog lige omkring et kvarter at nå ud til svævebanen, der slæbte sig stille og roligt op ad bjergsiden, med små stop indimellem. Efter et kvarters tid var jeg så ved toppen, hvor jeg kunne bevæge mig rundt 360 grader og nyde udsigten indover Christchurch og udover halvøen Banks Peninsula.

På toppen var det muligt at bevæge sig ned ad bjergsiden mod et vulkankrater. Efter en times tid på toppen, besluttede jeg at svæve ned igen og tage tilbage til centrum. Lokalbefolkningen på disse

breddegrader holder lunch kl. 13, så hvorfor skulle jeg ikke også. Jeg fandt The Bok jeg bestilte en lokal øl.

I og med dette er sidste hele dag, der er godt nok også en i morgen, der bliver tung at komme igennem, vil jeg gøre en sammenfatning af hele turen.

Jeg tog til New Zealand for at opleve landet, naturen og befolkningen. Jeg tog



Insofar as this is the last full day that is good enough also a tomorrow, there will be heavy to get through, I will do a summary of the whole trip.

I went to New Zealand to experience the country, nature and people. I did not come here for beer, fish and horn music. The sun has shone for 95% of the day from a cloudless sky. The same can be said about the rain, the two days there was rain, was

the evening and night. In this context, I have been lucky as a New Zealander said to me when I told him about my tour of the country.

But I will start from the Americans I met and chatted with on the return trip across Lake Manapouri, he said: "This is my first and last holiday in New Zealand, the second time will never be the same" after I had asked about his experiences.

That last day in New Zealand and Christchurch, were in some way ends properly, and how could it be better than a game of Irish folk music at The Bog. Every Tuesday The Jameson meet with Friends of jam session.

I showed up at. 8.00 PM to be sure to get a good seat at the bar. Just over 8 began the prewarming and without any real transition was all suddenly started. I think the band that evening was 17 people. Guitar, violin, flute, harmonica and even clapperboard and not forgetting a guitarist with a voice as Irish as anyone.

I was given a piece of paper which contained all the choruses to the songs they benefit this evening. Let me say straight away that glides well some beer down an evening like this, especially Guinness on tap.

At the bar I fell into conversation with one of whose wife played fiddle in the band. He wanted to know where I came from. I'm the same about him. He was a New

Endestationen efter svæveturen op med Gondola. • End station after float trip with Gondola.





ikke herved for øl, fisk og hornmusik. Solen har skinnet 95% af dagene fra en skyfri himmel. Det samme kan siges om regn, de to dage der kom regn, var om aftenen og natten. I den sammenhæng har jeg været heldig, som en new zealænder sagde til mig, da jeg fortalte ham om min rundtur i landet.

Men jeg vil tage udgangspunkt i den amerikaner jeg mødte og faldt i snak med på tilbageturen over Lake Manapouri, han sagde: "Dette er min første og sidste ferie på New Zealand, anden gang vil aldrig blive det samme", efter jeg havde spurgt om hans oplevelser.

Denne sidste dag i New Zealand og Christchurch, skulle på en eller anden måde afsluttes ordentligt og hvordan kunne det ske bedre end en omgang irsk folk music på The Bog. Hver tirsdag mødes The Jamesons with Friends til jamsession.

Jeg troppede op kl. 8.00 PM for at være sikker på at få en god plads ved baren. Lidt over 8 begyndte de foropvarmningen, og uden nogen rigtig overgang var det hele pludselig i gang. Jeg tror bandet denne aften var på 17 personer. Guitar, violin, fløjte, harmonika og sågar klaptræ og ikke at forglemme en guitarist med en stemme så irsk som nogen.

Jeg fik udleveret et stykke papir der indeholdt samtlige omkvæd til de numre de gavn denne aften. Lad mig sige det med det samme, der glider godt noget øl ned

en aften som denne, især Guinness fra fad. Ved baren faldt jeg i snak med en af hvis kone spillede violin i bandet. Han ville vide hvor jeg kom fra. Jeg det samme om ham. Han var new zealænder – 5. generation – hans forfædre stammede fra Schweiz.

Jo, jeg fik lukket turen til og i New Zealand af på en behagelig måde!



Den irske pub "The Bog" i Christchurch. • The Irish Pub "The Bog" in Christchurch.



Zealander - 5 generation - his ancestors came from Switzerland. Well, I had closed the ride to and around New Zealand by in a pleasant way!



32nd - Wednesday, 17 February 2010

A little sad anyway, but the day has come where I must leave this magical wonderful country with some wonderful people.

The sun shone as the curtain was pulled from the 10th floor with views down the Cathedral Square. There are some clouds hanging over the mountains inland.

