

A scenic view of a village with a church tower, seen through a field of red poppies. The church has a dark, conical roof and a small cross on top. The village is nestled in a valley with rolling hills in the background. The foreground is filled with tall green grass and numerous bright red poppies in various stages of bloom.

Leana Niemand

**Pedals and Passages
From Paris to Budapest by
Bicycle**

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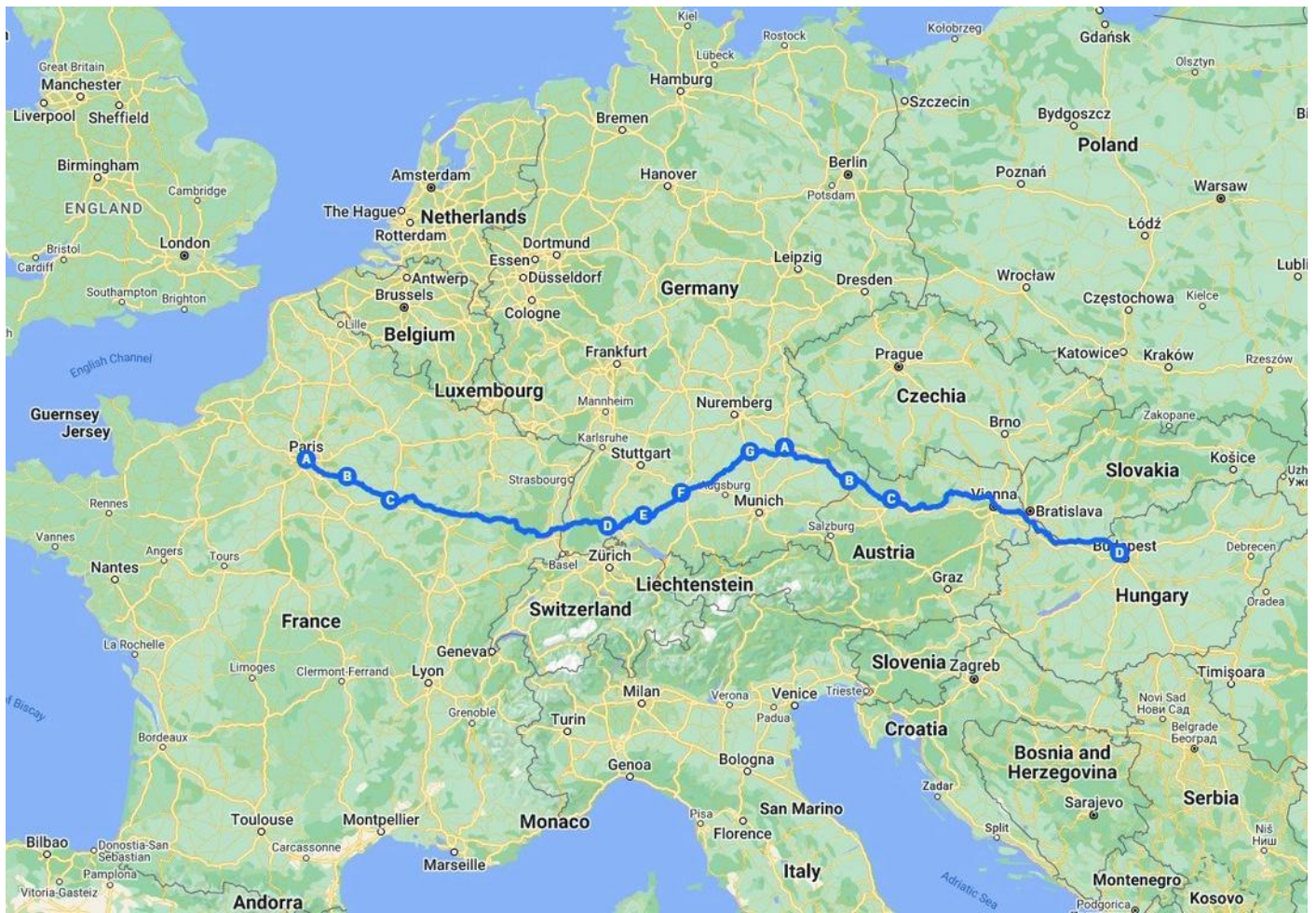
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Pedals and Passages From Paris to Budapest by Bicycle





Pedals and Passages From Paris to Budapest by Bicycle



Thank You

I am immensely grateful for the kindness of my fellow cyclists and the random acts of generosity I encountered during my cycle ride in Europe. It was truly a humbling experience.

My sister Amanda played a significant role in documenting my travels by keeping my journal entries and photos well-organised. Without her efforts, there would be no record of my journey.

I owe a great deal to my friend Val Abrahamse for managing my personal and financial matters back home while I travelled the world. Her conscientious efforts made it possible for me to pursue my dream.

Thanks also to Evlyn for allowing the use of her photos.



Pedals and Passages

From Paris to Budapest by Bicycle

Prologue: Departure and Decision

An unexpected twist of fate pulled me out of the Americas and dropped me in South Africa, where at last I secured the elusive Schengen visa. I had been drifting from country to country for years, and my bicycle felt more like a companion than equipment. This time, the route changed: instead of finishing in the Americas, I leapt across continents. It wasn't planned, but the detour brought a fresh, electric thrill of freedom and adventure.

The visa maze nudged me toward an organised cycling tour — a month-long ride with a group, panniers transported, meals and beds included. It was expensive, yes, but the promise of a European visa, the camaraderie, and the logistics taken care of made it irresistible. Hence, I packed my life into a single bag and prepared for the journey ahead.



Paris Arrival

The journey from Cape Town to Paris felt like crossing a threshold into possibility. As the plane soared above continents, I gazed out the window at the endless tapestry of clouds, each one a silent witness to my anticipation. Abu Dhabi was a blur—a brief interlude of airport lights and distant voices—before I was swept onward to the City of Lights.

Touching down in Paris, the air was thick with promise. The scent of freshly baked baguettes mingled with the hum of traffic and the distant laughter of café patrons. Paris, cradled by the River Seine, shimmered with elegance and history. Names like Chanel, Dior, and Louis Vuitton adorned the city's boulevards, but my heart beat for something less polished, more raw—the adventure waiting beyond the luxury storefronts.

At the hotel, I found my fellow cyclists already deep in the ritual of reassembling their bikes. The room buzzed with nervous energy and the clatter of tools. Gergo, our bicycle wizard, moved among us, his hands deft and reassuring. Panic flickered in my chest as I realised I'd forgotten my bike lock—a minor oversight, but one that threatened to unravel my careful preparations. Marion and Barry, new friends from Australia, stepped in with quiet generosity, lending me a spare lock and restoring my sense of calm.

That evening, I joined David and Edna, also Australians, for dinner. We traded stories over plates of simple food, laughter dissolving the exhaustion of travel. The city outside beckoned, but we turned in early, eager for the adventure that would begin with the dawn.



Pedalling the Streets of Paris

Morning in Paris arrived bright and gentle, the city still half-asleep as we gathered for our first ride. Excitement coursed through my veins as we pedalled through quiet streets, the early hour granting us a rare intimacy with the city's grandeur. The Eiffel Tower rose above us, a sentinel of steel and dreams, while the Arc de Triomphe stood proud against the pale sky.

We paused for coffee, the bitter warmth grounding us in the present. The River Seine glimmered nearby, its waters carrying centuries of stories. Each revolution of my bike wheels felt like a heartbeat, echoing the rhythm of Paris itself.

Back at the hotel, our guides—Ricardo, Miles, and Gergo—outlined the days ahead. Their words painted a landscape of challenge and discovery, and I felt the first true stirrings of exhilaration. A quick visit to a local bike shop for a new helmet and lock completed my preparations. I was ready to embrace Europe, to chase the horizon and whatever lay beyond.







