



JUNE 2023

ROAD of ADVENTURE

NUMBER 8



THEY WRITE FOR YOU

GARY WOOD



MAŁA I DUŻY W PODRÓŻY



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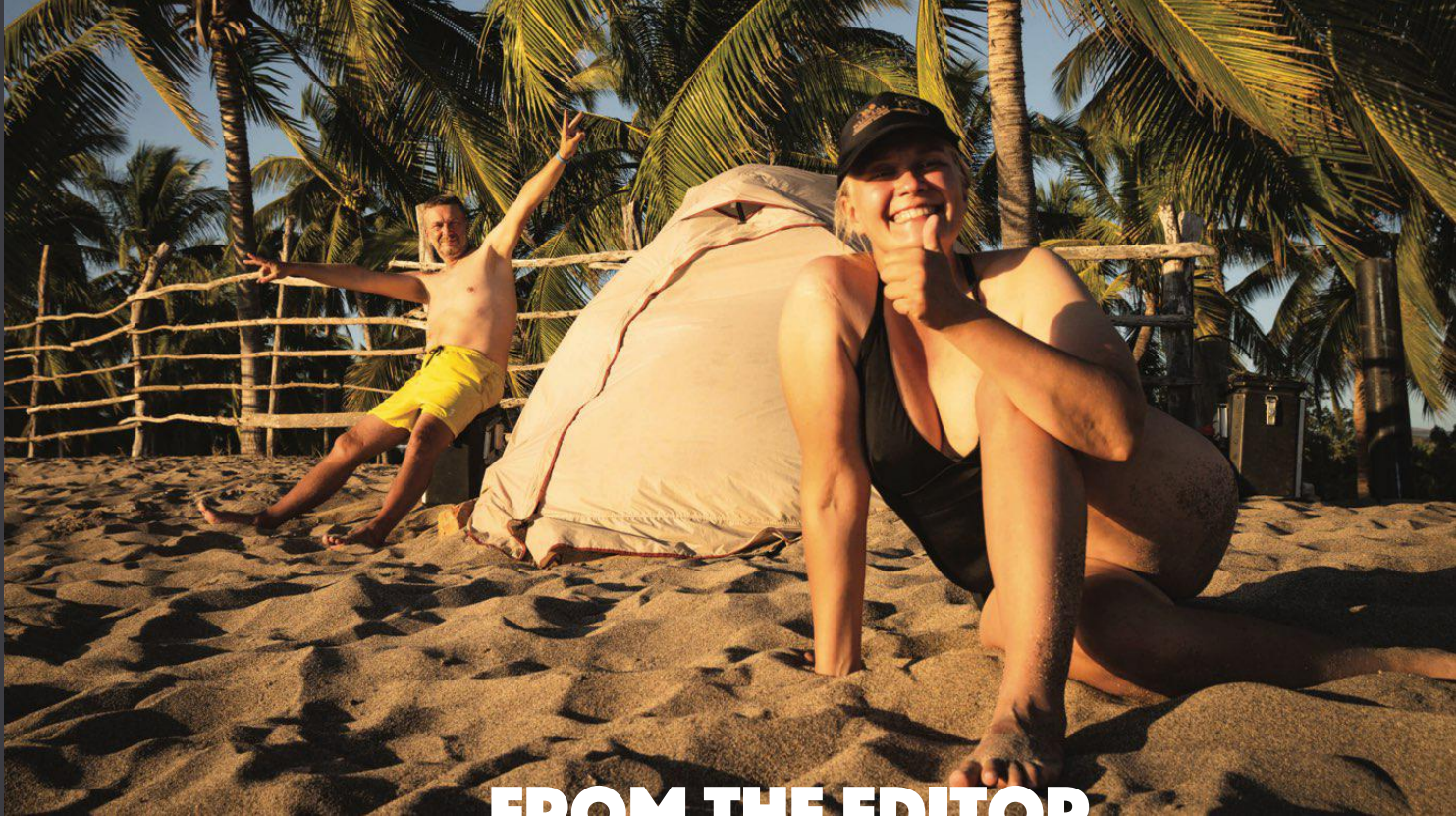
ONE MORE ADV



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MOTOPOMOCNI

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!

The motorcycle season in Europe has already begun. We bring into your hands the new, already the eighth issue, of our magazine. As always, you will find in it descriptions of motorcycle trips to various corners of the world. We hope that they will inspire you in planning your own trips. In the interview we will introduce you to the story of a wonderful woman - Marta "La Motera", who alone, against the odds, travels the world on her motorcycle, while supporting foundations that help the sick fight the terrible disease that is cancer.

When riding, remember your safety, but also to help others on the road in case of an accident. The topic of first aid while traveling is described for you in the Traveler's Workshop by a Polish foundation - Motopomocni, which also organizes free courses in this field. For now, unfortunately, they operate only in Poland, but perhaps this article will be, for motorcyclists outside Poland, an invitation to visit this beautiful country and participate in one of the Safe and Helpful Motorcyclist courses.

Drive safe!

Karolina Kowalska



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Cover photo: Martha - La Motera

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What's wrong with... MARTHA - LA MOTERA

INTERVIEW

Author: Szymon Zobniów

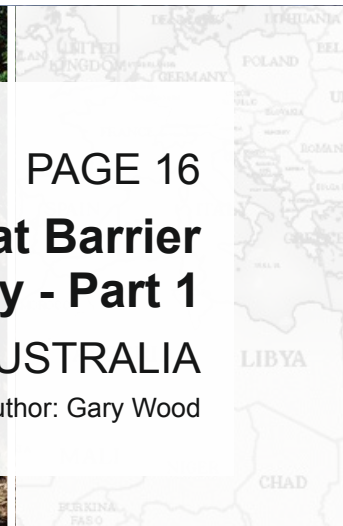


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The Great Barrier Reef Way - Part 1

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Author: Gary Wood



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Morocco in the snow is also beautiful

MOROCCO

Author: Mała i Duży w Podróży



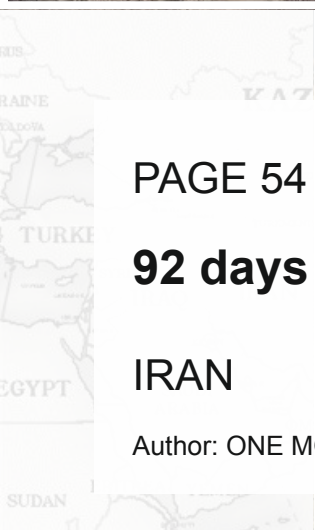


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GRAN CANARIA

Author: OKIEMPLECACZKA.PL

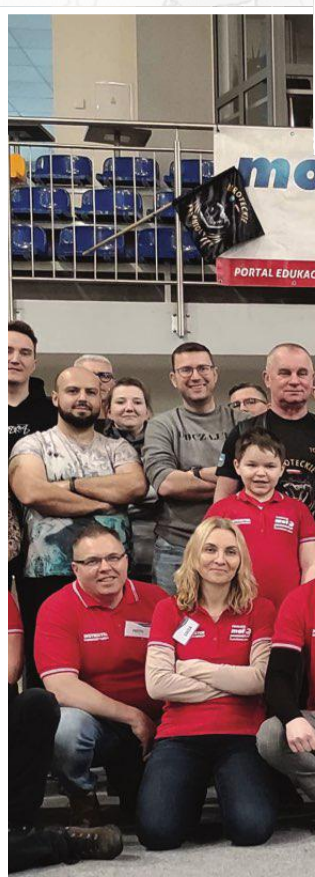


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92 days in Iran

IRAN

Author: ONE MORE ADV



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PORTAL EDUKACYJNY / SZKOŁA JAZDY / TURYSTYKA / KAWALOWA / SZKOŁENIA

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First Aid when traveling

TRAVELER'S WORKSHOP

Author: MOTOPOMOCNI.PL

NEW ZEALAND

WHAT'S WRONG WITH... MARTHA „LA MOTERA“



Photos: Martha „La Motera“
Interview by: Szymon Zobniów

WE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO MEET MARTA "LA MOTERA" IN VERACRUZ, DURING HER TOUR OF THE AMERICAS. THIS MODEST PERSON, ALWAYS SMILING AND FULL OF OPTIMISM, IMMEDIATELY FELL TO OUR LIKING. WE WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE HER TO YOU AS WELL, BECAUSE HER HISTORY AND TRAVELS CAN BE A GREAT INSPIRATION FOR MANY MOTORCYCLISTS.



What were your beginnings, how did your adventure with motorcycles start? Your first motorcycle?

There were eight brothers and sisters in my house, we didn't have a car and always traveled by public transportation. Once someone gave my oldest brother a Vespa 160, and when we all turned 18, we all got our driver's licenses and used this motorcycle.

I fell in love with it, it was something magical, a device that you got on and that took me from door to door, from house to house, wherever I went.

From that moment on, I never got off the motorcycle again. I've always used two wheels to get around town, and sometimes, very rarely, to make small trips around Madrid, and I've never even tried to travel the world.

Then how did it happen that you decided to travel?

I was and still am an entrepreneur, a woman who is always very busy and has no time. At some point, however, a very difficult time came for me: an economic crisis, a divorce, cancer,

and I finally decided to close my business.

I found myself in a situation that began to overwhelm me, with no time and no money. It seemed to me that I needed a break, and what could be better than a small trip on a motorcycle, something I had never been able to do before. I started planning a trip around Italy, which, once started, turned out to be a trip around the world.

What kind of motorcycle are you using now?

I travel on a Royal Enfield Himalayan, an Indian 411cc motorcycle.

A simple but very solid machine. One that I can manage to fix anywhere.

Did you prepare the motorcycle yourself for your trips? Did you change anything in your Royal after riding so many miles? In the way you packed the trunks?

I changed very little. In Ecuador, I ordered a wider side stand with a solid base from local mechanics so that it would be more stable. Unfortunately, I sometimes found myself tipping the motorcycle over at a standstill because of

this component.

I bought a tank bag, which allowed me to have on hand and always with me the things I needed most often.

I learned to always pack my bags in the same order, so I could easily find everything I needed. At the beginning of the trip, I spent a lot of time looking for and losing things.

I didn't make any more changes or major modifications

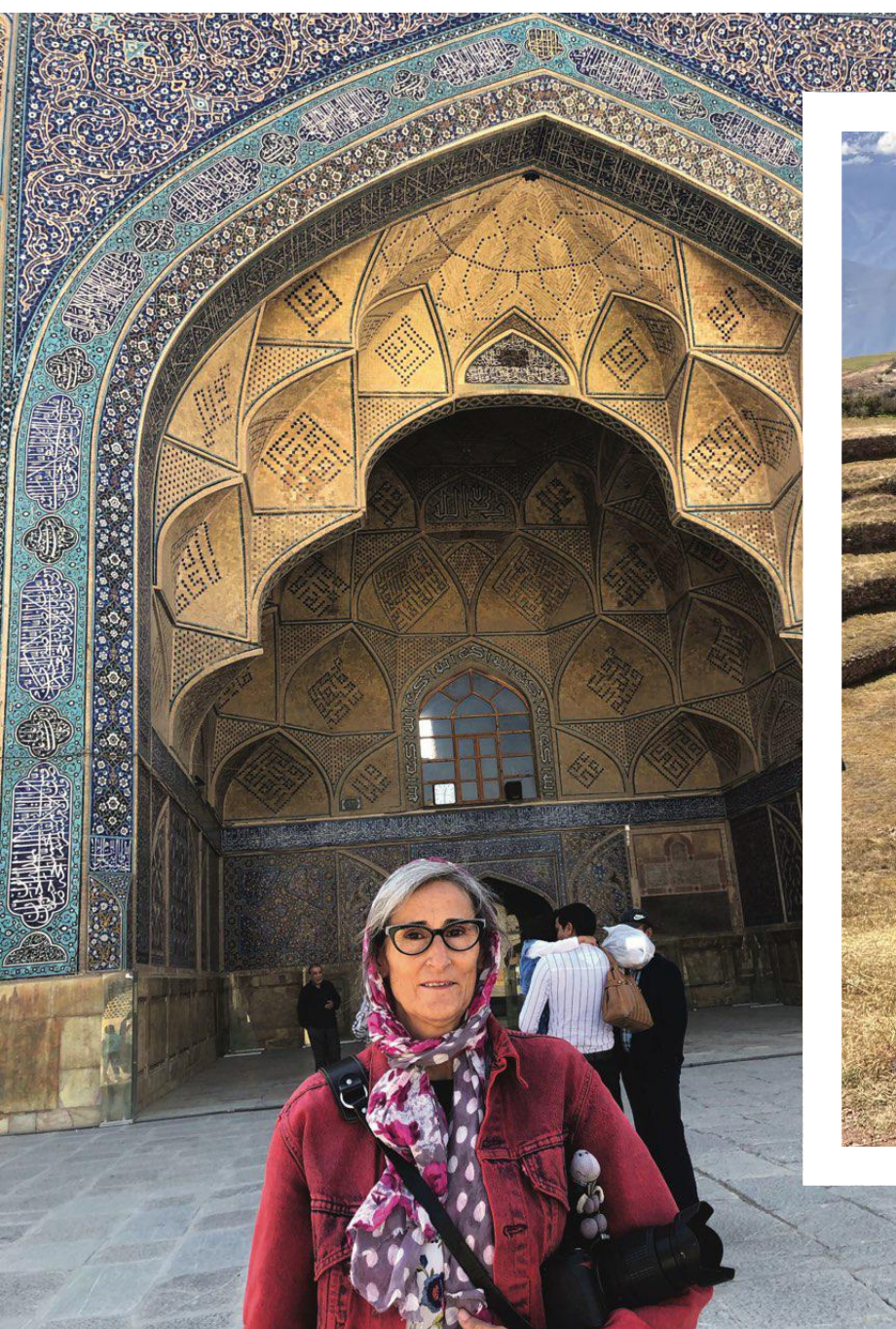
You fought cancer yourself, and now, through your travels, you support foundations that help other cancer patients. Can you tell us more about them? What kind of foundations are they? How do you help

them?

Yes, in 2012 I was diagnosed with breast cancer, which forced me to stop all activities for almost a year.

During my journey, I raised funds for Cris Contra el Cancer, a foundation that funds research projects on new cancer therapies, of which I am a member.

I created a place on my website where people could donate. During my social media conversations and numerous interviews, I always try to bring up this topic that is very important to me, as well as to many people. The foundations I work with do great work for cancer patients, and at every turn I try to encourage the people I come in contact with to help them, if





INTERVIEW
MARTHA - LA MOTERA





only by supporting them with a modest donation. It's not about how much you can raise, but the visibility of this organization that many people don't know about. Telling people about what they do, encouraging them to become members, etc.

You have traveled alone on a motorcycle to many countries considered dangerous by others. Do you remember moments during your travels where you felt threatened? Or is

it just a colloquial opinion about these places, which in reality are not as dangerous as they are perceived?

I have traveled more than once through countries considered very dangerous or hostile to the "West" and realized that this is manipulation of information.

Nowhere was I afraid, everywhere I met kind









and friendly people, willing to talk and help in any way possible. I realized that there are many more things that unite people around the world than divide them.

Traveling to faraway places can also mean making friends with local people or communities. If you had to pick one place where people have been most kind to you, which one would it be?

I think India was the country that gave me the most, while being the most difficult country I traveled through. That's where I made the most lasting friendships during the whole trip. Also Iran or Turkey.... Spanish is my native language, so throughout Latin and South America it allowed me to make a lot of friends.

But in fact, everywhere I met wonderful people, whom I remember with great fondness.

