

Hi everyone,

We hope that you are fine and that you do not suffer too much from the rain. On our side, we are in **Argentina** since one week and as we are in the southern hemisphere the seasons are reversed compared to France and we are coming back to our side in **summer** (lucky!).



From the border with Bolivia we descend more than 6,500ft and find a totally different landscape, greener, wetter and warmer. We can again improvise picking wild fruits on the road.

Here we harvest moras (blackberries). They look and taste like blackberries, but here they grow on real trees.



We also find in Argentina a food that we missed a lot. Here the culture is closer to that of Europe and we find very easily good things to eat on the edges of road, as the EMPANADAS for example!!!

Do you know what empanadas are? It's a little pastry stuffed with meat, potatoes, chicken or cheese. It is delicate and it does not cost much. We eat pounds!



When we do not go astray in small roads cut by rivers we are now progressing at high speed on a tarred road and relatively flat (compared to the Andes).



From Bolivia and here in Argentina we have been following for a few days a disused railway and we wanted to talk a little about it. It is a railway track built in 1919 mainly by the English and which connected much of South America for the transportation of goods and people.

After the Second World War this railway was no longer profitable, so it was closed in the 1960s. There are abandoned stations and rails all along our route.



An abandoned station of the railway allowed us to shelter from a violent storm for the night; we believed that the tent was going to fly! In the morning as if by magic, we wake up with a beautiful blue sky!

Today to see the state of the rails, it would require huge investments to restore it. One cannot help but imagine the people who traveled at the beginning of the 20th century on this Andean train in the middle of these breathtaking landscapes. We felt for some time to be in full FarWest.





We continue our journey in an extraordinary landscape of red rocks eroded by the wind.



The Garganta del diablo (devil's throat)

On the road, we come to a bridge that served as a backdrop to an Argentinean movie we love, "Relatos Salvajes" (Wild Tales). It is a portion of a disused road that made it possible to shoot one of the main scenes of this film.



Today we are in Cafayate, a town famous for its wines. The opportunity to taste (with moderation) some good wines and visit the vineyards nearby. After leaving the city, there will be only one week of cycling left before we have to take a bus to Buenos Aires where it will be the end of the bike trip, but rest assured the trip around the world continues and it is not about to stop!

See you soon for new adventures

Sylvain & Kalima

Written on November 16, 2019