Into the French Countryside - Paris to Chenoise

I woke excited; the moment had come. I perched atop my iron horse, surrounded by cyclists in sleek gear, while I wore shorts, sandals, and a T-shirt—not a rebellion against convention but minimalistic practicality. The road unfurled before us, leading out of Paris and into the heart of France.

The countryside was a living postcard: rolling fields, tiny hamlets, and the dappled shade of ancient trees. Lunch was a simple affair beneath leafy canopies, the world slowing to a gentle pace. We arrived early at a farm campsite, greeted by the soft whicker of horses and the curious gaze of donkeys and ponies. The farmhouse, with its weathered stone and warm light, felt like a haven—a place where stories could begin and end.





Castles and Champagne - Chenoise to Troyes—90 km

Daybreak came with the chorus of farm animals, their enthusiasm nudging us awake. After a hearty breakfast, we set off, spirits high and legs eager. A detour led us to Provins, a town wrapped in medieval walls and crowned by a castle. The air was thick with history, and I imagined knights and merchants walking the same cobblestones centuries before.

The road carried us past poppy fields and stone houses adorned with bright window boxes. The villages felt suspended in time, serene and untouched. That night, we checked into a cosy hotel—a luxurious treat after days of tents and open air. Troyes, the historic capital of Champagne, welcomed us with sparkling wine and the promise of celebration.





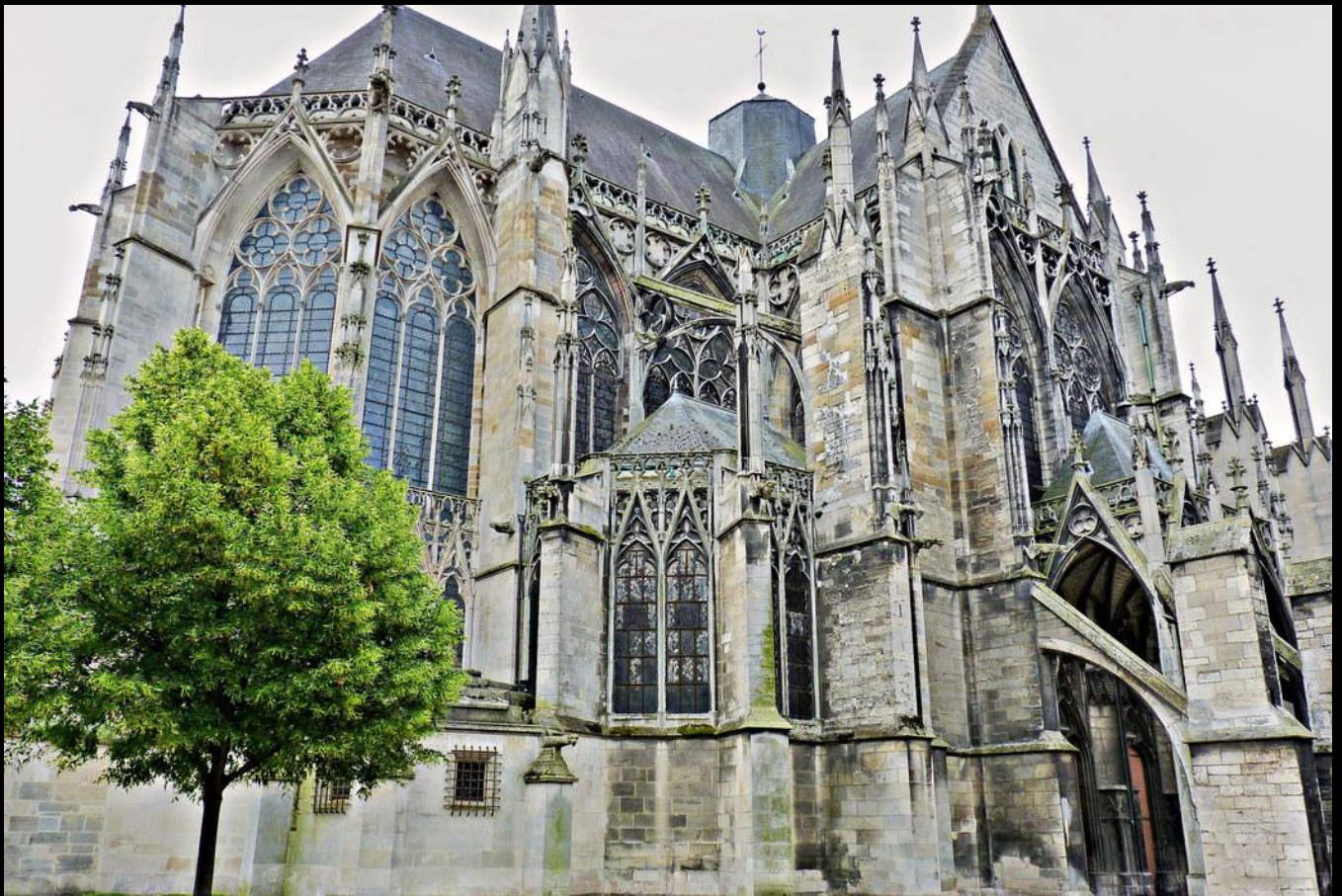




The Heart of Troyes

Troyes was a jewel, its timbered houses and grand cathedrals alive with stories. I wandered the streets, drawn to the tale of the Knights Templar, who had once called this city home. The air buzzed with possibility, and I let myself be swept up in the history and vibrancy. Champagne was, of course, a necessary indulgence.



