

TRANSNISTRIA • COLOMBIA • MADERA • MONTENEGRO
UNITED KINGDOM • MOLDOVA

WHAT'S WRONG WITH...
WITOLD PALAK

2202 11812

ROAD of ADVENTURE

NUMBER 3



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THEY WRITE FOR YOU

MAŁŻEŃSTWO Z MOTOCYKLEM



ADV HOPPERS



FREEBIRD RIDER



OKIEMPLECACZKA.PL



IREK GIGIELEWICZ



ŁUKASZ "ZABALUK" CZAJA

WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN THE AUTHORS OF THIS MAGAZINE? NOTHING EASIER! WRITE US A PRIVATE MESSAGE ON OUR FANPAGE ON FB OR SEND AN EMAIL TO ROA@ROADOFADV.COM.



FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy.

We are giving you the third issue of our magazine. Unfortunately, due to technical reasons, we did not manage to finish the interview with Witek Palak in the previous one, but this time we made it and you can read the interview with this Polish traveler, writer and motorcyclist on page 6. Apart from the interview, we present you a lot of inspiration and exciting stories of escapades from all over the world. There is something for everyone.

Thank you for all the emails you send us, both those with congratulations and those with new ideas. Road of Adventure is written by bikers for bikers, so your suggestions are very important to us.

We are also pleased to announce that from the next issue on our pages will be a new, permanent section, which was proposed by you. It will be called "Traveler's workshop" where our authors will try to share with you their knowledge and experience in preparing for the journey as well as dealing with possible problems during it. Of course, we'd love to hear from you what other topics you'd like to see in this Road of Adventure section, so we look forward to your suggestions and proposals at workshop@roadofadv.com

Drive safe,

*Karolina
Kowalska*



EDITORS:

Chief Editor - Karolina Kowalska

Layout and graphic design - Szymon Zobniów

PUBLISHER: Road of Adventure, Smáratún 28, 230 Keflavík, Iceland, PHONE: +354 6639467, EMAIL: roa@roadofadv.com, WWW: <https://www.roadofadv.com>

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Cover photo: Witold Palak

ARCTIC OCEAN

PAGE 6

What's wrong with... Witold Palak?

Author: Szymon Zobniów

ASKA (USA)

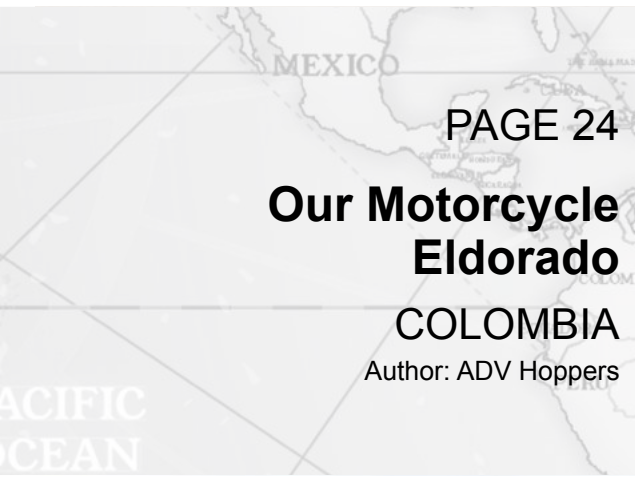


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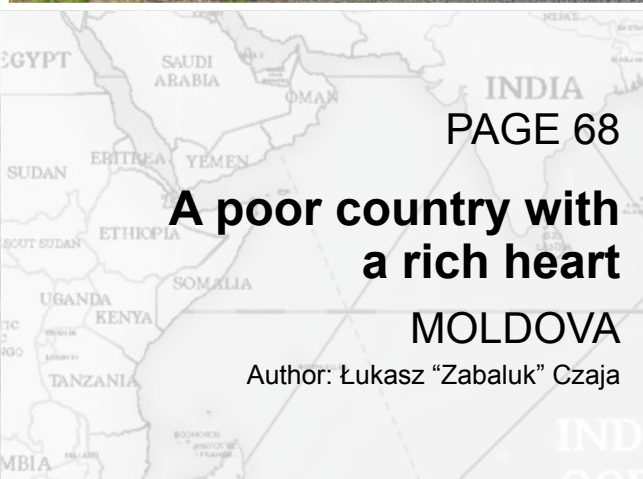


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A poor country with a rich heart

MOLDOVA

Author: Łukasz "Zabaluk" Czaja



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Traveler's workshop

MAGAZINE

Author: Karolina Kowalska



A man in a black jacket and blue pants is sitting on a motorcycle on a dirt road. He has his tongue sticking out and is looking towards the camera. The motorcycle has a license plate that reads "HP 34 D 2315". The background shows a dirt road and a hillside with some vegetation.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH... WITOLD PALAK

AN INTERVIEW WITH WITOLD PALAK - A TRAVELLER, WRITER AND MOTORCYCLIST WHO HAS BEEN TRAVELLING THE WORLD FOR MANY YEARS. PARTICULARLY FOND OF ASIAN COUNTRIES, AND MOST OF ALL INDIA, WHICH HE DESCRIBES IN GREAT BOOKS.

Photos by WITOLD PALAK, interviewed by SZYMON ZOBNIÓW



As far as we know, you started riding a motorcycle quite late, tell us where did you get such an interest from? What were your beginnings on two wheels? Your first motorcycle?

In life, you never know when something will strike you, when you will start painting pictures, sculpting, playing guitar or riding a motorcycle. There is no such line, no way to pinpoint a specific moment or reason when or why it started. During my many years of travel, when I met motorcyclists, a feeling came over me, maybe not so much jealousy, but such a nagging question in my head "why can they and I can't?". Finally, I decided, I want to try it too. In 2011, being in Vietnam, where moving around by motorcycle is very common, I dared and rented a small scooter for one day. I thought to myself "what's the harm, I might crash and break, but I have to try". Of course, I was completely greenhorn on the subject of riding two wheels, so they had to answer a lot of questions about "what, where and how to use", but it somehow went well. I rode 100km then and caught the spirit. Since then, when looking for a hotel, I did not ask what the standard of the rooms was, if they had a bathroom, etc., but if the hotel could rent motorcycles. I traveled Vietnam, Laos, Burma and Cambodia on small scooters and I knew that this form of travel suited me completely.

Not long after that, probably in 2012, you went on a motorcycle expedition in the Himalayas with your son, Adrian. Tell us, how did it happen? Weren't you afraid of such an escapade despite having little experience in riding a motorcycle?

Together we already had some experience. I had done some kilometers on the dirt roads of Asia, Adrian, although he was 16 at the time, had already ridden a few small motorcycles. He was finishing school at that time, a certain stage in his education, and we came up with an idea to do such a manly expedition together. Someone could say that it is not very pedagogical, but I think that travelling is a school of life and the saying that travelling educates is not an empty platitude. This trip, for Adrian, was a form of education, moral, religious, cultural or geographical. Of course, it was also an adventure that in a way shaped his character, a father-son adventure. We prepared for it together, we took the motorcycle driving test together then. We didn't even manage to collect the originals of those driving licenses from the transport office before our departure, so we had laminated copies of them with us, sent from Poland after our expedition had begun. And let me tell you, they looked better than the original. For 3 months we drove through the Indian Himalayas, Nepal, all the way to Darjeeling and those driving licenses were never used, never checked by anyone, but

they existed. We rode two used, older Royal Enfield motorcycles that we bought locally in India. Neither of us had much experience with riding such a large motorcycle, they were 350s, so huge machines compared to scooters, but after surviving the first day of riding around crowded New Delhi somehow it went further. This trip was crazy, but also extraordinary.

Tell us, did you plan each stage of your trip in any particular way? For example accommodation or where to go on a given day. What was it like?

I never plan anything in my life. I don't book accommodation, anyway it's hard to do without knowing in which town I will end up on a given day. So, we more or less knew where we were going, but we didn't really have a daily plan. We never knew if something was going to happen or if we were going to be tempted by a new route, so it was hard to plan anything in such conditions. We rode on our own, we had some assumptions, but the whole daily ride depended on the weather, the technical condition of the motorcycles or even our willpower. Which can be seen in the changing assumptions of our trip. At the beginning our goal was to reach Ladakh, we were supposed to sell our motorcycles in Nepal and we did not think of crossing it. As you can see it did not happen that way because we went much further, through Nepal to Darjeeling. It was a totally pioneering expedition. We had no electronic navigation, only old maps torn in the wind. In a sense, we felt like explorers of those areas, not tourists led "on a string" and probably this is what made this escapade so deeply engraved in my memory very much so, it was a great adventure. Now, even having navigation in my phone, I try to use it rather rarely.

Let's go back to your motorcycles, tell me why Royal Enfield? As far as I know you still have some kind of "weakness" for this brand. Of course it has its history, many fans, users and good reputation, especially in India, but...

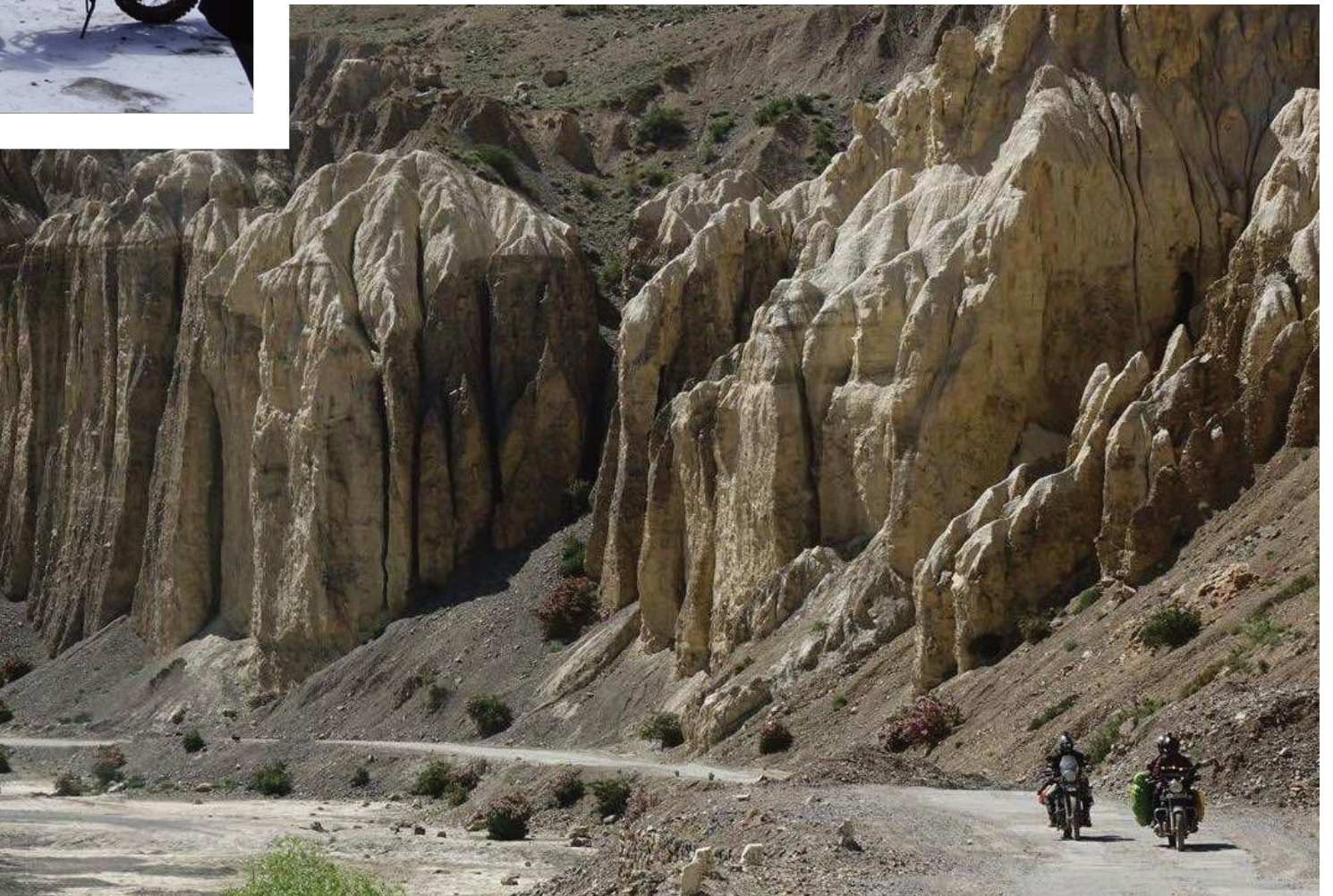
It does not have a good reputation! That's not true! It's pointless. This motorcycle sucks, it's reluctant, primitive, uncomfortable, shakes all over and has... a soul. It has that something that makes everyone, at least in India, look over and say "that's a dude!". This motorcycle is like an Indian Harley Davidson. I don't know what makes it so... but there is some magic to the name, the legend of the brand. While there are certainly better, faster, more capable motorcycles, for me this is the only motorcycle for getting around India. I could

ride a BMW, Harley or any other bike, but it is only on a Royal Enfield that you are treated with respect and at the same time as "a native". And that is the subtle difference.

