The car bumped and rattled along the Pindan dirt road that seemingly went on forever. We were surrounded by the rugged angles and edges of the desert hills of Northern Western Australia. It had been over a year since we had made our big sea change, yet these particular sights were still so unfamiliar.

The heat was overwhelming, suffocating, and even with our air-conditioner on we were still suffering. Sweat covered my body making me feel gritty, unclean, but I was used to it.

We were headed toward Karijini National Park on one of the family camping trips we took regularly to get out of Broome, our new home.

The air-con hummed away pleasantly on full bore, it was my favourite thing about our old 4 wheel drive, the air-con was the only thing that could keep us from going completely troppo in this heat. We were like addicts and it was our nicotine.

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We started our trek to Handrail Pool in Weano Gorge, one of the environmental attractions we were keen to see on this particular holiday. Although early in the morning, the sun and radiating heat was all around us. I was reluctant, as I always was before a big walk, I mean who in their right mind would want to leave the house in 40 degrees let alone complete a physically exhausting rock climb?

However this wasn't my first rock climb up here in the Kimberly and I loved it every bit as much as I despised it; I loved the frustration and the relief, the hard work and the spectacular reward which was worth all the effort at the end.

We trudged, one by one, squeezing through crevices and hopping from rock to rock with our heads down focusing on the work ahead. Of course this wouldn't last for long as sooner or later we would be spellbound by the spectacular sights around us.

We arrived at a large body of water which would pose a challenge for many of the trekkers around us. It was a threat not because of the chance of fresh water crocodiles, which I had often had to take a gamble over when swimming in a lake or gorge, for I knew they wouldn't be down this far, nor was it the difficulty of the swim. No, the trekkers were much more worried about their cameras which, although costing a small fortune, could not withstand much more than a teaspoon of water.
We pressed on, many of the trekkers left their cameras behind, others, however, carried them over their heads as they fought the water with their legs to keep their cameras above the water.

We continued to walk, climb and hop throughout the trek. It was a long gruelling walk and my body was starting to throb. My arms were raw from the murderous whip of the occasional fern as it flicked from person to person.

It was no less than 3 hours after we started that we finally reached the end. A tunnel formed between the rocks signalled the final leg of our course. It had a strong torrent of water rushing through providing me with a bit of entertainment as I watched my mother, who was before me and not as sure footed, make her way awkwardly down the final stretch.

The end of the tunnel was unlike anything I had ever seen before. It had opened a large amphitheatre with a sea of reds across the walls in the shape of a dome. Looking down the ten foot drop from the end of the tunnel I could see a large inviting body of turquoise water into which I would plunge myself within minutes.

I felt like I was in another world.