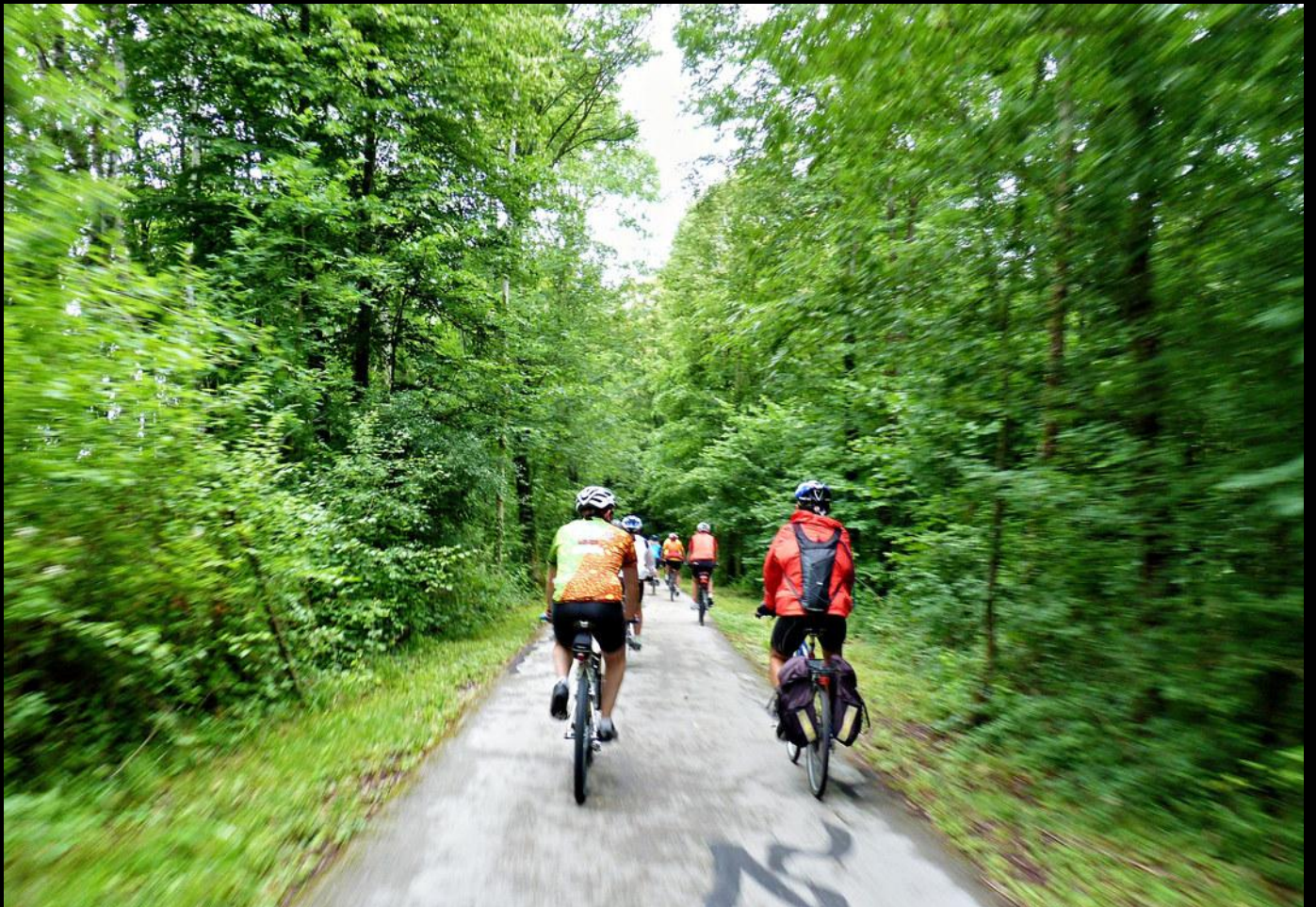


Resilience on the Road - Troyes to Val de Meuse

The day began with a shock—Evlyn and Alf’s bikes had vanished from the hotel’s garage. Their calm in the face of adversity was inspiring as they dashed off to a bike shop. While they sort out new bicycles, the rest of us cycled through the idyllic countryside, stopping for coffee and pastries, the crisp air sharpening our senses.

When Evlyn and Alf finally rejoined us at camp, their arrival was met with raucous applause; their resilience and positive attitude in the face of adversity were truly inspiring. We gathered around bottles of red wine to celebrate resilience and friendship. The chill in the air was no match for the warmth of camaraderie.





Mist and Mountains - Val-de-Meuse to Plombières-les-Bains

The morning greeted me with a reluctant chill, the kind that makes you burrow deeper into your sleeping bag and wish for just a few more minutes of warmth. The sun tried to break through the clouds, but the sky remained stubbornly grey, casting a soft gloom over the landscape. We set out from Val-de-Meuse, our breath visible in the crisp air. Along the way, we treated ourselves to the renowned French cheeses paired with fresh, crusty bread—an indulgence that never disappoints.

As we rolled into Plombières, the charm of small, upright houses clinging to the mountainside welcomed us, alongside the promise of thermal baths. A steaming cup of coffee in a tiny eatery warmed my hands before the final climb to our campsite. We arrived just as the drizzle began, tents pitched in a race against the rain. The evening was quiet, the sound of droplets on canvas a gentle lullaby.





Through the Black Forest - Plombières-les-Bains to Munster

The following day began as the last had ended—cold and misty, the valleys shrouded in a fairytale haze. We sped downhill, the wind biting at our faces, and found ourselves in a world of vineyards and hamlets. The climb was relentless, legs burning with effort, but laughter and shared stories lightened the load.

Lunch at a ski resort was a welcome respite, the warmth of coffee and companionship fending off the chill. Munster appeared at last, its streets alive with the sight of storks nesting atop rooftops—a whimsical touch to an otherwise grey day. Dinner at the campsite was a celebration of survival, French wine flowing freely as we recounted the day's trials and triumphs.





Crossing Borders - Munster, France to Freiburg, Germany

Breakfast was hearty, fueling us for the journey ahead. The countryside rolled past in a blur of timeless villages and serene riverbanks. Crossing into Germany, the change was immediate—neat cycle paths, vibrant farmlands, and architecture that spoke of a new chapter.

Our hotel in Freiburg was elegant, almost too refined after the simplicity of tent life. Sharing a room with Alice, a spirited Canadian, I found myself missing the open air and the sense of freedom it brought. Alice, under the weather, retired early, leaving me to reflect on the day's transitions—between countries, cultures, and the comfort of routine.





Freiburg's Charm - Rest Day in Freiburg

Freiburg was a revelation. Cobblestone streets wound through the village, trams rattled past, and sidewalk cafés spilt laughter and music into the air. Children floated boats in sparkling water channels, while locals basked in the sunshine, drinks in hand.

Germany's beer culture was impossible to ignore, each brew a new adventure. The cuckoo clocks, with their intricate designs, were a feast for the eyes. Cyclists filled the streets, revelling in the city's bike-friendly spirit. The day was a gentle reminder of the joy found in exploration and the beauty of slowing down.





The Source of the Danube - Freiburg to Donaueschingen

A fabulous breakfast set the tone for the day. We rode through the heart of the Black Forest, the air thick with the scent of pine and earth. Timber houses dotted the landscape, a testament to the region's woodcraft.

Challenging hills tested our resolve, but the exhilarating descents made every climb worthwhile. Donaueschingen, the official starting point of the Danube River, greeted us with its unique charm. At camp, I met Tamar and Keith, a British couple on a tandem recumbent bike. Their adventurous spirit was infectious, and I was lucky enough to try their unusual ride—a memory that would linger long after the journey ended.









Sunlit Cycleways - Donaueschingen to Sigmaringen

For the first time, the sun graced us, illuminating the Danube cycleway and lifting spirits. Families, children, and fellow cyclists shared the path, their smiles reflecting the joy of a perfect day outdoors.

Castles perched on hills, forests whispered secrets, and villages welcomed us with open arms. Coffee breaks were plentiful, the pace relaxed, and laughter abundant. Miles, our chef, prepared another delicious meal, and as the drizzle returned, we retreated to our tents—exhausted, content, and grateful.





The Danube's Embrace - Sigmaringen to Ulm

The Danube cycleway beckoned, its path winding alongside Europe's second-longest river. The landscape shifted with every turn—lush meadows, sleepy villages, and the river itself, a constant companion. The ride was both a test and a joy, the terrain more varied than I'd imagined. We crossed the river again and again, each crossing a small celebration.

Arriving in Ulm, hunger led us on a quest for authentic German fare. The evening unfolded in a cosy restaurant, plates piled high with Wiener schnitzel, sauerkraut, and Swabian noodles. Cold German beer washed away the day's fatigue, laughter echoing around the table. In this city of spires and stories, I felt the camaraderie of the road settle deep into my bones.





Rest and Wonder in Ulm

A day without cycling felt almost decadent. Ulm's streets invited exploration—its church, crowned by the world's tallest steeple, soared above the city, a marvel of human ambition. I wandered through bustling markets and quiet corners, pausing to reflect at the birthplace of Albert Einstein. The day was a gentle interlude, a chance to catch up on laundry, emails, and the simple pleasure of being still.



Detours and Discoveries - Ulm to Eggelstetten

Breakfast was a feast, fueling us for the unknown. The road eastward was full of surprises—a coffee shop owner, charmed by our “Paris—Istanbul” signs, treated us to fresh pretzels and homemade sausage. The forest beckoned, and even when we lost our way, every detour revealed new beauty. The day became a tapestry of unexpected moments, each one a reminder that the journey itself is the destination.





Rain and Reflection - Eggelstetten to Kipfenberg

A breeze danced through camp as we set out, the sky heavy with the promise of rain. I lingered behind, savouring the solitude and the landscape's quiet majesty. The rain came and went, a gentle companion rather than a foe. Eichstatt tempted me to explore, but I pressed on, arriving at camp far too early.

As the group gathered, tents pitched beneath a persistent drizzle, the evening unfolded in warmth and conversation. Hot showers, red wine, and chocolate chased away the chill. We debated the world's energy crisis, our words weaving a tapestry of ideas and dreams. In the soft glow of lantern light, I felt the bonds of friendship deepen.