That's it... India... Why do you have such a liking for this part of the world? You have traveled all over the world, visited many countries, and yet every time, whether through your books or stories told at travel meetings, you are mainly associated with India and Nepal, because you talk about them most often, as if you held them in special esteem.



India has been in my life for more than 30 years, I lived there, earned money there, traveled there. I have traveled and lived in many countries, but they seemed to me too "civilized", too modern, and therefore also too expensive, everything is related to money. In India it is completely different. Here you see everything in a different way, all people smile, treat you with respect and kindness. Here you just feel the joy of living. Here you don't have to pretend, do something for show, chase "ahead", prove to everyone your value as a human being. Additionally, in India you will find everything what a traveler may want, a multitude of cultures, religions, beautiful views, wonderful places, all climatic conditions, from very cold high mountain areas to hot beaches. Recently I found out that Sri Lanka, where I am now, and about which I am preparing my new book, is very similar to India, although much smaller. This is India in a nutshell.





And how do people in those areas respond to foreign motorcyclists?

They treat us completely differently than typical tourists who travel around the country in air-conditioned buses. I personally feel in India like a VIP and at the same time like a "native". The friendliness of people towards motorcyclists is unimaginable, you will not find it in Europe or the United States. You can see their joy at your arrival, their interest in your travels, their curiosity about the places you have visited, their appreciation of the fact that now you are here and visiting their country. Especially in small villages, places where a foreign motorcyclist is not a common sight.

And how is it with traffic in India? With the respect for rules and regulations? Sometimes watching videos from the streets in big cities one may wonder if there are any rules at all?

Once, even 10 years ago was like a total „freestyle wrestling“, at the moment in some large cities, such as Mumbai, Delhi, people even begin to observe the rules, lights, etc.. India is slowly civilizing transport, but still at every step you meet the behavior of drivers who seem not to be bound by the rules. Unauthorized maneuvers, driving against the flow of traffic are not unusual, here simply such a way of life, so you drive and everyone is accustomed to it. There are rules, but usually they are not fully taken into account. If I see a bus coming at me at a high speed in my lane, I know that it will not leave, that I have to leave and it is useless flashing lights, waving hands, shouting, you just have to be ready for anything and do not worry about it. But in fact it just looks as if it is a fight for life, in fact there is not much

danger there, everyone is pushing, overtaking, but they do everything with their head, looking around. When they see someone charging, who is going faster than them, they stop, let them in and have no problems with it, not like most people in Europe.

India was a British colony and you can probably get along in English, but are you sure? Or maybe, like in France, many people know English but don't want to speak it? Or maybe you tried to learn local languages?

In English you can easily get along everywhere, you don't have to talk about climate change or spreading peace in the world, but simple conversations about how to get somewhere, how much to buy something for, can always be done, and at least I do not remember a situation in which communication with a Hindu in English was impossible. Of course, staying in India for so long, I have learned to talk about such basic topics in Hindi, or use basic phrases in other local dialects, but still mostly use English, and in extreme cases I always tell everyone who asks: "you will always get along, with your hands, legs or heart, you will always be able to communicate with the people of India."

Do you remember any of your dangerous adventures in India, any encounters with dangerous animals? Or maybe something else you consider dangerous while traveling through India by motorcycle?

The most dangerous thing in India for motorcyclists are... potholes on the roads. :) You really have to watch out for them,



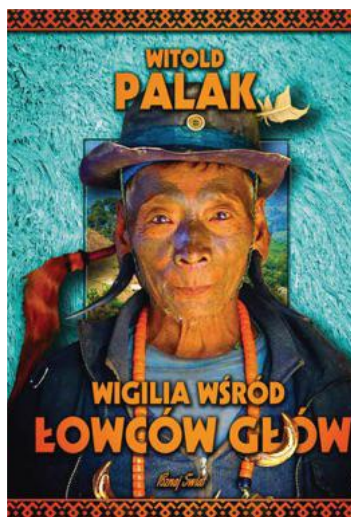
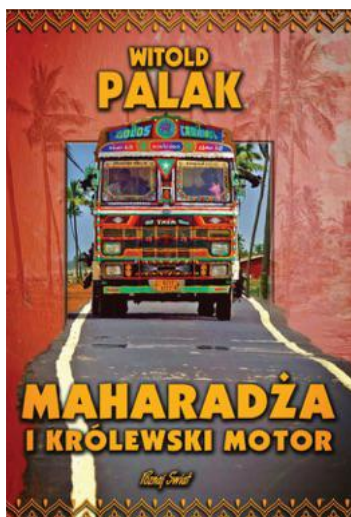
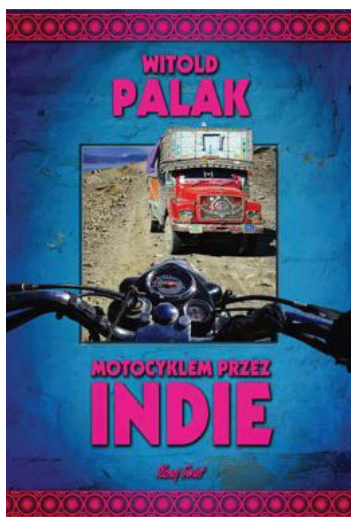
because you run into them everywhere and always. It is obvious that you have to have eyes and ears around your head as always, because harmless animals, such as cows or dogs, walk everywhere or even just lie on the road, not to mention people, often not paying any attention to oncoming vehicles. And this is really dangerous for us, motorcyclists. Yes, encounters with wild, dangerous animals can happen, like, for example, a few days ago, while riding through the wild jungle in Sri Lanka, where tourists don't really go, a wild elephant charged at me, because I had been taking too long with my camera and it didn't like something. I was running away, or you could even say rushing away from him, as fast as I could, with my soul on my shoulder, because this is really a very dangerous situation. It's fun to take pictures or film shots of a wild animal, but he lives here, he's not behind bars in a zoo, and we are an intruder to him and he may attack us, and if we provoke him, he probably will. You never know if the elephant that runs at you doesn't want to defend its territory or its young, or if it's used to the sight of people running to get some snacks, because many people feed them. But such encounters, as I mentioned are very rare, although it is necessary to pay attention to such dangerous situations and it is best not to lead to them. But small or bigger animals, like snakes, dogs, goats, pigs, etc., are a nightmare for motorcyclists. They can intrude or even better, sleep on the road at any place. And they are the ones you really have to always watch out for, always be vigilant. Yesterday I had a two-meter snake on the road and if you don't notice it in time and don't get out of its way, you don't know how it will react in a dangerous situation, whether it will bite you or even fall into your wheel causing you to overturn.

You've already written four books about your travels, any more to come? Maybe some other plans?

I'm currently touring Sri Lanka and plan to tell the story of this beautiful island in a new book. It will have both, a travel character, and I am going to make it a guidebook for motorcyclists who can see much more than, these few, most touristic places. I will give routes where no tours are organized, where you can feel the atmosphere of the place, learn about local culture and wildlife. I hope that someone who reads this book and decides to follow the routes described in it will feel as I do now, as if I were in paradise. On a different subject, I have always had in my mind the idea of organizing a motorcyclists meeting in the Himalayas and slowly this idea is taking shape. Together with Marek Suslik and my friends in India who organize motorcycle expeditions we are finalizing the details of such a meeting in September this year. As soon as we have concrete information we will let you know.

Well great initiative, probably many of our readers would be willing to take part in such an adventure, we will keep an eye on it and look forward to more information, both about the rally itself and its progress. Thank you for the interview and your stories.

Thank you and best regards to Road of Adventure readers.





HR.29.T.6045



EUROPE

TRANSNISTRIA

МегаТом

СТОМАТОЛОГИЧЕСКИЙ КАБИНЕТ





ИРАСПОЛЬ

TRANSNISTRIA - WHERE LENIN IS STILL ALIVE...

THE SECOND PART OF THE STORY FROM A SHORT BUT INTENSIVE STAY IN BEAUTIFUL TRANSNISTRIA, THROUGH THE EYES AND CAMERA OF A COUPLE WITH A MOTORCYCLE

Text and photos: MAŁŻEŃSTWO Z MOTOCYKLEM



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TRANSNISTRIA

СЕВЕРНЫЙ КОРПУС



Tiraspol market is a local bazaar at its best. It's natural, fresh fruits, vegetables and herbs, collected rather than manufactured. They are not products, they are nature itself. It is organic and eco in its purest form, even though no one here has ever heard of these words. Fresh herbs: parsley, dill, coriander whose aroma is intoxicating. Next to it beautiful in their imperfection fruits and vegetables: uneven peppers, carrots and potatoes - you can still smell the soil in which they grew. Aromatic dried and smoked plums, which are a local specialty. Next are the stands with honey - deadly fragrant, poured into „Gerber soup" jars. Finally, there are the ubiquitous weeks and pickles. In Transnistria everything is pickled: carrots, celery, apples, garlic, tomatoes, grape leaves, eggplants, watermelons, cucumbers of course, but also cabbage.



Green Market - you can watch...



... buy...

The next point - the hall with countless stands with fresh cheese, milk, whey. Entering the milk hall, we were totally transported back to the times of our childhood. Unquestionably. The characteristic smell of dairy products spreading in the air. Not some sour milk, but the magical smell of memories. Fresh, fat cottage cheese, cream so fat as if the slightest vibration could turn it into butter, which stands in the whetstone next to it. And we're not talking about some lousy spread, but real butter, the smell of which makes us think only of finding fresh, crusty bread. Just walking around this place has something exciting about it. We circle around, sampling the yellowish cheeses served on the tips of knives. The ladies who recommend their fresh perfectly natural products with such warmth, and when buying, wish from the bottom of their hearts, „Eat to your



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health!" make you feel warm somewhere inside. Of course, we have limited space in our trunks, but we couldn't deny ourselves a piece of sheep brine.

New smells, flavors, textures, had us going from booth to booth sniffing, tasting, choosing and buying more and more pickles. It didn't matter that we wouldn't overeat - we had to try.

We bought tiny sarmalas made of pickled grape leaves, slightly spicy eggplants stuffed with vegetables, stuffed peppers, pickled green tomatoes.

The vendors at the market when they heard we were from Poland asked how long we were going, where we were going, let us take pictures and would do almost anything for us if they could. One of them even asked why we do not haggle like most of the few tourists here. We replied that we know how hard it is for them, how little they earn, that their prices are OK for us, so it is a shame for us to haggle in such a place. After returning to the moto we had a short chat with the lady where we left our helmets. She said that if it were not for Odessa we probably would not have come to Transnistria. A lot of right in this, but in our case it was exactly the opposite - we go to Odessa only because it is on the way to Poland :). Next to the store where we parked our moto there was a store with motorcycle accessories. Doti went in to ask if they had any Transnistrian flag stickers for our trunks. They didn't have one, but a very polite salesman called the "House of Books" and it turned out that it was there. He gave us the address and we set off as quickly as possible, because there were 10 minutes left before the store closed. It was a good thing, because the store turned out to be an antique-bookstore located just 500 meters from the places we wanted to see.

Having purchased a sticker we marched towards the center. I guess it is hard to say that there is a center in any particular place. Tiraspol simply spills over the area, without any order or composition. Along the street there are old, not very tall houses - rental houses, tenement houses, post-communist blocks of flats - it's hard to tell what they are. You can see a little bit of neglect,

shabbiness, and blandness, but you can't see any decline or decay. Lots of space, few people. Everywhere colors of nature sprinkled only with grey of concrete. Without the colorful imprint of capitalism - without advertisements, billboards, announcements. Walking along this avenue is like looking at photographs from decades ago, only colored. The kind that fool our minds a little.



