



The infamous Sani pass from foggy South Africa to the mountaintop kingdom of Lesotho.

ed west coast. We had no concrete plans for what to do with our relationship moving forward. She did not ask to join the trip and I did not invite her. This was a solo trip, a truth confirmed for me in South America. We simply agreed to stay in touch and see what happened next.

I hurried back through Namibia, Botswana, and into Zambia, where I was anxious to see Victoria Falls by the light of a full moon. At the falls the Zambezi River drops 100 metres into the gorge below, sending up spray as high as 400 metres. When the moon is full and the skies are

clear, the light from the moon creates a rainbow in the rising mist, and I added moon rainbows as another entry into my journal of things that I have experienced that I didn't even know existed before the trip started.

I started to use the appearance of a full moon to give me an excuse to

go somewhere or do something that I would not normally do, as I felt the celebration of the full moon was a noble one. Since my travelling schedule was slower than most, the full moon was also a convenient gauge of passing time, and rarely was I able to spend two of them in one country.