Through the Rain to Regensburg

The day began with rain, but spirits remained undampened. Coffee and pretzels became our ritual, each stop a chance to warm our hands and hearts. The cycle path led us through forests and farmlands, barges gliding silently along the waterways.

A missed lunch stop sent me downstream, but the city of Regensburg soon appeared—a mosaic of spires and cobblestones. That evening, we gathered in a bustling restaurant, savouring schnitzel and Swabian noodles, the flavours of Bavaria mingling with the stories of the day.





München-Regensburg-Prag



über Donauradweg
zum Regentalradweg



Donauradweg-
Passau



Donauradweg-
Ulm



Regensburg - Medieval Marvels

Regensburg revealed itself as a living museum, its medieval heart beating with centuries of history. I wandered narrow streets, each one a portal to another time. The stone bridge over the Danube, built nearly a thousand years ago, stood as a testament to endurance and ingenuity. The city's beauty was quiet and profound, a place to lose oneself and be found anew.





Short Rides and Shared Stories - Regensburg to Straubing

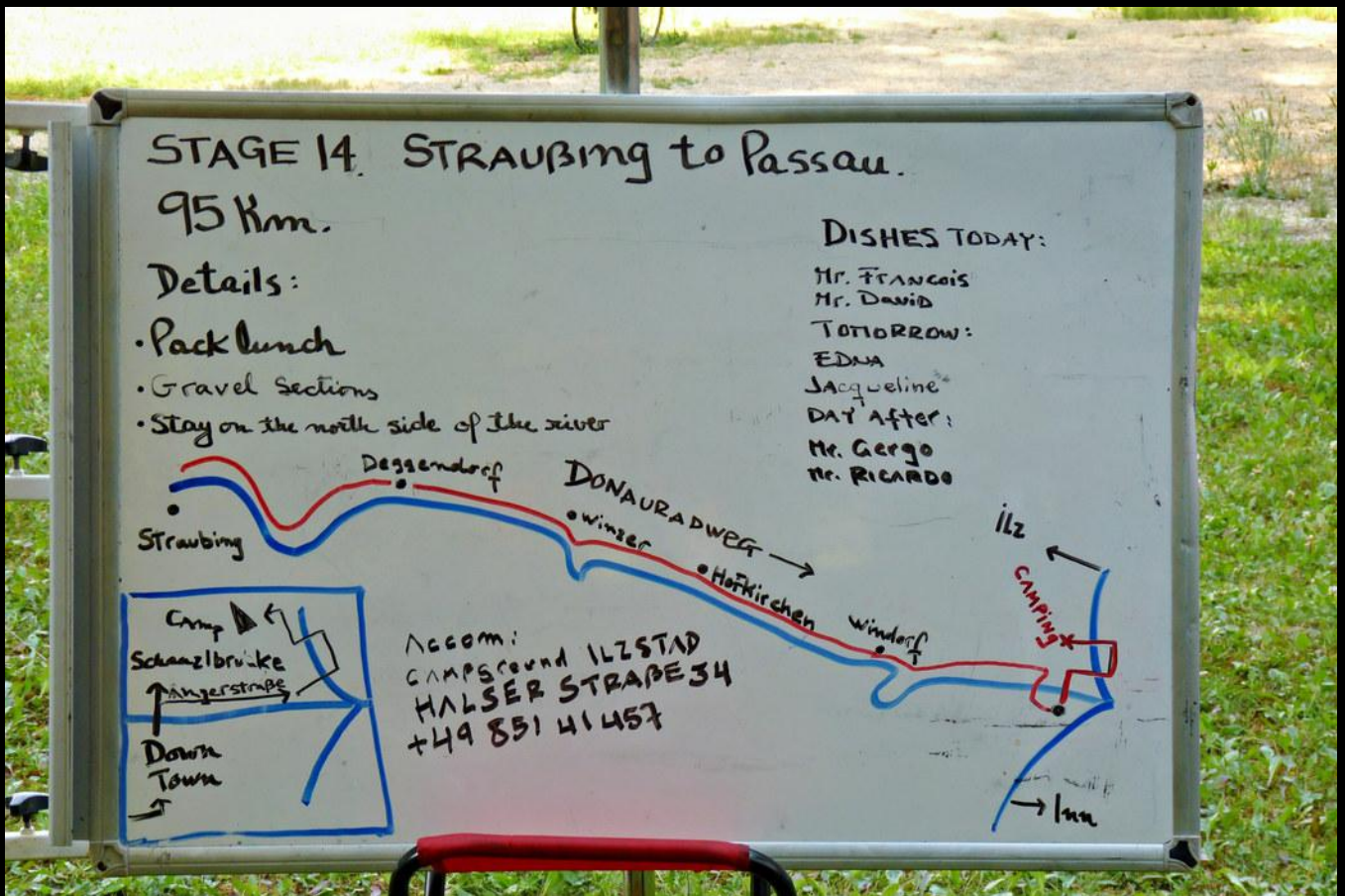
The ride to Straubing was brief, the distance leaving ample time for curiosity. We paused often, drawn by intriguing buildings and the promise of local delicacies.

The group splintered into racers and wanderers, each finding their own rhythm. Among us, Chris was the solitary racer, revelling in the thrill of speed, finishing his rides hours before anyone else. Francois from Canada, Michelle from New Zealand, and Jacky from Australia all set a swift pace, while Barry, Marion, and Alice, seasoned cyclists, kept up with their rhythm. The rest of us trailed behind, each pedal stroke adding to our shared adventure. The day was a gentle reminder that every journey is made richer by the company we keep and the stories we share.









Sunshine and Shadows - Straubing to Passau

The morning greeted us with a rare burst of sunshine, the kind that lifts spirits and promises adventure. The group set out in high spirits, laughter echoing along the riverbanks as we cycled through fields painted gold by the sun. The camaraderie was palpable—stories traded, encouragement offered, and the gentle rhythm of wheels on pavement binding us together.

But the day was not without its trials. Midway through the ride, John—our gentle friend from Canada—suffered a sudden accident. Barry and Marion rushed to his side, their calm and compassion a balm in the tense moment.

Lunch became an impromptu picnic, the lunch truck stranded, but our spirits undiminished. We spread out under the open sky, sharing bread, cheese, and laughter. By the time we reached Passau, the city's beauty was a welcome reward. Our campground offered hot showers and a chance to unwind, while dinner brought the group together once more—stories flowing, rain pattering on tent roofs, and bottles of red wine warming us against the evening chill.







River and Reunion - Passau, Germany to Linz, Austria

The next day marked a gentle shift in our journey. Some, including Edna, Sterling, John (still recovering), Evlyn, and Alf, opted for a Danube riverboat cruise, savouring the scenery from the water. The rest of us pedalled alongside, the river a constant companion, its surface shimmering beneath a sky that threatened rain.

David and I rode together, our pace unhurried, stopping for coffee and scanning the river for glimpses of our friends. The reunion near Linz was joyful—waves and laughter as boat and bikes converged. We pitched our tents just as the rain returned, the rhythm of droplets on canvas a familiar comfort.

A public holiday in Austria meant closed shops and empty pantries, but adversity became opportunity. We dined out, sampling Austrian cuisine and sharing stories late into the night. The city's energy was infectious, and I felt the bonds of our group grow stronger with each shared meal and challenge overcome.







