

## DON'T LOOK!

"Don't look!" I plead, wishing my husband was suddenly short-sighted.

Having descended 150 feet into Hancock Gorge, Karijini N.P., at the base of the deep crevasse we find ourselves in the company of German Backpackers.

Displaying no modesty, one young goddess suddenly strips off her clothes. Stark naked, she bends over, exposing her perfect peach of a derriere as she searches her back-pack for a bikini bottom.

Leaving the Germans, our **winter** adventure leads us on a 750meter trail along the base of the gorge. We wade through freezing, knee deep water to arrive at the 'Amphitheatre'. Here, the gorge balloons out slightly, presenting a 50 metre stretch of deep water.

"You'll need to swim this one," I say. "I'm game if you are," he replies.

Stripping down to Spiderman undies, he leads the charge, diving into the cold water like a Bondi Lifesaver. Not one to be left behind, making a quick assessment of my underwear, I drop my shorts and head for the water.

The Germans are right behind us.

Brrrrrr! We swim to the end of the pool and clamber out onto a rock ledge. Next is "Spider's Wall", so called as the cliff faces are just 1 meter apart. We can either climb up the face using hands and feet (like a spider) to traverse the canyon, or straddle the dry edges of the downhill, water covered rocks below. We choose to straddle, slip & slide down to Kermit's pool.

Clear, shimmering **green** water overflows into a waterfall. We swim across the pool, resting on the edge to watch the waters magically tumble away.

Ready to retrace our steps, we note the Germans have entered the Spiders Wall.

Flaunting her perfect peach, the Goddess arrives attired in her rock-climbing G-String Bikini and hiking boots. She climbs the Spiders Wall. High-up with legs wide apart, she navigates her way along the cliff-face.

I notice Captain Underpants watching the Goddess's spread-eagle climb with some interest.

"Should we wait or just make our way back underneath her," he innocently inquires.

"Keep your eyes on your feet Captain Underpants, and NO looking up!"

We commence the slippery ascent, gaining tenuous footing underneath the scantily clad Goddess as she climbs overhead. Unexpectedly, the Goddess loses her footing, drops off the wall and smacks her perfect peach down onto the slippery surface below.

She lands just ahead, collected me on the way through as she gracefully glides towards Kermit's Pool. With foothold lost I land like a prized salmon, face first, sliding backwards, down the watery slope. German hands hastily grab my clothes, trying to halt my slide.

The cheeks of my knickers are now up my bum. My pink shirt is half way over my head & my bra is only encasing half of its intended load.

Hans Gruber wouldn't let go of me until Captain Underpants arrived, and that took a while because he couldn't trust himself to cross the slippery rocks while he was laughing.