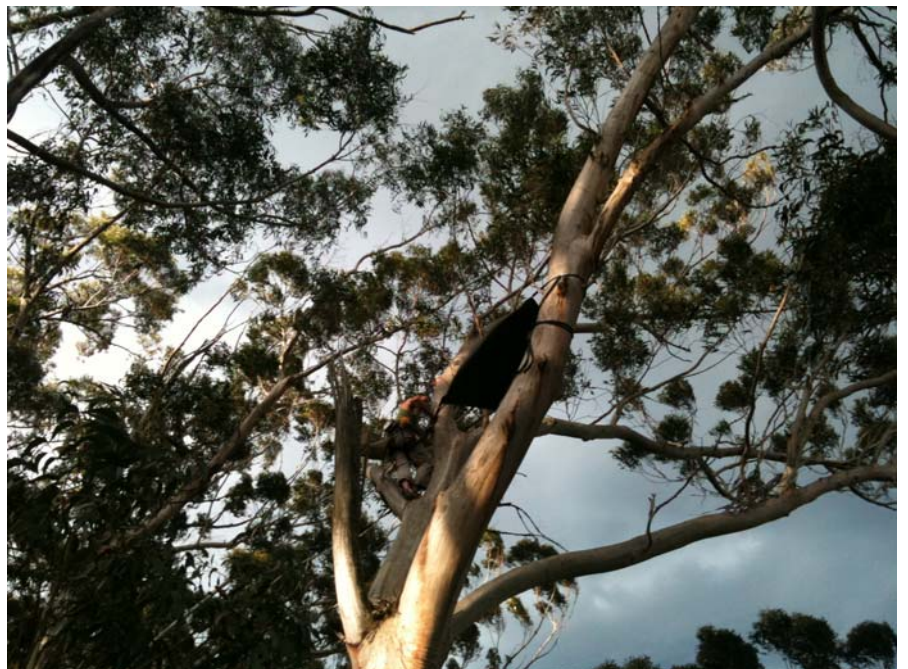


The following few photos were all taken in the Blue Mountains, on the way up the coast. We pitched the hammocks in a tree about half way out along the walk towards Fool's Paradise, despite strong winds, and with one eye on the horizon where thick white clouds flickering ominously with lightning were spilling over the escarpment:



You might be able to make out that the wind has turned my hammock inside-out:





Fortunately, despite an enormous hail-storm shortly before dusk, the night passed without incident. We woke in the morning to a beautiful sunrise, and watched the valley fill slowly with golden cloud, which then receded like a soft tide as the sun climbed over the ranges.







We went to the Mottle Range to climb the only stand of original Spotted Gum in Victoria. The trees grow in a small group along a ridge line on the edge of the Snowy River valley, and from the top you can also see down to the hazy blue of the sea.







Jérémie using the bow to set climbing lines in one of the spotted gums



We slept one night in a large shining gum on the edge of the Errinundra Plateau. It was getting dark and gloomy by the time we got all the hammocks pitched, and we finished up by cooking in darkness and climbing back up to our beds well after nightfall. In the morning we woke up with the sun shining through cloud: it was absolutely incredible. The cloud rolled slowly down below us, and we could see our shadows on the white surrounded by rainbows.



We didn't really manage to photograph it very well: the clouds dropped down below us and one by one the silhouettes of the enormous trees appeared around us.