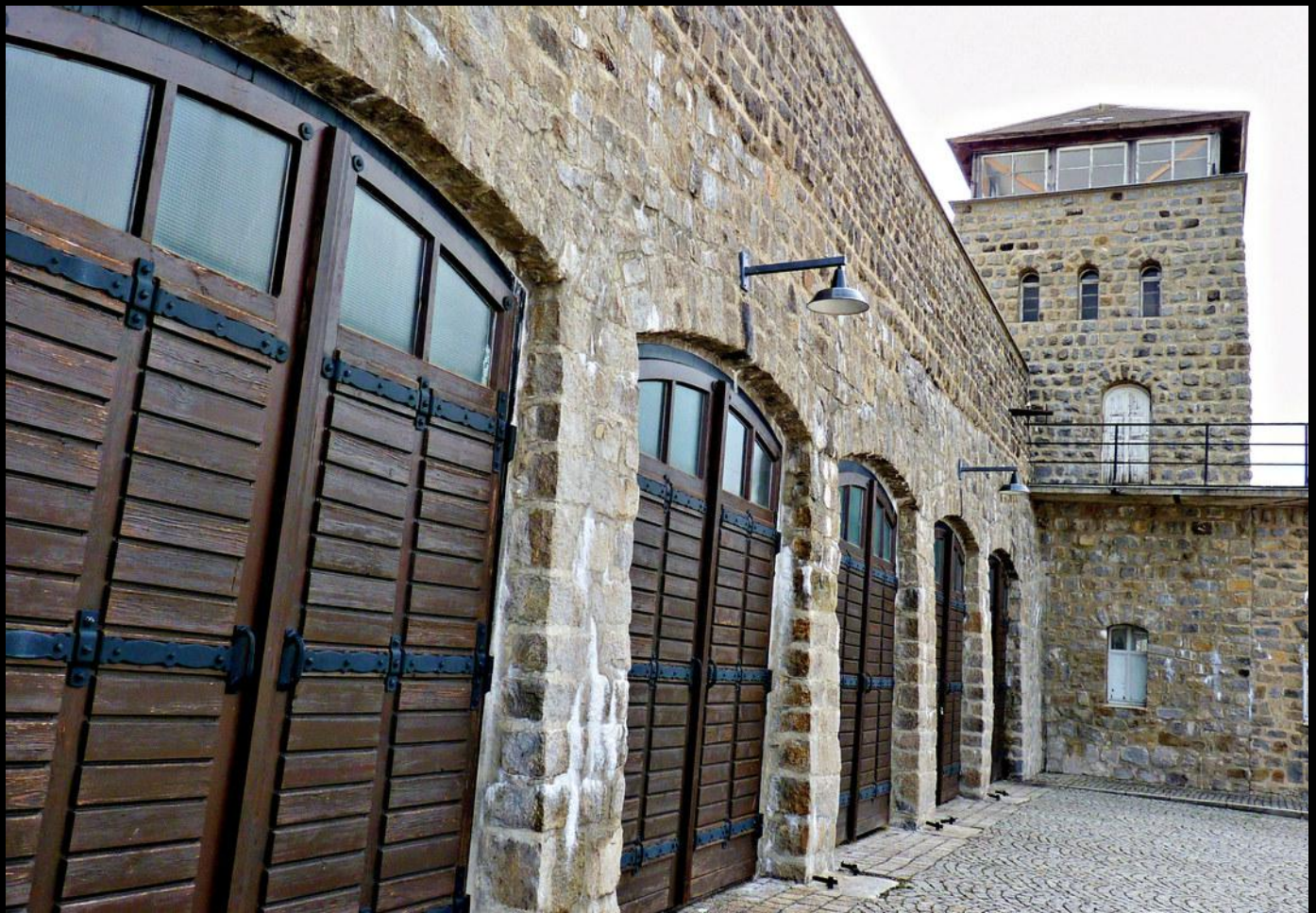
Memory and Farewell - Linz to Emmersdorf

We set out from Linz, the river guiding us eastward. A detour to the Mauthausen concentration camp cast a sombre shadow over the morning—a stark reminder of history’s weight. The silence among us was respectful; each person lost in thought as we walked the grounds.

Afterwards, the road beckoned, and a strong tailwind lifted our spirits. The landscape was pure Austria—rolling hills, villages nestled among vineyards, and the occasional burst of sunlight breaking through the clouds. Coffee stops punctuated the ride, fuelling both body and soul.

This day marked the end of Evlyn and Alf’s journey with us. Watching them pack up their bikes was bittersweet; their laughter and resilience had become a cherished part of our group. Back at camp, we tended to John’s leg, Sterling’s gentle care a testament to the kindness that defined our travels. The evening was quiet, the bonds of friendship deepened by shared adversity and farewell.







Vienna Beckons - Emmersdorf to Vienna—120 km

Our ride to Vienna unfolded like a picturesque postcard, a feast for the senses. Vineyards stretched across hillsides, cherry trees and apricot orchards bursting with colour. Each village we passed seemed to whisper stories of centuries gone by—cobblestone streets, ancient churches, and castles perched atop green hills.

Losing track of the group became a gift; I rode alone for much of the day, savouring the tranquillity and beauty of the countryside. Muddy tracks and wrong turns added a touch of adventure, but the landscape was forgiving, guiding me gently toward the city.

Vienna awaited—a city of music, art, and history. Our hotel was a welcome sight, promising two days of rest and exploration. The anticipation was electric; I could hardly wait to lose myself in the city's vibrant tapestry.



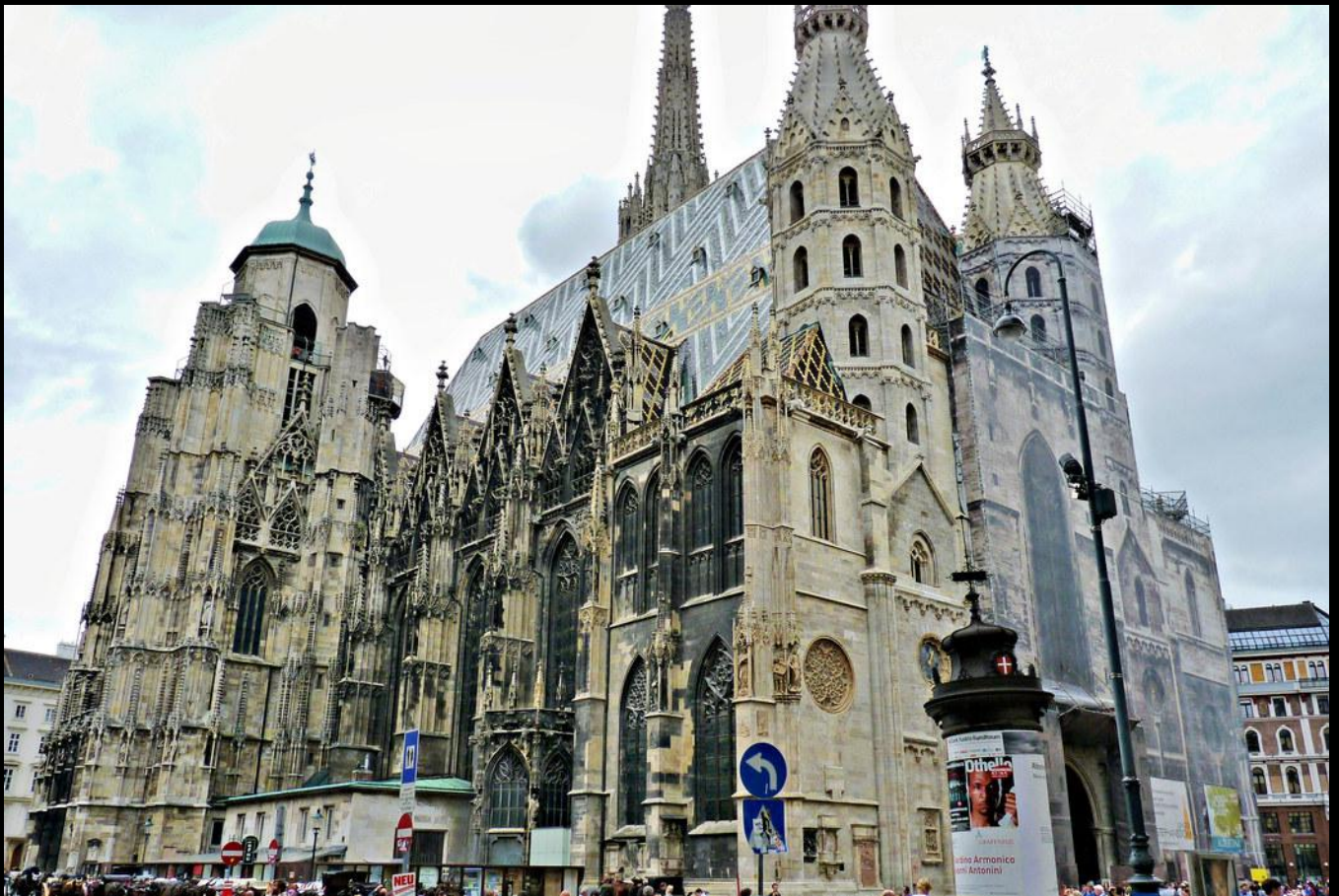


Vienna's Heartbeat

Arriving in Vienna felt like stepping into a living masterpiece. The city pulsed with energy—the Danube Island Festival drawing crowds to bandstands, food stalls, and endless entertainment. I wandered the streets, the colossal Ferris wheel spinning above, the aroma of coffee and bratwurst filling the air.