After Breakfast 'I chose to wander around in the center, but ended yet to trudge out to see the Botanic Garden again - at least the part I did not see the first time I was out there. From the center out to the garden, this is a hike of 10 min. - Without getting winded. Further into the garden there was a lake with water lilies. The lake was surrounded by huge rocks. Between the stones were planted everything safely exist in the world of low-growing rock plants.

There is also an outdoor area with cacti and a new bed with palm trees. Before I had seen me, it was almost 2 hours in the Botanical Garden. I have also come and look after the little Chinaman and his bonsai tree. Bonsai trees were there, but the Chinaman was lacking. But the wood he cut to and tied up the other day, seemed to feel good.

Back to the center and out to say a last goodbye to The Bog - a thoroughly enjoyable and exciting place to come.

Cathedrale was closed today for the public - it turned out that the little girl who was killed last week, was interred. Local TV was present.



32. – Onsdag den 17. februar 2010

Lidt bedrøvelig alligevel, men dagen er kommet hvor jeg skal forlade dette eventyrligt dejlige land med nogle herlige indbyggere. Solen skinnede da gardinet blev trukket fra på 10. sal med udsigt nedover Cathedral Square. Der er en del skyer hængende over bjergene inde i landet.

Efter breakfast'en valgte jeg at vandre lidt rundt i centrum, men endte alligevel med at trave ud for at se Botanisk Have igen – i hvert fald den del jeg ikke fik set første gang jeg var derude. Fra centrum og ud til haven, er der tale om en travetur på 10 min. - uden at blive forpustet. Længere inde i haven var der en sø med åkander. Søen var omkranset af kæmpe sten. Mellem stenene var der plantet alt hvad sikkert findes i verden af lavtvoksende stenplanter.

Der er også et udendørs område med kaktusser og et nyt bed med palmer. Før jeg havde set mig om, blev det til næsten 2 timer i Botanisk Have. Jeg er også inde og kigge efter den lille kineser og hans Bonzai-træer. Bonzai-træerne var der, men kineseren var udeblevet. Men træet han klippede til samt bandt op forleden dag, så ud til at have det godt.

Tilbage til centrum og ind at sige et sidste farvel til The Bog – et helt igennem sjovt og spændende sted at komme.

Catedralen var lukket i dag for offentlig-

heden – det viste sig at den lille pige der var blevet dræbt i sidste uge, skulle bisættes. Lokal-TV var tilstede.

Den lokale troldmand var ved at varme op, men havde så meget pli, at han ventede til ceremonien ved kirken var overstået, men så gik han også igang. Det er egentlig utrolig så mange forskellige mennesker, der kan opholde sig på pladsen i centrum.

Det spanske kvarter i Christchurch. • The Spanish Quarter in Christchurch.



The local sorcerer was about to heat up, but had so much good manners, that he waited until the ceremony the church was over, but then he also started. It is really amazing so many people who can stay on the square in the center.

I decided to go to the airport in Christchurch by 15-time to be on the safe side. I did not have much faith in that until I fly home to Auckland, then I will in the inter-

national terminal to proceed to London via Los Angeles. In my terminology can only go awry. Christchurch Airport was being rebuilt, so that both domestic and international departures were gathered in one place. It took just a few minutes to clear the hurdle. Through the security check went smoothly. So now it is only to wait an hour before the first flight.



33rd - Thursday, 17 February 2010

After a nice farewell to Christchurch and New Zealand was the first part of the return journey to Auckland, where there was time to change planes to a jumbo jet 747th

In Auckland there was a couple hours of waiting before we were allowed to board the next stop - Los Angeles.

I was selected for the big crack-check before boarding. My little computertaske was minutely studied. There were drug-testing of the lid of the computer. All the pockets of the bag were emptied for cables, cameras, extra batteries. I was one of the last who boarded the plane.

After arriving in Los Angeles we all had to leave the plane, which was prepared for the next part of repatriation from London. We were herded into a time where we got a good laugh. Some publicans thought we were going through a security check once more. No, fortunately, was not something ... Instead, we were 20 at one



Jeg besluttede at tage ud til lufthavnen i Christchurch ved 15-tiden, for at være på den sikre side. Jeg havde ikke megen fidus til, at først skal jeg flyve indenrigs til Auckland, derefter skal jeg i udenrigs-terminalen for at fortsætte til London via Los Angeles. I min terminologi kan det kun gå skævt. Christchurch Airport var ved at blive ombygget, så både inden- og udenrigsafgange var samlet et sted. Det tog lige et par minutter at klare den hurdle. Gennem security-check der gik smertefrit. Så nu er det kun at vente en lille time inden den første afgang.



33. – Torsdag den 17. februar 2010

Efter en pæn afsked med Christchurch og New Zealand gik første del af hjemrejsen til Auckland, hvor der skulle skiftes fly til et jumbojet 747.

