

On our previous trip to Nepal we had become interested in the sport of paragliding and its apparently effortless promise of graceful flight without a motor and without the shovel-fulls of cash that we did not have. Nepal seemed like the ideal starting point and we found further justification in our new trip aims. These aims had come about when we started to ask why we were being so rash as to drop all and spend vast amounts of money driving across the world that we could just as well have read about or taken in well-funded and air conditioned chunks sometime in our future.

Part of the answer lay in the kick we both get out of travelling, of gathering new experiences, new knowledge and new perspectives from new people met along the way – there is no room for malaise in this riot of change. Part also lay in the challenge we both enjoy in formulating means of shifting ourselves and our Landy into locations and situations we would both like to find ourselves – this has a sub-pleasure in understanding a little of international boundaries and the relationship between nations. Our Landyvan adds to this pleasure beyond its simple practicality by increasing the challenge, slowing the transition between cultures, providing a point of interest for others and of opening up interactions with people that other means of travel do not normally encourage – hardware stores, like grocery stores are the foundation for any local economy and we are big fans of the friendly local mechanic.

Finally, we realized that we could not travel indefinitely and so had begun to see our trip as an opportunity to acquire new skills and make new resolutions that would still be a benefit when we finally got home: learning to paraglide was one of these. At least that was one of our more ambitious justifications for the detour, apart from that it just looked like fun.





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