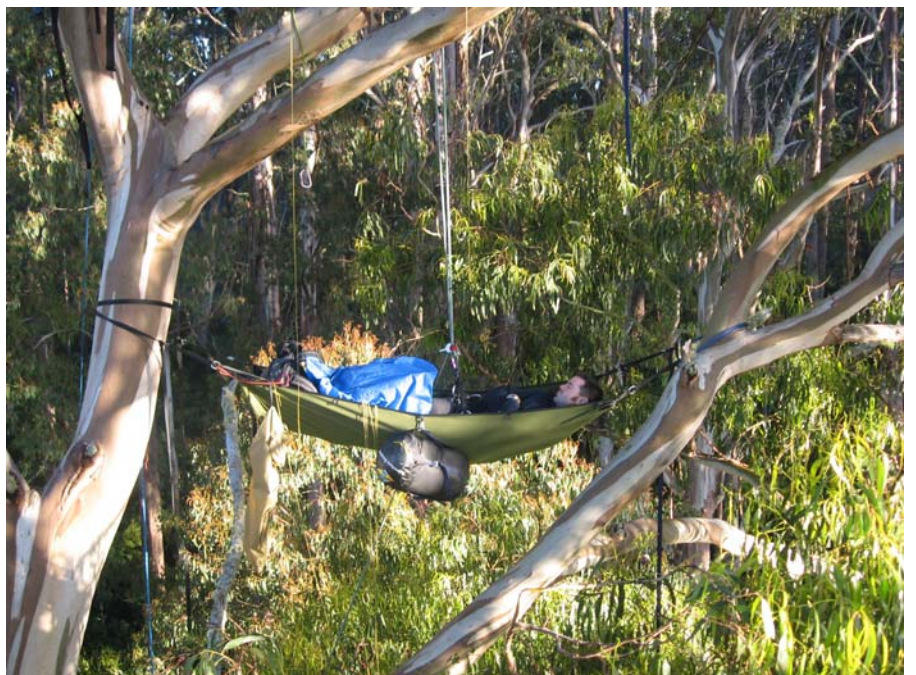


(This is actually a posed photo: I had woken up already)





Another staged sleeping pose:







