

Wild, wild, south

WILDLIFE, NATURE AND SERENITY. IT'S HARD NOT TO BE BOWLED OVER BY CHITWAN



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FEW YEARS AGO, AS A STUDENT OF International Tourism Management in the Netherlands, I was fortunate to meet people from many different countries. Over four years I became really good friends with a guy from Nepal. I promised him several times that I would one day visit him in his country. After graduation, he went back to his homeland to be with his family and friends. In for a penny, in for a pound,

a few months ago I decided to visit him.

I had been to Indonesia, but that was my only experience of Asia before I set off on a one-month trip around Nepal. I started my adventure with a seven-day trek to Gosaikunda. After the trek, I stayed in Pokhara for some time, and before long, I was well on my way to Chitwan. After a five-hour bus ride from Pokhara, I reached the small town of Sauraha and checked into Chitwan Village Resort on the edge of Chitwan National Park. The teeming jungle of the plains of Nepal was a welcome change from the mountains.

On the first morning, while eating my porridge on the balcony of my room, I was treated to the songs of sunbirds, bulbuls and hornbills. It was a respite from the noise and pollution of Kathmandu, and I was already in love with Chitwan, the peace and the crisp air.

The resort owner told me about the