



photos. I think we realized the moment we hit the sand that it maybe wasn't the most well thought out plan. The Defender 110 with a gross vehicle weight of 3,000kgs (6600lbs) plus roof-top tent was not exactly designed for a soft sand beach. While Jim had no trouble getting down to the shoreline and manoeuvring for some photos, we had some difficulty breaching the dune to return to the beach-side trail. With no place to anchor, recovery options were limited. And we had completely forgotten about the tides.

With no cell service, the crew in the VW headed back to camp, about 30kms (20miles) away, to get the 101. Jim, Nick and I tried to see what we could do to extract the LR; while the guys started with airing down and digging out. My limited French was pressed into service as I was essentially relegated to tour

director when a few curious locals came strolling by. I can't be 100 percent sure what most of them were saying and perhaps I'm even less sure what I was saying in return. Eventually a driver showed up, Michel, and he offered to help winch us out with his KIA. We had something to anchor to! Good man. Well warned of the possible damage (the KIA has recovery points, but they are surrounded by cheap plastic bumpers), we harnessed it up and away you go. And a good thing too, given the tide was coming in. I am sure the 110 wouldn't have floated away but it would have been submerged to the windshield.

In the meantime, Karen had returned to camp and Mike had saddled up the 101. We spotted each other as we passed along the highway (a bright orange Forward Control ain't easy to miss!),

*Above left: The crew after a 'short, easy' hike!*

*Above right: The World War II gun emplacement. Built to protect the entrance to the St. Lawrence river.*

*Below left: Jim taking various snap shots before getting stuck below the high tide mark! Recovery was under a time restraint... the tide was on the way in!*

*Below right: Further inland in the National Park there is evidence of the high rainfall that this region receives; this is one reason Gaspé is a National Park. Beautiful vistas and wild flowers.*

regrouped and headed back to camp for the night.

The next day was reserved for more pedestrian terrestrial pursuits – a mountain hike. I'm not sure we knew we were going to be hiking up the mountain, but it turned out that way. The guide book (in French) rates the mountains – easy, intermediate, difficult, and very difficult. Choosing an 'intermediate climb' to Les Chutes du Diable on Mont Albert sounded best as 'no special preparation is required.' Or maybe I read that wrong...

The initial trail winds through a deciduous canopy and through some dense wetlands. We got to the first look out point – a river cross-over which is the outlet of Les Chutes du Diable (Devil's Falls).

This trail was short and easy, and while there had been a little rain, it was nothing to stop us from continuing to the lookout