Do you have any advice for other motorcyclists who want to follow in your footsteps?

If your passion is motorcycling, sit down and think about the pros and cons of traveling. You will see that you will find many more of the former. And then just set a date for the trip. You won't regret it, it will change your life.

Thank you very much for the interview.

For more information about Martha and her travels, visit her social media and website.

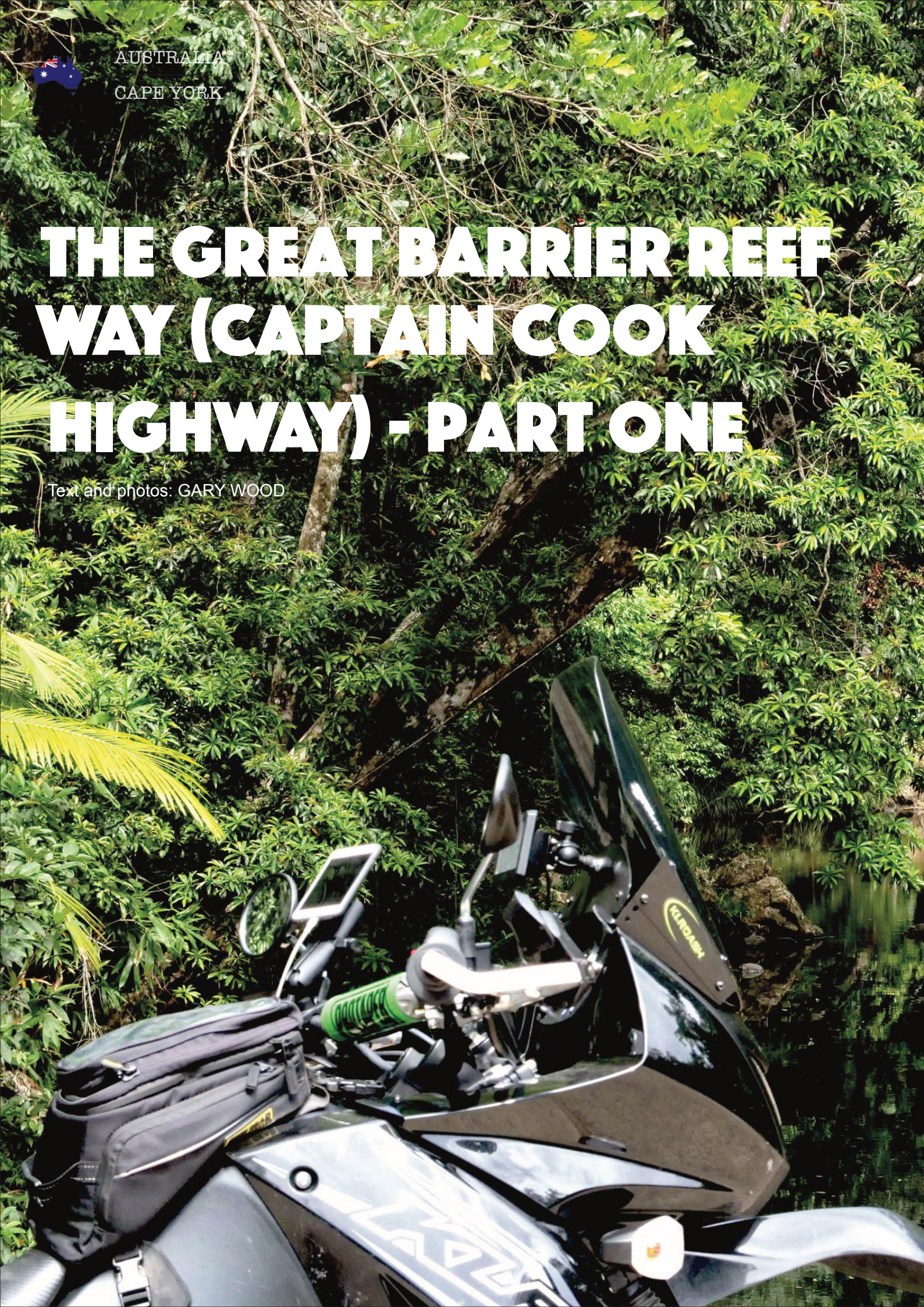




AUSTRALIA
CAPE YORK

THE GREAT BARRIER REEF WAY (CAPTAIN COOK HIGHWAY) - PART ONE

Text and photos: GARY WOOD





I'M RIDING MY KAWASAKI KLR 650 'EMU' FROM ELLIS BEACH JUST NORTH OF CAIRNS IN NORTH QUEENSLAND TO COOKTOWN, TRAVELLING ALONG THE CAPTAIN COOK HIGHWAY, NOW RENAMED THE GREAT BARRIER REEF WAY. ON A NORMAL TRIP TO COOKTOWN YOU WOULD TURN LEFT AT MOSSMAN AND HEAD INLAND VIA MOUNT CARBINE, THE PALMER RIVER ROADHOUSE AND LAKELAND. IT WOULD BE A LONG HOT SINGLE DAY RIDE.



AUSTRALIA

CAPE YORK

But I'm going through the Daintree Rainforest, considered one of the oldest rainforests in the world. My journey isn't long but it covers some of the most interesting tropical landscape in Australia. To get the most out of this landscape you could take four days riding and stop at various places of interest that tell you all about the world heritage area. But I've been here a few times so I'm riding this in two days, I'll be staying at the famous Lion's Den Hotel before riding onto Cooktown and then back to Atherton in the hills behind Cairns.

During this journey I navigate the crocodile infested Daintree River, negotiate creek crossings, stave off attacks by dangerous Cassowaries, and I ride incredibly steep dirt tracks where my rear brake fails due to over heating. I ride deep into the rainforest, past a mystic mountain and end this part of my adventure sitting on a hill overlooking a small river inlet, in the same spot that Lieutenant James Cook of the British Royal Navy, the first white man to sit here in 1770.

If you are not familiar with Captain James Cook and the

story of Cook's Town, then you probably won't appreciate why this stretch of road has so

much meaning. To provide some context, in May 1770 Lieutenant James Cook of the British Royal Navy and Captain of the Bark Endeavour collided with history when he ran aground on a coral reef. It was too far to swim and there were only two whaler boats, not enough to save all the crew. He was just 14 kilometres off the coast of North Queensland. Very close to where I'll be riding over the next couple of days.

What Cook and his crew did was nothing short of a miracle. Cook removed his officer's jacket rolled up his sleeves and began hand pumping the bellows of the bilge pump. This one act of alone demonstrated to his crew they were all in this together. It demonstrated the essence of leadership that should be in every management text book. Cook, Banks and even Solander manned the pumps and along with the rest of the crew they managed to keep the ship afloat working around the clock, pulling the ship off the reef, and using a sail to temporarily cover the gaping

hole in the ship's side. They then sailed the wounded ship through the yet uncharted coral reef and beached it at the nearest river inlet. They spent the next 12 weeks repairing the ship while Cook

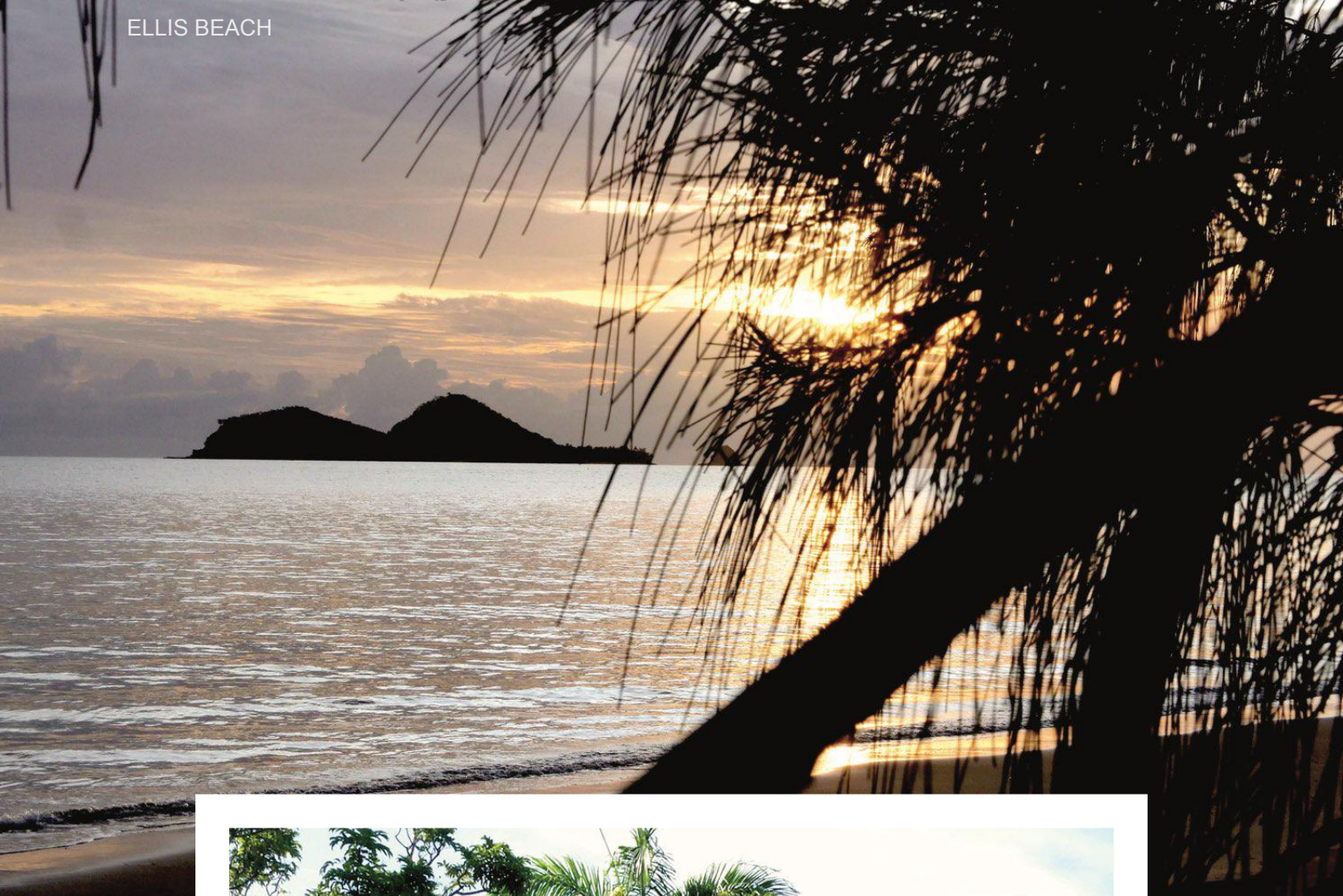
surveyed the area looking for a safe passage through the reef. He then navigated the HMS Endeavour through some of the most treacherous reef systems on the planet before sailing to Batavia for repairs then home to England. And as they say the rest is history.

My adventure starts at the northern city of Cairns, last night I was looking for a camp site, unfortunately the only place I could find was an over priced tourist trap so I continued on to the Cairns northern beaches. Even the small camping grounds north of Cairns didn't really cater to the solo biker. I was told of a place that would better suit my needs further north.

The sun was going down and I was contemplating camping on the beach, when I rode over a small hill and saw a sign for a camp ground. It was tucked in on the right side of the road and had I not been



SUNSET AT ELLIS BEACH



COOK STATUE



AUSTRALIA
CAPE YORK



CABINS IN ELLIS BEACH



EMU ON THE HIGHWAY



told of its existence I would have ridden right past. The Ellis Beach Caravan Park is a magnificent ground, catering to all levels of traveler.

The owners of this park are friendly and welcoming and I got the impression they catered for anybody wanting to camp. It has cabins and a selection of resort style bungalows facing out through

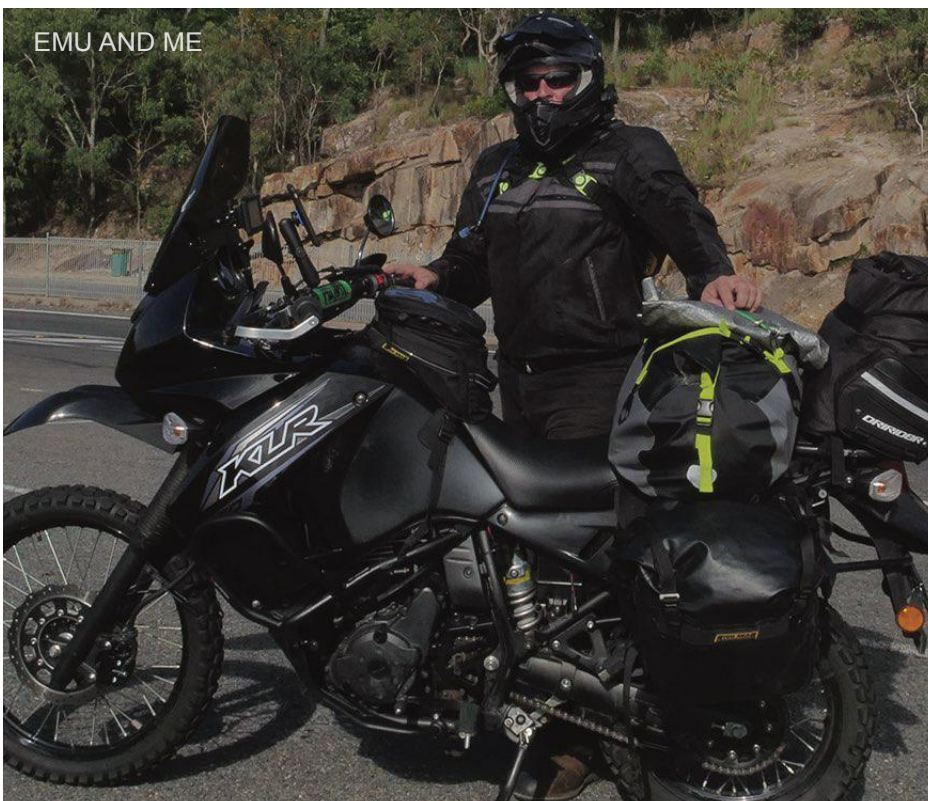
a line of palm trees to the amazing Ellis Beach. This is the ideal biker's camp ground, not only is it friendly and welcoming but the beach is spectacular. Walking distance from the park and the beach is a pub with cold beer and hot food. After taking photos of the amazing crimson sunset, the golden orange sand and tranquil blue waters of the Great Barrier Reef Lagoon, it was time to grab a couple of

beers, have dinner and retire to my camp to prepare myself for the next two days.

Waking early I left my camp as the sun had risen over the horizon, it was another one of those spectacular sunrises you expect in this part of the world at this time of year. I'm riding in the off season, which in tropical north Queensland is the summer. It's hot and humid, but the combination of sea breeze and the wind passing through my mesh riding jacket is enough to make it comfortable.

Ordinarily, I wouldn't leave camp this early because it's time for kangaroos to make their way back to some shady tree, where they rest during the day. But there isn't much grassland on the beach side of the road so, I'm feeling confident there won't be any roos around.

Stretched out below me and to my right is the turquoise waters of the Coral Sea, and just off shore is the biggest living structure on earth, the Great Barrier Reef. I'm moving from side to side as I corner hard into the hairpin, first I'm climbing, then dropping down. It's an exhilarating ride on one of the most scenic roads in Australia.

