



walkerville



For our first night camping on the mainland we settled at Walkerville, east of Melbourne. It was such a good spot that we stayed a day to walk south along the beach. Rotting seaweed had made a black silhouette in the sand that resembled a forest; by the time we returned up the beach, it had washed away.

With rising sea levels that campsite will also soon wash away.







in the reeds.

One afternoon Thornton took us to neighbouring Mount Tabor Station for the launch of Keelen Mailman's biography. Keelen, a Bidjara woman, had run Mount Tabor for 17 years. The launch site was at the 'Lost City' of the Bidjara.

'This is as impressive as Uluru!' said Paul.

Like Jordan's Petra, but carved by nature out of the yellow and blood-red sandstone escarpment, this 'Lost City' is a two-storey-high series of caves, arches, pillars and sentinel outcrops with occasional Bidjara artworks enhancing its strong, sobering



and engaging atmosphere.

The book launch was a great celebration that began with a welcoming smoke ceremony.

The weather was brilliant with thunderclouds, beams, a rainbow, a shower to settle the dust and a sunset that lit up the Lost City's



In the morning Paul paddled his inflatable canoe up the middle gorge of the national park.