Solitude became a companion as I explored Vienna's grand opera houses, piano workshops, and art nouveau architecture. The city's past and present danced together—horse-drawn carriages clattering alongside modern trams, the spirits of Strauss and Mozart lingering in every note.

Coffee shops and pavement cafés invited lingering conversations, while ticket vendors tempted with operas and concerts. Otto Wagner's creative legacy adorned the city, and bicycle lanes wove through parks and boulevards. Vienna was a place to savour, each moment a brushstroke on the canvas of memory.







WIENER HOFBURG-ORCHESTER

Wiener Hofburg / Imperial Palace



J. STRAUSS – W. A. MOZART

KONZERTE

mit internationalen Gesangssolisten

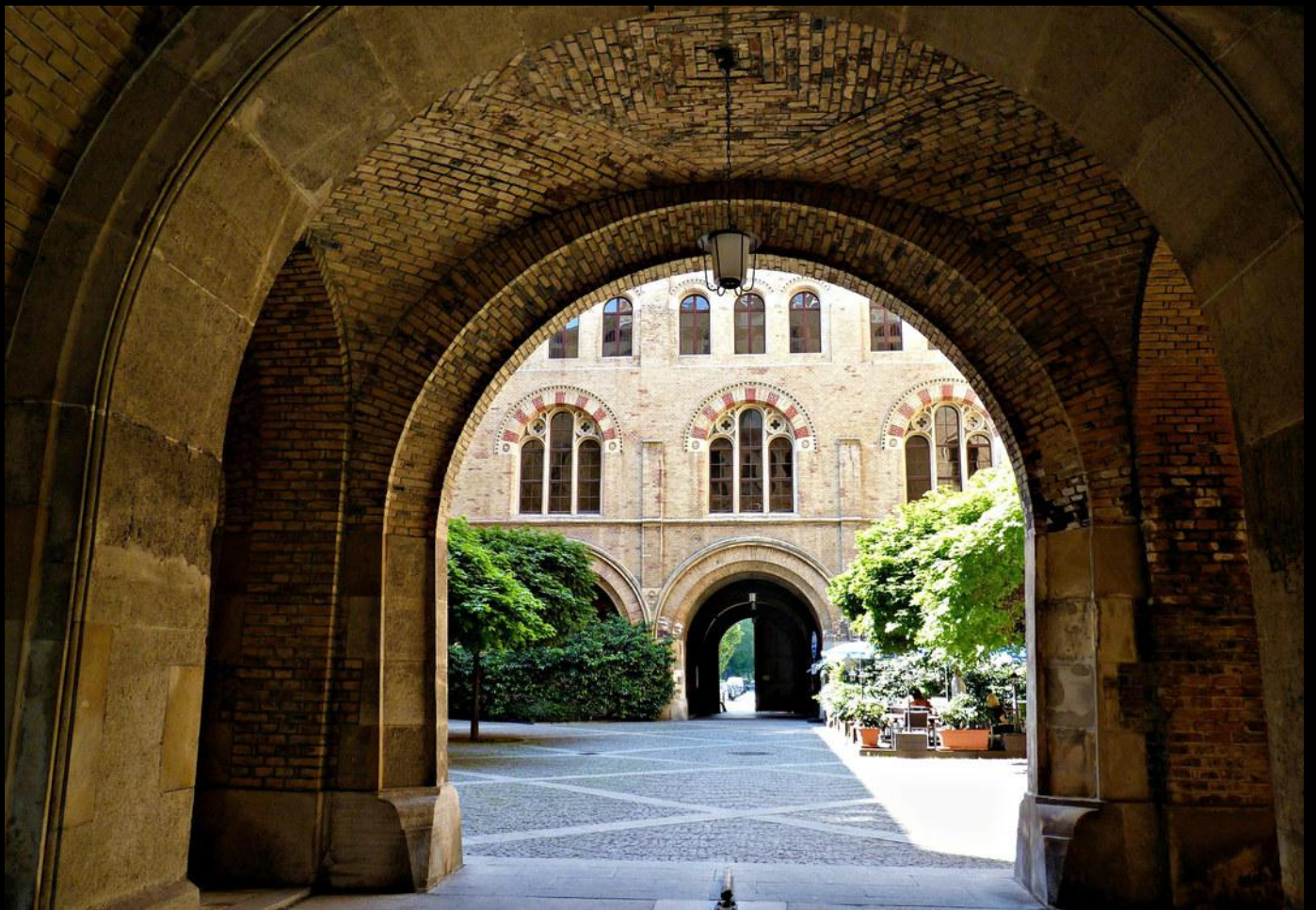
DIENSTAG
TUESDAY

DONNERSTAG
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SATURDAY

MAI – OKTOBER 20h30 – 22h00

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Across Borders - Vienna, Austria to Bratislava, Slovakia

After two days of Vienna's delights, it was time to move on. New faces joined our group—Mieke and PC from South Africa, Paul from the USA, Mark from Australia, and Rudolf from Canada. The excitement was palpable as we pedalled out of Vienna, the city fading behind us, the border with Slovakia marked only by a small sign high on a pole.

Bratislava welcomed us with open arms. Our accommodation—a cosy boathouse—was a pleasant surprise, spacious and comfortable. Marion and Barry joined me in exploring the city's vibrant streets, climbing hills to discover castles and wandering through the old town's hidden gems.

Dinner on the boat was a highlight, with divine food and warm company. Later, a stroll into town led to a glass of exquisite red wine, courtesy of PC—a perfect ending to a day of discovery and connection.









Into Hungary—A Birthday on the Road - Bratislava, Slovakia to Komarom, Hungary

The morning air was thick with anticipation as we bid farewell to our floating home in Bratislava. The group splintered into its familiar rhythms—some surging ahead, others lingering to savour the scenery. I found myself cycling alongside Mieke and PC, their laughter and curiosity a welcome soundtrack to the day.

The border crossing into Hungary was so subtle it almost slipped by unnoticed—a modest sign, a gentle shift in the landscape, and suddenly we were in a new country. The road unfurled before us, lined with fields and small villages, each with its own quiet charm.

Today was special: Mieke's birthday. We celebrated in true cyclist fashion—pausing for cake at a roadside café, toasting with red wine, and sharing stories that grew more animated with each kilometre. Francois tried to teach us French phrases, but the words dissolved into laughter, the joy of the moment eclipsing any need for perfection. The day was long, the sun warm on our backs, and by the time we reached Komarom, we were sun-kissed, but content.