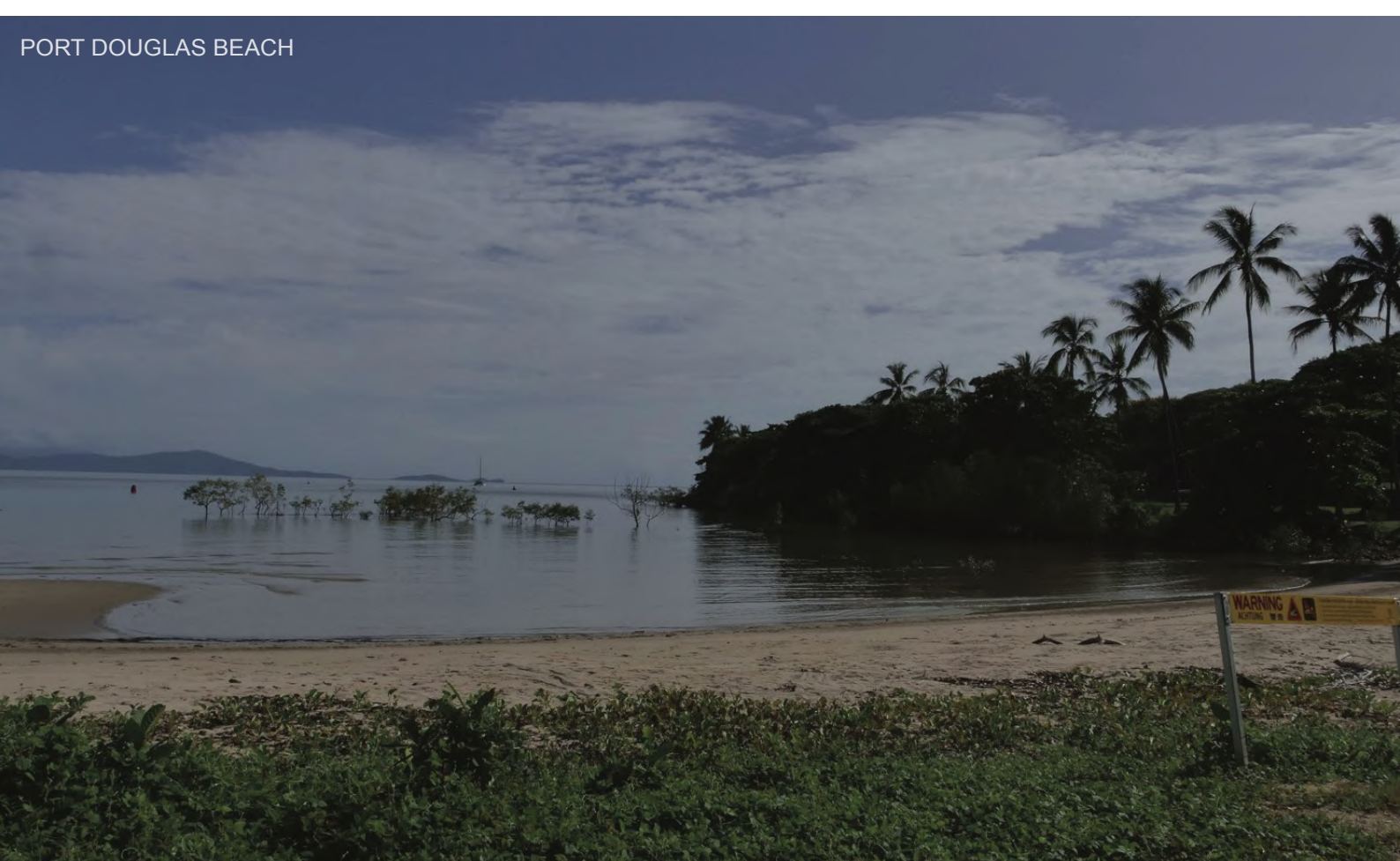




AUSTRALIA
CAPE YORK



FOUR-MILE BEACH



PORT DOUGLAS BEACH



My first stop is a lookout, it's perched on a steep hill and looks south over the road I've just ridden. At about 150 metres high, it provides spectacular views over the snaking road that runs along the edge of these two world heritage areas.

This narrow stretch of road runs between Cairns and Mossman, along the edge of the Wet Tropics National Park. On my left side a towering cliff that stretches back into the Northern Wet Tropics World Heritage Area and on the right the warm waters of the Coral Sea and the beginning of the northern section of the Great Barrier Reef.

Back on Emu and there's 23 more twisting and bucking road as I drop down and continue my journey through a maze of small beaches, each of them a potential deserted tropical paradise fit for a postcard.

It's not long and I reach the up market tourist town of Port Douglas. Port Douglas became the centre of trade in the north, back in the late

1800's as port access to miners making their way to the Palmer River Gold Rush and shipping supplies inland to farmers and graziers. In the 1900's its usefulness slowly died off when the train line to Cooktown via Kuranda bypassed the area and did away with the need for a north Queensland port. It had a revival during the 1980's when several entrepreneurs established up market resorts. Before long it became the shiny tourism centre it is today. It seems like the most unlikely place for an up market resort town, but it seems to work, among its assets is the laid back feel of the town, numerous five star resorts, the boutique brewery, four mile beach and the many coffee shops, cocktail bars and restaurants. And of course, diving expeditions. It is closer than Cairns to some of the more isolated and spectacular mid shelf coral reefs.

I stop to take some photos of the famous four mile beach before riding through town to the main port area. There are all sorts of accommodation houses and shops. Some

trendy restaurants while others are just pubs with beer gardens catering for the party goers. I was looking for a park to stop and make a coffee and I found my way to an old church which is next to the equally old port storage shed, now being refurbished into a restaurant. There's so much history here I could spend days just wondering around, but after my morning coffee I'm packed and heading north to Mossman and the Daintree.

Turning right onto the highway again, it's not long before I come across Mossman, what makes this town famous is the Mossman Gorge National Park. It's run by the local Aboriginal council and there is an awesome visitor centre. If you have time Mossman Gorge is a must do experience. The beautiful Mossman River cascades through the rainforest, pounding over massive granite boulders and spreading out wide at places making for the most scenic and refreshing swimming holes.

As I mentioned before you



AUSTRALIA

CAPE YORK

WAREHOUSE IN PORT DOUGLAS



could spend weeks exploring the natural beauty and history of this area. Mossman is also where the road diverges, with one section winding up the Great Dividing Range to Mount Molloy and the Mulligan Highway to Cooktown and the other carrying on to the Daintree River.

I continue on winding my way through agricultural land, some sugar cane but mostly cattle grazing. There are petrol stations and fish farms along the way and a number of tourism ventures offering crocodile sight seeing tours of the Daintree River. If you want to learn about this unique area and see some truly massive crocodiles I highly recommend taking time and spending the money to do one of these tours.

My KLR 650 single engine has a distinctive deep raw throaty sound. I sit back and enjoy the ride through this agricultural part of the world as the sound reverberates off the sides of the hills which are now closing in on the road.

It's feels like only minutes since I left Mossman, but its been almost half an hour and I arrive at the sign for the Daintree ferry. You can continue onto the Daintree Village, which is a nice little

community but it has nothing to do with the Daintree Rainforest. If you wanted a real dirt bike experience you can join the Creb Track which runs up the Great Dividing Range, it's a steep muddy clay track that starts with a deep river crossing of the upper Daintree.

It pays to take a drone with you before crossing the river, just incase there's a croc or two sitting at the crossing (it's easier to see crocs in freshwater from the air. Unfortunately, the Creb Track is not ideal for heavy adventure bikes so I content myself with riding over the Bloomfield Track instead. Both tracks come out at the Lion's Den Hotel, which is why it's such a bucket list place for adventure bikers.

GARY WOOD



Gary is an educator, adventurer and travel writer. He is the creator and author of the popular adventure travel blog Digital Swaggy. He lives in North Queensland, Australia and regularly travels the remote corners of Australia on his Kawasaki KLR 650, "Emu."



ON THE WAY TO DAINTREE



DAINTREE CROCODILE



AFRICA

MOROCCO

MOROCCO IN THE SNOW IS ALSO BEAUTIFUL

Text and photos: MAŁA I DUŻY W PODRÓŻY



AFTER ONE OF OUR LAST TRIPS LAST YEAR, WE BEGAN TO MAKE PLANS FOR OUR TRADITIONAL WINTER GETAWAY. WE CONSIDERED CORSICA, SPAIN AND MOROCCO, WHICH WE EVENTUALLY DECIDED ON. WE WANTED TO RENT MOTORCYCLES IN AGADIR, BUT IT WAS QUITE DIFFICULT. ONLY TWO RENTAL COMPANIES RESPONDED TO MY INQUIRIES AND PRICES STARTED AT \$100 PER DAY. A QUICK CALCULATION MADE THE CHOICE A CAR. THE RENTAL PRICE ALLOWED ME TO USE IT FOR A WHOLE WEEK. AFTER A FEW DAYS IT TURNED OUT THAT THIS WAS THE BEST OPTION, WE COULD COME UP WITH. THE FORECASTS WERE NOT OPTIMISTIC, BUT AFTER ALL, MOROCCO IS AFRICA AND IT CAN'T BE TOO COLD THERE (THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT AT THE TIME).



AFRICA

MOROCCO

Upon arrival in Agadir, a representative of the rental company was waiting for us at the exit of the airport. We did all the formalities quickly on the hood of the car and drove to the hotel. The hotel restaurant was already closed so dinner was a meal bought in a nearby market, kindly overcooked by the staff.

We started our first day of sightseeing at the "Crocoparc" crocodile park, home to more than 300 Nile crocodiles. More than 300 species of exotic trees and cacti can be seen in 5 thematic gardens. Due to the winter weather, we did not get to see the feeding of the reptiles. They will have their next meal in about 4 months...

We get in the car and head towards Legzira beach ranked 29th in the list of the 40 most beautiful beaches in the world. After checking into the hostel, we order dinner and go for a walk. The beach is famous for its rock formation resembling an elephant dipping its trunk into the ocean. Unfortunately, the trunk fell off a few years ago, which doesn't detract from the place's charm. The long and wide beach tucked between red rocks is a place

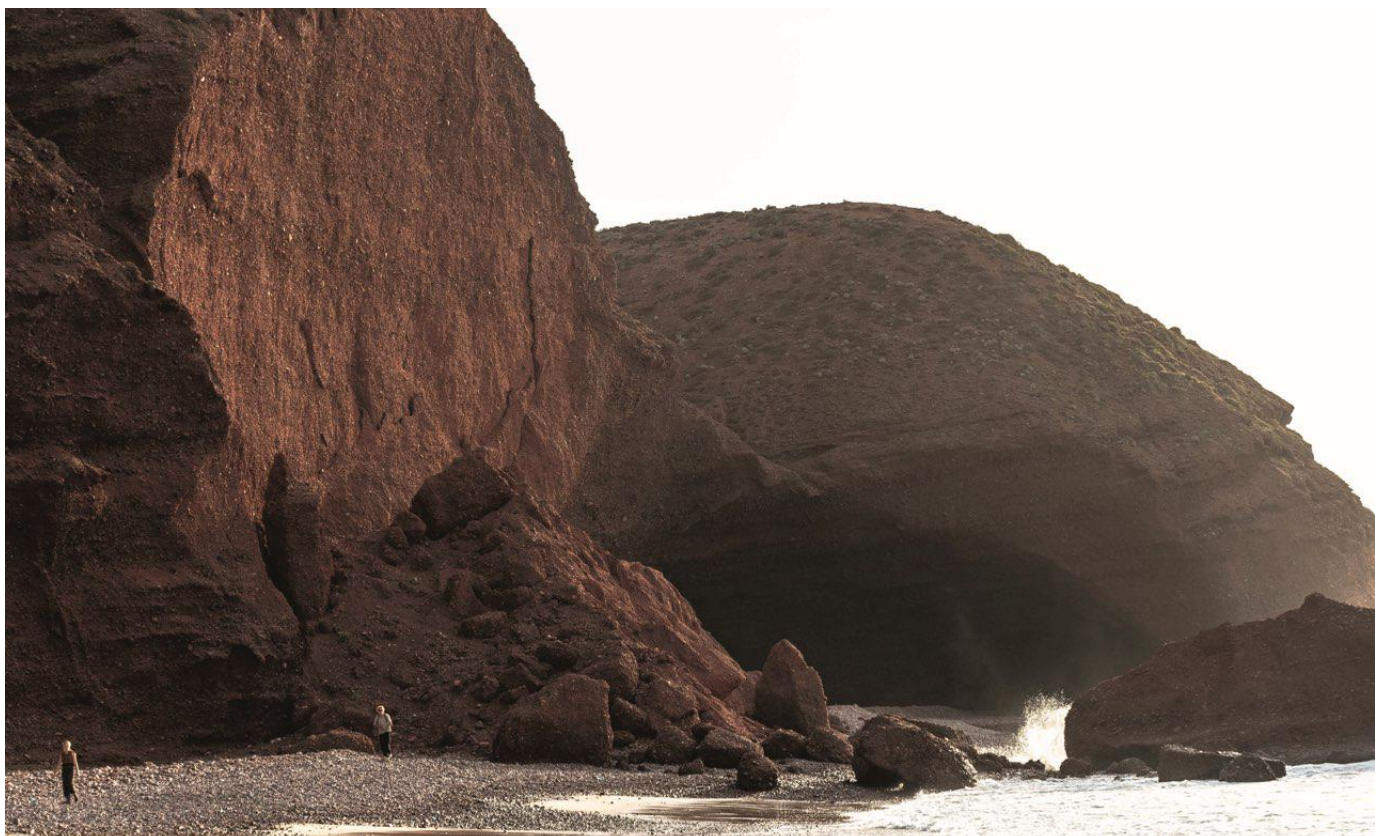


especially loved by surfers.

For dinner we got freshly grilled fish and with mineral water we toasted my birthday, which just happened to fall on that day.

After breakfast, we head toward the Anti-Atlas with an overnight stay in Oumesnat. Near Tafratoue we turn off the main road to see the colorful rocks. A Belgian artist (whose name I will not recall) painted the rocks in red and blue in

the middle of ...nothing. Through winding, narrow roads we reach the hotel. There's still some time until evening so we visit a reconstructed 12th-century house, where we are shown around by an elderly Berber woman. We don't speak French, but the lady narrated so brilliantly with her facial expressions and body movements that we had no problem understanding her story.