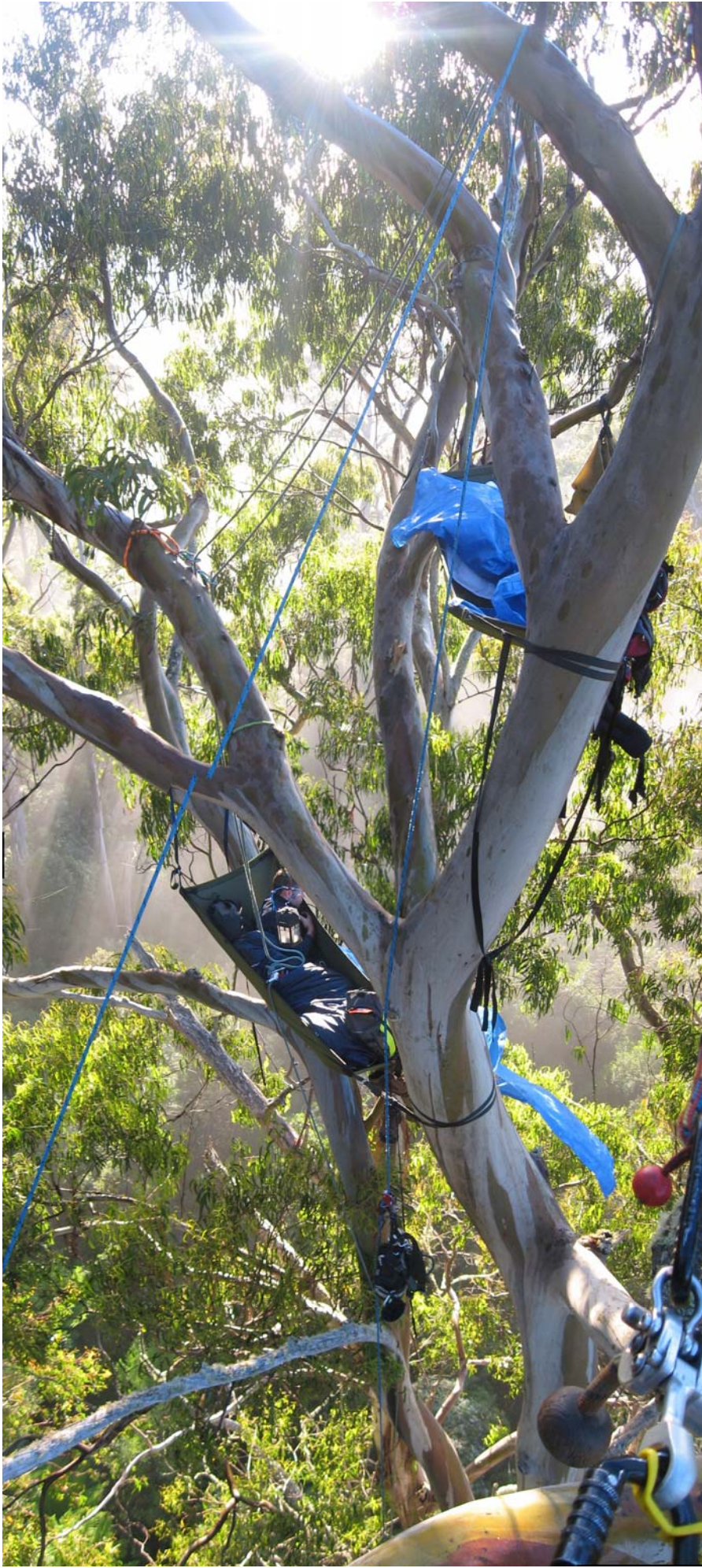
















The lantern hanging up in the top left of the photo is our amazing anti-mosquito lantern: tremendously effective at clearing all insect life out of a  $5\text{m}^3$  area... for three hours. After which the hordes descended...





We made it as far as Lamington National Park just over the Queensland Border – it's on the rim of the volcano of which Mt Warning is the caldera. Just inland from Byron Bay. The park is full of amazing subtropical rainforest: the tree above is an enormous fig.

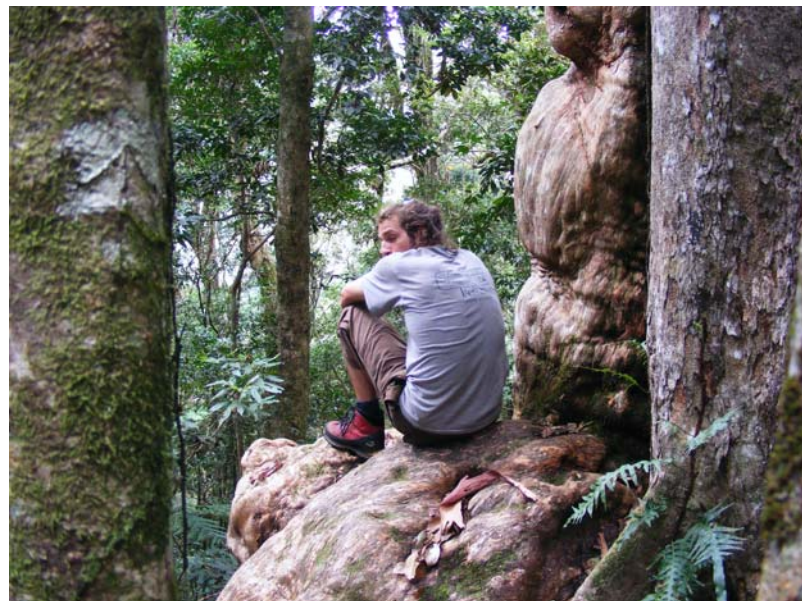








This fantastic tree is a 1500 year old brush-box. These were the real reason for us visiting Lamington, but the hike to get to them prevented us from doing any climbing. Next time...







