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Travel with Terri

The Peruvian Amazon: City girls gone wild

Story and Photos by Terri Marshall

How's your summer going? Doing a little boating, swimming and fishing? Me too. Only I've kicked it up a notch. Recently I escaped to Peru with five girlfriends. We abandoned the New York City concrete jungle for the real jungle - the Amazon in Peru.



Let me first introduce you to the girls. You know me already - southern girl that moved to New York and travels the world. I was

joined by Cynthia, Kim, Kelly & Michele - single, successful, New York women in their 40's and 50's. And Jill - a fellow travel writer from Pennsylvania who we adopted as a New Yorker. In total there were two redheads, three brunettes and one blonde - the Amazon had no idea what was descending into its pristine eco environs.

As you might imagine, the Amazon is not easily accessible. We boarded a plane in Lima, connected in Cusco and landed in Puerto Maldonado where we were asked to board an open air "bus" that I am quite certain was once used for transporting chickens - probably just moments before our arrival. Walking to the "bus" I overheard Kim say to herself "this is terrifying" - the adventure was just beginning.

We were driven to the Madre de Dios (Mother of God) River where our boats were waiting to take us an hour deep into the jungle to our lodge. Our guides cleverly connected the wooden boats to the banks of the river by a wooden plank about eight inches wide or so. I had flashbacks of unsuccessful encounters with balance beams in gym class. Kim grew more terrified.

The rustic boat skimmed through the muddy waters past riverside shanties, unfamiliar birds and reptiles into a region where cell phone reception is non-existent. We arrived at our lodge and were completely amazed at what we discovered - rustic luxury!



The catch after they're cooked! A platter of piranha!!!



The ride back to the lodge!

The Inkaterra Reserva Amazonica is a first class ecolodge on the banks of the Madre de Dios. Surrounded by the Peruvian rainforest, the lodge has 35 airy wood and thatch cabanas effortlessly combining elements of nature with contemporary amenities. Nights are filled with the flickering flames of lanterns and each cabana provides organic toiletries, hammocks and a whistle - to call for assistance should you encounter a jungle night creature. In the center of it all stands the main lodge, where gourmet Peruvian cuisine is served by candlelight on tables draped with white linen tablecloths - yes, in the jungle.

After settling in, we were introduced to our guide, Wilson, whose life will never quite be the same after encountering our boisterous group. "Señor Wilson" - as he was affectionately nicknamed - presented our adventure options. There was a canopy walk through the treetops across six terrifying rope bridges, a hike through the jungle to Lake Sandoval for canoeing, night walks through the jungle and boat rides after dark to search for white caimans. We agreed we had to try them all. Then Señor Wilson told us there was something else we could try - fishing for piranha. We were sold.

Early the next morning we walked the plank to board the boat for our adventure. We were joined by our boat captain, Freddie, and Robert and Linda, a couple from New Zealand who had been riding motorcycles through South America - a perfect fit for our insane group.

Captain Freddie expertly guided the boat through the calm waters as Señor Wilson pointed out the astonishing array of wildlife on the banks of the river. Butterflies and parrots flock to the river's edge each day to lick the clay which works as a natural digestive aid - for them, not us. Herons, storks and macaw live there with red howler monkeys and the occasional anaconda. The strange looking punk chicken (named for its funky hair-style) is often called the "stinky bird" due to its tendency to







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constantly pass gas.

An hour or so deeper into the jungle, Captain Freddie pulled the boat into a cove. There on the banks of the river was a makeshift kitchen, dining cabana and restrooms – well, outhouses. Señor Wilson told us we

were going to catch our lunch, then he introduced us to the cook who was going to fry up our catch. Yes, that's right, we were going to eat piranha – if they didn't eat us first.

We dropped anchor and got ready to fish. Señor Wilson brought out the bait – raw meat. He gave each of us a cane pole and warned us that nibbles would happen quickly once that meat was dropped into the river, so we'd better be quick if we wanted to catch anything. He wasn't kidding. The piranha greedily snapped at the raw meat as soon as it hit the water and after a few minutes we all started hooking them and bringing them into the boat!



Here's the first of our guide, Wilson, taking the piranha off the hook – check out those teeth!!!!

Our methods left something to be desired. One of Linda's fish ended up on top of the boat canopy. Kelly spent time comparing her teeth to those of the piranha. Michele – who says she never catches anything – was snapping them up within minutes. Cynthia – a fearless super woman – began pushing the crew aside to get the piranhas off the hook with her bare hands. I took a stab at taking mine off the hook and squeezed a little too hard only to have one of the fish's eyes pop out. Jill's catches started off sizable but shrunk with each fish until she was catching sardines. And then there was Kim. She could hook them but getting the fish into the boat was another story. Kelly described it best, "Kim trying to pull the fish in looked like one of us holding a glass of wine tied to a stick and her trying to get it."

When the fishing ended we had caught 45 piranhas! We boated back to the lunch spot and dropped off the fish for our cook. Señor Wilson suggested we go for a boat ride while lunch was being prepared. Minutes down the river, Captain Freddie anchored the boat and Wilson told us this was a great spot for a swim. Never mind that this was the very same water where we had just watched greedy piranha attack raw meat. Never mind that this water was home to anaconda. Never mind that the water's muddy tint prevented us from seeing what lurked below the surface. Never mind that the boat had no ladder to assist with reentry. We jumped overboard.



The cool waters felt exhilarating in the intense jungle heat and for a few seconds we forgot about all the potential dangers – and then the current started sucking us under the boat. We lined up alongside the boat gripping the wooden edges as we inched our way one by one to the front of the boat to climb back onboard.

Some people have no problem climbing into boats. I'm not one of them – and neither is Jill. When it was my turn, Señor Wilson was pulling on my life jacket, Jill was pushing on my bottom while trying to keep from being sucked further under the boat and Linda was in the boat

promising to pull me the rest of the way.

Summoning all my arm strength I lifted myself out of the water, Linda grabbed me like I was a human bowling ball as I fell into the boat sliding across the bottom flopping around like a fish. I had to stop the slide so I grabbed hold of the only thing I could find — Captain Freddie's ankles — a move that sent him overboard. Before I could gather myself from the bottom of the boat, Jill came crashing in behind me. Yes, there is a video. No, it will not be posted here.

Eventually we were all safely back in the boat albeit a little soggy and off to our riverside picnic. What greeted us was much more than lunch. Inside the picnic cabana a table displayed a feast of cheese, ham, beef, baked potatoes and guacamole. Our plates were banana leaves. Señor Wilson opened wine and beer and then the main attraction arrived – a platter of fried surprisingly tasty piranhas!

Each girl on this trip has traveled extensively to amazing destinations all over the world. We all agreed this will go down as one of our most amazing adventures. It's not every day you get to bite into a piranha before it bites you. Now that, my friends, is a fishing tale!

http://www.inkaterra.com/inkaterra/reserva-amazonica

Terri is a freelance writer with regular columns on travel, chocolate and bar reviews. She is busy each month visiting new places to bring unique travel destinations and events to you. Yes, it is a sacrifice – but she is willing to do that for her readers! You can see more of Terri's writing at www.examiner.com where she is the National Chocolate Examiner and at www.barzz.net. Also, check out her blog at www.trippingwithterri.com. You can contact Terri at terri.marshall60@gmail.com.

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