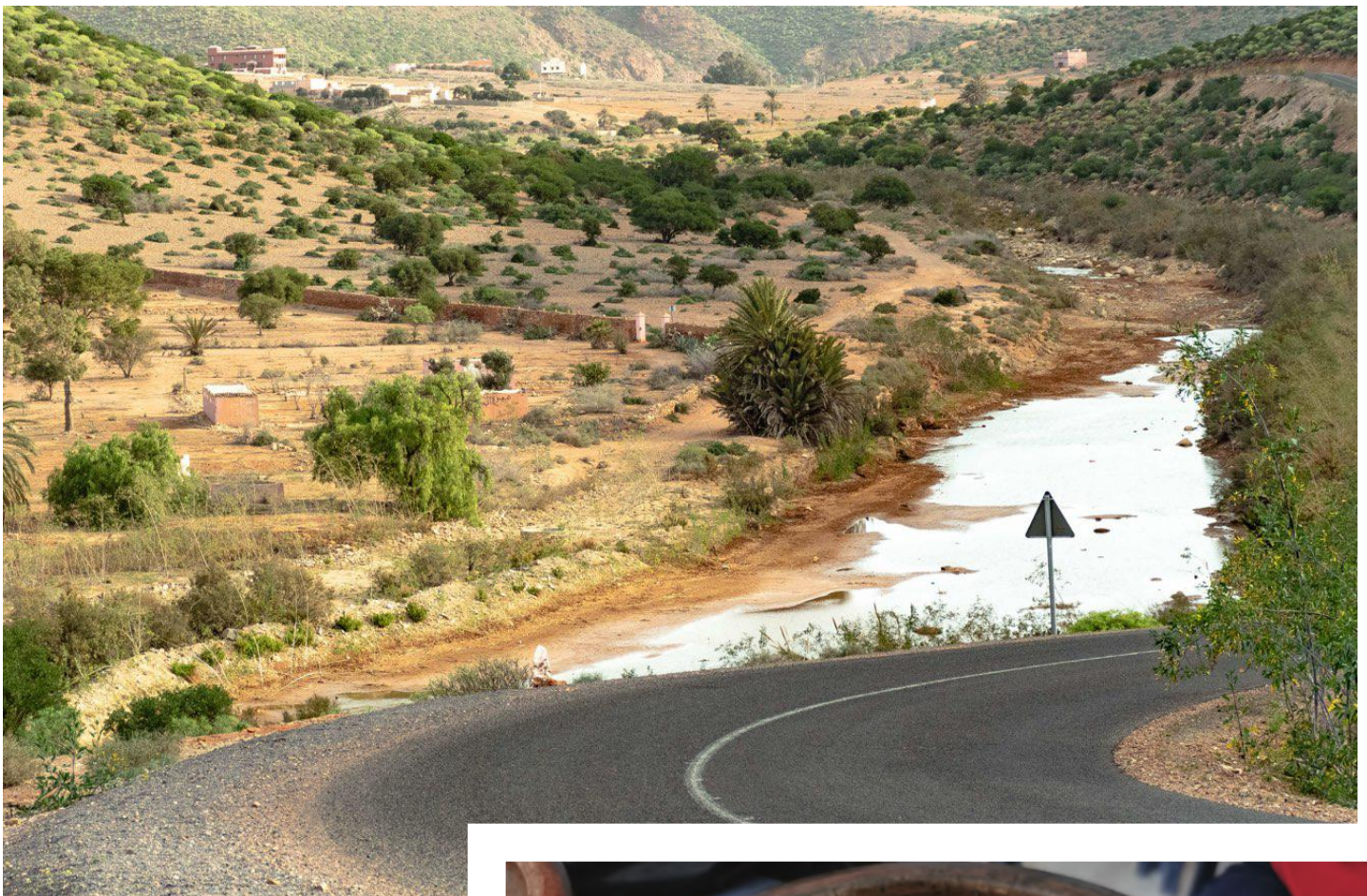






AFRICA
MOROCCO





This time of year in Morocco is very friendly to sleepyheads who want to see the sunrise and don't like to get up early. When we go to breakfast at 7:30, it is still dark . We pack our luggage and set off on the road, which is a thin line on the map and our GPS wants to avoid it. The main roads we know, we want to explore the less traveled ones. Suddenly we enter a green valley with tall palm trees and tiny fields of luscious greenery. The valley is called Tislit n'Ait Douchchene, and this is where much of the fruit and vegetables produced in Morocco come from.



We arrive in the afternoon at Fom Zgiud- a small village with old Berber buildings and a riad where we will spend the night. The riad is a typical Moroccan house with a courtyard inside . It provides a sort of outdoor room with lots of cushions, low seats and tables, from which you enter the guest rooms. The ubiquitous clay mixed with cut grass and water are the basic building blocks of Berber homes. Ours was built with

the same materials. The broken glass in the window was replaced with a piece of plastic sheeting. Dinner prepared by our host Ahmed consisted of a delicious pea soup, excellent and steaming tajin and a plate of fresh fruit. A tajin is a popular, usually clay vessel with a lid in the shape of a tall cone, in which a variety of dishes are prepared.

The evening spent in the riad will bring a few surprises that will affect our journey ahead. The weather forecast is beginning to come true - the minor rain that came from nowhere is not causing concern for now. We hope it will stop by morning. Ahmed, looking up at the sky, says that it last rained seven years ago. I feel like a rain hunter. In Rajasthan, when we slept in the desert, it also started



AFRICA

MOROCCO



raining for the first time in many months. Here it's the same thing... The rain doesn't stop and the clay on the road around the homestead turns into a sludge that the car's wheels slide on as we hit the road ahead. We meet two Englishmen who came here from Manchester on Royal Enfield motorcycles. They stayed in the riad and the next day posted photos on their fb profile of pieces of the wall falling off, which couldn't withstand the onslaught of water.

We are heading to Wazarzat (Ouarzazate), a town where well-known film studios are located. The Moroccan climate, location, cheap workers make filming right here cheaper and the open-air locations can be easily adapted to the production requirements. We visited Studio Atlas. "Gladiator", "Asterix and Obelix", "Game of Thrones", "Kingdom of Heaven", "James Bond. License to Kill" are just a few of the many well-known titles produced here.

After lunch we go to the center to visit Kasbah Taourirt - the complex, where Pasha, a high dignitary of the royal power, lived. The castle, built



in the 17th century from local clay, has survived to the present day. It stood on the route of caravans that transported spices, gold and other goods. The building is huge and its many chambers create a veritable maze. In 1956, when Morocco regained its independence, the institution of the *feud* was abolished by the king. Now the kasbah is open to tourists. A fine rain falls all day and we head back to Agadir.

The dry rivers we passed

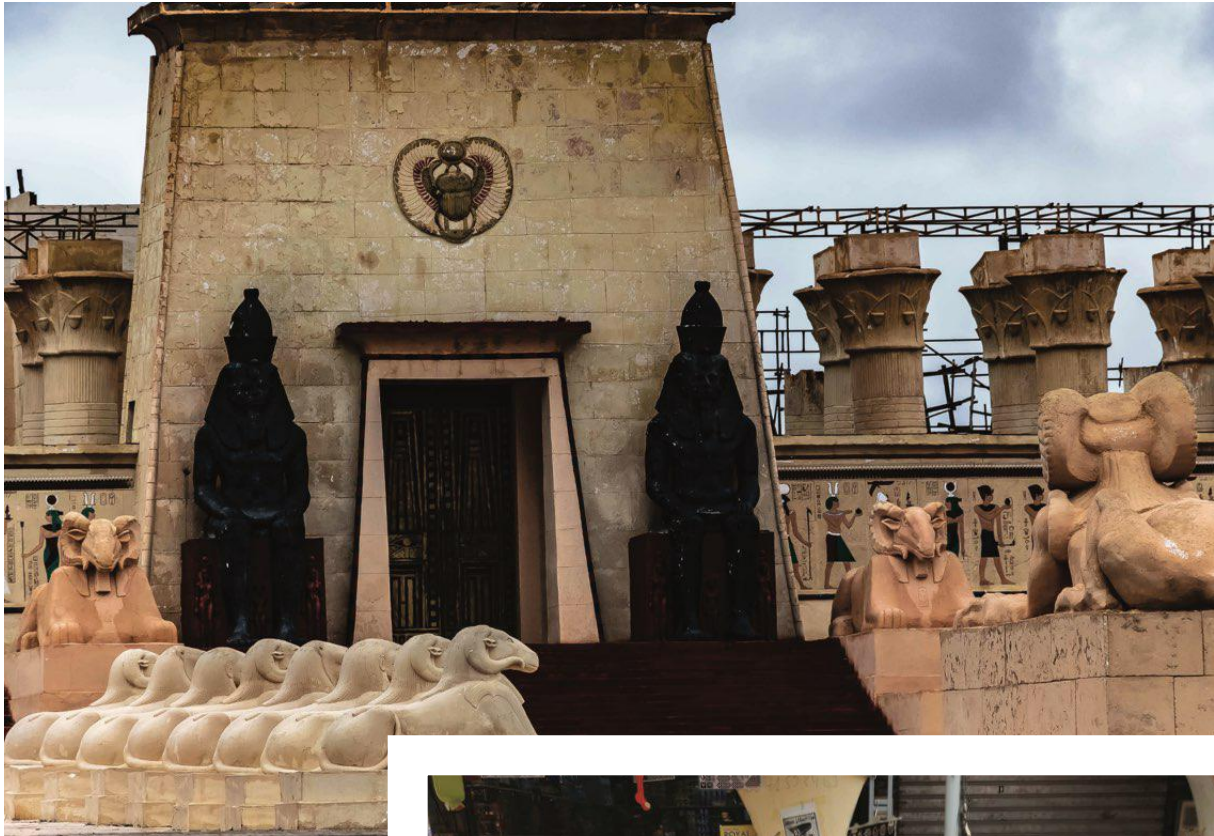
earlier are beginning to come to life. For now they are thin streams meandering among red rocks. We are driving into the High Atlas Mountains. The fine rain turns to snow. For us, this is a great surprise. We drive on the road connecting Marrakech and Wazarzat. We stop at an altitude of 2260 meters above sea level on the Tizi n-Tichka pass, where there is already 20 cm of snow. We warm up in a local bar with sweet Moroccan tea and continue on our way. After a few kilometers down, the





AFRICA

MOROCCO



landscape changes completely. The sun, which we haven't seen for two days, comes out from behind the clouds, the fields of crops turn green and the merchants in the village we pass are waiting for customers.

We take the old R203 road to the small village of Talat, where we have an overnight stay in another riad. The road leads along the riverbed, which is increasingly filling with water. In the morning we drive just a few hundred meters and stop by a STOP sign and a barricade laid out on the road. One of the soldiers watching says that "temporarily" the road is closed, but in a few minutes we will be able to drive along it. At a roadside cafe we wait for it to open. From a few minutes it turns into more than two hours and we, not wanting to wait any longer, take the road back the way we came yesterday. The rain has turned it into absolute mud. On top of that, the repair brigade is trying to fix anything. After a



few hours of driving, we are approaching Agadir and the temperature rises from a few degrees in the morning to almost 20. Finally we can feel the warmth of the Moroccan sun. Better late than never. Our sightseeing plan today includes the souk - a huge market square where you can buy literally anything. We settle for dried dates and tasty

strawberries. We still go to Agadir's main beach, wide and sandy. This city is the equivalent of our Sopot, where beach and recreational life flourishes in the summer season. Now on the almost empty beach there are us, two camel chasers who want to persuade us to go for a ride and one dog owner with his pet.





AFRICA

MOROCCO

We plan to spend the last night at the hotel we visited upon arrival. In the morning, in complete darkness we return the car to the rental company and enter the airport to finish our Moroccan adventure.

The rain that had accompanied us for several days took a turn for the worse. Rivers flooded, making passage impossible in many places. So much snow fell in the mountains that the cut off villages had to be rescued by

soldiers, transporting food and other necessary supplies by military helicopters. The route, which we could not pass because of the blockage, was still closed for several days while the services removed the snow and stones that blocked it. Apparently, it was some kind of weather anomaly that we just happened to be caught in. Two weeks later, Morocco was inviting with truly African weather.

MAŁA I DUŻY W PODROŻY

Mała i Duży w Podróż (Small and Big on the Journey) - for 5 years they have been enjoying every day spent on motorcycles together. They constantly suffer from notriphobia - the fear of the moment when they won't have another trip planned. They work together - he comes up with the directions and plans the routes, she takes care of the visas and accommodation. For them, the route is less important than the people they meet on it.







EUROPE

GRAN CANARIA

PLAN B

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE GOD LAUGH, TELL HIM ABOUT YOUR PLANS FOR THE FUTURE. ...

THERE WAS A PLAN FOR GIBRALTAR AND SPAIN WITH PORTUGAL, BUT 5 DAYS BEFORE THE TRIP THE GEARBOX FAILURE OF OUR "TIGER" PREVENTS THE TRIP. ALSO IN TWO DAYS I EMBRACE MOTORCYCLE RENTALS ON VARIOUS EUROPEAN ISLANDS. TO THIS I ADJUST FLIGHTS, HOTELS AND FINALLY THE CHOICE FALLS ON A WEEK ON ONE OF THE CANARY ISLANDS.

Text and photos: OKIEMPLECACZKA.PL





DUNAS DE MASPALOMAS



IN THE DISTANCE, THE OCEAN



PUERTO DE MOGÁN

And so on August 30 we land in sunny Gran Canaria. We are stationed in the south in Playa del Ingles. We spend our first evening at the Dunas de Maspalomas - which is one of the wonders of the Canary Islands. The huge area of dunes, where you can feel as if you are in the Sahara, is a very graceful place both for cool photos or for romantic walks at sunset.

Imagine that statistically in Gran Canaria there are 31 days of sunshine in August, only since October there are single rainy days.... Hmmm

not quite: the last day of August weather not the best - full overcast and sprinkling. After breakfast, in full gear (we took our outfits, boots and motorcycle helmets with us from Poland), we wander to the rental shop where a Honda NC750X with a rear trunk (as a backrest for me, i.e. a backpacker), reserved for 6 days, is waiting for us. What convinced us to book just this machine and not a bigger GS or Africa? First of all, the steed we are familiar with - we have been riding NC'k for more than 3 years, the price - with six days of

rental it is a few hundred euros less, the small combustion - about 4 liters per hundred, but also the clever storage compartment for a helmet in the place where the fuel tank filler usually is.

And so in the rain we slowly wound up the first kilometers. The plan for today: a detour around the island. The first stop is the picturesque village of Puerto de Mogán on the southwest coast. The town has been nicknamed the "Venice of the Canary Islands" because of the canals connecting the marina to the



RENTAL - LOTS OF MOTORCYCLES TO CHOOSE FROM



EUROPE

GRAN CANARIA

fishing port. We park in the harbor and go for coffee in the pouring rain. The weather forecast is not optimistic, on the maps the eastern part of the island looks drier and so we change the plan and go in that direction (another "plan B"). Unfortunately, the "internets" lied - it rains here too. And so the next stop this time on the east of the island is El Bufadero - a natural lava pool - you can describe it as such a well of coastal lava rocks, and a small geyser. It doesn't make any impression on us, maybe because it rains all the time. A few kilometers away is Neptuno or the statue of the mythological king of the seas. And it is there, at the Playa de Melenara that we eat the best meal of this stay in my opinion - for Canary potatoes (Papas Arrugadas), a delicious octopus - I recommend! The next stop in the pouring rain was the huge statue of Exordio el Triton or the son of the god of the seas (Greek this time). And there the funniest action of the stay occurred. It's pouring, it's blowing, Marius says to Google Assistant to get our navigation to show us the way: "Go to Faro Maspalomas", and he says "I show the results to - How to grease a wiener". (!!!) Also,