Jérémie climbing up through the canopy





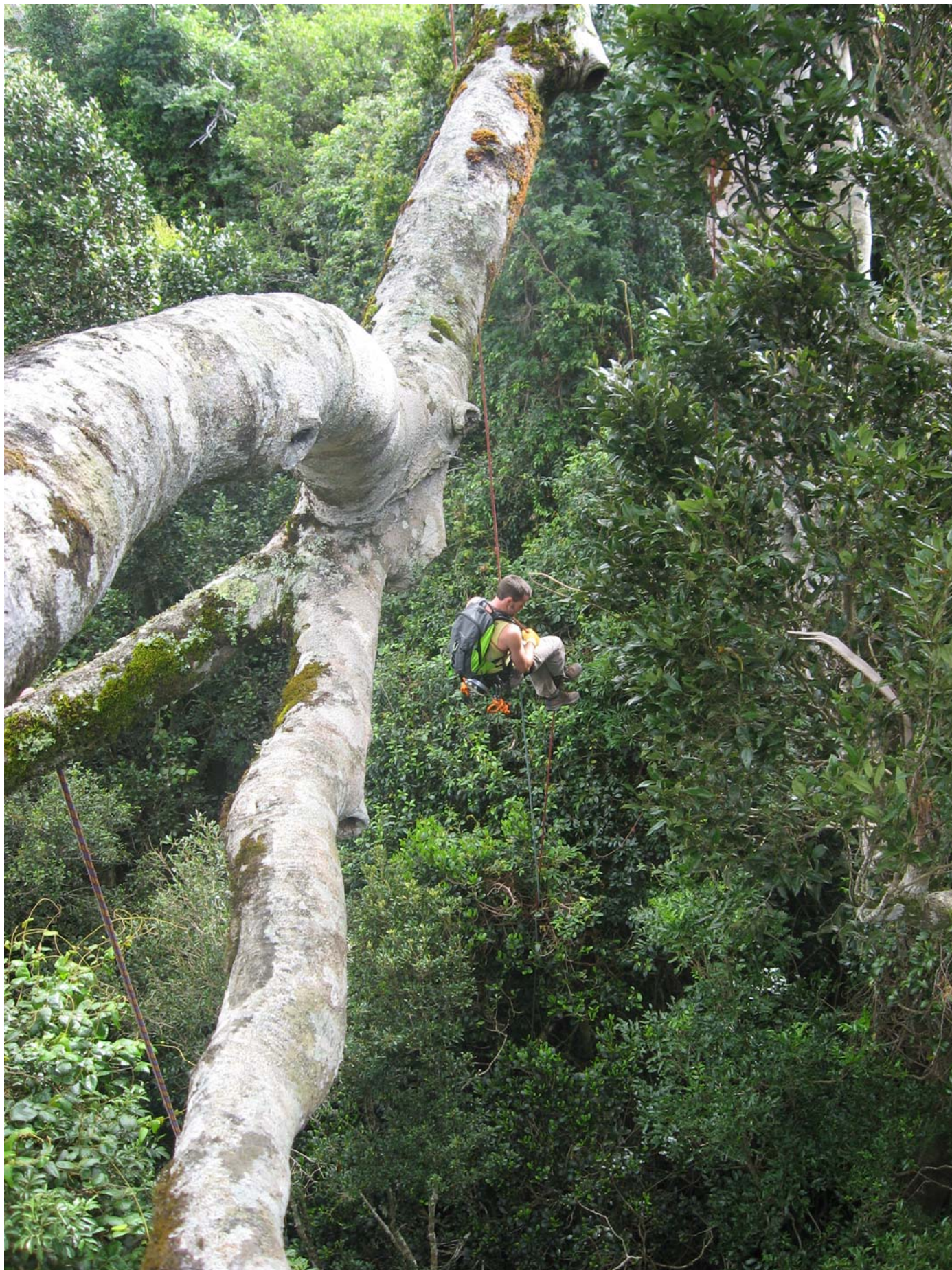
















We climbed a 50 metre fig, and emerged through the rainforest canopy to look out over the Lamington Plateau.









Morning in New-England National Park. We pitched the hammocks well after dark, with no idea of whether we'd picked a good tree, other than the surprising amount of wind that seemed to be blowing *up* at us, and that strange sensation you get of there being a lot of empty space right there in front of you. I woke in the half light just before dawn, and looked down the length of my hammock to see the view above.











Back in the Blue Mountains, where we hiked down into the valley to visit the blue-gum forest. We didn't see that much, despite passing lookouts every fifty metres on the hike: we were deep in cloud all of the time. Still beautiful.















The lantern under the mosquito net, with the moon behind. We were camping in a huge red gum by the Murray River; I was right out over the water. It was a beautiful night, but the mosquito nets didn't really work. Ho hum.



