

# Carnarvon Gorge

## Day 3 - back to nature



### A couple of side tracks

#### Baloon Cave and Mickey Creek Gorge

Today's effort was deliberately planned to be less strenuous. Although we were quite tired after yesterday's long walk everyone was still keen to walk the last remaining couple of treks - ones that were not actually within the national park itself. Baloon Cave was our first stop. Not far from the road we came across a raised platform and a large rocky outcrop. The area beneath obviously served as a "home" covered from the elements. High up in the outcrop was a hole which we could only assume was the famous "baloon". Mmmm. Maybe we have become too blasé after 2 days of wonderment.



#### The Nights

We loved the evenings. Camping is a joy when you are casually sitting around eating a meal cooked on the campfire.



#### The Camp

The word Takarakka evokes a feeling of wilderness. It means "running water". How true is that?



#### The Wildlife

Listen! The song birds - nighttime, daybreak, evening. The mysterious freshly dug holes. The kangaroos & platypus.





Mickey Creek valley starts quite wide but narrows so that you can hardly see the slits to the sky above you. The floor is wet and covered in puddles, flotsom and river pebbles. In places large rocks block the path and have to be straddled - quite difficult in some places.



## TIME STANDING STILL

Its been hard to believe that this place still exists. A tropical paradise locked away within a harsh surrounding environment. This place was once very wet with rushing rivers and lush plants - plants that grew here thousands of years ago have remained here in a time warp. The heavily eroded rocky sided valleys are a great place to walk, to climb up, to listen, to contemplate and to respect. Its as though time has stayed still especially for you.





As the valley narrowed the overhanging rock became very noticeable. The place echoed as we stumbled and talked. The valley kept going and going. We turned a corner time and time again only to realise that there was another one further on. We all wondered how long this valley actually was and whether it came out up on the plateau. Eventually our path became impossible so we turned back around to go

back. The vistas changed as did the light - still bright from above but now exposing areas we missed seeing going up the valley. A black and white striped lizard sat on a rock in the dark and watched as we passed by. It was still there when we came back - a small heated rock platform just big enough for one little lizard.

Mickey Creek was the highlight of our trip.