FARO MASPALOMAS

PAPAS ARRUGADAS

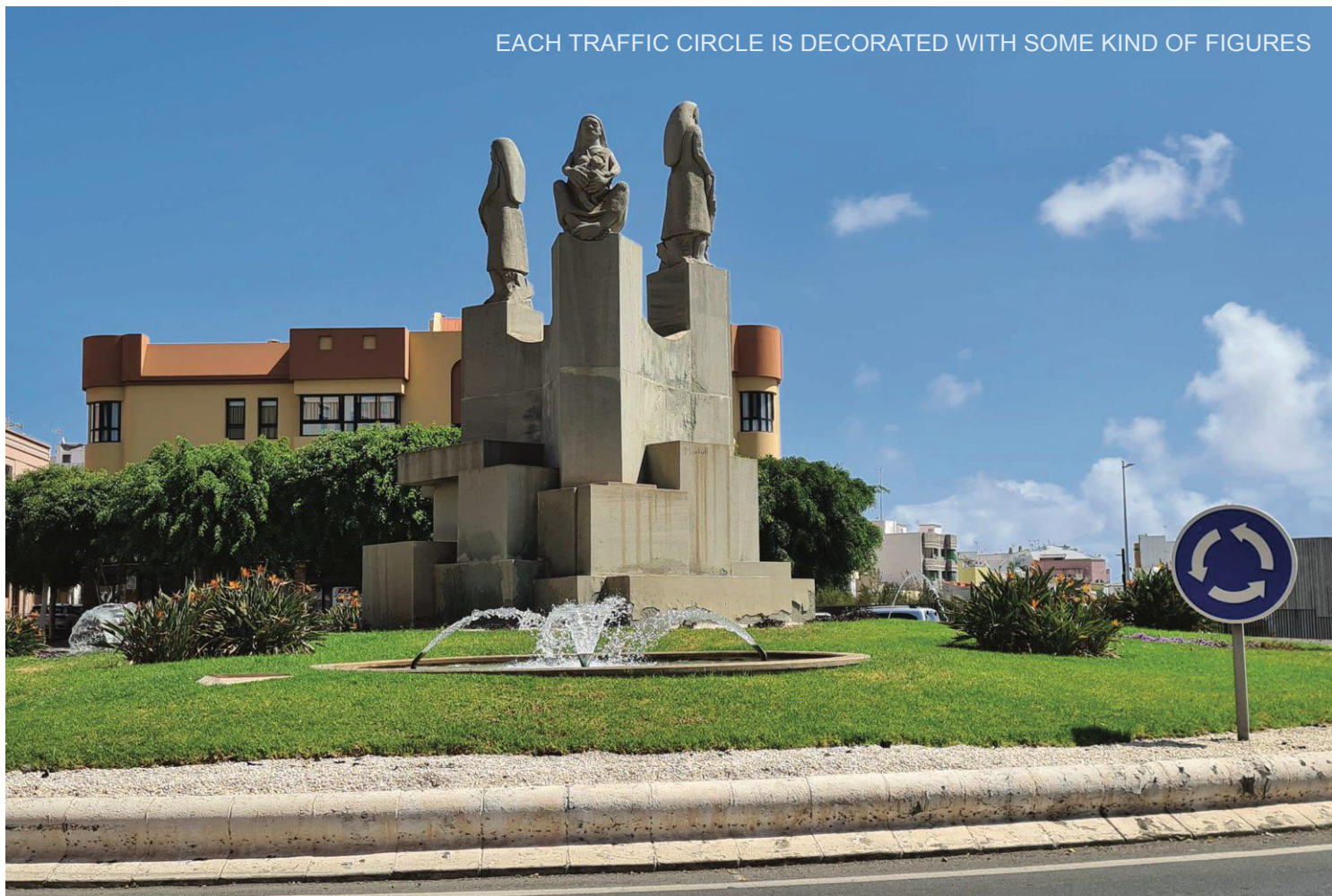


EXORDIO EL TRITON



ON THE WAY TO ARTENARA

EACH TRAFFIC CIRCLE IS DECORATED WITH SOME KIND OF FIGURES



LIZARDS - THERE ARE PLENTY OF THEM



the last point of today's trip was the lighthouse in Maspalomas, but also the only place where it finally did not rain.

The next day is approach number two for a detour around the island. The direction is clockwise i.e. west - you can tell we are taking off from six o'clock. Still no sun and full cloud cover, but at least it's not raining. To start with Puerto Rico. We were intrigued by its name, so we drove down there. A typically touristy town, full of hotels, a nice, again empty beach (looking at the photos it looks like some kind of apocalypse occurred and we became the only people on the island). Driving on, after about twenty kilometers, we didn't have time to reach Fuente de los Azulejos, as it poured again.... This place is quite interesting because of its colorful rock formations. The name literally means "fountain of tiles," due to the color of the rocks resembling Portuguese tiles. Further on in the rain we headed to one of the nicer viewpoints - Mirador del Balcon, which turned out to be a dud - fog everywhere, visibility less than a meter.... The only positive touch - a stall at the top, where we gobbled up an edible cactus. Continuing through Agaete and wandering in Gáldar we arrive at the La Isleta

ONE OF THE ISLAND'S HIGHEST POINTS





EUROPE

GRAN CANARIA



ONE OF THE LAKES ALONG THE ROUTE

peninsula, where there is a soccer field picturesquely located over a cliff. Returning through the congested capital Las Palmas, we find that we don't feel like stopping here, although that was originally the plan.

The next day forecasts indicate that it will not rain. However, still full cloud cover. We head north on the GC-60 into the interior of the island. I'm starting to like it more and more here: narrow, winding

mountain roads, many viewpoints (Mirador). Continuing from the center of the island, we head east to the Barranco de Guayadeque. This roughly 15-kilometer-long gorge is interesting not only for its natural and scenic beauty, but also for the museum where you can learn about the history of the island and, in particular, the Guanches (they were the original inhabitants who lived in rock-cut caves on the sunny, eastern side of the

river, and buried their dead on the dark, western side). On the way back in the afternoon, the sun finally comes out, and the route through the mountains becomes even more picturesque.

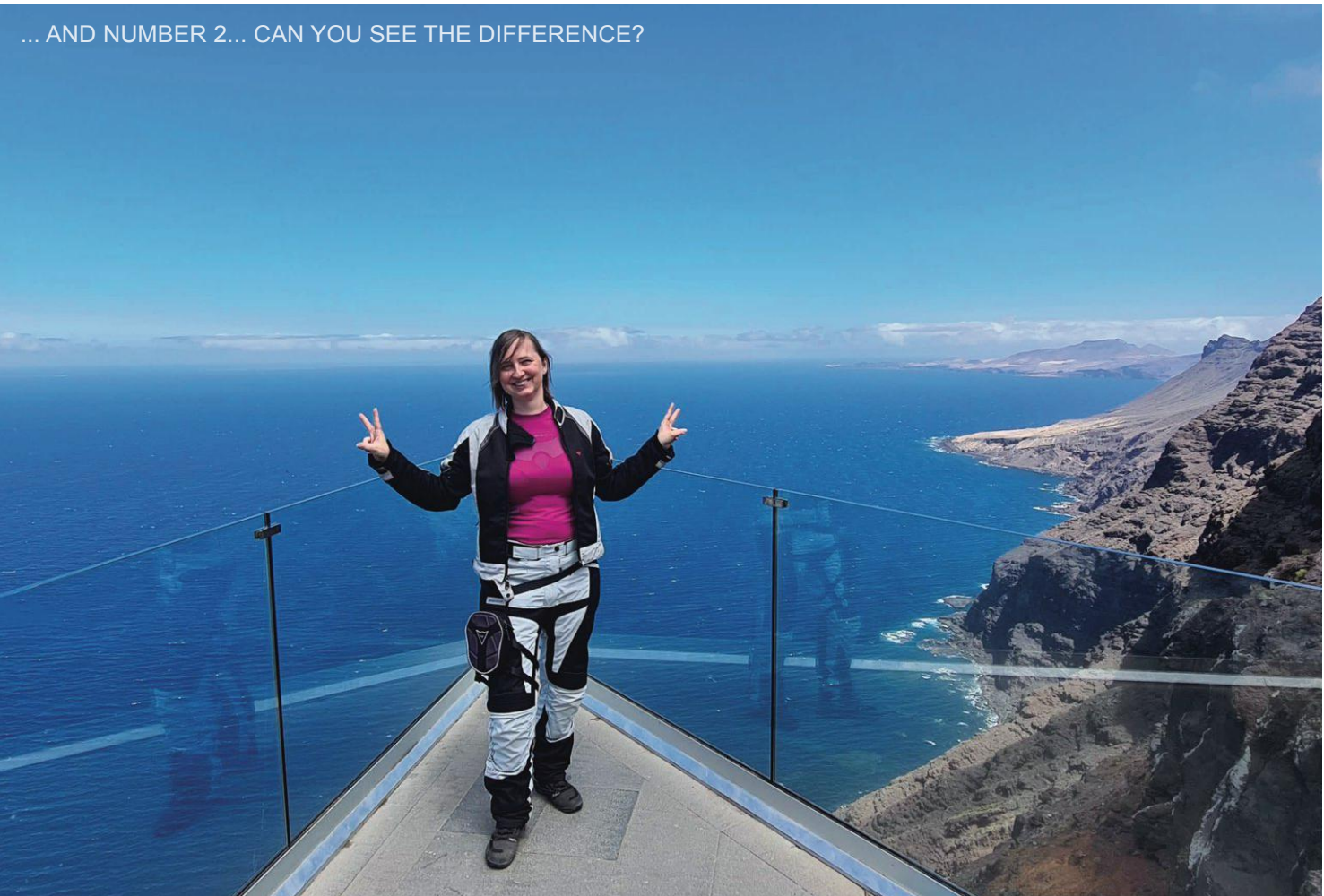
Saturday turned out to be for me the "crème de la crème" of our stay. We were greeted by sunshine for the day. The initial plan is to drive through the central part of the island, i.e. over the mountains. At one of the viewpoints there is such



LA CESTA GC-60



MIRADOR DEL BALCON - APPROACH NUMBER 1



... AND NUMBER 2... CAN YOU SEE THE DIFFERENCE?



EUROPE
GRAN CANARIA





clarity in the air that we spot Tenerife and Teide! The roads are really empty as far as cars are concerned. On the other hand, surprisingly there are plenty of motorcyclists - especially in the center of the island in the mountains near Cruz de Tejada! I also throw out a suggestion - how about approach number two on Mirador del Balcon? And so we hit GC-210 - narrow, but exceptional in terms of views: Mirador del Molino, then the route and the ladder of curves along the Presa del Parralillo lake is truly epic. The glass observation deck did not disappoint us this time - a beautiful view of the ocean and the coast. At the stall we treat ourselves to guanabana fruit this time. The last point of today is a visit to Firgas in the north of the island, where you'll find the Paseo de Canarias - cool alleys with mosaics and mock-ups of the Canary Islands.

Another sunny day makes for a lazy Sunday. We unhurriedly dogleg local roads along the southeast coast along the ocean. Later we bounce on GC-41 and drive into the mountains. What we noticed - we wanted to have coffee at a roadside restaurant - and there is no free table - locals with whole families come for Sunday lunch. On the way back I wanted to walk through Barranco le Las Vacas (a mini



LA ISLETA



GC-42 GREENEST



canyon with interesting rock formations). Due to the lack of a roadside for parking, there were police standing in the only place where we could stop.... (at first they stopped us for inspection, but seeing a sticker that the motorcycle was from a rental company they waved us to go on).

The last day with the motorcycle we set off into the island. This time GC-505 and then GC-605, where the narrow road turned into serpentine mountain roads without shoulders, barriers or other safety features. Another fantastic route, which made my adrenaline level jump a lot. Eventually we reach GC-60, and continue through the section of GC-210 to Artenara and on through GC-21 and GC-15 we wind our way through the mountains. We also drive to another of the interesting viewpoints - Mirador de Pico de las Nieves. I also recommend having lunch in the town of Tejada at one of the many restaurants overlooking Roque Bentayga. In the evening we return the motorcycle to return to Poland in the morning of the next day.

During these 6 days we did not drive and explore the





MAKE A WISH





EUROPE

GRAN CANARIA

entire island anyway. We wound up more than 1200 kilometers. We were surprised by rain and 3 days without sun ("warm countries" does not mean dry)... However, despite the subsequent downright heat, the ride was very pleasant - there was a wintry wind, which was cooling enough. The total cost of renting a motorcycle was 480 EUR + 700 EUR refundable deposit on a credit card. For fuel we spent about 60 EUR. The island can boldly be called, the island of a thousand turns. The northern part of the island (the green one) for us boring, definitely the middle part (mountains) is a paradise for motorcyclists.

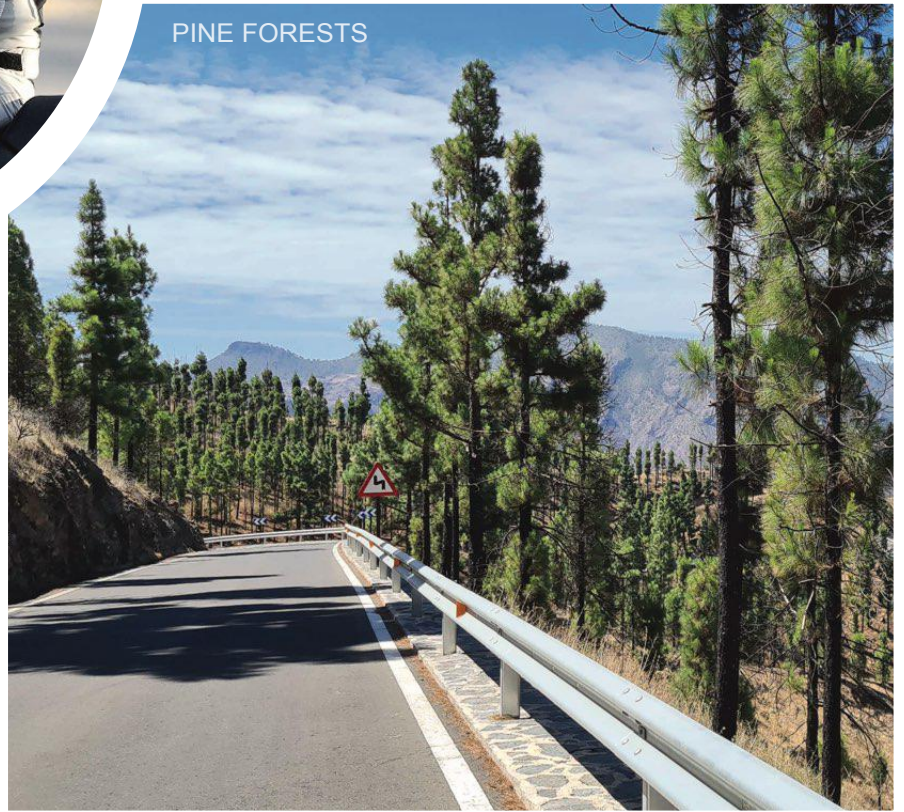
AGATA OD MSKI



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.



PINE FORESTS





ARTENARA





MIDDLE EAST

IRAN

92 DAYS IN IRAN

Text and photos: ONE MORE ADV



MYSTERIOUS, ORIENTAL PERSIA HAS ALWAYS BEEN ON OUR BUCKET LIST. WE PERCEIVED IT THROUGH THAT, WHAT WAS LEFT OF ACTIVITIES OF THE DYNASTIES RULING CONSECUTIVELY CENTURIES AGO - THE SAFAVIDS, THE ZANDS, THE QAJARS. PICTURES OF RICHLY DECORATED PALACES AND BLUE PATTERNED MOSQUES FED IMAGINATION. WE WERE CLOSING OUR EYES TO THE TERRORISTS'S AND THE NUCLEAR BOMB'S THREADS, WHICH WERE INSEPARABLE PARTS OF THE SOCIAL MYTH ABOUT IRAN. WE KNEW ABOUT THE COUP IN 1979 THAT REMOVED REZA PAHLAVI FROM POWER AFTER 38 YEARS OF GOVERNING THE COUNTRY. AND ABOUT THE FACT THAT FROM THAN ON IRAN IS THE ONLY COUNTRY WHERE RELIGION - THE SHIA ISLAM - HAS DOMINATED BOTH THE LAW AND CUSTOMS.





MIDDLE EAST

IRAN



SHAHGOLI PARK, TABRIZ

OUR ROUTE - 7640 KM



TRIPPOINT OF COUNTRIES - ON THE OTHER BANK OF ARAS
ON THE LEFT ARMENIA, ON THE RIGHT AZERBAIJAN



We rode in from Turkey across the Essendre-Sero border, under the vigilant eye of Ayatollah Khomeini, watching the arrivals from a huge poster on a hill. Spent 2 hours following my friend, who led us from one window to another and dictated data from our documents to border officers. Here we noticed that the

Persians, as a rule, do not know English, and their knowledge of letters is often limited to the Arabic alphabet.