History is evi

Walking down the wide street we see more monuments. The central point of Tiraspol is October 25 Street, where the building of the government of the Republic of Transnistria stands - one of the most characteristic points of the city. It is a huge building in the style of the old communism. It is made of concrete, painted red and white and "decorated" with boxes of air conditioners at every window. Finally, in

front of the building there is a red marble Lenin with his coat hanging down like Zorro. On the other side of the street there are monuments to soldiers who died in the struggle for independence of Transnistria in 1990-1992, plaques with the names of the victims of the fighting, an old T-34 tank (which is part of the War Glory Monument), a small Orthodox church. The whole has the character of a mini victory park. Polished stone,



Makes you want to turn the handle...



dent at every corner



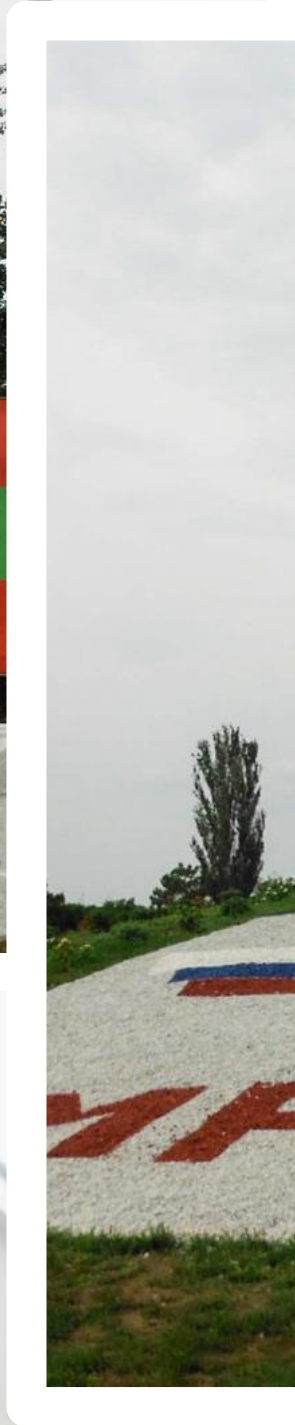
Embankments by the Dniester River in the morning invite to walks



EUROPE
TRANSNISTRIA



All the symbols of socialism in one place



The showroom of Transnistrian cognacs KVINT



Monument to mark 28th anniversary of Transnistria

plaques, flowers, non-stop burning fire, Transnistrian flags, and among them young couples taking pictures in front of the tank. Generally, flags can be seen all along the main street. Lots of flags, signs and symbols. Transnistria and Russia. At every step, the proximity and relationship with Russia is emphasized. On one side - the hammer and sickle and Lenin, on the other - right next to it - a monument to Suvorov. Transnistria, like

probably the whole Russia, cannot decide: USSR or tsarist Russia, so it takes whatever it can from one or the other and sticks them together in some strange whole. It's a bit strange, but well, every country has its own customs. We headed towards the park, buying 0.5 l cup of cold, delicious bread sour on the way. With cups of kvass we reached the concrete promenade, almost completely empty, not

counting the three young couples, their witnesses and photographers. We sat on the concrete curbs, looking at the river and the old barges from which Russian disco was playing loudly - we enjoyed the bread sour. A mishmash of tastes and sensations. It is empty, concrete, wild, hot and amazing. Unfortunately, it was time to end this idyll. We walk along the wide streets, with those evenly planted but nevertheless lanky poplar trees planted in alleys, with their trunks painted. We pass under more flags of Russia and Transnistria, with Shevchenko and Putin staring at us from posters. We pass the company store of the famous Moldovan - now Transnistrian - KVINT cognacs, which used to be the pride of the USSR, a treasure in the bar of every party activist, next to bottles from Armenia and Georgia.

Of the 10 dollars we exchanged, we had about 5 left, and we weren't even going to exchange them back into dollars. Transnistria is a black hole that absorbs dollars. Once given, they do not come back. There are exchange rates, but there is no chance to buy dollars. There is simply no one selling them.

Our impressions of Transnistria? Transnistria is strange. It's like a living museum of wax figures, an open-air museum of the USSR. It is a bit spoiled, because apart from Moskvichs, Ladas and Zhiguli, there are old Audi and Mercedes on the streets and next to the sickle and hammer there is an advertisement of a beauty salon. It is safe to say that there is nothing interesting here, but it is definitely worth coming here, to see this place and feel its atmosphere. This is such an unpunished gulp of the USSR. A place beyond comprehension. A place which, excluding cell phones,



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can be safely called an open-air museum of the former era. How does one live in a non-existent country? It is not for us to judge, but probably for the people who live here life here is nothing unusual. You can communicate with everyone in Russian. Many people earn money by selling their products at local markets. There is no developed tourism here, and if someone comes, it is rather out of curiosity, for a while. It is difficult to find any souvenirs, accommodation is scarce, and the ubiquitous "do not do" probably scares off a few daredevils. Entering Transnistria, you have to be prepared for bribes, which are demanded at every step. Although we managed to avoid the "tax on being a tourist", many people confirm this state of affairs. Is it worth going here? In our opinion - a must.

We have no proof in our passport that we have been here. It's as if Transnistria is not a place on the map, but a state of mind.



Many young couples choose couples for their wedding sessions. No, it's not us, we look much younger :)



For the Fatherland!

MAŁŻEŃSTWO Z MOTOCYKLEM

The project began in the heads of Dorota (Doti) and Maciek (Macko) 37 years ago. After 20 years a motorcycle (Moto Guzzi - Guzzilla) joined them. Since then they have been travelling the roads together as a Małżeństwo z motocyklem (Married couple with a motorcycle).





SOUTH AMERICA

COLOMBIA

OUR MOTORCYCLE ELDORADO

CONTINUATION OF STORY FROM COLOMBIA, WITH
PRACTICAL ADVICE ON HOW TO FIND YOUR WAY
THERE, BY AGATA FROM ADV HOPPERS.

Text: Agata Dudek

Photos: Agata Dudek, Marek Wachowski





Tapir Pass - we didn't meet any. But in another place we saw armadillos.



Purace National Park



The valley of the esplece on Paramo Purace



more visible. It is a glacier as high as 5300 meters above sea level. And it is still active. Its eruption in 1985 is considered the worst volcano-related catastrophe in the 20th century. Hot lava and lahar covered the area in 100 km radius, totally destroying many villages and towns and causing 28700 deaths.

All of the sudden I firmly press on the brakes. The volcano has just released a cloud of ash and gas. A sight both beautiful and terrifying.

We climb up to 4150 meters above the sea level. It is my personal height record and I must admit I feel that we and the motorbikes have less power. The road we travel is just 4 km away from the fuming volcano. There are streams stinking of sulphur, colourful rocks and plants totally different than what we know. It is slowly getting dark and we are still a few dozen kilometers from any settlements. While admiring the nature we totally lost the sense of time...

which means heavy traffic, trucks, roadworks, detours and alternating traffic. We're not moving any faster than on the small roads.

We arrive at Harry's vet clinic and return the motorbikes. They did really well and they were not really used according to their main purpose. They are dirty, but Harry gives us the full deposit and invites us for a beer. Not one, but a few too many, so we miss the first bus to Bogota... Luckily there is a next one few hours later.

Last day in Colombia we spend in the capital, in the Museum of Gold. The exhibition is fantastic, there is so much gold gathered here. If you add to that all the treasures that were stolen or destroyed it is even more impressive. One thing that I find particularly interesting is the timeline depicting the events and achievements on each continent. In Europe we were still believing the world is flat, whereas at the same time in South America there was a developed civilization.

ACTIVE VOLCANO

We approach Los Nevados National Park through extremely curvy roads. After a short stop in a colorful town of Murillo we hit another offroad section. A majestic volcano, Nevado del Ruiz, is more and

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

We ride back to Medellin through the coffee-banana-bamboo region. We are more frequently on main roads,

SAFETY

This was a big unknown. Is it safe there? Columbia does not have a good reputation related to safety. We heard stories about kidnapping and robberies. About gangs, guerrillas, mines and drugs. That it is easy to find yourself in the wrong place at the wrong time. While preparing for the trip, we went through some blogs and travel stories and we knew which regions are more risky than others (Cauca, Huila). We knew which roads to avoid (e.g. 37) and that we must not travel at night. And of course it happened that we stayed on the roads in dodgy places after it got dark. And we probably entered the roads that we should have avoided, but we were just blissfully unaware about that. In Bogota, the police told us which streets not to go to and



Local buses carrying people, animals and all kinds of goods



SOUTH AMERICA

COLOMBIA



The Tatacoa Desert

we took the advice seriously. We saw enough "Bronx Bogota" videos on YouTube.

There is a lot of police and soldiers everywhere. The latter stand on the roads with their thumbs up, meaning the road is "clear". People are friendly and caring – we were reminded a few times that we should better look after our belongings e.g. when we were a bit careless about the cameras left on the table in a

bar.

There was no situation in which I felt unsafe or even uncomfortable. I also think that standard precautions are sufficient. Being mindful on where you put your money, staying alert in busy places and not going where you are not supposed to can save you a lot of trouble - not only in Colombia, but just anywhere in the world.



The advantage of small motorcycles is low fuel consumption. In our case well under 3L/100 km

ROADS AND TRAFFIC

The roads in Colombia are good... If you mean asphalt roads. Gravel roads are usually in a good condition, too, but you can expect some potholes and more difficult



Tatacoa desert - unique rock formations and giant cacti



The statue from volcano



Archaeological Park of San Agustin



es in the park in San Agustin are carved
anic rock



SOUTH AMERICA

COLOMBIA



Tatacoa Desert - every rain changes the shape of this clay maze



A lazy afternoon in the colorful town of Murillo near the Nevado del Ruiz volcano



sections. Anyway, regardless of the surface, the roads are twisted as a paper clip and this must be taken into account when planning the route for time and distance.

Main roads are full of trucks and buses, that are the main mean of transport in the country. Drivers can be unpredictable, especially if you think of the traffic in the "European" way. The road signs are slightly different than the ones we are used to in Europe. For example, a round white sign with red edge and two cars next to each other, means that overtaking is allowed. The same one but lined through means that overtaking is not allowed. Crossed out = forbidden. The signs related to curves are perfectly depicting what lies ahead – if it's a one turn or more, gentle, sharp or a hairpin.

The speed limits are rather liberal and I can't remember that we ever exceeded any. You need to drive in a very confident manner, and we needed to learn this fast in our first days. Overtaking can happen on either of the sides, and in the cities everyone

uses the lanes to the maximum, not really respecting the marks on the roads. But also everyone is used to this style of driving, so nobody minds.

Bikers need to wear high-visibility vests after sunset and on the helmets they need to have the bike's registration

The cacti in the Tatacoa Desert are huge. They will definitely not fit into a pot at home.



Nevado del Ruiz volcano is a 5,000-meters glacier. The road runs 4 km from it



SOUTH AMERICA

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The Nevado del Ruiz volcano, responsible for the biggest volcanic disaster of the 20th century is still active and shows it from time to time. It released a cloud of gas and ashes twice when we were passing by.

number written (Marek had a different one and I had none and nobody made any comment on that, so probably it is not that important). In many places it is not allowed for two men to ride on one motorbike. Tourists without motorbikes can use buses or planes to move around the country.

FOOD

Food is cheap and the portions are huge! It is very filling, too – eggs, meat, beans, rice, cooking bananas, arepas (corn flatbread). You can notice the lack of vegetables – sometimes there is a thin slice of tomato with a tiny bit of onion, but not much more. Street food stalls with meat, corn, arepa and fruit are extremely popular. The

fantastic fresh fruit juices are also cheap and available everywhere. The same applies to the pastries – from small ones to fancy birthday cakes. It is common to eat outside, on the streets. You definitely can't die of hunger here.

I was very disappointed by coffee. Colombia is 3rd largest coffee producer in the world, but I think the good grains are exported, as the coffee available is worse than average – thin, without aroma and often too sweet.

A FEW TIPS:

- Visa is not needed to enter Colombia.
- It is advised to have an International Driver's Permit.

- There are no mandatory vaccinations, only some are recommended.
- Basic knowledge of Spanish comes in handy.
- It is easy to find accommodation. The prices are decent, so is the standard, rooms are clean.
- The prices are reasonable, especially for the items that we consider "exotic" (like fresh fruit in the middle of winter). Bottled mineral water is relatively expensive, but overall everything is cheaper than in Europe.
- It is advised to have some US dollars in cash and exchange them at the



Standard dinner set: trout with rice



An unsophisticated but huge breakfast: scrambled eggs, rice and corn pancakes. Plus coffee and fruit juice.



SOUTH AMERICA

COLOMBIA

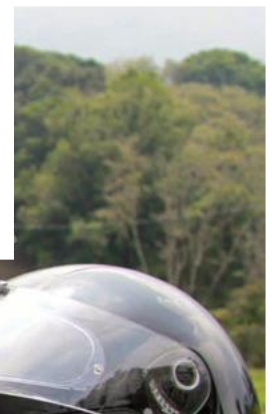
airports or bus stations. You confirm the transaction by your fingerprint.

- You should always take yellow taxis with all numbers on their side doors - they are the official ones. Always ask about the estimated fare for the ride and ensure a taximeter is set to zero.
- Colombia has a dry and wet season, so take this into account when planning the trip.
- Keep an eye on your luggage to ensure nobody adds any undesirable items to be smuggled (we unpacked and packed again our bags before checking in on our departure flights from Bogota, as we had left the bags for a few hours in the deposit at the bus station)

Colombia has a far worse



Colombia: "Fifty shades of green"



Col
exp



coffee plantations are the symbol of Colombia. It is a pity that the best coffee is exported, and the coffee available locally is very average.

opinion that it actually deserves, and it is really worth considering as a travel destination, before it becomes more popular and flooded with tourists. And the motorbikes we had the chance to ride proved that sometimes you don't need anything more than a 150cc bike. You do not need to have the accessories-leaking modern adventure bike to have fun riding to places "at the end of the world".

ADV HOPPERS

ADV Hoppers are an international couple of motorcyclists and adventure lovers: Agata Dudek and Joris De Poortere. Currently on a journey around the world, which you can follow on their blog and social media.





EUROPE

MONTENEGRO





A SMALL COUNTRY OF GREAT BEAUTY

A YEAR AGO, AFTER VISITING ROMANIA I HAD A FEW DAYS FREE, WHICH I WANTED TO USE TO SEE ANOTHER COUNTRY. THE CHOICE FELL ON MONTENEGRO, WHICH DESPITE ITS SMALL AREA OFFERED MANY INTERESTING PLACES.