The Last Ride Together - Komarom to Budapest

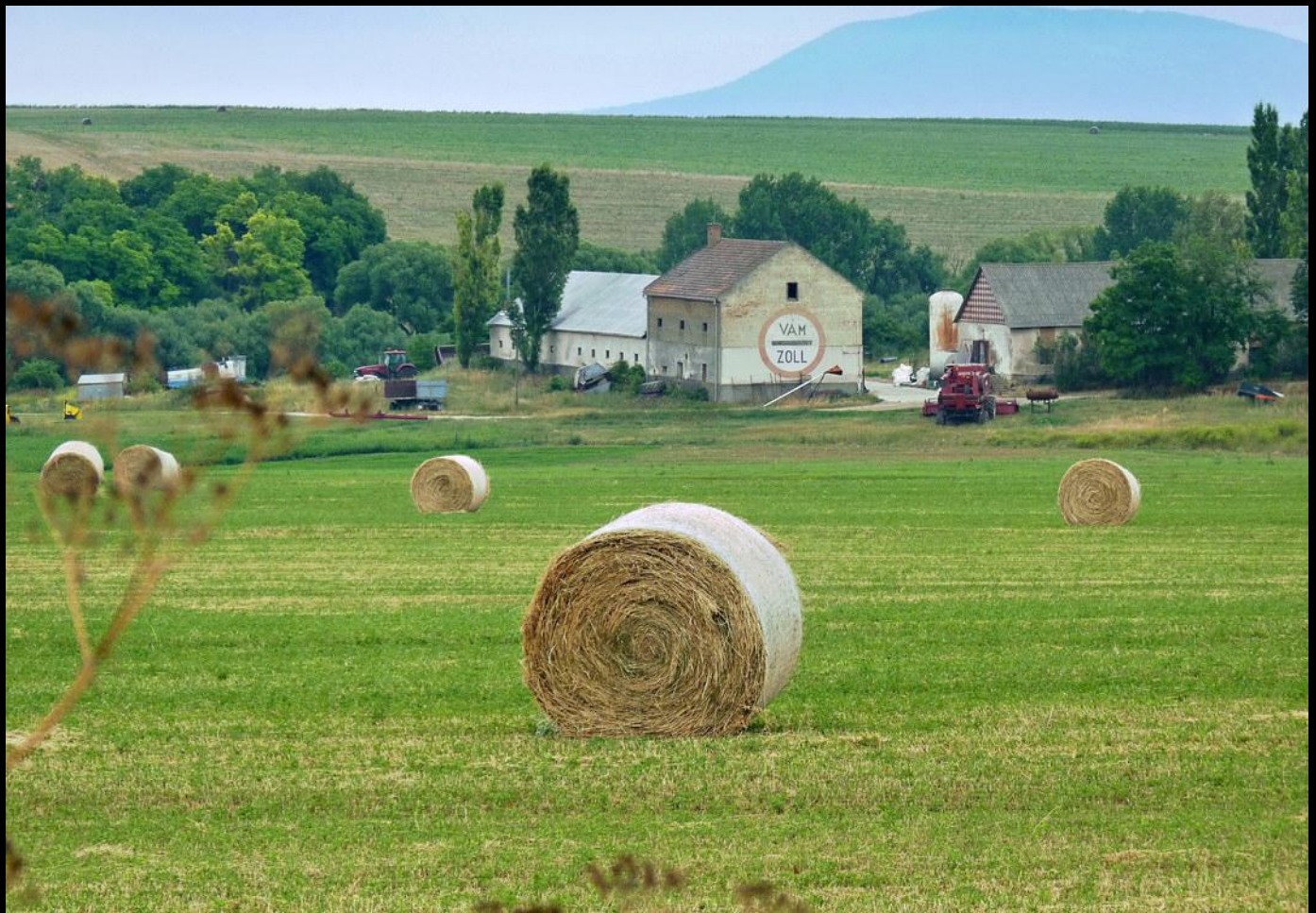
There's a bittersweetness to final days, a sense of savouring every detail. The Hungarian countryside rolled past in waves of green and gold, the road rising and falling beneath our wheels. Lunch was a simple affair at the food truck, but the company made it a feast.

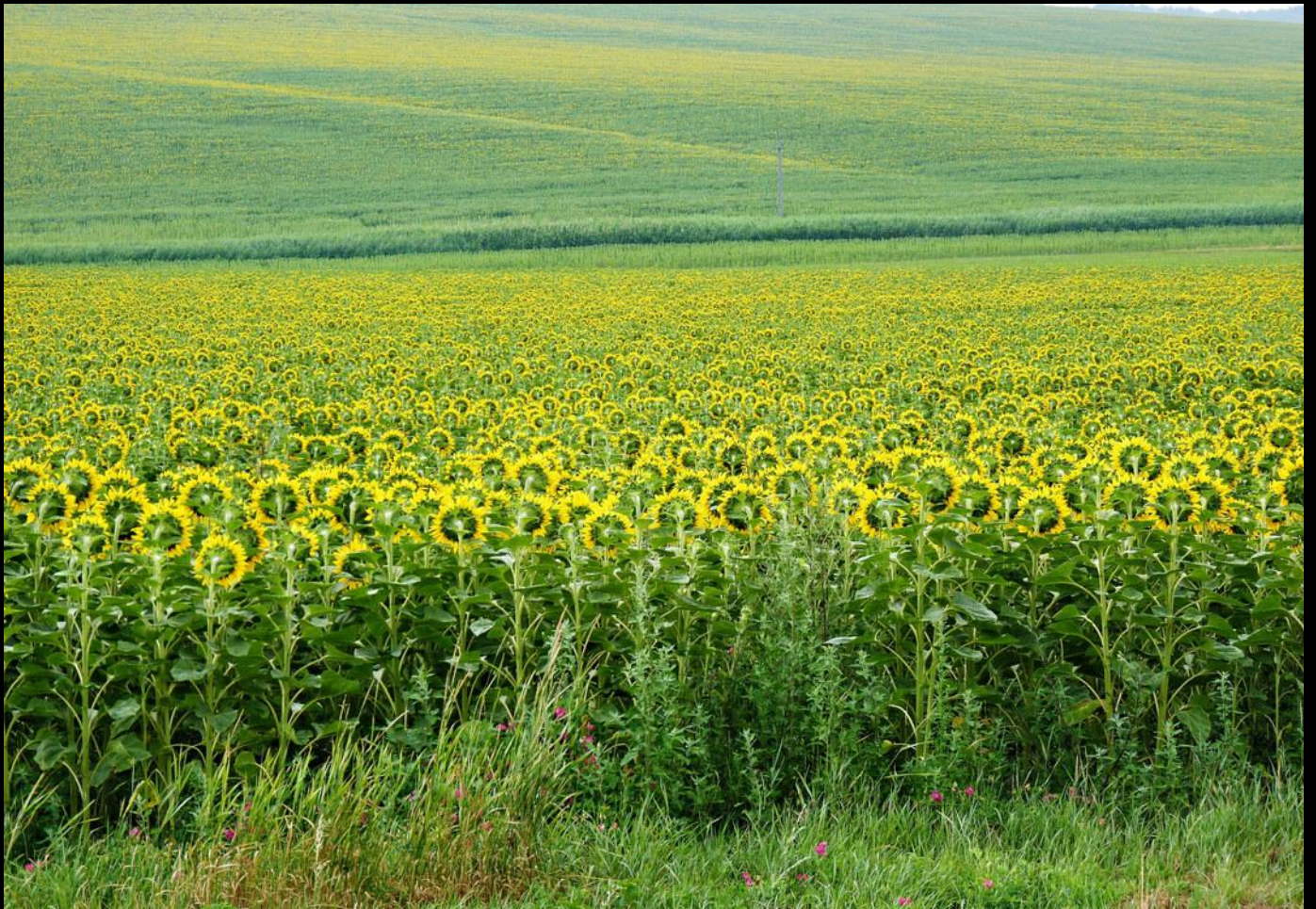
As Budapest's skyline appeared on the horizon, excitement and nostalgia mingled in my chest. We rode into the city as a group, laughter echoing off the buildings, the bonds of the past weeks palpable in every glance and gesture.

