

CHASING WATERFALLS

Craig | Joanne | Peanut



Monday 28th July: Garberbach to Tux

Think Jane's got some more wind chimes, don't they sound lovely. What you on about? Jane's wind chimes. Jane who? Our neighbour you pudding. Joanne we are....come to think of it where are we? Oh yeah, I forgot but that sound just reminded me of home. But where are we? I can't remember, get out of bed, go for a pee and have a look. Still don't know where we are but I think we're on the cow run, there are loads of um. Cow's don't run Craig. It will be the cow bells that reminded me of Jane's chimes. Ahh, I know where we are, we're at Garberbach at the side of that river. Well it certainly put some rain down last night and glad I wasn't in that tent at the bottom of the hill, over there!

Craig decided to chop his hair and the cows constantly watched him whilst chewing on the grass. The buzz of the razor had them a little perplexed and if cows could go cross eyed, these did. Oh they were funny little cows and I bet if you stayed long enough, you could really get to know them as long as they were called Ermintrude.

A young red head chap waled passed Homer and I said to Craig, doesn't he look like Prince Harry. He was the spitting imagine of him and it made it every worse with number of people that followed. Craig then said he read about this place being made famous by Duke of



After breakfast we turned round and set off back down the pass. Well thank you dear pass, that was a lovely experience with some cracking views and one I will remember for a long time. Please look after our Russell xxx.

Down in Mayrhofen we filled up with some water and got a few basics before turning around and going right at the mountain junction. Basically the road heads in the same direction as yesterday



but this time through Tux valley rather than Kitzbuhel. If you look on the map the two roads run in parallel and are only inches apart. However, the two roads could not be more different. The Tux valley is much wider and feels like you're travelling up and through a plateau where as yesterday, it was through a thin crack. The resorts here are definitely for the well to do folk with nothing less than 5 star hotels and spa resorts. If you like the finer things in life including the price ticket then this is certainly the place for you. As you can imagine there aren't many motorhomes in the area and not many places for us to stay. But we'll keep on nudging onwards and upwards until the road comes to an end.

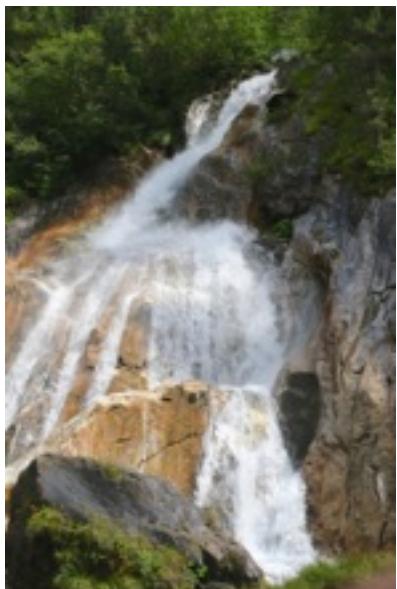
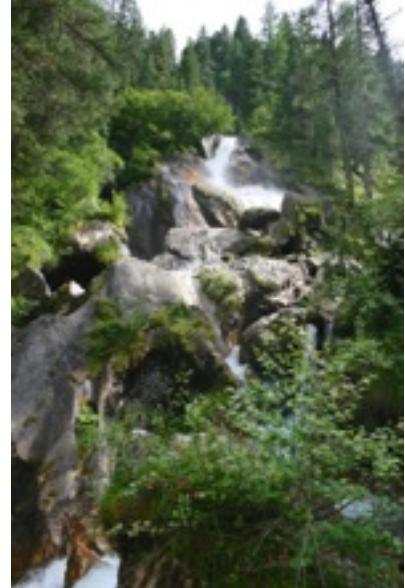
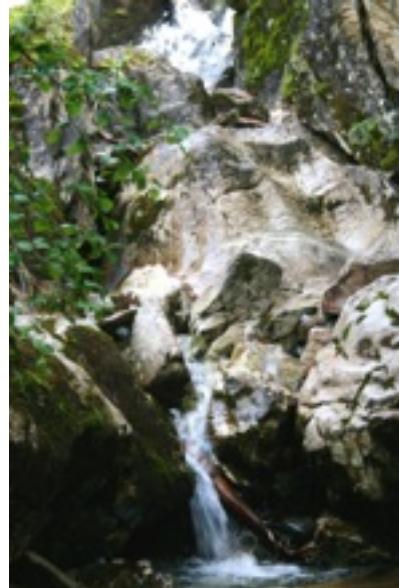


Windsor and Mrs Simpson, so maybe it was him? We'll never know but it certainly is a wonderful, unspoilt and very wilderness kinda place and just perfect for royalty. That would also explain why the hotel chalets located in the middle of nowhere attract a fee of €1650 per night. Apparently they are rather lush inside and for that price, I would hope so.



For lunch we stopped at the side of a stream. I say stream but it was running that fast we could hardly hear each other speak. Eh and I cant hear you were well and truly on todays lunch menu along with chicken noodle soup. Wonder who cuts the little noodles in to tiny pieces? And come to think of it, why do they call it noodle when its pasta?