Text and photos: FREEBIRD RIDER



EUROPE
MONTENEGRO



Durmitor was surprisingly beautiful and peaceful, the P14 route was free of the tourist crowd.



Piva Canyon

From Romania to Montenegro I went by fast transit through Serbia and just after the border gate I was greeted by ... several kilometers of gravel road. Driving in clouds of dust was not a dream start of Montenegro adventure. However, I quickly found a place to stay and started exploring the local attractions the next day.

The first point I took was the Durdevic Bridge over the Tara Canyon. This huge concrete structure was built in 1940, measuring 365 meters long and 172 meters high. The bridge remains in road use all the time, although there is no denying that most of the people crossing it are tourists. The structure fits into the green landscape of the Tara Canyon, which in turn is the deepest canyon in Europe. Walking over the bridge and admiring the canyon and the river that flows along its bottom gave a lot of sightseeing impressions, but the real excitement I felt while riding down the zipline stretched over the canyon. There are several of them to choose from and depending on the length they differ in price. For 10 EUR I was attached to a steel cable and pushed into 170-meter abyss. It took about



40 seconds to get to the opposite wall of the canyon. Impressions from the ride were sensational, a huge bridge on one side, a magnificent canyon on the other, and me gliding in the air. A large dose of adrenaline included.

I felt safer in the saddle than in a harness on a zip wire, but the next thrill was coming. Only 35 kilometers further I fell into

the embrace of the Durmitor mountain range with the most amazing road I have ever ridden - P14. I had already ridden many amazing trails, such as Passo Dello Stelvio or Di Gavia in Italy, Trollstigen in Norway, Transalpina and Transfogaraska in Romania or Austria's Grossglockner Hochalpenstrasse, but all of them lost out to Montenegro's P14.



Fort Gorazda - a place ideal for urbex enthusiasts

This wonderful road at 50 kilometers long offers countless brilliant mountain landscapes. Every kilometer of this route is a scenic masterpiece. Throughout the entire length of P14, there is no way that anything can obscure the panorama. There are no forests, tunnels or rock walls, just mountains, mountains and mountains. Madness! But what matters in motorcycle riding is not just the views themselves, but also the black ribbon of asphalt that guides our two wheels in the midst of them, and that on P14 was also perfect. The road is well washed, offering adequate grip without holes or ruts, but it's also narrow and lacks safety features, so riding on it at times added a pinch of adrenaline that I missed on some of the scenic routes I've visited before. Dozens, if not hundreds, of curves were there with great satisfaction.



EUROPE

MONTENEGRO

The peace and quiet along the route was also a big plus. I was surprised to find so few tourists there. Not much traffic allowed me to enjoy every inch of P14 and the green Durmitor mountains that surrounded it.

After leaving Durmitor, I almost immediately ran into another natural wonder, this time it was the Piva Canyon. Covered with green trees, the mountain slopes here enveloped a wide, turquoise river. Montenegro delighted me from the first day. In just a few hours, at a distance of about 100 km, it gave me such a dose of scenic experience that I did not get during all the previous days of the trip put together, and this is not the end.

The next day I set off to the next attraction, which was Ostrog Monastery. Reaching it in the heat of the day on an extremely steep and winding road was quite a challenge. The building itself aroused interest already from afar. This 17th century monastery was built into a huge, vertical mountain wall. It was an unusual view, but up close Ostrog did not make such an unusual impression. Plastered, white walls spoiled the



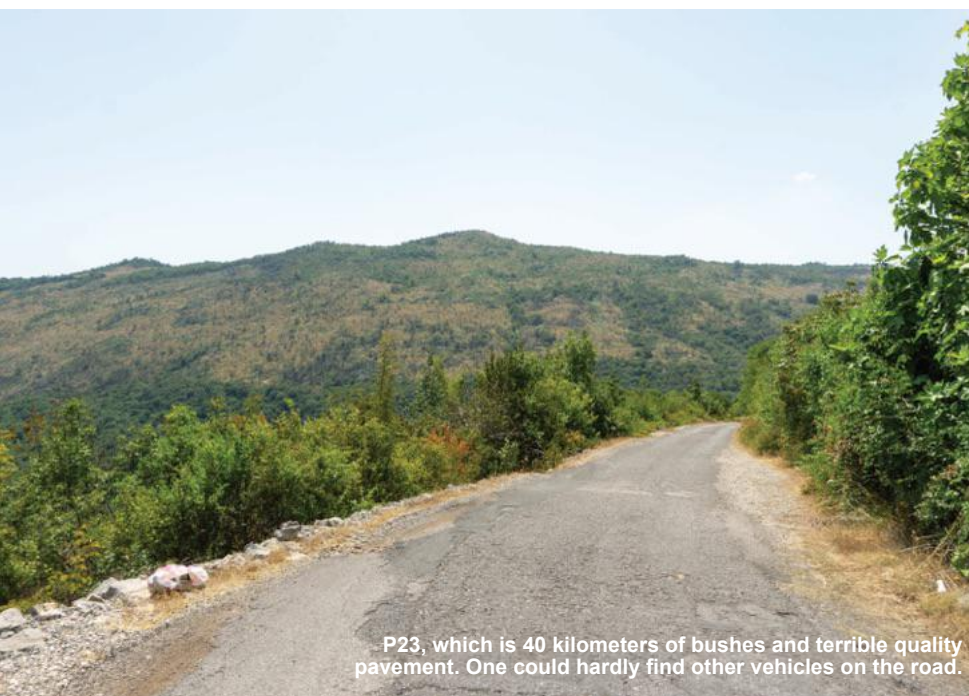
Kotor view of the market

atmosphere of this place. I like when old buildings look old, not like they were just built. However, on the plus side I could count that both parking and entrance was free, on the minus side was the crowd of tourists that I found on the spot. To visit the monastery from the inside, you have to stand in line for at least half an hour. Visiting Ostrog from the inside disappointed me a bit, it

took me only 10 minutes because most of the complex is not available for tourists. Practically the only thing you can see there is a staircase leading to a kind of viewing terrace with rock paintings, but the landscape from the monastery walls was really magnificent.

In the further part of the drive I got an unpleasant surprise. All thanks to the navigation, which said that the P23 road, forgotten by the whole world, would be faster than a modern expressway. Just as P14 was the best route I have ever taken, P23 was the worst. 40 km of potholes and ruts on asphalt and gravel solidly tested the Honda Shadow's suspension, as well as the strength of my back and spine. Developing a speed of 40km/h there was borderline suicidal, especially that, in case of an accident, no other human would be there soon. It took an hour and a half to cross that road. I felt a huge relief when I finally entered a modern road.

The efforts of the P23 road were repaid on the same day, when I went to Lovćen National Park. It covers an area of 6,220 ha, which



P23, which is 40 kilometers of bushes and terrible quality pavement. One could hardly find other vehicles on the road.



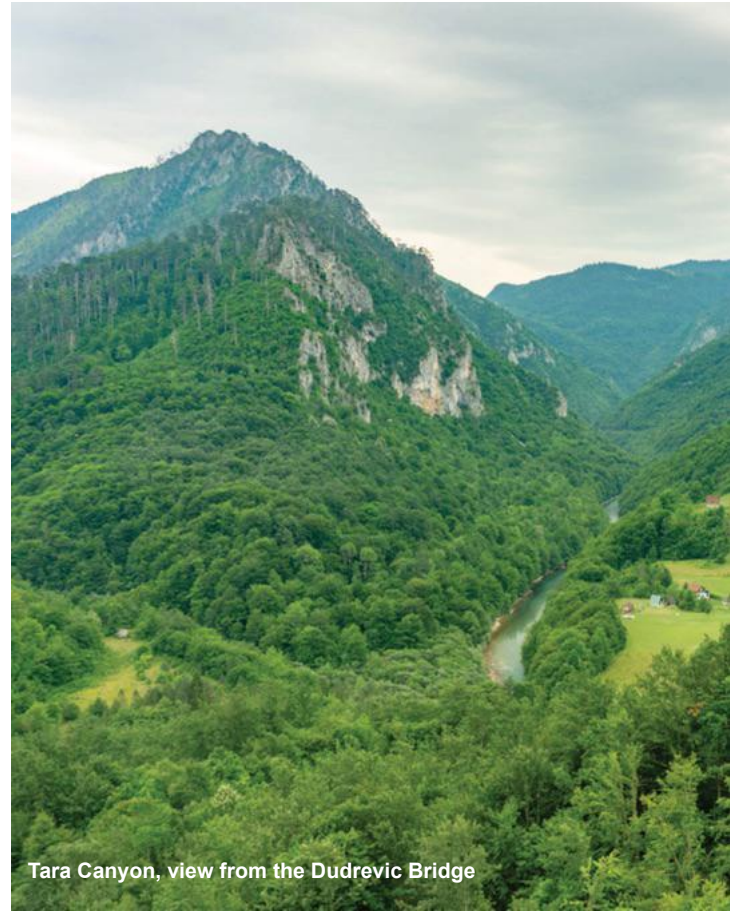
Kotor - Cathedral of St. Tryphon



The town of Kotor was surrounded on three sides by mountain ranges



EUROPE
MONTENEGRO





my trip to Norway and the fjords there. Amazing work of nature, which was inscribed on the UNESCO World Heritage List.

I paid 2 EUR for entry to Lovćen Park and immediately went to its most famous location, which was a viewpoint placed on the top of the mountain Jezerski vrh (1657 m). To be able to climb to the top you need to pay another 5 EUR. It is worth it, because the views are absolutely stunning. From the walkway built on the summit I had literally 360 degrees of scenic beauty of the Lovćen mountain range. At the top, in addition to a great vantage point is also the mausoleum of the last ruler of Montenegro: Peter II. It offers nothing of interest, except for a 28-ton statue of the ruler and the statues of two women who guard the place where it is located.

The next day I landed in the heart of the Bay of Kotor, which is the city of Kotor. It is surrounded by walls with a total length of 4.5 kilometers and a height of up to 20 meters. The most famous point of Kotor is its medieval old town. Narrow streets were very pleasant to walk, and local buildings perfectly fit into the

mountain background, which literally grew out from behind their walls. In the vicinity of the market square I could see several interesting monuments, including the 12th century Cathedral of St. Tryphon - the patron saint of Kotor.

About 10 kilometers after Kotor I stopped to see also 19th century fort Gorazda. It was used by the Austrian army during the First World War. Now this place is completely abandoned. Fortification is quite large, in the numerous corridors you can easily get lost, and to some of the backstreets you better not venture without a flashlight.

It was time to slowly return home. But even if I did not plan to see anything more, Montenegro itself, as if to say goodbye, served me a great route M-2, which led through the Platije canyon. Many kilometers ride between the great walls of the canyon was an interesting experience, unfortunately, the only drawback was that the route was very busy and it was difficult to find a place to stop and admire the terrain.

Visiting Montenegro was a great success. This incredibly tiny country, in terms of area

includes mainly the Lovćen mountain range. The expansive landscapes will intrigue you with their beauty even before you enter the park, because on the way to the park you can't miss the magnificent Bay of Kotor. Its view brought back memories of



Lovćen National Park views from the top of Jezerski Vrh

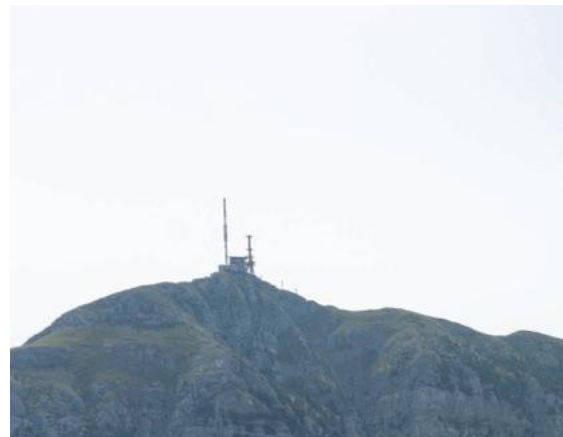


EUROPE

MONTENEGRO

would be only 13th voivodeship in Poland (like Lubuskie Voivodeship), but somehow the nature put in it so many amazing landscapes. It was enough to move several kilometers to enjoy completely different views than just a moment before. All the interesting places were close and, despite the euro currency, quite cheap. I paid only 20 euro for hotels with breakfast, even in such popular place as

Kotor, and 10 euro for a dinner with beer in restaurant. The country is perfect if you want to see a lot in a short time, without spending a lot of money. Nevertheless, three days of sightseeing is not enough in my case. Montenegro deserves even more and I hope that one day I will see this wonderful country again.



