

PORTS AND BOWS: A STAR IS BORN IN GERMANY » H6











SATURDAY, JULY 30 | 2011 | EDITOR CARALYN CAMPBELL 604.605.2784 | CACAMPBELL@SUNPROVINCE.COM

See the 'Big Five' alive





in Kenya

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youth appeal.

Yosemite controversy Officials at California's Yosemite National Park propose to fell trees to improve views of waterfalls. The Bard vs. Bieber Stratford, Ont., has long been famous for its Shakespeare festival, but a teen-idol tour is bringing it some



TUESDAY

Travel Postcard

A special report on how families can get the most out of 48 hours in Boston with children in tow.





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KENYA



A herd of elephants walks towards the sunset on the Masai Mara.

Who needs nightlife when there's wildlife?

A Kenyan safari offers an extraordinary adventure alongside Africa's 'big five' species

BY MHAIRRI WOODHALL SPECIAL TO THE VANCOUVER SUN

The air in the single-propeller, nine-passenger Cessna was abuzz with anticipation. For many, including my husband Curt and I, a Kenyan safari spotting Africa's 'big five'. was fulfilling a lifelong dream. As our tiny plane climbed in tee on the dirt runway where dance and proximity of wildlife, altitude and the views below changed from chaotic city to sprawling grasslands. I slowly manager of "&Beyond Bateleur The experience so far had been

relaxed my white-knuckled Camp" where we were staygrip and surrendered to the ing, and herds of zebra, anteextraordinary adventure we were embarking on. For the rest lazily munching the tall savanof that seemingly endless one- nah grass. While sucking back hour flight we craned our necks and pressed our cheeks against breathed in the surroundings peephole windows in hopes of

The welcoming commitwe landed included Benedict, we eagerly jumped into Beneour game ranger, Mosaba the

lope and cape water buffalo my first welcome cocktail, I and whispered to Curt "this place is magical."

Overwhelmed with the abundict's jeep and headed to camp.

dizzying and we had only just arrived. On the short drive to camp we took in everything, hanging on Benedict's every word as he pointed out baby zebra and giraffe, a family of warthogs tromping along the dirt road and a group of curious baboons that were as fascinated with us as we were with them.

The sweet sounds of staff members singing Hakuna Matata drew us into the tented camp and we were immediately in awe of the sweeping savannah views from the open-air lounge and dining room. While sipping on Tusker beer from weighty crystal tumblers we marvelled at the elegant 1920s décor before settling on a plush leather chesterfield to watch a tower of giraffes delicately nibbling the leaves off a thorny acacia tree. Within a couple of hours we were whisked away for our first game drive, and as the camp was quiet that day, we had the jeep and immensely knowledgeable Benedict to ourselves. On that special inaugural safari we sighted black-backed jackal, elephants playing in a watering hole, a mother and baby rhino and jet-black ostriches with neon pink legs, along with a myriad of birds, antelope, gazelle and portly warthogs. Each game drive promises at least one memory that stays with you for a lifetime, and our first outing did not disappoint. As with most of my life's unforgettable moments this noteworthy incident involved a little



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ter. After an hour in the jeep our eagle-eyed guide spotted two lionesses and five adorable cubs snoozing under the shade of an umbrella tree. At first our arrival was of little interest to the sleepy cats, and so we shot some stills and revelled in the you will be fine." amazing encounter.

After a few snap-happy minutes one of the great beasts gave us a lazy yawn revealing an exorbitant amount of her

wonderment, fear and laugh- flesh-ripping teeth, rose and sauntered towards my side of the open-air jeep. Squirming in my seat I shifted closer to Curt as Benedict tried with little success to calm me down.

'Don't worry", he said, "she thinks you are part of the jeep,

Given that my only real option was to believe him I swallowed my screams of terror and attempted to regulate my breathing.



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The open plains of Kenya offer visitors unparalleled vistas.