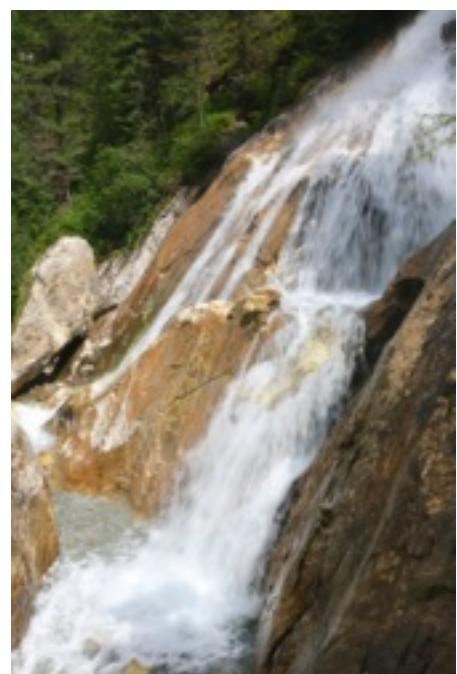
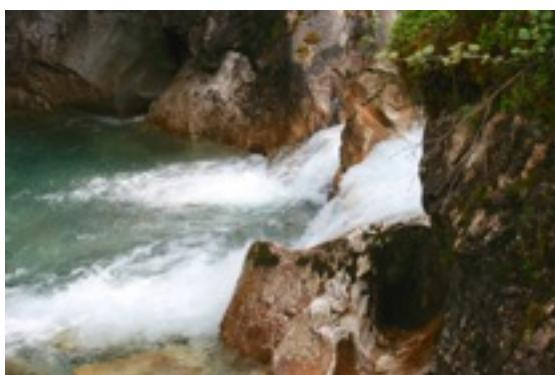


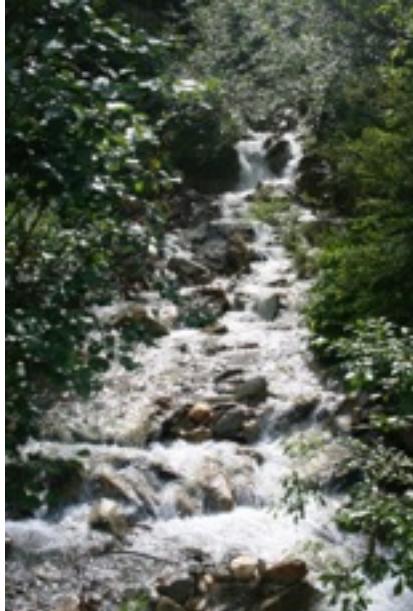
As we got closer and closer to the end of the road the mountain in front got more impressive. We could see snow. You owe me £1. What for? I spotted snow first. Well you owe me a fortune for all the stuff I have spotted. No I don't, now cough up.

We pulled up on a car park at the bottom and took a walk around. As usual we went for a 5 minutes stroll and several hours later returned to Homer. In our crocs (not hiking boots) we walked all around the hills and found loads and loads of waterfalls. They were amazing. Everywhere we looked we found a waterfall and when the sun came out, so did the rainbows. As we walked higher and around the corner, another and then another. All afternoon we chased waterfalls and whilst we chased them, two little white butterflies

chased us. The two butterflies danced together in the meadow flowers and every so often flew high above us, inter-twining. Wonder if it means something in the butterfly world? The spring waters were definitely refreshing or as Craig would say, cowd. All along the river

were tiny bluebells and yellow alpine flowers. For the 1st time, we understand why people go on holiday to walk in the alps, it is rather





magical at this time of year.

We are sat right under the glacier and you can see its tip right in the distance. Wonder what it is like up there and if you can get closer? 'You know you can ski all year round here, I wonder if Craig would come with me? I love skiing and really wish he'd have a go, its a great sport. We could go right up to the summit 11.400ft and ski all the way down!

Back in Homer and we sat chatting about Italy & Austria. Worlds apart in terms of culture but yet they boarder each other. You would think some of the cultures would mix in and around the boarders but no, they are poles apart. A bit like me and Craig with Peanut in the middle hahaha. Craig instantly took a like to Austria whilst for me, its a bit to regimented, quiet and orderly. Very pretty and a lot to offer, but I prefer a bit of hustle and bustle. But like we say, opposites attract, in a good way.

Two other camper vans turned up and parked next to us. Behind us Belgium couple and he smoked a pipe. In front, French couple and they were actually very friendly Didn't get

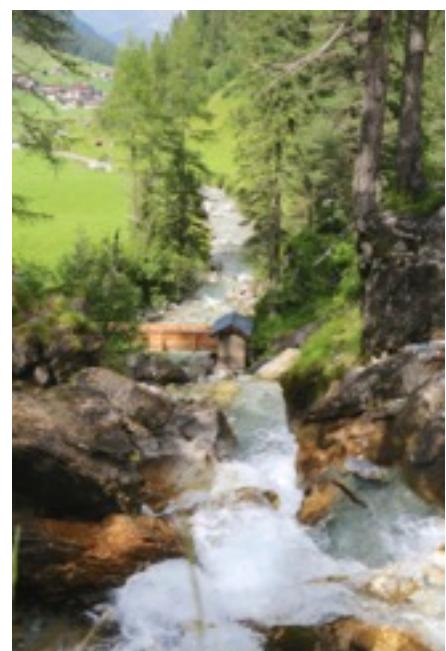




their names but by god they are brave. They are in a small camper, so no shower but the guy went and filled a tub from the river. Jeez they will freeze when they shower under that!.

Craig made me laugh...well at least we're not sat amongst a load of German swingers just a load of Austrian swingers with butter paddles.

Its also hard to believe that only 10 days or so ago we were sweating cobs in 100+ and now we are wrapped up in fleeces and down to 10 and snuggling up under the duvet. The joys of mobile life, you can wander to where ever your heart desires.



Craig had a great idea for tomorrow and I agree, so excited and can't wait!



Homer's tucked away
nicely for our spot
tonight.



Loo in lay-by - contents of which
ran straight in to the stream



Zimmer Valley aka Moss Bank Court