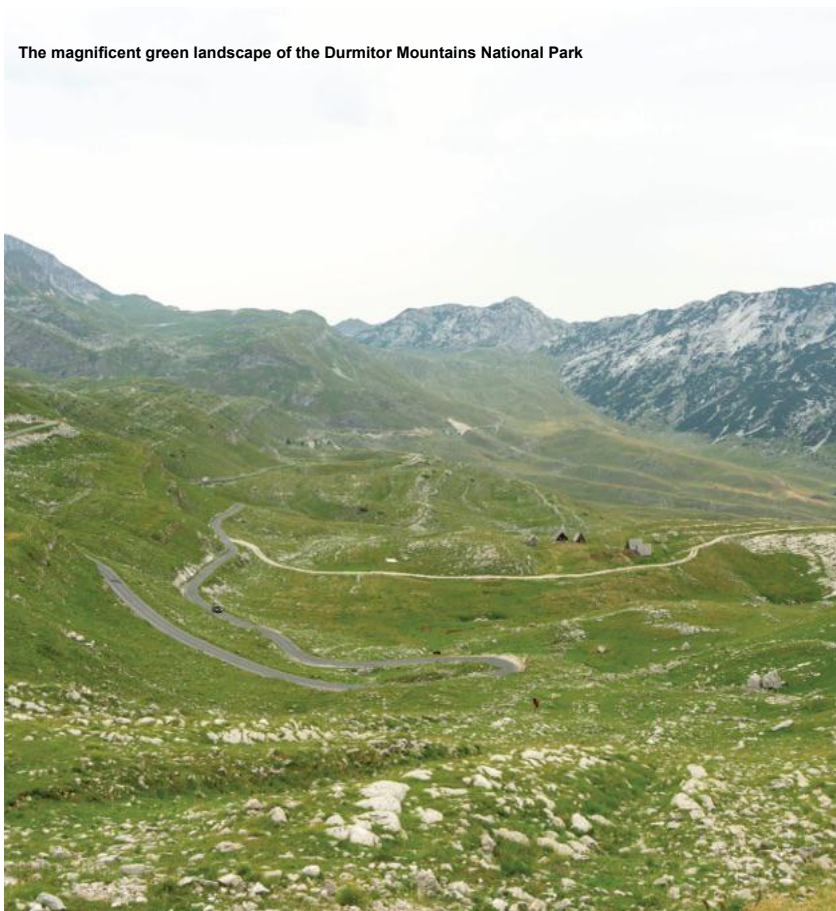
FREEBIRD RIDER

Under this pseudonym in the online world hides Paweł Nowak, a 29-year-old passionate about travelling alone. On his blog he willingly shares reports from his travels around Poland and Europe.





ational Park views from the top of Jezerski Vrh



The magnificent green landscape of the Durmitor Mountains National Park



Bay of Kotor



EUROPE

MADERA





MOTORCYCLE NEW YEAR'S EVE ON MADERA

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR IN MADEIRA? WHY NOT - THE CHOICE OF DESTINATION DICTATED BY THE FLIGHT SCHEDULE AND VACATION. BEFORE DEPARTURE I KNEW VERY LITTLE ABOUT THIS PORTUGUESE ISLAND. LAND OF ETERNAL SPRING - THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT... 57 KM LONG, 22 KM WIDE - YOU CAN PROBABLY GO AROUND IT IN A DAY 🤔 .



Cabo Girão - the view from the cliff is impressive

Christmas and New Year trips are nothing unusual - it's cold and dreary in Poland. "Recharging batteries" in warm countries is becoming more and more popular. But what to do if a motorcyclist does not like lying on the beach? You can combine the pleasant with the useful - rent a motorcycle and go sightseeing!

PLANNING

This is not our first „with helmet to airplane" vacation. The first thing to do is to find a motorcycle rental company - a review of offers on the Internet

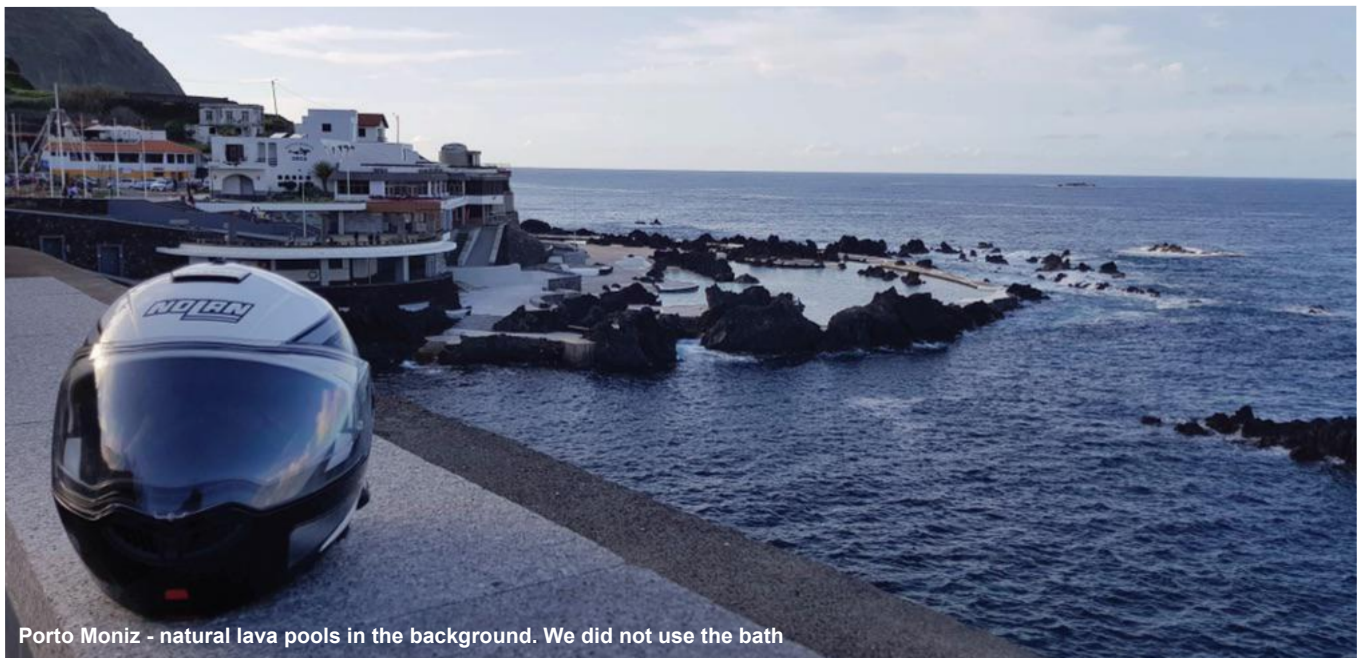
and we know in which area to look for a hotel (in this case we used a 7-day holiday offer from a travel agency). Now the packing - we are so crazy - two blouses, underwear, a few cosmetics, and the rest of motorcycle clothes (safety first)... Helmets in hand as hand luggage - in charters there is no problem with that, you can also have a small bag for the cabin (with low cost airlines only one of them is free).

MADERA

We land at one of the world's most dangerous airports near

the capital Funchal on Christmas afternoon. Why dangerous? - The runway starts and ends at the ocean, if the plane does not "make it" it is... "swimming". The next day first thing in the morning we rush to the first rental place - well, Christmas, mañana... the second one goes better - we take CBF600 for three days right away. And here you have to remember - offer presented on the website often does not coincide with reality. They were supposed to be touring with trunks, but we get naked without trunks.

Madeira is mountainous, you



Porto Moniz - natural lava pools in the background. We did not use the bath



West Coast



Road ER101 - on the way to Porto Moniz



Sunrise Ponta de São Lourenço



Christmas decorations in Santana. Historic Madeira triangular houses in the background



Motorcyclists on trekking

can say that you can hardly look for a straight stretch of road without hills or curves. And the first ones have sometimes several degrees, maneuvering a car in narrow streets is a challenge, and a motorcycle with a passenger is just a feat 😊 .

We start our tour of the island on Honda from the south and west coast. First stop - Câmara de Lobos - a tiny town with a charming bay and colorful boats. Then we go to the highest cliff in Europe -

Cabo Girão. You can take a walk on a glass terrace over a 600-meter precipice. Farther north, the main road ER101 leads through picturesque views, but be careful - there are often stones lying on the road, which falling from the cliffs onto the road. On the way in Achadas da Cruz we pass one of the numerous cable cars on the island. The last stop is Porto Moniz with its natural lava pools. One of the most winding road sections on the island leads to the town and the views are

breathtaking. As a curiosity - Madeirians love Christmas cribs - there are plenty of them in home gardens.

We decide to greet the next morning and sunrise on the St. Lawrence Peninsula. We reach the parking lot at vereda PR8 (the term for walking trails - vereda for mountain, and levada for waterways) before dawn. And so a total of 8 kilometers of trekking through Ponta de São Lourenço we do in motorcycle clothes with a jacket and



Land of Eternal Spring - green everywhere, but nowhere straight



EUROPE

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helmets under our arms - I wonder why the tourists on the way looked at us strangely 😊. Since we are in the east of the island - the natural next stop is the village of Santana with its traditional triangular Madeira houses Casas Típicas. And today's destination point is the summit of Pico do Ariero. The road there leads through the mountains, we enter the clouds, it gets cold and humid, and the temperature drops to a few degrees. Before the



Some of the cable cars go down practically perpendicular



summit, we ride out in full sun above the cloud level and feel as if we are riding in the sky (after all, we are at over 1800m above sea level). Another curiosity - in Funchal there is Bar Avô, which is famous for the largest collection of football scarves in Europe (it is entered in the Guinness Book of Records), and whose collection was increased by a scarf of GKS Tychy 😊.



Banana plantations are very popular on the island

On the third day we move to the north of the island. First the Valley of the Nuns (Curral das Freiras), which we admire from the Eira do Serrado viewpoint. Then we take the VE4 route, passing through several tunnels, and head north to the Grutas Caves and the Centro de Vulcanismo in São Vicente. Then we turn off the main road to the old route along the north-east coast. Here it is being repaired, there the asphalt is missing,

somewhere else a small waterfall is pouring on the road, and still further the slope of the road is such that I have an impression that it is from 40%.... But this is what it was all about - adrenaline and the joy of discovery!

Just a car wash (after today's ride the bike is all muddy) and we return the equipment. And here is a piece of advice - when renting a motorcycle, it is worth doing a thorough

inspection of the bike right away, taking pictures of all the damage, dents and scratches, in order to avoid nerves and attempts to claim that we did it.

The next two days we spend sightseeing in Funchal (the capital of the island), but something is missing... And so for the last two days we rent... a Symphony ST 125cc scooter (a motorcycle was no longer available)... Unfortunately it



EUROPE
MADERA



One of the lighthouses - terribly tiny, not like ours in Poland



Madeira is famous for its exotic fruits



cars - at which they arranged "picnics". 5 minutes before midnight we manage to park and among the crowd of locals we welcome the New Year on a scooter... As an interesting fact: on the occasion of the 600th anniversary of Madeira it was assumed that the Guinness World Record will be broken as the largest show in the world.

Renting a motorcycle for 3 days cost 150 euros (plus a refundable deposit in cash 400 euros). Scooter for two days is 60 euros without deposit, but in Madeira we will not explore the island with it. A decent two-wheelers are more expensive than a car - but the driving experience is certainly incomparably better.

AGATA OD MSKI



allowed us to move only in the vicinity of Funchal - too big differences in levels and winding roads - two of us can't do it... And so we take another cable car in Fajã dos Padres. But the icing on the cake was the New Year's Eve fireworks show. "With great difficulty (additionally it started to rain) we ride up Monte with a view of the capital and the harbor to watch the fireworks. Not only us - all the inhabitants of the island did it - only them in their

The author of the blog Okiem Plecaczka (Through the Backpacker's Eye) where she shares her adventures and experiences from motorcycle travels. Initially as a backpacker and now also as a tricycle driver.