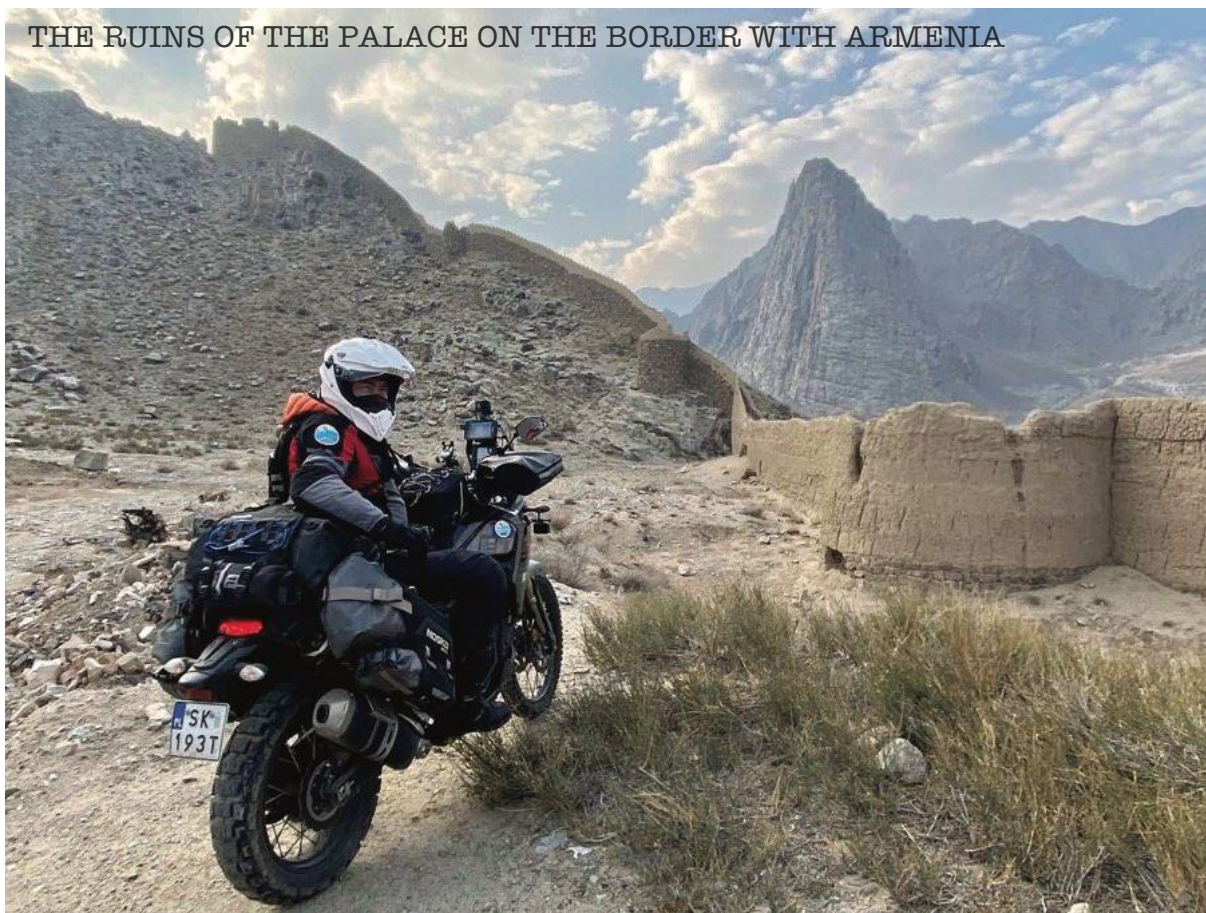
The Arabic alphabet, or rather its Persian variant - it was the first of the whole series of differences waiting for us in Iran. These differences made the trip an unforgettable

experience, but also a considerable logistical and psychological challenge.

HARSH BEGINNING

The pit stop in Tabriz allowed us to take care of organizational matters and look around a bit in the new

THE RUINS OF THE PALACE ON THE BORDER WITH ARMENIA





NATURE ABSORBS AN ABANDONED HISTORICAL COMPLEX

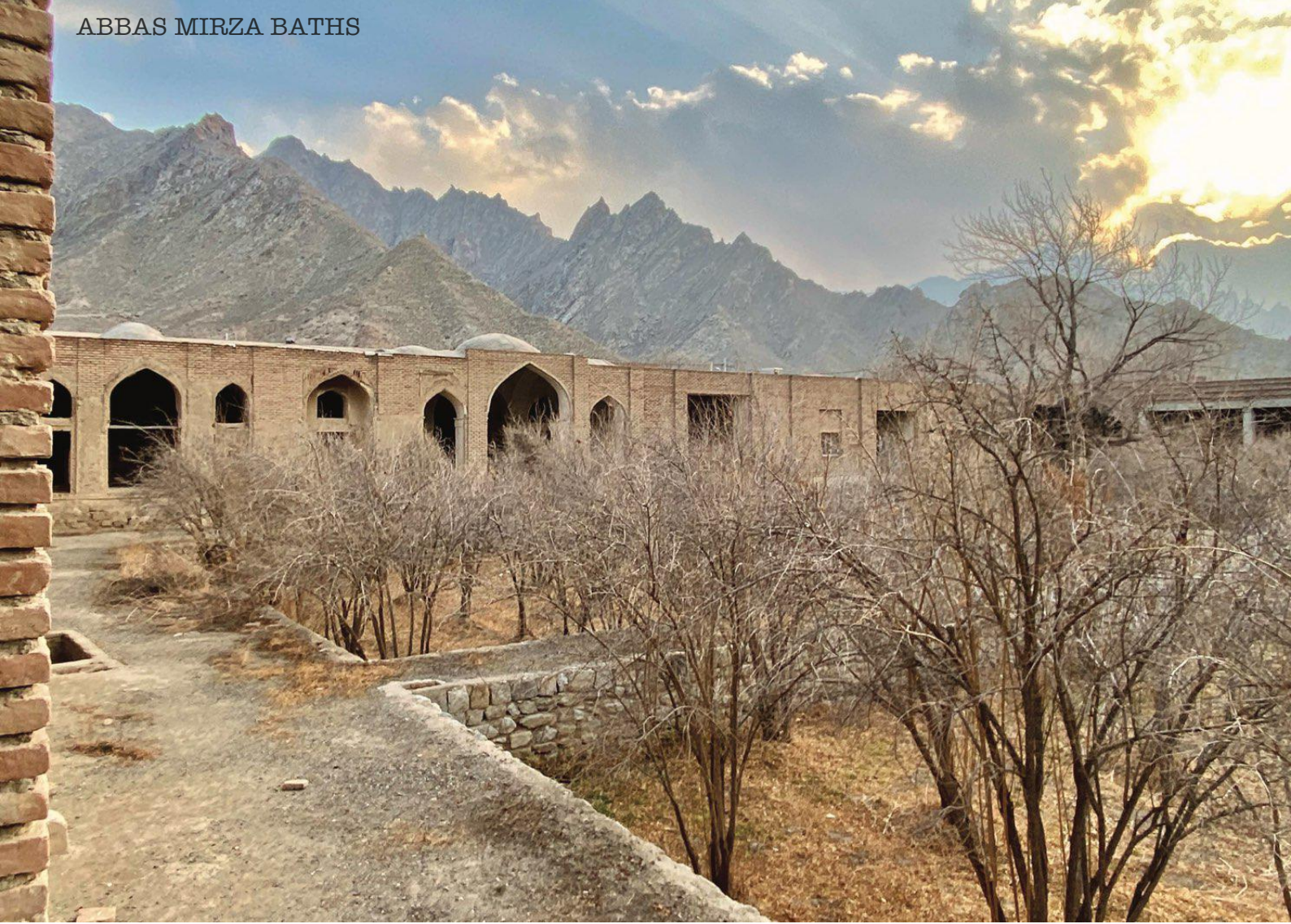


country. We bought sim card and a VPN, and learned how to exchange money and how to understand the currency: rials and tomans. From here we headed north straight to the picturesque road along the Aras River which is where the border runs first with Armenia, then with Azerbaijan. Although it was cold (+2 degrees) we celebrated the ride. On the edge of the Kiamaky nature reserve, we reached a completely snow-covered mountain pass and carefully descended it, looking for black

patches of the road in the snow and ice. We rode between cones of colorful rocks reminiscent of spice mounds that can be found in the bazaars of the east. Against the background of the mountains of Armenia, we found the dilapidated palace and 200-year-old baths of Abbas Mirza. The historic resort complex was recently renovated but apparently abandoned. Here and there the former splendor shone through, and discovering richly decorated rooms and nooks

and crannies of the complex aroused the imagination. Later on we found a lot of such not completely restored monuments.

We drove slowly through the harsh landscape of the provinces of Ardabil and Gilan, getting used to the "Azerbaijani" Iran. We looked at villages and towns where the beige landscape is decorated with single domes of mosques shimmering with silver sheet. When we were hungry, we stopped right by



THE CAUCASIAN PASSES WERE QUITE SNOWY





MIDDLE EAST

IRAN



BEIGE LANDSCAPE OF ARDABIL PROVINCE



the smoking grills of street restaurants where juicy mutton skewers sizzled over the fire.

THE CASPIAN SEA

Forget sunbathing. The sea in Iran is usually of a utilitarian nature - it is simply used to catch fish. The route along the coast, marked out on Garmin maps, turned out to be a sandy country road between small agricultural plots and fish processing plants. We tried to go this way for a while, but the pace of the journey dropped so much that we returned to the main road, far from the shore.

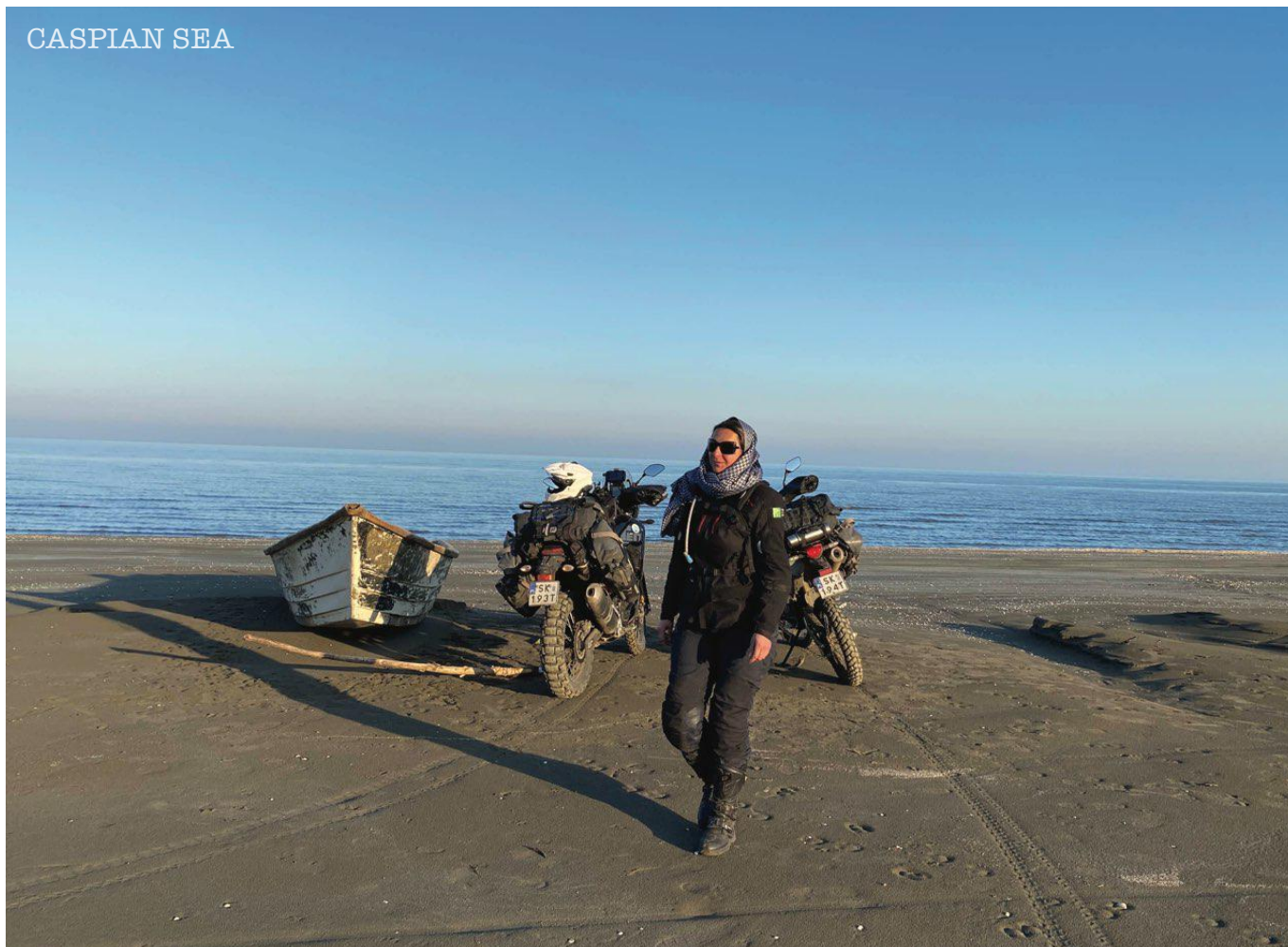
And so we reached Anzali - a tourist pearl of the Caspian Sea. 80 years ago, Anzali was called Pahlavi and it was to its shores that ships with Polish children and refugees evacuated from the USSR by Anders' army came to. From there, after a month of quarantine, they were sent to camps in Isfahan and Tehran. Those who did not survive the hardships of the sea voyage are buried in the Polish Cemetery, which probably has not been visited by anyone for years.



Today few people remember this story in Anzali. The town is just a weekend destination for the inhabitants of Rasht, Qazvin and Tehran. In the evening, the beach fills up with raging quads and cars. Pars's, Khodro's, Bahman's

and Saipa's trunks convert into picnic tables. Here and there, smoke from the trunk betrays the presence of the shisha that is obligatory at the picnic.