PHOTOS BY CURT WOODHALL/SPECIAL TO THE SUN

Sure enough the lioness continued her slow stalk past me, to a large boulder safely out of pouncing range. "Six feet", I exclaimed "she was practically within petting range." An experienced safari guide is keenly attuned to sensory overload and as such, sundowner drinks immediately followed my narrow escape from death.

Our first sunset on the Masai Mara was mesmerizing. Parked under an acacia tree we slugged back ice-cold Tusker and stared in wonder at the vibrant burnt orange and ruby glow that enveloped the horizon. When the last of the light sank into the ground we headed back to camp, intoxicated from the day's mind-boggling events.

How could a day like this be topped one might ask? A surprise barbecue dinner by a hippo watering hole would be the answer.

Torches, lanterns and a large bonfire lit the night sky, while presumably preventing us from becoming prey. The little elves at &Beyond had been busy setting up a full bar, buffet spread, candlelit white-linen tables sprinkled with rose petals and even tented lavatories with heated water basins, hanging mirrors and rolled towels.

Within seconds of arriving



Visiting a Masai village is a must to learn about their unique culture and way of life.

warm from the hot water bottles Nasiti, our room steward, had tucked beneath the covers. The note he left on the pillow wished us sweet dreams and in an instant we were well on our way.

Each morning at the Bateleur Camp we awoke to a soft knock at the door of our deluxe tented sanctuary where Nasiti waited with a silver tray of freshly brewed coffee and bite-sized



biscuits. Following coffee we The luxurious five-star Bateleur camp is decorated as a throwback to the 1920s safaris

we were given our 'medicine' of Dowa, a lethally delicious drink made with vodka, freshly squeezed lime and honey. From that moment on the night became a blur of exceptional food, an overdose of 'medicine' and the sounds of hippos snorting in the riverbed below.

After dinner, Masai Warriors took the stage and engaged in a series of dances, tribal songs and a jumping ceremony to showcase their strength and endurance

It was close to midnight when we climbed wearily into our luxurious king-sized bed, already

would walk to the lodge for a gourmet three-course break- month-old cub with his mother antique shotgun, however a Masai Warrior, a seven-year fast before our morning game drive.

Throughout our time on the open-plain savannah of the Masai Mara National Reserve we were fortunate to see cheetahs stalking prey, two elusive leopards, an endangered black rhino, crocodiles and a magnificent male lion.

There were nail-biting moments, including a screeching baboon's narrow escape from a hungry trio of lions, as our Masai Warrior guide Jackwell as heartwarming scenes son, who was accompanied such as the reunion of a three-

after spending a night alone in the Serengeti.

The camp also offered morning walking safaris, which I managed to drag my hesitant husband on. Unfortunately, the adventure started by climbing through the camp's electric fence to avoid walking on the lower slope side of a massive Cape Water Buffalo; apparently this causes the beasts to charge. I felt quite safe with by a camp guard carrying an Curt remained rather jumpy throughout our trek.

In speaking with Jackson and learning more about the life of a warrior, we decided to visit a local Masai camp. Our guide, the chief's son, explained that the small dark huts, built by the Masai women, were made from sticks, mud, grass, cow dung and urine, and that his people's diet consists primarily of the milk, meat and blood of their cattle.

We then listened in earnest to the painful process of becoming

journey that starts after boyhood circumcision. At the close of our visit, after much persuasion, I donned some ceremonial jewelry and happily danced like a fool with the striking Masai women.

When it was time to leave this almost imaginary Dr. Seusslike world of the Serengeti my heart filled with sadness; five days was simply not enough. Of all the places to which we have travelled, nothing compares to the magic found in the Masai Mara.

If you go

A visa is required to enter into Kenya; contact Visa Connection for more information:

www.visaconnection.com

Proof of a Yellow Fever vaccination is another entry requirement, contact Travel Medicine & Vaccination Centre to book a consultation: www.tmvc.com

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