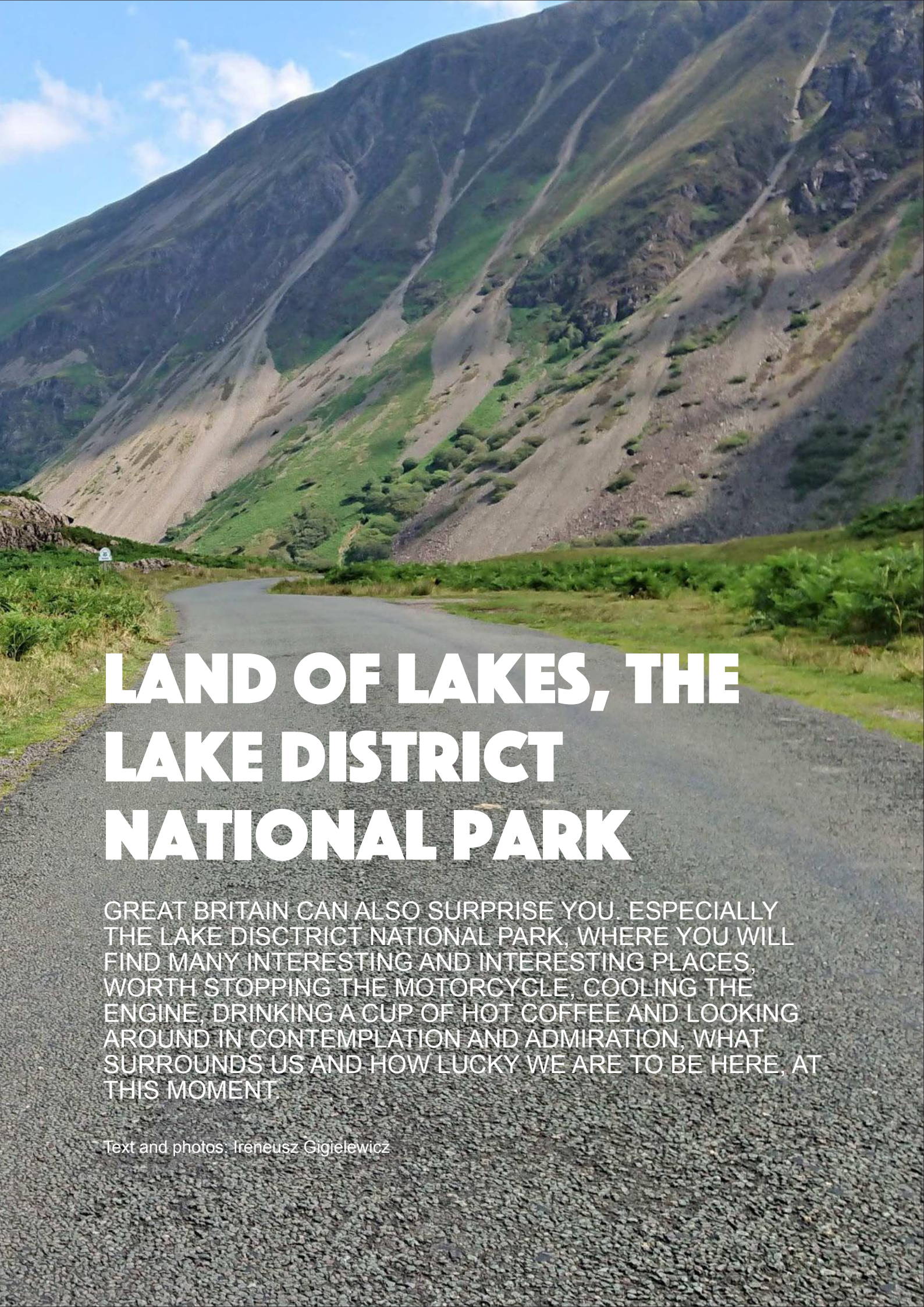




EUROPE

UNITED KINGDOM





LAND OF LAKES, THE LAKE DISTRICT NATIONAL PARK

GREAT BRITAIN CAN ALSO SURPRISE YOU. ESPECIALLY THE LAKE DISTRICT NATIONAL PARK, WHERE YOU WILL FIND MANY INTERESTING AND INTERESTING PLACES, WORTH STOPPING THE MOTORCYCLE, COOLING THE ENGINE, DRINKING A CUP OF HOT COFFEE AND LOOKING AROUND IN CONTEMPLATION AND ADMIRATION, WHAT SURROUNDS US AND HOW LUCKY WE ARE TO BE HERE, AT THIS MOMENT.

Text and photos: Ireneusz Gijelewicz



EUROPE

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One of the beautiful views in The Lake District Road along Crummock Lake



The ubiquitous



Blakeley Raise St



ous animals near Blakeley Raise Stone Circle and the typical English marking of trails and hiking paths



Stone Circle



The Lake District in Cumbria is one of the most famous National Parks in the UK. A place where many famous writers, poets and painters have been inspired to create their works. Once renowned as a major source of flint stone, used for making arrowheads and axes in the ancient days of our colourful history, the region has also been associated with sheep farming, which has been an important part of it for centuries. It is here that different, very rare breeds of these animals were created. Today, this beautiful corner of northwest England is most dominated by the tourist industry.

About 2 kilometers west of Keswick is one of the largest and oldest stone circles - Castlerigg. Behind the Neolithic structure, which is over 5000 years old and made of 42 stones, there is a beautiful, panoramic view of the nearby mountains. A few

A short stop on the shore of Lake Buttermere



dozen meters away you will find a parking lot where you can park your motorcycle and take a walk, silently admiring the surrounding views.

stretches for about 5 kilometers, and the views will remain in your memory for a long time.

From Keswick and Castlerigg take the B5289 through Borrowdale to reach one of the most spectacular passes in the area - Honister Pass. It is located at an altitude of 356 m which makes it one of the highest in the area. The road leading through the pass

South of Keswick is Derwent Water Lake, this is one of the main reservoirs in the Lake District. Several small islands are located on this body of water, one of which is even permanently inhabited. Recreational walks are the main attraction here, and you'll find an extensive network of





EUROPE

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Fabulous view of the hills surrounding Castlerigg Stone Circle

hiking trails in the hills surrounding the lake and in the nearby woods. For my, quite short, stop here I chose a beautiful vantage point 'Surprise View' set in the south-western part of the reservoir, with a wonderful, wide panorama of the lake and surroundings.

Colloquially speaking, just a stone's throw to the west, we have another two beautifully

located lakes, Buttermere and Crummock Water. This area is a paradise for all motorcyclists. The amazingly spectacular road running along these lakes gives us views that many a film director is looking for. These landscapes do not allow us to turn the handlebars to a speed higher than 25km/h, if we do not want to lose any detail of the beautiful natural landscapes. surrounding us...

and the best thing is that time could stop in this place at least for a few hours. Nearby, to the east of the lakes, majestically in the surrounding silence drowned out only by the breezes falls the approximately 100-meter Moss Force Waterfall, another place where we begin to run out of words to describe what we see. Peace and quiet, a great time to stop for coffee and an "old school" hard