I Auckland var der et par timers ventetid inden fik lov at gå ombord til næste stop - Los Angeles.

Jeg blev udtaget til det helt store crack-check inden ombord stigningen. Min lille computertaske blev minutiøst undersøgt. Der blev taget narko-test af låget på computeren. Samtlige lommer i tasken blev tømt for kabler, kameraer ekstra batterier. Jeg blev en af de sidste der gik ombord i flyet.

Efter ankomsten til Los Angeles skulle vi alle forlade flyet, der skulle klargøres til næste del af hjemtransporten mod Lon-

don. Vi blev gennet ind på en gang, hvor vi fik et godt grin. Nogle toldere mente vi skulle igennem et security-check en gang mere. Nej, blev heldigvis ikke til noget... i stedet blev vi 20 af gangen stoppet ind til en elevator, sammen med en svært bevæbnet tolder, der skulle sørge for vi ikke bevægede os den forkerte vej. Det hele i Los Angeles endte med vi alle skulle igennem tolden, vise pas og papirer, få taget elektroniske fingeraftryk, fotograferet



time stopped in for a lift, along with a heavily armed customs officer who was sure we were moving the wrong way. It's all in Los Angeles ended up we all go through customs, passport and papers have been electronic fingerprints, photographed eyes and saw the last "stupid" questions after the customs officer had seen the papers through, "Where is the trip going?" Which I simply replied: "London, England."

Indenrigsterminalen i Christchurch Lufthavn. • Domestic terminal at Christchurch Airport.



In London there were again some hours of waiting. But customs checks were made a little easier here than in America.

The flight with Air New Zealand ended in London. From London it was done again with SAS to Copenhagen. Besides there was talk Danish now, it was a bit of an anticlimax to come from a 747 to 727th In Copenhagen, where there was more or less snow storm, the countries I in shirt sleeves and a denim jacket and froze like hell while I waited couple a bus that would carry me over to the domestic terminal.

In Copenhagen, I had been told I could I collect my suitcase and carry it further towards Heathrow aircraft. There was no suitcase on the conveyor belt to me. My first thought was what kind of crap you have listed here, in January

A sign told where I could contact me if my suitcase did not show up. I did so. After a few minutes enlightened counter me that my suitcase was indeed coming on board the plane to Heathrow.

In Christchurch they had kindly informed me that the suitcase could not get any further than Copenhagen and here I should be even carry it on to the next check-in.

So there was nothing else to do but wait the few hours before the flight to Heathrow took off and hope my suitcase had been all the way. Luck was with me, my suitcase came out on tape as one of the



øjnene og så det sidste "dumme" spørgsmål, efter toldereren havde set papirerne igennem: "Hvor foregår rejsen hen?", hvortil jeg blot svarede: "London, England".

London var der igen nogle timers ventetid. Men toldeftersynet foregik lidt lettere her end i USA.

Flyveturen med Air New Zealand endte i London. Fra London foregik det igen med SAS til København. Udover at der blev snakket dansk nu, var det lidt af et antisklimaks at komme fra en 747 til 727. I København, hvor der var mere eller mindre snestorm, landene jeg i skjorteærmer og cowboyjakke og frøs som ind i helvede, mens jeg stod og ventede par en bus, der skulle fragte mig over til indenrigsterminalen.

I København havde jeg fået at vide jeg skulle jeg hente min kuffert og fragte den videre over til Tirstrup-flyet. Der kom ingen kuffert på transportbåndet til mig. Min første tanke var, hvad er det for noget lort du har opstillet her, Jan.

Et skilt fortalte hvor jeg kunne henvende mig, hvis kufferten ikke dukkede op. Det gjorde jeg så. Efter et par minutter oplyste skranken mig om, at min kuffert sandelig var på vej om bord i flyet til Tirstrup.

I Christchurch havde de venligt oplyst mig om, at kufferten ikke kunne komme længere end til København og her skulle jeg derfor selv fragte den videre til næste check-in.

Så var der ikke andet at gøre end at vente de par timer inden flyet til Tirstrup lette-

de og håbe min kuffert havde været med hele vejen. Heldet var med mig, kufferten kom ud på båndet som en af de første og mine to piger stod og ventede på mig for at fragte mig det sidste stykke hjem til Viborg.

Jeg kan anbefale alle der kan lide natur - ta' en tur rundt i New Zealand i autocamper, det er mere end alle pengene værd.

Peer Holm



first and my two girls were waiting for me to carry me the last piece of home to Viborg.

I can recommend anyone who likes nature - go for a tour of New Zealand in motor home, it's more than worth every penny.

Peer Holm



Christchurchs kloge mand holder tale for turisterne. • Christchurchs wise man keeps talking to tourists.