That evening, we gathered for a celebratory meal—Hungarian cuisine, cold beers, and stories that tumbled over one another in a rush to be told. I watched my companions prepare for the next leg of their journey, a wave of melancholy washing over me. Yet, beneath it all, there was gratitude: for the miles shared, the friendships forged, and the adventures yet to come.









Budapest—A City of Surprises

Budapest was a revelation. I wandered its grand boulevards and hidden alleys, marvelling at the city's architecture—ornate facades, soaring bridges, and the ever-present Danube. Each evening became a culinary quest, searching out the best local fare and discovering the city's famed ruin pubs, or Romkocsma. These hidden gems, tucked into abandoned courtyards, pulsed with life—music, art, and laughter spilling into the night.

One evening, I watched Gergo's band perform, the music weaving a spell over the crowd. My friends, PC and Mieke, surprised me with a goody bag—cup-a-soup, instant noodles, sweets, and a tiny bottle of wine—a gesture that warmed me more than they could know. The morning of July 3rd brought bittersweet goodbyes as they set off for the Romanian border. I lingered in Budapest, updating my blog and reflecting on the journey that had brought me here.

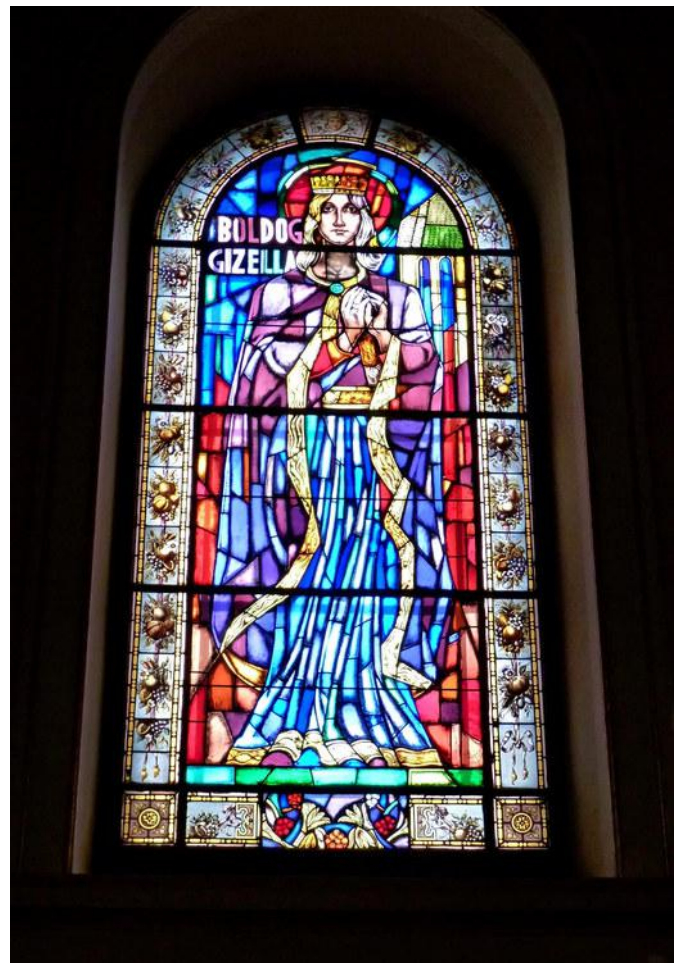




Epilogue—Packing for the Next Adventure

With fresh laundry in hand, I wandered the city one last time, PC at my side as we navigated bustling markets and historic monuments. The city buzzed with energy, a fitting backdrop for the end of this chapter. Back in my room, I began the familiar ritual of repacking my panniers—each item a memory, each fold a promise to carry these experiences forward.

As I zipped my bag and prepared for the next leg—by train to Basil, Switzerland, then west to Lisbon—I felt a quiet certainty. The journey had changed me, each day a brushstroke on the canvas of my life. The road ahead was unknown, but I was ready, heart open to whatever awaited beyond the horizon.





Epilogue Reflection

Thirty-three days and nearly two thousand kilometres later, the trip had been more than a route on a map. It was a study in small kindnesses and sudden challenges, in the way strangers become companions and how landscapes shape mood and memory. The Danube taught me patience and perspective; the Black Forest taught me the joy of quiet; Vienna and Budapest taught me how cities can be both grand and intimate.

I left Europe's first leg with a head full of images — castles at sunset, mist in the valleys, the clatter of trams, the warmth of shared wine — and with the steady certainty that the road would call again. My panniers felt lighter for the memories they now held.









About this Blog

This blog documents the first part of my ride in Europe, starting in Paris and ending in Budapest. TDA Global Cycling organised the ride. There are numerous roads, and the route described here is not necessarily the best. If you intend to use this blog as a guide for your own cycle tour, please bear in mind the following points:

The distances

Please note that the tour was not self-supported, and the daily distances recorded in this blog may not always reflect the shortest route, as I occasionally deviate from the main path. However, the daily kilometres recorded were accurate according to my odometer.

Time of year and date

This blog accounts for my visit to Europe in June 2011. It's important to note that many things may have changed since then. The roads may have been improved or fallen into disrepair, and the places where we overnighted might have been upgraded or demolished.

Insurance

A travel insurance policy is essential to cover loss, theft, and medical expenses. However, some policies might not cover certain activities, such as scuba diving, motorcycling, and trekking. It's important to carefully read the policy to make sure it covers the activities you plan to do.

Clothing

During a cycling holiday, we spend most of our time riding bicycles, so having high-quality, padded cycling shorts is essential. You can wear any comfortable footwear while cycling, but I suggest lightweight hiking shoes or sandals. The weather in Europe can range from freezing to sweltering, so pack accordingly. Don't forget to include personal toiletries such as insect repellent and anti-chafe cream. Lastly, I strongly recommend wearing a cycling helmet for safety purposes.

The bicycle and equipment

When choosing a bicycle for your needs, comfort is the most crucial factor. I use a mountain bike with a Merida frame, Shimano Deore parts, Alex wheel rims, and Schwalbe tyres. To carry my belongings during the ride, I use Tubus bicycle racks and Ortlieb panniers, which can be a bit pricey but are definitely worth it in the long run. It's essential to know how to fix a punctured tube, and it's also convenient to have a phone holder on the handlebars for navigation purposes. I use Organic Maps or Google Maps for this. A handlebar bag is also a must-have for carrying a camera and other essentials throughout the day.



Author Biography

Hailing from the vibrant city of Cape Town, South Africa, Leana's journey into the world of cycling began not with years of training, but with a single bold decision. In 2005, driven by curiosity and a spirit of adventure, she entered the Tour D'Afrique—a legendary mountain bike race stretching from Cairo to Cape Town. With little cycling experience, Leana purchased a bicycle, flew to Cairo, and set off on a path that would carry her the entire route from Cairo to Cape Town.

Returning home, Leana found that the rhythms of ordinary life could not compare to the freedom of the open road. The call of adventure proved irresistible, and in March 2007, she and her companion, Ernest Markwood, embarked on a journey that would evolve into a round-the-world cycling odyssey. Though they began together, the road eventually led them to discover their own unique directions—both in travel and in life.

Leana's travels have taken her across Africa twice, through the Middle East, Europe, the United Kingdom, Eastern Europe, the Caucasus, the Indian subcontinent, China, Southeast Asia, and Australia. Her wanderlust then carried her to Ushuaia, Argentina, from where she cycled the length of South, Central, and North America over several years. Along the way, she explored many of the world's larger islands, including Cuba, Jamaica, Sri Lanka, the Philippines, South Korea, and Taiwan.

Today, Leana continues her adventures in Southeast Asia, ever inspired by the promise of new horizons and the enduring joy of life on two wheels.





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Utorok:	11:00 - 19:00
Streda:	11:00 - 19:00
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Piatok:	11:00 - 19:00
Sobota:	11:00 - 19:00
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Informácie:

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**There's nothing more exciting than being on my way to a
place I've never been before.**