Hardknot Roman Fort in all its glory

St. James Church, a small stone church between Lakes Buttermere and Crummock



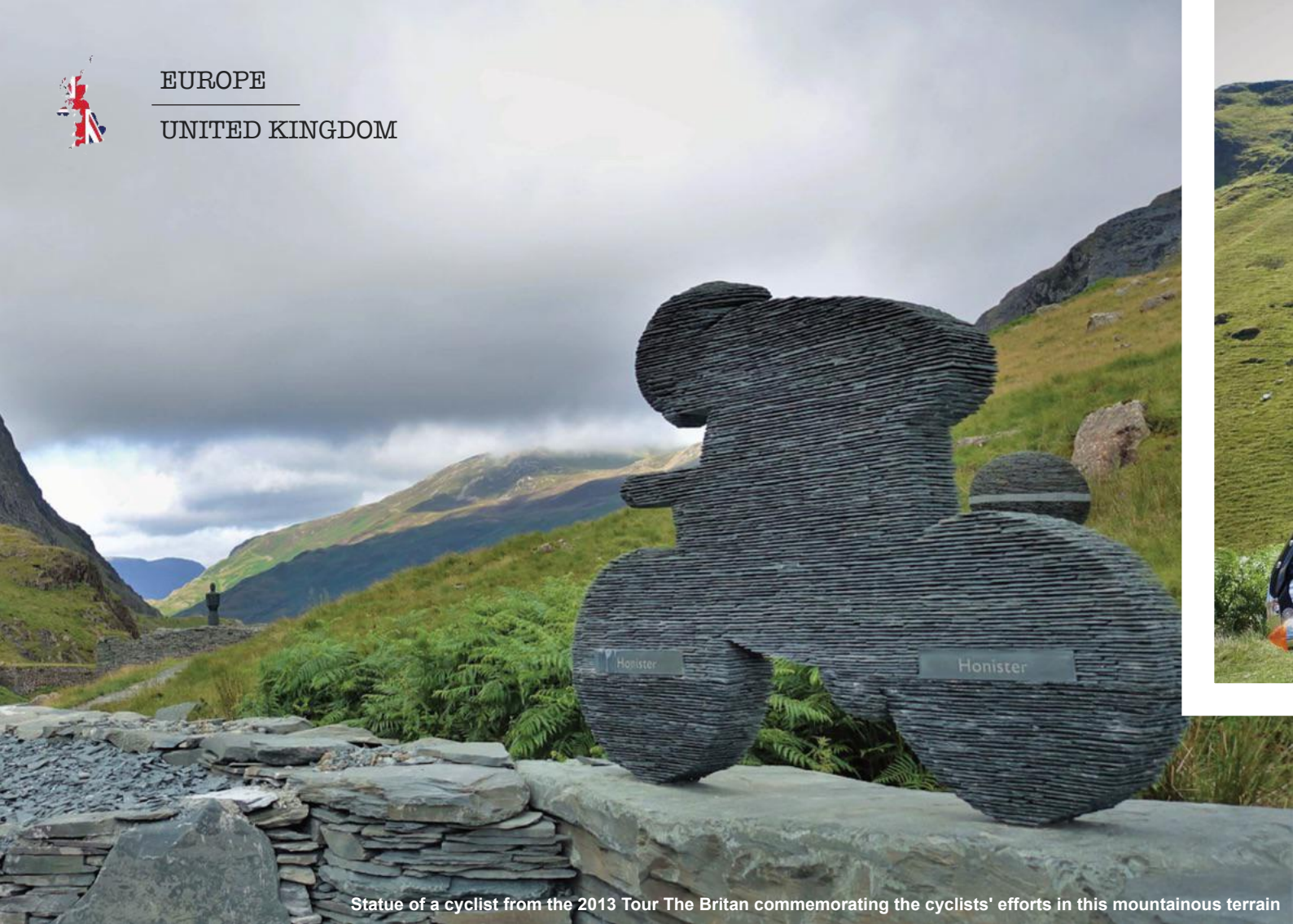
Buttermere



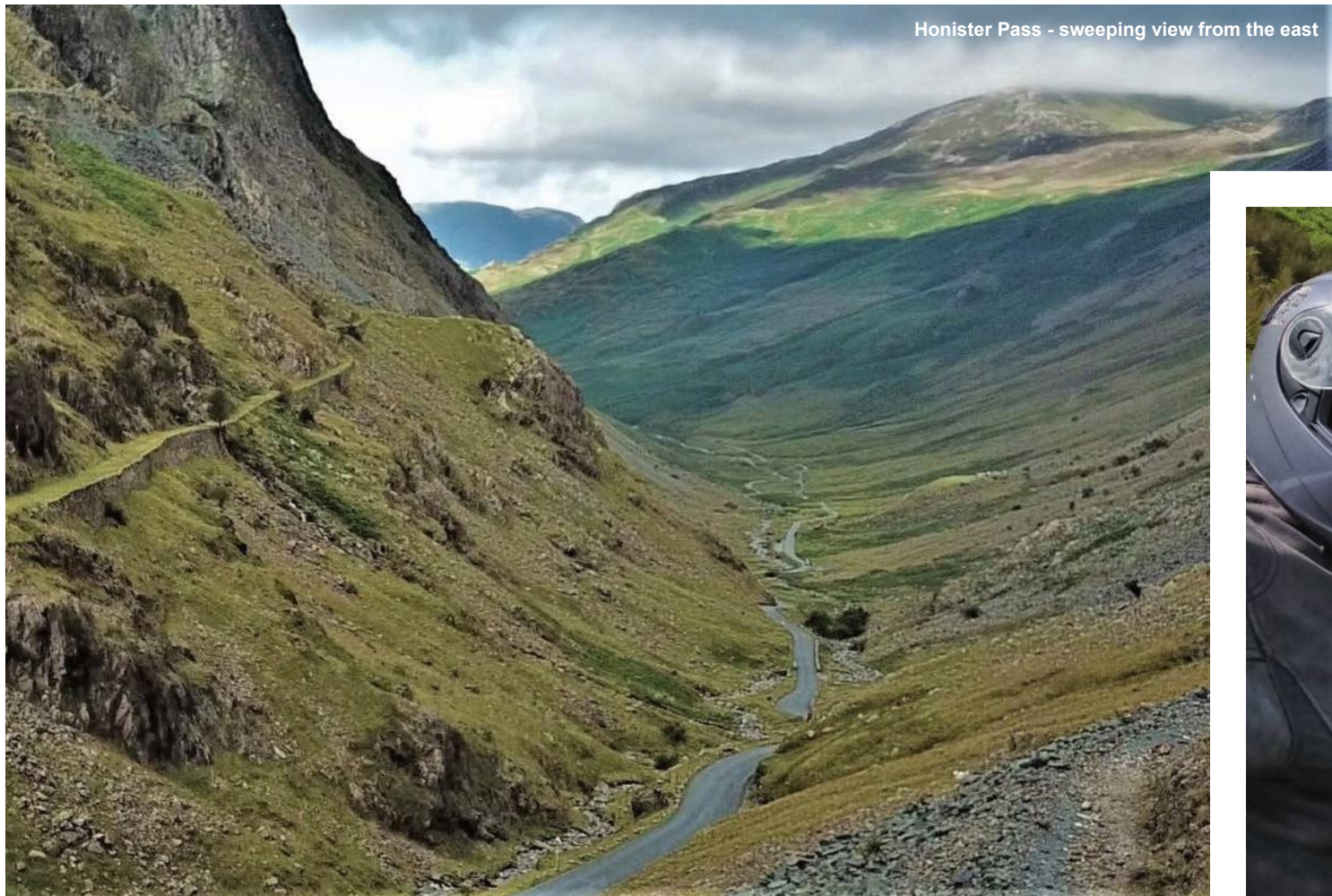


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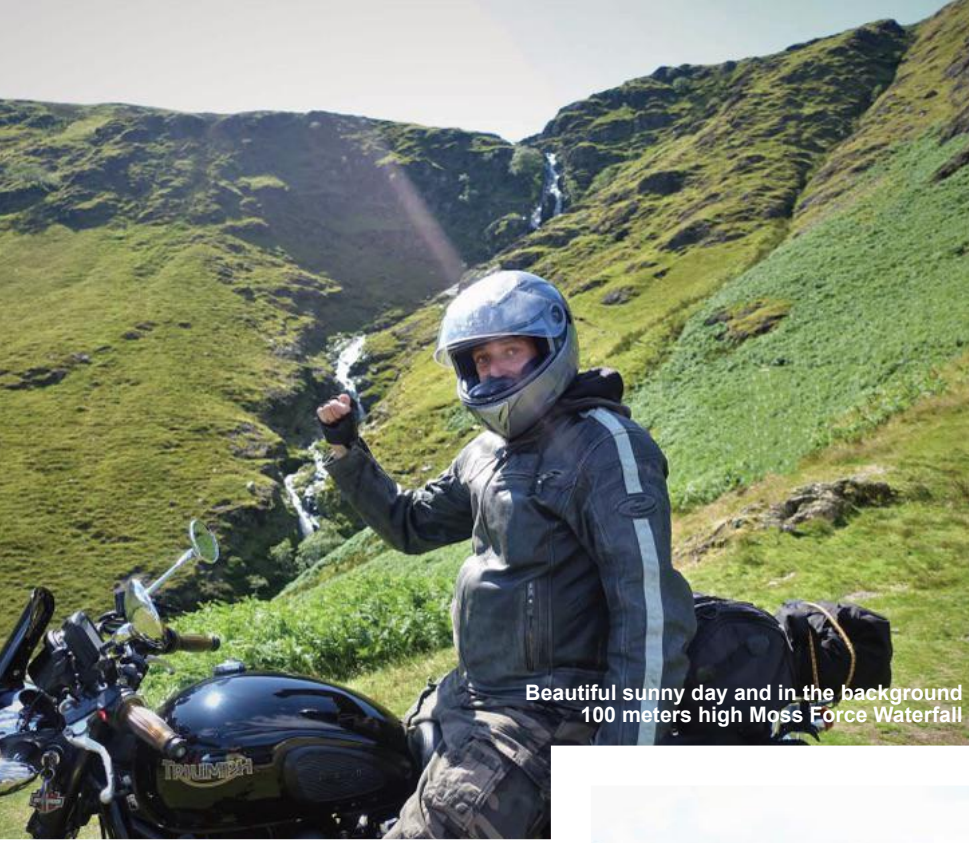
UNITED KINGDOM



Statue of a cyclist from the 2013 Tour The Britan commemorating the cyclists' efforts in this mountainous terrain



Honister Pass - sweeping view from the east



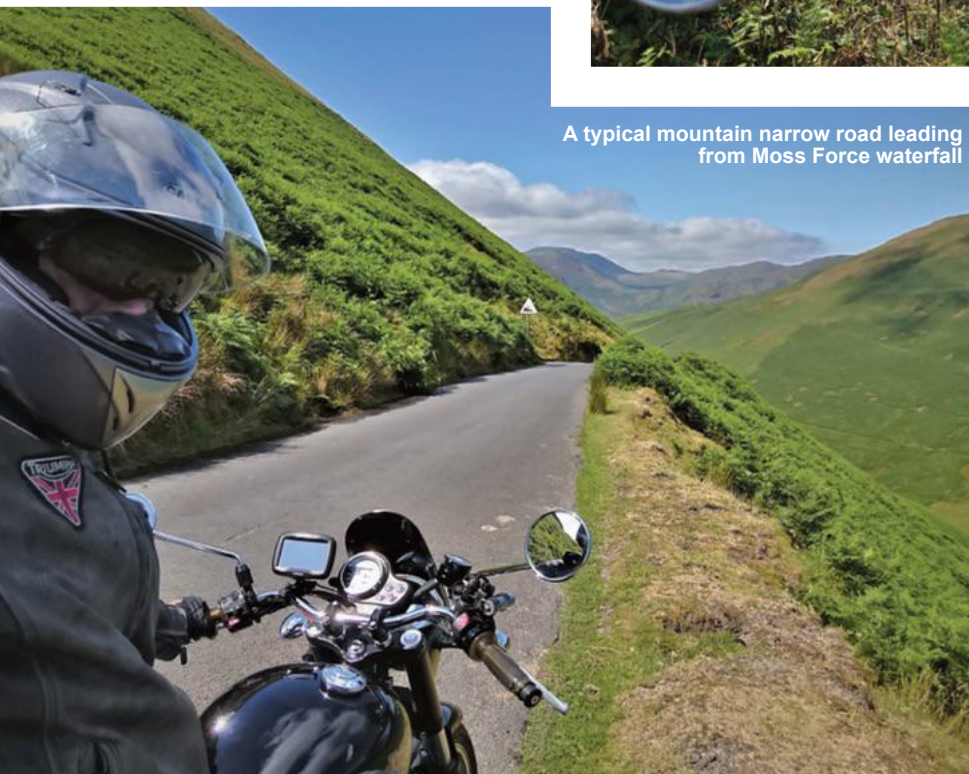
Beautiful sunny day and in the background 100 meters high Moss Force Waterfall

circle, probably Bronze Age, is set in the idyllic setting of the Blakeley Moss plateau. An incredibly peaceful place to sit and listen to the winds of history whistling between the stones, dreaming of future journeys.

I am heading slowly to one of the highlights of my trip.... Hardknott Roman Fort (Mediobogdum). One of the most remote and atmospheric of the Roman forts in Britain. Founded under Emperor Hadrian in the 2nd century AD and manned by a fourth

boiled egg. A smile on your face, thoughtfulness, lots of ideas in your head, plans, dreams, new creations, just life!!!! Such an impact, at least on me, has this beautiful National Park. A short stop and I continue on my way.

Heading west from Buttermere, near Emerald Bridge, the next spirited attraction of the region awaits me - Blakeley Raise Stone Circle, a stone circle rebuilt in the 19th century. About 15 metres in diameter, the small



A typical mountain narrow road leading from Moss Force waterfall

cohort of Balkan soldiers (Dalmatians). Standing alone among the hills is a stone monument, a reminder of the times of our history. The road through Hardknott Pass is probably one of the steepest roads in England (30% uphill and downhill), built by the Romans around the year 110. It heads east, towards the next scenic pass - Wrynose Pass. The name comes from the "Wrynose" hills that surround it. A breathtaking road, maybe two motorcycles wide, plus or minus... I am going downhill. A wide stream gliding along the road adds incredible charm to the area. This is another place where I can spend some time enjoying the views and the incredible silence, which I am sure is

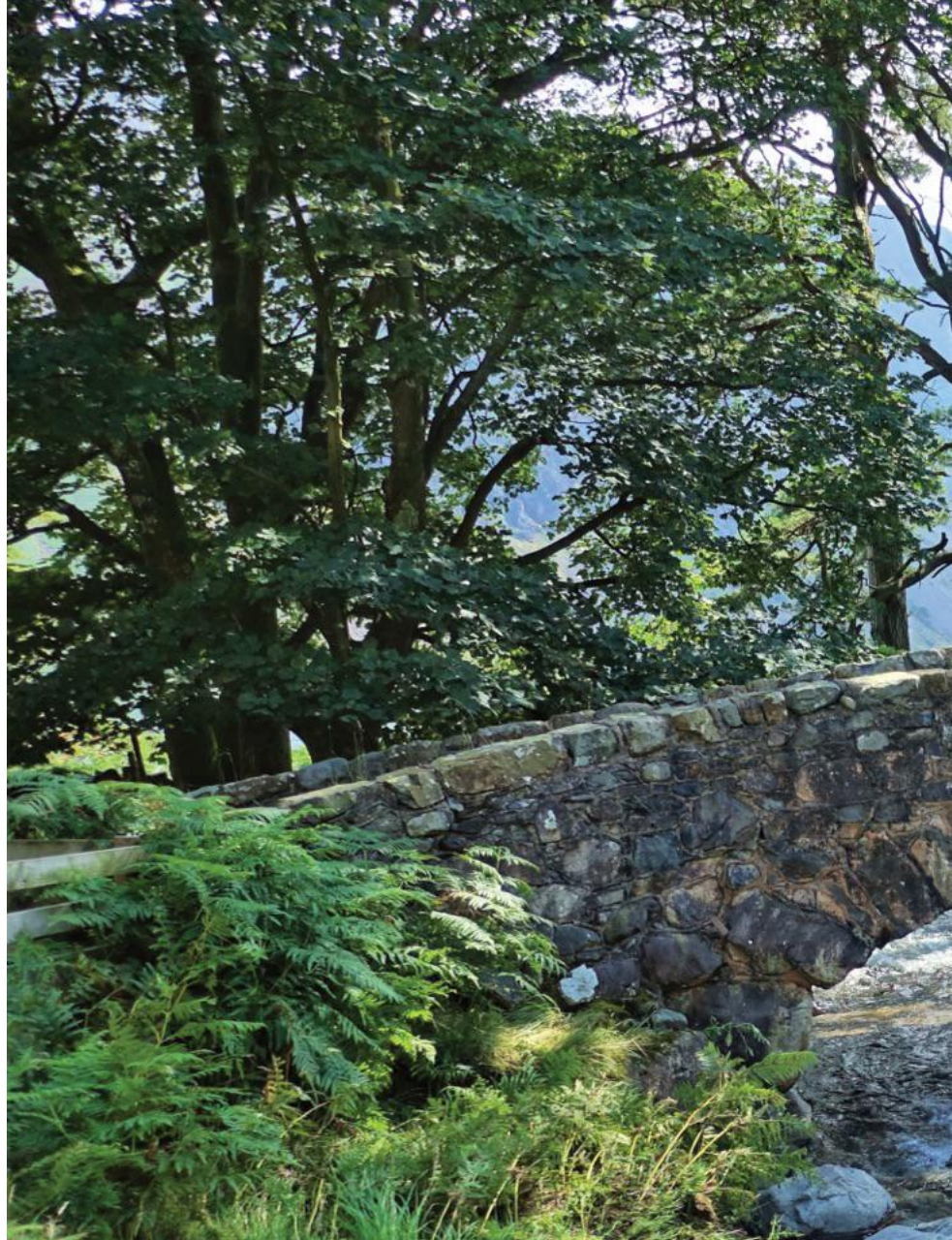


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missing for people living in our technological metropolises, the unfortunate tumours of our planet. Driving east over the Wrynose Pass, I come across the incredibly panoramic Three Shire Stone, a place where three English counties - Lancashire, Cumberland, Westmorland - meet on the map and border each other.

Slowly coming to the end of this leg of my motorcycle trip in the Lake District it is also worth mentioning the nearby Blakeley Raise Stone Circle, set in a beautiful valley at WasteWater Lake. One of the most inspiring places in the area, surrounded by mountains and peaks of Red Pike, Kirk Fell, Great Gable and Scafell Pike, which is also the highest mountain peak in England. This valley was colonized in the 9th and 10th centuries by Norse farmers. The lake, as well as Scafell Pike, is owned by the National Trust - a British organization dedicated to the preservation of historic and natural sites in England, Wales and Northern Ireland. Founded by Rawnsley and Octavie Hill in 1895, the organization is well worth joining, especially if you travel



Stopping to take pictures of the hills surrounding Waste Water Lake

A stone bridge like so many throughout England.
The inflow of the stream to the Wast Water lake