CASPIAN SEA





MIDDLE EAST

IRAN

ANZALI BEACH



TEHERAN

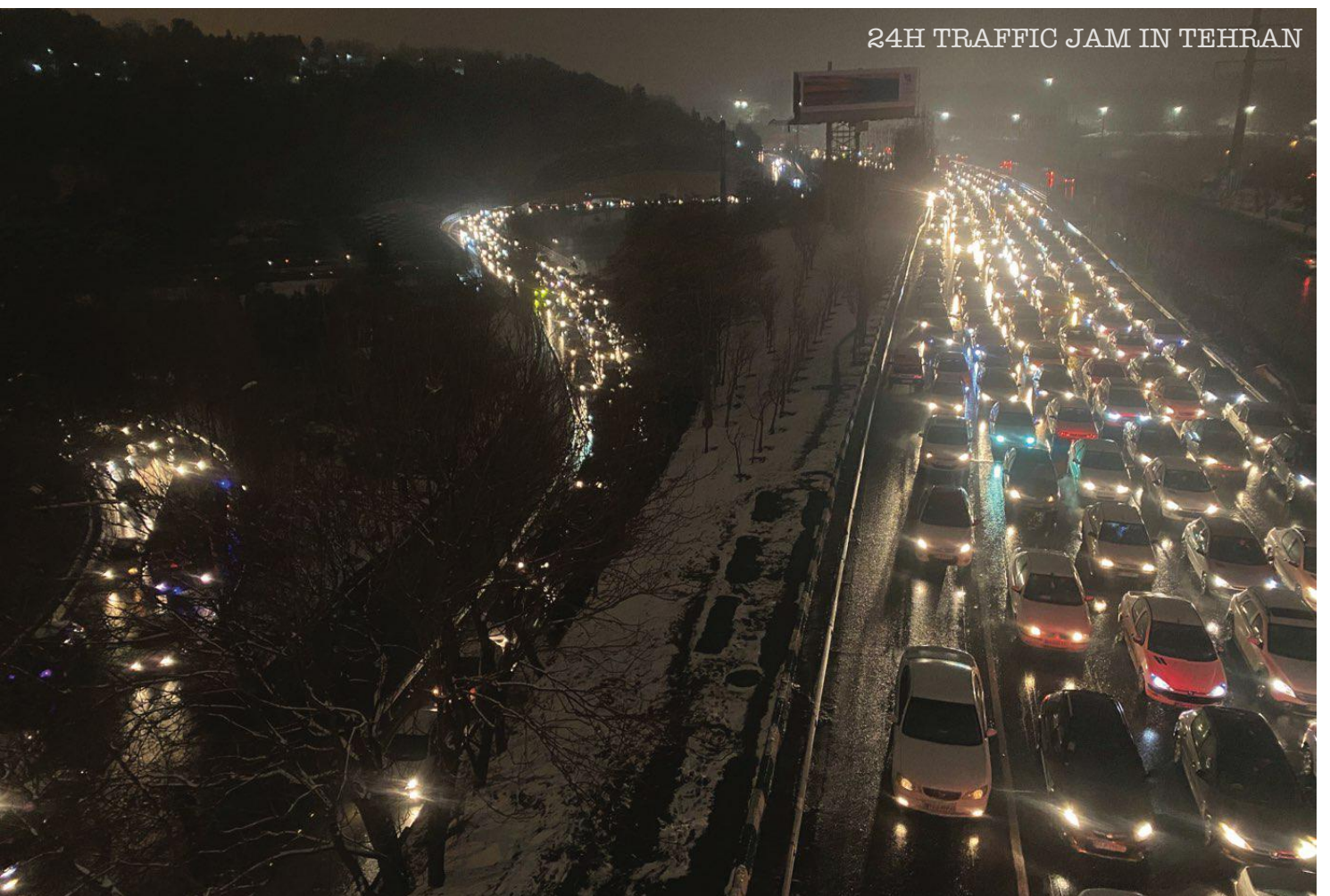
We were entering the city in the late afternoon and it took us a good 2 hours to carefully push our way through Tehran's traffic to reach our centrally located spot. Speeding cars and motorcycles were changing 2-3 lanes quickly, without keeping a safe distance and without any signaling of maneuvers. We were heading to Couchsurfing host and when we got there - we felt genuine relief. Alireza took great care of us. He accompanied us on sightseeing of the Golestan Palace and Saadabad Complex, and took us to a little-known but impressively large automotive museum. Few evenings with him over Armenian vodka and slowly we got to know Iranian customs - what is to be presented outside is not what we do at home.



TYPICAL BIKE OF IRAN



CRAZY RIDING IN CITY TRAFFIC



24H TRAFFIC JAM IN TEHRAN



MIDDLE EAST

IRAN



INSIDE GREEN PALACE, TEHRAN



MULLAH IN QOM



SACRED COMPLEX IN QOM

HOLY CITY QOM

The Persian concept of Imamzadeh - a place of worship of a deceased imam or a person deservedly holy is best explored in one of the 2 centers of conservative Shia Islam - in the holy cities of Qom and Mashad. Qom was right in our way so we stopped here to visit Fatima Masumeh's grave. The woman was the sister of Reza - 8th of the 12 Shiite Imams and the daughter of the 7th Imam Musa al Kadhim. The very fact of kinship made her a saint.

And Qom itself? It has unusual atmosphere of bigotry. Sanctimonious black chadors walk through the wide promenade lined with devotional items. Every now and then a mullah in an obligatory turban and airy robe passes by with Quran under his arm.

As infidels, we visited Imamzadeh with a guide who explained the history and architectural concepts of the building. We persuaded him to



IRAN CLASSIC CAR MUSEUM



IMAMZADEH QOM

let us go inside for a while, and thanks to that, we saw an extraordinary phenomenon: fervently praying Shiites, hanging on the silver bars of the tomb, chattering prayers and raising their eyes to heaven. The inside of the temple had to be visited separately. The women's section was crowded and bustling, as the imamzadeh functions as a meeting place for traditional Iranian women. In the men's section, a dozen or so people prayed, read the Quran or rested on patterned carpets. We were pleased to be here, because imamzadeh in Qom is a great place to admire Iranian religious architecture.

IRAN'S CLASSIC

Over the next few weeks, we explored the classic tourist cities of Iran. Qashan delighted us with the original style and splendor of old merchant mansions. We stayed in one of them - in the majestic house of Ameriha. We explored its richly decorated courtyards (it had 7



MIDDLE EAST

IRAN



of them) and nooks and crannies of the hammam renovated at that time. We wandered around the narrow streets of the old town for hours sneaking into estates being prepared for tourists. Qashan's old bazaar delighted us with a charming caravanserai hidden in the middle, as if from the times of Marco Polo.

We were done with Isfahan and Shiraz, ticking off the main attractions, without much delight. Fell in love with the desert city of Yazd - its countless wind towers, the Zoroastrian fire temple, the proximity of the Great Salt Desert and the surrounding towers of silence. We spent a few days here, alternately sightseeing and playing in the sand with luggageless motorcycles.

Then, the noteworthy episode in the Zagros Mountains: we were guests in the winter house of the Qashqai nomads. Cooked and slept together, went to herd sheep

IRANIAN HISTORICAL BATHS





QASHAN, A CARAVANSERAI IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BAZAAR



QASHAN, A TRADITIONAL MERCHANT HOUSE





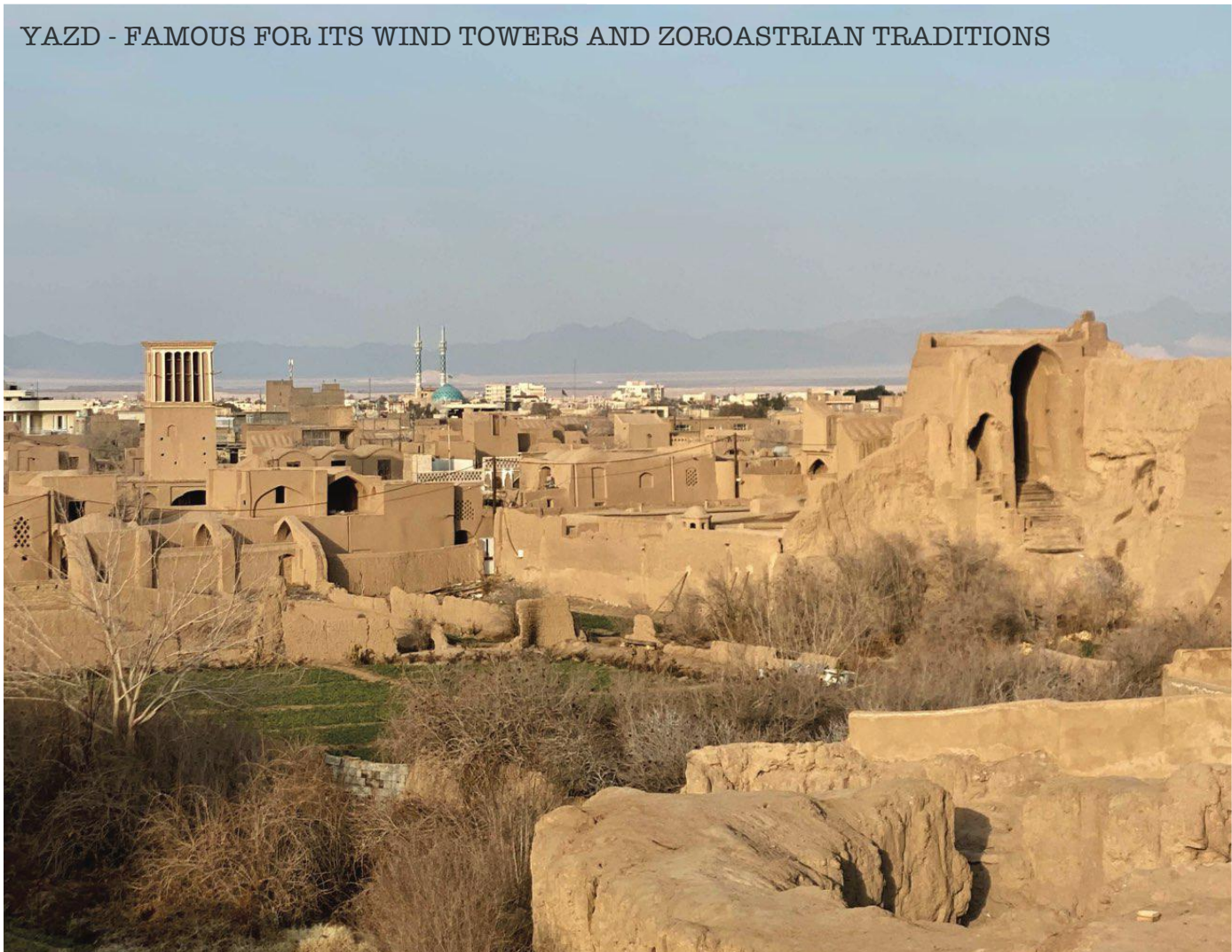
MIDDLE EAST

IRAN



DASHT-E-KAVIR DESERT

YAZD - FAMOUS FOR ITS WIND TOWERS AND ZOROASTRIAN TRADITIONS



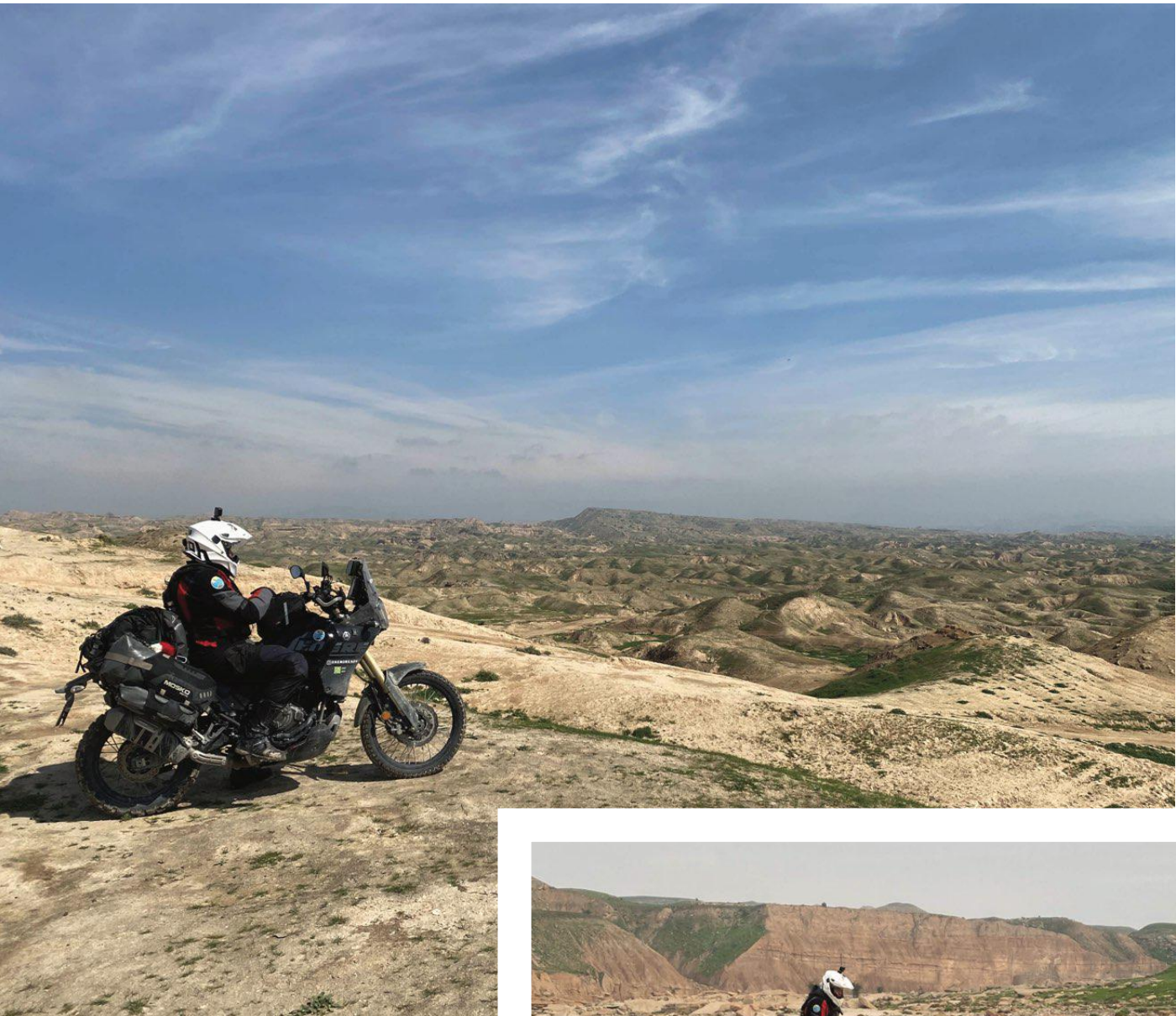
ZAGROS MOUNTAINS - PARADISE FOR ENDURO LOVERS





MIDDLE EAST

IRAN



and contested the lives of shepherds. We left a few days later in our direction. Among the mountain roads we were looking for the right one that would allow us to cross the river. At our own request, we got a little lost here and spent wonderful nights camping wild among the green velvet hills.

IN THE HOT SOUTH

Boiling hot, islandish and fresh. We traveled all south along the coast from Busher to Beris Harbour, veering for a while to the islands of Qeshm





ZAGROS MOUNTAINS - PARADISE FOR ENDURO LOVERS





MIDDLE EAST

IRAN



THE ROAD TO ASALUYEH - IT'S BEST TO DRIVE IT AT NIGHT



ASSAD'S HOMESTAY, QESHM

and Hormoz. Busher to Asaluyeh we rode at night along miles of oil refineries and petrochemical plants. The brightly lit instrumentation and hills dotted with flares burning natural gas created a unique scenery, making us feel for a moment like the heroes of a science fiction movie.

It is impossible to express in words the charm of the further part of the coastal road. Epic rock formations, wonderful deserted beaches, camels roaming alone and spectacular wild camping accompanied us every day of the ride. In addition, the interpenetrating cultural influences have made this region truly rich in views and experiences.

The proximity of Nowruz - the Persian New Year has attracted crowds of Iranian tourists here. Gathered in the triangle of the city of Bandar Abbas and the islands of Qeshm and Hormoz, they were coming in groups for the traditional Nowruz holiday. The light vibe of holidays and the bold style of bohemian art living on the islands made the hijabs and gloomy black chadors almost disappear from the public space. Instead Boregheh rectangular masks of Bandari women and "mustache" masks, traditional for the island of Qeshm could be easily noticed here and there.

This region has always been an important transshipment point on the spice trade route. The costumes here reflect a unique blend of Persian, Arab,



BORGHE - FACE MASKS IN QESHM





MIDDLE EAST

IRAN

Indian and African ethnic influences. Women cover the silhouette with patterned fabrics from which hand-decorated trouser legs glisten. Men, on the other hand, often wear long white Arab-style jalabiyas.

