



After going to the embassy we met up with Angie, a French cyclist we met just before arriving in Siem Reap. We had 4 delicious fruit shakes and chatted about biking. It was really great getting to know her, she really is having an incredible time! Also it showed us all the additional challenges that one is faced with if one is travelling alone. She really has my highest respect!

Afterwards we went to visit the Tuol Sleng Museum, that is in the former S21 secret prison of the Khmer Rouge. Of course I knew a bit about the story of what happened in Cambodia, but going to the museum and experiencing the sheer blind brutality and ruthlessness of a regime that was actually on a mission to install a more just and equalitarian society absolutely blew me away. Yet again it is a stark reminder of the terrible dynamics that can be unleashed in an oppressed and corrupt society, like Cambodia was allowing the Khmer Rouge to march in to Phnom Penh promising to make everything better. Also it is one more example of the destructiveness of nationalism and racism, of pointing the finger at one or several groups of people and saying: "it's THEIR fault!". Donald Trump would do well to visit the museum. On the other hand, he is so stupid and removed from reality, that it wouldn't make him reflect.

In the evening we found a bar where they were showing the EURO game Switzerland – Albania. 1:0 for Switzerland, fantastic! There was another Swiss guy watching the game and we got chatting and ended up going out for dinner together.

Su 12.6.2016, day 335. Hanging out... (Phnom Penh, Okm)

The day was spent hanging out in Phnom Penh, we spent a good couple of hours in a great bakery, regularly going to get stuff like chocolate croissants, Quarkinis, raisin bread, donuts and of course coffee. Siria had her head down organizing hotels and routs into Vietnam while I made a thorough research on raising chickens.







Mo 13.6.2016, day 336. Rejoining our bikes (Phom Penh – Kampong Cham, 0 km)

We really didn't do much except have some great coffee and bagels in one of the great coffee places. Then headed for the bus stop to buy the tickets, had some noodle soup and killed the time waiting for the bus over some really indulgent ice cream. In Kampong Cham we took a tuk tuk out to Thomas' place and were relieved to find our bikes safe and sound. We moved everything to our room and then biked into town, heading straight for Mekong Daze, where they make the best Pizzas in Cambodia, probably even in all Asia. And so another day came to an end. Funny how it seems that the only thing we did all day was eating!



Tu 14.6.2016, day 337. Small roads through remote areas (Kampong Cham – Prey Veng, 82 km)

We met Thomas for breakfast and sat down with the locals. Finally we might have found out the real cost of Cambodian breakfast (fried eggs, rice and broth): 75 cents per person. Until now we were paying 1.5\$ and we considered it an OK price. So they probably do double the price for tourists, even away from the beaten track.

The ride of the day was magical. Most of the time we were on tiny unpaved roads, first along the Mekong, then along a tributary, through really remote rural villages. My guess is that here they are really not used to westerners, because we only rarely heard the cheerful "Hello" that was ubiquitous the previous days when descending the Mekong. The sun was quite relentless and it was swelteringly hot. In the morning we were blessed with shade as there were lots of trees, but for the second half of the ride



around lunch time the sky was wide open and the heat was stifling. We did the 80 km almost without break and without eating. We were quite tired when we reached Prey Veng, in fact Siria was not really doing well, almost had a collapse and had to vomit. We finally found a strange restaurant where we had some cold coke and fried rice and soon Siria was doing significantly better. There were plenty of guesthouses and we took the first best one that offered a nice room for 6\$. We had a delicious shower, I was amazed at the amount of dust and dirt that came off me and went down the drain. I somehow wondered how my lungs would look like...

The afternoon was spent snoozing and watching TV, then we went down to a small restaurant, I surfed the internet while Siria checked flights, good old Siria! The rain was pouring down outside and it was quite cosy. We had a great Tom Yam and then headed over to a gas station shop for icecream and headed up to our room and settled down in front of the TV for the game Austria – Hungary. Unfortunately, it was not broadcast, but there was Nat Geo, so I watched TV while Siria instantly fell asleep.





We 15.6.2016, day 338. Short day. (Prey Veng – Naek Loeung, 35 km)

I woke up with a throat ache and generally not feeling very well. We had breakfast in the restaurant adjacent to the hotel and hit the road. We only had a very short ride, but already in the morning when we set off it was really hot and humid. The ride was nothing special at all, just a dusty busy main road through flat farmland with nothing much in the way of shade. The guys at the reception at the first guest house we checked out in Naek Loeung were fast asleep and after a couple of loud “Hellos” they finally woke up. However not one of them spoke a word of English and they seemed completely confused and couldn’t figure out what we wanted so finally we left to find another place. We ended up staying in a place called “Happy Guesthouse” that we soon realized was a 24h place of ill repute, but it was OK and they tucked us in right at the back where we had our peace and quiet. There was a nice balcony and we spent most of the afternoon watching the sky turn into a black threatening Armageddon like scene illuminated with flashes of lightning. Soon it started to rain. We only had a short walk down town for some overpriced noodles and then installed ourselves in front of the TV for EURO 16. Slovakia – Russia 2:1. Big surprise! Switzerland – Rumania 1:1. Not bad! I was really coming down with the flu, wasn’t feeling good with a headache and couldn’t really sleep.









Th 16.6.2016, day 339. Very hot and unpleasant ride with the flu (Naek Loeung – Svay Rieng, 66 km)

I woke up feeling quite bad. We packed up had some baguettes for breakfast and were on the road quite early, but already it was really hot and sticky. For me the ride was a bit of a torture. We rode non-stop for about 30 km then took a break for some cans of sugary drinks. After a further 20 km we took shelter in an air-conditioned gas station shop. The last kilometres were quite slow as storm clouds had brewed up and we had to take shelter from a couple of cloud bursts. But at least the rain cooled the air somewhat. We booked into the Red Cross Guest House. This is really a Red Cross building where they have converted two floors into a Guest House. We took a room with AC, Siria went to get some fried rice and sweet bread, I just lay on the bed feeling quite shattered. I had a bit of a temperature and hoped it is just ordinary flu and not something like Dengue Fever or Malaria or bird flu. I basically slept all afternoon. In the evening we again watched EURO16 with Cambodian commentaries.



Fr 17.6.2016. day 340. Last day in Cambodia (Svay Rieng - Bavet, 45 km)

I slept like a log and woke up feeling significantly better. It certainly was a good move to pay a little bit extra to get a room with air-con. We took it slowly and finally hit the road quite late. The air outside was quite pleasantly fresh, far less oppressive than it had been the last couple of days. We stopped for sinfully expensive fried rice (3\$ each) then biked the 45 km to the Vietnamese border with one quick stop for a can of cold Coke. The ride was not very pleasant, all along the main highway between Phom Penh and Ho Chi Minh, but basically we had no other choice. We took the first best guesthouse which was quite OK and then took a stroll down the street. We were quite surprised to find that there were a few quite large casino hotels. We went into one of them, just to have a look round and we felt a bit like in Las Vegas. There were one armed bandits, poker tables, roulette and to my surprise the place was quite full. My guess is that most of the people were from Vietnam and coming here for a week-end of gambling is the thing to do.