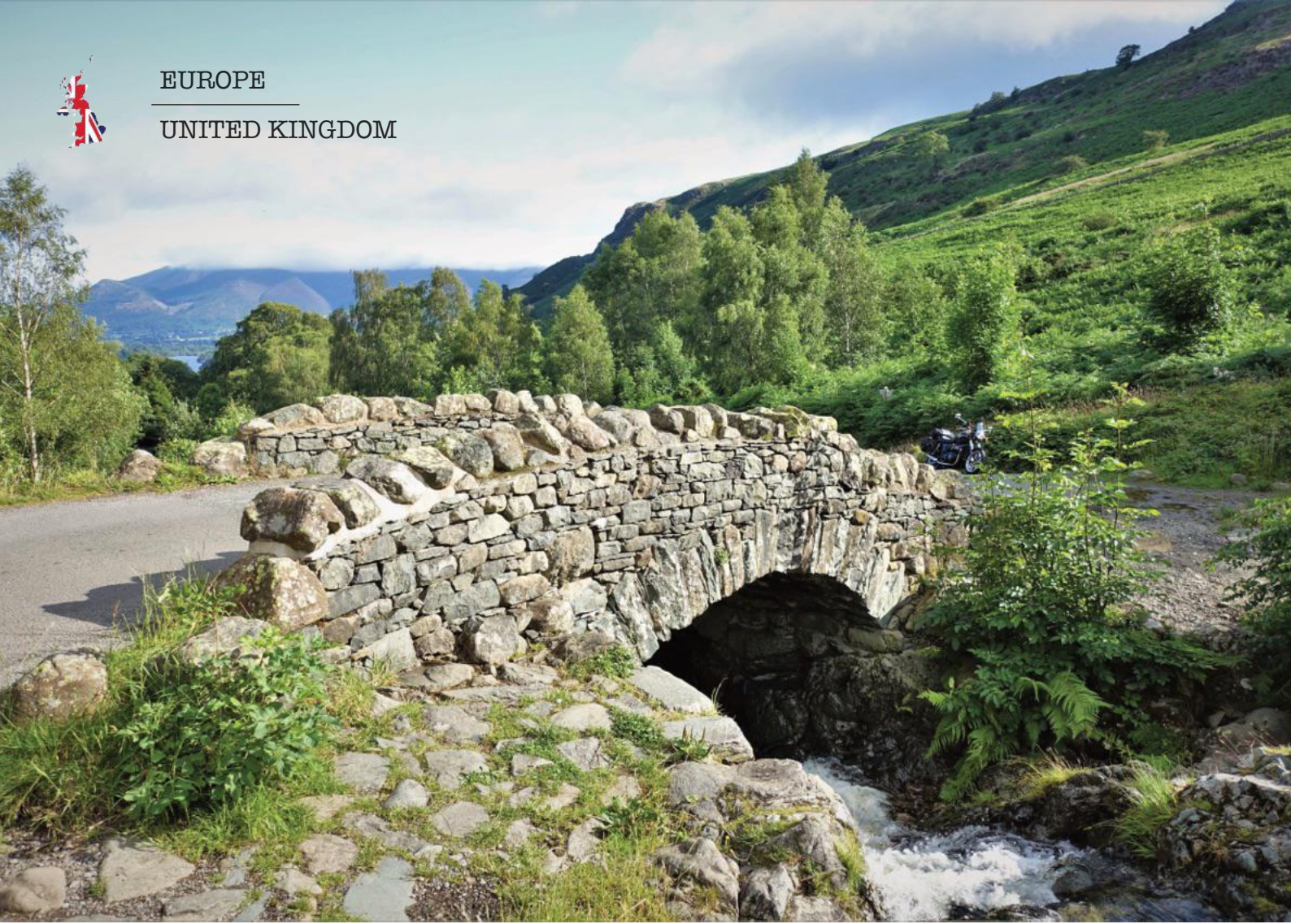


Surprise Viewpoint on
Lake Derwent Water



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A stream of crystal clear water flowing into West Water Lake



One more glimpse, another photo of Derwent Water lake and I'm on my way...



extensively in the UK. Paying an annual subscription of around £60 gives you free entry to National Trust buildings, museums and parking lots.

These few places in the Lake District are only a small part of the many other spectacular sights and attractions steeped in history. You will probably

discover more on your own while travelling through this part of England and I will give you more accounts of my trips in the near future, in which I travel through the UK on my old Triumph.

IRENEUSZ GIGIELEWICZ



Traveller, motorcyclist, blogger, living in England for 18 years. On his old Triumph Bonneville SE motorcycle, he travels the roads of Great Britain, searching for and describing wonderful routes for fans of two wheels.



Triumph Bonneville SE





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A POOR COUNTRY WITH A RICH HEART - PART 2

CONTINUATION OF LUKASZ "ZABALUK" CHAJA'S JOURNEY THROUGH CHARMING AND HOSPITABLE MOLDOVA. PREVIOUS PART YOU CAN FIND IN THE FIRST ISSUE OF ROAD OF ADVENTURE.

Text and some photos: ŁUKASZ „ZABALUK” CZAJA





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MOLDOVAN POLICE

After the last night spent in the company of, randomly met compatriots and unexpected guests, we continued our journey.

We started the day at a gas station, fortunately there is no shortage of these in Moldova. We filled up the tank and are getting ready to continue our journey when someone starts shouting at us. He runs up and shows us the rear turn signal - broken off. The mount, made of acid resistant steel, did not stand the test of the

shop 30 km earlier, in Congaz.

While writing this article, checking the correctness of the route, I just noticed that on Google Maps, some of the paved roads we were on do not exist, even as dirt or footpaths!

In Congaz we ended up in quite a big workshop, repairing all kinds of construction machinery, farm tractors and cars. The men looked at it, scratched their heads and said that they had a welder, but not for acid resistant steel, and I could not persuade them to make a

turned out to be too vague. We got to a side street, full of detached houses. No signs, banners, information about the mechanic or the workshop. We came across a group of construction workers having a smoke break and standing by a fence, but none of them knew the place we were looking for.

We were already so close, time flew by, and the heat was terrible. Riding with us was Turi the rat, in a tankbag. In such hot weather, we would put a cold can or bottle inside for him to cool down. And at each stop we would replace it with a new, cold one.

While we were standing and looking around for a mechanic, a young guy came up to us and asked what he could help with, so I explained the whole situation to him.

Oh, yes. It's that house 200m away - he says - come on, I'll take you there.

Turi wanted to get out of the tankbag, probably the bottle had already warmed up. So Patricia said that she would take her helmet in her hands and they would be happy to go on foot.

I talked for a while longer, then got dressed and started riding. Having covered only 50 meters, passing an ambulance parked on the side of the road, I noticed Patricia standing surrounded by two medics and two policemen. Concerned, I stopped the motorcycle and went over to find out what was going on.

It turned out that the gentlemen were very interested in the situation, despite the fact that they could not get along with Patricia, they absolutely wanted to help. They called a lady speaking English to whom I explained our problem and that we had just found a solution 150m away. However, this did not convince the



Moldovan holes. Fortunately, it was still hanging on the wire and worked!

In poor regions, a welder is not hard to find and people often have to rely on themselves, so they have basic tools, for example to repair and patch up cars.

It so happened that there was a car repair shop on the other side, but instead of repairing it, we got directions to another

fitting of anything.

We were already bouncing from the fifth garage when we got a lead on a private mechanic who runs a workshop in the garage under his house. This time, I was persuaded to call and ask if this man can actually help us.

We were given directions how to get there, because the gentlemen did not know the address. Unfortunately, they



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gentlemen, who became so involved in helping us that they started looking and thinking on their own how to fix our fault and making phone calls to local mechanics!

Eventually, the young man convinced the policemen to drive the motorcycle a bit more and see what a professional would say. They agreed, but still did not leave us alone.

As we stood in front of the house, a middle-aged man came out of the gate and began brainstorming how to fix it, there were many ideas. Finally the professional said - Okay, he'll weld it!

When he opened the large steel gate, I drove onto the property, under a garage full of scattered tools, whereas when the man closed the gate behind me, the gentlemen police officers were finally able to leave us with peace of mind.



Moldovan low alcohol drink Kvassica. Of course, we don't approve of drinking while driving, but on your day off, try some local spirits.



The monastery of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary is located in the village of Curchi. Photo by Frimufilms, retrieved from www.freepik.com

GAGAUZIA'S HOSPITALITY

The first half of the day had passed and we weren't much further from our last overnight stop. We knew that we would not do the entire route planned for today, but that's okay. We will drive as far south of Gagauzia as possible and there we will look for accommodation.

Crossing the sign with the

"border zone" sign, we arrived as far as Etulia Nouă, right at the border with Ukraine. The place where time stopped, centuries ago. A small, pot-hole town where everything is concentrated along the main road - this is where we will spend the night.

On the map I found a small out-of-the-way spot. Steep downhill on concrete slabs led to Lake Kahul, which is also the border with Ukraine.

Looking around for a place to camp, we passed a huge ruin that looked like a factory. On the other hand, at the end of the headland there was a small pier, fenced off by a barrier and guarded from all sides by cameras - that reminded us that we were in a border zone and we could expect visitors, if not now then at night.

Dusk was near, we would need more than an hour to go

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At every step we encountered the cordiality and hospitality of Moldovans



the right distance and then look for a place in the field. We decided to return to the town and there ask someone for a piece of space so we could pitch our tent.

started between a handful of people, and still in the meantime 4 people joined us. They talked among themselves, about us, in their own language, as if we were not there.

have problems with the police. She herself would be happy to host us, but she doesn't have the conditions, because of the renovation of her house. However, the neighbor agreed to host us.

Needless to say, we were jumping for joy in our minds.

Our hosts were Zhenya and Misha, an elderly couple, living modestly and making a living by raising a few pigs, goats and goat's milk products. In the hallway hung bags of cottage cheese, still in the process of being drained, and the smell spread throughout the house.

Zhenya was more than happy to show us around the farm and tell us what their daily life is like. Despite their humble lives, they were happy and their doors were always open to unexpected visitors.

Such moments are the essence of travel and allow you to see the world from a completely different perspective.

From the Editor:

Unfortunately, due to a hard drive crash, Luke lost most of the photos he took in Moldova, so for the purpose of this article we have resorted to photos from that country, available at www.freepik.com, by user frimufilms.

When we reached the main road, there were a couple of Gagauz standing by the porch. We drove up to them and asked if we could use the piece of lawn across from their property.

First we were surprised (but how?), then a discussion

OK, we'll give them time to process the topic - I thought.

It took a while, but finally a woman, who seemed to be the only one who could speak English, came up to us and said, with great regret in her voice, that we cannot pitch a tent here because we might



ŁUKASZ „ZABALUK” CZAJA

A long-term, low-budget wanderer. I got involved with motorcycles only a few years ago, but I have always been drawn to the world. I have traveled by plane, lived at sea and hitchhiked - always at the lowest possible cost. It's not about lack of money, it's about being open to new possibilities. My philosophy is to stay on the road as long as possible, to live on the road and to reach the most hidden corners of the world.



TRAVELER'S WORKSHOP



about a particular topic? Write to us about it at:

workshop@roadofadv.com

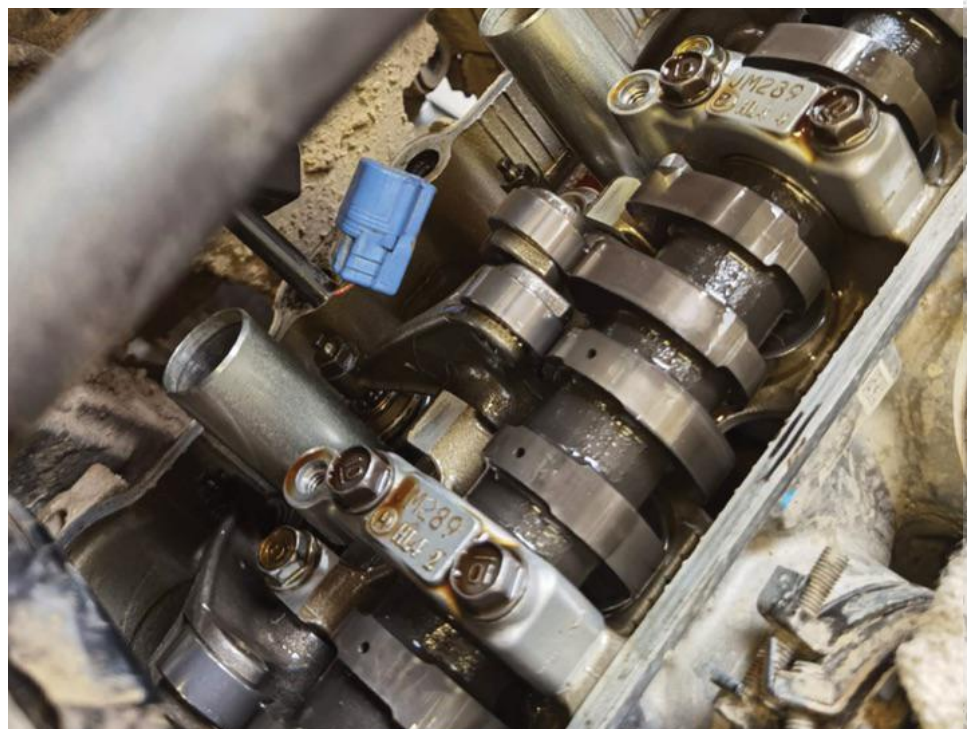
There are no wrong topics, no stupid questions, we believe that no one is a walking encyclopedia. Each of us once set out on his or her first motorcycle trip and tried to prepare for it as best as possible, sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't, but surely each of us was looking for advice related to these preparations.

In the next issue we will discuss the issue of tires on a trip, what kind to choose, whether with or without an inner tube, how to change them easily in wild conditions.

"Traveler's workshop" is the first of periodic sections, which from the next, fourth issue of Road of Adventure, will appear in our magazine.

Probably many of you are bothered by questions concerning the process of preparation for motorcycle expeditions, as well as repairing minor or even major failures during the journey. Our authors will try to share with you their experience on how to pack, what to take with them or how to deal with a breakdown on the road, for example with a blown tire.

We write for you, about issues that interest you, so we will be grateful if you share with us your comments and suggestions about this section. Do you want to read



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