We rode around Qeshm island, hitting areas rarely mentioned in any guidebooks. We found Shour Valley - a picturesque reserve with a wonderful drive through the rocks, a forgotten British cemetery and the mysterious Tala rainwater tanks in Laft, of which there are supposedly 366 - one for each day of the year.

Further east, we reached the infamous Sistan and Baluchistan. Great beaches kept popping up, including this amazing one with Darak dunes that go down to the sea. Local sandy roads slightly damaged by floods,







MIDDLE EAST

IRAN



GEL AFSHAN





cut with hollows, were a real challenge for our heavy loaded motorcycles. On the way to Chabahar we visited Gel Afshan - an active volcano that spews healing mud splashes up every few minutes. The lunar landscape betrayed recent increased volcanic activity, and the road leading to it suddenly dissolved into a network of dried lumps. Fearing a bigger explosion, we didn't stay long here.

Going along the coast we reached the Martian Mountains stretching over the Gulf of Oman. These mountains are also called miniature, because their peaks reach a height of 1 to 50 m. Wonderful rock formations were neighbouring the seaside cliff and we enjoyed them for several hours.

Farthest to the east we reached the village of Beris. From the height of the cliff, we observed a small harbor in the bay. Colorful fishermen's boats swayed on the water, and the sun was slowly hiding behind the horizon. We were only 40 km from Pakistan's land border. However, the only border we could cross as hareji (foreigners) was the border in Taftan, 400 km to the north.



MARTIAN MOUNTAINS





MIDDLE EAST

IRAN

BALUCHISTAN - BACK TO THE NORTH

We divided the route into 2 days planning a pit stop in the infamous Iranshahr. Due to our ignorance from 2 parallel roads we chose the one closer to Pakistan. And this way we

spent the day riding along the main fuel smuggling route. We crossed the low mountains, every now and then overtaken by speeding Landcruisers without plates, loaded beyond capacity with 30 liter fuel cans. Passed rural logistic centers where cans are stored in tins half the size of garages. And

entire service villages where smuggler pickups are repaired and washed. From time to time, there were traces of fire on the roadsides, or wrecks of burnt cars. No one expected us here and no one bothered the stray hareji on motorcycles. We looked around freely. Our travel luck



BERIS PORT





MIDDLE EAST

IRAN





itself. We experienced authentic Iranian hospitality and stumbled across an embarrassing fake taarof. We skied with the Persians, swam in the sports pool separately – different hours for men and women, and cheered on the competitors of the National Motocross Championships from the VIP lounge of the Motor Sports Federation of Iran.

ONE MORE ADV



lead us to the smugglers house in Iranshahr for that night – safest place for us in the area. On top of that there was opportunity to learn the “business” and get to know procedures from the inside.

The further road from Iranshahr to Zahedan we covered for free, because the manager of the gas station refused our requests to pay for the fuel. It seemed to be calmer here, as if all traffic crossed the border a little further south.

A few days later we left Iran. And even though we were here for quite a long time, we didn't manage to see all the points on the map of dreams.

That's good, because Iran is loveable. Be omide didar Iran. We will be back!

We spent 92 days here, traversing the country from the north-west to the south-east. We meandered between large cities and small towns, iconic architectural monuments, treasures of natural heritage. We followed scenic roads through the mountains or along the coast. Rode 7640 km and used 515 liters of fuel for only 35 \$. We slept in 5-star hotels, in hostels, in wild campings, in classic homestays, with Couchsurfing hosts, with Qashqai nomads, with smugglers in Balochistan, in government teachers' centers and even in the school



ONE MORE ADV - Hanna Zasada and Jacek Prowadzisz - a pair of entrepreneurs who rearranged their lives and started a motorcycle journey to the Far East in mid-2022 with the intention of reaching India. They are now convinced that this is the first leg of their journey around the world. They tend to ride on side roads and off road. They notoriously stay in various places longer than they originally intended. You can find their experiences and practical information from their trip on their blog <https://onemoreadv.com> and on social media.





TRAVELER'S WORKSHOP

FIRST AID



mot pom
Zatank

PORTAL EDUKACYJNY / SZKOŁA JAZDY / TURYSTYKA



Motopomocni.pl
Podstawowe szkolenie z pierwszej pomocy dla pasażerów

KLASYCZNA / SZKOLENIA

Motopomocni



FIRST AID WHEN TRAVELING

Text and photos: MOTOPOMOCNI.PL

FIRST AID

The fact that motorcyclists are active participants in traffic does not need much convincing. Motorcycles are fast, agile and often allow us to reach our destination much faster than by car. For this reason, we have a good chance of being the first people on the scene of an accident, and therefore, as it were, we become responsible for the lives of the injured. Here you will learn the basics, the theory, but first aid is worth practicing regularly - you can do it together with Motopomocni.

A word of introduction and introduction - Motopomocni has been operating since 2013, organizing both first aid training - Safe and Helpful Motorcyclist (SaHM), but as you will read later - equally important training in improving riding techniques. As an interesting fact, I can reveal that during all these years of activity we have managed to train more than 20 thousand motorcyclists.

As vulnerable road users, we are extremely vulnerable to losing our health in the event of a crash. According to police statistics, in 2022 motorcyclists were involved in nearly two thousand crashes, of which more than 8% were fatal, and there were injuries in almost every one. Unlike cars, on motorcycles there are no belts, no bodywork, no airbags - nothing to

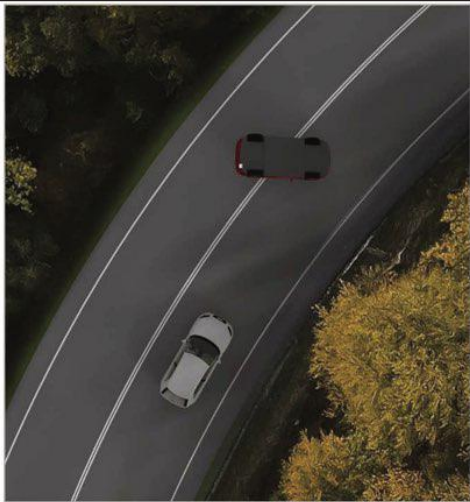
provide extra protection. We can rely solely on our skills and clothing. Knowing how to drive a motorcycle and spending money on clothes may seem little related to first aid until we tell ourselves about safety, namely one phrase - a good rescuer is a live rescuer.

Therefore, I already strongly encourage you to improve your driving technique, and if you are looking for a place where you can do it - we are here for you. Motopomocni conduct such training throughout Poland. It is important to remember that the priority on the scene is to ensure safety. Both for yourself as a rescuer, but also for the injured and other approaching people who may not be aware that something has happened, or may not notice it. By securing the scene, we not only give ourselves space to act, but also warn others so that any approaching vehicle will exercise caution and not cause another accident. In other words, we make sure that the number of injured people does not increase. You may ask how to do something like this when you only have a motorcycle? You probably do not carry a warning triangle on your machines, but you certainly have turn signals. If this is the case, all you need to do is position the motorcycle diagonally to the axis of the road and turn on the turn signals - drivers coming from the same direction will

see this as if it were an emergency light. If we are not on a one-way road then we are left with the other side to protect. By this point, there's a good chance that someone else has stopped besides you, but even if they haven't, and there was a car involved in the incident, they will most likely have a warning triangle inside - perfect for placing on the other side.

If you haven't done so before, this would also be a good time to call 911(USA) or 112(Europe) and report the incident. In that case, even if you forget what else needs to be done, you can rest assured that the person on the other end of the phone will be able to instruct you. Remember to give the location (posts along the road can help with this if you are out of

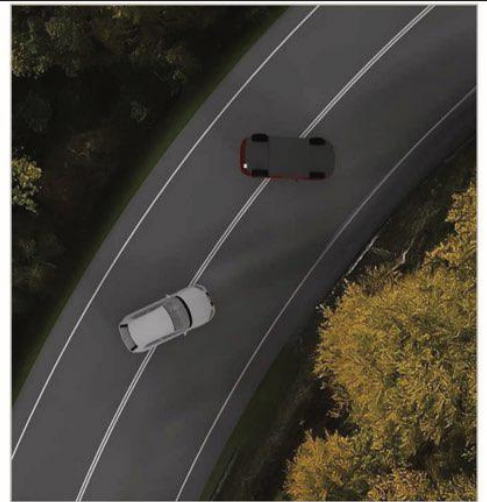
How to position the vehicle to be clearly visible to oncoming traffic? Proposition C is the best - it provides not only visibility, but also safety. In the event of an impact, the car will roll to the side of the road.



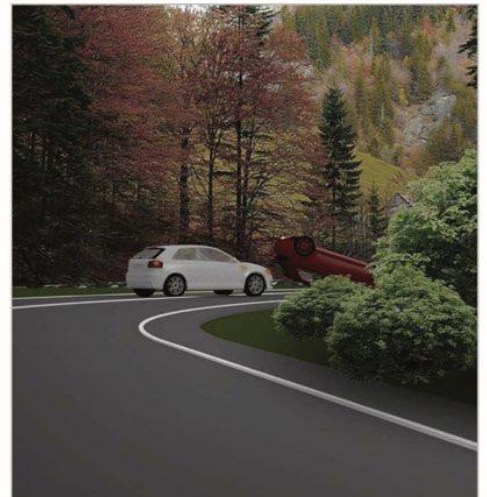
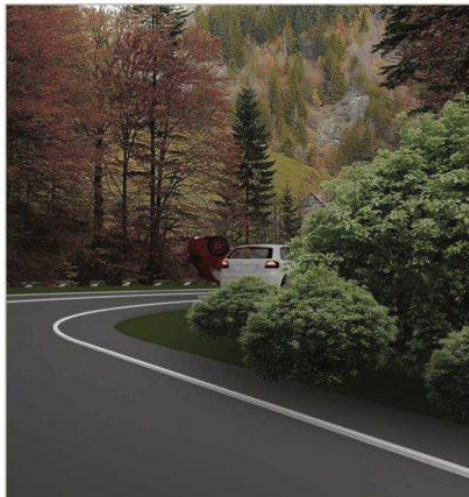
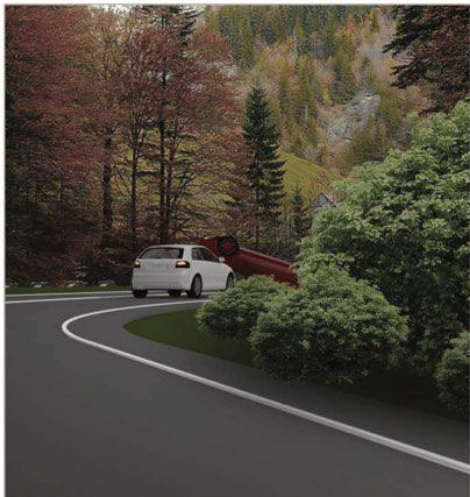
A



B



C





When checking your breathing, count down the seconds loudly, that way you won't miss any.

town), what happened and how many people were involved in the incident.

After securing the scene and notifying the services, if you have any, put on disposable gloves. If you didn't already have them, check out our store - a handy key ring with gloves and a rescue breathing mask can be found there at an inexpensive price. At the same time you will stock up and support the Foundation in further activities. This way the gloves will always be with you, and you will always be ready for action.

Now it's time to locate the injured and assess their condition. Some may wonder - locate? Yes, there are cases in which the injured leave the vehicle on their own after a crash, or do so involuntarily - by not wearing a seat belt. The condition of each injured person should be assessed, but how to do it? It is worth noting that any person involved in a traffic accident is likely to have injuries such as fractures, hemorrhages, burns and so on. Keeping this in mind is important for a simple reason - if such an injured person is breathing properly, and he is not in any danger, we do not try to move him by force, but only stabilize him in the position found. If the victim is outside the vehicle, we can put him in the lateral position, if it will not be painful for the victim. Ultimately, the most

important criterion for choosing a position for an injured person in a first-aid setting is whether we are not aggravating that person's pain and injuries - this is especially important for conscious people. Always try to provide such victims also with so-called thermal comfort - even in summer it is worth covering such a person - with a blanket, jacket, foil, and, if possible, arrange them so that they are not directly on the bare ground. The last step in conscious people is to check breathing every minute. What kind of breathing should it be? Full, so that the chest visibly rises and falls, that is, we observe inhalation and exhalation. And frequent - at least two full breaths in 10 seconds must be observed. Verifying this is not difficult - **put your hand on the chest and observe if it moves - at least twice in ten seconds.**

However, what to do when the said breaths are absent or incorrect? It's simple! CPR, that is, cardiopulmonary resuscitation - 30 by 2. Thirty chest compressions and two rescue breaths. The breaths can be difficult to perform without practice, we can also have resistance and it's all ok. Really! All you have to do is focus on the compressions - without interruption. We intertwine our hands and compress the center of the chest to the beat of the Bee Gees hit Stayin' Alive

(100-120 compressions per minute) until the rescuer tells us we can stop. In adults, we perform compressions to a depth of at least 5 centimeters and then let the chest recover on its own. Sound simple? Trust me - after a few minutes, even the worst exercises will seem pleasant to you. You can find out at one of our free SaHM training courses and practice performing CPR correctly, including with the increasingly popular AED.

Now let me complicate the question - what to do if the victim has a heavily bleeding wound on the thigh and is not breathing? Do we proceed with CPR? Only then what will happen? All the blood we will pump will escape outside the body, and without blood, even chest compressions will not help us. That's why dressing severe bleeding is a priority, with the emphasis on the word „HEAVILY“, so you can skip the cut eyebrow arch.

I know that a lot of information from this text you may not remember, some of it will get mixed up - how was it with this CPR? 30 compressions, 2 breaths. How deep do we compressions? At least 5 centimeters. Who do we call? 112 or 911, and so we could list endlessly. The most important thing, however, is not to be afraid to respond. You don't have to be perfect - no one



demands it. Even if your compressions are shallower or slower they are. And they are better than none at all. Will a rib crack? You've probably heard such stories - it's okay, if only because of this the injured person survives it will knit together - and you are protected by the law. According to Article 26, paragraph 1 of the Criminal Code in Poland: "He does not commit a crime who acts to avert an imminent

danger threatening any good protected by law, if the danger cannot be otherwise avoided and the good sacrificed represents a lower value than the good saved." This applies not only to ribs, but also to torn or cut clothes, damaged upholstery and so on. Therefore, let me repeat myself again - let's help, let's save, let's take care of each other. To do this, you need to have it in your blood, and to have it in your

At our SaHM trainings you can test yourself in virtual reality

blood, you need to practice. That's why I invite you to our first aid training courses, during which you will learn not only how to perform CPR, but also what to do with various types of wounds, how and when to





remove a motorcyclist's helmet, and much more.

And in a word of conclusion - a pair of nitrile gloves takes up about as much space as a crumpled banknote - both are worth carrying, but will a piece of paper keep you safe and save someone? Just keep both with you. The same goes for first aid kits - motorcycle ones should meet DIN 13167 standard,

and they are small enough to fit under the seats of most motorcycles - consider this purchase. It won't cost you much, and it may prove to be an invaluable help not only to others, but also to you when you have a small bump in the parking lot.

MOTOPOMOCNI FOUNDATION

As a foundation created by motorcyclists, rescuers and instructors of riding science and technique, we are the largest social campaign in Poland aimed at increasing the safety of motorcyclists through education. We provide training in first aid - Safe and Helpful Motorcyclist, as well as in improving riding techniques.

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